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THE
GLOBE.

A

NEW REVIEW OF WORLD-LITERATURE,
SOCIETY, RELIGION, ART
AND POLITICS.

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE,

Author of "Modern Idols," etc.

A. J. Simard
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THE GLOBE.

NO. XXIX.

MARCH, 1898.

PHILADELPHIA'S POLITICAL FOOL.

THERE is some talk of making John Wanamaker Governor of Pennsylvania. The following newspaper outburst appeared as the first column of the *New York Journal* of February 3d, of this year.

I propose to furnish a commentary thereon and to show reasons why John Wanamaker can never be Governor of Pennsylvania or attain to any other high office in the gift of the United States, or of any State in the Union, at least not until he pursues other tactics and follows other advisers than the sharks who have bled him for their own ends up to this point in his career. But here is the *Journal's* outburst:

“Wanamaker for Governor of Pa.—Merchant Indorsed by the State's Business Men.—A Big Meeting Held.—War on Quay and His 'Machine' Is Declared.—Fight Against 'Bosses.'—First Move Will Be to Secure Mr. Wanamaker's Nomination.—Mr. Quay's Seat in Danger.—An Address Issued Urging the Keystone State Voters to Defeat the Senior Senator.—Philadelphia, Feb. 2.—The Business Men's League of Pennsylvania, composed of citizens throughout the entire State, to-night indorsed ex-Postmaster-General John Wanamaker, for Governor of Pennsylvania. This action is the opening gun of a fierce battle to drive United States Senator Matthew Stanley Quay from the political field and destroy the Republican machine in the State. The gathering was one of the greatest importance from a political standpoint of view. It was the inauguration of a political revolt, which may overthrow Quay and his machine methods.

“The meeting was held in the Bourse, and after organizing with Elias Deemer of Williamsport, the president of the league, as temporary chairman, a letter from John Wanamaker was read. After explaining his absence from the city and his sympathy with the political movement, he said:

“‘I wish it understood that I do not want public office, but, further than this, I desire to state that I wish to co-operate with you in any kind of work that will take the control of the State out of the hands of “bosses,” and which will result in favor of the nomination of a faithful and efficient officer.’”

I have known John Wanamaker for over forty years. I knew him when he was a boy in the employ of Bennett’s Tower Hall clothing house in Philadelphia more than forty years ago; knew him when he was elected secretary of the Young Men’s Christian Association in Philadelphia just about forty years ago, and knew him during his incumbency of that position when, instead of writing or signing his own name on the registry book of the association, he used almost always to sign “Jesus Only,” and as his handwriting was well known everybody recognized “Jesus Only” as the signature of John Wanamaker. This was a little pronounced, but John was then quite a young man, and I will speak of his peculiar type of piety after a little.

I knew John well when he first embarked in the clothing business on his own account at the old Perry McNeil clothing house, corner of Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, now and these many years past known as Oak Hall. I knew then who furnished the small capital on which he started, and I have known him all these years alike in his domestic, social, religious, business, and political relationships.

In this paper I do not intend to refer at any length to Wanamaker’s domestic, social, religious, or business methods and life, except so far as these may serve to illustrate the idiotic blunders of his more recent political career; and I do not intend to use any private information that has ever come to me concerning this man, though I have reasons enough to despise him and to justify me in using such information were I so inclined.

We will therefore let the domestic and social grade of this Cheap John alone for the present, and only touch the religious and business career of the man so far as these illustrate his political side, as I said.

The popular notion of Wanamaker as to his religious pretension is that he is an arrant hypocrite, a sort of posing pious knave, who

has no sincere religion, but has always used his religious connections as an advertisement for his business, and finally as an introduction to his political aims.

I intend to divide this general estimate in two and throw a little light on it. In the first place I do not think and I have never thought that John Wanamaker was a hypocrite in the sense of being insincere in his religion, and I think he will appreciate this estimate as coming from one who has known him so long and so intimately.

It is my judgment that John Wanamaker was always sincere in the expression of such religion as he had or has to this day. On the other hand, it has always been perfectly clear to me that the man never had any religion worthy the name. In a word, that he is and always has been self-deceived rather than a deceiver on this point.

Whatever religion he ever had or has to-day has always been one of a sort of maudlin sentimentality, and the real trouble with the man, in this line as in some others, always has been his unmitigated and pitiable, uncultured and boorish ignorance. He never was taught religion in any true sense—that is, of love to God, as proven by one's unselfish love for mankind, nor in the other sense, of faith in God and obedience to his true teachers.

Forty-five years ago he was precisely like the goslings—male and female—that now run the young people's Christian Endeavor broods. Like them, he had grown up under the misleading platitudes of Protestant pulpits, had caught all their worst features, and thought himself, next to Jesus, the most pious person in human history. But Wanamaker never learned and never really knew the difference between right and wrong, and he never knew or dreamed of knowing the basis in the nature of God and His divine economy that constitutes our fundamental ideas of right and wrong. He never knew religion as a duty; never knew it as a law of righteousness, much less as a law of eternal and self-sacrificing benevolence or charity. Here was always his weakness and the same is true to-day. He is, outside of his ability as a trader, the most ignorant of all the ignorant public men of our day and nation.

His ignorance was at once his weakness and his strength. He thought himself religious because nobody had ever taught him true religion, hence he was not a hypocrite, even in religion. He was simply a fool. But his very foolishness, plus his religious senti-

mental enthusiasm, enabled him to make hundreds of friends, and to use them without scruple in the building up of his business career. Nor do I think that, as compared with the efforts of other business men of our day, Wanamaker was especially culpable in using what religion he had to advance his business enterprises.

Other modern business men do precisely the same thing with their family, their social, their club, and their Masonic or Odd Fellow relationships, and as Wanamaker's religion never amounted to anything more than the relations named, there was no legitimate reason why he should not use "his pull," as men call it, as well as why they should use theirs. In truth, Wanamaker's motto always was, "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He, of course, never learned the true meaning of this text of Scripture, and that other and far more applicable passage, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon" never bothered the ignorant crank of Bethany Sunday-school.

As to his actual business methods, pure and simple, here again I think he will compare favorably with the average prosperous business men of our times, only, in this particular, he is vastly smarter than most of them, but he is not more unprincipled than they.

When Wanamaker first started in business with his brother-in-law, Nathan Brown, under the now old firm name of Wanamaker & Brown, he had but little capital, as we said, but his religious connections served him well in securing trade and also helped him greatly in the important matter of securing good and long credit. Hence, for a good while the leading method of our trader was to buy on as long credit as possible, to sell as rapidly for cash as all his own sharpness and methods could devise, and so to turn his money over two or three times and make various profits, while his trusting creditors made but their one.

Every successful trader is familiar with this method, and uses it for all there is in it, everywhere and at all times; and the fact that Wanamaker's religious connections gave him some advantage is not, I think, to be set down as against the man. Give the devil his due. From the first Wanamaker prospered in business, and when his immediate family and friendly connections saw this they were quite willing to increase his capital, and I for one have never been among those that expected or dreamed for a moment that Wanamaker was ever in any danger of failing. There were too many interests at

stake, and his dear piety always taught him too well how to take advantage of other people's failures for there to be any danger of his failing on his own account, and this brings us to our next thought in connection with his business career.

As Wanamaker's capital and credit increased with success in business, his methods changed somewhat, but the same underlying principle remained. He still bought on long credit when he desired credit, and sold at quick sales. In another line he bought largely in real estate in Philadelphia—prominent houses where increase of values was almost certain, vacant lots, in similar neighborhoods, old churches, even, buying, of course, on as much time as possible and giving his notes for the same. Then he mortgaged these properties to the utmost notch that they could stand. In this way, having gotten credit on the one side and ready cash on the mortgages to boot, he purchased heavily of all failing houses where merchants were in trouble—purchased, of course, at the lowest possible figure for cash, and thus, by using his credit on the one side and his ready cash on the other, and pursuing his own chosen business of selling rapidly for cash, the man made as much as thirty or sixty per cent. per annum on credit and mortgages that only cost him five or six per cent. This is the smart trading side of the man for which I, at least, have always given him credit. I say he is the smartest trader in America, and ought to have been born a Jew.

As regard's Wanamaker's sweat-shop methods with his employees, and as regards his pretended benevolence, they are among the records of damnation that will eventually down him when they are fully known; but I am not here exposing his general business career. I am simply giving the devil his due.

Here the question naturally arises, How can a man admitted to be so smart as a trader in ordinary business be classed among the chief fools of the century?

Let me remind my readers that few men are smart in more than one line of life. U. S. Grant never had any especial notion of his greatness as a military man. From his youth up he was inclined to shirk military duty, but he always had an idea that he was smart and sharp as a business man, and he never got over this idea until he was choked to death by excessive drinking and smoking, and by grief over failures in business that mere boys led him into.

Grant was a good fighter, but he never knew enough business to keep his simple accounts straight when he was a Lieutenant on the

Pacific Coast. In the business management of the Presidency any and every friendly knave got away with him, and finally young Ward & Company hoodwinked him completely and proved to the world at least that in business matters General Grant was a simple fool.

The same principle, but the reverse side of the picture, applies to Wanamaker.

In business he could buy Grant and all Grant's family and sell them out again over night, and they would not know what had happened to them; but in politics Wanamaker has proven himself a far greater fool than Grant ever proved himself in ordinary business affairs.

How is this? I will not argue the proposition on general principles. I will give pertinent and concrete facts.

In the first place, you can set this down as a truth that, while Wanamaker has always or very generally told the truth in his advertisements about business, knowing that there the public could detect his possible falsehood in a day, he has never spoken one word of truth even to his friends in regard to his political career.

Everybody that knows him at all knows that for the past ten years he has simply been actually almost dying for political position, and yet, to Quay, to the business men of Philadelphia, to the packed audiences that listened to his wretched mixtures of Sunday-school infamy and his personal egotism, no less than in his reply to the men who proposed his name, as indicated, for Governor of Pennsylvania, this religious sentimentalist, this social ignoramus, this cheap John of business, this intricate and pious knave, has always said the same thing—"I am not seeking office, etc."; but this is simply a lie.

Now, in politics, as in other matters, it is best, in fact, it is almost necessary, that a man, no matter how great a liar naturally, should be true with somebody. This Wanamaker never has been in politics, and this alone would make him an egregious fool.

Platt and Low have never made any disguise of the fact that they wanted the positions they were aiming for. The Camerons and Quays of Pennsylvania never pretended that they did not want office. They were and are bad enough in many ways, God knows, and I know, but they never added this low-bred hypocrisy of lying to their other sins.

Wanamaker has not only been dying for office these last ten years,

but he has been dying for it, not that he ever dreamed, for a moment, that he could really benefit the American people by holding office. He is too smart to be such an arrant fool.

An old Scotch coachman of Wanamaker's used to say to his cronies that John wanted office to serve him in the place of "bluid." Everybody knows that John is plebeian and without education. Many people know of various blots on the scutcheon; but that aside, the man is too utterly plebeian to be respected in any society that knows what society means; hence, as at least sixty per cent. of our public officers in these days are in the same boat, if John could be sort of chief cook among the kitchen hands, why it would give him some sort of social prestige.

My first point, therefore, in this connection, is that Wanamaker is a fool for trying to deceive the people on a point where it is simply impossible to deceive them, and he himself would be the first man to see and admit this, were it a matter of advertising his business affairs. But we must come to more concrete statements than this.

All Americans know that Wanamaker first came into political notice during the Presidential campaign of '88, when one General Harrison was elected. It was a sort of grandfather's hat campaign. The nation had had enough of Blainism, and of Clevelandism, and wanted something at least half respectable. So the people were bought around and brought around for Harrison. It was also a sort of tea-party campaign as to morals. There was nothing especially against Harrison, as there had been against Garfield and Blaine and Cleveland. It was therefore a campaign in which Wanamaker could, as a Sunday-school man, enter into, so to speak:—any amount of bribery and falsehood, but no whiskey.

All Americans also know that Matthew Quay was then Chairman of the national Republican committee, and most people know that the Republicans of that year, precisely as the Republicans of '96 under one Mark Hanna, had resolved to buy the Presidency at all hazards. Quay was simply the advance agent for the scoundrels who put up their money in that deal. Quay knew of Wanamaker's political ambition, and being a fellow-citizen of the same State, roped John in and used him for all he could spare. It is generally understood that the Harrison campaign cost Wanamaker at least \$125,000; but the bargain was that he was to have a cabinet position as pay therefor.

All the world knows that he was made Postmaster-General as reward for the money he spent in that campaign, and it was at this initiatory moment in his political career that he played the absolute fool.

Whatever rascality there was in that campaign, under Quay's generalship—and it is not my purpose to go back to the details of the campaign to prove that there was lots of it—Wanamaker shared with Quay and was equally guilty. But, regardless of John's equal guilt with the then junior senator, he knew, at least, or ought to have known, that it was to Matthew Stanley Quay, and not to Ben. Harrison, that he, Wanamaker, was under obligations to keep his pledges. It was Quay who elected Harrison. It was Quay who lifted this wretched and whining and pious Wanamaker out of the obscurity of a common shopman and introduced him into the "highest circles" of American politics.

Again, all Americans remember that Harrison was no sooner in office than he began to play President on his own account instead of on Quay's account, as McKinley is now doing on Mark Hanna's account, and Wanamaker was such an absolute fool as to suppose that Harrison was a bigger man than Quay because he happened to be President for four years, and to side with Harrison when Quay felt aggrieved and sulked in the Republican camp because Harrison had proven false to him.

Wanamaker forgot that Quay, then under Cameron, was boss of Republican politics in Pennsylvania, forgot, like all ingrates, what Quay had done for him, and so fell into the bad graces of the Hon. Mr. Quay.

Any man that understands the politics of Pennsylvania, or politics anywhere, will see in a moment that this act marked and still marks Wanamaker as a political fool, and here is where Wanamaker's opposition to bossism began. Having offended the only boss that had helped him or that could help him to permanent political position, and finding himself, at the end of Harrison's administration, left out in the cold—off the track, side-switched, so to speak—Wanamaker became a kicker, a pious mugwump for office only, and has ever since been trying to get on the track again.

He really had a great opportunity in Pennsylvania politics and in national politics, and there were not wanting good friends of his who, spite of his known treachery to their rights and interests,

would have advised and aided him in the first step and in the second, but it is the fate of fools that they think themselves wise, and it is the fate of rascals that they trust only rascals, and it is also the fate of such fools that other fools and rascals bleed them to death and give them nothing but contempt for reward.

This is Wanamaker's case in Pennsylvania and in national politics to-day.

In previous papers in this magazine I have shown conclusively that Wanamaker was a fool Postmaster-General, and I could give many more evidences in confirmation of that truth, were it worth while. Let the old dead bury their dead.

Let us come only to last year. Goaded by newspaper sharks who bleed him for his advertising, pander to his ambition, and laugh at him behind his back, Wanamaker was last year fool enough to run as opposition candidate to Quay's candidate for Senator of the United States. Quay had not much money to spend; Penrose had not much money to spend. So it was generally understood among the boys that Wanamaker should spend all he wanted, as the party would profit by his cash anyway, and that Wanamaker should simply be snowed under.

Lots of charges of bribery were made, but where was the use of proving that Wanamaker had bribed anybody when he had been beaten in the fight? If, however, proofs of bribery were actually needed, there were more than three politicians in that campaign quite familiar with the facts; but where is the use of naming them here? I am not trying to show that any man is dishonest. I am simply trying to show that John Wanamaker, no matter how smart he may be in business, or how pious in Sunday-school, is an absolute political fool.

In the campaign of last year Wanamaker constantly protested that he was not seeking office, that he had lots of employment, and he constantly rode on the back of Bethany Sunday-school as an introduction to the desired confidence and respect of the audiences he undertook to harangue. But it was all to no purpose. In the present campaign he opens the same way.

"I wish it understood that I do not want public office."

That is a very funny truth and a very queer lie both, in very few words. Everybody knows that Wanamaker wishes it understood that he does not want public office, but, were he to swear himself blind on that theme, nobody would believe him. When a man is

so situated in politics that he cannot speak the truth, it is better for him to be quiet and non-committal. Quay understood this truth long ago when he sent that memorable word to General Beaver: "Dear Beaver, don't talk." Hanna understood the same principle when he gagged McKinley in the last Presidential campaign, but Wanamaker never learns anything, and every word he has ever uttered, like the last just quoted, proves him an unteachable fool.

Then again, though a boss himself of the most arbitrary and tyrannical species, he has once more been drawn into an anti-boss campaign against Quay, as if any business, political party or other worthy undertaking in this world could be run without bosses. Moreover, there are not a dozen intelligent men in Pennsylvania but know and think in their hearts that of the two possible bosses—Quay and Wanamaker; the latter is in every way the more corrupt and more unreliable. In fact, Wanamaker's record is one of the most vulnerable of any public man in America who still pretends to hold up his head among respectable people. What is more to the point, Wanamaker knows all this perfectly, and knows that the people of Pennsylvania know it; therefore, were he not an absolute fool, he would not enter into an anti-boss campaign of character, knowing that he himself has no character to stand upon.

Again, every intelligent man in Pennsylvania knows that whenever the old Cameron-Quay machine—now the Quay machine—has entered into any conflict with would-be political upstarts in Pennsylvania, these political upstarts have been beaten out of their boots; and as Wanamaker knows all this and knows that he himself is one of the weakest and stupidest opponents that the Quay machine has undertaken to down, he is simply a blundering fool to enter into such a campaign. It is true that each man is somewhat afraid of the other. If Quay chose to tell all he knows of Wanamaker's hand in the old Harrison campaign, Wanamaker would run to Europe to hide for a year; and if Wanamaker told all he knows of Quay's hand in the same campaign, Quay would not have to run to hide, because he is everywhere known as an unscrupulous party leader; hence Wanamaker has the worst of the situation in this regard also.

Pennsylvania is anywhere from 80,000 to 150,000 Republican, but time and again during the last twenty years a Democrat has been elected Governor of the Keystone State; and if Wanamaker

secures the nomination for Governor this year and there should be any show or sign of his being able to beat the old machine, the Democrats, who, by the way, are the cleanest of all politicians in Pennsylvania, will simply put up a good man, borrow enough of the machine vote to beat Wanamaker, and the parties who do the lending will be perfectly intact for future campaigns, with something to their credit from the Democratic side of the fence; and, to my mind, the party kicker—that is, the man who himself has been false to his party under the name of reform or any other name—who complains of a deal of this kind is a blind leader of the blind.

If the Democrats were all thieves and devils and the Republicans all saints, or if the Democrats were all foreigners and the Republicans all Americans—if, in fact, there were any great difference in the morals and intelligence of the two leading political parties in this country, and the balance of morality and intelligence were vastly in favor of the Republican party, then some assumption such as that constantly made by whitewashed and nameless outcasts like Whitelaw Reid, of New York, that to kick against the party machine for their purposes is perfectly loyal, but for Platt & Co. to kick against the kickers by a little trading is infamous, might have some semblance of excuse; but just the opposite is true in Pennsylvania. All branches of the Republican party in that State, including and especially emphasizing the anti-Quay, anti-boss, Wanamaker, and Jim Lambert party, are corrupt to the core, while the Democrats, having had to go on their good behavior for a generation, are now a pretty decent set of fellows.

In view of all these facts, Wanamaker's imbecility in fighting against Quay to-day is as palpable and as ungrateful as was his practical desertion of Quay during the Harrison administration. I am speaking simply as a politician. I would not give the snap of my finger for the political morality of either Wanamaker or Quay. It is simply a question of comparative probabilities as to who will win, and on this little question of mathematics there can hardly be two opinions among wide-awake men.

In a word, Wanamaker has neither character, intelligence, precedence, success, or organization to depend upon in his fight with Quay, and he is an utter fool to waste his money in any such losing game.

The newspaper men are and will be largely with him. It costs

them nothing, and the papers that most favor the shopman will get the largest share of his large advertising. But here again, if Wanamaker had any sense or any knowledge of political history, he would know that the support of the leading newspapers is almost always sure to down the candidate.

Moreover, in his case the reason why newspaper men support him is so palpable that the fact of their support is enough to beat John in the eyes of any intelligent constituency.

There was one way, and but one, that John Wanamaker could have risen to political position and influence in Pennsylvania and the nation.

To my certain knowledge the intelligent help was offered him ten years ago that would have enabled him to find that way, and to my certain knowledge this saint of pious infamy hedged and pretended then, as he still pretends now, that he does not want office. In a word, he was a political fool ten years ago, and is still.

He has wasted the only ten years of his life in which he might have been lifted into political influence, and at the end of this period finds himself championed by a clique of political squatters, newspaper sharks, and others, in opposition to the long victorious political machine of his own State.

He is simply a political fool. There is no chance of his ever being Governor of Pennsylvania, by his present methods of politics, and it is now very doubtful if there is any chance for him to adopt the course that he might have adopted ten years ago.

Almost precisely the same sort of political battle is going on in the city and State of New York at this present time.

During the month of February, of the present year, a closely printed and carefully edited pamphlet was going the rounds of New York City purporting to give documentary evidence of the various processes of party perfidy whereby one T. C. Platt, "Me too" Platt, that is, of old Conkling days, wrecked the Republican party in the city and State of New York, and, among other so-called catastrophes, brought about the Democratic victories which lost the State to Republicanism last fall by 50,000, and the city of Greater New York by about 150,000 votes.

I am no apologist for Platt. I have always despised him as a sneaking nobody, and have said so in many ways in this magazine over and over again; but I must confess that this pamphlet, which is clearly meant to be the final straw to break the old camel's back,

has given me a greater respect for this political rascal than I ever felt before.

The pamphlet seems to prove clearly enough that "Me too" Platt did direct that a certain liquor journal run in this city by a cringing slave, whose name is not worthy of mention in these pages, should throw its influence for the Democratic municipal elections in a certain year rather than throw its influence in favor of the Republican nominees, but is it possible that such a verdant and astute diplomatic politician as Whitelaw Reid, of the *New York Tribune*, can be unaware that better men than himself or T. C. Platt or Seth Low have done that sort of thing in American and European politics these hundreds of years, and still have not been sent to hell for their party treachery?

The pamphlet in question seems to have two distinct objects in mind: first, to down Platt, to down him absolutely and to damn him forever; second, to exalt the immaculate character of one Whitelaw Reid and to boom the puritanic righteousness and wisdom of the *New York Tribune*.

In the first part of this object the editor of the *GLOBE* has no interest whatever. I am quite ready to believe that Platt ought to have been read out of church, out of party, out of society, and out of sight long ago, but the awfully funny part of the proposition is that Whitelaw Reid and his *Tribune* should be the archangelic trumpet blowers to read Platt out of political or other respectable society. Platt may have climbed to political influence and position in the city and State of New York by very questionable methods, and he may, for many reasons not mentioned in this pamphlet, have sold out a part of his influence at one time and another to the Democratic leaders, and when all the facts are known, honest men everywhere may praise rather than blame him for the very things on account of which Reid and his *Tribune* pamphlet would damn him; but if Platt climbed to power by more questionable methods than Whitelaw Reid got control of the *New York Tribune*, then the Almighty must be far more merciful than Bob Ingersoll gives him credit for being, or he would have sent fire from heaven long ago to burn out both the wigwams that these two gentlemen and their respective friends reside and exult in.

When the elder Dana was alive and knew what he was talking about, he over and over again deliberately charged Mr. Reid with such questionable things as even Tom Platt would blush at doing,

and I am not aware that Mr. Reid has ever contradicted those charges; still he is considered a very respectable gentleman and a Republican whom certain Republican presidents have delighted to honor.

Again, whatever this pamphlet says of Platt's condemnation of McKinley is absolutely true, and I doubt not that if the time ever comes when "Me too" Platt shall tell all he knows of Mr. Reid, a pamphlet will be issued compared with which this traitorous and revengeful pamphlet in condemnation of Platt will read like angel music, even to the ears of such saints as Seth Low & Co. In truth, the gist of the question as to what has really wrecked the Republican party in the city and State of New York is not touched in this *Tribune* pamphlet at all.

It was not Platt, but those stainless boobies, Roosevelt, Raines, Parkhurst & Co., that wrecked the Republican party in New York, and Reid and Low have only proven what essential asses they were ever to have given themselves over to the upstart, asinine methods of so-called reform that the firm above named inaugurated in the city and State of New York. And here is where I think Platt has shown himself a smarter man, a better politician, and a more representative American citizen than either Reid or Low, or those unhatched chickens, Roosevelt, Raines & Co.

Platt saw long ago that these wretched bantams could not win; could not hold the party together on the lines they were travelling; saw that the people of New York City and State would not stand such æsthetic tea-party tyranny and humbuggery, and like a wise man got his umbrella out in time to shield himself and a few of his friends from the impending, the certainly impending, Democratic storm.

It is all well enough for party hacks like Reed and Bliss and Roosevelt to talk of the catastrophe of having the city of New York fall into the hands of Tammany. But are Croker and Van Wyck less honorable in their lives or in their politics than Reed and his gang? and is the city of New York, with all its expansion, less moral in 1898 than it was in 1896-97? A pox upon such twaddle, and a pox upon such pretentious, unprincipled, soulless, and lying corporations as the new New York *Tribune*—that is, upon Whitelaw Reid, plus Wanamaker and company.

The case in Philadelphia to-day is almost parallel. The saints who wrecked the Keystone and the Spring Garden national banks

of Philadelphia a few years ago, and who have recently practically stolen the Philadelphia city gas plant from the purchasable boobies who ran it at a loss to the city, though not to themselves, under city management, are the same group of reformers that are now calling Boss Quay all sorts of hard names. They are millionaires who have grown fat on the blood of sweatshop victims. They are reformers and saints, like Mr. Reid of New York, for revenue and position only, and not one of them has ever attempted to square his record with any one of the commandments of simple justice between man and man.

The still more recent wreckers of the Chestnut Street National Bank and its tender, the kindred Trust Company, are of the same ilk, though not of the same political party, and these are the men in New York and Philadelphia and elsewhere that clamor loudest for party loyalty on the one hand and for reform on the other.

Before attempting to down Platt, let Reid explain his own record.

Before attempting to down Quay let Wanamaker explain his, and I assure the verdant public of the future—the rising generation of American Republican and other voters—that such reading will be more interesting even than Steadman's last poem, the editorials in the New York *Tribune*, or than Mrs. Eddy's revised record of much married hypnotism.

Lowism is dead in Greater New York, Wanamakerism is dead in Pennsylvania, and the sooner Wanamaker makes up his mind that he is a political fool, the more ready cash will he have left for his various progeny.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE PILGRIMS.

ON HEARING THE INTRODUCTION TO TANNHAUSER.

The Pilgrims returning! the Pilgrims returning! with eager hearts
burning with joy!

Saved, saved every one! and they sing as they come

With their heavenward yearning—redeemed from the sins that de-
stroy!

We'll join in the chorus they utter before us,

We'll shout and we'll sing with their strain.

Oh God, we implore thee, with hearts that adore thee

Forever, forever and aye,

Oh make us thus holy and pure ere we die!

But listen, oh listen, for music far sweeter,
 More witching and fleeter in tremulous time,
 Comes winging and swaying
 About us, dismaying
 Our hearts with its rapture sublime.

Oh Venus, thy calling
 Is sweeter than falling
 Of waters in murmuring spring!
 Its melodies thrilling are piercing and killing
 The host of thy vassals and king.
 Oh come, lovely queen, with thy singing,
 And take us, enthralled, to thy bower.
 Thy music is stinging each soul it has called
 With its mystical, musical power.

But hark to the rousing and ringing
 Rich tones of the Pilgrims returning
 With hearts pure and yearning,
 And bless'd of their bountiful Lord—
 Their Father, whom each has implored!
 But baffled their voices while Venus rejoices
 With ravishing strains from afar—
 With tones that unbar the base portals
 That close the fair home of immortals!

Now Jesus defend us,
 Thy tenderness lend us,
 Thy passion, thy love, and thy trust,—
 For longings contending
 Are recklessly rending
 Our hearts with insatiate lust.

But list to the Pilgrims again—sainted men—
 As their voices ascend through the glen!
 As higher and higher, with spirits afire with zealous desire,
 They shout and they sing to the stars high above them,
 The angels that love them, and God in His glory.
 Oh hear the glad story and sing, wildly sing
 With the Pilgrims whose tones skyward wing!

Berkeley, Cal.

CHARLES A. KEELER.

GREATER NEW YORK VIVISECTED.

“With moderate haste.”—*Hamlet, Act 1, Scene 2.*

THE citizens of the amplified New York have recently witnessed one celebration in honor of the welding of four adjacent counties into a metropolis; and already they are contemplating another metropolitan display in exaltation of the creation of Greater New York. Are not these movements premature?

What if in 1790 the thirteen colonies then united in federal bonds as a republic had then exulted in celebrating the untried Constitution by popular huzzas? Yet only one year later ten amendments to that instrument were made, as proofs of the incompleteness of federal union; and an eleventh amendment was proposed in 1794, and yet a twelfth ratified in 1804, while the progress of events up to the sixties had rendered three other amendments expedient. And, similarly, within a month after Greater New York took practical existence several legislative bills, rectifying the construction and charter, were introduced.

Already the majority of Manhattaners who voted for consolidation are growling because they have just discovered that old debts, suspiciously contracted by the lesser cities and villages wedded by statute to the old New York, have been saddled upon its taxpayers, while the Brooklynites who voted against the consolidation are proportionately delighted at such an unforeseen result. So that, if the charter had been—as many legislators thought politic to do—again submitted to popular vote, and President Martin Van Buren’s celebrated “sober second thought” of the people consulted, doubtless the majority in the three consolidated counties, with portions of two others, might have proved finally inimical to the measure with the reversal result of Brooklyn, Richmond, and Queens selfishly endorsing, and Manhattan Island angrily rejecting.

Already the consolidation of much parish and vestry control within London’s metropolitan area into the County Council has occasioned much electoral regret among local rate-payers. But against the New York consolidations there had already been a warning precedent; for, in 1857, the Legislature had created a Police Greater New York in the amalgamation into a metropolitan police district of the very same localities which now compose Greater New

York considered in every aspect of unified municipal government besides that of police.

That greater police union of 1857 proved so unwieldy and unpopular that finally, in 1870, it was repealed, and the old areas returned to former local divisible governments. For instance, when in the early history of one police administration over the metropolitan areas patrolmen from New York City were detailed to Quarantine in Richmond County to suppress a riot among its alarmed citizens dreading the introduction of yellow fever the very antagonistic appearance of the New York blue-coats prejudicially increased the riot.

At this hour of writing the fact of a Greater New York is only seven weeks old, and not only are its State legislators engaged in "tinkering" it at Albany, but sectional difficulties born of local sentiment and local prejudices have shown quarrelsome existence. Very large numbers of residents within Greater New York already begin to quote the plaint of the divorce judge: "Marry in haste; repent at leisure." New York's contiguous dwellers of many years in the "City of Churches" have contracted idiosyncracies, feelings, sympathies, and prejudices largely differing from those known to dwellers in the "City of Noises" or "City of Charities," as Manhattan Island has been variously nicknamed. And the same may be said of the more or less ruralized Long Island City and the much ruralized Staten Island, both of which last named localities still possess more of village ways rather than metropolitan habits. Consequently, when living together as one metropolitan family, domestic attritions are to be looked forward to among these domesticated neighborhoods.

When once, while the now sole grand survivor of the Union army, Daniel E. Sickles, was a State Senator, in 1855, at Albany, one of his comrades introduced a bill to change liquor drinking and gambling as vices into felonies, and entitled it "an act to secure the morals of the people of the State of New York," Senator Sickles waggishly, but logically, moved to add to the title, "and to otherwise repeal and abolish human nature." Laws would be needed to achieve that latter result in Greater New York before these aforesaid local jealousies and idiosyncracies could disappear.

The head of the Greater New York municipal family is a Knickerbocker from the way back of the New Amsterdam times treasured alike by the boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn, Queens, and Rich-

mond, and proudly reminiscent of the prow of Hendrik Hudson and the pen of Washington Irving; nevertheless, only seven weeks after the inauguration of that family head a newspaper editor, who was a partisan of Greater New York, wrote of him thus: "It is the candid opinion of a large number of conservative citizens that unless Mayor Van Wyck soon is checked in his impetuous and irascible career, proceedings to have him removed from office will be brought." Already bride Brooklyn is at odds with her Knickerbocker mother-in-law.

It was undoubtedly these local jealousies that induced the god-fathers of Greater New York to create the old localities into boroughs, so as to keep their local pride alive with an *imperium in imperio*; nevertheless the idea is antagonistic to unity and promotive of future confusion of powers and responsibilities.

London and Parliament twice refused to form a greater London City by conjoining the ancient one of a mile square, containing by day a million of inhabitants and at midnight less than an hundred thousand, when the Guildsmen objected to sharing their proud traditions with modern plantations. Even the semi-amalgamations a decade ago of parishes and vestries into a London Council outside of old London City extinguished local emulations in administration which had so long promoted good government. One London street would often divide the boundaries of two parishes, and the one on the West side would, by its economy and public spirit, tempt householders from the East side to remove into it, as well as stimulate each to surpass the other in prestige; but with council consolidation former local pride and local emulation became extinguished. While Westminster can technically call itself London, its residents best like to speak of their locality by the former name. Similarly, although a Brooklyn man born in it when it was a village can now technically call himself New Yorker, he will, in speaking of his home still name it Brooklyn and ignore the prefix "Borough," while the old New Yorker may perhaps revive for himself the name that Washington Irving gave him of "Gothamite."

Brooklyn *per se* of that name has, along with New York, had its fill of civic corruption; but the new immense municipality will conduce to still larger municipal corruption by the process of banding the political rogues, and distributing responsibility. Old local bosses will become Doges of Venice, and from unity and uniform methods corruption will take more strength.

When Seth Low was Mayor of Brooklyn, he vied with Mayor Grace of New York toward having the best municipal government; but now the Mayor of Greater New York has no opportunity for comparative emulation.

The opportunities for such kind of corruption as was manifested in the old Board of Supervisors of elder New York for paying riot claims in 1864, and for auditing court-house claims between that year and 1871, are now intensified; for one board of common councilmen has been supplanted by two separate boards, and in the borough boards, which order public improvements of a local character, members of the council boards become *ex officio* members of the local boards and comprise the majority. They can therefore plan local jobs in the five boroughs, and as a log roll help each other at furthering those by vote in the upper boards. The "tickle me and I'll tickle you" policy, so common among partisans in legislative bodies all over our Union, never before had such great scope as is now afforded in the Greater New York.

Even the constitution or charter of the Greater New York combines more or less hodge podge, and is a document of contradictions and inconsistencies, as a result of the give-and-take policy of its fabricators. Among these were the "many men of many minds" of the copy-book legend, including three mayors of three cities, two ex-mayors, two ex-corporation counsels, three dilettante theorists, and two State officers who were practically ignorant of the localities wherefor they planned government. All were obliged to compromise their differences by the give-and-take policy just referred to—the policy that had to be adopted in the convention which fashioned the Hamilton-Madison Federal Constitution, but left the compromises to be more or less amended by Congress and State Legislatures. In reporting the charter, its manipulating commissioners frankly said, at concluding its labors: "In dealing with interests so comprehensive and so important as these affected by the proposition to consolidate into a single city the three cities and other territory that are to become a part of Greater New York, it was not surprising that opinion in the commission should have been [observe the adverb] sharply divided upon points."

But these sharp divisions of opinion evidently inspired diffuseness, for in the charter are embraced 1620 sections, covering 146 closely printed octavo pages, while the Federal Constitution intended to govern a vast country, with all its amendments numbers

only forty-three sections; but authors in the century which knew Addison also knew how to govern rhetoric by conciseness and compression.

Already the lawyers of Greater New York are purchasing new fee-books in anticipation of the multiplicity of actions at law which the application of business problems to that diffuseness may plentifully originate, and now judges contemplate that result with some foreboding.

Laymen who read that charter can fairly consider it a rhetorical puzzle—so many provisions contradicting others. For instance, several chiefs of departments are allowed by it to remove and appoint subordinates either “at pleasure,” “at will,” or “in their judgment,” while another section restricts that power by rules and regulations to be framed and enacted by a certain body. And when the government of the Greater New York was supposed to be fully launched, yet during two months its details remained in the hands of subordinates who were not in sympathy with their superior officers and were in every way throwing obstacles against carrying out the views and plans of the latter. Already the Mayor and his subordinates who care for the Brooklyn bridges or for the common schools are in official conflict, and for the first time in the history of either Manhattan or Brooklyn the police of Greater New York became unable to obtain pay because of certain conflicting provisions in the charter.

Well may the question of Jesus, in St. Luke, 23d chap., 31st verse, be already aptly put to the promoters of a celebration in joy over the Greater New York and its new charter, viz.: “If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?” There are scores of veteran civic experienced local magnates in the Greater New York who already predict that at the end of 1898 its government will have proved to be a muddle, and its consolidation to have been a huge blunder; while opportunities for what is colloquially termed “boodling” will have increased, and the chains of much bruited bossism be riveted on the voters more strongly than ever, while the puzzles of which even the new Mayor has spoken will have entered the consultation-rooms of the judges.

Can it not be, therefore, well said that celebrations for the Greater New York and its charter are yet premature?

New York.

A. OAKLEY HALL.

SHAKESPEARE, FOSS AND CO.

THE GENESIS OF SHAKESPEARE'S ART. A STUDY OF HIS SONNETS AND POEMS. BY EDWIN JAMES DUNNING. BOSTON: LEE & SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS, 1897.

DREAMS IN HOMESPUN. BY SAM WALTER FOSS, AUTHOR OF BACK COUNTRY POEMS, ETC. SAME PUBLISHERS.

CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT, A BOOK OF POEMS. BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. BOSTON: RICHARD G. BADGER & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

From William Shakespeare, late of Stratford-upon-Avon, a village of Southern England, to Sam Walter Foss, poet par excellence of the United States to-day, is a literary tumble scarcely less stupendous, amusing, and humiliating than that from Homer and Sophocles, back-country poets of two thousand five hundred years ago, to the late Eugene Field and the author of "Little Breeches," now Minister Plenipotentiary, etc., to the court of one so-called Saint James. But saints and poets are mostly a hard lot, and for that very reason an honest man must now and then take up his scalpel and cut away the putrid conceits of the poetic disease.

In truth, the purpose of this article is far more serious than can be hinted at or accomplished by the severest reflections upon the poetic work of any ancient or modern man.

Over and over again, in the pages of this magazine during the past eight years, I have pointed out the truth that the most fatal malady of modern times is our almost universal lack of all true knowledge of, reverence for or belief in the ancient landmarks or standards of true morality, true philosophy, true religion, true literature, or true poetry, and I count among the basest enemies of modern culture those literary gentlemen of our day—Catholic and Protestant and Infidel alike—who are debasing their own God-given capacity for doing things that are beautiful by doing things that are merely popular, for pay, and at the same time advocating this infernal heresy that good literature is a matter of taste—that is, of popular taste—that is, of frog spawn and the mud-gutter.

The standards of good literature have been better defined these last twenty-five centuries than the standards of morals and religion; and because a man happens to have been born in this crude muck-

heap of a country, where our common roadways are merely mud tracks scarcely fit for wild beasts to walk in, and where our literary journals and newspapers are run very largely by common scoundrels whose souls were sold to the devil of lust and gain before they were born, it does not necessarily follow as by law of heaven or nature that he is capable of making new standards of literature or of morals. But we are here speaking primarily of literature, and specifically of poetry.

I am not about to abuse Mr. Sam Walter Foss or his work. On the contrary, I am inclined to the conviction that there are poems, so-called, in this "Back Country" book and in these later "Dreams In Homespun" that will live many years after the pretentious and pedantic and labored so-called classics of Holmes and Lowell and Matthew Arnold and Mr. Emerson have fallen into the oblivion they deserve. But this is not saying much for Mr. Foss, after all. Again, I am inclined to believe that Mr. Hay's "Little Breeches" will still dangle, though tenantless, in the corridors of fame, when the more serious so-called "poetic" babbling of Thomas Bailey Aldrich and of Mr. Steadman & Co. are scorned for the mechanic and wordy, prosaic things they really are.

But we must dip a little into Shakespeare, if only by way of remembrance, and through the blind-eyed but soul-awakened admiration of Mr. Dunning, before touching the treasures of our modern bards. And here I may say plainly that, while the nominal work and purpose of this article are to review a little the work of the authors named at the beginning of this paper, my deeper purpose is to teach that, as the poets of any age and nation are truly typical of the real culture of the age and nation, the boasted culture of this age is as the burnt-out and blackened cinders and ashes of the volcanoes of hell compared with the culture represented in the faith and glory and sunshine and majesty of mental and moral grandeur represented in the work of the leading poets of Greece, of Palestine, and of Asia two thousand five hundred years ago, and that it is merely the re-hash of imbecile and sawdust apes compared with the culture represented by the work of the Elizabethan poets of England, of whom Shakespeare was the crowning glory—the bright and morning star.

Let me not be misunderstood. I mean that Shakespeare & Co., the poets of his day, though far superior to the average minds of their day, were truly typical of the average culture of that age, and that

the proportion of refined, well-bred, and appreciative people in that age was greater than the proportion of refined, well-bred, and appreciative people in the United States to-day. In a word, I hold that, what with our rebellions, revolutions, reformations, printing-presses and newspapers, and scientific progress, modern civilization is a mental and a moral retrogression and a shame; hence, that Holmes and Lowell, being approaches to gentlemen, could be but imitators, and that Foss, Field & Co., being original, could but speak as to children and to slaves.

Grand suppers and balls that cost millions of stolen dollars, rich furniture and stage manners, and Persian carpets used and trod upon by modern boors known as the leading bankers and brokers and trust sharks of American newspaper civilization, are no signs or criterions of true culture; and the hired slaves of such despicable modern mountebanks of wealth are as incapable of producing or defining true culture or true literature as the devil himself is incapable of understanding or defining true morality. In fact, very many of our modern LL.D.'s of literature, our scholarly compilers of Shakespearian lore, our editors of so-called encyclopedias of good literature, etc., are the veriest imbecile babies in intellect, and without vital, mental, or moral force enough to write a line that the gods and the rejuvenated spirits of all the old masters of literature would not spit upon, if they thought the line worthy of their notice at all. Please apply this to C. D. Warner & Co., and see the meaning of this glorious age.

Some time last year a gentleman—that is, a sort of gentleman, whose name need not be mentioned here—discovered, or thought he had discovered, that William Shakespeare knew the Scriptures, because it was evident that Shakespeare's now famous expression, "Eh babbled o' green fields," was but another rendering of the Psalmist's long famous saying, "He leadeth me in green pastures," etc.; and even Horace Furness, LL.D., author of the "Variorum," edition of Shakespeare's works, and certainly one of the most industrious students of the mechanism and authorities of Shakespeare, was quoted as saying, with lispings and exceedingly proper amateur Shakesperianism, that he, Dr. Furness, envied this nameless fellow the glory of his "discovery," and this is the flimsy stuff that many of our modern so-called authorities on Shakespeare are made of:—stuff, in fact, that is too thin and homespun for dreams, and that never was o'ercast with the sicklied form of thought. The

colloquialism named has been common in Southern England for hundreds of years. But what does Furness & Co. know or care of these things?

In truth, our modern English and American poetic authorities on Shakespeare are the sort of *gentlemen*—always conditioned, in these days, if you please—who first select their rhyming words from the dictionaries or books of synonyms and then fill in the poetry, very much as a modern street improvement contractor first digs his trench, lays his pipe to rhyme with ripe, and then flings in his poetic mud and gravel.

These are our modern mechanic chaps. In England, Edmund Goss and Andrew Lang are bosses of the gang. In America—well, you may consult the pages of that æsthetic teapot, called *Poet Lore*, now published in Boston, if you care to learn their local and provincial names. Like the famous discoverer of Shakespeare's piety, they shall be nameless here. What phools these mortals be!

There are three classes of American poets and critics of poetry: First, the mechanic class just referred to, and not a man in this class ever understood a line of true poetry, how it was born or made, or how to beget or make it. Second, the would-be, long-haired, bohemian class—adorers and would-be followers of that loafer and scapegrace, Walt Whitman. Third, young men of real genius, and a touch of true poetic art and fire, some of whom will be mentioned here, but whose anti-Puritan faithlessness and conceit blind their eyes to the flaming realities of human history and the divine universe. In fact, the wretchedly amateur and atheistic imbecility of many of our younger American poets is so contemptible that a man of any comprehension of the moral and divine order of this universe finds it difficult to do anything but ignore their poor imitative attempts at the art of better, greater, more gifted, and nobler men. Almost every modern American poet knows more theology than God Himself, and every one of them, in his turn, writes himself down an atheist. Thank heaven there are exceptions to this triplet of infantile but swaggering pretentiousness, and among the beautiful exceptions I place, first of all, Maurice France Égan, of Washington, D. C., and Ina Codbirth, of San Francisco. I have no more use for the falsetto religious poets that pose in Catholic magazines than I have for the Andrew Lang dramatic and jingle babies; but I hold that the two American souls just named have made some approach to a new utterance of the old eternal art and genius of

poetry—God bless them!—but we are not to deal with them in this article.

The author of the book that heads the list here under review does not claim to be a poet or a cosmopolitan critic of poetry. He is, in fact, a blind man, a lover of the inimitable art and genius of Shakespeare; a devoted student of his works, and especially devoted to the study, not of the structure, but of the beauty and possible key to the mystery and meaning of those intricate, illusive, and marvellous productions, and he has labored hard to find a key to the meaning of Shakespeare's sonnets.

Here again we are halted by this very word *sonnet*. Less than a year ago one of the leading so-called poets of America, in an unguarded moment of conversation, said to me: "Shakespeare did not know how to write a sonnet." Again, less than a year ago, another American poet of the mechanic class read in my hearing a labored paper on the sonnet, in which he took the position that only the Petrarchan form of sonnet was the true form. Here again, our William, of England, was left out in the cold, and such are the asinities of modern so-called English and American poetic culture and criticism.

I never argue with such stilted babies. I simply tell them that when all their self-created and mechanic formulas of criticism are forgotten—not to speak of their own soulless productions—the *sonnets* of Shakespeare will still delight the ears and minds of countless thousands of better men than they, and will still be known as *sonnets* to the end of time.

But let us look a little at Mr. Dunning's study of these famous poems.

Here are a few words from his introduction. Mr. Dunning thinks that, as Dante revealed in his poems the ideal lady whose soul became the source of his greatest work, "in like manner Shakespeare, three centuries later, as we believe, gave to the world in his sonnets, and in the group of poems of which they are the centre, a portrait and history of the youth whose life he shared, and by whom and through whom he entered upon his own new and higher life."

There is nothing especially new in this. All careful students of Shakespeare's sonnets these hundreds of years have seen and believed likewise. But was the inspiring and mystic genius a man or a woman, or were there two or three of them? These are the points that have vexed the minds of Shakespearian students, and

these are the points that Mr. Dunning strives to unfold and explain in his excellent book. I cannot say that he explains them in a manner satisfactory or clear to me, but I can and do commend the spirit and execution of his work as worthy the careful examination of every appreciative student of Shakespeare, and I can assure those who possess themselves of this book and study it that they will find much enjoyment therein.

For my own part, I believe that a certain nameless "dark lady," resident in London during Shakespeare's golden era, a lady mentioned only so, in the most industrious of his biographies, and of whom Shakespeare was desperately enamored—illicitly, of course—was the source of the supremest outbursts of his genius, and that, in every subtle and purposely mystified way there are constant references to her in his sonnets and in the more passionate lines of his dramas.

This view in no wise conflicts with any admitted influence brought to bear upon Shakespeare by the devoted kindnesses of Lord Pembroke and the Earl of Southampton. It simply deepens the plot and the mystery.

Here is what the London *Athenæum* of January 25, 1862, said in explanation of the *dedication* of these sonnets. I give the dedication and the explanation:

"To the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets Mr. W. H. all happinesse and that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet wisheth that is, Mr. William Herbert (afterwards lord Pembroke) wisheth to (the earl of Southampton) the only begetter or instigator of these sonnets, that happiness and eternal life which (Shakespeare) the ever-living poet speaks of. The rider is the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth T. T. That is. Thomas Thorpe is the adventurer who speculates in their publication."

All of this, however, though food for Mr. Lang and Mr. Furness, offers very little stimulus to men who, like Mr. Dunning, are looking for a key to the soul of these songs. I have no time to reproduce Mr. Dunning's book or to go elaborately into his arguments. The book itself must be studied to those ends. It is a book that the Shakespearian pedants will hardly endorse, because it is quite out of the line of their pedantry, but every earnest writer wins his own audience after awhile, and I doubt not Mr. Dunning is already winning his. It is a book full of earnest, appreciative labor, and of beautiful suggestion. I do not need to quote Shakespeare in order

to establish a love for him in the minds of the readers of the *GLOBE*, many of whom doubtless know and love the immortal poet better than I know him and love him. Hence I shall assume our knowledge of Shakespeare, and shall not here attempt to prove his greatness as compared with Sam Walter Foss & Co., but shall go on to say the best possible word for our newer and younger men.

Like most of our younger American poets who have no religion worth speaking of and no knowledge of theology, Mr. Foss has a great deal to say about God and religion, and sometimes his touch of nature makes him seem almost like a divine teacher.

The opening verses in his volume of "Back Country Poems," called "The Volunteer Organist," depicting a tramp who wandered into church one Sunday evening and scandalized the well-dressed audience by his ragged and drunken appearance, but presently brought heaven down into their souls by his master work on the organ, has long been a classic of recitation at all sorts of religious and educational commencements. I myself have heard young Catholic ladies recite it in family circles with immense and telling effect, until few eyes were lacking of tears. And this is in some sense a success. This, in fact, is what Holmes, Lowell, Aldrich & Co. never had the genius or power to do, and by so much—a quantity measureless—Foss is infinitely greater than they. In the same volume there are some excellent "whacks" at Herbert Spencer and other scientific and loquacious fools, and some very poor "whacks" at God Almighty. But, on the whole, Mr. Foss is a true-hearted man, and, like Mr. Kipling, only in a narrower groove, proclaims in favor of the truths, the verities and sincerities of our nature as opposed to its pious infamies and other shams.

The newer volume, called "Dreams in Homespun," is as much like "Back Country Poems" as two green peas. It is the same fiddle with about two good strings, and a man who knows how to play "Rock of Ages," with variations, and "The Girl I Left Behind Me." But that is no small accomplishment in this age of mandolins and effeminate men.

Several of the poems in the opening pages of "Dreams in Homespun" are slight of thought and slight of merit, for it is thought that makes poetry and prose powerful; but Mr. Foss is always musical, natural, and sure of his rhyming words. On pages 13 and 14 of the new volume there is a poem called "The Ghost of John Gear," representing a priest at a funeral praising the life of a

very bad man, while the ghost lingers and gives the priest the lie. This is in Mr. Foss's best vein, and shows alike his poetic merit and his intellectual and moral limitation.

The same criticism applies equally to the next poem, called "A Modern Martyrdom."

In truth, Mr. Foss is good for amusement, but not for inspiration. He is clever but shallow, and is good only or mainly for the clever and shallow fellows, but, as these are in the vast majority in our times, there is no reason why Mr. Foss should not have lots of readers and admirers. Moreover, as a little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men, the average wise man of our day need not ignore or despise this new poet of American smartness, impiety, and slang.

The third and last member of our present firm of Shakespeare, Foss & Co., to be noticed here, is Mr. Edwin Alington Robinson, some of whose poems have time and again appeared in the pages of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, and whose first little book, "The Torrent and the Night Before," was noticed in a recent issue of this magazine.

"The Children of the Night" is simply a little larger than "The Torrent," printed in the same dainty style, and with all the faults and merits of its predecessor intensified. In truth, the opening poem, which also gives name to Mr. Robinson's new volume, tells the whole story of his inimitable art and of his poor and pitiable unfaith and negation.

His work is beautiful, clear-cut, and well done beyond that of any of our younger American poets, but he has no message to deliver—nothing to say to this floundering age of imbecile newspaper and shoddy-fed boobies—only a wail, as if there were really no heaven above us, no God above the heavens, no Christ of glory to lift us thither—nothing but the lies of hypocrites and the laughter of clowns.

I quote "The Children of the Night" entire, that readers of the *GLOBE* may judge for themselves:

For those that never know the light,
 The darkness is a sullen thing;
 And they, the Children of the Night,
 Seem lost in Fortune's winnowing.

But some are strong and some are weak,—
 And there's the story. House and home—

Are shut from countless hearts that seek
 World-refuge that will never come.

And if there be no other life,
 And if there be no other chance
 To weigh their sorrow and their strife
 Than in the scales of circumstance,

'Twere better, ere the sun go down
 Upon the first day we embark,
 In life's imbittered sea to drown,
 Than sail forever in the dark.

But if there be a soul on earth
 So blinded with its own misuse
 Of man's revealed, incessant worth,
 Or worn with anguish, that it views,

No light but for a mortal eye,
 No rest but of a mortal sleep,
 No God but in a prophet's lie,
 No faith for "honest doubt" to keep;

If there be nothing, good or bad,
 But chaos for a soul to trust,—
 God counts it for a soul gone mad,
 And if God be God, He is just.

And if God be God, He is love;
 And though the Dawn be still so dim,
 It shows us we have played enough
 With creeds that make a fiend of Him.

There is one creed, and only one,
 That glorifies God's excellence;
 So cherish, that His will be done,
 The common creed of common sense.

It is the crimson, not the gray,
 That charms the twilight of all time;
 It is the promise of the day
 That makes the starry sky sublime;

It is the faith within the fear
 That holds us to the life we curse;—
 So let us in ourselves revere
 The Self which is the Universe!

Let us the Children of the Night,
 Put off the cloak that hides the scar!
 Let us be Children of the Light,
 And tell the ages what we are!

As a poem, pure and simple, and regardless of its philosophy, I call this "Children of the Night" one of the very best that has appeared in the English language since the best portions of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" brought down upon that poet's brow the plaudits and the love of mankind.

Moreover, there are sonnets and octaves in this book, as there were in "The Torrent," that, as a matter of strong and beautiful poetry, are equal to the best that Keats and Shelley ever wrote, and, unfortunately, they are, as a rule, scarcely less despairing and atheistic.

In the present instance, and having avowed my praise of this first poem, I shall confine my remarks to a few criticisms of the conceited and abominable and impertinent philosophy which it contains.

To begin at the end of the poem, the children of the night—that is, the atheists, the unbelievers, the croakers, the dissatisfied, the children without faith, hope, or God in this world, and the world at large with all its teeming millions of children of the night are to be cured, saved, enlightened, uplifted, glorified, made men and women of virtue, hope, integrity, saints, heroes, angels, and archangels of light ineffable and eternal, for such are the dreams which our fellow-men and women have ever dreamed, simply by following "common sense"—that is, when pressed to its logical consequences, by following what is known as the philosophy of Tom Paine & Co., including Walt Whitman & Co., W. D. Howells & Co., T. B. Aldrich & Co.—that is, again, when sifted to the bone and marrow, by becoming devotees of Mammon, by putting money in their purses, by robbing the poor, by robbing the world, by robbing God and trampling upon all the dreams and prayers, and hopes and visions, the bravest and best souls of the human race have ever dreamed and died to realize.

I do not pretend to charge that Mr. Robinson has himself carried his thought to its logical consequences, or that he pretends or would dare or desire to teach such blasphemy if he really understood his own meaning.

I know the man and love him, and I know that his purposes are high and pure; nevertheless, his infernal philosophy means all that I have depicted, and far worse than this.

In fact, with the characteristic arrogance of the race of Yankees whence he came, he makes his own definition of God, admits no higher mind or power than his own untaught and youthful intellect as a possible higher power than his own for the definition of God.

Worse than this, he defines such definitions as have been made by the prophets, by Christ, by his apostles, by the Church, as simply "a prophet's lie," and presumes that because he himself has never risen above the sphere of "honest doubt," therefore, all those who have so risen—and glory be to God, they are to be counted by millions of better, braver, and stronger men and women than Edwin Arlington Robinson—are either knaves or fools, the mere children of "a prophet's lie."

"And if God be God, He is Love." Where did Mr. Robinson learn this—from Jesus Christ or Thomas Paine? A pox upon such everlasting duplicity and ignorance as our modern poets of atheism and boyish conceit everywhere manifest.

Did Mr. Robinson learn how to write good poetry without studying the masters of his art? Can he expect to know God, or his ways in this world, without studying the prophets of God and the masters in the science of theology, which he clearly despises?

I do not blame this young man for these flagrant and outrageous ignorances and conceits.

He cackles but the pride, the rebellion, the hard-hearted, hard-headed obstinacy of the long beaten broods of Plymouth Rock hens and roosters out of which he has been evolved.

The rebels of the Mayflower are to blame for Robinson's pride and atheism.

The Down East Yankee-English robbers and murderers of the French Canadians of Acadia, the high-headed witch-burners, the Yankee persecutors of innocent Quakers, Baptists, and other Protestant brethren of their own, are to blame for the darkness and madness of this young man's gifted brain. They were thieves and rebels and murderers from the start, and what can be expected of

their children except so far as these have been brought under the pure and holy teachings of Christ and His Church?

I do not blame Mr. Robinson or any modern Yankee for his rebellion, his hardness of heart, his conceit, or his ignorance. These have all been entailed for three long centuries.

On the contrary, I love this man and bid him try to see the truth of God through the visions of God's true prophets, and forget his Yankee ancestral prophets of lies.

Whether Mr. Robinson sees it or believes it or not, the fact remains that the God of Love, he fain would sing, has manifested himself in the person of a man, who, having lived the life of God's truth among us, was crucified as a liar, which is still the fate of many of his true followers; and, whether Mr. Robinson sees and admits the truth or not, millions of the bravest souls God ever made and the world tried to throttle have followed the life of this divine man to the limitless realms of light and glory, singing on their way, and, whether Mr. Robinson sees and admits it or not, these and the likes of these are the only true guides and hope of the world to this hour, and will and must remain so to the end of time.

My prayer is that the God of love, the God of all light and truth, in His dear Son, through His own Church, may bless this young man and gift him with faith equal to his art. Then the future Americans of the next generation and for generations to come would have poetry worthy the name of art, and also worthy the nameless and ineffable glories of divine love and Christian heroism that have folded our world as with the garments of sunrises and sunsets of blessing, and hope and faith and human tenderness during these last nineteen hundred years.

Lay down thy Tom Paine and thy mere brutal Walt Whitman, and take up thy Tennyson, thy Bible, and, hand in hand with God and truth, sing us a song worth singing, my dear young friend, and so I bid thee God speed.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

SAINT FRANCIS.

Blessed Francis of Assisi,
 —Made, in all things, like his Master,
 Moulded, fashioned in His Image,
 In the Mould of God, The Father

Of the WORD Incarnate; growing
 To the fulness of His stature
 To the height of His perfection:—
 This forever sought for, prayed for,
 This, to share in all His sorrows,
 All His toils; in His affliction,
 His most bitter Cross and Passion;
 This, that crucified with Jesus,
 Dead, with Him, and buried, living,
 In and for Him; that, united
 Thus to Him, and to His Mother,
 —Nothing left of self—he, daily,
 Hourly, should cling closer to Him
 Whom he loved so dearly; learning
 All the sweetness of His favour,
 All the mystery of love, the secrets
 Hidden from the world; imparted
 Ever to His friends, His brethren:—
 Blessed Francis of Assisi,
 Lover of The Christ, partaker
 In His Cup of anguish, sharer
 In His sacred Passion; growing
 Day by day more like Him; asking
 Nothing less than this, to suffer
 All that Christ endured; a victim
 All on fire with love; how came he
 To the height of his desire?

Once he knelt, as oft, and, kneeling,
 Mused entranced, enraptured, weeping,
 On the Wounds of Christ, his Master:
 Held he close His Cross, embracing
 In his wasted arms the Image
 Of The Blessed One; entreating
 Yet a token of His favour
 To the slave who loved Him, praying
 More of pain, and more of sorrow,
 Larger share in His affliction:
 Lo! above the sun at noonday,
 —Bright, as once on Saul of Tarsus,
 Shone the heavenly splendour, dazzling,

Blinding, that it might illumine—
 Shone a glory all-effulgent,
 —Glory of the heaven of heavens—
 On the eyes of Blessed Francis
 —Dazzled not, nor frightened; rather
 Gladdened all his heart, as gladdens
 Martyred Saint the blissful Vision
 Of the Face of God Incarnate—
 Lo! the source of all the brightness,
 Centre, heart, of all the glory,
 Was the Cross of Christ, and, on it,
 Hung The Lord of Love, as hung He
 When He died for our salvation:—
 And, behold! The wounds, the nail-prints,
 —Scars of victory, of triumph
 Over sin and death—the spear-thrust
 Whence were poured the Blood and Water
 From His Broken Heart, were radiant
 Suns resplendent, none might look on;
 None but he who loved his Master,
 Who had grown like Him, had entered
 —As He giveth to His chosen,
 His Beloved,—His secret dwelling,
 Where they commune with Him, learning
 Wisdom man may never utter.

Blessed Francis of Assisi,
 Love emboldened, love inspired,
 Gazed, with eyes that never wearied
 On the Wounds of Christ his Master,
 —Love knows naught of fear—so looked he,
 Looked, and gained his heart's desire;
 All that he had prayed for, longed for,
 All that he had sought by penance,
 Vigil, fast, and self-denial:—

For, from every Wound, as shineth
 Lightning in the midst of darkness,
 Sprang a ray of light supernal;
 Then, as kneeled the Saint, in rapture
 Passing speech, the rays that darted
 From the Hands of Christ his Master

Pierced his hands, as His were riven
 Once by cruel nails, indriven
 —Piercing flesh and nerve, to hold Him
 Fast upon the Cross, to bear Him
 As He sank in death, from falling,
 Bear His weight, nor yet His only,
 All the sins of all His brethren
 Hung upon His Hands, and tore them,
 Rent them, with a keener anguish
 Than the very nails;—so rending,
 Piercing nerve, and flesh, and muscle,
 Passed the rays of light supernal,
 From the Wounded Hands outspringing,
 Through the hands of Blessed Francis:—

Lo! the rays that, from the nail-prints
 In the Blessed Feet,—which journeyed
 Dusty ways for us and stony,
 Leaving prints for us to tread in—
 Darted, as the sunbeam flasheth
 O'er the burnished helms of warriors,
 Pierced the feet of Blessed Francis;
 Bitter-sweet the pain, and bitter
 As the touch of death, the parting
 Of the soul itself, the sharpness
 Of the ray that, from the spear-thrust
 In The Master's Side, passed onward,
 Through the heart of Blessed Francis.

How may any tell it? Sinner,
 Such as I, how speak the rapture
 Of that mystery of Passion,
 When The Crucified, The Master,
 Lover of our souls, to kindle
 Love to Him again,—grown feeble,
 Faint in hearts of men—imprinted
 Thus, the Wounds of Love He beareth
 Evermore for us, in heaven,
 In the body of His Servant?

Plead, oh Blessed Francis! Favoured
 More than all thy brethren; chosen
 Thus to share His Crucifixion,

All the depth of anguish, sorrow
 Passing knowledge, He was willing
 To endure for us, unworthy:
 Plead for us, that, we too, moulded
 In the Mould of GOD, The Mother
 Of The Word Incarnate, fashioned
 Daily, hourly, to His Image,
 May attain to this,—to suffer
 With Him, for Him, seeking only
 Thus to be like Him, to know Him:
 Only thus may we attain it.
 Only thus, by crucifixion
 With The Crucified: by sharing
 All His sorrow, His affliction,
 Most of all, His Wounds:—oh Mother,
 Sorrow-laden, Fount of Pity!
 Fix the Wounds of Christ, our Master
 Firmly in our hearts, that, sharing,
 Thus, His Bitter Cross and Passion,
 Dying thus with Him, and buried
 Deep within His grave, Thy children
 May be made like Him, our Brother,
 Made like Him in all things, growing
 Like to Him, in Thee, attaining .
 Thus, the fulness of His stature
 Thus, the height of His perfection.

Montreal.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

TENNYSON'S BIOGRAPHY OF TENNYSON.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON: A Memoir by His Son. Two volumes, illustrated. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$10.00.

At last an adequate biography of Tennyson has appeared. Five years have passed since the death of the great Victorian singer, and these years have been devoted to the preparation of a book that will no doubt be a classic. These beautiful and substantial volumes are worthy to be placed on the same shelf with Boswell's "Johnson" and Lockhart's "Scott."

Valuable as were the attempts of Jennings, Waugh, and others, to tell the story of Tennyson's life, their books were necessarily fragmentary and imperfect. Dr. Van Dyke made a serious effort to get at the facts, and was, to a considerable extent, successful, having the bard's assistance; but his brief "Chronology" can scarcely be called a sketch. It devolved upon the poet's only remaining son to do a work that no other could do so well. Long personal acquaintance was necessary, and this previous biographers lacked. The task has been well done, for Hallam Tennyson inherited in large measure the literary ability of his father. His memoir is indeed one of the few great biographies of eminent Englishmen.

The task was one requiring judgment and infinite patience, for he had to select from a mass of unpublished manuscripts left by his father such things as had more than passing interest. He had also to sift out the valuable letters from a mountain of correspondence. In this labor of love, the late Lady Tennyson rendered material aid, supplying from memory and treasured letters and other memoranda many precious facts. Up to 1874 she kept a journal, and on this the son has freely drawn for matter not elsewhere obtainable. Hallam Tennyson was at this date home from college, and was thereafter the constant companion of his father to the time of his death, October 6, 1892. He knew the poet intimately in the latter period of his life, and took down from his lips many comments relating to his works and opinions and former events of his history. Gaps still remained, and these the reminiscences of old friends supplied. The companions of his early manhood, Edmund Lushington, Aubrey de Vere, and others, contributed interesting recollections of those far-away days. Later contemporaries, Jowett, Palgrave, Tyndall, and others, gave their impressions of the man as he lived in the golden years of fame and prosperity. They furnish innumerable side-lights, but perhaps best of all are the manuscript notes and the letters written by Edward Fitzgerald, with which the volumes are enriched.

On the title page are the lines,

I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure!

At the head of some of the chapters are appropriate quotations from the laureate's writings. Both volumes contain a number of unpublished poems and fragments that lovers of Tennyson will gladly

welcome. They are illustrated with some superb portraits of the poet at different periods of his life, and there are portraits of other members of the Tennyson family. One could wish that pictures of his father and mother had been included; also of his brothers Charles and Frederick. Fac-similes are given of several lyrics, from the original manuscripts—"Tears, Idle Tears," "Break, Break, Break," "Let Not the Solid Ground," "Crossing the Bar," etc. But no description can convey a sufficient idea of the contents of these portly volumes, each containing more than 500 pages. They will be to the student of Tennyson a veritable mine of information. Here can be found for the first time a rounded, finished portraiture of the greatest of Victorian singers.

In the modest preface the author writes without fulsome adulation, expressing in moderate terms his appreciation of the qualities that made his father illustrious in the world of letters:

"For my own part, I have generally refrained from attempting to pronounce judgment either on his poems or on his personal qualities and characteristics; although, more than any living man, I have had reason to appreciate his splendid truth and trustfulness, his varied creative imagination and love of beauty, his rich humor, his strength of purpose, the largeness of his nature, and the wide range of his genius. If I may venture to speak of his special influence over the world, my conviction is that its main and enduring factors are his power of expression, the perfection of his workmanship, his strong common sense, the high purport of his life and work, his humility, and his open-hearted and helpful sympathy."

Hitherto no full and satisfactory account of Alfred Tennyson's childhood and school days has appeared in print. One eagerly turns to the first chapter to find out, if possible, what was remarkable in the early life and character of the boy who afterward developed into such a rare and admirable genius. "Half-way between Horncastle and Spilsby," the biographer says, "in a land of quiet villages, large fields, gray hill-sides, and noble, tall-towered churches, on the lower slope of a Lincolnshire wold, the pastoral hamlet of Somersby nestles, embosomed in trees. Here, on the 6th of August, 1809, was born, in his father's rectory, Alfred Tennyson. He was the fourth of twelve children, eight sons and four daughters, most of them more or less true poets, and of whom all except two have lived to 70 and upward."

No common household this, and Alfred was perhaps the strangest

and most gifted of them all. Thus he is pictured as a lad of eleven or twelve: "My aunt Cecilia (Mrs. Lushington) narrates how, in the winter evenings, by the firelight, little Alfred would take her on his knee, with Arthur and Matilda leaning against him on either side, the baby Horatio between his legs; and how he would fascinate this group of young hero-worshippers, who listened open-eared and open-mouthed to legends of knights and heroes among untravelled forests rescuing distressed damsels, or on gigantic mountains fighting with dragons, or to his tales about Indians, or demons, or witches." Alfred was now home from Louth Grammar School, where he spent four years not altogether happy or well improved. His native village having no educational advantages to speak of, the father (a man of learning and talent) took upon himself the burden of fitting him for college. Dr. Tennyson took some interest, too, in the boy's attempts at verse-writing. In an autobiographical note, the poet says: "My father once said to me, 'Don't write so rhythmically; break your lines occasionally for the sake of variety.'" He continues: "At about twelve and onward I wrote an epic of six thousand lines à la Walter Scott—full of battles, dealing, too, with sea and mountain scenery—with Scott's regularity of octo-syllables and his occasional varieties. Though the performance was very likely worth nothing, I never felt myself more truly inspired."

According to a younger brother, Arthur Tennyson, the youth had a presentiment of his coming career:

"Like my father, Alfred had a great head, so that when I put on his hat it came down over my face. He, too, like my father, had a powerful frame, a splendid physique, and we used to have gymnastics over the large beam in his attic den, which was in the gable looking westward. Alfred and I often took long rambles together, and on one particular afternoon, when we were in the home fields, talking of our respective futures, he said, most emphatically, 'Well, Arthur, I mean to be famous.' From his earliest years he felt that he was a poet, and earnestly trained himself to be worthy of his vocation."

There is this interesting record of the first literary venture of Charles and Alfred Tennyson: "In March of this year [1827] 'Poems by Two Brothers' was published by Jackson, of Louth. When these poems were written, my uncle Charles was between sixteen and eighteen, and my father between fifteen and seventeen. The brothers were promised the liberal sum of £20, having, how-

ever, to take more than half of this in books out of Jackson's shop. . . . My uncle Charles would say that, on the afternoon of publication, my father and he hired a carriage with some of the money earned; and, driving away fourteen miles, over the wolds and the marsh, to Mablethorpe, their favorite waste sea-shore, 'shared their triumph with the winds and waves.'"

The next three years Alfred was at Cambridge, and several important incidents marked his life here. His acquaintance with Arthur Hallam began soon after he entered Trinity College in October, 1828. The readers of "In Memoriam" are familiar with the chief events of these years, but they will be glad of the fuller details in this memoir. After Dr. Tennyson's death (March 16, 1831), the family continued to live in the rectory until 1837. Then it seemed "best for them to leave the country and live nearer London." Frederick was abroad, and Charles had married and settled down, so upon Alfred "devolved the care of the family and of choosing a new home. The task was by no means easy. The mother 'ruled by right of love,' but knew nothing of the world. . . . High Beech, in Epping Forest, was the home eventually selected; and there the Tennysons lived till 1840, when they went to Tunbridge Wells. Thence they moved in 1841 to Boxley, near Maidstone. . . . My father certainly proved his practical turn at this time in furnishing High Beech, for they say that he 'did not even forget the kitchen utensils, and that throughout the furniture was pretty and inexpensive.' The house and park were pleasant enough. There was a pond in the park on which in winter my father might be seen skating, sailing about on the ice in his long blue cloak.

"He liked the nearness of London, whither he resorted to see his friends Spedding, Fitzgerald, Heath, Kemble, Tennant, and others; but he writes that he could not often stay in town even for a night, his mother being in such a nervous state that he did not like to leave her. . . . When he could leave home he would often visit in Lincolnshire, and stay both at his brother's vicarage and at the Sellwoods' in Horncastle. My mother and he were then quasi-engaged, but were not able to marry owing to want of funds."

Though a member of the genteel middle class, Alfred Tennyson was often hampered by the lack of money in the years before he became so well known that his poems could be depended upon for any income. For the 1830 volume we are told that he received £11.

Probably the next book of "Poems," published in 1832, did not bring him much more. He was at times very much discouraged by the neglect of the public. The "Poems" published in 1842 passed through several editions, but it was not until 1850 that his literary income could be called a competency. When the pension of £200 was granted him in 1845, he was indeed poor, having lost nearly everything through an "unfortunate speculation." It seems that he was persuaded to invest "all his little money" in a scheme for manufacturing carved wood. "The entire project collapsed: my father's worldly goods were all gone, and a portion of the property of his brothers and sisters. Then followed a season of real hardship and many trials for my father and mother, since marriage seemed to be further off than ever." Before this time (that is, 1844), he was fairly well off, and by dint of economy got along comfortably. Otherwise he could not have indulged in so much book-buying and travelling.

The long deferred marriage took place June 13, 1850. Alfred Tennyson first met his bride twenty years before, "when the Sellwoods had driven over one spring day from Horncastle, to call at Somersby Rectory. Arthur Hallam was then staying with the Tennysons, and asked Emily Sellwood to walk with him in the Fairy Wood. At a turn of the path they came upon my father, who, at sight of the slender, beautiful girl of seventeen in her simple gray dress, moving 'like a light across those woodland ways,' suddenly said to her: 'Are you a Dryad or an Oread wandering here?'" The story of their courtship is romantic enough for a novel. Some ten pages of extracts from his letters to Emily Sellwood are given, and they are filled with beautiful sentiments. The correspondence was broken off in 1840. Several years of separation did not lessen their attachment. In 1847 he consulted her, it seems, in literary matters. "Two versions of 'Sweet and Low' were made, and were sent to my mother to choose which should be published. She chose the published one in preference to that which follows, because it seemed to her more song-like." The world will never know the extent of his obligations to her keen critical judgment, for she was an intellectual companion to him in the fullest sense. He gladly paid homage to her worth, not only in poetical dedications, but in conversation. A few months after their marriage, he said to some friends visiting them: "I have known many women who were excellent, one in one way, another in another way, but this woman

is the noblest woman I have ever known." For more than forty years she adorned and honored the homes of England's great poet laureate. Their wedded life was ideally happy. She shunned publicity, devoting herself to husband and children. It is a genuine tribute of love and pride that the son renders to the mother whom he doubly prized, both for his own sake and his father's:

"And let me say here, although, as a son, I cannot allow myself full utterance about her whom I loved as perfect mother and 'very woman of very woman,'—'such a wife' and true helpmate she proved herself. It was she who became my father's adviser in literary matters; 'I am proud of her intellect,' he wrote. With her he always discussed what he was working at; she transcribed his poems; to her and to no one else he referred for a final criticism before publishing. She, with her 'tender, spiritual nature,' and instinctive nobility of thought, was always by his side, a ready, cheerful, courageous, wise, and sympathetic counsellor. It was she who shielded his sensitive spirit from the annoyances and trials of life, answering (for example) the innumerable letters addressed to him from all parts of the world. By her quiet sense of humor, by her selfless devotion, by 'her faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven,' she helped him also to the utmost in the hours of his depression and of his sorrow; and to her he wrote two of the most beautiful of his shorter lyrics, 'Dear, near, and true,' and the dedicatory lines which prefaced his last volume, 'The Death of *Cenone*,'" Invalid as she was a great part of her life, Lady Tennyson survived her husband four years, dying August 10, 1896, aged eighty-three.

Many more choice things in this Memoir could be quoted if space permitted. Of Tennyson's career since he became poet laureate in 1850, the world is more familiar than with the first half of his life. In the chapters dealing with his literary undertakings, his tours in Great Britain and on the Continent, his intercourse with famous people, his views on religious, political, scientific, and philosophical subjects—on these and a thousand other matters the reader will find these volumes full of interest and value. Here was a man whom the great of England desired to know and to honor. Here was a man who bore himself well in all the relations of life. Fortunate is it that his biography has been worthily written.

Chicago, Ill.

EUGENE PARSONS.

SONNETS OF PERSONS AND PLACES.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

So many tongues have sung thy deathless fame;
 So many eyes have wept, in joy or pain,
 Before the magic of thy fitting flame
 Of fancies—joyous, or,—like murd'rous Cain—
 Most swiftly vengeful in their shameless shame—
 That it would seem no voice should once again
 Attempt a strain might mingle in the game
 Of praise before thy great, melodious brain.
 Yet I, whose breath first breathed the very same
 Sweet air that came to thee across the main—
 Will weave this little song, may not be lame
 To touch the farthest height thy wing shall gain.
 Thus aye may Somerset to Warwick be
 A laurel wreath of song's eternity.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Whate'er was felt or thought or said or sung
 By plainer men within thy rounded day,
 Was said by thee, as when a branch of May,
 In some still night, hath into beauty sprung.
 The hidden treasures of our mother tongue—
 As they were living spirits—found their way
 Unto thy lips and hands, and, sad or gay,
 As flowers, were along thy harp-notes flung.
 Aye into some sweet music thou didst turn
 The harsher notes, the common thoughts of men,
 And by the art of thy magician's pen
 Didst form to beauty what all worldlings spurn:
 Through thee have art and anguish and the rod
 Of sorrow found their pathways back to God.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Great master of the realms of beauty; art
 Knew not its perfect crown till thy fine hand

Had wreathed its treasures, brought from every land;
 Through thee our Turner rose to bear his part
 In England's great triumvirate of heart,
 Of mind and hand—his genius bound to stand
 With Shakespeare's, Milton's, and the mighty band
 Of Time's great masters—never to depart.

And with what rare gentleness didst thou bear
 The thievings of the robber band, foresworn;
 Nursing thy sorrow 'neath a brow of care,
 Till life itself, with duty, was outworn;—
 But England loves thee—yea, all men love thee,
 And thy name lives unto eternity.

ROBERT BROWNING.

And if thou didst not rise to wield the wand
 Of priest or prophet of our faith divine;
 If gift of inspiration was not thine,
 Or voice to utter thoughts of every land;
 Thou still didst grasp in thy magician's hand
 The thoughts that rocked all England in thy time,
 And these didst weld into the truth sublime
 That throughout all eternity shall stand.

All England, all mankind are debtors, so,
 To thee, in this, that with sharp, pointed speech,
 And musical, and white as driven snow
 Thou didst greatly heal the deep wid'ning breach
 That yawned 'twix thought and faith—as to and fro
 These swung and climbed to reach God's overflow.

LONGFELLOW.

Sweet singer from the rock-bound coasts of song,
 Where nature's harp to wild, swift winds was strung,
 And bitter dogmas on all breezes flung;
 What lifted thee above the rasping throng
 Of those old taskmasters that had so long,
 With mourning blackness, all life's altars hung,
 Until the music of the world seemed stung
 With death and witchcraft, deep and gaunt and strong?

And what dear angel touched thy lips, thine ears,
 To that soft music of Evangeline?
 Those Voices of The Night? Excelsior?
 Through what sweet sunlight vanished all thy fears
 And brought our tears of gladness fast between
 Thy gentle lines that live forevermore?

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

When all this land was rocked in cruel wrong,
 At peace with sin and slavery and shame,
 Regardless of the blot upon its fame—
 That ever had unnerved its firm and strong
 Right hand and burnt from out its heart all song—
 Within thy brave, heroic soul there came
 The still, small voice that ever has been flame
 Of God and truth in every human throng.

And from thy vantage ground of glory, bound
 Around with living righteousness and truth—
 Full-winged with dreams of liberty sublime,
 Thou didst behold the slave's vile chains unwound;
 Didst force the nation back into its youth
 And on, to freedom that shall outlast time.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

O toiling, restless, grave and mighty soul
 Of those protesting years, that still stand fast
 Between the living present and the past,
 And make of rounded time, one perfect whole;
 Forever, while all future ages roll,
 Through every storm and stress and wrecking blast,
 Thy stalwart name shall stand and shine at last,
 As that firm star which marks the changeless pole.
 Whate'er was strong and high in those far years
 Through which our fathers plow'd in bitter tears;
 Whate'er was true in thine own gifted time;
 Whate'er is noble, aye, and e'en sublime
 In our more bold and loudly boasting day,
 Is still thine own, and shall not pass away.

BY ANCIENT BARDS.

Whene'er men tell me of the songs were sung
 By ancient bards, accompanied with lyre,
 And harp, and organ;—of the sacred fire
 That fell from heaven when the earth was young,
 And human souls were less acutely strung
 With anguish at the roots of mad desire:
 When flesh and heart alike did each aspire,
 And to the winds all human lusts were flung;

I simply say that it was never so:—
 That never, since the ages first began
 To swing in space and circle to and fro:
 That never, since the burning heart of man
 First breathed its burning love in deathless song,
 Was it, as now, so sweet, divine and strong.

THEN AND NOW.

And when men speak of mighty Homer's song,
 And bid me breathless tread the flowery way
 That Virgil trod, in his heroic lay,
 I quietly say—what tyranny and wrong,
 What low ambition, and how sensually strong
 Were all their idols in that distant day,
 And name the higher dreams—the lightning play
 Of loving fancy in our later throng:

Our greater poets name, with love and pride;
 For never, since the sons of morning sung
 The dawning of that early day that died
 In darkness and was into darkness flung.
 Have men or angels filled life's rich æons
 With songs like Dante's or like Tennyson's.

DURWARD'S GLEN.

Fanned by the breezes of thy softest light,
 'Mid cooling shadows of the dappled glen,

Where swallows, thrushes, and the little wren
 Do nest in peace and revel in delight,
 O'er daisies, lilies, and the larkspur bright
 With purple glory, beyond art of pen—
 My soul seems wrapt with joy again, as when,
 O! love! through thee, faith was transformed to sight.

For such art thou, that, through thee, all life glows
 With radiant splendor, brighter than the stars;
 Yea, clearer than the pebbled brook which flows
 Unruffled over all the countless scars
 That storms have made in rushing to the sea;
 And so wilt glow unto eternity.

LAKE MICHIGAN IN STORM.

I would it were the sea—yon crested waves
 That shoreward roll in dull monotony,
 And break their feathered foam in flights and free
 Their pent-up rage against yon wall that saves
 Our petted greensward from untimely death,
 Have some faint semblance of the true sea-foam,
 Beside whose radiant bubbles we did roam,
 In our first hours of love, with hallowed breath,
 All softened, sweetened by the murmuring sea,
 Whose mystic tones of death and memory—
 Aye salted as our tears—forever flow
 In requiem anthems, sad and loud or low.
 But all this air is harsh and hard and keen,
 And love is dead, and memory,—unseen.

COBBOSIE CAMP.

Nestled amid hemlocks the camp-lodge stands,
 Quiet and secluded by the rock-bound shore
 Of a beautiful lake, whose waveless floor
 Of quivering waters and shadowy lands
 Of inverted forests—like spirit bands—
 Encircle the place—and a mystic lore

Of quaintest stories haunt it evermore:—
Weird stories of ghosts, and of unseen hands.

And life at the camp-lodge is quiet and free
As the spirits that haunt it—truly there—
Are the rasping ties of our destiny
Broken and scattered, and the truth laid bare,
Till the blood of life's anguish flows to sea,
And souls, without stinting, their sunlight share.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE IDES OF MARCH.

“ Aloft, alow, the mad winds blow
On fields and uplands bare;
They seize the lingering wreaths of snow
And hurl and whirl them to and fro
And heap them here and there.

“ Blow, blow, wild Winds, aloft, alow!
The ides of March are past.
Swift as your wings the dark days go;
Then blow your maddest, Winds, blow, blow!
My May is coming fast.”

It was Helen Asquith's beautiful singing-voice that burst into this utterance. Everyone present stopped to listen. Then she fell into a few minor tones of shadowy pathos:

“ Wax and wane, once and again,
O pallid moon of March!
Swifter lift thy light, and drift
Across the sky's blue arch.

“ Wax and wane, once and again
Till April's fled away—
Speed, speed thy flight through night to night,
And be the moon of May!”

The singer had not only great voice-power, but a spirited style also, which revealed the intensities of her nature. We felt her splendid power of swinging and sweeping the thought of others into lines of her own. Now, the cold moon and mighty March gales rose in vision before us, translated into lofty music.

But Mrs. Asquith's delicate face took on its frequent shade of anxiousness. Realms of storm were no haunts of hers. Between her timidity and the fearless spirit of her daughter a gulf yawned; she would stand, at times, in open-eyed wonder before this nineteenth-century Atalanta, fleet of foot and fleet of thought. Now, she gently protested:

"Do not sing of clouds and winds, Helen, dear! We have enough in reality. March is a grim month, and I always find it in my heart to pray for the poor sailors swept toward our coast at this season."

"We are all sailors, mother, in a certain way, and many of us off a lee shore—enjoying the danger none the less. Life would be dull, indeed, without its perils. Why not sing of them? We need bravery more than all else!"

"The bravery that leans on prayer, Helen, dear," whispered Miss Dormer. "The winds, north, south, east, or west, are the winds of God."

"It is hard to believe that always," mused the Professor, who had been listening to Helen's song with evident enjoyment. "Faith sometimes rises into regions where it seems a wondrous thing, supernatural, heaven-bright and heaven-born—as, in fact, it truly is! For the storms of life do waken evil elements. Our political contests, for example, how fierce and bitter! What unscrupulous bargaining, what underhand machinations! The ides of March see venial voters still—and demagogues, as in classic days! The ancient struggles between plebs and patricians are only repeated in our own republic—like one of your classic airs, Miss Helen, with variations."

Helen laughed quickly. "I see, now, Professor, why elections are held in March—and November. Storms belong to politics."

"Not to statecraft, though," he rejoined, "nor to high patriotism, which is calm and often says, 'Peace! Be still!'"

"Yet the winds, as I understand it," said Mrs. Asquith, timidly, "are beneficial, truly 'winds of God!' They purify the atmosphere, prevent miasma, and temper overheated climates. Now, currents of thought, playing freely, coming from all quarters, are to the body politic its breath of life. Is it not so, Professor? In despotie

lands, where these are repressed, the condition of things is unsatisfactory—morally and intellectually, there is imperfect sanitation. Is there not much discontent, there? much brooding over grievances, much seething, as of an active crater? many confined gases liable to explosion? If we had a tropical calm here, for any time, would it not rouse alarm? A dead pause precedes the hurricane. Revolutions are thus ushered in. ‘Know ye not,’ said our Saviour, in merited reproach, ‘the signs of the times?’ Free speech and a free press have their evils, yet, despite these, are of measureless value; and the nations which remain despotic are only ‘sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.’ Yes, the winds are of God!”

The Professor seemed lost in thought for a moment. Then his grave smile reappeared. “I have faith, also, in our future!” he exclaimed. “There is great reliance to be placed on the good sense of the American people. They are not bigoted. When they make mistakes, they own it frankly. Breezes of benevolence blow very freely. A good temper, unsurpassed on the face of the earth, marks the American public—almost too easy in its kindness. They acquiesce peaceably in the results of a campaign, whatever they be. The March election, with all its gales, leaves blue sky, clear as heaven.”

“That is good, Professor Grey! I am glad to hear you say that!” cried Miss Dormer, with shining eyes. “It is well to have faith in your country, because—well, because ‘faith worketh by love.’ The man who believes in his country is patriotic, unselfish, ready to do and dare great things in her behalf, glad to benefit his fellow-citizens. A little breeze of charity will do much toward driving off fogs of discontent.”

“Speaking of fogs,” cried Helen, gayly, “I wish you could have seen New York harbor as I saw it one morning! We were coming in on one of the Sound boats, when a wall of white mist enveloped us, silently, softly, strangely, like a vague dream. Our steamer stood still, fearing to stir—all was hushed, as in a spiritual world. We could not see over our vessel’s side, so thick was the impenetrable veil let down from heaven. Dim, breathless delay, imperative like a restraining hand, held us in ghostly immobility. A sense of awe increased our depression—the sense, too, of total helplessness.

“Then, all at once, a tiny breeze started the mist. It began to roll off and close around us on all sides; masts of vessels loomed above it. Next, their sails glinted out, white as snow; a moment

more, and the sky was blue and the brilliant city had flashed into sunshine. A divine breath had wrought the miracle."

"Faith and love are the winds of God, blowing straight from His Throne! Our people have caught the enthusiasm of humanity; and, in loving their brethren whom they have seen, are learning to love God Whom they have not seen. This is the true significance of the princely benefactions to colleges and charities which mark our day and generation."

"Very true, my dear Miss Dormer," replied the Professor. "Besides, even the pessimist, the man of little faith, enjoys, equally with others, his country's protection. He is free to doubt, protest, object, or lament. And this is, in itself, a public advantage. Emerson says, with his accustomed wisdom, 'The truth, the hope of any time, must be sought in the minorities. Michael Angelo was the conscience of Italy. We grow free with his name and find it ornamental now, but in his own day his friends were few.' In a republic, the quiet thinker, outside the whirl of politics, with no personal aims to forward, is in better position to gauge the value of measures and the fitness of men than the active politician in the smoke of combat political. The people know this and bestow confidence accordingly. The calm counsels of the scholar often control, and, in the long run, neutralize, the evils of hasty action on the part of injudicious though well-intentioned legislators. He voices the sober second thought of the nation."

"Yes, we have *some* wise men, luckily for us!" laughed Helen, "though they are not 'plenty as blackberries.' I see what you mean—the doubter, the thinker, puts on the brakes, when we ought to 'slow down.'"

"Sometimes, too," added Mrs. Asquith, "he has to come out of retirement and fight, when great issues are at stake—crying, like Saint Athanasius, 'The world against me; I against the world.'"

"It is the sense of Divine Presence and Divine support that nerves a man to such action, and the glory of another world than this that crowns him like a diadem." And, while the others listened as if fascinated, Helen eagerly exclaimed: "Yes, Athanasius, hero and saint, is, even now, a name to conjure by!"

Miss Dormer continued, in her sweet-voiced fashion, slowly and thoughtfully: "No, the man of this type, like our Blessed Saviour, is 'not alone.' Do you remember Father Faber's spirited utterance in his 'Hymns of the Ages?'"

“ ‘ Workman of God! O lose not heart
 But learn what God is like;
 And in the darkest battle-field
 Thou shalt know where to strike.

“ ‘ O blest is he to whom is given
 The instinct that can tell
 That God is on the field when He
 Is most invisible!

“ ‘ And blest is he who can divine
 Where real right doth lie,
 And dares to take the side that seems
 Wrong to man’s blindfold eye!

“ ‘ O learn to scorn the praise of men!
 O learn to lose with God!
 For Jesus won the world through shame,
 And beckons thee His road.’ ”

“ That is beautiful! ” cried Helen. “ A thousand thanks! But, to return to our topic: I think it is a wonder that we have so little discord, when we consider our immense country, embracing such a variety of sectional interests, and its motley population. Here are Germans, French Canadians, Italians, Chinese, and negroes, all conspiring against the purity of our Colonial blood.”

“ Yes, Miss Helen, our Colonial blood was good,” asseverated the Professor. “ The descendants of our original stock, wherever you find them, prove this, as the editor of the *GLOBE* has already pointed out. Our ‘ Sons ’ and ‘ Daughters of the Revolution,’ formed into one society, cull the superior elements from innumerable communities, large and small, in all parts of the United States. The Lord Baltimore Catholics of Maryland, the Huguenots, the original French and Spanish families of Louisiana and Florida, the Puritans, and the Pilgrims of Plymouth, all brought noble forces of strength and manliness, and a religious spirit dominant over these, which laid the foundations of our land in truth and righteousness. We might almost apply the words of Scripture, and call ‘ her walls Salvation, and her gates, Praise.’ Now, upon this foundation we are building wood and hay and stubble—also brass and iron. Some perishable elements are brought in by immigration; some, also, that are strong and precious.”

“We are like a composite photograph,” said Helen, laughing; “very funny, when you come to examine it! A good-natured crowd, on the whole, though, with a strong sense of humor and fond of a joke! proud of our Mark Twains and heartily enjoying Whitcomb Riley! It is a curious development, but not a bad one, or surely not so in any hopeless way. Abraham Lincoln summed up the whole type in himself.”

“There is a good story about Lincoln, not often told,” returned the Professor, smiling. “It seems a young officer from the Old World, whom debts compelled to leave his fatherland and service, succeeded in being admitted to an interview with the President, and, by reason of his winning deportment and intelligent appearance, was promised a lieutenant’s commission in a cavalry regiment. He was so enraptured with his success that he deemed it his duty to inform the President that he belonged to one of the oldest noble houses in Germany. ‘Oh, never mind that!’ said Lincoln, with a twinkle of amusement behind his gravity. ‘You will not find that any obstacle to your advancement.’ Now, here is democracy in full, with its good-natured side out and its quiet flash of humor! The American *versus* the foreigner!”

“The better side of Western life in pioneer days was mapped out by Anthony Trollope, years and years ago,” said Mrs. Asquith. “I have the bit here, in my scrap-book. See how accurately it is done! ‘This man—the Westerner,’ he says, ‘has his romance, his high poetic feeling, and, above all, his manly dignity. Visit him, and you will find him without coat, unshorn, in ragged blue trousers and old flannel shirt, too often bearing on his lantern jaws the signs of age and sickness; but he will stand up before and speak to you with all the ease of a lettered gentleman in his own library. All the odious incivility of the republican servant has been banished. He is his own master, standing on his own threshold, and finds no need to assert his equality by rudeness. He is delighted to see you, and bids you sit down on his battered bench without dreaming of any such apology as an English cottier offers to a Lady Bountiful when she calls. He has worked out independence, and shows it in every movement of his body. He tells you of it unconsciously in every tone of his voice. You will always find in his cabin some newspaper, some book, some token of advance in education. When he questions you about the Old Country, he astonishes you by the extent of his knowledge. *I defy you not to feel that*

he is superior to the race from whence he has sprung in England or Ireland. To, me, I confess that the manliness of such a man is charming. He is dirty and perhaps squalid. His children are sick and he is without comforts. His wife is pale, and you think you see shortness of life written in the faces of all his family. But, over and above it all, there is an independence which sits gracefully upon his shoulders, and teaches you at first glance that the man has a right to assume himself to be your equal.'

"Now, the foreigner, in displacing this early settler, is doing us a very dubious favor. But the West has become populated, by this time, and its hardships things of the past. The Russian, German, and Polish immigrants are thriving to the extent of mutual quarrelings and dissensions. The helpfulness, expected and frankly extended, in a new country, no longer exists. Instead, there is race prejudice, sectional bickering, and religious variance."

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Asquith, slowly, "that the ignorant immigrant is not exactly displacing the early settler. Rather, the latter has so far risen in the scale that he has become a small landed proprietor, able to employ unskilled labor upon his farm or ranch. The process of elevation goes with giant strides. Note the strong difference between the raw Irishman, fresh from his native bogs, ragged and dispirited, with his dirty progeny huddling about him, and our Irish-American of the second or third generation. The latter is fairly prosperous, as a rule, well-clad, well-fed, his children a credit to the Parish School, and he himself a decent citizen entitled to respect. A conscientious voter, an industrious artisan or farmer, a property owner often, in a limited way, he is an element of strength in the body politic, and would be infinitely more so if the curse of saloon-keeping and intemperance could be lifted off him. This is equally true of the German immigrant. Our Anglo-Saxon prejudice against these men seems hardly warranted by the facts."

"The religious variance you referred to, Professor," observed Miss Dormer, who had been closely weighing Mrs. Asquith's words, "appears to spring out of the natural fighting temper of the Irishman. He goes about 'wid a chip on his shouldher'—in hopes some one will knock it off—and a shillaleh in his hand! He shows a readiness to take offense, which the calmer Protestant finds it hard to comprehend. Then, the German—he gets into trouble through his airy ambitions! Fancy his dreaming of a Kaiser's rule in this

new land of mixed conditions, or of a German prelatical control of the whole Catholic Church in America! The Italian, also, has his views, wisely suppressed, yet astute and more influential than appears. So the elements of variance are plentiful.

“And the Teutonic scheming contains more still; it has germs of danger. There is enough Saxon sturdiness in the German to make him a power; the Professor Schroeder imbroglio at the Catholic University has its significant side.”

“Yes, a Bismarck may appear at any minute, or a Luther to disrupt the Church. In any case, such a composite population as ours could hardly fail of extreme diversity of views, with a divided sentiment, civic and religious. It is a miracle that no more discord has come of it!”

“Indeed it is!” said Mrs. Asquith. “Just see the divergence in customs and habits! In fashion, Americans are chiefly Parisian; in social functions they copy English and Prussians, and are not loath to follow even the Russians when it seems picturesque. In art they are Dutch and French; in music, German. In the whole, they are the most cosmopolitan of national types.”

“Fortunately for us,” rejoined the Professor, “the New England stock still remains and is dispersed over the land. The children and grandchildren of our original settlers are everywhere. Throughout the Middle West, on the Pacific Coast, and at the South and Southwest, they prove a calm, sensible, balancing element. Dispassionate, intelligent, amenable to reason, also capable of wise action when this is urgent, they control things through these admirable qualities, as the English control India. They are the salt which has not lost its savor. Moreover, their influence is a unifying force; and for our land, in her present mixed medley, this is the one essential thing. We have great cause to thank Providence for its benevolent intervention, in view of our perils. The principle of toleration, our Anglo-Saxon love of fair-play, and the tenuous balance of power between parties and sects, all tend to peace.”

“The unity of the Spirit, in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life,” murmured Miss Dormer. “The Anglican Prayer-book puts it well!”

“And here comes Anna Bensel, after all!” exclaimed Helen, rushing from the window to the door to greet her young friend. A beautiful girl, slender and willowy, in a Lenten suit of black accented by a fresh bunch of violets, and carrying a tiny Prayer-

book with a silver cross on its cover, appeared in the doorway. As she stood there, she made a picture other and brighter than the assembled group had been discussing. She was a vision of March and Springtime—the March of Lent, the Springtide of Prayer!

Her attack on the rest was gentle, but prompt.

“Why are you all here, in-doors?” she cried. “It is so brilliant out in the sunshine. The blue is soft overhead, like a true benediction, and the trees all in bud.”

“We were talking politics, Anna,” explained Helen, “and discussing other grave issues.”

A silvery laugh met the statement. Miss Dormer caught the situation. “I see what Anna means, Helen, dear! That we are worrying! And this, because gazing at all these things from the earthside—their gloomy shadow side—while Heaven is really flooding them with sun and blue.”

“That is true!” said Helen. “We have not so much faith and trust as one pussy-willow! The buds are not afraid to blossom, even in March!”

“We have been singing the Benedicite at church.” replied the new-comer, smiling; then, softly, in a silvery voice, she chanted the great uplifting strophes of Faith:

“O ye Light and Darkness, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him forever!

“O ye Winds of God, bless ye the Lord; praise Him and magnify Him forever!”

Gardiner, Me.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

A SPRING-TIDE RHAPSODY.

Fair morn hath culled with gentle touch all shadows from the sea;
 Glad earth and sky now carol forth a spring-tide rhapsody:
 Anear the foamy-crested tide runs out in fairy play:
 Afar the waters glowing, cool, coax fleets of sail away.
 From down the deep a thrill of joy steals through th' responsive air,
 And sweet—the ecstasy of peace is breathing everywhere!

Hither—hither, a voice is near—

A whisper is i' the wind!

'Tis Love that sings—O! dost not hear?

He sings—a message kind.

The smiling sands wooing their steps—toy with her simple gown,
 And softly nigh dare ripples creep—then softly flow they down;
 Low rains the sun its sifted gold in spangles on her hair,
 While timid zephyrs come to peep, then blend and linger there.
 The heaven that beams and fills her heart shines in her tender eyes,
 In them the pureness of her soul knows nothing to disguise.

Hither—hither, a voice is near—

A whisper is i' the wind!

'Tis Love that sings—O! dost not hear?

He sings—a message kind.

The fragrance of fresh blooméd hopes wings round them as they go,
 A mystic coming into life of some rare roseate glow.—
 Oh, pledges on thy heart, dear Love—sweet Love with heart so true!
 Oh let thy loyal steps lead on the breath of Evening's hue—
 Rest on the hurrying homeward tide, till ships sail back at last—
 Till Night in silence veils thy form—the dream of days are past.

Hither—hither, a voice is near—

A whisper is i' the wind!

'Tis Love that sings—O! dost not hear?

He sings—a message kind.

New York.

E. C. MELVIN.

FACT AND FICTION IN RECENT PROSE.

Sport Royal. By Thomas Martindale. Philadelphia: Strawbridge & Clothier, Publishers. 1897.

A Forest Orchid, and Other Stories. By Ella Higginson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1897.

Our Lady of America; or, Holy Mary of Guadalupe. By Rev. G. Lee, C.S.Sp. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., Publishers. 1897.

The Wonder-Worker of Padua. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria, Publisher. 1897.

Several of the books here under review have not been heralded with the flaming notices and advertisements that often accompany many inferior productions, and it is as much on this account as because of their real merit that I take pleasure in giving them prominence in this magazine.

It is generally understood that all history, books of travel, adventure, etc., usually supposed to be records of facts, are only fact according to the percept and perspective of the authors. Macaulay, Bancroft, and McMaster, the most popular writers of English and American history, are known to be more fictitious than Shakespeare or Walt Whitman; nevertheless, for convenience' sake, we make the old distinction between fact and fiction, so-called.

The book that leads this list is the most surprising and perhaps the most useful of them all. The others are written by book-men or women—that is, by writers trained more or less to the art of writing, but Thomas Martindale is one of the busiest business men in the city of Philadelphia: a bright, nervous little man, always to be found in his store, looking after everything and everybody: a man, too, who has given much of his valuable time to the work of so-called municipal reform and the general duties of political citizenship; nevertheless, Mr. Martindale's book, alike in its title and in its subject matter, as well as in the fresh and novel and vivacious treatment of that matter, is the most original, the most entertaining, and in many ways the most useful of the group of books here noticed.

It is a book written by a business man, and largely for business men—that is, for all men who work themselves to death in their various occupations and professions, and who do not know how to recuperate and get on their feet again.

In describing the manner in which he spent his own vacations in the woods of Maine, hunting deer, and on the plains of Dakota hunting wild geese, wild ducks, jack rabbits, and prairie chickens, Mr. Martindale not only points out a panacea for jaded city men, but he has put so much wit, vivacity, and humor into his book that readers feel an inspiration toward getting into the woods and out on the plains, and this inspiration is half the battle.

Railroads, steamboats, and guides for hunting are at every hand. What the city man wants is a hint, an impetus toward outdoor air, and a motive for getting there. These things Mr. Martindale's book furnishes.

It is not exactly a sportsman's book, but a book full of conversational wit and humor, for the lifting up and guidance of worn-out, every-day business men.

Mr. Martindale quotes Shakespeare as readily as he describes the manner of tracking and shooting wild deer and of missing wild geese,

and the man who does not know how to get lost in the woods and how to get out of the woods, with his game on his shoulders, after reading this book, must be a very stupid sort of a fellow.

* * * * *

The second book on our list, though nominally and really a work of fiction, made up of short stories, and depicting, in the main, a sort of life far removed from the great Eastern centres of so-called culture, has, according to my notion, far more American history in it than any one volume by McMaster, not to speak of its quaint and inimitable penetration into and delineation of human motives and moral forces, so absolutely unattended to or misrepresented in the best stories by Howells, or even by the late Louis Stevenson.

“A Forest Orchid,” the story that leads this last volume by Ella Higginson, opens thusly:

“I don’t like the looks of him,” said Mrs. Sumas Brown. “I bet he’s got the big-head. I never see anybody come out here from Bawston that didn’t have it. They all get it took off of ’em in a hurry, though, I notice. What does such a high-an’-mighty want of a shingle-mill an’ logging-camp, I’d like to know! Here, Sidonie, let’s hull these strawberries.”

Now, Sidonie is our Forest Orchid: a child—that is, a blooming, vigorous girl, with the pink glow of health on her cheeks and arms; a country-girl who has roamed the Northwestern forests, who knows their giant trees by name, has a pet name for each tree, knows all the logging men within whistle of her home, pets the great oxen that haul the fallen trees to the saw-mills, but, withal, has in her own cosy room a choice little library of books, can row or swim like a man or a fish; is untouched of evil and in touch with all that is great in Nature and the universe; smart, but true and womanly, and the man from Boston, though engaged to a single eye-glass-cousin of that insular town, has seen and talked with Sidonie; has felt the warm bloom of a healthy and splendid woman rising through her blushes to his own eyelids, and is about to seek and find board and lodging at Mrs. Sumas Brown’s. And the opening of this story shows us how Mrs. Brown is affected by all this.

The reader may get the book and find the *dénouement*, but in seeking for the climax, the peroration, so to speak, he will find outbursts of splendid womanhood, sneaking manifestations of woman’s littleness; he will be lost in the great forest where beautiful orchids bloom in the night, where silences, as of untold revela-

tions of infinite beauty, resting for awhile, speak deeper than any depths of words; where sunrises and sunsets are as new outflamings and nestlings of infinite splendors, undreamed of by smaller writers; and all the while he will find himself led along, as by the dainty, delicate hand of an experienced artist, and through it all will feel rather than see or hear the quenchless yearnings of a noble woman's heart, as it beats itself into harmony with eternal truth and deathless culture over all the shores and through all the skies of our great Northwestern world.

The other stories that go to make up this book are quite as good as "The Forest Orchid," and, though some of them have appeared in various magazines, they seem never to have gotten their true setting till they appeared in this pretty volume.

Nearly a year ago I said the best word at my command for the genius so manifest in "The Flower That Grew in the Sand, and Other Stories," an earlier volume by the same author. This book is still stronger confirmation of my former estimate, namely, that Ella Higginson is a woman altogether apart from and above the average best of our American male or female writers of fiction. Howells is a blundering, untaught booby beside her, and I know of no American woman with whom to contrast or compare her. Egan, as a story-teller, is an amateur compared with her. She has more art and more knowledge of human nature in a day than that long-haired and now obsolete Joaquin Miller ever had in all his life, and yet some excellent fool critics have thought that her work was almost as good as his. Bret Harte is the only American who has ever written such vivid and absorbing stories, and he has chosen, so many years, to live in London, that we scarcely think of him as an American any more.

By all means get a copy of "A Forest Orchid"; get it for your own rare enjoyment, and get it to help swell the fame of the ablest writer of short stories now living in this Western hemisphere. Get it, also, that, by contrast with the average trash dished out to you in Protestant or Catholic magazines, you may grow to despise twaddle and imbecility and learn how to detect genius from illiterate pretension.

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Of the third book indicated in this series I speak with more diffidence, because the author is a priest and because the subject itself is one very dear to Catholic hearts, therefore dear to my own heart;

nevertheless, I shall speak with all candor, and, I hope, to some profit.

In the first place, I am utterly opposed to the leading title of this book, and think it abominable.

With the liturgical title of the portrait of the blessed virgin of Guadalupe—accredited with the power of working miracles—and with the general aim and subject of Fr. Lee's book, I am wholly in sympathy.

“Holy Mary of Guadalupe” is at once reverent, orthodox, definitive, and beautiful. The word “holy” implies an acceptance of the dogma of the immaculate conception of the blessed virgin, and, as qualifying the Mary in this instance, separates her, as by Eternal Providence she has been separated, from all other Marys and all other women in the world's history; and “Holy Mary of Guadalupe” indicates that the definite thing referred to in a book of this kind or in any reference to any of the incidents of the wonderful appearance of the blessed virgin in the case before us, is to Guadalupe; and if our author had searched through all the title pages in existence he could not have found a better or a more perfect and complete title for his book than the second or sub-title in this case. Moreover, this title is liturgical or sanctioned by the decrees of the Church in this case.

Why, therefore, hunt around for some confounded Americanism of a title, except, indeed, to appeal to a low and popular American taste? But, whatever may have been the author's motive for choice of his leading title, I wish to show that the choice was execrable, and that all that sort of thing ought to be ruled out of our American Catholic books for the future.

We cannot expect His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons to look after such matters. In the first place, he has no critical taste worth naming, and, in the second place, he seems to be too busy writing a sort of Mellin's Food baby grade of articles for such papers as the *Lady's Home Journal*, to have any time left to exercise any censorship over the silly things that proceed from the press of his own accredited printers.

“Our Lady of America” is as false to history as it is vulgar and uncatholic.

The expression “Our Lady,” to begin with, has about it that despicable Protestant twang which is forever speaking of *our* church and *my* church. But the blessed virgin, or any manifesta-

tion of her power, is not our's, nor American. She is God's, and in her relationship to human beings is the cosmopolitan mother especially of all broken and bleeding hearts the world over; hence that contemptible word "our" in this title is offensive to me, at least; and the whole title, "Our Lady of America," is utterly disgusting.

"Our Lady of America," too often, is a painted and powdered, over-dressed, ignorant charlatan, who has grown rich and proud and conceited over her husband's ill-gotten wealth. You can see her arrayed in her silks and her ignorance in all the cities and towns of this land. In truth, the term lady, in our day, and especially in this country, is so promiscuously applied to washerwomen, servants, black and white, and to every sort of unutterably shoddy rich women, that it makes me sick to hear the term applied to the blessed virgin at all.

This may seem hypercritical and fastidious to many good Catholics who have grown used to this term, and I ask their pardon for my seeming severity; but there is more in this criticism than I expect Cardinal Gibbons, Fr. Lee, or John Murphy & Co. to recognize.

The next impression made upon my mind in reading this book is that it was written too exclusively for what is called the Catholic market, and it is too weighted down with fulsome encomiums of persons who, though worthy enough in their way, are praised and pandered to by Catholics as if said persons were divine, which they are not by a long way.

Protestants are everywhere ignorant, not only of the fundamental dogmas and practices of the Catholic Church, but they are densely ignorant of and opposed to all the phenomena recorded in this book.

In this line my position is that if it were worth while publishing a new book about "Holy Mary of Guadalupe." then it were worth while to have it done by such a person and in such a manner as to command the interest, the attention, and the respect of the whole Protestant world; but Fr. Lee's book, though excellent in its pious way, is not clever, is not literary, is not in a tone or of such power as to command anything of this kind.

If Cardinal Gibbons and John Murphy & Co. wanted a book on this subject to issue from the official press of Baltimore, why did they not ask Maurice Francis Egan or Charles Warren Stoddard to write the book, to take at least two years of their best time to

write, to visit the sacred places in question, and stay till the spirit of Holy Mary of Guadalupe had visited their souls and inspired their pen with something of the real spirit of the marvels named, and finally agree to pay either one of those gentlemen at least \$10,000 down on completion of his work? -

In such case the Church and the world would have had a book on this unique and beautiful theme that would have been a living, lasting fountain of joy to all Catholic hearts, and a lovely and convincing power among all Protestant communities to the end of Protestantism itself. I submit that such an expenditure of money, moreover, would be vastly more useful than the hundreds of thousands of dollars now being spent on empty university buildings for black or white students that are not worth educating.

My experience with John Murphy & Co. teaches me to believe that they would be much more likely to make it appear that it was a privilege for any Catholic layman to write a book for their official printing presses, and that they would ask the author for postage stamps wherewith to mail, at least, the editor's copies.

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As an indication of the manner in which I would have had the subject of "Holy Mary of Guadalupe" treated, I gladly call attention to the fourth book named in this series. I fancy, however, that it will take the Catholic Church, in America, at least another hundred years to understand the difference between ordinary Catholic twaddle and work that is really literature, and bound to command the respect of the world. But the lesson will have to be learned, and I am working to that end.

If there could be anything more beautiful than sainthood itself, I should say it is Charles Warren Stoddard's manner of describing it. The delight of this man's work is that whatever he touches he gives you the soul of it, and reproduces that soul in such calm and beautiful English speech that one always wonders why the matter was never so revealed before. Men of Stoddard's ability are, in our day, mostly sceptics, or, at best, with such conceited half assent to the truths of religion that in their presence and in presence of their work one feels that it is a great condescension on their part to notice religion at all, and that God Himself ought, on their account, to feel highly complimented.

It is the opposite of all this that one feels in reading Stoddard's little book about "The Wonder-Worker of Padua." The attention

of the author has been so close to his subject, that no phase of St. Anthony's soul or of his work seems to have escaped reverent notice, and yet it is not the phases or acts of the saint's life that one sees in this book so much as the soul of the saint—the holy spirit that dwells back of and produces the phase and the act. And this is the true business of literature, whether in prose or verse—viz., to reproduce the soul of things and clothe this soul in the softened language light of the author who presumes to write of such things. Stoddard is a prose poet, and all his work has the haloed inspiration of essential loveliness about it; hence it is that the editor of the *GLOBE* is always delighted to call especial attention to any work that comes from this author's hands. To many modern minds this book will seem like a strange mixture of fact and fiction, but under the magic touch of this magician's hands it all seems true and almost divine.

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Among other books recently sent to the *GLOBE* for review, there is one on "Financial Philosophy," by George Wilson, printed—and very badly printed—and published by Donohue & Henneberry, of Chicago. Mr. Wilson scores the absurd pretensions of the gold bugs, and offers much good reasoning to show that bimetallism must be restored; but we will leave all that until Mr. Bryan's election to the Presidency, three years hence, and then all the gold bugs, trust sharks, and Jew thieves of the world will fall into line, and there will be no revolution worth naming.

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Another filthily printed book of 592 pages, profusely illustrated, is called "War In Cuba," published by the Liberty Publishing Company, address not given; but the book is simply a rehash of newspaper falsehoods about Spain and Cuba, and needs and deserves only to be burned.

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At the request of a friend of the *GLOBE* we note also that the well-known Spanish author, Baroness Wilson, whose maiden name is Emilia Serrano, has recently brought out in Barcelona, Spain, a new book entitled "America en fin del Siglo" ("America at the End of this Century").

This clever work deals with current events, politics, biographical sketches, and historical facts, as well as archæological researches. The Baroness, in her twenty years' sojourn in America,

particularly Spanish America, made a close study of the peoples, their manners and customs, as well as history. Naturally a woman of liberal views, her life in America has tended to widen these views still more, and it may be of interest to our readers to know a Spanish woman's opinion on the Cuban question. I do not know, however, that we are in any special need of any Spanish or other woman's liberal views on the Cuban question.

A lot of rebels are in arms against the legitimate Spanish Government in Cuba. They represent a class of people that are always in rebellion against anything that means law and order, and the editor of this magazine hopes that Spain will subjugate these rebels and bring them to order, even if it has to follow the last rebel among them to the last ditch and shoot him dead, armed or unarmed; and the editor of this magazine despises every American subterfuge of so-called "patriotism" that has been and that is now being brought to bear in favor of the half-breed and other scoundrels now in rebellion in Cuba.

What is wanted there is not liberal ideas, but such grape shot as will sweep the beautiful island once for all of everything but loyalty to Spain and loyalty to God.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

ANGEL MUSIC.

God does not often grant to mortal ears
 The music of his angels. Yet I heard
 It once—in Pisa's baptistery;—it stirred
 My trembling soul to uncontrollèd tears.
 Not all the harmonies of after years
 Can ever compass by rich note or word
 The ecstasy that was so late deferred,
 The song where joy in rapture disappears.

It was at first a simple chord that rose
 From happy hearts of men; but, caught above
 Within the circling dome, it swept and rolled
 In waves of tenderness to realms of those
 With starlike wings: they voiced it with their love,
 Until it grew too sweet for earth to hold.

ABIGAIL TAYLOR.

HOME TRUTHS AND HOME THRUSTS.

MAN was created first, woman second. And because it was not good for man to be alone, God gave him a helpmate. Therefore, from the beginning of the world marriage was instituted and blessed by our Creator.

Love and marriage are the natural and divine laws, instituted by God Himself in the economy of creation to carry on the world.

The Almighty sanctified marriage through the union of Adam and Eve. In the beginning, until their temptation and fall and expulsion from the Garden of Eden, they were sufficient unto each other, as well as being faithful and true; perhaps because they were faithful and true.

And our Saviour, by His presence at the marriage feast in Cana, blessed the sacrament of Christian marriage.

Consequently, the mission of every human being appears incomplete unless each finds a mate, although many fulfill their missions in other ways in "a state of single blessedness."

But, as long as the world exists, until the Day of Judgment, when eternity or heaven replaces our imperfect existence in this terrestrial globe, when souls are freed from earthly bonds and dwell forevermore in realms of eternal light, for "when they rise from the dead, they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in Heaven"—until that day arrives, nature's law will govern the universe, and the law of love, with its irresistible magnet, will draw man and woman together. The yearning for sympathy and companionship is innate in the heart of every man; the longing for affection is instilled in every woman's breast. Love reigns supreme in every clime, as much so under the bleak, cold sky of the arctic region, as beneath the clear blue of the temperate, or the burning rays of the sun in the torrid zone—everywhere, all over the world, the master passion is love.

Love and the union of the opposite sexes is nature's motive power to keep the world agoing. And we might compare love and marriage to poetry and prose—the first consisting of the purest, sweetest, and most heavenly sentiments, combined with more earthly attributes as a counterbalance.

For the guidance of good Christians, Christ laid down the following law: "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man

put asunder." Hard-hearted, faithless men, and capricious, unfaithful women may tug and strain at the chain which binds them together, endeavoring to sever the bond by laws of man instituted in defiance of the divine law laid down in the Scriptures; nevertheless, the bond is indissoluble in spite of their rebellious desire to trample it under foot.

One of the most essential rules in married life is to bear and forbear, and much trouble might be averted by remembering that rule. No man is perfect, no woman is angelic; therefore, let each strive to make due allowances for the other's faults and foibles. Both should curb their unruly tongues, govern their tempers, and restrain their passions in order to live together peaceably. Nobody is always the same. Even in the happiest marriages, the union of two congenial or kindred souls, adapted to each other in every respect, moments will arise of mutual dissatisfaction, disagreements will occur, querulousness, fault-finding, or bickerings ensue, and disenchantment often follows after the glamor of love and romance fades, and the being so idealized proves to be commonplace and by no means perfect.

Instead of widening the breach, when matrimonial jars occur, with mutual recriminations, the best method is to think twice and speak once, for "Speech is silver, silence gold," and, we might add, bad temper, lead. Much unhappiness occurs in married life because, after being united, both cast off all restraint, and "too much familiarity breeds contempt." The husband neglects the little courtesies which are so grateful to a wife and which won her heart during their courtship; the wife neglects to render herself attractive in his sight, not deeming it worth her while, and reserving her best graces and charms for society. He is sometimes gruff, coarse, or preoccupied, while she is often weary, nervous, or fretful.

Life is made up of trifles, and little pin-thrusts often cause as deep a wound as more serious wrongs. Nettles accumulate and weigh heavily in the scale of matrimonial infelicities. And such trifles widen the breach until it becomes an impassable gulf.

Love, in order to become everlasting, should be fostered and fed as carefully as the sacred flame on the altars of yore. Men should extend to their wives the same kindness and courtesy incumbent on every man toward the weaker sex; wives should make their homes cheerful and attractive for the bread-winners. Neither should be supersensitive, imagining slights and slurs, but each should en-

deavor to make allowances for faults on both sides—for ill-humor on the husband's part, or moods and vagaries on the wife's part—and thus peace will be preserved—peace, the safeguard of the home.

The mythological tale of Cupid and Psyche bears a moral, and serves as an illustration that lovers should not divest themselves of illusion if they would not have the winged god of love fly away and desert them.

So long as Psyche did not inquire too closely into the nature of her mysterious lover and wedded partner, she was happy. But when she strove to study his divine origin too closely he fled. Therefore, love, with its mingling of spiritual and earthly attributes, should not be analyzed too deeply. Man is but a higher animal, an imperfect being at the best, and woman, although presumably of a finer mould, is not much better. Nobody of human origin is or ever will be perfect, because everybody bears the inherent weakness of the flesh—the primal curse of the children of earth. Ever since the rite of marriage was blessed by the Church and considered a sacred sacrament, the morals of the community are higher wherein such bonds are not treated too lightly. Inasmuch as the foundation of the family is the corner-stone of the people, so the nation prospers where such bonds are respected.

However, there is no rule without some exception. Some cases do occur in which patience ceases to be a virtue, and forbearance becomes degradation or slavery, and husband and wife are compelled to separate. But let each beware of breaking the bond without due cause. According to the ritual of the Church, when men and women marry, they vow to take each for better or worse, through sickness or sorrow, until death breaks the bond. Unhappily, in some cases, only in the close intimacy of married life is their true nature revealed, and their union is as incongruous as it would be to couple a race-horse with a slow-going nag, an eagle with some domestic fowl of the barnyard, or a falcon with a dove.

The union of such mismatched couples is not only irksome, but galling, also. Separation is justifiable while the Church sanctions it, although, at the same time, the Church lays down the injunction that neither should remarry until death breaks the bond, and releases the survivor, leaving him or her free to contract new ties.

New York.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

NOTE.—The true Church, however, reserves to itself the right to determine what conditions constitute a true marriage, and, therefore, what separated or divorced persons have a right to marry again, and this is a point that all writers on the subject should fully understand.—THE EDITOR.

OUR CRITICS CRITICISED.

WHEN I accepted and published in the last issue of the GLOBE REVIEW an article entitled "Religions and The Religion," by Hon. A. Oakey Hall, I felt quite sure that some captious theologians would be after the author with a sharp stick, and that they would probably hold me responsible for his utterances. In a recent issue of a Western Catholic weekly paper, one of these lynx-eyed gentlemen took hold of Mr. Hall with the conceit and pretension of his theologic class, and, in conclusion prayed God to deliver us from such "apologists" as Mr. Hall, and perhaps, in his heart, he prayed God also to deliver the Church from such apologists as the editor of the GLOBE REVIEW, though it takes a pretty brave theologian to go quite that far in print, and it is my humble opinion that the Lord God does not pay much attention to such prayers.

It is the fault or weakness of a good many theologians, as of other classes of learned men, that they have a great deal more ability of expressing their own notions, false or true, and of glorying in them, than they have of paying close and honest attention to or of understanding the teachings of other people. These are they that twist theology and God Himself into all sorts of grotesque forms and absurdities, and expect, by the profound wordiness of their own high-stilt vocabulary to carry all underlings by storm. Such seems to me to be the fault or weakness of the theological wisacre who undertook to annihilate Mr. Hall and to pray God to get the latter out of the way—to heaven or elsewhere.

I understand that, in scientific parlance, the true differentiation between apehood and manhood is found in the power of *attention*, whereby we are enabled to comprehend the thoughts and words of God or of our fellow-men, and, perchance, grow by degrees out of the primal apehood, from which some theologians even claim that we have all ascended. Any ape can chatter his own gibberish of theology, philosophy, or poetry, as the case may be, but to watch the sunrise till its glories smite your own soul with dreams of infinite beauty; to study God, in His revelation, in His Church, in the multitudinous manifestations of His power and love and glory in the fathomless oceans of the universes above us and beneath us, or to heed the teachings of a fellow-man so that you understand him, comprehend him, and hence can judge him in all kindness

and charity, this no theological or other ape has ever attained, as far as I know.

In truth, it has seemed clear to me these scores of years that, of all the blankety blankety and conceited blockheads on this earth, your average theologian is apt to be the greatest, the most conceited, and the most unendurable. He always knows it all, and presupposes that nobody else knows anything about it. Such an one seems to me to be the man whose unpenetrating, pretentious, and unfair utterances in the *St. Louis Review* called forth these comments.

I do not profess to be a theologian, though I have given more years and more ability to the study of every form of Protestant, Catholic, and pagan theology than any priest or prelate in the United States to-day, who, like myself, is still under sixty years of age. And, for my own part, I here and now defy any Catholic or other theologian to point out one error of theology or philosophy in all the religious teachings of the *GLOBE REVIEW* during the years that have elapsed since I was received into the Catholic Church, and I here and now defy any priest or prelate, in the Church or out of it, under sixty years of age, to produce an equal amount of religious literature from his own pen without falling into some errors of theology; hence I claim some respect for my judgment in accepting serious articles for this magazine, as well as proper respect for my own teachings in the same direction.

The whole trouble with the carping and prayerful critic here referred to was that he did not take time to read properly and to comprehend what Mr. Oakey Hall had to say and did say. In a word, he lacked or failed to use the power of attention.

Mr. Hall did not appear in the light of an "apologist" for the Catholic Church or its theology. In fact, he did not discuss its theology at all. Had he done so, his article would never have appeared in this *REVIEW*. Having for many years been a minister and a student of theology, I share with all priests their prejudice against admitting the right or the ability of any laymen to handle this great theme. I want them to mind their own business, and not to shoot in the theological preserve.

On reading Mr. Hall's article for the first time, I saw all the signs of his amateurism in the field he had chosen, but, finding that his résumé of various pagan religions and of our modern notions of these things was agreeable reading, and non-committal,

except as he stated the well-known views of other scholars, and that his attitude toward the Catholic Church was one of reverent faith and affectionate appreciation, I thought it would interest the readers of the GLOBE, especially as it was the utterance of a lay convert, and I concluded that if any hair-splitting and squint-eyed theologian should get after the GLOBE on account of the comparative incompleteness of the author's utterances, there would most likely be some fun in it for the future, and it seems that my presence was not wholly wrong.

Looked at with the eye of pure reason, not to speak of the Christian charity that ought to dominate the vision and work of every theologian, there was no need of attacking Mr. Hall's article. He was not discussing Catholic dogma or morals; he did not attempt to be the exponent of what the Catholic Church teaches or sanctions or determines as to discipline of life. He was too modest to attempt an exposition of the historic continuity and glory of the Church these last nineteen hundred years; he would doubtless have shrunk, in sheer modesty, from the confident interpretation of the holy mysteries of the Church, which theologians, like his critic, think they know by heart because they have mastered a few intricate theological phrases. In a word, he was not an apologist in any sense of the word, either as an expounder of dogma or a whitewasher of Catholic stupidities and wickednesses. He simply stated what every honest thinker knows to be true—that *sentiment* has always played an important part in all the religious devotions of the world, and any man who denies that is a knave or a fool; then he spoke of the various ceremonials of the various religions of paganism and Protestantism, instituted to meet and satisfy this sentiment of the human soul; and finally, like a good Catholic, an earnest convert, and an intelligent man, concluded, with all reverence and love for the Church, that the ceremonial of the Catholic Church was the one supremely and most beautifully adapted to develop the sentiment of pure and holy devotion to God and all that is best in the universe. Why any Catholic theologian or other Catholic booby should take exception to this statement must remain a mystery, a sort of sacred mystery, understood only by the blinded, hardened, conceited, and prejudiced soul of the gentleman who wrote the article in criticism of Mr. Hall.

If the latter had rehashed all the formulas of the Catholic catechism and the creeds, and had used sonorous Latin words so much

bigger than his brain that only a god could comprehend them, his critic would doubtless have been well pleased with Mr. Hall's so-called apology. Some people can only see truth through the telescopes of grotesque Latin terminology, but that is no reason why all seeing souls should use their heavyweight spectacles. Was God or is God a descendant of that coward rhetorician, Cicero? Cannot a man talk theology and be religious in English? A pox upon your high-stilt theological D.D.'s, LL.D.'s, and Mgrs., who think they know it all because some defunct institution has given them undeserved titles.

The Catholic Church was not built on or by titles, or theologians, or on empty marble halls of learning, but by the love and blood of our Lord and Saviour, on the rock of Peter's *sentiment* of final love and loyalty; on the far-seeing and deep-souled conviction of Saint Paul; and the beautiful ceremonial of the Church evolved by her later teachers to meet and hold the sentiment of loving devotion is as divine at this hour as any dogma the Church has ever formulated; but Mr. Hall had too much of the native modesty of a lay convert to go into the matter in this way. I accepted his article as a modest and loving tribute offered to the Church that had given peace to his soul, and the theologian that picked at it like an ape hunting for vermin, might, in my judgment, have been infinitely better employed.

In conclusion, I beg to say to the *St. Louis Review* man, that, if he will write an article for the GLOBE REVIEW on the same subject, and of equal length with Mr. Hall's, though he take a year to perfect it, I here and now agree to point out more errors of theology, morals, and history in his work than he can point out in the so-called apology by Mr. Hall. I have tested these wiseacre theologians over and over again, and know pretty well the vulnerable places in their armor.

After writing the foregoing my attention was especially called to a notice which, it seems, first appeared in *The Freeman's Journal*, New York, and was afterward copied into the *Sacred Heart Review*, Boston, and which stated, in substance. first. that Mr. Hall was also wrong in his brief summary of the teachings of certain modern scholars concerning the theology of certain ancient systems of so-called natural or pagan religions; second, that Max Müller and other ethnologists had plainly shown or proven that the ancient religions of the Assyrians, Phœnicians, the Egyptians, *et al.*, were

actually monotheistic and evolved from a pure and primal monotheism.

At this point I take up the criticism on my own account, and here assert, as positively as I am able, first, that neither Max Müller nor any other scholar, living or dead, has ever shown or proven anything of the kind. Second, I am aware that such claims have been set up by modern scholars, Catholic and other, but I here defy any living man, Catholic or other, to prove the truth or validity of such claims. Third, I gave more than twenty of the best years of my life, untrammelled by any creeds, to seek and find the truth on the points here involved, and in number eight of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, published in January, 1892, six months before I was received into the Catholic Church, I published my own final conclusions on this subject, under the general title of "Cosmotheism"—that is, pantheism and more, and, after being received into the Church, and accepting absolutely and without reserve the total doctrine of the Catholic Church, as I receive and hold it to-day, I dismissed the subject forever and never intended to touch it again, and if the learned critics of Mr. Hall's utterances will refer to that issue of the *GLOBE*, they will find the matter there considered, not in a brief, amateur way, but in a way to defy their utmost erudition. I do not intend here to go into the subject at any length, except to state, Fourth, that, in the main, Mr. Hall's summary of the views of Max Müller and other scholars was strictly correct, though very briefly uttered. Fifth, that if the learned editors of and writers for the three Catholic papers mentioned will put their heads and their purses together and induce the great and immaculate Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, or the great ex-Rector Keane, late of the Catholic University of America, situate in the woods in the suburbs of Washington, and composed mainly of empty mansions and scholarly professors, with three students to every two professors, or the very Rev. Dr. Conaty, at present rector of said institution, or any other Catholic scholar in America or elsewhere, to write an article of 24 pages in the *GLOBE REVIEW*, attempting to prove the thesis that all or any of the ancient pagan systems of religion were at any period of their existence a pure monotheism, I here and now pledge myself to disprove their thesis and their arguments, or agree to go into retirement in a secluded monastery, where never mortal man shall hear of me again. Sixth, and, meanwhile let me call the attention of these scholars to the fact that, even in

clearly historic times, the two ripest, most scholarly and most splendidly cultured of ancient nations—Greece and Rome—the flowering of all the older civilizations out of which they sprang, were utterly polytheistic, even up or down to the days of Plato on the one hand, and of Cicero on the other; and if they will look well into this palpable fact, they will see that it alone is enough to knock their miserable apologies and pleadings for an ancient monotheism, as the practice of the earlier nations, into the same sort of shreds and humiliations that now constitute the daily glories of Mgr. Keane in his humble quarters in the French-Canadian College at Rome.

I am a Catholic, and am suffering yearly, to the extent of the loss of at least one thousand dollars a year in shrunken advertising receipts of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, because of my so-called ultra-Catholic orthodoxy, and hence I am in no mood, in fact, never was in any mood, to play fast and loose with truth, simply to sustain my Catholic position. There is no need of twisting any ancient truth of theology or of philosophy in order to make clear the divine and supernatural glories of the Catholic Church, and on this general question of ancient monotheism I still further remark, Seventh. that pure monotheism in any shape worthy the name, or in the shape of any working or worshipping hypothesis came into the consciousness of the human race through the special and supernatural revelations of the unseen and eternal God to Abraham and the prophets, law-givers, and inspired poets of the Hebrew people. and that, long after many of the ancient civilizations of Egypt, Arabia, and Assyria had vanished from the earth, as we, ourselves, are about to vanish, unless we stop lying and thieving in the name of patriotism and religion and learn to be truth-loving and Christ-following. Godly men.

Eighth, and in still further elucidation of this position. I here re-aver that the very first verse of the Hebrew Scriptures, which was plainly borrowed from earlier Egyptian or other sources, is polytheistic, and not monotheistic at all. The Hebrew *Barasheth Bara Elohim*, etc., honestly read, can only mean that at the dawn of the present order of things the *gods* created or formed the universe as it is in our era of things. The monotheistic idea does not even get into the Bible until later along in Genesis, where the *Ja* or *Jehovah* of the later Hebrew revelation is brought in as the one true and moral god who is to make men into his own image, etc.

The prefix Ēl, of the Elohim, of Genesis, as all scholars know, was the chosen name for one of the chief of the old gods, long before the true God tried to make an honest man out of the liar Abraham.

Ēl was the strong one, the big fellow, the giant spirit among the old gods of the earlier polytheistic nations. He was to them what "Thor," the thunderer, was in the later mythologies of the Scandinavians, and any man who tries to prove that this Ēl, the strong one of ancient pre-Hebrew polytheism, was the one unseen, eternal, invisible, almighty, uncreate, all-wise, and all-loving God that afterward opened the shining heavens and appeared in flames of sun-splendor to Abraham, to Moses, to Isaiah, and that finally became incarnate in Jesus of Nazareth, the immortal God-Master of infinite love, may be an excellent apologist for St. Thomas and his philosophy, but he is babbling falsehood all the same.

Again, any man who tries to evolve the doctrine of the Trinity out of the Elohim of the first chapter of Genesis, may be a theologian of the sort given to burning witches and running empty universities, but human reason, in any strength of it worthy the name, laughs at such subterfuges of casuistry.

I say the first verse of Genesis is polytheistic, and simply means that in the mind of the original composer, *the gods*, the strong spirits, the surviving mighty souls of pre-existing eternities of chaotic destructions and survivals—*the gods*, not the Supreme God of our thought, but the believed-in mighty spirits of ancient dominion over the matter and the blind force of the past—made or evolved the present order of things. In short, the first words of our own Bible of God's revelation, as if to show the impotent, the ungodly, and the unmonotheistic blindness, and yet the best conception of the wisdom of the past before the Eternal finally revealed His infinite soul and love to His chosen ones, are polytheistic, and I defy any Catholic or other theologian on earth to prove the contrary. I fully accept the total doctrine of the Catholic Church on the divine authority of the Church. I am not discussing that at all, and I will not here go into the Eden story, or trace the relation of its supposed monotheistic mythology and allegory to the question at issue; nor am I here presuming to argue this question in detail, as I have done it over and over again in lectures, as far back as 1869—that is, a year before Max Müller's first series of lectures on "The Science of Religion," were published in this country, and before I

knew of their existence. I am here simply challenging the critics of Mr. Hall to prove their thesis—viz., that the ancient prehistoric or pre-Hebrew systems of so-called natural and pagan religions, were monotheistic, or evolved from a pure monotheism; and when any one of said critics, or any other Catholic or Protestant or pagan theologian has made any respectable attempt at this, I here agree to demolish alike his premises and his conclusions, or retire from the field beaten and humiliated; but we do not want any mouthing dignity of titles simply to catch the ears of groundlings, nor any smart casuistry. We want and must have statements of well-grounded and historic fact, otherwise I shall never notice the subject again.

I covered the ground once, as stated, and it is not my habit to go over any ground a second time.

I am very glad to learn that certain students of Catholic theology are now pursuing courses of study in Protestant theology. Theology and philosophy are not the exclusive themes of two or three Italian or German D.D.'s.

Beyond question, God is incarnate in Catholic sanctuaries; but the Eternal Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has other corners and crannies of the universe of human souls in which glintings of his divine presence have been and are still. Moreover, the true God always was and forever remains a God of truth, and needs no lying apologists to keep His presence crowned with immortal glory.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

INTERWINDING STREAMS.

Ah—life hath naught more beautiful to show
 Than thou, sweet gracious lady of my dreams!
 A tender light from thy pure presence beams
 As from dawn's crimson over stainless snow:
 In twilight calm thy excellences glow
 And lull to restfulness; thy motion seems
 Free as the flow of interwinding streams
 That through the meadows and the woodlands go.

The petals of the frail anemone
 Ne'er open to the day's rare loveliness
 Till softly startled by the warm wind's breath—
 So my heart's leaves were closed till touched by thee,
 And when I feel thy lingering caress
 My wakened love to thy love answereth.

Gardiner, Me.

A. T. SCHUMAN.

THE ORDER OF CERTAIN RUIN.

IN the following pages I attempt to expose the weakness of the illogical position that is held by a certain society that is now in existence throughout European countries and that has been introduced to the attention of the ritualistic clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States—a society that I call “The Order of Certain Ruin.” It is a society of the most secret character, and the object of its existence is explained in this study.

I shall immediately obtain the respectful attention of my readers when I inform them that I am the Superior of Llewellyn Abbey. Everyone has heard of this Anglican monastery. It is located on one of the British islands, and although it is not recognized by the Holy Father at Rome as a monastic institution, no monk could more rigidly follow the rules of life laid down by St. B—— than they are followed at Llewellyn. We rose at 2 o'clock in the morning to attend the first service of the day, and although, when it is very cold, we sometimes postpone this service until a later hour, we practically observe all the rules that have been laid down for the faithful follower of the monastic life. We obey the rule of silence day after day. During the Lenten season we allow ourselves to speak with each other for two hours a week only. Among some men, especially among those possessed of more than ordinary intellectuality, this would be a difficult rule to enforce, but among us we find it a small privation. Then, too, you must remember that we have something more important than the mere trivialities of conversation to think about, for, from the time the day appears in all its splendor in the east, until the hour when night casts its sombre cloak over the world, our prayers are always being lifted to heaven that the time

may soon come when our corporate name shall not be "Protestant Episcopal."

It was many years ago that I determined to drop the words "Protestant Episcopal" from my vocabulary. I taught my followers to do likewise. At last, however, an aged lady, who had been a constant attendant at our services, died. To tell the truth, I had lost no opportunity, during my term of years as her spiritual adviser, to impress upon her mind that the one important duty that she owed to God and mankind in general was to make a liberal bequest for the purpose of furthering the cause of Catholicity in the Church of England. When the last tears had been dropped over her remains I was very anxious that her will should be opened, for I felt that at last my labors were to be rewarded and my beloved monastic home placed upon a plane of independence. What was my horror, therefore, to find that she had followed my teachings to the last letter and had bequeathed 12,000 pounds, or nearly \$60,000, to the "Catholic" monastery at Llewellyn.

Now, it so happened that the Papists had a monastic institution at Llewellyn, and, as these people also laid claim to the money, the matter was taken into court. There the judge, a most ignorant and un-Catholic churchman, decided that the money ought to be given to the heretical Romanists. He said that we were Protestant by name, by faith, and by vow, and that we had no legal right to lay claim to any money that had been intended for the use of a "Catholic" monastery.

This was a sad blow for my monks. In fact, they wept so sorely that I permitted them to use whiskey, for one night, in place of the cider that I had allowed them to substitute for the native wines authorized by St. B——. I was in hopes that it might quiet their nerves, and, in one sense of the word, it did turn their thoughts into other channels, for all of them overslept in the morning. To tell the truth, the brother whose duty it was to ring the bell for the first service did not wake until nearly 3:30 o'clock, but he thoughtfully set the hands of the clock back an hour and a half, and so took the sins of the entire house upon his shoulders—a fact that I have duly noted in my diary, in hopes that his name may be suggested for canonization after the reunion of the heretical See of Rome with the Church of England.

As this monk did not dare to set the hands of the clock ahead more than a few minutes a day, for fear that the monks would notice

the change and so suspect the great act of sacrifice, it was nearly two months before we got our services straightened out again.

It was on this memorable evening that one of our brothers was blessed with a vision. Whether this was due to an over-indulgence in the product of the Scotch distillery or to an actual beatific presence I am not prepared to state, but I find that I have faithfully recorded the incident in the pages of my diary.

It is true that the brother accepted the vision as a message and a warning from a higher sphere, and many of the brethren were inclined to agree with him when, the next day, he told them about his experience. He said that as he slept a man appeared before him, bearing a glass of water. He invited him to drink. Under ordinary circumstances he would have scorned the proffered glass, provided it contained nothing more palatable than water, but on this occasion the whiskey had already raised a mighty thirst within him and he was glad to seize the cup that the stranger extended to him. No sooner had the water passed his lips than, he said, his eyes were opened and he saw that the man was an angel.

The presence then told him that water was the curse of the monastery, and that the reason we did not attain complete godliness was that we bathed so often that we washed the spirituality away.

The glass of water that he held in his hand was to be to us as a symbol. As a drop of water had opened his eyes so that he was able to see more clearly, in the same manner the water that we used at Llewellyn opened the eyes of the monks, and it was almost impossible for them to pass by the temptations in their pathways without becoming somewhat soiled by the contact with sin.

Three months passed and the monks became so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the abbey that I felt that I must congratulate myself upon the success of my plans. My pleasure was to be but short-lived, however. The dormitory in which we slept was a small, badly ventilated room. The monks occupied small iron bedsteads placed closely together. During the winter everything ran smoothly, but with the advent of the summer, with its warm weather, things began to grow rather disagreeable. The atmosphere was close and—well—somewhat unpleasant. At last the abbey physician paid us a visit, and, after sniffing around awhile and asking a hundred questions, he learned our secret. The physician promptly forgot that it was very wrong and ungodly for him to call his brethren fools, and, after consigning us to a somewhat warm place that is

supposed to be located somewhere in the future state of existence, he compelled me, for "sanitary" reasons, as he said, to proclaim that the new rule of life was abolished, and to order a general adjournment to the bath-house. He then fumigated the establishment, and—I blush to admit it—I really felt relieved when the odor of spirituality became less pronounced.

To tell the truth, however, the brethren were unwilling at first to comply with my demands, and one of them, having been reading about the holy men of the past ages, went so far as to decide that he would imitate one of them and would abide upon a pillar for all time rather than submit to the decree of the physician and clean the spirituality from his person.

We erected a platform upon the top of a high pillar in the enclosure, therefore, and conducted him to his post of honor with appropriate ceremonies. We formed ourselves in order, as if for a solemn procession. The first monks bore the banners and the jewelled cross, and they were followed by two of the younger members, bearing large candles, while one swung the censer. The remainder of us followed, all singing a penitential psalm, and I brought up in the place of honor at the rear of the procession. It was a most enjoyable and novel event, and we were sorry when it was all over—when we had hoisted him to his lofty perch and were compelled to leave him alone. As I turned into the house I saw that the cold east wind was blowing his long, loose habit about him in a perfectly ludicrous manner, and I should have laughed heartily at the tableau if I had not feared that it would detract from the solemnity of the event.

Little did we realize how soon he would be returned to us, and in what manner he would come. During the night we were awakened by a terrific noise in the yard, and, rushing out, robed only in our night-caps and gowns, we found our brave brother lying upon the ground groaning as if he had every intention of promptly giving up the ghost. He had fallen asleep and rolled off his pillar.

The physician was hastily summoned. When he examined the injured man he found that his arm had been broken, but, as he refused to set the bone until the man had been thoroughly washed, the poor brother's good intentions were of no avail, and in that way the entire household was reduced to the ranks of unrighteousness, not even one monk being able to retain a semblance of having followed the dictation of the beatific vision that was sent to guide us.

“Father A——,” said one of the brothers to me one day, during the hour when, by the rules of our order, we were permitted to voice our thoughts. “Father A——! I fear that I am beginning to have grave doubts respecting the validity of Anglican orders!”

As he spoke, the brother dropped on his knees before me, fully expecting me to chastise him for the heretical thought, but I instantly commanded him to rise. The same thought had taken a fearful possession of my own mind more than once of late.

“But what are we to do about it?” I asked. “You surely do not propose that we should go over to Rome in a body?”

The brother hesitated, but I commanded him to speak without fear.

“Ah!” he exclaimed. “I scarcely dare utter the thoughts that have entered my mind, but during the hours of my meditations I have evolved a scheme that seems to promise light from the darkness that surrounds us. There is a Roman bishop now in London who, for a reasonable sum, would probably consent to consecrate you. He is now in valid orders, but has abandoned his diocese on account of a grave scandal that he was so unfortunate as to have caused. In fact, his name has, not unjustly, been connected with that of a prominent opera singer, and, to tell the truth, he is now with her. As soon as the facts of his shortcomings have been sufficiently proved, he will lose his powers, but if we could take advantage of them while they yet exist, even the Pope himself would be compelled to recognize the validity of the consecration.

“The bishop,” he continued, “is badly in need of money, and I have no doubt that he would gladly assent to the proposition if you should offer him liberal remuneration. It is a matter that is well worth your consideration.”

I sent the brother from the room, saying that I would make the matter a subject of prayer, for I feared that he would notice the look of exultation that must certainly soon suffuse my face. I was afraid that he would unjustly regard it as a mark of pride, and, as humility was one of the most important precepts of our brotherhood, it can easily be imagined that, as the superior of the abbey, I would have every desire to prevent anyone from suspecting me of being guilty of that worldly pride that is supposed to be buried at the very entrance of a religious life.

The plain fact of the case is a very disagreeable one for me, but, as I shall adhere strictly to the truth in this narrative, I am com-

pelled to admit that I vaulted over a chair-back as soon as he had closed the door of the room, and there is no way for me to tell of what other unseemly conduct I might have been guilty had I not been brought suddenly to my senses by finding myself stretched at full length upon the floor with the heavy chair on top of me. I had forgotten, in my excitement, that I wore a long gown, and that it is not safe to practise gymnastic exercises under such circumstances.

But there I was, lying flat upon my face; nor was I able to rise, my gown being caught in such a manner that I found any movement to be positively painful. I could not call to the brethren, for the hour of silence had come before I could make up my mind to expose the ludicrousness of my position. So there I was compelled to remain until one of my monks, having missed me at compline, came and liberated me.

In the meantime, however, I had decided to adopt the suggestion of the brother, provided I could find anyone who would be kind enough to put up the money with which I could so easily bribe the bishop to administer the great power that had been vested in him by that great church.

There were many advantages to be gained from following this course. At Llewellyn we were sadly in need of priests. Of the thirty or more monks at the abbey only one had the power of celebrating mass, and there were but two deacons. I myself was but a deacon, having been so unfortunate as to have been placed under a low-church bishop, a man of the most radically Protestant views, and he absolutely wept, after he had ordained me to the diaconate, because he had not known of my views before he had taken that step.

Here, then, was the opportunity to right all my wrongs. I could be made a bishop, and, on the same evening, I could ordain my monks, making them either priests or deacons, as the occasion demanded. It would then be possible to send them out as missionaries. They would be liable to do a great work among the clergy as well as among the laymen, it being possible for them to persuade the latter of the need of a better observance of the Catholic form in worship while they obtained candidates for valid ordination among the former.

It was a wet night in March when, attended only by the faithful brother who had suggested the immortal idea, I wended my way to the hotel where my lord the bishop was stopping. He met us

with a cigar in his hand, but, as I had previously made up my mind to overlook any trivial peculiarities of conduct, I dropped upon one knee to kiss the ring that was the symbol of his authority.

As soon as we had made ourselves known, he ushered us into his apartments. From the room where we sat we could easily look into a second chamber, where a flashily dressed and somewhat profusely painted woman sat beside a table upon which were two very suspicious looking bottles. She was smoking a cigarette and reading a yellow-covered book. Upon glancing at the book that the bishop had laid aside, I found it to be a novel by Emile Zola. I also noticed that he was considerably the worse for liquor.

He told us that he had but a few minutes to spare, as he had been engaged upon some very important business when we had arrived, so he would be pleased if we would allow him to proceed with the work as quickly as possible. He first counted the money to see if it was payment in full, and then, donning his vestments, began the service. The woman in the other room laid aside her book and came to the door. She seemed to be very much interested in the performance.

The work was quickly done. First the bishop ordained me as priest, and then consecrated me a bishop, so that, when I left the hotel, I felt that my position was indeed an enviable one.

I am ready to admit that my consecration had not come from a most desirable source, but it had the great advantage over some other consecrations of being valid, and I looked upon the bishop as being nothing more than the poor, weak instrument that divine Providence had provided in order that I might carry on my work to greater glory, and, as I walked along the muddy streets of the great city with the ring of my authority upon my finger—for I had purchased it that afternoon—I jostled against everyone who came too near me.

If that was pride, might I not have been pardoned for my lack of humility, for was I not the only bishop in the Church of England who could truthfully and positively say that he knew that his orders were strictly valid! I had obtained the authority for my acts from the fountain-head of validity itself. I was a bishop with Roman orders, even if I *had* obtained them without the consent of the reverend gentlemen who preside over the Church at Rome.

At the abbey I received the congratulations of the monks. I even permitted the rule of silence to become a dead letter for the nonce,

and stood patiently before them while all came forward and, kneeling, one by one kissed my ring. It was a sad trial for me, but I felt that the respect due my new position compelled me to rise above my natural humility and accept their homage. I then told them to kneel, and with all possible dignity bestowed my blessing upon them.

After I had dismissed them with a graceful wave of the hand and they had retired in respectful obedience, I went to my own room, but sleep was far from my eyes that night. I arrayed myself in my new vestments and sat before the mirror, admiring the poetical conceits of the ecclesiastical garments until the small hours of the morning. I made up for my wakefulness, however, by sleeping the greater part of the next day, for, now that I was a bishop as well as the superior, no one dared to think of disturbing me without my permission.

Within two weeks the bishop who had consecrated me was deposed of his power, and a year later he died from the effects of a protracted spree.

The service of ordination that I had intended to hold on the evening following my own consecration did not occur until a week had passed. The reason was this: I had already determined that I would not use the Church of England service, but would follow the Roman ritual. I sent to London for the proper book, but it was printed in Latin, and, as that language was like Greek to me, I was necessarily compelled to postpone the service until I could find some kind of a translation. I excused the delay to the brothers by explaining that I had always been opposed to a service in a foreign tongue and had no time, in the midst of my many duties, to make a translation for my own use. In this way I prevented them from guessing the truth—the horrible truth that I had forgotten all the Latin I ever had known, and so I lost none of my self-respect.

I might say, in passing, that I had already obtained a translation of the Latin mass, and we no longer celebrated communion at the abbey according to the Book of Common Prayer.

At last the longed-for book arrived, and on the same evening the grand service was held. Everything went smoothly, save for one accident, but even that was of so slight a character as scarcely to be worthy of mention if it was not my intention to tell the truth about our work in every particular in order that the slanders of our calumniators may be silenced.

The altar was brilliantly lighted with hundreds of candles, but the body of the church was left in absolute darkness. When I was ready to begin, I turned and motioned to one of the brothers, and he came and knelt just in front of me. As I have said, there was one other deacon beside myself in the abbey, and it was my intention to ordain him to the priesthood in order that he might assist me, with the other priest, in ordaining the lay brethren to the diaconate.

I was wholly unacquainted with the service, and was compelled to pay such close attention to the text that I did not notice, until I had completed the ceremony, that I had ordained the wrong man. I had taken a lay brother and had elevated him to the priesthood before he had taken the intermediate step. I was nonplussed at first. Of course I recognized the fact that no one could serve as a priest without having been a deacon, so I readily rectified the blunder by proceeding to make him a deacon. In this way he held both positions, and I cannot imagine why so slight a change as the reversal of their order should have any effect in the end. At any rate, what could I have done? That man was a priest!

I then ordained the deacon whom I had intended to take at first, and we followed this by the elevation of all the lay brethren to the diaconate.

After considering the matter carefully, we decided that we would say nothing about the great blessings that had been showered upon us. We would keep this silence for a month or more, or until all my deacons could have become priests. I should then have a large force of mission fathers, all of whom would be ready for active work. What pleased us more than all else, however, was the knowledge that we alone had the validity of which the Anglican Church was so proud of speaking. To think that I alone of all the clergy—the very one upon whom they had looked with scorn as being a deacon who had been unable to advance beyond the first office—that I—yes, I was the only man in the Church of England who could lawfully ordain a priest or administer the sacrament of confirmation. This knowledge was so sweet to me that I was unwilling to give it to the world. I wanted to turn it over and over in my mind, as the cow chews its cud, until, at last, I could let the sweet morsel of news fall like a thunderbolt into the lap of the astonished ecclesiastical world. It delighted me to think of the surprise the information would cause, and I was able to imagine all the High Church

dignitaries fawning about my feet, imploring me to validate their own orders.

It was while in this frame of mind that the wonderful idea that might have revolutionized the ecclesiastical world was suggested to my mind, and to think that to-day this idea is only represented by the organization that is known as the Order of Certain Ruin!

The great idea, like all great ideas, was only a germ at first, but it gradually grew and expanded until I could close my eyes and imagine that I was the primate of all England, while even the possibility of future canonization as the saviour of the Established Church was not infrequently suggested to my mind.

As I have already stated, my first intention was to offer my valid ordinations to any and all clergymen who might express the desire to obtain the blessing, but when the ideas that followed this germ-like suggestion commenced to grow and expand, my mind could scarcely retain half of them.

The first thought that came to me was this:

I had to pay well for my consecration; why should they not pay me for ordaining them!

Suddenly I discovered that I had, to use a somewhat slangish phrase, "struck luck." No longer should my dear monastery be dependent upon the whimsical charities of the wealthy ritualists for its support. I would be the goose to lay the golden eggs, and my monks should be the "ropers-in" to go about the country enticing the clergy to come and drink at our fountain at so much per capita.

I explained the scheme to the brethren, and they would have fallen down before me in reverence had I allowed any such actions, but there were so many things to be attended to at this time that I bravely permitted my natural humility to assert itself.

For weeks we could think of nothing but our new scheme. Our rules of life were cast aside, and sometimes, I grieve to relate, even our services were forgotten while we talked about our new enterprise. We had already decided that we would charge \$100 for the ordination of a deacon and \$200 for that of a priest. We would not consent to consecrate a bishop. To me these rates seemed disgustingly small considering the price that I had been compelled to pay for my great privilege; but then, of course, we had a monopoly of the business. (Alas, how weak and short-sighted we poor mortals can sometimes be!) But that's all another part of the story.

After many weeks had passed in active preparation, the end of the time-limit arrived, and I found myself with thirty-five full-fledged priests under my direct charge. As soon as they had received their ordination I commenced to arrange for their work.

As with everything else that I do, I went about this in a most business-like manner, and I gave a sigh of relief when I saw them marching out of the abbey gate to take the train for their respective fields of labor. It was certainly a company to be proud of.

Within a week I found that my highest ideal was to be more than attained. I had sent my fathers to all parts of the country, each having been chosen with respect to his linguistic abilities. Those who could speak no language except English were distributed through the United Kingdom, while those who could speak French with any degree of fluency were sent to France; the German-speaking fathers to Germany, and so on, throughout the countries.

I had scarcely spent a week, alone with my anxieties, before my applications began to pile in, and in a few weeks I had received so many that I was compelled to decide upon a new plan in order that the work might be accomplished more quickly. I finally decided that I would allow my monks to travel about for six months, when I would start and follow their footsteps, making a tour of the countries that they had visited, and ordaining their candidates in as large batches as possible. As the candidates were compelled to pay their ordination fee upon the presentation of their applications, there was no danger that we should lose anything by death or by a change of the public pulse.

This rule was followed with religious exactitude, and it worked very successfully. My monks kept six months in advance of me. They sent me their applications as soon as they had been signed, and the fees were deposited in my name at banks in various parts of the country.

I was engaged upon one of these trips through the country, when I chanced to meet the Roman Catholic Bishop of R——. He struck me as being a man who had been very much over-rated. I had been told that I should admire him for his depth of intellect and his rare Catholicity of spirit. To say that I was disappointed in him is to put it mildly.

I admit that when I first met him I felt that my ideal was realized. He was a man with a sweet, kindly face, such a face as an artist might choose as that of a saint; but as soon as I commenced to

talk with him I saw that I had been mistaken in my estimate of his character.

The meeting occurred in rather a singular manner. I was seated in one of the compartments of a railway carriage, when the Bishop entered. He quickly noticed my clerical garb and entered into conversation with me.

I asked him if he was not the great Bishop of R—; for it was easy to recognize him from the many portraits of him that had been published. He replied that, while it was true that he was the Bishop of R—, he lay no claim to any title of “great,” being but an ordinary mortal who was seeking to do honor to Christ as one of His little ones, a remark I considered as highly improper from such a great ecclesiastic in such a great Church.

During the course of our conversation we spoke of the Anglican orders, and I asked him, with a smile, if he considered that they were grounded upon historical fact.

He replied that the writers of the Church did not agree upon this subject. So far as he was personally concerned, however, he was willing and ready to admit that the Episcopal Church had a historic succession.

“What is the reason that you will not recognize us as a part of the church Catholic?” I asked. “Is it because you regard us as heretics?”

“I do not believe that you have a valid succession!” was the candid reply.

To say that I was astonished is to put it mildly. To deny the succession in the face of its historical accuracy, which he had already admitted, was a poser for me. I never had met anyone who held such a position as that. I therefore insisted that he should tell me what he meant. He declined at first. He said that he did not wish to hurt my feelings: but, as I again insisted, he replied:

“The matter is a very simple one. The Church teaches us that a sacrament, in order to be valid, must be given under certain conditions. For instance, the priest who officiates at the altar must have the proper intentions, with the various exceptions that the Church recognizes, or no sacrament is possible. In the same manner, if the recipient lacks the necessary intention of reception, the office fails of its sacramental character. It is one of the mysteries of the Church, but I do not find it difficult to grasp its meaning. Now, if the bishop who gives ordination does not believe in the sacrament

of orders, or lacks the proper intention, or if, on the other hand, the priest who is to receive the blessing is wanting in faith, the chain is broken and there is no sacrament."

I could not see just what he was driving at, and I told him as much; but it did not take him long to enlighten me.

"For more than two hundred years," he said, "there was not a priest or bishop in the Church of England who believed that he was giving or receiving anything of a spiritual nature at the time of ordination. All the clergy regarded it as a means to an end, a kind of initiatory ceremony by which they were enabled to obtain a living—just that, and nothing more. The bishops who ordained the priests did not believe that they were bestowing a sacramental blessing, and the priests who received ordination did not imagine that they were obtaining any grace. They simply regarded it as the gate through which they must pass in order to enter the ministry, and under such circumstances it lost its power as a sacrament. The same argument," he concluded, "holds good in regard to the consecration of the bishops."

For some moments he was silent. I said nothing. It was simply impossible for me to speak. At last the Bishop spoke:

"No, the break in the Anglican succession," he said, "need not be sought amid the controversies concerning its historical position. If the Episcopal Church has lost this divine blessing, it has but itself to blame. It is a matter of faith. The men who had no faith received no sacrament, and, as there was no faith in the Church for nearly two centuries, it is pretty safe to say that there were no sacraments during that time, and therefore, if you will admit the logic, the succession must have been completely lost."

It was then that I told him all. I do not know why I did it. It may have been that I had taken too much wine at dinner, and that this made me over-talkative. At any rate, however that may be, I explained my own position.

I told him all about my doubts in regard to the Anglican succession and of the manner in which I had brought the two pieces together and soldered them again. I explained to him that I had been ordained by a Roman Catholic bishop who was in full possession of his faculties, and that I was striving to the best of my ability to right the wrongs of the Church of England, and to bring the two communions together as one again.

When I had completed my explanation, I waited for his reply,

fully expecting the firm grasp of his hand and his hearty commendation of the great work. Instead of that, he said:

“Oh, my son! Do you imagine that you can play a confidence game on the Holy Ghost!”

He did not speak for nearly an hour, and then he asked me if I was in the habit of receiving any remuneration for my valid ordinations.

I do not know any reason why I should have felt ashamed of myself, but I did, and for a moment I was silent. At last I told him that a small thank-offering was usually made which was used to pay the travelling expenses of my monks and myself.

The bishop sighed as he said:

“The wonderful gifts of God are without money and without price. Woe to the man who uses the name of the 'Trinity in a worldly manner and for a selfish purpose.”

He did not speak again until we reached the next station, and then he simply said:

“I shall pray the Lord to help you to find the light.”

Then he left me, and I afterward learned that he took a seat in another carriage. Do you suppose that he wanted to rid himself of my company? I wonder how such an ignorant and simple-minded man ever attained such a high position in his church.

His words, however, had but little effect upon me. I knew that my position was one that was open to censure, in that I was permitting my monks to receive money with their applications, but I also felt as if this was a case where the end justified the means. I was simply using the power that had been placed in my hands to endow my monastery, and the result was so far beyond my highest anticipations that I was perfectly willing to follow the broad road that stretched out before me so invitingly without regard to where it might lead.

Already enough money had been obtained to place us in an independent position. If not another penny should ever come to the abbey treasury, I should still be able to support my monks upon the interest of the money already invested. To tell the truth, the scheme of valid ordination was a lucrative business.

There were a number of incidents in our experience, however, that were amusing, to say the least.

One curate, who had fallen heir to a large sum of money, begged so hard that I finally consented to consecrate him bishop. Al-

though he was nothing more than a deacon, in the eyes of his Church, I had made him a bishop, and what was the result? He could wear his ring of authority, in private, of course; and, while, to his mind, he was an ornament to the episcopate, neither his pastor nor his bishop had even been ordained to the priesthood. He possessed the power that they only imagined they had. He alone could bind and loose. He alone could administer confirmation. He alone could give absolution. Of course, the requirements of his position compelled him to keep his secret to himself, but he tried, in his own way, to remedy many of the evils that existed all about him, and if he succeeded in aiding the cause of Catholicity by his work and influence, such labor was certainly due from him as the first bishop to be consecrated under our direction.

He went about the country and re-confirmed all the young ritualists who would submit to him. He would have re-baptized all the children if I had not reminded him that baptism, when properly administered, even by a layman, was just as valid as if given by a priest or a bishop.

Cases of this kind troubled me to some slight extent, however lightly I might treat them. I might elevate curates to the bishopric, for I had the power, but was I not breeding dissension in the household of faith? I finally decided, however, that this was a matter for they themselves to attend to. Why should it trouble me if every curate in the land was a validly ordained bishop, while his ecclesiastical superiors had not the ghost of a chance to administer a sacrament, no matter how good their intentions might be.

The cross that we, who are seeking to turn the tide of the affairs of the Church of England into channels Catholic, are often compelled to carry is not light. Again and again have I thought that if the ordinary, easy-going churchman is to receive a recompense in the world to come for his slight service here, how much greater must be our reward.

Such pearls of thought as the above were suggested to my mind by the series of persecutions to which we were soon subjected.

The abbey was located in an extremely low church section of the country. We had chosen the location on account of the low valuation of the land in that part of the country, and, parenthetically, with the hope of being able to convert the natives to the blessed enjoyments of the true faith.

Our labors met with but slight success, however, and at last such

great opposition was developed that complaint was made against us to the ecclesiastical tribunal by a prominent layman.

I will not weary my readers by giving a detailed account of the process through which the case was compelled to pass; suffice it to say that it caused us no little trouble and worryment, besides interfering with our business to a serious extent for many months. My intention is simply to show how greatly we need an ecclesiastical head for the Church of England, an infallible leader to decide all questions of faith and morals.

The original letter as presented to the archbishop was as follows:

“It has recently come to our knowledge that a certain body of men, calling themselves the monks of St. B——, who reside at Llewellyn Abbey, so-called, are guilty of highly improper conduct. While they claim to be in association and communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church of England, they are guilty of practices that savor not a little of popery. They celebrate what they call a mass, and this service should be brought to the attention of the Church authorities, in order that the scandal that is daily being caused by said mass may be suppressed. In instance: They light candles; they sing the *Agnus Dei*, a musical composition that is used by the papists; they mix water with their wine at the communion service; they make the sign of the cross, a most idolatrous practice, above the bread and wine, and the clergyman who is officiating at the service stands with his back to the congregation. At the time of the benediction and absolution the sign of the cross is made above the people, and it is rumored that these men also hear confessions and claim to be able to absolve the penitents from their sins. It has also been stated that they bow down before images and worship them, but your petitioners have spoken only of those things of which they have personal knowledge or accurate information.”

Such was the text of the complaint to the archbishop, and it was to confer with him in regard to it that I was called back from a lucrative trip on the Continent.

I immediately obtained the services of that eminent law firm of Skinnem & Cheetem, and they agreed to defend us in the legal fight that threatened to follow. As both the members of the firm were as similar as two peas, their lack of faith and reverence for things religious being only surpassed by the general immorality of their conduct; we had another instance of the manner in which divine Providence makes use of unworthy instruments to gain a

worthy and desirable end, for, had it not been for the eloquence of the junior member of the firm, Mr. Cheetem, the monastery at Llewellyn would probably have disappeared from the face of the earth.

When the case was brought before the archbishop we had every hope that he would decide in our favor. That he would have liked to have done this there can be no doubt, but great political pressure was brought to bear upon him, and, as the political warfare waged particularly warm at that time, he felt as if he was compelled to offer some few crumbs of comfort to the Protestant factions that were so strong in that section of the country.

It was a sad day at Llewellyn when the decree of the Archbishop was read. He had said that he saw nothing particularly criminal in the act of lighting candles, providing such illumination was necessary to the success of the service and that they were not lighted in a ceremonious manner. If our wine was considered to be too strong, he saw no reason why we should not dilute it with water, if the mixing did not occur in the sight of the congregation. He could see no reason why we should not read the absolution if it was clearly understood by the congregation that it did not absolve anyone, and, as the *Agnus Dei* had been set to some very appropriate music, it could do no harm to sing it, if it was not done in a devotional spirit. But—and here the crumbs of comfort came in—we must not, under any conditions, make the sign of the cross, and the clergyman who officiated at the communion service must stand facing the congregation.

Of course this could be regarded as more or less of a victory, and this view of the matter was taken by our legal adviser. "There, now, I've won your case," said Mr. Cheetem when he brought the decision to us. "Go ahead and enjoy yourselves all you can. There are only two things that you can't do, and—well, what on earth does the whole thing amount to, anyway!"

But the brothers could not see it in that light. Of course we could find a way to crawl around the decree in nearly every point, and, in fact, I will admit that something of that kind was done until the matter was brought before the privy council.

We took our altar to the rear of the church, so that the eastward position could be retained, and then, standing behind it, so that the people could see us, the pews also having been turned around, we were able to consecrate without turning our back to the congrega-

tion. This was very inconvenient in many ways, but still it was one way to conduct the ceremony properly, despite the decree of the archbishop.

In a similar manner we arranged things so that we could mix the water with the wine at the proper time. We had a small screen erected, and, standing behind it, we performed the dilution. By taking this precaution the congregation was unable to see the act, and the archbishop was obeyed to the letter.

It was more difficult to overcome the section in which the sign of the cross had been forbidden. In this His Grace had been very emphatic. It must not be done under any circumstances.

One brother suggested that we might make a portion of the sign, leaving out one-quarter of it, or stopping at one shoulder, but this idea was dismissed as being slightly impracticable, although some such arrangement might be resorted to in case of emergency, or as a last resort. For the time being, however, the sign of the cross was dispensed with.

In this way the services were conducted as usual, but it was so thoroughly inconvenient that we instructed our lawyer to appeal to the privy council.

Mr. Cheetem was not in favor of taking the case to a higher court. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" he insisted. "You don't know enough to know a good thing when you see it. God knows you are guilty enough, and if you take it any further the council may settle it the wrong way and sit down on you completely. Let well enough alone, that's what I say."

The brethren were obdurate, however, and, as the necessary money was forthcoming, Mr. Cheetem ungraciously consented to make the final appeal.

It was some time before the council could attend to the case. Two of the members were hunting in Scotland, one was enjoying an ocean fishing trip, and two had gone to Monte Carlo. In the meantime, therefore, we were compelled to remain quietly at home, splitting straws in our service, to the great amusement of many of the Roman Catholics and the low churchmen of the neighborhood who attended our mass out of curiosity.

As the archbishop had stated that we had no right to absolve anyone, although we could amuse ourselves by using the formula, confession, as far as the public was concerned, was dispensed with.

At last the fateful day arrived, and, with Mr. Cheetem by my

side, I drove up to the house where the council was to meet. My lawyer, I must admit, smelt like a Scotch distillery, but my heart was beating so fast, for I was very nervous, that I scarcely noticed it.

* * * * *

As I sit to-day and look back over the years that have passed, I remember the hours of torment that I endured while before the council, and I smile to myself and wonder how it happened that I was ever such a fool, such an idiotic stickler after non-essentials. I cannot but admit, however, that my suffering during the day in question was something intense.

That the result was a triumphant vindication of the customs and practices at Llewellyn there can be no doubt, but for weeks after it was over I had only to think of the plea that was made in our behalf by Mr. Cheetem, who, by the way, was a noted criminal lawyer, to tremble and turn pale. Nothing could have been more Protestant. Nothing could have been more Godless and un-Christian, more utterly devoid of truth, and yet the infallible members of that council sat with open mouths and swallowed all that he said with never so much as a gasp.

After the petitioners had made their complaint and the decree of the archbishop had been read, Mr. Cheetem rose to defend us, and although, at many times, I expected to see him stricken from the race of men as were Ananias and Sapphira when the bolt of divine vengeance flashed from the heavens, and although I could not restrain myself from pulling frantically at the tails of his coat, to warn him that he was going too far, he always wrenched himself free and continued his carefully prepared speech, touching upon the various points that had been raised as only a Cheetem could have done.

The case before us to-day, he said, is an interesting one. A few honest people who have greatly misunderstood the conduct of the gentlemen who now reside at Llewellyn, have entered a complaint against them, and in due course of time it has been brought to the attention of this honorable council. I rise, therefore, with the greatest pleasure, to prove to your satisfaction that the gravest possible error has been made, and to explain the manner in which this horrible mistake has crept into the hearts of these good people.

At a time like this, when the ritualistic spirit is abroad in the Church of England, it is but right that you should use every effort to smother everything that seems to savor of popery. The scarlet

woman, who is so graphically portrayed in the last of the Biblical books, is even now seeking to undermine our Church, and to plant an alien, foreign faith in its place. It is therefore our duty and pleasure, as loyal English churchmen and citizens, to do everything in our power to prevent any and all encroachment upon the radical Protestant principles on which our Church was founded. I do not attempt to claim these opinions as entirely my own. Again and again have I heard just such sentiments from the lips of the man who is now so unjustly accused of having participated in the practices that he has so often deplored. He, the leader of this Llewellyn community, is now on trial before you, and how often! yes, how often have I heard this good man, with tears streaming down his cheeks, bewail the presence of this un-Christian, so-called "Catholic" spirit in the Church, and yet you have asked him to prove his innocence of the charge of having aided and sanctioned such popish practices.

There is no doubt in my mind that you will be able to recognize the nature of the mistake that has been made by your petitioners as soon as I have explained a few facts, and, therefore, I will take up the charges one by one.

In the first place, my client has been charged with having the lighted candles upon his altar or communion table, as he calls it. We admit that it is a fact, but we insist that the candles are lighted for the purpose of artistic illumination solely, and as they are never lighted ceremoniously, they cannot be objectionable to the council.

It has been said that he has caused water to be mixed with the wine at the communion table. This is also admitted, but how blind are the eyes of those who will not see. The members of the Llewellyn community are temperate men, and it is absolutely necessary to use such a mixture. Of course, they have no actual objection to diluting it a week, or even a month, to say nothing of a day before the service, but, as it makes a very picturesque innovation to the ceremony, and can have no possible meaning to the worshippers, otherwise than being pleasing to the sense of the exquisite from an artistic point of view, what possible objection should be raised against it?

As to the charge in regard to absolution, what must an intelligent body of men like this think of such a suggestion! Can you imagine for an instant that there is a man at Llewellyn who would be so foolish as to believe that he had the power to forgive sins? As

the archbishop has so wisely stated, as long as the congregation realizes that the absolution does not absolve anyone, what harm can be done?

I am not the man to conceal the truth beneath the florid eloquence of "Words, words, words." I am an honest and straightforward man, and I ask you, as honest men and members of the Church of England, what possible meaning can the absolution have for us?

The subject of the *Agnus Dei* is one of equal, if not more importance. As the archbishop has said, it is a beautiful hymn and might be used to advantage, the words having been set to music that is often of an admirable character for ecclesiastical purposes. The hymn is composed of passages that are commemorative of the great event to which the mind of man naturally turns at the time of communion, and it cannot be abused unless the worshipper has the individual desire to give an idolatrous meaning to the words.

This same thing could be said of many other things that are in general use in the Church throughout the entire country.

The sign of the cross, which is the subject of another charge against my friend, has always been used at Llewellyn as a sign of salutation. It really means no more to them than if they touched their hats to each other as we do when we meet upon the street. Then, too, is it not the physical reminder of a mystery? When the finger traces the sign of the cross the mind of the believer is carried back to that distant land where, centuries ago, the sacrifice for man was accomplished. It reminds him of the Trinity, the mystery of mysteries of the Church, and is of nearly as much value in the service, when not abused, of course, as the service itself.

But what shall I say of the last charge? It is too important to be dismissed without a word, and yet it is almost too trivial for your sober consideration. I feel that it is my duty, however, to treat of it fully for you.

It has been charged that when the minister at Llewellyn turns his back upon the people, at the communion table, he takes the eastward position, so signifying that the act is a sacrificial one. It is claimed that, for that reason, the custom ought to be abolished.

Here, at last, we have an opportunity to express ourselves and explain our position. If it was possible for us to consider such a doctrine as that of the Real Presence as a possibility, a fact to be accepted as a matter of faith to be believed without question. the

Agnus Dei might be regarded as possibly idolatrous. Even if my friends were so unreasonable as to believe that there was such a thing as a Real Presence on the communion table, however, and if they should sing the Agnus Dei for the purpose of signifying this belief, the very fact that such a Presence was impossible and so regarded by the Church would preclude any possibility of idolatrous adoration. The officiating clergyman might be an idolatrous man, just as he might be a Buddhist in his own heart, without binding the Church to any such ideas, or even making her a partaker in them.

This principle must be applied to the eastward position, as it is called. It has been charged that such a position suggests a belief in the sacrificial character of the officiating clergyman. As it is already known that the English Church has nothing more than that which is known as the "clergy" in other churches, the very idea of a "priest" being abhorrent to its Protestant policy, it is not possible that there could be any sacrifice. No "mass" can be celebrated by a Church of England clergyman, the ceremony being nothing more than a "remembrance"; so it is out of all reason to invest this charge with a high degree of importance. You may leave it to those who know best. Every clergyman realizes that he has no power to offer a sacrifice.

This is my position. My friend is an honest man. He does not desire to pose as anything but a Protestant, and I hope that you will aid the cause of justice by dismissing the charges as groundless.

The council's decision was in our favor. The members said that we had been found to be Protestants in every sense of the word—better Protestants than they themselves; and that we stood out like a shining example of the fact that a monastic life might be enjoyed in the present century without being burdened by the "useless mummery of popery." The rumors that had been mentioned by the petitioners had not been considered, but the excuses offered by Mr. Cheetem in regard to the definite charges had been considered as sufficient proof that we had not been guilty of attempting to turn the ritual of the Church of England into channels Roman, and, therefore, the petitioners were given permission to withdraw.

This they did with remarkable alacrity, and they did not seem to be particularly happy about it, either.

Again I must repeat an old, old adage, for misfortunes never appear alone. We had scarcely recovered from the effect of our

sorrow on account of the changes that we had been compelled to make in our ritual, for we were obliged to be extremely careful in our service of the mass, not having any desire to be called before the privy council again. In fact, to speak plainly, we were acting under the advice of our lawyer, who informed us that if we were taken to task again he would not be able to "bulldoze us out of the muddle." Well, as I have said, we had scarcely recovered from the effect of this blow when our little community was obliged to put up with another terrible calamity.

As I write these words the tears stand in my eyes, and my fingers twitch frantically, as if longing to settle themselves in the hair of that man. And yet it is I myself, and no one else, who deserves to be kicked, literally kicked, for my stupidity, for my short-sightedness. Then there is no use in crying over spilt milk; nothing can be gained by it. I alone killed the goose that lay the golden egg, and I cannot blame anything but my own infernal, grasping, miserly spirit.

But I must hasten to explain.

I was sitting alone beneath one of the trees in the beautiful park of the monastery one afternoon in the latter part of spring. The day was one of those that can properly be called "perfectly heavenly." The sky was blue, with never a cloud in sight to mar its beauty, with the exception of a few dim streaks of downy white, almost transparent mists, and they only tended to make the blue of the heavens take upon itself lighter and darker tints, so that it became still more beautiful by the comparison.

I was sitting, looking at the idealistic sky through my half-closed eyelids, and listening to the sweet songs of the birds as I inhaled the balmy spring air, when I was brought suddenly back to earth and its realities by a slight, half-apologetic cough at my side.

Turning suddenly, I saw an unassuming-looking man, small of stature, but with such sly, piercing, jet-black eyes, and such a suave manner that I certainly ought to have distrusted him.

I had no time to think of this, however, for his first question completely staggered me.

"Are you a bishop?" he asked.

My surprise can well be imagined. Here we had been carefully keeping our secret within the ranks of the clergy, yet here was a layman, and a complete stranger, fully acquainted with it, as well as with my own identity.

There seemed to be no time nor excuse for framing a denial, so I nodded my assent.

"Well," was the reply, and he spoke in such a manner as to disarm all suspicion that I might have had in regard to him, "I have a proposition to make to you, and I trust that we shall be able to arrive at an understanding. Suppose, however, we go to your study, in order to be positive that we cannot be overheard."

As we walked up the winding paths and through the long garden of flowers and vegetables, the stranger remarked upon the beauty and extent of our property, and congratulated me effusively upon the success that had attended my executive ability. In fact, I was so thoroughly charmed by him, he was so free, outspoken, and at the same time polite and respectful, that, almost unconsciously, I agreed in my own mind that I would grant any request that he might be pleased to make, providing it lay within my power.

Arriving at the house, we entered the study, and there I awaited the pleasure of the stranger. After a little preliminary conversation, he told his story, and his request was so remarkable that I am even now able to remember almost his precise words.

"I am Mr. George C. B——," he said. "A man, about forty years of age, of good moral character, and a full collegiate education. I can speak or read Latin or Celtic, can read Greek, Hebrew, or Sanscrit, and am thoroughly conversant with nearly all the modern languages.

"Some time ago my uncle died, leaving me as his heir to a large estate, which I was to inherit upon one condition—that I became a bishop. If I fail to attain this position within a reasonable time, I am to lose all, and the immense property is to revert to his favorite charity.

"My uncle's reasons for making this clause were perfectly apparent to his friends. He possessed a great and wholly unreasonable dislike for me, but as I was his only living relative, and he wanted to observe the appearance of things, he made this kind of a provision for me.

"The Reverend Doctor C——," he continued, naming one of the men whom I had re-ordained, "is the executor of the will, and he kindly referred me to you. He said that he would be willing to pay me the money if you would consecrate me bishop, and so I thought," and he smiled in a most winning manner, "you might be willing to accommodate me for a consideration. Now, frankly,

as between man and man, how much is this thing going to cost?"

The bluntness of Mr. B——'s words was very refreshing, to say the least, and, after considering the matter a few moments, I named a sum—a sum so large that I had no idea he would accept it, for, to tell the truth, I did not like the idea of getting mixed up with the peculiar affair.

"What! As reasonable as that?" he asked, in surprise, and I wished that I had made the sum twice as large. "When can the ceremony be performed?"

"Now," I replied, "providing you have the money with you."

"I am waiting," he said, with a smile. "Let it be at once, my lord," and he knelt and reverently kissed my ring, the sign of the authority that was so soon to be exerted in his behalf. He then produced the money, and, after counting it, of course, I left the room to prepare the chapel for the ceremony.

I will not enter into a description of the service. It is familiar to everyone who has watched the consecration of a bishop. Suffice it to say that I performed my part of the contract, and that the layman who came to me left me a full-fledged bishop.

The second act of the tragedy was a sadder one.

Within a few days I commenced to receive angry letters from my monks. They hinted at terrible things, and said that they were coming home. When they returned, and then only, did I learn the full extent of the troubles that had engulfed us.

The pleasing stranger was but the agent of the High-Church clergy. It seems that they felt that they were being over-charged by my monks, and they decided that it would not be a bad idea to break the monopoly. In line with this scheme, I had consecrated their bishop and they had proceeded to organize a secret society, the O. C. R., or Order of Certain Ruin. In accordance with the constitution and by-laws, every member of this society could be re-ordained for a nominal sum, a sum so small that it would be useless for us to attempt to enter into competition with them.

All that night, after I had heard the whole story, I walked the floor of my room, to which I had fled to conceal my emotions, and wrung my hands in desperation. It is true that we still possessed enough money to keep us in the most comfortable circumstances as long as we lived. But we wanted more than that. I had imagined that, when I died, I could leave the abbey endowed with an

immense fortune, but now I saw all my plans wrecked on the shore of my heedlessness.

The next morning, as soon as day broke, I wrote a decidedly torrid letter to the new bishop. I berated him for the trick that he had played on me, and I concluded by saying that in all probability he was still a layman, as I had recently decided that I had been consecrated by a man whose orthodoxy, as well as morality, might be seriously called in question. There was, therefore, as much if not more, doubt concerning the validity of our orders than if we had been elevated to the high positions we held by a bishop who had nothing more than a regular Church of England consecration.

"That will fix them," I murmured. "He crows best who crows last, my fine fellow!" a remark which was perfectly true, as can be shown by the letter that was received by return post.

It was as follows:

"Rt. Rev. and Dear Sir," it ran. "That little game won't work. I have heard of men of your stamp talk before, and I usually know how to deal with them. Don't bray quite as loud, for there is danger of waking up the wrong man.

"I am sorry that that little story about the immense fortune of my worthy and lately deceased uncle was all a myth. I am more sorry for my own sake than I am for yours, for at the present time, I must admit, my chances of falling heir to a great property are extremely remote.

"You have played a sharp game and you have lost. If you ever have another opportunity of this kind, just look at your cards before you make your stake. As we would say in America, where I had the honor to be born, four little deuces are generally better than a full hand, unless, as sometimes happens, the other hand is full of the handle of a seven-shooter. Did you ever learn to play that festive little game, American whist, bishop?

"I am sorry to have broken up your game, but you must admit I did it in the cause of humanity. Oh, you old fraud! You old monopolist! I should like to shake hands with you again. You are worse than all our American syndicate and trust magnates thrown in a basket together. When they play a sharp game and lose, they step gracefully out of the arena and let the better man have a chance, while they do their mourning in sackcloth and ashes alone. They don't 'cry-baby,' as we used to say at school, as you have done, bishop.

“If you had half the wit that I gave you credit for having, you would never have allowed me to pull the wool over your eyes so neatly. You ought to have known that the clergy, whom you were fleecing so artistically, would stop the machine some time if they got the chance. I wonder if you have ever heard a remark that is in general circulation on the other side of the ‘big pond.’ It is simple, but it is true:

“‘You can fool all the people part of the time; you can fool part of the people all the time; but you can’t fool all the people all the time.’”

“Now, my dear sir, as to that little matter in regard to the valid ordination. If I were you I should keep perfectly cool about it. I have a man who stands ready to take legal steps against you if you do not drop the matter where it is. He was re-ordained by your worthy lordship, and, as he has nothing to lose, having already been cast adrift for certain little transactions supposed to be unworthy of a priest, he will immediately bring suit against you on the charge of having obtained money under false pretense. If you desire to add more wisdom to that which you have probably gained from a careful consideration of that little lesson in experience that I managed to teach you, you will be content to let well enough alone, and to spend your time amid the beautiful surroundings of your exquisite abbey, giving voice to no remarks that could possibly offend us.

“Believe me, my Lord,

“Yours in the good work,

“George,

“Primate of the O. C. R.”

After reading the above letter carefully and taking counsel of my attorney, I decided to follow the advice of the new bishop. I therefore remained silent.

It was some time after this that we decided to unite with the Church of Rome. We had done our best to compel the Church of England to recognize us and our principles, and the Church of England had refused to pay any attention to us. We therefore felt that we would be lacking in self-respect if we did not withdraw from such a communion. This was the unanimous opinion of the brothers, and, as it was reached after due deliberation, it seemed to me a wise one.

For two or three days we amused ourselves in picturing the great joy that would be shown in the Church of Rome when our intentions

became known. At the end of that time we despatched a messenger to one of the dignitaries of the Church. In my letter I invited him to visit our abbey, and I hinted, in a gentle manner, that it was barely possible that we might decide to enter his Church during his stay.

His reply was brief and to the point. He regretted that he would be unable to accept our invitation, and said that if we were contemplating any serious steps of a religious nature, it would be necessary for us to make all our arrangements through the parish priest at our village.

Now, this was a rather cold bath for us to receive at the outset. It so happened that this particular priest was a very pious old man, and one for whom the pleasures of the world had little charm, so I trembled when I thought what he might say about our recent business transactions.

The consideration of these difficulties took us so long that it was fully three weeks before we had decided to visit the parish priest. Then I, with my most trusted brother, made our way to his house. We had chosen a particularly dark and stormy night, for we had no desire that our visit to the papist should become known to the people until we were sure that we should take the step that we had contemplated.

The old priest received us in a room—a big, bare, barn-like room, where a crucifix and one or two religious pictures were the only ornaments. After we had seated ourselves on the common wooden chairs, the old man asked what he could do for us, and I told him that we had partially decided to become connected with the Church of which he was a pastor.

The ignorant man evinced no surprise, and at once commenced to question me regarding my faith.

“But I am a bishop!” I insisted.

“Yes, yes, I know.” was the reply. “I hope you will be willing to drop all this foolishness before we go any further.”

After that I said no more than was absolutely necessary. I was too completely squelched for anything.

The priest talked to me for a while, and questioned me very closely, and at last he succeeded in drawing everything from me, much more than I had originally intended to tell. When he had questioned me to his satisfaction, however, he said:

“The path that lies before you is straight and narrow, but it will

not be an easy one for you to follow. To travel it you will need great courage and self-denial. You must first refund all the money that you have accepted for your alleged valid ordinations to those who have paid it to you, and you must write or tell them that, so far as you are concerned, their orders are not valid. You must then withdraw from your communion with the Church of England and pass through a course of instruction, prayer, and penance. In the first place, you must take the catechism; read it carefully, and if there is anything there that does not agree with your present belief, come to me and I will talk with you about it."

"Why, Father!" I cried, "I am not a child."

"No," was the calm reply. "A man in years, it is true, but I fear that you have yet much to learn."

Thoroughly insulted, we left the house. We were willing to do the Church of Rome the honor of allying ourselves with her, but if the Church of Rome expected us to stoop too low before entering her portals, she would lose us entirely.

I wrote again to the high ecclesiastic, setting forth the many advantages to be derived from our union with his church, but he replied that while he was always glad to welcome a stray lamb to the fold, he was compelled to admit that he considered that the parish priest had taken the proper view of the matter. There was but one door through which we could enter, and he would advise us, now that the light had come, to avail ourselves of the priest's instructions before it was too late.

That was sufficient, and we decided to reply in a suitable manner to this arrogance. We would pass a unanimous vote, as a community, stamping the position of the Roman branch of the Church as one of folly and heresy.

We next turned our attention to the other branches of the Church Catholic, but, as we were met with similar rebuffs wherever we went, we decided that it would be better for us to remain where we were at least tolerated than to attempt to map out any new course for our religious lives, especially as that course would probably lead us into new and greater troubles.

As we were idle now and had nothing to do but hold services that could not be made as ritualistic as we would have liked to have had them, the life at the abbey began to grow a little monotonous. The brethren knew, too, that there was a very large sum of money to our credit that was not being used. Their association with the

world and its follies had unhinged their religious spirit, and I soon found that it would be impossible for me to control them much longer unless I should listen to some of the demands that they were making on the common purse.

I therefore informed them that I had decided that it would be best for us to go under the patronage of another saint. St. B—— was rather too strict a master for us to follow, as he had been too explicit in his rules of conduct. I thought it would be best, under the present circumstances, to adopt St. M——, for then, as he had never made any rules, we should have to follow none, except those of our own making.

There was a statue of St. B—— at the entrance of the chapel on which was the inscription, "St. B——, Blessed Patron of this Holy Abbey," so we had the original name erased and the words "St. M——" substituted, for we could not see why we should go to the expense of buying another statue when its identity could be changed by the mere substitution of a few words and a new blessing.

The new plan was very satisfactory to the monks, and since the change this has been a very happy household. We rise at a late hour in the morning, observe all the feasts and none of the fasts of the Church, and generally conduct ourselves as gentlemen of means and culture. We have employed a *chef* of no mean ability, and have succeeded in blending, in a harmonious manner, the life of a man of the world with the life of a monk of the Church.

Everyone is satisfied, for each one realizes that he is assisting to spend the money that he helped to earn, and there is no more complaint in the neighborhood concerning our ritualistic practices. In fact, if anyone should see or hear anything in which he could find cause for objection, he would have only to explain his point, and the chance is that the cause would be removed. We have become model broad and liberal modern churchmen.

Although some of the brethren have asked to be absolved from their vows of chastity, as I absolved them from their vows of poverty, I have steadfastly refused, for I fear that with women in the monastery—what a paradox!—they would soon be compelled to transfer their obedience from their superior, and nothing would be left of the triple vow but a mere memory.

But the present is happy, and that is enough. We will eat, drink, and be merry, forgetting for the moment that we must die, and we

will have just enough religion for practical purposes, without permitting it to interfere with our material happiness, as we did in the sad days now happily long gone by.

New York.

J. R. MEADER.

LOVE'S WEATHER.

When sweethearts frown, Dan Cupid hides his face;
 It hurts his heart,—the little, loving Love,—
 He thinks his skies have all grown dark above,
 And weeps to find himself in dire disgrace.

Alas!

The world *is* dark
 When sweethearts frown.

When sweethearts smile, Dan Cupid shows his charms;
 Like misty dawn upon the rapturous lake,
 A glad lovelight in his sweet eyes doth break;
 He runs,—he runs,—he runs,—into their arms.

Ah yes!

The world *is* bright
 When sweethearts smile.

Evansville, Ind.

ROSALIE ISABEL STEWART.

GLOBE NOTES.

I am moved to open these GLOBE NOTES once more with a sort of "In Memoriam," not exactly in tears over the actually dead, but in compliment, etc., to the departed editor of the *Rosary Magazine*. To know Fr. O'Neil, O. P., as a priest and as a man is to love him, and beyond question many of the best things in the *Rosary Magazine* these many years have been from his own pen, or the result of his determined and persistent efforts to secure the best things he could find for that periodical.

When this country was wild with enthusiastic and stupid dependence upon Abraham Lincoln, some thirty odd years ago, and felt, with its usual petulant childishness, that no one but "Old Abe" could tide us over the breakers of reconstruction, Wendell Phillips, as is usual with men whose thoughts and souls are their own, was opposed to all that childish babble of dependence, and in one of his greatest lectures said, as a splendid climax to a splendid peroration: "This nation needs no man." It has men enough to fill all its offices of trust, and, in substance, it can well afford to spare this bungler that has been at the head of affairs during the past four years.

So I would say here. It would be an insult to the noble order of monks who wear the white habit to suggest for one moment that they have not capable successors to the late editor O'Neil. Nevertheless, the Catholic Church in this country and in other countries will learn through bitter experiences, during the next half century, that good editors are scarcer than saints, especially inside the Catholic fold. Of course, this is meant as a compliment to Catholic piety, and not exclusively as a reflection upon its sad lack of competent editors, whatever the cause may be; and my readers may read it which way they please, either way or both ways.

Father O'Neil had many of the characteristics of a good editor, but it is almost as difficult for a priest to be a good editor as it is for a good editor to be a priest or a saint in any form. Not that I wish to convey the impression that all priests are saints; far from it.

It is simply this, that when I heard of Fr. O'Neil's exit from this

world, of journalism, so-called—a world that priests understand less than an untaught Protestant understands the catechism and ritual of the Catholic Church—a world in which the subtle and scholarly Satolli blundered so miserably in his speech at a journalists' banquet in Washington, a few years ago—I determined to make my friend's departure from the *Rosary* the text for a few comments upon Catholic journalism in general, and the present and future relationship of priests to the same.

I know of but one priest in the United States whose general and varied ability as a thinker and a writer fits him for any high and responsible position as a Catholic editor. Of course, I refer to Rev. Fr. Lambert, at present, as I understand, the chief editorial writer for the editorial page of *The Freeman's Journal*, New York.

It is well known that, after doing immense good as a writer of small books and pamphlets, Fr. Lambert really created the *Catholic Times*, of Philadelphia, now the *Times-Standard*, and gave to that paper whatever intellectual respectability it has retained to this day. In like manner, his able, and manly, and clear, and fair and square editorials in the *Freeman's Journal* have made its editorial page superior to the best editorial pages of *The Independent*, *The Evangelist*, and other great Protestant religious weeklies, so-called.

I look upon this as a sort of Providential interposition to furnish a worthy successor to the great and noble soul of MacMaster, whose ability gave fresh life and power to said paper.

It is just as well known, however, that Fr. Lambert had been at odds with ecclesiastical authority, and so had a good deal of the average priestliness rubbed off of him before he became a successful journalist; and I give it here as my firm, fixed, serious, and long-meditated opinion that no good and faithful and settled priest can become a good journalist or a good editor of a magazine, and I consider this latter sphere as far removed from and above what is generally understood as journalism as the heavens are supposed to be quite a distance above our world.

And, from the most serious depths of my soul, I thank God that priests do not and cannot make good editors. In the first place, their own divine vocation is the highest known to God or the human soul, and they have no business to take or steal God's time from His altar and their sacred duties to mingle in the game of journalism or of editorial work generally.

In the next place, they simply cannot serve God—that is, in their

own vocation—and Mammon—that is, in the hurly-burly of journalism and editorial work—and come out or continue unscathed of hell.

In the next place, no faithful priest can take enough time from his vocation as a priest to make an editor worthy the name. Lots of prelates and priests seem to think that this business of journalism and of editorial work and writing for magazines can be run as a sort of fifth wheel to a coach, a kind of after-thought, and for this very reason they are no more fit to be editors than Bob Ingersoll is fit to be a priest.

I aver, not in the spirit of boasting, but simply to make my contrast and my message stronger, that to edit the *GLOBE REVIEW*, though only a quarterly issue, and to write for it as I have written for it the last eight years, has taken more severe intellectual and editorial training, and takes more intellectual and constant work to-day, than any prelate in the United States has ever passed through in preparation for the duties of his present position, and more work and power than any one of them is giving to-day to the entire management of his diocese, or arch-diocese. I will add that, in my judgment, also, the results of my publication are greater, far greater and more lasting, than the results attained by any prelate of this country.

In a word, these notes are being written to make Catholics understand alike the difficulty and the dignity, as well as the measureless results of true and capable editorial work; also to make them understand that priests and prelates are not "in it" to any great or capable extent, and never can be, never should be, and, by the Eternal, never shall be.

I have singled out Fr. Lambert as a noble exception, and my admiration for the man's ability and for his entire career, in the main, is such that I do not choose to dwell upon his limitations. I am speaking of principles, not for or against any man.

On the other hand, I know of at least a half a dozen Catholic laymen, of excellent training and capacity for editorial work—good and loyal Catholics, bright and genial men, scholarly and accomplished gentlemen, each one of whom ought to be at the head of a great and powerful Catholic publication, weekly or monthly or quarterly; men who have a natural tact for editorial work; some of them, too, with intellectual gifts superior to the best prelates in our land, and authors of books which have given fame equal or

superior to the best known works of any priests or prelates in our country.

And what are they doing? Writing poppycock, cheap-grade stories, delivering poppycock literary and other lectures to classes of anywhere from a half a dozen to two dozen boys two or three times a week; or, like myself, struggling with unimprematurized, unsubsidized, uncapitalized periodicals of their own; struggling with poverty and a thousand contemptible difficulties, rather than be subject to the officious and comparatively ignorant dictation from clerics of far less ability than their own.

Twenty-five or thirty years before I was received into the Church, and often in my Protestant pulpits, I admired and praised the wise and splendid, the almost divine ecclesiastical polity of the Roman Catholic Church, and I have not changed a whit of that admiration to-day, except as greater knowledge of the facts has given me greater and deeper admiration. But this sphere of journalism and of editorial and periodical work generally is new to the Church, and the manner of dealing with it on the part of the average hierarchy of America is as faulty and childish and contemptible as Bob Ingersoll's dealing with truth and the Almighty. The whole fraternity of them need an editor in chief, and a lay editor at that, to revise their own productions.

Having said so much on "general principles," we may return to our lamented and departed Fr. O'Neil, late of the *Rosary Magazine*. Much as I have always loved him, and devoted as I am to the Dominican Fathers, still I think there never was any need of or place for such a magazine. It has always been a strange mixture of special rosary devotion, of booms for various Dominican priests and religious, of very mediocre literature for children, of very commonplace book notices, with spasmodic attempts at capturing writers whose articles have had some smattering of pretty fair literature.

But it must have taken a very hopeful and inexperienced Don Quixote of journalism to imagine for one hour that he could combine all these features in one magazine, and make any one department of it in any measure respectable.

Father O'Neil labored like a hero in his work. Granted that at times he may have used his priestly office to bring undue pressure upon Catholics to subsidize his magazine and to subscribe in bulk for the same. When I have heard of these things I have simply pitied the noble and devoted spirit of the priest thus girdled and

goaded by editorial necessities, and I have blamed the cursed system that sets priests to work that they never ought to have to touch, and have not been able to blame the man.

There is a great and crying need of a beautiful, pure, and lovely Catholic magazine for children in this land, but to produce such a magazine every month would take all the time and talent of three or four of the very best male and female Catholic writers for children that we have in this country; yet the *Rosary*, like some other altogether inferior magazines, edited by priests, expected to fling in the children's department as a sort of extra; and such are the notions that many so-called priest-editors have of the value of editorial work, whereas, any man or woman who has ever undertaken to teach and entertain children knows that they not only demand your best and brightest thoughts put in your cleverest manner and in ever new variety; and every priest ought to know that, by the very plastic and assimilating character of children's minds, they need and deserve the best and most beautiful teaching of which the most gifted among us are capable.

But, should a company of the best writers for children in the Catholic Church in America form a company to make a Catholic *St. Nicholas*, and better—and they could do all that—what would be the result? Simply this, that the Fathers of A. and of B. and of C. and D., clear down to P. and Z. would, each fraternity on its own account, have a children's magazine, made up in the old manner of re-hashed and diluted moonshine; and the Bishop of A., and the Archbishop of C., and the very Reverend Vicar of C. *ad libitum*, and the Rector of the University of D., etc., would want his own children's magazine, so that, instead of uniting all forces to make, to spread and encourage one or two superior magazines in all parts of the United States, every head cleric in the land would want to be boss of his own periodical, even in matters concerning which he is about as capable as he is of taking wing for heaven.

Now you will say that Mr. Thorne ought not to say such things; but Mr. Thorne will say such things, and he is not saying them for his own pleasure, but for your good. And the amusing feature of it all is that the Cardinal Archbishop of Negroville, in the backwoods of Luna County, and every other archbishop and bishop, though he never edited any page of any paper or periodical as it ought to have been edited, thinks that he ought to be consulted as to whether an experienced lay editor should put a comma or

a semicolon, for instance, in the way of a sacred blizzard, in order to check its career of destruction. Of course, all fools need wise men to guide them, but all lay editors are not fools, and all ecclesiastics are not wise or just men, by a long way.

In short, I wish Father O'Neil every prosperity and blessing in his own high and holy vocation—wish him length of days and fadeless crowns of redeemed souls in his final diadem of victory; but, for his own sake, for the sake of his conscience, his health, his peace of mind, and, above all, for the sanctity of his priest's vocation, I trust that he will never try editing again.

While on this subject, and in order to make my remarks still more pertinent, if not impertinent, I am moved to add that, in my judgment, as related to all true principles of dignity, honor, and influence, the position of the editor and proprietor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* is at least equal to that of any prelate in the United States, notwithstanding the fact that many of these excellent gentlemen live in splendid palaces, with a retinue of servants, while the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* now and again hath not where to lay his head.

It is clear to me, however, after several years of experience, that the hierarchy of America do not take this view of the case. Many of them have been personally kind to me and studiously polite, but it is clear, nevertheless, that they consider the editor in question as a sort of crank attache of journalism, inhabiting somewhere along the ragged edges of Catholic recognition; and I have been informed on good authority that one of their number—an exceptional gad-about vender of humbug—has denounced the editor of the *GLOBE* as a “blackmailer,” simply because said gentleman was asked one year to make a special subscription in recognition of the *GLOBE*'s admitted and great usefulness.

Well, we shall see by and by who the real “blackmailers” are. I shall not appeal to the Pope as against the wind-blown prelate in question. I shall not attempt to feast and cajole that excellent man, the Pope's ablegate, in order to win his favor. I have other means of bringing the prelate in question to his senses, and, in this, as in other matters, I am only waiting till the shadows have a little longer grown.

* * * * *

Like all intelligent Catholics, I have read and thought a good deal during the last two years about the Manitoba school question. In common with all good Catholics, I was indignant with the final

so-called compromise forced upon the Manitoba Catholics, and all the more indignant because the unendurable "compromise" was fathered, so to speak, by a Catholic Premier.

From the first I have followed closely Archbishop Walsh's utterances on this subject, and have not only approved of them; I have thanked heaven that Canada had an archbishop of his strength and clearness of mind, and, had I at any time during the struggle seen any way whereby the GLOBE or its editor could have helped the archbishop in his position, my services would have been gladly given; and yet, though, since Leo XIII.'s encyclical bearing upon this matter, I have been deluged with newspaper clippings treating of the subject, and have been asked by several friends of the GLOBE to write on the Manitoba school question, I confess that up to this time I have very little inclination to do so.

In my articles on "Public and Parochial Schools" and on "Weak Points of Parochial Schools," in numbers 12 and 13 of the GLOBE, published in 1893, I covered the general ground in a manner that I am always ready to stand by, and the first article named, particularly, received a good deal of kind attention in Catholic papers, and a good deal of abuse from secular papers at the time named. Having thus covered the general ground, and seeing no new features in the Manitoba phase of it, I have been disinclined to go over the subject again. And even now, while I heartily endorse every word of the recent encyclical, I see no especial reason for giving any unusual attention to it—that is, as far as the GLOBE is concerned.

The same sort of thing is happening now to the Manitoba Catholics that has happened to Catholics everywhere in this world during the last three hundred years, when and where the secular or temporal government has undertaken to determine and control the question of general education.

Catholics waded through streams of blood over this question—that is, another phase of it—during the Henry VIII. and Elizabethan eras in England. Under another phase of it German Catholics died in prison and were persecuted to death in the past generation under the infernal rule of Bismarck. In France, during the present generation, Catholics have been fighting the same battle, and the only reason there is not constant and bloody revolution over this question in our glorious United States is that Catholics have never been allowed any privileges or given any of the funds for general education in the United States, and therefore have sub-

mitted to being robbed of their share of the school taxes to educate children in ways that they mostly hate and despise, and have never raised any row about it. Hence, as an American Catholic, I am so much more impressed with the constant, wholesale, and infamous wrong perpetrated upon the fifteen millions of Catholics in the United States than I am with the partial wrongs perpetrated toward the Catholics of Manitoba that the encyclical and all the enormous ado made over the Manitoba affair seem to me like straining at a gnat while swallowing our own camel, bones, hair and all.

Archbishop Walsh strikes the Catholic keynote of the whole subject in the following paragraph, quoted from the *Casket*:

“The Catholic Church has the right to provide for, to direct and control the education of its children; and this right is derived from the Divine Commission committed to her in the words of Christ: ‘Go ye therefore and teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you’ (Matt. xxviii. 19-20).”

But the first trouble is that the anti-Catholic element in Germany, France, England, the United States, and Canada do not care a rush for the supposed authority of Christ or His Church; do not believe in any such authority; believe only in the authority of the people—the mob, the gutter; and these people are going to act up to their convictions precisely as the Pope and Archbishop Walsh act up to theirs.

In a word, the ideas of the parties at issue are radically divergent, and hence, and in view of the world history during the last three hundred years, I have no idea that the Canadian Catholics will ever get back where they were when they were in a majority, and when the question was not left wholly to the dictation of the scavenger’s broom.

It seems to me that the encyclical itself, though very careful to suggest that a half a loaf is better than no bread, is a little too sanguine. And it seems to me that Archbishop Bruchesi is entirely too sanguine in his expressions on the subject. On the other hand, the Pope and Bruchesi are far more familiar with the local ground than I am, and let us hope that their hopes will be realized.

What I notice is that these spreading Anglo-Saxon and other Protestantized, Masonic-ordered, infidelized branches of the white races of the world, now a large majority in the conquering nations of the world, have no sense of justice about anything, and least of all have they any sense of justice toward Catholics or the rights of Catholics

in this matter of education. And now that the old French Canadian and Catholic idea has been met and downed in Manitoba, as in other parts of the world, I see no good ground for hope that the ancient order will be restored, except as the Catholic popular vote, or, better still, some new Catholic sovereignty, shall be once more in the ascendant.

Even when a Protestant I believed in and advocated the methods of Catholic education, but it is not now a question of one's own preference for this or for that form of education; it is a question of the radical and proper source of power in the whole matter of education, and only secondarily a question of justice as to the present division of the school funds. Both of these points I covered to the best of my ability in the articles named, and, in short, my position is as follows, and is absolutely and utterly opposed to all our present popular methods of public education.

I claim, first, that the secular state, no matter what its order—monarchical, constitutional, or democratic—has no right whatever to determine or provide for the general education of children and youth; much less has it the right to make any system of its choosing general or obligatory. Second, I claim that the question of education of children and youth is the inherent, natural, and divine right of the parents and legal guardians of children, and that they alone are competent in any sense to say what kind of education or how much education their children and youth shall seek, pursue, or enjoy. Third, I claim that our American public school education for everybody, black and white, being secular to the core and corrupt in many of its branches and methods, is an injury rather than a blessing to modern civilization. Fourth, I claim that the Catholic Church, under the direction of its bishops and priests, is the only power on earth competent to determine what a true Christian education consists in, and therefore the only competent power to advise and direct parents as to the best methods to be pursued in the education of their children.

In all these points it will be noticed that I hold to the primal truth that children and youth, under age, are absolutely under the control of their parents and lawful guardians, and that the Church itself can lay hands upon those children only by and with the consent of said parents and guardians, and to me the doctrine that the thing we call the State has a right to do this is preposterous and damnable.

Nevertheless, we are living under the present and varied orders of state governments, and education is one of the prerogatives that the state has wrenched alike from the parent and from the Church; and, as wise men, we must accept the existing order of things and improve them as we can.

On this ground of accepting the inevitable and making the best of it, my position is and always has been that, whether in the United States or Manitoba, the people, of whatever religious persuasion—Jew, Protestant, or Catholic—who have conscientious scruples about sending their children to the public schools provided by the state, and who, by reason of these conscientious scruples, have provided or will provide schools of their own, *shall absolutely be granted out of the public treasury pro rata for every scholar the same amount per annum as it takes to educate children and youth in the public schools.*

I have looked long and deeply into the subject, and I see no other way out of it for any of us.

It is an easy sum in simple mathematics and in simple justice, and any Protestant or Catholic scholar who has passed through the simplest branches of arithmetic and morals can figure it out for the Government of the United States and for the Government of Manitoba.

Things never go back where they were, and when a great injustice has been done any part of the human race—yea, any individual of the human race—new measures have to be put in motion to heal the wrong, and, as God is God, and justice master of the universe, the wrongs done to Catholics on this subject during the last three hundred years will be righted. But, as we are a commercial nation, as the whole world is now largely a commercial world, I propose settling the school question on the simplest principles of commercialism. The commercialism of our age knows no other principles, and it is useless to appeal to Christian morals.

When we have once divided the school fund, pro rata, and have left the matter of education to the parent, where it belongs, we shall soon have broken the wax nose of our modern Moloch—the public school—and Catholics will everywhere send their children to Catholic schools, as they have an absolute right to do.

My advice to the Manitoba Catholics, therefore, is precisely the Pope's advice, in the first instance, viz., take what you can get and make the best of it to-day; but, instead of urging them to look

for the old relationship, I urge them, and Catholics everywhere, to live for, vote for, write for, and, if necessary, die for their clear and absolute rights to their pro rata share of all school funds, and their absolute right to use those funds in educating their children according to their own conscience, as guided by the Church of God.

* * * * *

All the world has lately been stirred up once more over what is known as the Dreyfus case, and now the incidental case of M. Zola, whose conviction for libel has awakened all the so-called patriotism, the sentimentality, and the race hatreds of the French people.

My own belief, from the early incipency of the case, was and still remains that Dreyfus was in some way connected with the offense of which he was charged; also, that the tribunal which tried him, though possibly not wholly actuated by justice—and what tribunal is so actuated—had reasons for his conviction and had their own perfectly justifiable reasons for withholding a portion of or the whole of said evidence from the public. I have therefore never sympathized with the New York and other newspaper platitudes that have represented M. Zola as a moral hero, a sort of new martyr for a moral idea; nor have I now any sympathy with any of all the gush being heaped upon him because he has been sentenced to prison for a year.

Here are two characteristic glimpses of the court-room just after the verdict of the jury:

“The jury were out only about half an hour. In giving their verdict they announced that there were no extenuating circumstances.

“‘They are cannibals!’ Zola shouted when the verdict was announced, while frantic ‘bravos!’ came from the crowd in the court-room. The cries were taken up by the crowds outside, and the demonstration resembled a riot. In the court-room Zola’s counsel, Laborie, and Perreux, his co-defendant, embraced him.

“The hour was 7 in the evening, and the court was lighted by electricity, which revealed the face of every person. A very striking object, ‘Christ Crucified,’ hung high behind the bench.

“Maître Laborie ended his speech by saying: ‘The name of Pilate is the most abhorred in history.’

“The figure of Christ caught Zola’s eye. After sentence had been passed, with pompous decorum, he exclaimed: ‘To-day, associated with Christ, I, too, am a victim of mob violence, official cowardice, and a grand miscarriage of justice.’”

All his life Zola has been depicting social filth and ridiculing Christ and His people, and growing rich in the business, and now

that he should blabber companionship with the crucified because a jury of his peers, so-called, had judged him guilty of libel, and the representative of "French justice" had sentenced him to a year's imprisonment, while his "fellow-citizens" shouted approval, is very characteristic of Zolaism, and so funny, if not blasphemous, that one is not surprised to learn that the army officers present laughed at the scene. I think it will do Zola great good to live in prison for a year.

* * * * * * *

Concerning Spain, Cuba, and the destruction of the warship "Maine," in Cuban waters, the GLOBE has the following comments to offer: First, the prevailing ignorance of the average intelligent American citizen regarding Spanish civilization, Spanish rule, and Spanish right in Cuba is something appalling, humiliating, and contemptible. Second, the deliberate and malicious misrepresentation on all these points that has been going on in the leading newspapers of the United States during the last two years, and especially in that dirty and dastardly sheet, the *New York Journal*, during the past year, has been enough of itself to drive the Spanish Government, much more any fanatic Spanish enthusiast, to almost any deeds of desperation toward this country. Third, the sending of the warship "Maine" to Cuban waters, *when there was absolutely no need of her presence there*, was a tantalizing menace that could not be disguised under any pretensions of international friendship, and the anchoring of the "Maine" in Cuban waters, under these conditions, without examining the waters under her keel, and a constant examination of those waters clear to the ocean bed, was an act of silly confidence in an outraged and slandered people that the United States was never justified in manifesting. Fourth, that if it should be proven beyond question that the "Maine" was blown up by an enemy, from the outside or the inside, the United States will never be justified, in the eyes of God or the nations, for holding Spain responsible for the act, unless it can be clearly and certainly shown that Spain was *officially* and directly implicated therein. No nation is held responsible for the *unofficial* acts of its citizens or its subjects, no matter how cruel or crazy such acts may be. Fifth, should it, however, be proven that Spain was officially implicated in this horror, the United States is bound to declare war against Spain and punish her to the latest extent of our power.

Sixth, in all her struggles with Cuban rebellions, my sympathies

have been with Spain. I hate and despise every South American half-breed rebel as an enemy of the human race. I hate and despise the American jingoism that applauds Cuban rebels as patriots, and that talks of Spanish misgovernment while we do worse things ourselves. At this writing I do not believe that Spain was officially implicated in the "Maine" horror, and I will not believe it till the evidence is clear as noonday. But if the final evidence should prove the fact, the American Shylock, in or out of Congress, who even talks of a money indemnity, ought to be shot on the spot. If Spain is innocent, no money must be demanded. If Spain is proven guilty, war, and only war, and war to the bitter end, can avenge such treachery. In case of war it will, as is plain, be a war between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon Americanized races, and in that event there can be but one result. The United States will not find it child's play. But we shall have to fight till Cuba is ours and till Spain is utterly humiliated, if it takes all the best blood of our nation. Seventh, and regardless of all the points mentioned, the GLOBE holds that two men in the United States are the real responsible parties for this disaster—that is, General Lee, American Consul at Havana, who clamored for needless warships as soon as he set foot in the Island of Cuba; and W. R. Hearst, of the *New York Journal*, whose avalanches of lies in regard to Spanish affairs in Cuba have been an insult to all truth and to all civilization.

* * * * *

And now it seems that His Grace, the saintly Archbishop of New York, is to have a jubilee. For the life of me, I cannot see why a priest or a prelate should kick up his heels and have a glorious time because the good Lord has spared his life twenty-five years in the priesthood, any more than why Pat, the poorest member of his archdiocese, should have a glorious spree on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first day he climbed the ladder with a hod on his shoulders. Indeed, the hod-carrier may have the greater excuse for such a spree. It is no easy matter to lift and carry and pitch that hod. I am not saying that it is an easy thing to become a priest and rise to be an archbishop, but I am saying, seriously, that this priestly and prelatial jubilee business seems to me out of harmony with the known genius of the Catholic Church, which sinks the man in his vocation and in the Church; and, moreover, that in this country this jubilee business is now being carried to extremes. Again, the money spent on such sprees could be spent to vastly

more advantage in spreading a higher order of intelligence among our Catholic masses. Nevertheless, I am bound to say, and I say it with all my heart, that if any prelate on this earth to-day deserves a general outpouring of the enthusiastic love and appreciation of his friends and his people, His Grace the Archbishop of New York is that same man. May he live long and prosper, and if I am living when he celebrates his fiftieth anniversary, I will so far forget my antipathy to all such "blow-outs" as to send him—well—a bound volume of the GLOBE REVIEW.

* * * * *

The latest note of interrogation that I have seen in the Catholic newspapers is the following, from the *Freeman's Journal*:

"WHAT IS AN IDEA?—Such is the title of an article by Dr. Brann in the *Rosary Magazine*. We are aware that it is somewhat risky to question the statements of the learned pastor of St. Agnes in the domain of metaphysics. And yet we venture to say that his presentation of Locke's theory on the origin of ideas is incorrect."

Let us call it a Brann new thought with a Thorne in its side, all the way from Lambertville, and interpret it as follows: If every subscriber to the GLOBE REVIEW will pay up at once and at the same time send the name of and cash for another and new subscriber, why, the GLOBE REVIEW would have just double the number of subscribers it has to-day and cash enough on hand to buy three meals a day, at least on Sundays and feast days. I call that Locke-ing an idea into a "working hypothesis," and I hope my subscribers will do the rest.

* * * * *

P. S.: "PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1898.—Amid the greatest uproar ever seen on the floor of Common Council, sensational charges of bribery in connection with the effort to pass the Schuylkill Valley Water bill were made in the chamber this afternoon, and the outcome was the adoption of a resolution to not only investigate charges of corruption in relation to the Schuylkill Valley Water bill, but similar charges growing out of the passage of the bill providing for the lease of the gas works to the United Gas Improvement Company.

While the chamber was considering a motion to indefinitely postpone the Water bill, Walter N. Stevenson, a member from the Thirty-second ward, caused a sensation by declaring in a speech:

I have been offered \$5,000 to vote for this bill, and I want an investigation. I want to say that the remark was made to me that every man that was voting for this bill was getting \$1,000 to \$5,000, and I would get the greatest amount offered for a vote. I call on the Councils of the city of Philadelphia to stop it to-day. I am willing to go before any tribunal and prove what I have said."

The bribery and corruption referred to in this dispatch were both foretold and exposed in the GLOBE NOTES of December issue of this magazine, and before John Wanamaker is made governor of Pennsylvania there will be such further exposures as will make him wish that he had never been born.

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THE GLOBE.

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JUNE, 1898.

OLD-WORLD ALLIANCES AND THE PARTITION OF AMERICA.

WHILE W. R. Hearst, of the *New York Journal*, and the unscrupulous jingoes and speculators he represents, have been getting up a war with Spain, in order to free a few thousand rebellious and incompetent half-breeds in the island of Cuba, and put money in the pockets of said speculators, and all this regardless of international law, of truth and of justice, and regardless of the lives of tens of thousands of Americans; and while Mr. Missionary Dole & Co. have been stealing the Hawaiian Islands from their rightful owners and rulers, and trying to force the United States to accept or adopt these islands of naked barbarians and lepers as a State of the American Union—said Dole & Co. all the while acting as the hired slaves of other unscrupulous jingoes and speculators—and all this in the face of every true principle of liberty and justice; and while “Teddy” Roosevelt, Raines & Co., of the State of New York, have been puzzling their gigantic and youthful intellects and so-called consciences and statesmanship over the immortal question how to save the world by legislating as to whether New York *restaurateurs* shall keep their window-shades up or down on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, information has come to me that, almost simultaneously, in secluded corners of England and Germany, two men, of cosmopolitan learning and sympathies, have had their representatives at work among the rulers of the nations of the Old World

upon a scheme for a universal Old-World alliance in opposition to the growing ambitions of the United States, and that, as a matter of fact, two maps are now in existence, with certain black and heavy lines drawn east and west and north and south across the territory now known as the United States, and that matters are at last progressing in the nations of the Old World, looking to an actual partition of said territory with something like a just apportionment of the same among all the nations represented in this proposed alliance.

American newspaper-writers have long talked glibly enough about the partition of Turkey in Europe and in Asia. But it is the custom of these gentlemen to discuss matters that they do not understand.

A few years ago, the hopeful and victorious Germans were freely discussing the partition of France and the apportionment of it among the nations representing the Triple Alliance and adjacent countries friendly to the same; but since the Russian Bear has taken the Fleur de Lis in his friendly paw, this talk of the hopeful German has somewhat subsided.

Every now and again the newspaper gentlemen have had England isolated and on the point of universal rupture, Canada, including the seals and the Klondike, to be pocketed, of course, by Uncle Sam. The other day, according to the newspapers, there was to be a general partition of China, and the United States Government was almost persuaded to sail for the Celestials and take its share of the spoils; but none of these things are likely to occur—at least not this year or next—and really what seems more likely to occur is a clean-cut partition of Uncle Sam's own appropriated dominions, though, up to this hour, the details of the scheme are only in the hands of half-a-dozen Old-World rulers and the two individuals here indicated, though not named.

It seems that the two scholars referred to have long been engaged on this project, and, like all cosmopolitan thinkers, they have proceeded only on what has seemed to them grounds of historic and international justice and equity.

Without attempting to revive the questions as to whether or not the thirteen original colonies that revolted against British rule were morally justified in so doing, or whether the results to civilization have been, on the whole, more advantageous than they

clearly would have been, had said colonies remained loyal to the British crown—questions that are yet bound to have severer investigation in the future than they ever have received in the past—the scholars in question, like the rest of us, accept the present order of things as inevitable up to this hour, and treat the United States as all nations ever have been treated by great thinkers and by Providence Divine, namely, as national entities, responsible to the eternal laws of truth and justice, and their position, as communicated to me, is that, by these laws and by any fair examination of the so-called principles on which this nation was founded, it has proved a failure to all such laws, false to all its own declared fundamental principles, and, therefore, should cease to be.

All careful readers of history readily admit that the average moral tone of the politics and actual government of the original colonies was far superior to the moral tone of the politics and actual government of these United States during the last seventy-five years, and especially during the last twenty-five years. But it is difficult to split hairs of morality among the nations of ancient or of modern times. Nevertheless, it is safe to claim, as a working hypothesis, that only as any nation is loyal to its own fundamental principles—be they monarchical or democratic—can it long maintain its internal peace and integrity, or its relative respect and position among the nations of the world. Therefore, as I understand it, these gentlemen have made out their indictment, and have proceeded to their initiatory measures, on the basis of this condition, that we, as a nation, have been utterly false to our own principles, so-called, and for that reason, if for no other, we deserve to be cut in pieces.

As I understand it, their position is something as follows :

The United States came into being on the declared principles of human equality as announced in our so-called "Declaration of Independence," that whether those so-called principles are true or false, the original colonies had no other grounds for their rebellion against England, their revolution, and their final establishment of the government and nation of the United States ; and I suppose that so much must be granted to the gentlemen indicated.

In particular, their indictment runs something as follows : First, that, though claiming to found a new nation on the basis

and so-called principles of human equality, the original Constitution of the United States recognized and protected the most absolute and barbarous system of human slavery that has ever existed on this earth, proving either that our theories of human equality were absolutely false, or that we ourselves were absolutely false to our theories—the latter, at all events, being true, whether our theories were false or true.

This is precisely the ground of our own Abolitionists—Phillips, Sumner & Co.—who, whatever else may be said of them, were certainly among the ablest and most heroic men this nation has ever produced.

Moreover, it cannot be denied that the charge of the American Abolitionists, and now of our newer and perhaps more determined critics, is, and will forever be, sustained by the records of history. Our own Abolitionists put it very strongly when they said that, after appealing to God and the nations, in the name of liberty, our forefathers, in their famous American Constitution, amended and patched till the war filled it with bullet-holes; made a compact with hell to bind the chains of God's children firmer and deeper, to the eternal disgrace of the name of American civilization.

Every American schoolboy knows that this charge is true; that slavery, in one of its worst forms, was the darling idol of the United States until 1863; that is, for nearly a hundred years, under the banner of liberty and equality, until a few brave men tore our tattered lie to shreds, and involved us in a war that cost this land one million of precious lives and no end to millions of money.

This is not saying, however, that every American schoolboy will accept the logical conclusion of our new European critics, and that, therefore, we ought to die. It may be worth while to add here, however, that, should any over-smart Yankee of this generation rise up and say: "but we freed the slaves at last," he should be reminded that we freed them, not on the grounds of our boasted Declaration of Independence, nor on any high moral grounds at all, but simply as a war measure; as a means of self-protection, and in order to use said slaves against their lawfully recognized and constitutional masters. In a word, that our Proclamation of Emancipation was, all things considered, a deeper compact with hell than was the old Constitution that bound them in slavery.

Dear friends, the eternal moralities of this universe are more serious than is generally supposed by Cuban rebels or American Congressmen ; but let us keep to the plans and charges of our newer critics.

It is claimed by them, in the second place, that while from our incipency as a nation our forefathers represented to all the peoples of the earth that this was to be forever the stainless cradle of liberty for the oppressed of all nations, rocked by the angels of heaven between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains—the sublimest home of freedom ever dreamed of by mortal man—the government of the United States, driven like a whipped cur by the scavenger's broom—men like blatherskite Powderly being the scavengers—has constantly, during the last twenty-five years, passed such anti-emigration and anti-foreign contract labor laws as would have disgraced the souls of the ancient rulers of Greece or Rome, not to speak of any of the so-called civilized nations of modern times. And, therefore, being false not only to our own personal declarations of liberty, but false to the simplest principles of humanity, we, as a so-called nation of freemen, ought to be portioned and sent to school again under instructions from the leaders of Old-World civilization, till we have learned some sort of principles somewhat in harmony with truth, and have learned, moreover, that it is wise and safe and best, as well as manly and Christian, to obey them.

Here again the commonest American reader of modern American newspapers must candidly admit the truth of our critics' criticism ; but as to admitting the conclusion drawn from their premises, that is another matter—and the average American would be more apt to say : In the name of thunder, what does it concern European scholars or kings whether we make stupid and inconsistent anti-emigration or anti-foreign contract labor laws or no ?

As a comment upon this general attitude of ours, I am inclined to remind the American reader that, if all men are born equal, with certain "rights," etc., etc., or even if all men are of one family—no matter how unequally born and reared—and have one eternal Father, which is God ; and if there really are any moral principles underlying the government of this universe, and if these principles have any bearing whatever upon American civilization, legislation, and life—all of which some persons may

think doubtful—then the scholars, thinkers, and rulers of other nations have a right to criticise our so-called principles, our laws, and our life, and, in fact, have a right to demand that these shall be in some accord with the courtesies of international amity and mutual respect. And any tyro in the study of international courtesy, or in the study of what are called the humanities of modern civilization, will readily admit that the entire system of American legislation referred to is not only not in harmony or in touch with these things, but absolutely and brutally opposed to them.

Our Old-World critics and would-be partitioners claim, still further, that as the sixty millions of human beings now inhabiting the United States are largely foreigners or the first American generation of the children of foreigners, so-called; and as these foreigners and their children, during the entire period of our existence as a nation, have taught us well-nigh all we know in the lines of art, architecture, music, and even manufacture and politics, not to speak of the fact that the poorer classes of them have been the breakers and cultivators of our even as yet comparatively uncivilized soil, so many millions of acres of which are still crying to heaven for cultivation, our American laws, discriminating against foreign emigrants, are an insult to all the ties and memories that are usually held dear and respected even among barbarous tribes, and that, therefore, as there is no more justice or humanity than there is consistency in our legislation, it is really in some sense binding, not only upon the kings and princes and emperors of Old-World nations, but upon the great and universal brotherhood of all nations of the world, to turn against us and chop us and our continent to pieces until they put some sense of justice and of modesty into our souls.

Here again, the average American, being smart, will admit the truth of our critics' charges, but will not accept their conclusions—not unless he has to—and maybe he will have to.

Somewhat in the same line of thought, but with reference to a very different line of legislation, our foreign critics claim that, as the vast majority of the inhabitants of the United States are made up of foreign-born people, or children of the first and second generations of foreign-born people, it is no less than a perpetual insult and a perpetual burden to these people to

find themselves—in a so-called free country—surrounded and oppressed with stupid and bigoted laws concerning what they shall drink, and where they shall drink or shall not drink, and how they shall spend the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday. In truth, these critics claim that if American fanatics have learned no more from the lessons of modern history in its battles for freedom than to make such laws, for instance, as the prohibition laws of Maine, and other States, or such laws as prevail in Philadelphia, Pa., to-day, regarding what is called the keeping of the Sabbath, or such laws as those boobies and abortions of civilization, Hon. "Teddy" Roosevelt and Hon. J. Raines, tried to force upon the great city of New York two years ago, then the United States are ripe for a new revolution, ought in fact to be portioned and sent to school, where they may learn more of the real facts of human liberty and gradually get their miserable blundering theories of human liberty knocked clean out of their conceited and whitewashed heads.

Here again the average American, being smart, though brought up on the husks of newspaper learning and civilization, will grant the force of our critics' position; but as to submitting to the training or teaching of Old-World scholars or kings, we are hardly prepared for that, though we may yet have to take it all, spite of ourselves.

Again, and still in the line of what are called human rights and the humanities—which American writers and so-called statesmen have always paraded as if they were the exclusive defenders of the same—our Old-World critics claim that the treatment accorded by the United States Government to the American Indians—the original and rightful owners and inhabitants of this land—has been brutal, unjust, and inhuman beyond that accorded to any race of native savages by a conquering race since civilization began; and all this spite of the fact that the American Indians, in all probability, were descendants of certain civilized Asiatic races, and in spite of the admitted fact that, alike in South America and in North America, they were at the time of our finding them—and until we filled them with whisky and sold them rifles—an upright, peaceable congregation of tribes and nations, waring with one another now and then as is inevitable in all human life, but still with a sense of truthfulness and justice so far superior to what the

Spanish Catholics or the English Puritans brought them, that the so-called civilization of the latter in each case seems like a breath of hate and lust and hell when compared with the peaceful and purer ways of the savages these Christians came to enlighten and save. Again, and in the same line, our Old-World critics claim that our anti-Chinese legislation and our treatment of Chinamen in the United States, especially in view of primal ideas and so-called principles of human brotherhood and human equality, are simply a laughing-stock, an insult to human reason, a burlesque on the name of liberty and justice, and hence a still further evidence that by some subtle force or judgment of Providence the Government of the United States, though founded on theories that angels might almost chant in heaven—provided only that said theories were true—is, as a matter of fact, run by an incarnate devil of the most dastardly inhuman greed, blindness, selfishness, inhumanity, vice, and crime, with a perpetual and growing tendency to increasing falsehood and crime; hence, that our so-called Government, pretending to legislate in favor of humanity but really and constantly legislating in favor of inhumanity and crime, ought to be overturned. Now, beyond question, even our own newspaper moralists admit the legislative and political corruption here exposed, but they are by no means ready to say let God judge us, let justice reign, or let the Government of the United States be overturned.

Even John Ireland, though a Catholic and an Irishman, is not yet ready for such a supposed catastrophe. Still some of us may have to meet it at no distant day.

Somewhat in the same line of comment, but still taking another distinct phase of our Americo-foreign relationships, these Old-World critics complain that, notwithstanding our theories of human equality and of humanity, and the fact that foreign-born residents of the United States still do a vast amount of the hard work of this continent, there is no sooner a serious protest on the part of oppressed coal miners, or other bodies of workingmen made up largely of foreign-born inhabitants, as in the recent case of the Pennsylvania miners, largely of Polish origin, than the representatives of the Government of the United States, and newspaper reporters and editors, largely under the thumb of the moneyed classes, raise the cry of contempt that the striking miners are nothing but a lot of foreigners,

the presumption being that therefore said foreigners, though otherwise and always law-abiding citizens or residents, have no rights which their employers or the bloody-handed rifle-shooters of any brutal sheriff are bound to respect.

And these critics rightly ask again, are we not all children of the same Eternal Father? Are we not all men and of one blood? Is not his little home, his wife and child as near and dear to the coal miner—born in Poland or Italy, but now a resident in America—as dear to him as are the homes and wives and children of Americans whose fathers were foreigners? Has not the United States been built up by foreign labor and foreign heroism? Have not vast thousands of foreign-born residents and citizens fought in all our wars? Is not the average civilization of the nations of the Old World, whence these despised foreigners came, at least equal to anything the United States have to show in the way of native civilization; and do we not need, for hundreds of years to come, tens of thousands of foreign-born laborers to help us put this vast continent into some sort of civilized condition?

Will such shuffling and mouthing, office-seeking and purchasable non-working mechanics as T. Powderly & Co. do this? And is a nation so false to all its own theories and to its own larger and more permanent interests fit to live?

Whatever may be our final answer to such questions as these, the fact that they are flung in our teeth by broad-minded and serious thinking men should at least drive us to reconsider our eternal self-complacency and suggest to us that our average conduct and our prevailing legislation may not be so everlastingly perfect as the average American supposes them to be.

In still another and perhaps still more serious vein our Old-World critics complain that though from the first the founders of the United States and the best statesmen our land has produced have all said and held that as the United States were sufficient unto themselves, and while they could not look with favor upon any efforts on the part of the nations of the Old World to increase their dominions on this continent, the United States at the same time had no desire to interfere with the existing rights and dominions of European nations on this continent; and particularly that said United States never would interfere with said rights and dominions here, much less would

our Government interfere with the territorial or international affairs of the nations of the Old World outside the territory of the United States, and especially on the continents and islands and seas of the Old World; still that, notwithstanding all this, the Government of the United States, and especially the newspaper agitators of the United States, pretending to act on grounds of humanity, etc., have again and again, during the last quarter of a century particularly, presumed to tell the Czar of Russia how he should govern Siberia; the Sultan of Turkey how he should govern Armenia; Great Britain how she should treat the Venezuelans; Spain how she should govern Cuba and her sacred possessions; and lately have been on the point of aiding and abetting a set of Yankee thieves in their stealing and appropriating the Hawaiian Islands, etc., etc.

In a word, that, instead of minding her own business and trying to legislate and act with some sort of justice toward her own citizens and inhabitants, and trying to put her own continent into something like a civilized condition, the Government of the United States has been interfering with the national and international affairs of nearly every nation of the Old World; and what is worse, under the goading whip of a set of money-lenders and speculators, seems more than ever determined to proceed in this offensive and impertinent manner until she is taught a lesson that may break her neck and her back at the same time, and put her under the care of Old-World physicians for a few hundred years to come. As Americans, familiar with even the newspaper history of the last quarter of a century, we are obliged to admit these latter charges also; but as to yielding to the advice or treatment of Old-World statesmen or physicians, that is another matter.

Whatever may be the average American estimate of the foregoing, it is without any veilings of diplomacy, and at the same time, without hatred or national prejudice, the general indictment of the United States as set forth by the students of history, by the statesmen and by the rulers of the nations of the Old World. And their general conclusion is, that if the Government of the United States persists in its present policy of jingoism, conquest, and interference with the international and other relationships of the nations of the Old World, in the first place the United States will be obliged to raise and spend untold

millions of money in the work of fortifying her borders all along the Canadian frontier and the region of the lakes ; that she will have to be just as thorough, careful, and elaborate in fortifying her Alaskan frontiers clear to the Asiatic boundary lines ; that she must at once fortify her entire Atlantic coast, and especially all her Atlantic harbors, including the coast line on the Gulf of Mexico ; that she must be just as careful and expensive in fortifying the boundary line between her territory and Mexico—for we have flouted the Mexicans as well as the rest of the world ; that she must extend this careful and elaborate fortification the entire length of her Pacific coast ; must, in a word, be an armed camp on all the shores and boundary lines of her present dominions ; must at the same time build a navy that would be three times the present strength of the British navy, and maintain constantly a regular army of not less than five hundred thousand men.

Beyond question, there is reason in this prognostication, and beyond question the magnitude of the plans outlined here are infinitely too large for such limited intellects as those possessed by the very mediocre General Miles of our present army or Teddy Roosevelt of our present navy.

We are a smart people ; we came of the best of all the conquering men and peoples of the world. As in the case of our Civil War, when James Buchanan and General Scott proved unequal to the gigantic work before the Northern States of this nation, men of sufficient calibre soon arose to master the problem and bring the Union cause to victory, so it may be in any emergency of the future. But, in the first place, in order to do the work referred to, the Government of the United States will have to raise and be able to command more than fifty times the amount of money that was needed to cope with and conquer the rebellion of the Southern States ; and if it ever comes to war, we shall have to fight the combined armies and navies of all the leading nations of the Old World, easily representing a total of thirty millions of well-armed, well-drilled, and capable fighting men.

Should such a conflict be forced upon us, it is plain, in the first place, that we should be bankrupt and utterly in the hands of the money-lenders of the Old World before we got even our fortifications completed, and in the next place, that the united armies and navies of the Old World could, spite of all our forti-

fications, and spite of the utmost army we could coax or press into our service, crush and capture all our fortifications inside of two years, drive our utmost armies clear across and over the eastern slopes of the Alleghanies and their kindred ranges all along our Atlantic States, do precisely the same with our fortifications and our utmost armies all along the Pacific coast and slope, and drive us through the passes of all the Rocky Mountain ranges, and force the remnants of the nation, armed and unarmed, into the great valley of the Mississippi and the Missouri, thus provoking the final battle of the world, or the great battle of Armageddon, foretold in Revelation, and grinding this ambitious and restless and godless people to powder between the noblest ranges of mountains and in the noblest and most productive valley of the world, simply because we did not know when we were well off and would not mind our own business.

It is not likely that this fearful consummation of our American catastrophe will come about in a day or a year. That it is feasible, however, is to my mind beyond question. Every well-informed person admits the quick and fearful fighting capacity of the United States; but in a war such as is contemplated by the Old-World critics and rulers here referred to, it is claimed that our actual fighting capacity would be greatly weakened by the close sympathy that at least five millions out of our claimed fifteen millions of fighting men would feel for the various nations that, in the case supposed, would be arrayed against us.

Moreover, as victory for the armies and navies of the Old World would be practically certain, and as it would be understood in advance that when the United States were partitioned and divided among the nations of the Old World, men of all Old-World nationalities who had favored the cause of the invaders would be well provided for during their lives by the governments of the respective nations out of which they had come, it is held that said United States inhabitants of foreign birth—citizens or not—would not be at all eager to fight in a hopeless cause, as they are now eager to fight against Spain alone.

These are the conditions, the theories, and the probabilities of the Old-World invasion of this continent as they are being considered throughout Europe and Asia to-day.

The aim is to unite *all* the leading nations of the Old World

against the United States—that is, England, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Turkey, Russia, China, Japan, Spain, and to portion this country among these nations at the end of the struggle.

It is understood that up to this time the greatest difficulty has been to persuade England even to consider the matter, and to the critics this seems all the more remarkable since England is the one Old-World nation among them that has been snubbed most, that has suffered most, and lost most at our hands.

It is claimed, however, that all that is needed to draw England into this Old-World alliance is to assure her of victory and make her portion of the spoils large enough and attractive enough to call forth all her ambition and all her power.

The question of victory is considered practically settled by those who have given the matter longest and closest attention, hence the main question now is as to the division of the spoils.

The plan of partition, as it lies in the minds of our would-be conquerors to-day, is about as follows: to divide the United States into ten portions, said portions to be given to the ten leading powers of the Old World named; and as our territory is made up of various latitudes of the world, the aim will be, as far as possible, to apportion the more southern sections of the United States to the more southern nations of the Old World and the more northern portions to the northern nations of the Old World.

Moreover, as the inhabitants of the United States are made up of representatives of nearly all the nations of the Old World, and as these have generally followed certain lines of habitation in the United States, the aim will be to follow these same lines as far as possible in the partitions of the future.

Again, the plan, as far as it has gone, contemplates the observation in nearly all cases of the present lines of the various States of the Union, the restoration of the absolute sovereignty of these States as it existed before the American Revolution, and a perfect system of home rule, not only for each State, but for each section of States apportioned to each government of the Old World.

It is claimed, moreover, that this victory for Old-World civilization once achieved, and this partition made, the peace of the entire world would be assured for at least one thousand years; that each nation of the Old World, with such a rich colony to care for

as would fall to it by this partition of the United States, would vie with the others to make its section of the States as beautiful, as cultured, and as prosperous as possible; and that as the development of human greatness has always been cleaner and purer through the medium of smaller States than it has been through the medium of great and imperialized concentrations of nations, this new partition of a conglomerate nation like ours would, under the tutelage of the nations of the Old World, have a splendid tendency toward the development of a more reasonable, a more gentle, and a more gifted race of men than can possibly be looked for through the development of the vain-glorious and largely infidel, selfish and unprincipled type of character represented by the prevailing United States newspaper civilization of our day.

I mention these points to show that, at least in theory, our would-be invaders and conquerors seem to be inspired by motives not less, but more rational and humane than those which led the United States to interfere with Spain's government of Cuba, and so to force upon the world the present needless and bloody war.

Coming to the actual partition of our continent, the lines, as so far marked out, are about as follows: First, that to England shall be given—that is, really given back—all the New England States, New York, Michigan south of Mackinaw, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware, To France, the two Carolinas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida. To Germany, the portion of Michigan north of Mackinaw, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the two Dakotas, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, and Kansas. To Austria, Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, and Texas. To Italy, New Mexico, Arizona, and California below or south of the 36th parallel. To Turkey, Utah and Colorado. To China, Nevada, and Central California between the 36th and 40th parallels. To Japan, Oregon, and California between the 40th and 42d parallels. To Russia, all of Alaska and the States of Washington and Montana.

It is understood that, no matter what may be the result of the present war between the United States and Spain, Spain shall have guaranteed to her forever the right to Cuba and to all her present possessions in the Old World and the New, and that, under the circumstances of the present unequal contest, this ought and will satisfy her.

I have no personal opinion to express regarding the moral or other merits of the gigantic scheme here outlined.

As to its feasibility, I have no doubt that, if the nations of the Old World here indicated chose to unite in the enterprise named, they could cut us into mince-meat and pi the continent much as indicated inside of twelve months from the day the undertaking was inaugurated. Ancient Egypt fell to pieces, Greece was cut to pieces, Rome rotted of its own corruption. In modern times, Poland, a nation much like our own, was hewn asunder and divided between Russia and Prussia; and that the Eternal will smite us, hip and thigh, unless we learn better ways than we have practiced the last one hundred years, I have no more doubt than I have of the existence of God himself.

For more than ten years, when friends of mine have talked to me of the coming European war, I have constantly persisted that, when it came, the United States would be involved in it; but I hardly expected that the first great naval battle of the world-drama of war now opening before us would be fought and fought to splendid victory in Asiatic waters by a naval squadron of the United States.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, whether we whip Spain or not, we have put our feet—both feet clear to the knees—in the mud of Old-World politics, and God only knows what will be the result before we get our feet out again.

Meanwhile, I believe that truer theories of human nature, of government, and higher ideals of Christian life will be evolved from these new struggles, and to me it is of no consequence which nation wins.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

HOW WE GOT LOUISIANA AND FLORIDA.

WHEN we review the past, the history of our country resembles a beautiful landscape. And as we study it more closely, like a smiling landscape on closer view the divergences of scenery are fully revealed, briars, thistles, jagged foot-paths, vast plains, lowly valleys, inaccessible mountain heights and sharp precipices appear. These divergences or difficulties help us to realize the trials which beset our forefathers, the patriots and founders of our country. The task before them was no easy one, to mould a republic out of the chaotic conditions of the country when the war for independence ended. The thirteen States were in no pleasant frame of mind at the close of the war, and each seemed to adopt for its motto: "Look out for number one." Self-interest was paramount. Congress was powerless. The articles of confederation, framed to suit the exigencies of war, were not so well adapted for peace.

Once more Washington came to the front, and cast oil on the troubled waters. When the Constitution was produced amid heart-burning, and stormy debates, while its fate was trembling in the balance, because many refused to sign it, Washington stepped forward and boldly affixed his signature. Immediately other statesmen who had held back followed his example, like sheep jumping over a wall, for many men are like sheep and need a leader.

The Constitution did not provide for the acquisition of territory, therefore several years later Jefferson was confronted with a serious problem at the time of the purchase of Louisiana. He cut the Gordian knot by prompt measures, however, and the result proved the wisdom of his far-reaching views, although he met with a great deal of opposition from Congress. Nowadays few people realize how vast were Spain's possessions in the New World up to the nineteenth century. Like a man who has lost his money through reckless speculations, or the changes of fickle fortune, or fortuitous events over which he has no control, Spain now looks back with regret on that epoch of prosperity.

The Spanish explorer, Ponce de Leon, in search of the fountain of youth, was the first to discover Florida, landing near the site of St. Augustine, on Easter Sunday. So he named it Flor-

ida in commemoration of *Pascua Florida*. Velazquez followed, and a Florentine navigator, Verazzina, came later in 1524. He was succeeded by the Spanish discoverer De Garay, and two years later Panfilo de Navaez obtained a grant from Spain of the land from Cape Florida to the River Panuco. These explorations were all disastrous as well as that of Fernando de Soto. Fernando de Soto was appointed *adelantado* of Cuba and Florida, and took command of the former. Finally, in 1539, leaving the Island of Cuba under command of his wife, as vice-regent—the first and only instance of a woman's governing Cuba—Soto sailed for Florida at the head of a large expedition.

Warlike tribes of Indians blocked their way, and the explorers were beset with perils of all kinds—hostile natives, wild beasts, and deadly miasmas from the rivers decimated their ranks, and Soto succumbed to yellow fever; his remains were laid to rest in that far-off spot, and his widow died of grief on learning of her bereavement.

In those days of fanatical bigotry, crimes were committed in the name of religion—in the sacred name of Christ, our Redeemer, who preached only peace towards all men of good will. Small settlements of French Huguenots, who sought an asylum in the New World on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, were destroyed by the ruthless Spanish soldiery, who hung many of their victims to the trees with this inscription: "Thus perish all heretics."

A party of Frenchmen retaliated later by attacking a Spanish fort. Being victorious in the fray, and not to be outdone in cruelty by their enemies, they hung a number on the same trees on which the ghastly corpses of their countrymen had been exposed, adding the following words: "Not as heretics, but as cut-throats and murderers."

Florida was settled alike by Spaniards and Frenchmen. The former retained possession of St. Augustine from 1565 to 1586, until Francis Drake finally wrested it from Spain. This famous English sailor, in his depredations on the Spanish Main, delighted "to singe the Spaniard's beard," as it was called in those days.

To a Spanish explorer was due the discovery of Mexico in the early part of 1500 and he also was the first to behold the great Mississippi River; while to a French missionary, Marquette, be-

longs the glory of the discovery of the source of the Mississippi in 1673. And the latter explored it as far as the mouth of the Arkansaw. Resuming the voyage where Marquette had left off, in 1682 La Salle followed the river to its mouth, and on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, he raised the flag of France, taking possession in the name of his royal master. This province was called Louisiana. Later La Salle established Fort Louis on the coast of Texas.

Spain, France and England alike established settlements on the North American Continent—and all alike struggled for supremacy, while it seemed as though they were playing a game of football with their respective possessions. To Columbus was due the discovery of America, while to Queen Isabella due credit should be rendered, because she befriended the great discoverer most nobly, and sold her jewels to enable him to pursue his explorations at the time that his schemes were regarded as chimerical vagaries by his contemporaries. Who can tell how long the New World might have remained undiscovered had it not been for the coöperation that noble woman gave to Columbus. Through the right of discovery, not only the Antilles, Central and South America but a large portion of the North American continent, viz., Mexico, and Florida, belonged to Spain at one time; and in the early part of this century the loss of the last two was a grievous loss to that proud nation.

In the South the Spaniard first appeared, with his thirst for adventure, quixotic nature and dauntless spirit, taking possession of the newly discovered lands; he was quickly followed in the North by the Frenchman, with his mercurial, gallant temperament, and the sturdy Englishman with his indomitable spirit, took possession of the eastern portion. Like the elephant, which first thrusts in his trunk as a wedge, gradually followed by his unwieldy body, Anglo-Saxon aggressiveness, pugnacity and progression conquered in the long run, and expelled the Latin race from the greater part of the northern continent, or so assimilated the descendants of that race, that they became in time a part of the American people, when England's child, America, emancipated herself from home rule.

England came off victorious in the French and Indian wars. France was obliged to abandon the struggle, and England also punished Spain for the family compact by which the different

sovereigns of the Bourbon race combined to support one another against all the world.

In 1763 a treaty of peace between England, France and Spain was drawn up, whereby France ceded to England, Canada, Nova Scotia (Acadia), Cape Breton and the islands on the gulf and coast of the River St. Lawrence.

The dividing line ran from the Mississippi River from its source to the River Iberville, and along the shores of Lakes Maurepas and Pontchartrain, to the Gulf of Mexico. All the land eastward was yielded to England, and all the land west was delivered to Spain.

Havana was seized in 1762 by Lord Albemarle and that same year it was returned to Spain in exchange for Florida. France yielded to Spain the Island of New Orleans, and all the region west of the Mississippi. According to the treaty of 1763 between Great Britain, Spain and France, at the time that Florida was ceded to England, it was agreed that the boundaries between Spain's possessions and England's should be fixed by a line drawn down the middle of the Mississippi River from its source to the River Iberville, and thence to the Flint, to the headwaters of St. Mary's and down the river to the sea.

The passage of the Mississippi River was the bone of contention between Spain and the United States from an early period. At the close of the war for independence, when peace was established, a secret treaty was drawn up between England and the new republic, and one of the clauses was an agreement that in case the former should ever acquire possession of West Florida, the southern boundary should consist of a line running east from that point where the Yazoo River mingles its waters with the Mississippi to the Appalachicola, while the eighth article stipulated that the passage of the Mississippi should always be free to Englishmen and Americans alike. When Spain learned of this treaty, she protested and refused to allow any concessions whatsoever. Troubles between American and Spanish traders occurred. Gardoqui was sent from Spain in 1785 to settle this dispute, and he stoutly held forth against any concessions whatsoever. During the American Revolution the trade of the Southern States was menaced by privateers sailing from Florida ports. In 1778 Gen. Prevost marched into Georgia and seized Savannah. Meanwhile Florida was exposed to attack

from the Spanish rulers of Louisiana, who captured Baton Rouge in 1779, and Pensacola in 1781. Eventually, in accordance with the treaty of 1783, Florida was retroceded to Spain by England. At that period many inhabitants left Florida to settle in the United States.

Spain and the United States were on the verge of an open rupture in 1787. Although the United States claimed the free passage of the Mississippi, Spain closed it to American traders, and refused to listen to the Americans' claim that the passage of the Mississippi was their inalienable right, derived or inherited from England, through their ancient colonial charters. This right Spain refused to concede, while she claimed the West through right of conquest over France. Although France did not support Spain entirely, she proposed a compromise. Jay's treaty was carried out in 1795, a treaty distasteful to many people in the United States, and which raised a hornet's nest, because they considered that Spain had the better of the transaction. However, Spain agreed to allow Americans a free deposit in New Orleans for three years, and also agreed to accept 31 degrees from the Mississippi to the Appalachicola as the south boundary of the United States, while she withdrew her troops from the posts she had held on the east bank of the river.

Meanwhile the Man of Destiny, of fearless spirit, firm purpose, iron will and insatiable ambition, appeared on the scene in France. From the humble lieutenant of artillery he rose to the highest rank in the French revolutionary army, seized the reins of government, was proclaimed First Consul, and finally placed himself upon the throne in France, donned the ermine and bees of the Cæsars, while he emulated or assumed Charlemagne's purple and pomp when he proclaimed himself Emperor of France. All Europe hastened to render homage to Napoleon the Great, who, attaining the height of his ambition, became master of Europe and played battledore and shuttlecock with kings and princes, dethroning the lawful occupants of the throne to place thereon his own adherents, many of whom were upstarts, who had sprung from the lowest strata of society.

Charles IV. of Spain, his queen, and heir Ferdinand, as well as the Prince of Peace, Godaz, were easy tools in the tyrant's grasp, while he moulded them like wax to his will. During his meteoric course America as well as Europe came under the comet's spell.

While Napoleon was still First Consul in 1800 Jefferson sent Livingston to buy the Island of New Orleans, and Napoleon offered him the whole of the province of Louisiana instead for fifteen million dollars. Jefferson seized the opportunity, although such an emergency was not provided for in the Constitution, taking time by the forelock, with his sagacious insight into the future, and he closed the bargain after much haggling. Thus Louisiana was obtained, which led later to the cession of Florida from Spain in 1819.

Monroe was sent abroad to buy Florida, and instead he purchased the Province of Louisiana, because Monroe was authorized to complete that transaction, much to the chagrin of Livingston, who was thus shorn of the full glory.

Louisiana was ceded to France by Spain in 1800, but a short time before it passed into the hands of the United States, and this was a sore point with Spain, because Napoleon did not consult her in that transaction, although Spain claimed that he had promised never to part with it without Spain's authorization.

However, promises never stood in the way of self-interest with that proud autocrat.

Foiled in his schemes in Santo Domingo, Napoleon tossed Louisiana to Jefferson in order to raise funds to further his designs on European kingdoms. When the United States took possession of the province of Louisiana, where the source of the Mississippi River existed was a matter still veiled in mystery, because at that period nations had no very definite notions of geography. If the Man of Destiny had been aware of the treasure he so ruthlessly squandered he would never have parted with the province of Louisiana, which at that period was as large as the whole thirteen States, while it extended from the River Grande to the Mobile, from the Gulf to the country beyond the source of the Mississippi River, and from the Smoky Mountains to the unknown regions of the West, embracing a large portion of the western and southwestern States of to-day.

The purchase of Louisiana gave rise to disputes in Congress, and Federalists declared it unconstitutional; but Jefferson carried the day, and the matter was settled satisfactorily.

At the time of the cession, Louisiana had not yet been delivered to France, but Spain commissioned the governor, Marquis of Casa Calvo, to do so, and Napoleon sent Laussat to receive it, and then transfer it to the United States.

Salcedo gave up the key of New Orleans. The Marquis of Casa Calvo, from the balcony of the government palace, absolved the people from allegiance to Spain, the banner of Spain was lowered, and the tricolor of France raised. The French had no troops in that province, and Jefferson, meanwhile, was hurrying preparations to receive the province from Laussat. And he had cause for haste, because the Spanish Minister protested against the cession in the name of his royal master, alleging that France had not made good the treaty of San Ildefonso. And, forsooth, the mission of the Spanish Don appears to have been to protest unavailingly.

Amid a concourse of officials and priests, Laussat had delivered the order of the king of Spain for the transfer of Louisiana to France, and displayed his authority from the First Consul to receive it. This act was carried out on November 30, 1803, and, December 20th, Governor Claiborne entered New Orleans, the French flag was hauled down, and the Star Spangled Banner was raised, which has proudly waved over it ever since, barring that short period during the Civil War, when it was held by the Confederates. Upper Louisiana was delivered later, in 1804.

Louisiana had changed owners six times already. Ninety-one years previously, Louis XIV had granted Louisiana to Antoine Crozat, the merchant-prince of that day. Unable to derive any profit from it, Crozat made it over to John Law, Director of the Mississippi company, or so-called Mississippi bubble. And after his intangible scheme had burst like a fragile soap-bubble, involving thousands in his failure, it was surrendered to Louis XV in 1731, who, in 1762, surrendered it to the king of Spain, who delivered it to Napoleon, who bartered it away to the United States. Thus, it was like the house which Jack built, and, to carry the comparison still farther, Jack was the architect that built the house, and rat, cat, dog, cow, milkmaid, yielded to his dominating spirit, and out of chaos he produced harmony, and moulded the heterogeneous population into a law-abiding, peaceful people. Not without trouble and disturbance, however. Ruled for forty years by Spanish officers, in accordance to their whims, Louisianians were not fit for self-government at first. Spanish troops were loth to go, and paraded the streets of New Orleans, boasting that it would soon again be under the Spanish flag. The people of New Orleans at first were restive under Governor Clai-

borne's administration, which appeared as irksome as Spanish rule to them, and they sent three representatives to Congress to urge upon them the completion of the treaty and admission to the Union. March, 1805, they were allowed to elect a General Assembly and twenty-five representatives, and were promised admission into the Union when their population should reach 60,000. Louisiana was finally admitted into the Union in 1810, and proved another hard nut for politicians to crack.

Previous to that, Spanish intrigue and American treason in the person of Aaron Burr, from 1804 to 1807, came near proving disastrous to our country.

At the time of the acquisition of Louisiana the boundary question and Florida dispute was the cause of imbroglio between the Spanish government and the United States. The United States claimed that Louisiana extended to the Perdido River, while Spain would acknowledge no claim east of the Mississippi.

Strained relations ensued, succeeded by a severance of diplomatic relations between both countries from 1808 to 1815. The Spanish Minister at that time, Trujillo, was recalled three years after the Secretary of State Madison had demanded his recall. Señor Trujillo was married to a daughter of Judge Kean, of Philadelphia, and they resided in that city. Trujillo endeavored to forward his schemes through the press, but he was unmasked, and his attempt to calumniate Jefferson was already known to him when he received Trujillo with his usual hospitality, thus heaping fire on his ungrateful head, much to the Don's chagrin when he learned that his host was aware of his duplicity.

The web of politics became more and more entangled, and diplomatic relations were severed with Spain, but instead of waging war with that country, or with France, on account of Napoleon's high-handed treatment of America, our country became involved in a struggle with England.

Spanish-America arose in arms, and England fostered their rebellion against Spanish dominion. Buenos Ayres, Venezuela, New Grenada and Mexico were in open revolt, and Florida as well as Cuba showed signs of a revolutionary spirit in 1810. New Feliciana had been settled by a large number of Americans after the cession of Louisiana, and they arose, threw off

Spanish dominion, and raised the Lone Star flag, and named a president and a constitution of their own. They stormed the Spanish fort at Baton Rouge, killed the heroic commander, who was left alone, sword in hand, the solitary defender of his post. They then declared West Florida free and independent, and sent offers of annexation to the United States. Madison's reply was a proclamation taking possession of the territory, as far as the Perdido River, as the lawful territory of the United States. Overcoming all opposition, within a year the American flag waved over West Florida.

During the war of 1812 both West and East Florida were the nest for smugglers and privateers, who preyed upon American commerce, while Indians committed all sorts of atrocities. Madison feared that the coast of Florida would afford a landing for English forces, and thus place the country at the mercy of their foes, so he deemed it a sacred duty to occupy east of the Perdido River temporarily the disputed district claimed through the cession of Louisiana.

Trujo was succeeded in 1809 by Onis, who was sent out by the Supreme Central Junta in Spain, which claimed to act in the name of the deposed Ferdinand VII. However, Onis was not recognized in his official capacity until 1815, because the United States remained neutral so long as the crown was in dispute. The six years previous to his recognition were occupied by protests and literary as well as diplomatic work. During the war of 1812 a scheme was set on foot by the English to sow the seeds of rebellion in Louisiana and induce the people to return to their allegiance to Spain, and Cockrane considered that 3,000 men landed at Mobile could with the aid of Indians, Spaniards and French expel Americans from Louisiana and Florida. Had not Ross's death providentially put a stop to this scheme, which had been entrusted to him for execution, history might now tell a different tale.

Old Hickory appeared on the scene, fearless, rugged and bold, and Indians, English and Spanish foes were in turn quelled and subdued. Like a spirited war-steed, which throws off the traces and at the smell of powder rushes into the thickest of the fight, the doughty general was not to be restrained by Congress when his blood was up. And those were stirring times when Americans were fired by the sickening details of atrocities executed

by Creeks and Seminoles. At the massacre of Fort Mims five hundred and fifty persons were surprised and four hundred were slain or burnt alive, amid the most agonizing torture inflicted by their savage foes. Troubles arose between the United States and Spanish rulers of Florida on account of the lawlessness of hostile Indians, and filibusters, unrestrained by Spanish rulers, and they were called upon to punish the marauders, otherwise Americans would.

Meanwhile negotiations for the cession of Florida were going on, and finally the cession of that disputed territory was obtained in 1819, through the payment of five million dollars from the United States, and the mooted question was eventually settled in 1821, when the treaty was ratified.

New York.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

A DEAD HOPE.

DEEP down within the cloister of my heart,
 There sleeps enshrouded with the cloak of death,
 A hope, whose shadow ever lingereth—
 Whose spectral form will from me ne'er depart—
 And naught of Poesy or kindred art
 Can satiate my soul, that hungereth
 To know that this fond hope's now icy breath
 Will warm again. Sometimes I quickly start
 From sleep's too fond embrace, and waking, know
 That misery and anguish heavy lie
 Upon a youthful breast. A soothing dream
 Its cry of pain then stills, while soft and low
 A white-winged angel's matchless lullaby
 Floats ever where Hope's moonlight still doth gleam.

Springfield, Ky.

ESTELLE MARIE GERARD.

OUR AMERICAN-SPANISH WAR.

WHEN a great catastrophe of any sort is upon us, mere elongated discussion is out of place. I shall therefore treat this question with all the brevity in my power. I say *our* American-Spanish war, because, in my judgment, Spain is in no way responsible for the war, and because we are wholly to blame.

For many years a set of unprincipled jingo-American speculators have desired and purposed that the United States should own and control Cuba. Finally these jingoes got the control of certain *yellow* journals, and others not so yellow, and at last, by many foul means, got control of a majority of the United States Congress to talk and vote in a way to exasperate the entire Spanish nation, until we are now at war with Spain.

The position of this magazine from the first has been, and still is, that the United States Government never had any right, cause, or business to interfere with the manner in which Spain governed Cuba or any other of her provinces, therefore that all our Congressional talk and resolutions on this point, from first to last, have been an unmitigated series of impudent national insults that no nation on the face of the earth could endure without losing the respect of all other nations in the world.

In the next place, I hold that our American interference in Spanish-Cuban affairs on the grounds of *humanity*, or for the sake of liberty—that is, liberty to or for the half-breed rebels in Cuba—has been and is still as hypocritical and false-hearted as it has been foolish, ignorant, and impertinent.

No honest and intelligent man suspects American jingoism of being especially afflicted with sympathy for humanity. In a word, the assumed ground of our interference is a barefaced lie. On the other hand, we have had government enough in our own borders, God knows; wars enough, riots enough, assassinations enough, cruelties enough—more cruelties and needless loss of life during four years of our Civil War than Cuba has suffered in any twenty years of her history—so that, even if an honest ray of humanitarianism had smitten our jingoism, common modesty and self-recollection ought to have

prevented this nation from crying mad dog because a few half-breed rebels in Cuba were getting their deserts. Again, as I have pointed out and proven in this magazine, time and again, the sort of people in rebellion in Cuba during the last three years are absolutely unfit for freedom; and, as a matter of fact, have been destroyers of civilization wherever their red-handed revolution has any way succeeded on this earth—the Island of Saint Domingo being the latest and most striking example—so that, supposing our motives in interfering to free Cuba to have been sincere, our ignorance of the record of the races we are trying to help is no less culpable than our hypocrisy and national impudence.

There is still another point on which we have shown the grossest ignorance—I am now speaking alike of yellow journalism and the American Congress—viz., the real military strength of Spain in Cuba.

From various sources the information has come to me during the last six months that Spain had very nearly 250,000 well-drilled, well-armed, and acclimatized troops ready for action on the island of Cuba, and yet our yellow journalism and our Government have talked and acted as if we had only to send General Lee and a regiment of other fools to Cuba in order to capture the island and put Uncle Sam in charge. If, then, it be asked why Spain has not put down the petty half-breed rebellion in Cuba, let me remind our yellow journalists and our Congress that one of the bravest American consular servants the nation has ever had in Cuba is on record in our New York newspapers, to the effect that Spain could have put down that rebellion long ago, had it not been financially more to the advantage of Spanish officers to prolong the business for a while. There are other rascals besides American rascals in this world. For my own part, I have believed for a year past that Spain, foreseeing that a war with the United States must come, has been massing her troops in Cuba, not to put down a wretched half-breed rebellion that lived only in the woods, but to be prepared to meet United States troops when they came to Cuba and expected a walk-over.

Instead of a walk-over, I here predict that it will take 300,000 well-drilled, acclimatized American troops to capture Cuba, and before they are ready to make the attempt, half of that number will die of disease.

Dear friends, is the game worth the power?

Have we not enough land and enough half-breeds already?

With these views and feelings on this subject, I have always despised Consul Lee's attitude as one wholly influenced by ambition, and no sane man pretends to believe now that there was any need for American warships in Cuban waters when he clamored for them. I, therefore, look upon the sending of the *Maine* to *Cuba* as a menace and an insult to Spain. I refer to this at this point, because when the false pleas of humanity seemed to be failing to effect their purpose, the *Maine* was destroyed, Spain blamed for it, and so the final spark was laid to the inflamed and ignorant passions of the American people.

Now it must not be forgotten that, up to this point, there is absolutely no proof that the *Maine* was blown up from the outside at all; much less is there one particle of proof that Spain was officially in any way responsible for the disaster. On the contrary, the best authorities favor the judgment that the disaster was internal, of a kind not yet determined on, and yet this great and boasting, wise and educated, civilized and Christian, just and humane American people are allowing an infernal accident, probably due to our own culpability in building the steamship *Maine*, to act as an inflaming cause of war with a nation in no wise to blame for the affair.

One can forgive yellow journalism for such villainy, because it helps to sell their yellow journals; but to see the legislative and executive departments of a great nation carried away with such infernal falsehood is an unutterable shame.

It is, moreover, a fact known to all nations of the world that Spain, in order to keep the peace, held back her anger and indignation at our American interference in Cuban affairs, withdrew General Weyler largely because our yellow journalism in and out of Congress objected to him, declared in favor of an armistice with rebels who had not asked for it, largely to conciliate American sentiment, and granted home rule, or an autonomist government to Cuba, hoping to avoid war with us, but all to no purpose; the simple truth being that our American jingoism was bent on war with Spain—at least on clearing Spain out of Cuba utterly, that is, bluffing her out or driving her out by war.

As regards Spain's autonomist government for Cuba, I have

it direct from the lips of some of the bravest and best-blooded Americans resident in Cuba, that said system is more liberal toward Cubans, every way, than the present government of Canada is liberal toward Canadians, and far more liberal than any American government ever would be toward Cubans should America ever get control of the island.

In view of these facts, I look upon the action of the United States Congress in ordering Spain out of Cuba as one of the most unjust, unreasonable, and stupendous insults ever offered by one nation to another in all the tides of time.

Should the management of the New York Central Railroad, in New York, get up a meeting of its officers and pass resolutions demanding that the management of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in Philadelphia, should get out inside of ten days or be kicked out by the New York Central management, the thing would be mild and reasonable and gentlemanly compared with the action of the United States Government toward Spain.

Beyond question, we are a more powerful nation than Spain, and in the long run can hardly help conquering her; but should the run—that is, the war—be long, in view of all this bragging and bullying attitude and action of ours, the nations of the Old World can hardly help intervening, in the name of humanity, of course, and then God only knows what and where the end will be.

At this writing, May 10th, 1898, Commodore Dewey has fought his first splendid battle and proven, plainly enough, what needed no proof, that Americans, coming as we do from all the conquering races of the world, can fight like lightning by land or by sea; but should the main Spanish fleet that left the Cape Verde Islands about the first of May have made tracks for the Philippines, and should they get there eight days in advance of Sampson's warships, Dewey may yet be smashed and the islands saved to Spain after all.

To all seeing people it has been clear these weeks past that Spain considers Cuba capable of taking care of herself as against any army America is likely to send against the island between now and next Fall. Still I am aware that a few days from this writing may change all the conditions here hinted at and bring victory to the American side.

I look upon this war as an impudent crime brought about by

American greed and ignorance; and if John Ireland and that wretched spread-eagle Irish-American, the ex Rector Keane, of Washington, now of Rome, would only study the American as he is in actual history, in American newspaperism, in American commerce, in American politics, above all in American legislation, and not merely as he is in effete drawing-rooms, made lavish and soft-headed by ill-gotten wealth, they might be better prelates and more sensible men.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

CHARLEMAGNE AND CHRISTIAN LETTERS.

FIVE or six proper names form almost a complete summary of universal history. They are Nabuchodonosor, Cyrus, Alexander, Augustus, Constantine, and Charlemagne. Fifteen hundred years before the last-mentioned, Nabuchodonosor of Babylon saw and began himself that history in the mysterious statue which Daniel explained to him, a statue composed of four different metals,—gold, iron, brass and steel, and which represented a monarchy comprising four successive dynasties, the Assyrians and Persians, the Greeks and Romans.

According to Daniel, a stone detached from the mountain would strike this statue's feet consisting of iron and clay, and reduce the whole effigy to dust. This statue represents a universal monarchy which, finally divided into ten different kingdoms, will be destroyed and replaced by a new empire, an empire belonging not to man but to God, and which will last till the end of time. Cyrus, of Persia, sees and continues that ensemble of human history, which is explained to him by Daniel, his friend and acquaintance. Alexander, of Macedon, continues the work of Nabuchodonosor and Cyrus, and the high priest of Jerusalem unfolds to him the role he must fulfil in accordance with what the prophets had assigned to him. Cæsar and Augustus, or rather the Romans, complete the work begun by Nabuchodonosor, and continued by Cyrus and Alexander.

That work is to forcibly reunite the principal nations of the earth under one head in order to prepare them for the spiritual

sovereignty of Christ. Nabuchodonosor, Cyrus, Alexander, and the Romans work for this end without being aware of what they do. Nabuchodonosor, after having adored the God of Daniel, obliges his subjects to pay himself divine honors. Cyrus, who rebuilt the temple of Jerusalem but was unable to restore it to its pristine glory and magnificence, pays worship to the creature instead of the Creator. Alexander, who did homage to the true God, when he beheld the sight of the high priest Iaddus, endeavors to make those under his sway confer on him divine honors. Cæsar and Augustus, who unconsciously prepared the way for the coming of Christ by subjecting so many nations to their sway, allow even temples to be erected to their honor.

All these potentates placed themselves on a level with God, whose creatures they were. Their successors, filled with rage, league themselves against the rising kingdom of Christ, and try to drown it with the effusion of the blood of so many of its votaries. But their efforts are spent in vain. The kingdom of Christ will continue to flourish, when the Roman empire will live only in the memory of the past. Constantine ceases to war against God, and bends his neck to the yoke of Christ; but, the greater part of the Roman empire remaining attached to the blinding superstition concomitant on their idols, foster a bitter anti-Christian spirit in order to subserve their political purposes. Hence the galling, indiscriminate persecution ceases to rage. During the following five centuries the Old World gradually crumbles into dust. From its ruins a new and Christian world comes forth with Charlemagne as its temporal chief. What Nabuchodonosor, Cyrus, Alexander, and Augustus in no wise understood, Charlemagne comprehends completely, and he publishes it to all nations and future ages, when he writes at the head of his laws those memorable words, "Our Lord Jesus Christ reigning for ever, I Charles, by the grace and mercy of the Franks, a devout defender and humble helper of the holy church of God." (Baluze: Capit., t. 1, p. 210.)

It is not our intention in this article to portray him as the glorious chief who conducted fifty-three wars to a successful issue; it is not our intention to speak of him as the founder of an empire that stretched from the shores of the Baltic to the banks of the Ebro, and from beyond the Elbe to the Atlantic Ocean; but we shall confine ourselves solely to the unfolding of

his efforts for the advancement of learning. In the year 800, after his return from Rome, where he had been, by Pope Leo III, crowned emperor of the Western Roman Empire, Charlemagne noticing the decadence of studies in France, issued to the metropolitans and abbots of his dominions a circular in which he said : "We notify you that we have judged it useful, that in the bishoprics and monasteries committed to our charge, we should apply ourselves not only to the maintaining of regularity, but also to the imparting of instruction to those disposed to receive it. Really though it is better to do good than to be acquainted with it, however, one must know it before doing it." He adds, "that having received letters from several monasteries, he found the sense and ideas of them in accordance with right reason ; but that the style was tinged with rusticity, and that their neglect to form a pleasing diction, induced him to fear that they were equally remiss in putting forth their efforts to comprehend the Sacred Scriptures, the understanding and interpreting of which presuppose a knowledge of human letters." Wherefore he recommends them to execute his orders concerning the erection of schools with the same zeal as that with which he himself was inflamed when he said : "For we wish that you be such as the soldiers of Christ ought to be, that is, men both pious and learned ; that you live well, and that you speak well." To infuse new life into the studies prevalent in the realm which had been impaired so much in the anarchy arising from the wars of preceding centuries, he understood that he needed skilful professors, and he determined to spare no efforts or expense in attracting to himself the most learned men that could be found anywhere. He caused Leidrade to come to him from Noricum and made him archbishop of Lyons.

Through promise of ample compensation he induced the English Alcuin, one of the most learned men we would say of that barbarous age, to leave his native land, and enter his service, so that he himself, in conjunction with many others, might profit by his learning, and that he also might utilize his services in reviving and reorganizing the languishing system of education in France. He also caused Clement, Dungal, and Albinus to come to him from Ireland, so that the light of their genius and various mental acquirements might penetrate and help to disperse the cloud of illiteracy which was then lowering over the

realm. About them we can say that they were but the precursors of many other learned sons of Ireland, who, after the invasion of that country by the Danes, in 815, were obliged to seek calmer and more hospitable shores, for the cultivation of literature and the imparting of their erudition to humanity. We can say that what then was an evil to Ireland was a source of good to France. The Rev. Maurice Ronayne, S.J., in his learned work on "Science and Religion," which is the best we have seen on the subject, says, in his own beautiful style: "By their advent to that country, fresh currents of thought were sent through the Carlovingian school system; a love of science was fostered anew, and a method of dialectics, which afterwards grew into scholasticism, was grafted, some writers assert, by Irish scholars on European education."

Now with regard to the literary attainments of Charlemagne. We are informed by Eginhard, that when over thirty years of age, and when he had been king for a considerable time, he diligently applied himself to the study of grammar under Peter of Pisa. Alcuin taught him rhetoric, without the assistance of which we are told he was naturally endowed with eloquence enough. He also instructed him in dialectics and astronomy, to which science he was exceedingly attached. Hence we can see that Charlemagne had a good education for the time, a better one than had been received by any of the French kings that had preceded him, and a much better one than had been accepted by many of his successors on the throne of France.

With regard to the advancement of education, not only did he apply himself to raise to a higher grade the studies in the schools then existing, but he also augmented their number by founding a multiplicity of new ones. The first elements of knowledge were often taught in the private or parochial schools. In those attached to the cathedral schools or monasteries he enabled the pupils to follow the *trivium* or grammar, taken as it then was understood, in the sense of general literature; although from them the *quadrivium* was not absolutely excluded. He required those who wished to follow the higher course of studies, which included mathematics, astronomy, geography, music, rhetoric and dialectics, to frequent the public schools which he had caused to be attached to the greater monasteries. Also, he founded, for the training of candidates for the priesthood, epis-

copal seminaries, in which were especially cultivated studies suited to the ecclesiastical state, and that regularity of discipline which recommended them, centuries afterwards, to the fathers of the Council of Trent as models of training schools for clerics. This shows the clear, solid, and unerring judgment of Charlemagne, by thus exceeding his age for centuries to come. We may add that in those days the schools of Tours, Rheims, Fulda, St. Gall, and Hersford, all of which owed their foundation to him, were as great centres of education for studious youth as are Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg, Yale, Harvard, Fordham and Georgetown in our days. Charlemagne, in all his efforts for the advancement of learning, wished only to imbue his subjects with a love for letters so as to attach them more firmly and sincerely to the faith. "Oh!" said he one day, "would that I had twelve men like SS. Jerome and Augustine!" "What!" replied Alcuin, "the creator of heaven and earth had only two such men, and you wish to have twelve!" All the studies in his realm that could be possibly made so, had a religious tendency. If persons devoted themselves to the acquirement of a masterly knowledge of grammar it was with the intention of rendering themselves more capable of understanding the Scriptures, and of copying them more correctly than was the custom in vogue at that time. Music, with which they busied themselves then, was chiefly confined to aiding in the better rendering of church services. Those who addicted themselves to the study of rhetoric and dialectics were encouraged to do so that they might render themselves more able champions when subsequently they would have to enter the arena of controversy with the heretics of the time. We are informed that Charlemagne was so great a promoter and admirer of learning in others, that he established, in a part of his palace, a school for the education of the children of the nobles, and of some of those belonging "to the plebeians," as Carlyle would say. Furthermore we are told that he took special delight in watching over the progress of the pupils. Occasionally, in company with some of the professors, he was wont to examine the classes, and inspect the progress evinced in their compositions. One day, when interrogating a certain class, he noticed that the children of the people surpassed those of the nobles in diligence, energy, and proficiency, because the latter, as happens to the rich of every age, relying on their name,

and being conscious of the fortunes already acquired for them, failed to exhibit due assiduity in the acquisition of knowledge. Suddenly he stopped short and swore that the abbey within his gift would be for the former. Then turning towards the others he said: "I see that you count on the merits of your ancestors; but you must know that they received their reward, and that the state owes nothing except to those that are capable of serving it, and conferring honor on it by their talents."

Æschines said that new energy is imparted to literary institutions, when we try to give an impulse to the progress of education by public example. So Charlemagne, to infuse additional life into the homes of learning within his realm, established an academy even in his own palace. This institution, by the variety of its functions, and the multiplicity of the reunions of the nobility and learned connected with it, seems to have served as a model for all modern literary bodies with a like purpose. It is well known that it did duty as a pattern for Richelieu when he founded his academy of "the forty immortals," as they are called, to be the leading and guiding spirits in everything connected with science and literature in France. Charlemagne, fully comprehending that freedom of action and truth walk hand in hand only in the train of equality, determined to become an ordinary member of his own institution, and wished not to receive any special attention on account of the dignities accruing to his rank. He assiduously attended its meetings, earnestly participated in its discussions, and zealously performed whatever duties were assigned to him. Each of the members took, in accordance with a custom prevalent in some academies even in our age, a literary name, which designated his taste or inclinations or the peculiarity of his character, or the special studies to which he was to addict himself. Angilbert, the most amiable man in the court, assumed the name of Homer, either because he was wont to regale his mind with the study of that immortal bard, or because, as some inform us, he was particularly devoted to the composition of Greek verses. Rudolph, Archbishop of Mayence, styled himself Dametas, because the eclogue had for him especial charms. Another called himself Candidus, which, I suppose, reflected his mental disposition. Alcuin assumed the name of Albinus. Historians are divided in their opinions as to the reason why he took such a title. Eginhard designated

himself by the name of Calliopius, evidently from Calliope, the muse that was supposed to preside over heroic poetry, or because, like her, he was distinguished among his associates by the sweetness, melodiousness and harmony of his voice. Charlemagne, who studied the Scriptures with unflagging energy, who knew the psalms by heart, and who as we are told strove to be a king like David, after God's own heart, was begifted by his brother academicians with the name of that pious and valiant sovereign. Adelard, Abbot of Corbi, a relative of the king's, and who resembled him most in mental ability, variety, and profoundness of learning, received the appellation of Augustine. Theodulphe was called Pindar because he frequently indulged in Greek compositions of the lyric style, or because he stood preminent among his fellows, for his knowledge of the beautiful, euphonious, and expressive language of Homer, Sophocles, Euripides, and Demosthenes. To show how those great men indulged in literary pleasantries among themselves, we will state that once Alcuin wrote to Angilbert when he was in Rome, urging him to bring him some relics, and that he ended his epistle with the words of Ovid :

“ Si nihil attuleris, ibis, Homere, foras.”

We are informed by Dippold that Charlemagne never ceased to utilize his time even in his calmest and freest moments. While at table he caused to be read to him at one time the Bible, at another time the works of St. Augustine and especially “The City of God,” to which he was especially attached, and at another time the history of the previous kings of France, so as to learn by them how to regulate his own actions and avoid falling into their defects and failures. Capefigue remarks that in that respect he served as a model for those of his successors who were fortunate enough to apply themselves to the cultivation and propagation of letters, and derive from them all the personal profit possible. Would that all the French monarchs had followed his tastes both literary and otherwise! If they did King John would not have been captured at Crecy, and Francis I. would not have derived his education and inspiration from romances, on account of which, it is said, he lost the battle of Pavia and had to endure the subsequent miseries which were entailed on him.

By the orders of Charlemagne, a collection was made of the national and military songs, which comprised then nearly the whole history of the country, and which celebrated the most illustrious achievements of the Gallic kings, Vercingetorix included. The soldiers, when advancing to battle, sang those songs, so as to revive their courage, inflame their ardor, and render themselves completely oblivious of death in their efforts for causing victory to perch upon their banners. We are informed that those pœns were supplanted in after-ages by others extolling the achievements of Roland, Oliver and the other paladins who died at Roncesvalles.

Eginhard, his biographer and secretary, tells us that Charlemagne spoke Latin with as much facility as his native German. The Greek language he understood better than he spoke it. Even so, that confers a high eulogy on the accomplishments of Charlemagne. We do not think that there is any modern ruler now living that could either speak or read ancient Greek.

Nor was he a stranger to Syriac. When the end of his earthly career was drawing nigh he occasionally busied himself with comparing the Latin version of the Gospels with the Syriac and the original Greek.

Now with regard to the oft-repeated charge that Charlemagne was unable to write. Gibbons, without considering the benighted age in which he lived, sneeringly admits that when he was of mature years he tried to acquire the practice of writing which every peasant in his own time learned in his infancy. If Charlemagne did try to acquire the art of writing, when somewhat advanced in life, it was the fault of the age and not of the man. We are afraid that at about that time the ancestors of the future distorter of Roman history, instead of striving to acquire the "art of writing" and a rudimentary education of which they never heard, were eagerly seeking for sustenance, and fleeing from the onslaughts of the Danes to the most inaccessible fens, morasses and mountain fastnesses of "la perfide Albion," as Bossuet and Napoleon called her. Mr. Hallam also, whose opinions on many subjects are admitted to be untrustworthy, follows in the train of some continental writers and goes so far as to intimate that Charlemagne was even unable to write. He even tries to base his faith on the authority of Eginhard. Here are the words of Eginhard: "Tentabat et scribere, tabulas

et codicillos ad hoc in lecticula sub cerricalibus circumferre solebat, ut cum vacuum tempus esset, manum in effingendis literis assuefaceret: sed parum prospere successit labor propositus et sero inchoatus." This "parum prospere successit," does not indicate that he was unable to write, but that he had not attained much success in writing. But if he had not attained much success, it does not follow that he had not attained some success in writing. Therefore, we must consider the charge of his having been unable to write, as void of foundation. Again, all doubt on the matter vanishes before the following fact. The well-known German writer Raumer, in his "Historisches Taschenbuch," says that among the most priceless treasures of the Imperial Library at Vienna is a manuscript commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, written and signed by the hand of Charlemagne himself. Therefore we must pronounce as futile and baseless the charge of his inability to write.

Charlemagne not only wrote Latin prose, but he was also occasionally wont to woo the muse in Latin metrical compositions. The epitaph which he penned for Pope Adrian is not devoid of certain merit. We select the following from the thirty-eight verses that compose it, to let the reader see his proficiency in expressing his thoughts in the metres so dear to the heart of Ovid:

"Post patrem lacrymans Carolus hoc carmena scripsi. Tu mihi dulcis amor: te mod plango pater, Nomina jungo simul titulis, clarissime nostra Adrianus, Carolus; Rese ego, tuque pater, Tum memor exto tui nati, pater optime posco, Cum patre dic natus pugat et iste tuus."—Bewailing the death of a father, I, Charles wrote those verses. You were the object of my affection, I bewail you now, father. Illustrious man! I write our names in conjunction with our titles, Adrian, Charles, I a king and you the father. Oh, best of fathers! remember your son, and obtain that he be reunited with you.

In return for the collection of the canons with which he had at one time been presented by the Pope while in Rome, Charlemagne sent a magnificent psalter written in golden characters, and with it a dedicatory epistle of twenty Latin hexameter and pentameter verses of his own composition. After this exhibition, even alone, of his capacity and mental culture, it seems to me that nobody who had any regard for veracity or probity could accuse Charle-

magne of illiteracy, and least of all of inability to write. The works written by Charlemagne or at least attributed to him are: (1) his "Capitularies" (just collected by Ansegise, Abbot St. Waudrille. Best edition, that of Baluze, Paris, 1677). (2) "Letters," contained in the collection of De Bouquet. (3) "A Grammar of the Teutonic Language," of which fragments are to be found in the Polygraphia of Trithemius. (4) His "Testament." (5) Some Latin poems such as "the Epitaph of Pope Adrian," of which we have already given a specimen. "The Song of Roland." (6) "The Caroline Books." (7) "A discourse given at the founding of St. Mary's Basilica at Aix-la-Chapelle." (8) "The Corollaries."—Nor were the fine arts neglected by this illustrious man. They received an ample share of his attention and patronage, whether amid the engrossing affairs of state, or amid the many wars in which he was engaged. He caused the Gregorian Chant to be adopted in the churches and he brought from Italy singers at whose concerts he frequently assisted. Among the many palaces built by his orders and according to his directions, we must mention those of Ingelheim, Nimguen and Aix-la-Chapelle. The latter, we are told by Struve, was a masterpiece of architecture, having been ornamented with columns and sculptural fragments brought from Italy. It was a large and magnificent edifice, the spacious halls and rooms of which were decorated in a splendid manner, and filled with furniture the most elegant and costly of the age. The basilica in the same city was built from plans drawn by himself. It was greatly extolled by the writers of the time; and we are aware that it became the pattern of many churches built during the ninth century. He also encouraged civil engineering. He caused a wooden bridge, 500 paces long, to be built over the Rhine at Mentz; and he ordered a gigantic canal to be commenced, but which was never completed, to establish through this river and the Danube a water communication between the German Ocean and the Black Sea. It is well known with what delight and ardor he cultivated the study of astronomy. On calm and cloudless nights he was wont to spend hours in contemplating the firmament and in studying "the quenchless stars as they ran their bright career." In the annals of his reign we find observations strange and surprising for the time, made by him concerning the eclipses, the coming together of the stars

and the aurora borealis. Nor did he withdraw his patronage from the study of medicine. In one of his capitularies given A. D. 805, he expressly enjoins the study of medicine, and wishes that it be followed by as many as possible. For the advancement of medical science he caused to be reared in close proximity to his palace an edifice which he dubbed "Hippocratica tecta." We can truly say of Charlemagne with Alcuin, "that he was a bishop in matters of religion, and a philosopher in profane studies." He deserved, like Constantine, the title of "exterior bishop," which belongs to every Christian prince, and which abstracting from the rights of theology, expresses but a legitimate and well-regulated zeal for the maintenance of religion and the improvement of morals.

Machias, Me.

REV. C. O'SULLIVAN.

CONSOLATIO.

POOR Sorrow, lift thy head—
 The flow'rs are not all dead,
 On Calvary's height bloom petals rare, and they shall bloom on for aye
 'Tis *not* the gloom of night,
 God's shadow hides the light.
 From dimm'd eyes look out, look up! Behold, His Spirit is nigh.
 The surge that sweeps thy heart,
 With wear'ing throb and smart,
 Bursts from the cross whose every pore a chalice is of woe.
 That tide of grief and pain,
 Will bring thee purest gain.
 O sacred flood, that o'er thy soul with chast'ning love would flow!
 The tears that damp thy cheek,
 Think'st thou He deems them weak?
 Ah no, in anguish wept His eyes on *that* last bitter day.
 Poor Sorrow, list His call,
 Rise from thy spirit's thrall!
 So sweet will be His soothing of thy heartache quite away.
 Ah, life all brief! awhile
 A tear-drop—then a smile
 Lingering on cheek of Day till sad sombre Dusk appears—
 Gone!—in the night—so still!
 O Father, if Thy will,
 With Sorrow barter—Give Thy smile, and take away the tears.

New York.

E. C. MELWIN.

NEW MADONNAS.

WHITEST WREATHS OF MAY.

CHIEF flower of the ages—sweet as morn,
 When its first blushes flush the waiting skies—
 O joy of all the longing, waiting eyes
 Of human kind ; dear, spotless, heaven-born
 Mother of the Slayer of all human scorn—
 Angel of the love that ever soars and flies
 Above us till all death in darkness dies—
 Comforter of all human souls forlorn—

How can we love thee, bless thee, through the day
 Or night of time's existence—weave a song
 May ever hope to find thee on its way
 Above the multitudinous, glad throng
 Of singers, who with whitest wreaths of May
 Have crowned thee where thou reignest pure and strong ?

OF LOVING GLORY.

Through many weary centuries thy race
 Did battle bravely for the truth divine
 Which did, at length, through thy rare beauty shine ;
 And, with ineffable and perfect grace,
 More radiant grows, as thy most radiant face
 Of perfect love—we never may define—
 Inspires to motherhood like unto thine—
 Yet unlike thine, in all created space ;

For, through the centuries' ever onward flow,
 Not once again, in all the tides of time,
 Shall God's own perfect, golden afterglow
 Of loving glory, from its source sublime,
 Find such a heart of chastened, whitest snow,
 Through which to breathe its God-like overflow.

QUEEN OF LOVE.

Dear chosen maiden, unto thee alone,
 Of all the mothers of the sons of men
 Was known the glory—beyond tongue or pen—
 Of that sweet consciousness, which clearly shone
 In thy pure, lustrous eyes—that through God's own
 Deep mystery of ages—though the den
 Of death and darkest anguish might not ken
 The truth—by thee Christ's love would all atone.

Hence do we name thee Queen of angels, e'en
 Of prophets, martyrs, saints, and Queen of Love ;
 Hence do we love thee, in the heavens, unseen ;
 Hence art thou spouse of that sweet, burnished dove
 Of peace eternal, and while ages move
 The lips of God's redeemed shall own thee Queen.

WEDDED UNTO THEE.

Choice motherhood of all the human race !
 What dreams were thine unto that vital morn
 When love itself, upon its bugle-horn
 Far heralded the sweet majestic grace
 That since hath shone in thy rich, glowing face,
 And still shall shine until the race forlorn
 Hath learned the sweetness that through thee was born
 That day, whence all earth and heaven shall trace

The very stars with glory—till the sea,
 The sun-wreathed world, and all the arts of song
 Unite in everlasting harmony,
 And lift earth's millions into one vast throng
 Of choral singers, wedded unto thee,
 In love's own music of eternity.

QUEEN OF MAY.

I think thy loved ones call thee Queen of May
 Because the fragrance of that flower's breath
 Is sweeter than aught else since cruel death

First smoothe the bloom of Eden on that day
 Our fathers sin-cursed, fled, in shame, away.
 But should some fond hearts love thee for the rose ;
 The dear violet, and its sweet repose,
 I blame them not, I only gently say—
 That till my lips shall, death-like, cease to move,
 That while the sunlight pours its blessed ray
 Of loving cheerfulness into my love,
 And long as spring-time has one beauteous spray
 Of that white flower—spotless as the dove
 Of peace—I call thee—white-crowned Queen of May.

FULLEST TIDE.

If ever love was beautiful, in thee
 It found love's fullest tide of beauty—far
 Beyond all earthly taint or human scar :
 As is the faultless rose, the crested sea,
 The silver dawn—the day's own destiny
 Of fadeless glory, and the one brave star
 That heeds nor storm nor wreck nor bloody war
 But holds its way unto eternity.—

So shines thy stainless love, O love! for me,
 And when life's stormy billows o'er me roll,
 And human madness seems as fierce and free
 As demon-wreckers of the stranded soul,
 I call from out the depths, to thee, mine own,
 And know that thy dear love will aye atone.

ONE WITH LOVE.

I think 'twas love of God and God's own light,
 In that high hour that made the one with love
 Of all the sweetness in the worlds above—
 The dreams of glory and its rare delight
 In what is lovely in the stars for flight
 And in flowers below that led the dove
 Of God's own peace to dwell within and move
 To recreate itself in thee, that night.

So, so the one eternal mystery
 That broods o'er all the ages, night and day
 Is fathomless, as is the soundless sea,
 Whose crested wavelets, ever roll and play,
 In changeless, restless, dull monotony—
 And so will roll till time shall pass away.

DEAR HEAVENLY MAIDEN.

Dear, heavenly maiden, in thy heart, aglow
 With all the dreams of past and future time,
 There dwelt the life ineffable, sublime,
 That marks God's own supremest overflow
 Of life and love—the rarest we may know
 Of all His vintage—the celestial wine
 Of love's immortal sacrifice divine;—
 The joy of joys whence all our glories grow.

Sweet motherhood, thy lustre, o'er the stars
 Hath shed a radiance that is not their own;
 And over all our bloody, human wars
 Of greed and hate and passion there hath grown
 A charity far deeper than their scars,
 And still shall grow till war is overthrown.

GOD'S OWN LOVINGNESS.

It seems to me that even with God's light
 Omniscient, and with all His power sublime,
 There was not, in eternity or time,
 Another way, so sweet, so pure, so bright,
 So sure to win the utmost love and might
 Of constancy in human souls would climb
 The heights celestial, set the stars to chime
 Love's melodies of joy—attain the right

In each highest ideal human dream
 And crowd the skies with loving souls redeemed—
 As that the central sweetness of the gleam
 Of God's own lovingness—by all beteemed
 Ineffable—our loveliest should find,
 And through her grace the countless ages bind.

BEYOND COMPARE.

Could I but paint thy living beauty fair
 As thou dost paint thyself each dawning day;
 Trace thy law from atoms to yond' farthest ray
 Of God's own light within whose radiant air
 Nor thought of sin nor wrong may ever dare
 To enter, O my love! my Queen of May!
 I would say the roses' breath, the new-mown hay
 Were types of thee who art beyond compare.

I cannot sing thee, this poor faintest gleam
 Of my imperfect song, I send to thee
 Across the everlasting skies, and dream
 That in the murmur of love's deathless sea
 Of love immortal, it, perchance may find
 Thine eyes, thy lips, when I am dead and blind.

WHY LINGEREST THOU?

O world! why lingerest thou in darkness, when
 The sun of all God's universe hath shone
 Across thy desert lands, wherein were sown
 The seeds of all thy blindness, until fen
 And mountain peak and heart and tongue and pen
 Were clothed and hung with night, whose angel flown
 Beyond death's deluge, ceased to know its own,
 And pined, mid stars, aye loyal, now as then.

Why, why not rise to meet this blessed light:
 This dawning of love's own immortal day:
 Why grovel mid this blackness of the night,
 Without one lucid and sure-guiding ray:
 Oh! why not spread thy mighty wings for flight
 Across the skies to meet thy Queen of May?

A MOTHER'S PAIN.

I ask your clearest thought to this one line—
 If Jesus was the God-man that we fain
 Believe—most perfect—without fault or stain;

And if throughout the ages' deep decline,
 Until their darkened face had ceased to shine
 With light or hope—He is our greatest gain ;
 What *must* have been the heart whose mother's pain
 Brought forth this son, ineffable, divine ?

I do not ask your faith in questioned creeds ;
 I simply ask that you who boast of mind ;
 Who test your heroes by their mighty deeds ;
 Who love your mothers best of all your kind,
 Should see the way this maiden's love-light leads
 The deathless adorations of mankind.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

A REVERIE.

THE wind low whispers to the sleeping flowers
 That nestle infant-like on earth's fair breast ;
 The stars soft glimmer on the wavelets' crest
 And gleaming, fall in evanescent showers
 Of silv'ry light on dew-kissed fragrant bowers.
 Like voices from another sphere more blest
 Sing they to weary, aching hearts of rest—
 Of respite from the strife with darksome powers
 That hold them now enthralled. Thus ever sing,
 O gleaming stars and lowly whispering wind,
 And wake within the souls of mortal kind
 An echo of the great eternal song,
 Which angel-hosts in gladness aye prolong—
 Hosanna to our God—our Christ and King.

Springfield, Ky.

ESTELLE MARIE GERARD.

DARWIN AND DARWINISM AGAIN.

IF few men have had the celebrity bestowed upon Charles Darwin by his contemporaries, still fewer have had a like measure of fame at the hands of their survivors and successors. Not for long ages to come will his light and influence be absent from any adequate horoscope of the future. The cause of this enduring brilliance is not far to seek. "The Origin of Species" and "Descent of Man" contain the elements of perpetual vitality, and do not depend upon Darwin's powerful personality for their continued appreciation and the consequent lasting renown of their author. To be sure, his views would not have attained the comparatively sudden and unexpected triumph they witnessed in his lifetime, had their publication been unaccompanied by the personal solicitude for their adoption, that to a degree, alike extraordinary and honorable, filled Darwin with the strenuous and persistent missionary zeal and Pauline vigor with which, in conversation and by correspondence, he unceasingly advocated them. Yet had he possessed the haughty indifference to their propagation and growth that distinguished Landor in regard to the popularity of his writings in another field, when he declared his prospective content with "ten accomplished men as readers," Darwin's books would nevertheless have gained their public. Such was their interest and force, that, having once come from the press, any possible indifference of their author toward their reception—could one imagine such an attitude on the part of Darwin—would no more have affected their final general welcome than could Landor's isolating manners chill the ardor of a cultured and critical following. All kinds of excellence, scientific no less than literary, biologic no less than ethical, are sure of recognition, be it early or late. In Darwin's case the author and the book combined to hasten the latter's prompt and enthusiastic reception, which was the less deferred because its topics are in no sense class subjects, but will always remain of interest to all, and because their discussion in part anticipated and in part created the public thought of his time.

The high rank and the universal importance of the problems proposed for solution appealed then as well as now to every thinking man, and accordingly endowed those volumes with a

perennial attraction. To the ever-agitated subjects of human curiosity—whence “in the dark backward and abysm of time,” came our body’s parent form, and how are we related to our fellow mortals of every hue, and of what nature are the bonds between ourselves and brutes—they present the fullest answer of modern science. So far as by searching man can find out truth, they give the sum total of his efforts in this direction. The imperative need ever felt for satisfactory replies to the questions they attempt to answer, resulted in the creation of fables as substitutes for the positive knowledge that even the most intense yearning of man has been unable to secure. The Norsemen, the Arcadian, the Egyptian, and all peoples, each in their own tongue in a sadly limited way, it is true, have accounted as best they could for the origin, increase, and diversity of their kind and for that of the lower life upon the globe. That they did not catalogue nature, nor have our comprehension of the interdependent relations of all natural phenomena, and that their surmises concerning them were the declarations of poets rather than of scientists, and were looked upon as the revelations of religion rather than the themes of education, cannot disguise the fact that the redaction of their oracles that descends to us in some degree concerns the subject of Darwin’s speculations. The continuous and everlasting search instituted by the race to discover if possible the secret of its rise and development has not been without fruits in even the most remote age of its prosecution, and more than one antique cosmology contains in some of its features a remarkable prophecy of the conclusions adopted to-day. True, the similarities that we perceive between our own thought and that of the ancients may not have been meant by them to the full extent that we are apt to take for granted. Some allowance must be made for the annealing and unifying influences of time in the preservation and connection of human ideas. From immemorial antiquity each age has so gradually amended and altered the conceptions it inherited, and has so interpreted the deeds of the past and forecast those of the future, as to give the entire mental transactions of the world, as known and seen by us, the growth, continuity and unity experienced in an individual while passing from infancy to manhood, to whom some of his earliest ideas, however amplified by his latest discoveries, still have their primal force and

truth. It is thus a curious comment on modern science that the relations between natural phenomena, pointed out of old by the fancy of priests and poets, and for the most part based on metaphor and more or less conscious allegory, under the Darwinian theory become the sober statements of actual fact. The probably complete unity of animate nature arising from the possession by all living things of a common ancestor and a consequent uniform lineage, as to at least a part of their family history, is prefigured by the great mythical Scandinavian ash-tree, Ygdrasil, which bound together by its roots and branches the universe, so that no part of creation was alien from any other, the "exquisite wholeness" of whose vital tissue Darwin's authoritative pages declare still exists. To take an instance from the middle period of our own epoch, when St. Francis of Assisi, in his love for nature, called himself the brother of the birds, the bees, and the rabbits, he by this pleasant and tender metaphor expressed a true relation toward them, not simply because he and they were alike sustained by mother earth and had come from her and would return to her, but because in a past incalculably remote, prior to the divergence of their species and the evolution of man, they had a common genealogy. What poets their eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling" long ago saw with somewhat distorted yet divining vision, modern science is able to see with serene and steadfast gaze. We can read our meanings into their myths and poems, because the facts, which were the same for them as they are for us, and which we grasp but they did not, were so powerful as to affect them and secure a declaration from them to the full import of which they were blind. It was not their apprehension of the truth that made them prophets; it was the truth that apprehended them.

This truth of the radical unity of life and of the evolution and development of its various forms was slow to find a man to proclaim its message in positive terms. There was not much earnestness about any scientific delivery of it until toward the end of the last century, when Darwin's grandfather, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, in England, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, in France, and Goethe, in Germany, simultaneously turned their attention to the origin of species. Of these the first and the last named were poets as well as students of science, and fitly typify, in the unusual features of their respective minds, a meeting of the ancient and

modern methods of treating the details and doctrines of evolution, which subject was henceforth to pass from priests and poets to men of purely scientific pursuits. After these precursors of the new age came Lamarck with his true views of evolution, but insufficient theory of its means, between whom and Darwin were more than a score of evolutionists, but none of them could teach the world the lesson it was waiting to learn. The strange contradiction between the apparent invitation sometimes extended to a new idea, and the cool indifference, if not genuine hostility, with which its arrival is greeted has never been better illustrated than in the coquettish welcome accorded the theory of the modification of species by natural selection. Although christened the Darwinian theory, after the man whose indefatigable industry did more than aught else to firmly establish its truth, Charles Darwin is without the glory of having been its first discoverer. While entirely original and independent of all predecessors so far as the particular method of evolution discussed by him is concerned, his thoughts were not exclusively his property. At least three other investigators, two of them in advance of Darwin, in the earlier half of this century independently reached his conclusions.

It seems strange that the announcements of Dr. Wells and of Matthew, which the world was so long a time eliciting, and which fitted so snugly into the theories of evolution already familiar to human speculation, were not met with rapturous applause. The "psychological moment," as the phrase is, however, was not yet at hand, and these early exponents of Darwinism sank into an obscurity from which only Darwin rescued them. But bright men did see the proper time coming just before it dawned. Darwin was warned by both his brother and Sir Charles Lyell that unless he published his ideas he would be forestalled, but he felt that their utterance must be accompanied by some measure of verification. Here lies his grand distinction from his predecessors, and the cause of his fame and force. When, as is well known, by a cruel fate he was made the agent for circulating the treatise of a confiding and admiring fellow-worker forwarded him from the Malay archipelago, that embodied his own thoughts expressed frequently in the very words he had already committed to writing and had shown several of his friends, and he deemed it right that he must silently efface him-

self to honorably serve its author, Wallace, his main consolation was that though "his originality, whatever it might amount to, would be gone, yet the book he proposed publishing, if it would ever have any value, would not be deteriorated, as all the labor consisted in the application of the theory." It was this labor that, in the light of subsequent revelations, alone preserves from a ludicrous aspect the unsolicited kindness of Lyell and Hooker when they, moved by a laudable endeavor to serve science and at the same time obtain equitable recognition of Darwin's priority in discovering the truths therein announced, communicated to the Linnean Society the joint paper by him and Wallace, "On the Tendency of Species to Form Varieties; and on the Perpetuation of Species and Varieties by Natural Means of Selection," with an eclat rather laughable, they little knowing that the all-important secret then supposed to be revealed for the first time with a chancellor's fairness as to grades of ownership had more than once before been told the world.

If the general silence that intervened between this august introduction of the supposed new truth and the publication of the "Origin" some seventeen months thereafter, were fit augury of its fate, only Darwin's labor saved it from the neglect and oblivion shown its former declarations. His deadly earnestness would not take the world's refusal to notice the theory as a final disposition of the matter. If he did not secure instant recognition of his thought he had at least the means of enforcing its final adoption. Into print he threw every corroborating instance that his own time, strength, and extensive and unending personal observation had secured him for verification of his doctrine, and supplemented these proofs with the citation of cases from a multitudinous correspondence that his diplomacy had established throughout the globe, and through which he inaugurated a universal and systematic search for facts to demonstrate his ideas. What Emerson said of Napoleon, that he was a bureau for all the intelligence of the empire and had all good and distinguished heads constantly reporting to him, applies to Darwin in his sphere. When we read Darwin we are for the most part reading the best scientific sense of his age. His statements are founded upon the investigations of a host of toilers directed and generated by his intelligence. He was their inspiration and their news-center, and in this way became

the first to know of his own supposed disaster when the receipt of Wallace's paper unmistakably told him of the opportune time for publication. To secure proof for his theories before issuing his book was not a rapid path to authorship, but many great books have had a similarly slow growth. Copernicus was thirty-four years in preparing his "De Revolutionibus Orbium Celestium" for the printer ere he dared commit to the press that sublime sentence, "the earth is not the center of the universe; the earth is in motion around the sun." While Darwin had no astronomical calculations to make or planetary periods to ascertain, his problems were not without large dimensions and terrifying results, so that the twenty-two years elapsing between the opening of his first note-book in 1837 and the publication of the "Origin" in 1859 was not too long a period for the fit construction of the cathedral he reared in the realms of thought.

This "profound pondering of superior minds" leaves its mark upon the author no less than on his creation. If Dante, who has little in common with Darwin save the possession of a lasting fame that the genius of each has insured them, could complain that his book had "made him lean for many years," Darwin, too, felt the stress of toil. The mental siege he so continuously laid against nature was not without injury to certain of his tastes and susceptibilities. As he became absorbed in his task the delight in music, that once strongly influenced him, alike with all fondness for poetry, gradually forsook him. His most popular portrait exhibits a settled sadness on his face that was without any corresponding crabbedness in disposition or acerbity of character, the touching sweetness of Darwin's manners and his uniform amiability forbidding any such estimate of him, were proof needed for that purpose. One imagines that this appearance of depression arose not so much from Darwin's life-long feeble health as from his having borne titanic burdens in perpetuating his ideas and securing them eternal lodgment in the human brain.

Philadelphia.

OWEN B. JENKINS.

WANAMAKER AS A VOLUNTEER.

EARLY last April the Philadelphia newspapers were entertaining their pious and credulous readers with big headlines, announcing a dispatch from John Wanamaker to the War Department in Washington, offering, in case of war, to raise and equip, and himself lead, a regiment to the front, and be at the expense of maintaining said regiment during the continuance of hostilities.

Under the same big headlines it was announced that Wanamaker had volunteered to pay the salaries of any of his employees who might go to the war, and to continue their salaries or an equivalent pension to their widows and families in case they were killed in the war.

It was a noble and a patriotic impulse, and no wonder the sleepy papers of Philadelphia, so unused to anything but cadism and advertising, were inclined to display Wanamaker's offer in big headlines. It is not often Philadelphia finds a hero, and when it does he must be made much of.

It seems never to have occurred to the ignorant Cheap John of Philadelphia that he had never received a proper military training that would fit him to command a regiment of soldiers; and it seems never to have occurred to the innocent and immaculate journalists of Philadelphia, that, as Wanamaker was at the time on an electioneering tour through Pennsylvania with a view of getting the nomination for Governor, all this sudden burst of patriotism and philanthropy of his, on paper, might simply be an electioneering card for the nomination for the governorship.

How could pious John think of such a thing? and, in truth, how could the Philadelphia newspapers, so dependent on John for lucrative advertising, hint at such a thing even if it had entered their slow and slavish heads?

Be this as it may, weeks have passed since pious and patriotic John made these offers, and what are the results up to this hour?

War is here in earnest. Thousands of better and braver citizens than Wanamaker have left their homes, their places of business, their social and family ties and enjoyments, and have gone into camp life or to the front, risking their health and their lives in the cause that pious John was so anxious to fight and die for; but up to this writing, May 10, 1898, there

is no word to the effect that the millionaire merchant and politician of Philadelphia has buckled on his armor, has even studied military tactics, or is any nearer the frontier than he was many weeks ago.

The last news I have of Wanamaker is as follows : That having at last gotten it into his slow and heavy political head that he cannot get the regular Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania—a slight matter that any political fool could have told him before he went into the contest—he has concluded to run as an independent candidate and so try to weaken the regular ticket to the utmost extent of his purse and power.

Poor, stupid, millionaire J. W., and art thou fallen so low? Art thou so base in thy ingratitude to Quay, and art thou, for all thy shrewdness, such an everlasting fool?

Be the governorship as it may, there seems now to be no doubt that J. W. as a patriotic volunteer is an everlasting failure.

As to pious John's glorious benevolence, as referred to, the latest information brought to me by responsible parties from Philadelphia is to this effect : That so far from volunteering to pay salaries of absent soldiers, etc., this same J. W., feeling doubtless that the political campaign and the big advertisements to fix the newspapers were a heavy drain on his plethoric purse, discharged no less than two hundred hands from his Philadelphia establishment during the first week in May; and if the war goes on and times get harder, and pious John does not get to be Governor of Pennsylvania—as he never will—and if he should, besides, fail to get big army contracts for shoddy army clothing, why he is liable to cut down the wages of his \$4.50 clerks in Philadelphia, to cut down the size of his advertisements even, and by and by the boys may tell all they know about pious John as a bank-wrecker, a fool postmaster, a Quay and an anti-Quay politician, or even as a family man, etc., and there is no telling what end may yet come to this pious and posing shopman and hypocrite of the City of Brotherly Love.

Go to the front, John, and hire some Spaniard to shoot you down, down, dead, and then, perhaps, your admiring and trusting fellow-citizens might forgive your covered iniquities and build a monument to your despicable fame.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

"LYING WHICH THEY SPEAK."

"SECRECY," says Marion Crawford, "is the highest social honor which can be conferred on truth," and in the light of the nineteenth-century clamor for truth such a statement has a curious ring. In almost every department of life and thought the desire for truth is ostensibly the motive which is stirring the springs of energy and activity—driving men to and fro, turning theology inside out and forcing science into new fields and strange companionships. And is this only surface play and sparkle, and is concealment still the poor meed of truth and all the loud demand for it only another form of untruth? Socially speaking, more writers than Marion Crawford appear to think so. "Society," says one cold cynic, "could not exist for an hour if people simply told the truth to each other," and the gay young worldling to whom he addresses himself replies complacently, "then blessed be liès."

So common, indeed, is the understanding that, among the soft phrases, hollow conventionalities and pretentious shams of fashionable society, the ways of truth are past finding out, that it might be as well to resign the field here at once and admit with Crawford, that in its relation to society, secrecy is yet truth's highest grace. Where, then, among the sons of men, is it to be found in unveiled majesty?

To say literally nowhere—unless possibly within the domains of pure science—is to make a statement that may challenge proof; but the pity of it is that the proof is not hard to find.

Of all matters wherein it might be expected that man would be honest and truthful in his conduct and professions it would seem to be in matters touching the relation between himself and his God. Of all matters wherein he has shown himself to be "a hypocrite and a liar," as the sacred record itself puts it, this is the crowning one.

It stirred a wave of righteous indignation when a prominent freethinker once declared that Christianity was the gigantic fraud of the age, because it professed one thing and lived another; but when a Christian minister, at a great parliament of religions, told his dear brethren that the trouble with them was, that they "claimed to 'seek first the kingdom of God and His

righteousness,' and then fought like incarnate devils for the kingdoms of earth," they only cheered him and smiled consciously at one another. The refreshing coolness with which great bodies of men will organize themselves in religious matters, upon principles and creeds which they never live up to, nor, apparently, expect to live up to, is one of the things which may be edifying to the gods, but is not reassuring to mortals in search of a field where truthfulness may be found among men.

Turning, then, to the so-called secular affairs of life, how is it with the compacts and relationships existing between man and man?

At present the loud theme on every tongue is the grand brotherhood of man. Orators grow hoarse in proclaiming it, preachers bid for popularity upon it, poets ring it into starry space, and every man, woman or callow youth, who gets the public ear through press or rostrum, feels the achievement incomplete without some wrestle with it. But now, how is it with the naked facts in the case? Just what is the relationship in life where men treat each other as brothers, or show any intention to treat each other so?

Is it in business life, where, as a Boston minister recently set forth, "Every man rushes madly for the richest prize and the devil takes the hindmost." Is it in political life, where Chinese exclusion acts and British opium trades prevail, and bribery and corruption war against every claim of honest brotherhood or equality among men?

Is it, to turn once more to a field already touched upon, in religious life, where brother ministers put each other through heresy trials and scandals and Christian sisters turn the cold shoulder to each other for accidents of birth, circumstance or fortune?

Is it, indeed, anywhere outside the restless brain of orator or poet? And if it is not anywhere, ought it to be anywhere? Are there not fundamental distinctions of race, nature and education, which mock this pleasing dream of universal brotherhood, to say nothing of certain yet subtler principles of sympathy, affinity and affiliation which draw some souls together, though different continents have nurtured them, and make others aliens to each other though of one blood and household?

There may be some broad principle of humanity and non-canni-

balism perhaps, which might prevail, whereby men could treat each other as fellow-beings, and having got beyond the devouring of human flesh, cease also to devour human souls and character; but for even that the world does not seem to be quite ready.

The fact seems to be that everywhere men preach one thing and live another and can never discover how far the thing taught fits human life till they confess honestly how small a part of human life shows any relation to it.

But now there still remains one place and relation in life where it would seem that human beings might speak the truth to each other, and that is the home and family. Some wretch has declared that they do, and that's what makes the trouble. But the evidence in the case clearly shows that they do not, and that is what perpetuates the trouble. They found their homes and families upon half-formed acquaintance and ill-considered vows and take upon themselves high and holy obligations for which they have no natural bond nor fitness, and then proceed to live out the quickly discovered falsehood in secret degradation or fling the black burden of it upon State and society in the demoralizing records of divorce courts.

Now when Carlyle propounded his characteristic problem, "Out of a world of knaves to make an honest society," he did not present the full merits of the case. The madness is, that these persons who are dealing in lies so complacently, are not knaves, as the world goes, but fairly respectable citizens, who are almost making lies respectable by the fair exterior with which they dress them out, and the enterprising manner in which they take them up to meet the demands of social forms and theories.

There is an old theological doctrine which submits that the first step in reforming a sinner is to convince him of his sin, and it may be that if all these hollow professions, foresworn faiths and fealties which men admit so blandly, in parliaments of religion and club-house chats, were but recognized as deep and damning falsehoods in any lives it might go far toward inducing humanity to throw off the whole black and cumbersome burden of them.

All religions are fundamentally true and superficially false, says a London divine, and whether this may be a fair statement of the difficulty from the religious standpoint or not, it certainly seems to apply to many of the serious social creeds and compacts

of humanity—there is the fundamental truth and surface lie in all of them.

And now might it not be that if only man could be induced to tear away the surface lie from his life he would soon come to a knowledge of the truth and find the long-sought way whereby its “imprisoned splendor might escape.”

IRENE A. SAFFORD.

Chicago, Ill.

HOW SHALL IT BE ?

TO LIVE ideally is passing sweet :
 We step beyond the world's incessant strife,
 Leaving the murmurs of this lower life
 For ampler realms with harmony replete,
 Their precious pavements pressing with glad feet
 That never tire : we clasp hands gently rife
 With loyalty and love ; and sense no knife
 Of cruel self that cuts with stinging heat.

To loose the fetters binding us to earth
 And dwell e'en briefly in the land of soul
 Is seriously, exquisitely dear :—
 How shall it be when, at our second birth,
 We permanently pass time's dim last dole
 And breathe God's pure eternal atmosphere ?

Gardiner, Me.

A. T. SCHUMAN.

SUCSESSES AND FAILURES OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

I HAVE been requested by good friends of the GLOBE REVIEW to write an article on the above subject, and to point out especially what, according to my judgment, are the grounds or causes of success and failure in the instances hereafter named.

I shall not attempt a catalogue or a complete list of the American periodicals that have come and seen and conquered during the past thirty years, nor shall I attempt a complete list of the

still-born, the abortions, or the short-lived magazines of the last generation ; but simply glancing at some of those that have succeeded and some of those that have failed, I shall try to give an intelligent reason for the successes and failures that occur to my memory, hoping to make the general truth plain, that it is only as editors know the audiences they seek and have mind and experience enough to reach and satisfy those audiences, that success can be hoped for in this apparently easy but really very difficult field of intellectual labor ; and I shall confine my remarks mainly to periodicals that have arisen and succeeded or failed in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston.

Between thirty and forty years ago, nearly forty, when I first became intelligently interested in American periodical literature, *Harper's Monthly* was then, as it is to-day, the leading and the best all-round family magazine published in the United States. The *Atlantic Monthly*, then as now, aimed at a little more literariness of character, and in the main attained this end, so that while *Harper's* was always welcome to the general circle of family readers, the *Atlantic* was sought by the more intellectual members of the family, by school-teachers, and the professional classes generally. Not that these classes avoided *Harper's*, but that they found their higher literary enjoyment in the *Atlantic*. *Harper's*, then as now, had its headquarters in New York, and the *Atlantic*, then as now, hailed from Boston.

At the time I refer to, Philadelphia had no periodical that aimed or pretended to aim to meet either the refined popular taste that *Harper's* appealed to, or the more exclusive literary taste that the *Atlantic* appealed to. As I recollect, the representative magazines of Philadelphia thirty-five or forty years ago were T. S. Arthur's *Home Magazine* and *Godey's Lady's Book*. I am not aware whether or not either one of these periodicals is published to-day. I learned a few years ago that *Godey's Lady's Book* had come to New York, and was still in existence ; but if it lives it lives merely on the outskirts of popular literature, and is not at all the factor in nursery and kitchen service that it was a generation ago.

I have grouped these representative magazines of the leading cities of the Union as they existed more than a generation ago, for the purpose of making an analysis of them and of the audiences they appealed to in the past, in order that, after my

remarks on these publications, my readers may have a better understanding alike of the characteristics of the publications, the cities in which they were published, and the relations of the magazines named to the successful and unsuccessful magazines that have succeeded them up to our own days.

I do not remember who the original editor of *Harper's Monthly* was, though I think it was a Mr. Alden, who may still be alive, but it is of little consequence. The house of Harper & Brother—fathers of the present generation of Harpers—were of Methodist persuasion and inclination. They had imbibed from the Methodist religion, as preached in their day, an idea of a certain kind of mediocre and general literary entertainment with a pious touch and tinge. At all events, they knew that the prevailing American sentiment of their day was Christian in an intelligent Protestant sense, and that a magazine, to meet the popular taste and to be successful, must be Christian in its general tone, humane, earnest, of pure language, not aggressive or critical in its ideas on any subject, and they made a magazine to suit the average American public of their day.

Whoever the editor was, he was chosen to cater to this general and intelligent taste of the American public of forty years ago, and the result proves that he was well chosen.

Moreover, the Harpers were already well known as a popular publishing house of correct rather than aggressive books, and the founders of the house, seeing that a successful magazine would immensely help their general publishing business, spared neither pains nor capital to increase the circulation of their *New Monthly Magazine*.

In a word, there was intelligent forecast of the audience to be appealed to, intelligent selection of editors to produce matter and to write matter to meet and satisfy the demands of this audience, and a liberal supply of capital to accomplish the ends in view.

Already, forty years ago, the Harpers saw that illustrations were to be a feature of the popular literature of the future, and hence *Harper's Monthly* was one of the first and best of our illustrated American magazines.

In truth, the average literary taste of Americans has not changed very materially in the last generation, and so *Harper's* to-day, though less æsthetic and less flashy than some of its

later and still some of its cheaper rivals, holds its own as one of, if not the most sensible, unexceptional, and entertaining magazines in the English language—that is, for family reading.

From the first the *Atlantic* disclaimed and discarded pictures, and depended exclusively on the supposed and aimed-at superiority of its literary productions to win it what favor it wished to secure. In my judgment, its success, or, at least, its continued life through all the vicissitudes of more than a generation of American history, is to be accounted for on precisely the same grounds that the success and the continued life of *Harper's* is to be accounted for.

Forty years ago New England, with Boston for center, had grown utterly sceptical of Christian truth. Emerson was still in his prime and he was a cold-blooded sceptic of the coolest head. The so-called radical preaching of Theodore Parker aroused large classes of men and women. Wendell Phillips, though of orthodox faith, had largely broken with the orthodox churches on the question of slavery. Sumner, Lowell, and Holmes were only echoes of these greater men, and Nathaniel Hawthorne, the one conservative and truly literary character that New England has produced, had fought his beautiful battle for the ideal and was passing away. The Middle States, though as a whole conservative and Christian, that is, in touch with the Harpers and their publications, still had thousands of sympathizers with the more radical sentiment of New England.

In New York, Beecher, Chapin, Cheever, Thompson, and the vast congregations and audiences they addressed, and the friends of these, were sceptic as to orthodox religion and were in favor of and aching for new ideas. In the then West, that is, in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, this so-called liberal and free sentiment had tens of thousands of sympathizers, and any intelligent person who has made a study of human phenomena must have seen this, viz., that religious, political, and other reform, as well as orthodox sentiment, needs and always has had a literary as well as a religious, ecclesiastical, and political expression. In truth, without literature the pulpits and the senates of the nations might as well have been dumb. Had it not been for Dante, the Church of the Middle Ages would have lost its hold on the nations of his day and ours. Had it not been for Emerson the diluted Socinianism of the New England of fifty years ago

would have faded out amid its own whitewashed echoes, and have gone long ago to the silvery moonshine of oblivion that it deserves.

Now, what Emerson was to the milk-and-water Socinianism of New England and the continent fifty years ago, the *Atlantic Monthly* was to the quasi-sceptical and literary sentiment of this continent from thirty to forty years ago. I am not saying that the *Atlantic* was sceptical; it was literary, not religious; I am only saying that it appealed to the sceptical circles. It was shy of Emerson, shy of Phillips, shy of radical abolition, but it courted Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, *et al.*, as the milder and more literary representatives of the same negations that have ever driven men away from the Cross and from Christianity and coaxed them into dependence upon fried onions, Graham bread, easy divorce, and Platonic flirtations.

I am not denouncing the *Atlantic Monthly*; not at all. I am simply showing why, having fallen on an age of sceptical boobies and ministered to their æstheticism, it succeeded and still succeeds to this day.

Moreover, the *Atlantic* has always had a good Boston publishing house, good printing presses, and excellent capital back of it, and it is to be said to its credit that in the last dozen years, finding that Emersonian sceptical platitudes are no longer the power that they once were, it has welcomed to its pages orthodox Catholic and Protestant writers, and has constantly kept up the standard of refined literature.

Prof. Fiske and many of its modern stars are a long-winded, second-hand set of geniuses, but still the *Atlantic*, though by no means the power or the entertainer in the land that it was thirty years ago, yet is the best original and purely literary magazine published in the United States.

Philadelphia, spite of its splendid colonial prestige, never had, and has not to-day, a respectable and respected literary magazine.

The two periodicals referred to as existing alongside of *Harper's* and the *Atlantic* from thirty to forty years ago, were simply nursery magazines, with a touch of piety not unacceptable to well-mannered mothers and children. They were, in fact, simply the forerunners of that purely sickly and utterly nauseating family affair, known as *The Ladies' Home Journal* in our day,

and Mr. Bok is the lineal descendant of a whole line of would-be domestic and would-be æsthetic kitchen editors that Philadelphia has produced and sustained during the last fifty years.

They never knew the difference between literature and languid sentimental gush; but they make money, supply the market demand of fools for the pabulum of fools, and go to the devil, where they belong.

The leading magazines named represent the first tangible and successful efforts of American writers and American literary people and publishers to produce a native periodical literature.

There had been earlier efforts in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia; but, like many similar efforts during the past thirty years, they had neither audiences, nor business, nor experience enough to find or create new audiences, and these earlier failures need not be mentioned here. The age has outgrown the need of any reference to them.

In passing to what may be called the second generation of successful and unsuccessful American magazines, new literary elements come into view, and the roadways are literally thick with wrecks that once seemed to bear in their pages the seeds of long success.

Finding that a good periodical publication was clearly a good adjunct for a publishing house, the publishers in existence thirty odd years ago vied with each other in founding and trying to run American magazines, but when it is remembered that even to this day we have not a score of very competent and entertaining writers in the United States, it is seen at a glance how difficult the field was to cultivate. Foreign writers were pressed into the service. Stories and novels were stolen complete or altered and adapted, and the work of periodical publication became one of the most active phases of our American literary life.

Having been alike business manager, assistant editor, and these last nine years editor and proprietor of a magazine, I have been obliged to study the field with some earnest attention, and I find that up to the latest seedlings and saplings of our American periodicals, we are imitators of English publications and imitators of one another up to this day.

Prominent among the periodicals of what I have called the second generation of our American literary effort, I mention

Lippincott's Magazine, *Scribner's Magazine* and *The North American Review*.

When the Lippincotts founded their magazine and gave it their own name, they were plainly at sea as to what sort of thing they wanted to make, what sort of editor they needed, and what sort of audience they might hope to win; and I must say that after thirty odd years of study of this subject, they seem as much at sea in this regard as ever.

The founder of the house of J. B. Lippincott Co. was one of the shrewdest and most successful book publishers of his generation, but years before his death he told me in person that the magazine business had been too much for him. In fact, though reticent on all phases of his general book business, he was frank and outspoken on the senseless losses sustained by the venture of *Lippincott's Magazine*. In truth, no man that has ever had *Lippincott's* in charge for any length of time has known how to make a successful magazine of any sort.

One J. Foster Kirke, a sort of correct but second-rate New England hack writer, was installed as its editor many years ago, and, as I said in a review of this magazine published in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* nearly twenty-five years ago, Kirke plainly edited the magazine for a public that did not exist; hence the luxury cost the wealthy publisher about ten thousand a year for the first ten years. When J. B. Lippincott passed away the younger men tried their hands, but only succeeded in making a cheap and frivolous affair, satisfactory to nobody and serviceable to nobody, lacking utterly the airy attractiveness of some of our later and cheaper magazines, and having nothing in it, that is, not one article or story in three months that had merit enough to pay one for perusal; yet the Lippincott publishing house is one of the largest and most successful in the United States; for the last thirty years at least has had practically unlimited capital back of it. But here I hesitate, because personal relations of many years ago render it almost impossible for me to speak plainly on this delicate point. I consider *Lippincott's Magazine* an awful failure, all the more deplorable and inexcusable, because it has always known where to secure the brains and experience that would have made their magazine a great success, but the management has always bitten too hard on a three-cent piece while lavishly losing its dimes.

There must be an audience, as we said, separate and apart from the audiences of existing magazines, or brains and genius enough to win new audiences ; and there must be capital or such experience and resources as will take the place of capital and win by sheer might of intellectual power.

Lippincotts had capital, but they never knew how to use it in their magazine ; and they have preferred cheap hacks to men of genius and power in the editorial conduct of said magazine.

In order to win favor or an audience in this world, there must be a certain expenditure of vital and mental force in the game. Old grannies and new dudes cannot command public attention, except to their clothes and their peculiarities.

To win the public ear, or heart, or brain you must give the results of better hearing, better feeling and better thinking than their own ; or, as I once put it to my old friend, Dr. Garretson, late of Philadelphia, no man has a right to publish a book or an article unless he has said something therein better than it has ever been said before.

Lippincott's Magazine has never done this, never seemingly tried to do it, and hence it still ambles through the market on weaker legs than of old ; but fortunately, the home fireside is lavish and warm as ever, and *Lippincott's* will die hard ; may, in fact, yet put on new life and outshine the best of its more successful rivals. In truth in its earlier stages *Lippincott's* was a poor imitation of the *Atlantic Monthly*, with a few cheap pictures put in to catch the groundlings. Here was the first blunder. The audience that cared for the *Atlantic Monthly* did not care for the cheap pictures, and *Lippincott's* at its best, that is under Kirke's management (for it was infinitely better then than it has been the last fifteen years), never had enough original and commanding work in it to cope with the Boston magazine.

Almost simultaneously with the springing or wobbling into fame of *Lippincott's Magazine* there appeared in New York a new periodical, which from the start, caught the public eye and ear, and has had a remarkable career. To many publishers and to many people *Harper's* appeared a little old-fashioned. The more intellectual classes of America were also growing a little more æsthetic. Would not a magazine with literature a little more human, and a little less transcendental than that in the *Atlantic*, and with illustrations a little more æsthetic artistic—

a little quaint in an historic sense—perhaps a little more Catholic and cosmopolitan in a religious sense—take with the American public?

These are some of the questions that must have exercised the minds of the fathers of the present house of Charles Scribner's Sons, when they, together with Mr. J. J. Holland, and Mr. Roswell P. Smith, founded the original *Scribner's Magazine*. In general character the old Scribner publishing house resembled the Harpers. It was orthodox, refined, and very sensible. It was also liberal. Its printing and publishing were well done. Its attitude toward authors and the public was very gentlemanly, resembling in this respect the character of the best London publishing houses. It had succeeded with many excellent books—why not with a magazine? In truth the stars seem propitious for some people, and for others they have to be fought and soon are left behind as so many broken lights along the way.

I am not implying that the Scribners had an easy victory with their magazine. No successful magazine has ever had an easy time of it. But the stars were propitious in the case of the Scribners. Mr. Holland, as I recollect, the original editor and practically the founder of *Scribner's*, was well known and much appreciated by the younger American readers thirty years ago. He was not a profound man—not a great thinker; not even an original thinker or writer in any sense, but he was human; not a mere stick or hack; he was in touch with all that was refined in a mediocre literary way. He had sought and found a good and large American public for his own books and hence knew the sort of work he needed to hold and enlarge that audience for a magazine.

Then, from the start, there was plainly a good business management, energetic and liberal; so that in a very short time after its founding the original *Scribner's* became the successful rival of *Harper's*, and inside of five years, as I recollect, was as widely patronized as *Harper's*, and was viewed as the better magazine of the two.

It is not my purpose here to go into the final rupture between the Scribner house and the management of the magazine whereby the old *Scribner* became *The Century*, under a still more æsthetic management, the Scribner house agreeing not to revive the old *Scribner Magazine* or publish a new one inside of ten years.

Everybody knows that whatever the Scribner house agrees to do is honorably adhered to, and I consider this a severe test of its principles.

The name and the business resources of the Scribner house had made the *Scribner Magazine* quite as much as it had been made by the pleasing genius of Mr. Holland and the business push of Mr. Smith, and everybody who knows anything about it knows that the magazine now known as *The Century* was originally the *Scribner's*, but had to get a new name when the old magazine management ceased to be under Scribners' control.

Everybody knows quite as well, that *The Century* with its new name has long been among the most famous and successful periodical publishing concerns in the world. The Century Company has always adhered to the primal conception of the original *Scribner Magazine*, except that under the Gilder management the magazine has become a sort of placard for the crude and amateur, so-called new art of England and America, but it has always had enough of true art in its illustrations, and always enough of sterling good family reading-matter in its pages to make it easily one of the best of the two or three illustrated monthlies. And it has done all this by following precisely the spirit of its original founders.

American taste has become more florid and less exacting than it was a hundred years ago. On the other hand there are a hundred Americans buying pictures, studying pictures and dabbling in art matters now, where one American took interest in such matters a hundred years ago, and the editors of *The Century* today are distinctly American, alike in the average crudity of their taste in art and literature. In a word, they are in touch with the average crowd and hence are successful.

I cannot leave this phase of the subject without paying unconditional and unstinted tribute to the *Century* management of their children's magazine, *St. Nicholas*. It is easily the best children's magazine in the world, and has no rival here or elsewhere. Of course, I am familiar with the various publications that have aimed to rival *St. Nicholas*, but it is not worth while to name them because they are so little known.

My recollection is that *The North American Review* was a Boston periodical originally and founded by James Russell Lowell. The name of it and the founder of it indicate what was

its original purpose, viz., to establish a high-class literary Review of North American, that is United States, standards, and to show the Old World that we really could maintain in this country a high-class literary magazine of independent judgment and of highest culture. The history of *The North American* proves that we could do nothing of the kind. In the first place Mr. Lowell never had the training or the genius requisite to make and sustain a magazine of the character he designed, and in the next place the taste of the *American* was not then and is not to-day equal to the appreciation of the sort of publication designed.

Such weekly papers as *The Critic*, of New York, and *The Literary World*, of Boston—both of them together having less brains and less book culture in a year than a careful reader will find in the London *Athenæum* in a month, and both of them together being little more than an extension of the booksellers' advertising announcements—still do very well for the American taste up to this hour, and occasionally they have a genuine review that helps to bolster up their infantile and mercantile character.

Hence, as by law of nature, *The North American Review*, which was intended to be a crown of glory in the literary life of America, became under the late Thorndyke Rice, as under its present management, a review, not written by scholars in first estimation of current literature, but a review written by hacks, politicians, newspaper notorieties, etc., etc., on the popular and damnable questions of the day,—a sort of more elaborate editorial page of a daily newspaper, written for advertisers and for revenue only.

Ten years ago, that is a year or so before I founded the GLOBE REVIEW, the *North American* was dominated largely by Ingersoll atheism and had gone to the devil of sheer infidelity; hence the GLOBE, among its first missions, hurled its shafts at the *North American* until Ingersoll was practically set out in the cold, and Cardinal Gibbons became one of the *North American's* winning cards; but to this hour the magazine is a fallen, struggling, outwinded sort of proposed divinity. All this showing, however, that America, as such, has no use for literary work pure and simple, and I am not blaming the *North American* for shifting from the literary bone, without any meat on, to the political bone, where, if well handled, there is meat and whisky besides.

The three periodicals mentioned are the leading successful and quasi-successful ventures of the second generation of the business under review.

Side by side with the magazines, in the generation named, there grew up various mushroom periodicals that had their little day and went out in eternal oblivion. In Philadelphia, Potter's *American Monthly* became the organ of the struggling publishing house of John E. Potter & Company. Zell's *Illustrated Monthly*; held its own and won praise for a year or two. *The American*—not the present weekly, but a monthly started by Wharton Barker and presided over by H. Armit Brown, a brilliant young Philadelphia lawyer—had its little hour and then was silent forever. And the once famous Judge Albion Tourgée, author of a "A Fool's Errand," proved his own adaptedness to the title of his book by founding a magazine, quite noted twenty years ago—but its very name has escaped me.

It all seemed so easy to those writers and publishers, but they had no audience, and not enough brains or genius to create a new audience.

In New York, something over twenty years ago, as I recollect, there appeared the *International Review*, published by A. S. Barnes and Company, a pretentious high-class monthly, beautiful, with toned paper, broad margins, and all very dignified. It was, as I recollect, fathered by certain learned professors, who thought they had a message for the world other than that they were employed to give in their class-rooms, and who wanted something different from, something better than the *North American*, in which to express their thoughts.

In my capacity as book reviewer for one of the daily papers in those years I remember saying a good word for *The International*, but it was too good for this world and went up in smoke and dreams.

During the same era *The Galaxy*, published by Sheldon and Company, made a brilliant and brave fight for existence, but the people were not looking for stars. Rush-lights and fancy pictures would do them just as well. Then *The Galaxy*, spite of its name, had no better matter than the *Atlantic Monthly* and the illustrated monthlies named; in a word, had no distinctive feature that could expect to hold public and popular attention, and so went out in the darkness of utter failure.

In Boston, during the same era, the *Liberal Religionists*, that was, when Emerson was still in power with the boys, and when Octavius Frothingham, and M. J. Savage and the *New York Herald's* present religious editor—God save the mark!—all amounted to something and thought that they really had a message for mankind—thoughts that the best of them have given up long ago—founded a magazine that they called *The Radical*. Of course it was only Socinianism become absolutely atheism, and so *The Radical*, having no place for the sole of its foot, and being utterly out of harmony with the eternal verities of this universe, toppled and fell.

A little later Mr. E. E. Hale, better known as the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, founded a magazine called *The Old and New*. It was much like its founder—noncommittal—used whole pages and chapters in trying to say nothing in whole quarter-sections of words, was eminently respectable, utterly insincere; neither literary nor religious, and after a little *Old and New* ceased its foolish prattle and died.

During the same generation the *Overland Monthly* came forth from the Pacific coast, with touches of the genius of Bret Harte, Ina Coolbrith, Joaquin Miller and others, and for a time it looked as if the East would have to look to its laurels, but, alas!—the East coaxed Bret Harte to Boston, and finding that was too rigid for him, he sailed for London and has never come back. Again that old dame, Necessity, made a librarian rather than a poetess out of Ina Coolbrith, and her pen lost its cunning for years. As for Miller and the other Pacific Slopers, while they had talent they had no genius; nothing to keep the *Overland* freighted with such treasures as had made it famous, and like many a faded member of a once honorable house it still lives, but nobody knows why.

In truth, while it is a fact that much of the best work that appears in the Eastern magazines is done by Western men and women, still there is no *esprit* west of the Alleghany mountains that can possibly sustain a good magazine.

We now come to glance at the newer generation of magazines, to see why they came and why they are staying.

To my mind the most notable feat in modern popular American magazine establishment was the founding of the new *Scribner* and bringing it, almost at a bound, up to the prestige

and influence of its earlier namesake of ten years before. More than twenty-five years ago I urged the Lippincotts to do just what the Scribners did a few years ago—that is, to make a better and brighter, a more beautifully illustrated, and in every way a stronger literary magazine than the four-dollar-per-annum concerns and sell it for twenty-five cents a copy and three dollars a year. Now this is just what the new Scribner house did with and for their new *Scribner Magazine*, and it all goes to show that there is inherent in this house a taste for this sort of publication and a willingness to venture capital in that line.

It is hardly to be claimed that the new *Scribner* would have gone to the front so quickly had the old price been retained; but that the publishers make a magazine in every way equal to the best family magazines in this country is beyond question, and as they spent lots of money in the refounding, and put the price down by one-fourth, their success was as deserved as it was reasonable.

Of the four old-class monthlies to-day I consider *Scribner's* the best, and I never have asked them any favors and never expect to ask them any.

Coming into this same early period of our third generation of magazine venture, *The Forum* should have kindly notice and explanation. When the first copies came to me in my capacity as book reviewer, about fifteen years ago, I remarked to the gentlemen in my room that this—that is, *The Forum*—looked as if it had come to stay. It has had its hard fight, and I do not know whether or not its clientele justifies any good hope of permanency.

The aim of *The Forum* was to rival or excel *The North American* in its own field, and that was a difficult task to perform. Neither magazine had for editor or leading writer any man of commanding genius or power, hence both publications had to rely upon such sensational names as they could procure in order to boom their respective periodicals. It was plain to everybody that the result depended on the question, which had the longer purse or which would be first to lower its price and enter the ring as a second-class magazine.

The *Forum* made this change about five years ago, and for a time, I was told, its sales largely increased; but, in truth, one magazine of their kind is enough for the American market.

Readers of the *North American* and of the *Forum* are not, as a rule, a critical class. They are would-be politicians, aspiring statesmen, without brains enough to be either politicians or statesmen. They are classes a little more intelligent than the average readers of *Harper's* and the *Century*, but for all that they are people that are capable of being fed on the foam and dishwasher of big names, and of concluding that they are getting Mumm's Extra Dry all the while.

There are only a few writers in the United States capable of writing readable magazine articles on the great questions of the day, hence the *Forum* and the *North American* have to press into their service a lot of political hacks, showy army officers, etc., etc., who know a great deal better how to guzzle champagne and make maudlin after-dinner speeches than they know how to write the English language.

This, in general, was the state of American periodical literature when, nine years ago, I founded THE GLOBE REVIEW, announcing from the start that I would treat all questions of morals and society from the standpoint of Christian ethics, no matter who suffered in that light; that I would treat all new art from the standpoint of the old and highest standards of art, and above all, that I would treat all new books worth noticing at all from the highest standards of literary criticism, in a deadly earnest manner, and that no shoddy or senselessness should pass for fine linen while THE GLOBE lived.

I hardly dared to expect a hearing, not to speak of success. I had no capital and was bound not to sponge on my friends. To my amazement, THE GLOBE found men and women everywhere who appreciated fearless, able and independent criticism of books and affairs. To my delight, the tone of other magazines began to change under the new pressure; and to this day THE GLOBE is growing slowly but surely by the power of its own vitality; and though I have no doubt that I could sell double as many copies on the news-stands if I sold it at twenty-five cents a copy, I cannot do that as long as it is a quarterly; and constantly my subscribers are writing me that some one article in each issue is worth the subscription price for the year.

The next year after THE GLOBE was founded, and when certain New England Liberals who had interested themselves in it found that its morality was based on the Ten Commandments

and that its dogma was very close to orthodox Christianity and that therefore there was no show for them in *THE GLOBE*, they founded *The Arena*.

This new Boston venture tried to rope in Bishop Brooks during his lifetime; tried to ape *THE GLOBE* in its editorial notes; tried to compete with the *Forum* and the *North American* in its search for important names to adorn its pages: but up to this hour, as far as I know, has universally failed, and for the simple reason that it has never had anything to say worth saying, and has never shown any special ability in saying it.

The still nearer group of monthlies, known as the *Cosmopolitan*, *McClure's*, and *Munsey's* magazines, are far superior, any one of them, to what *Lippincott's* has ever been at its best; in many ways they are equal to the *Century*, to *Harper's*, or to *Scribner's*, and they sell on the stands at ten cents a copy.

In looking through one of these cheap magazines lately, I found over a hundred pages of advertising and about ninety pages of reading matter. The reading matter was poorly printed and not of much value,—but the latter may be said of their higher-priced rivals,—and the advertising was brilliantly printed, and some of it well worth reading.

In truth, these cheaper magazines are printed and published largely for the advertiser. The price of the magazine as sold is less than cost per copy. Very large editions are said to be printed; very high prices are asked and secured for the advertising, and so the publisher lives, simply as any other adventurer, never suspecting for a moment that his magazine is of any earthly use in the world except to put money in his own purse.

In this brief resumé I have not attempted to notice the scores of weekly papers that have come and tried their wing and flown away these thirty years. Nor have I thought it worth while to notice the ephemeral and impertinent newer sheets of this class, represented by the *Chap Book*, *Chips*, the *Philistine*, *Current Literature*, etc., etc. They are legion, and good friends of mine have been interested in some of them. They really have no mission except to ventilate their founders' amateur idiosyncrasies. They have no new or old truth to tell, and have no especial ability in telling their own small yarns. They come and go, and nobody is the wiser or better either way.

Again, I have not attempted to mention quite a large class of sectarian, religious, or class publications. These really, in their way, are among the ablest of our American periodical work. The *Popular Science Monthly*, published by the Appletons, is one of the best of them ; lots of amateur pretentiousness in it, but still a good share of scientific ability.

Magazines like the old *Princeton Review*, the *Andover Review*, the *Catholic Quarterly Review*, and later the *New World*, representative of Harvard's newest light, etc., etc., have work in them of marked ability but absolutely too heavy for anything but old-fashioned giants to carry.

I am sorry to say that strictly speaking, that is, outside of this utterly serious and theological sphere, there is not a Catholic magazine in this country that would live a year on its own merits, that is, unless it were bolstered up by priestly and prelatical authority and urgent influence. The *Catholic World*, *Donahoe's* and the *Rosary*, all claiming to be literary and general magazines, are not, any one of them, equal to the cheapest and worst secular failures that I have mentioned, and without further ado they ought to confess their sins, turn up their toes and die. And if the prelates and priests who stand sponsors for these literary babes in the woods had a little more good sense, a little better literary judgment, and a little less conceit of the value of their own influence, Catholic literature in the United States might arise to wield a power but little dreamed of by the Catholic prelates and the Catholic Bridgets of these days.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

AN HUMBLE MISSIONARY.

[FOUNDED ON FACT.]

MADAME CLEMENTINE was happy. In all Mobile, that summer evening, there was not a lighter heart than the soft, round, rosy old dame's, resting in her little notion-shop after the fatigues of a very busy day. Close on the national holiday, trade had been brisk and receipts good ; but, better than all, her old-time confessor in Brittany had sent her a package of pictures of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for distribution among

her clients and gossips. Such lovely pictures, too—so life-like, so tender, so richly-colored! The Master's face was heavenly-sweet; and there was something almost coaxing in the gesture of the pierced Hand, holding forth to the beholder the glowing, thorn-wreathed Heart. Madame's soul overflowed with delight and divine love.

A tinkle of her shop-bell—and a tall, handsome brunette in amber satin and *parure* of rubies stood at the counter, asking for a pair of white kid gloves. She was one of "Miss Melissa's girls"—one of the unfortunates from the big, showy mansion round the corner, with its broad garden of roses and oleanders, always alive with gayly-dressed women and men. Madame Clementine sold her the gloves; and then, in a gentle, unobtrusive way, showed her one of the Sacred Heart pictures, carefully stored behind a glass jewel-case.

"Take it," she said softly. "Our Lord is offering you His burning Heart in exchange for your own!"

"I daren't touch it!" returned the girl abruptly. "The Lord has nothing to do with such as I!" There were tears in her large, dark eyes, and her olive cheek paled a little under its *rouge*.

Madame looked at her tenderly, pityingly. "It was for such as you, Alice Esmonde," she whispered, "that Jesus came on earth. 'I came,' He said, 'not to call the just, but sinners to repentance.' He bled and died, Alice, not for the saints, but for sinners that they might become saints."

"How can I help it?" cried the outcast in a hard voice. "I never meant to be what I am! Once, I was an innocent, high-spirited girl. I worked hard as typewriter to a rich merchant in the North. I was a Methodist, and he was one of the deacons in our church. He told me he loved me. I believed him, fool that I was. . . . One day he brought to my mother's house a man who was a parson (he said). We were married by him, and went South for our wedding trip. I was happy. I trusted him with all my heart. Then he drove me one night to Miss Melissa's. I nearly died when he told me our marriage was a mockery—that the minister had been one of his creatures—that there was a lawful wife still living. When I came out of my swoon I found he had deserted me in that den of iniquity!" She was sobbing convulsively as she ended.

Madame's kind old arms stole around her. Madame's kind old breast supported the beautiful, unhappy head as tenderly as a mother's. "Courage!" she whispered. "You have been more sinned against than sinning. Break your chains this night, and return to God!"

"How can I do it?" questioned Alice eagerly, almost fiercely, "I have not a spot to hide my head in!" Her eyes were like stars, the breath came pantingly through her red lips.

"Who is your washerwoman?" asked Madame Clementine.

"Good old *Tante* Athenaise."

"*Très bien*," grunted Madame. "There is no better Christian in all Mobile than old French Athenaise. Go to her at once; but first throw this long, black cloak of mine over your finery. Give this card to *Tante*, and ask her to shelter you until I can fix things for you. There—don't forget your picture of the Sacred Heart of our Merciful Saviour. Take it with you, and put your trust in Him!"

The girl was gone—gathering up her rich dress under the black domino with one gloved hand, and clasping close both picture and card with the other.

The next day Madame had a long talk with *Tante* Athenaise, and when they parted Athenaise was busy at her tub, with a tall, dark girl in a coarse gown and sun-bonnet making starch at her side, instead of *Tante's* granddaughter, who lay moaning with headache and backache on a rude cot in the corner.

Two weeks passed, and Madame got a letter. It was from Father Abram Ryan, the poet-priest of the South. He wrote to say that, ten days before, a girl, named Alice Esmonde, had been brought into the plague-hospital, where he was doing mission duty. She was dangerously ill of the smallpox. She had taken it in the shanty of old *Tante* Athenaise, the colored Catholic washerwoman, whose granddaughter sickened with the distemper several days after Alice brought Aunty a card from Madame Clementine. Through that card he had learned Madame's address. He thought Madame would be glad to learn that Alice had been baptized a Catholic, and had died a beautiful death, a few hours before he wrote. All through her sickness she kept crying out that she wanted to belong to Madame Clementine's Church, for it was the Church that showed the truest charity to sinners. It was the Church that

led sinners to the Sacred Heart of a Merciful Saviour. He could not understand where she had gotten it ;—but the dying girl held fast to the end to a little picture of the Sacred Heart. One of the girls from Miss Melissa's (he added) had volunteered to nurse Alice, and had stayed with her to her last breath.

The next week, Madame Clementine had another caller from the big house 'round the corner. She was a tiny, slender creature of eighteen or so, with blonde hair and great blue eyes. She wore a trailing gown of violet silk, elaborately trimmed with creamy lace, and there were diamonds at her ears and on her white throat and fingers. She was beautiful as a poet's dream, as she stood before Madame, pleading with clasped hands: "Please, take me in, and save me! I want to know the Sacred Heart of Jesus—I want to die close to It as Alice Esmonde did!"

"Who are you?" said Madame.

"I am Susie Atkinson. I live at Miss Melissa's," was the answer. "I dearly loved Alice Esmonde, and I nursed her at the hospital. I was with her when she died. The priest spoke kindly to me. Since then, I am so tired of the life—so tired, oh! so sick and disgusted with the old life!"

"How am I to know you are in earnest—that you are telling me the truth?" questioned Madame cautiously.

"By *this!*" and the girl threw down upon the counter a little crumpled picture of the Sacred Heart. "This is the picture you gave Alice. See! it is stained with the humor from her hands! She died with it at her lips. O Madame! they could not even wash her poor body afterwards. They just rolled her in a sheet, and hurried her away to the grave. She used to be so fond of dressing and perfuming herself—and there she was black, swollen, stenchful, hideous—O it was horrible!" and the dainty little thing shuddered and covered her face with her trembling, bejeweled fingers.

"*Dieu vous garde, pauvrete!*" murmured Madame, wiping her old eyes with a corner of her snowy apron: "Whatever in the world brought *you* to live at that vile Melissa's?"

"Misfortune, Madame, misfortune and deceit. I came from the north of Ireland, three years ago, with my dear father and mother. They were good Presbyterians, and had trained me well. On board ship, the cholera broke out. Father and mother both died of it. I saw them wrapped in a sail in mid-ocean, and

cast into the sea. Oh! would to heaven, I had died, too, and been buried with them then and there!" She wrung her hands wildly—and walked up and down the shop several times before she could control herself sufficiently to go on with her story. "I was an only child," she said brokenly: "I hadn't a friend or relation on either side the Atlantic. When I landed at New York, a lady came on board, and offered me a situation as maid if I would go with her to Mobile. I had no one to advise me. I was glad of the chance to earn my living. I went with her. It was Miss Melissa. Why should I tell you what devil's arts she made use of? She brought me to her house around the corner, and there I have lived ever since. O Madame!" she broke off, seizing a fold of the old shop-keeper's black gown: "Say you will take me in! For the sake of Alice, *please* say you will take me in, and save me from destruction!"

Madame Clementine looked over the gaudily-decked little figure, and shook her head despondently. "I can't take you in those clothes," she returned presently: "but I'll tell you what to do. Go to Alice's friend, old *Tante* Athenaise. There is no need to be afraid of the small-pox. The officers have cleaned and fumigated her shanty. Borrow one of her dead granddaughter's dresses, put it on, and come back to me."

As soon as the train of the violet silk had disappeared through her shop door, Madame Clementine ran up-stairs to the lodger on her second floor—a warm-hearted Irish lady, named Mrs. Sullivan. A few words sufficed to explain Susie's case.

"Of course, we can keep her," cried Mrs. Sullivan heartily. "There's the big attic, up-stairs; its empty now, thank God! We'll run a cot into it, and a few other necessaries, and we'll hide her there till we get a chance to send her out of the city, the poor *colleen bawn!*"

In an hour's time, a neat little figure in a dark calico dress, a white apron and a big green slat sun-bonnet bounded in to Madame Clementine with a joyous "Here I am, Madame! I've run away from Miss Melissa!"

"Up-stairs with you at once, *petite,*" cried Madame; and they were soon in the great sunny attic, where Mrs. Sullivan had fixed the little white cot, and was now hanging a curtain across the dormer window to shut out a view of Miss Melissa's back porch.

In the twilight that same day, Father Ryan dropped in for a few minutes' chat with Madame. Susie's pathetic story was

quickly told him, and Susie herself brought down into the tiny sitting-room to see the priest. That was the beginning of a course of instructions which ended with Susie's baptism and reception into the Catholic Church.

Near by was a convent of Dominican nuns. They had a branch house in New Orleans, which they visited at intervals during the year—generally going in detachments of four Sisters at a time. It was close upon one of these occasional visitations when Madame Clementine called on the Mother Superior—the week after Susie's baptism. In reply to her question if she could take the poor child with them on the journey: "Four of the Community were to start in a few days," said the white-robed Mother. "As one of the Sisters has fallen sick, we will have a berth to spare, and will gladly chaperon your protégée to the House of the Good Shepherd."

For a day and a half, Madame, Susie and Mrs. Sullivan were busy as bees, running up breadths of black calico into a dress for the young traveller. Her costume, when finished, was a complete disguise; for Madame had unearthed an old mourning veil from a long unopened drawer, and the widow's bonnet that had been laid away with it—years after Monsieur Clementine had slept with his fathers—was found to fit nicely over Susie's blonde curls. Even the lynx eyes of the dreaded Miss Melissa would have failed to recognize her quandom maid in the small nunlike figure that emerged one summer morning from the portal of the Dominican convent and drove away, deeply veiled, with the gentle, protecting Sisters.

Once safe in New Orleans, the poor little lost lamb was gathered at last into the fold of the Good Shepherd. And there she remained; and there she still remains, a good, faithful Magdalen—*Sœur Madeleine du Sacré Cœur*—praying always for Madame Clementine and Alice Esmonde, who, together with Father Ryan, had opened to her the refuge of the Divine Heart of Jesus, and settled her securely therein forevermore.

* * * *

"*Grace à Dieu!*" Madame Clementine always devoutly says, crossing herself, as she tells the story to some sympathetic customer: "It all came about through Père Xavier and his lovely picture of the Sacred Heart!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SUGGESTION.

AS SPRING low whispers the brief word: "Good-by!"
 And breaths of summer stir the silent air,
 Upland and field and dewy meadow wear
 A wealth of blossoms fragile, brave, and shy:
 O'erarching all light laughs a twinkling sky,
 'Neath whose dim blue the snowy cloudlets fare;
 And from the forest issues, rich and rare,
 The soft swift ripples of the wood-bird's cry.

And side by side, hand clasped in happy hand,
 We move amid the sweetness and the song,
 Till lo! the twilight shows its purple bars;
 Then, lingering more tenderly along,
 We feel above us, infinitely grand,
 The mystery and music of the stars.

Gardiner, Me.

A. T. SCHUMAN.

EARLY POETS OF FRANCE.

THE re-publication of Mr. Andrew Lang's "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," by Mosher of Portland, Me., in such dainty guise as to make the book a joy in and of itself, is calling the public to fresh appreciation of lyric verse in its old French forms. The original appearance in London of these beautiful translations took place in 1872, since when the volume has gone out of print. One can but thank the present publisher for reproducing it. It brings back to us, like a faint foreign perfume, the names of Ronsard, Villon, and Charles d'Orleans; and we are stirred to renewed admiration of these ancient verse-forms marked by intricacies all their own.

James Russell Lowell, in one of his essays, says of the ancient Troubadours, "Their poetry is purely lyric in its most narrow sense, that is, the expression of personal and momentary moods. . . . Provence is a morning sky of early summer out of which innumerable larks rain a faint melody—the sweeter because rather half divined than heard too distinctly—over an earth where the dew never dries and the flowers never fade."

Charles d'Orleans, called the father of French lyric poetry, was the son of Louis d'Orleans, the grandson of Charles V., and the father of Louis XII. Captured at Agincourt, he was kept in England as a prisoner from 1415 to 1440, when he returned to France, where he died in 1465. The verses of this unlucky royal poet are mostly roundels of two rhymes. They deal with simple themes, being usually songs of love and spring, and retain the allegorical forms of the *Roman de la Rose*. The following specimen, which opens Mr. Lang's series of translations, depicts what Sir Henry Wotton called "the new-liveried year."

SPRING.

The year has changed his mantle cold
 Of wind, of rain, of bitter air;
 And he goes clad in cloth of gold
 Of laughing suns and season fair;
 No bird or beast of wood or wold
 But doth with cry or song declare
 The year lays down his mantle cold.
 All founts, all rivers, seaward rolled,
 The pleasant summer livery wear,
 With silver studs on brodered vair;
 The world puts off its raiment old,
 The year lays down its mantel cold.

—CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

Following this are two English versions of quaint ballades by that somewhat disreputable genius, François Villon, 1431, the "sad, mad, glad, bad, brother," whom Swinburne takes by the hand. In a note appended as explanation Mr. Lang says, "Nothing is known of Villon's birth or death and only too much of his life. In his poems the ancient forms of French verse are animated with the keenest sense of personal emotion, of love, of melancholy, of mocking despair and of repentance for a life passed in taverns and prisons." There is a touch of pathetic constancy in this love-song by the most inconstant of poets. It bears date 1460.

ARBOR ARMORIS.

I have a tree, a graft of Love,
 That in my heart has taken root;
 Sad are the buds and blooms thereof,
 And bitter sorrow is its fruits;
 Yet, since it was a tender shoot,

So greatly hath its shadow spread,
 That underneath all joy is dead
 And all my pleasant days are flown,
 Nor can I slay it, nor instead
 Plant any tree save this alone.

Ah, yet, for long and long enough
 My tears were rain about its root,
 And though the fruit be harsh thereof,
 I scarcely looked for better fruit
 Than this, that carefully I put
 In garner for the bitter bread
 Whereon my weary life is fed:
 Ah, better were the soil unsown
 That bears such growths; but Love instead
 Will plant no tree, but this alone.
 Ah, would that this new spring, whereof
 The leaves and flowers flush into shoot,
 I might have succour and aid of Love
 To prune these branches at the root,
 That long have borne such bitter fruit,
 And graft a new bough, comforted
 With happy blossoms white and red;
 So pleasure should for pain atone,
 Nor Love slay this tree, nor instead
 Plant any tree, but this alone.

L'ENVOI.

Princess, by whom my hope is fed,
 My heart thee prays in lowlihead
 To prune the ill boughs overgrown,
 Nor slay Love's tree, nor plant instead
 Another tree, save this alone.

—FRANÇOIS VILLON

It seems that the poet and his wild companions, free of thought and altogether too free of speech, even for their own turbulent times, finally got cast into prison. Thence he sent forth this truly piteous plea, which has penetrated the ages with its cry, as if we, even now, stood by the door of his dungeon-keep.

BALLAD OF THE GIBBET.

An epitaph in the form of a ballad that François Villon wrote of himself and his company, they expecting shortly to be hanged.

Brothers and men that shall after us be,
 Let not your hearts be hard to us:

For pitying this our misery
 Ye shall find God the more piteous.
 Look on us six that are hanging thus,
 And for the flesh that so much we cherished
 How it is eaten of birds and perished,
 And ashes and dust fill our bones' place,
 Mock not at us that so feeble be
 But pray God pardon us out of His grace.

Listen, we pray you, and look not in scorn
 Though justly, in sooth, we are cast to die;
 Ye wot no man so wise is born
 That keeps his wisdom constantly.
 Be ye then merciful, and cry
 To Mary's Son that is piteous,
 That His mercy take no stain from us
 Saving us out of the fiery place.
 We are but dead, let no soul deny
 To pray God succour us of His grace.

The rain out of heaven has washed us clean
 The sun has scorched us black and bare
 Ravens and rooks have pecked at our eyne
 And feathered their nests with our beards and hair.
 Round are we tossed, and here and there,
 This way and that, at the wild wind's will,
 Never a moment my body is still;
 Birds they are busy about my face.
 Live not as we, nor fare as we fare;
 Pray God pardon us out of His grace.

L'ENVOI.

Prince Jesus, Master of all, to thee
 We pray Hell gain no mastery,
 That we come never anear that place:
 And ye men, make no mockery,
 Pray God pardon us out of His grace.

The end of it was that this poetic malefactor escaped the gibbet only to laugh and go on with his audacious deeds. He was constantly in trouble with the authorities, and his youthful training at the University of Paris did not avail to shield him. Yet out of these thistles he contrived to get pink blossoms. He found poetry everywhere—poetry of such simplicity and natural pathos that we think in reading it, despite ourselves, of William

Shakespeare. His ballade of a charnel-house reminds us of the grave-digger's scene in Hamlet, and his refrain

“ Ou sont les neiges d'antan ? ”

has won its place as one of the most pathetic lines in literature.

His indomitable spirit is still a power in the world of letters ; and the best men in London, to-day, fascinated by his free swing and mad-cap vivacity, are studying his Ballades, going back to him for that saucy but indomitable freshness of thought, so hard to find in these jaded days. For his Ballades are like the winds of heaven, now bold, now sorrowful, but always blowing where they list.

It may be worth while to note, in passing, the curious and extremely complex structure of these Ballades, which the old French poets write with such ease. In 1877, Mr. Austin Dobson brought out in London a very successful volume of set verse, entitled “ Proverbs in Porcelain ; ” and, more recently, two more have appeared, Mr. Lang's “ Ballades in Blue China ” and Algernon Swinburne's “ Century of Rondels. ” In this country Clinton Scollard and Frank Demster Sherman have done some beautifully fresh work in this vein. Yet the modern writer in no case attains the full charm of the old French balladist ; perhaps for the reason that the English language is not rich in rhymes—while French and Italian are replete with them.

The Ballade makes a heavier demand on the skill of the rhymester than almost any other form of set verse. Fourteen rhyming words of one kind, with six and five respectively of two other sorts, can not easily be compassed within the limits of the Saxon tongue. An authority on the subject, M. Lemaitre, is quoted by Mr. Lang, however, as saying this in its favor as a form of verse : “ The poet who begins a Ballade does not know very exactly what he will put into it. The rhyme and nothing but the rhyme will whisper things unexpected and charming, things he would never have thought of but for her, things with strange and remote relations to each other, all united in the disorder of a dream. Nothing, indeed, is richer in suggestions than the strict laws of these difficult pieces ; they force the fancy to wander afield, hunting high and low ; and while she seeks through all the world the foot that can wear Cinderella's slipper, she makes delightful discoveries by the way. ” This

suggestiveness on the part of rhymes is well-known to all sonnet-writers, who find it of invaluable assistance. But the main peculiarity of the Ballade is its four or five line refrain, or Envoi, which is made to point the application of all preceeding thought, becoming, as it were, a resumé of the whole."

Many of the old French writers appear in this collection as sonneteers. Pierre Ronsard, born in 1524, Du Bellay, who died in 1560—date of birth unknown—and Jacques Tahureau (1527) are all finely represented. Of the first of these our author says, "Ronsard's early years gave little sign of his vocation. He was for some time a page of the court, was in the service of James V., of Scotland, and had his share of shipwrecks, battles and amorous adventures. An illness which produced total deafness made him a scholar and a poet, as in another age and country it might have made him a saint and an ascetic. With all his industry and almost religious zeal for art, he is one of the poets who make themselves, rather than are born singers He is, as has been said of Le Brun, more mythological than Pindar. His constant allusion to his gray hair, an affectation which may be noticed in Shelley, is borrowed from Anacreon. Many of the sonnets in which he 'petrarquizes,' retain the faded odor of the roses he loved; and his songs have fire and melancholy and a sense as of perfume from 'a closet long to quiet vowed, with mothed and dropping arras hung.' Ronsard's great fame declined when Malherbe came to 'bind the sweet influences of the Pleiad,' but he has been duly honored by the newest school of French poetry." Here is one of these ancient sonnets, still exhaling its rose-fragrance.

HIS LADY'S TOMB.

As in the gardens, all through May, the rose,
 Lovely, and young, and fair apparelled,
 Makes sunrise jealous of her rosy red,
 When dawn upon the dew of dawning glows;
 Graces and Loves within her breast repose,
 The woods are faint with the sweet odor shed,
 Till rains and heavy suns have smitten dead
 The languid flower and the loose leaves uncloze,—

So this, the perfect beauty of our days,
 When earth and heaven were vocal of her praise,
 The fates have slain and her sweet soul reposes;—

And tears I bring and sighs, and on her tomb
 Pour milk and scatter buds of many a bloom,
 That dead, as living, she may be with roses.

Du Bellay was a little younger than Ronsard and is perhaps the most interesting of the Pleiad, that company of seven who attempted to reform French verse by inspiring it with the enthusiasm of the Renaissance. There is a spiritual touch in some of his verse that is never found in the thought of his confrères. He has a fine, clear conception of eternal things. The perishable roses of Ronsard are beneath this man's ideal, which scales heights of eternal purity. He has a vision of immortality, a power of laying hold upon the Divine verities which shall not pass away. The man who wrote the following sonnet did more than merely to perfect French verse, he was uplifting French thought. Read and judge ye!

A SONNET TO HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

If this, our little life, is but a day
 In the eternal,—if the years in vain
 Toil after hours that never come again,—
 If everything that hath been must decay,—
 Why drest thou of joys that pass away
 My soul, that my sad body doth restrain?
 Why of the moment's pleasure art thou fain?
 Nay, *thou hast wings*,—nay, seek another stay!

There is the joy whereto each soul aspires,
 And there the rest that all the world desires,
 And there is love, and peace, and gracious mirth;
 And there, in the most highest heavens shalt thou
 Behold the Very Beauty, whereof now
 Thou worshipp'st the shadow upon earth.

Of Tahureau, 1527-1555, Mr. Lang gives this suggestive account: "The amorous poetry of Jacques Tahureau has the merit, rare in his, or in any age, of being the real expression of passion. His brief life burned itself away before he had exhausted the lyric effusion of his youth. 'Le plus beau gentil-homme de son siècle, et le plus dextre à toutes sortes de gentillesses,' died at the age of twenty-eight, fulfilling the presentiment which tinged but scarcely saddens his poetry." There is something in the style of this young poet which irresistibly reminds one of Keats. The following love-sonnet, in Mr. Lang's

facile translation, becomes a dainty piece of work, not without the touch of sadness to which he alludes. In the concluding lines of the octave it is very perceptible.

MOONLIGHT.

The high midnight was garlanding her head
 With many a shining star in shining skies,
 And, of her grace, a slumber on mine eyes
 And—after sorrow—quietness was shed.
 Far in dim fields cicals jargonéd
 A thin shrill clamour of complaints and cries;
 And all the woods were pallid, in strange wise,
 With pallor of the sad moon overspread.

Then came my lady to that lonely place,
 And, from her palfrey stooping, did embrace
 And hang upon my neck and kissed me over;
 Wherefore the day is far less dear than night,
 And sweeter is the shadow than the light,
 Since night has made me such a happy lover.

From his own facile and graceful pen, Mr. Lang then proceeds to give us four sonnets on each of these four old balladists; also some versions from the French of Hugo and other modern authors—adding to these some original lyrics on antique topics—the whole forming a varied flower-garden, through which the reader roams in delight. Indeed, it would be hard to over-estimate the service Mr. Lang and his brother-poets of London are rendering to the cause of letters in our generation. In an age of hurry and slipshod work, when the ever-increasing demand of the newspaper press is stimulating over-production of all sorts—and the magazines are not behind in the race—it is pleasant to come upon these quiet and cultured men, and to see what dewy meads of old poesy they are softly entering. The perfect finish of their own poems is an object-lesson. Like Sidney Lanier, they have given serious attention to the minute and curious questions which come up in the course of versification,—bearing not on words alone, but on word-sounds, and on *melody*, as growing out of these and their inexplicable musical relations. It is all a great Tone-Art, a second science of Harmony.

It seems to be a fact, based upon some uncomprehended law of our inmost being, that the ear loves repeated sounds. The

old French poets felt this by instinct. They perceived that Nature's melodies reiterate; the sougling of the wind, the roll of the surf, the note of the bird,—whether as monotonous or sequences of two or more single notes—all possess this quality in common of repeated sound. So the Provençal Troubadours fell naturally, and, as it were, unawares, upon this device of a chorus or burden as a most effective stroke of song. The same rhyme frequently re-echoed, has a fascination which the most cultured persons are conscious of, and it is this allurements which is leading Mr. Lang and others back to the old roundelay.

George Macdonald explains this with much grace: "Those old French ways of verse-making," he says, "which have been coming into fashion of late,—surely they say a pretty thing more prettily for their quaint old-fashioned liberty! The Triolet—for instance,—how deliciously impertinent it is! is it not? . . . The variety of dainty modes, wherein, by shape and sound, a very pretty something is carved out of nothing at all—their fantastic surprises—the ring of their bell-like returns upon themselves—their music of triangle and cymbal. In some of them, poetry seems to approach the nearest possible to bird-song; to unconscious seeming through most unconscious art—imitating the carelessness and impromptu of forms as old as the existence of birds, and as new as every fresh individual joy in each new generation, growing their own feathers and singing their own song, yet always the feathers of their kind and the song of their kind."

Some of this freshness seems to mark these little stanzas of Mr. Lang's, which appear under the sub-title, "Verses on Pictures," and seem to have been written for a sketch by G. Leslie, A. R. A.

COLINETTE.

France your country, as we know;
 Room enough for guessing yet
 What lips now or long ago
 Kissed and named you—Colinette.
 In what fields from sea to sea,
 By what stream your home was set,
 Loire or Seine was glad of thee,
 Marne or Rhone, O Colinette?

Did you stand with 'maidens ten,
 Fairer maids were never seen,
 When the young king and his men
 Passed among the orchards green?
 Nay, old ballads have a note
 Mournful, we would fain forget;
 No such sad old air should float
 Round your young brows, Colinette.

Say, did Ronsard sing to you,
 Shepherdess, to lull his pain?
 When the court went wandering through
 Rose pleasancess of Touraine?
 Ronsard and his famous Rose
 Long are dust the breezes fret;
 You, within the garden close
 You are blooming, Colinette.

Have I seen you proud and gay,
 With a patched and perfumed beau
 Dancing through the summer day,
 Misty summer of Watteau?
 Nay, so sweet a maid as you
 Never walked a minuet
 With the splendid courtly crew;
 Nay, forgive me, Colinette!

Not from Greuze's canvases
 Do you cast a glance, a smile;
 You are not as one of these,
 Yours is beauty without guile.
 Round your maiden brows and hair
 Maidenhood and childhood met
 Crown and kiss you, sweet and fair,
 New art's blossom, Colinette.

Lest, however, we should leave the reader with the false impression that Mr. Lang produces light verse only—which, indeed, is far from being the case—we would call attention to the profound beauty and almost startling originality that mark this as one of the finest poems in the volume.

ONE FLOWER.

"Up there shot a lily red
 With a patch of earth from the land of the dead,
 For she was strong in the land of the dead."

When autumn suns are soft, and sea-winds moan
 And golden fruits make sweet the golden air,
 In gardens where the apple blossoms were
 In those old springs before I walked alone,
 I pass among the pathways overgrown ;
 Of all the former flowers that kissed your feet
 Remains a poppy, pallid from the heat,
 A wild poppy that the wild winds have sown.

Alas! the rose forgets your hands of rose ;
 The lilies slumber in the lily bed ;
 'Tis only poppies in the dreamy close,
 The changeless, windless garden of the dead,
 You tend, with buds soft as your kiss that lies
 In over happy dreams, upon mine eyes.

Gardiner, Me.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

IN MEMORIAM.

JUST before these pages were going to press news reached me that Madeline Vinton Dahlgren was already numbered with the dead. There is neither space nor time to say in this issue of the GLOBE the many kindly and well-deserved words I desire to say of this good and gifted woman. Still I am moved to offer this brief token of my unbounded regard alike for her character and her work, and if my own life is spared till the next issue of this magazine it is my purpose to prepare a special article in recognition and explanation of her exalted position among the American women of our day.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

GLOBE NOTES.

IN the opening paragraphs of these GLOBE NOTES I shall nail a few lies into such prominence "that he who reads may run," and shall try to make them so plain that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

Lie number one:—Just before the issue of the last March GLOBE REVIEW a representative of this magazine called upon the advertising manager of one of the publishing houses of New York to solicit advertising. Of course, my representative spoke of the GLOBE not only as a Catholic magazine, but assured the manager in question that it was, as it is, the best and most widely read Catholic magazine in the United States. My representative had personal experience of the influence of this magazine among priests and intelligent Catholic laymen in several States of the Union, and he probably stated its claims with eloquence and earnestness. Imagine his indignation and astonishment, therefore, when the advertising manager assured him that "the GLOBE was not a Catholic magazine, and had no standing in the Catholic Church;" further that he, the manager—though refusing to give his authority—as all liars and cowards are afraid to have their names mentioned—had been so informed by Catholics in position to know what they were saying, and responsible for the truth of their assertions. I will answer this lie and these sulking and cowardly liars by narrating a few facts.

I founded this magazine in Philadelphia in October, 1889, for the purpose of exalting the standard of pure literary criticism in this country, and, with the strongest determination possible in me, to bring modern American literature up to the highest possible level of literary construction, and to insist that our literature, our art, our religion, and our politics must acknowledge and square themselves with Christian ethics and Christian truth, or go to the devil, where they belonged.

I will not here linger to trace the influence of this magazine upon American literature and life during the last nine years. When I am dead and gone other people will do that for me, and for the sake of the truth which lives and reigns when all liars and lies gradually sink into their proper oblivion.

At the time of founding this magazine I was not amenable to any Protestant sect or creed; in fact, had for years previous to the year named seen with great clearness that Protestantism was dying the deserved death of all rebellious institutions; but neither on the other hand had I any thought of ever becoming a Catholic. I was simply in league and in love with what seemed to me the purity, power, and divinity of Christian truth and Christian ethics, and was willing to face the world of modern hypocrisy on the one side and of modern infidelity and skepticism on the other—and, single-handed, if need be—with God and Christ on my side, to fire red-hot shot into the imbecilities of modern popular literature and modern popular so-called religion, not to speak of the crude blasphemies of modern art and the gross ignorances and rascalities of modern politics.

To make this part of the story short, the *GLOBE* succeeded far beyond my utmost dreams. The first issue paid all its own expenses and made me a modest living for the three months succeeding its issue. Soon the *GLOBE* had imitators; but as truth is not born of falsehood, or the power to write in a way to command respect evolved from shallow brains in a day or a year, the poor imitations of this magazine have passed through various phases of failure and quietus until they are mostly unknown quantities even in the cradles that gave them birth.

Between two and three years after the founding of the *GLOBE* I was led, through the kindness of a dear old priest, who had long been one of my subscribers, as many priests and some prelates were before him, into closer contact with Catholic truth, and, after the most careful examination of which I was capable, was received into the Catholic Church.

Then came the question, should I continue the *GLOBE* REVIEW on its old lines of independent free-lance criticism—stating my change of faith and pledging loyalty to Catholic truth henceforth—as I had tried to be loyal to Christian truth from the start—or should I merge the *GLOBE* and my own work in some long-established Catholic publication, and serve, as I was quite willing to serve, in any modest capacity, the cause of Catholic journalism or of Catholic periodical literature.

At this juncture—that is, in the summer of 1892—I consulted

priests and prelates on this subject, and was advised in each case to continue my own work in my own magazine, only making the change of tone just referred to.

Number 10 of this magazine, published in October, 1892, contained a statement of my purpose to do as above indicated and advised. The edition named was five thousand copies, over three thousand of which were sent to Catholic priests and prelates; five hundred copies were sent to foreign priests and prelates, and from that day to this the GLOBE has been recognized by all right-minded Catholics as one of the ablest defenders of Catholic faith that has ever been printed in the English language.

During the years 1892-93 this change was widely noticed, and every year since the GLOBE has been praised and blessed by thousands of the best Catholics in the world. Even the beloved Leo XIII has sent the GLOBE and its editor his blessing, and during the last four years the GLOBE has had on its subscription books, as voluntary subscribers, the names of four-fifths of all the prelates, and about one-tenth of all the priests in the United States, as well as the names of many prominent priests and prelates in Canada, England, Ireland, and Australia; and beyond question, each issue of this magazine is read with avidity by over eight thousand of the most intelligent, pious, and devoted Catholics in the world, and about half that number of Protestants of similar caliber and standing.

Five years ago, when I called upon the advertising representative of a Boston publishing house to do my politest with a view of securing an advertisement, and notwithstanding the fact that said gentleman had often advertised with me before, he said: "*No!* you have now become a Papist. Your magazine is Papist and you must look to the Papists for your patronage."

The same year I called upon the good-natured head of one of the leading Catholic publishing houses in New York on a similar errand, and as he had never met me before and had not become very familiar with the GLOBE, spite of the wide recognition here referred to, he said: "*No!* we only advertise in Catholic magazines," and I left his office full of indignation, for I could not and would not explain or make the religious convictions of my work the basis of a plea for advertising. I have never done that, and I hate and despise the blanket, booby

sheets, edited by priests, and whose subscriptions and advertisements are secured *because* of their so-called Catholic religion. So I was smitten on both cheeks, but the GLOBE still lives.

It is but just to mention here that when I called again the same day—after lunch, and perhaps in better humor—upon the head of the Catholic house mentioned, said gentleman had apparently recalled some of the public facts here indicated and he immediately invited me to be seated and to smoke a cigar with him, and inside of five minutes he had given me an order for a page advertisement in the next issue of the GLOBE.

During the last four years the Boston Protestant house referred to and the New York Catholic house referred to have frequently advertised in the GLOBE, feeling, doubtless, that it would pay them well to do so. During this same period, and with ever-increasing appreciation of this magazine, the three leading Catholic book stores of New York have each sold about ten copies regularly of each issue of this magazine, and each one of the three publishing houses referred to sends me about ten new subscribers each year.

Brentano's, a popular Protestant book store of New York, sells from ten to fifteen copies of each issue of the GLOBE, and Brentano's—Chicago and Washington—each sells a few copies.

One Catholic book store in Philadelphia sells from ten to fifteen copies of each issue of the GLOBE, and already, April 20th, inside of four weeks from the day of issue, said Catholic book store has sold forty copies of the March issue of this magazine.

Now I have positive evidence that no other Catholic magazine published in the United States is sold to anything like this extent in Catholic book stores. Of course, I am not speaking of copies supplied in bulk to the Roman collars and bare-legs whose pictures adorn certain so-called Catholic magazines; and I think that the facts here given, and which any responsible Catholic or Protestant may verify by examination of my accounts, are proofs positive that the slanderers of the GLOBE are malicious and unprincipled liars, and I here denounce them as such, and appeal to all honest-minded people to give no further credence to their words.

I have not here attempted to trace or name the numbers of each issue of the GLOBE sold by news companies and news dealers

and booksellers generally, as I am replying particularly to a venomous slander concerning the Catholicity and the Catholic standing of the *GLOBE REVIEW*.

Between five and six years ago, after being treated outrageously by a Chicago secular priest and a rascally protégé of his, and after getting at the bottom facts concerning the intriguing dastardliness of certain other prelates and priests touching the early movements of Mgr. Satolli in this country, and still more recently, being thoroughly disgusted with the characterless pretensions of certain priestly temperance cranks, east and west, I have, now and again, but not with half the facts and power at my command, exposed some of the silly and rascally pretensions of some of these people, and hence have made their reverences and their pug-dog hangers-on my lifelong enemies; and as these people are born cowards and liars and never fight in the open, they and their followers slander me and my work in the dark, precisely as their Judas-like predecessors have been doing toward other and better men for the last nineteen hundred years.

I have no desire to hurt them. Like their famous and infamous predecessor, the original Judas, all they need is rope enough and they will hang themselves in due season.

May they, at best, find some quiet corner amid the north-east cooling shadows of purgatory and there learn how to be decent men.

* * * * *

Lie number two:—Just before the March issue of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, I received proof-sheets of a so-called newspaper and magazine directory, published by Rowell & Co., of New York, and my attention was especially called to the fact that said so-called directory gave the circulation of the *GLOBE REVIEW* as less than one thousand copies. I shall here answer this slanderous lie by stating a few facts as in the previous notes touching the Catholicity of the *GLOBE*.

The first issue of this magazine was in October, 1889, and the edition was 1,000 copies. The second issue was 1,500 copies, and the editions increased till the edition published in October, 1892, was 5,000 copies, as stated in previous notes, and so continued for years.

When the editions of this magazine were 5,000 copies each, I

used to send from 2,000 to 3,000 copies of each issue, on sale to the news companies; but as this magazine is published not simply to catch advertisers and to be wasted as many other magazines are wasted by being returned from the news companies to the publishers in great numbers and disposed of as waste paper, but for actual, appreciative, influential, intelligent readers, purchasers and subscribers, I, about two years ago, ceased sending the *GLOBE* out on sale to news companies, and now send it to them only on their actual orders; hence I cut down the editions below 5,000 copies each, but I am ready to give conclusive evidence to any persons who have a right to such evidence that the editions of this magazine have averaged over 3,000 copies each during the last six years; and these magazines are all supplied to regular and deeply interested readers, and as I have conclusive evidence that nearly every copy of the *GLOBE* is read by from four to ten different people—all of the influential and highly intelligent classes—I respectfully submit that the printed statement in Rowell's so-called Directory is a slanderous lie, and I here denounce said publication as unworthy the respect or confidence of any business man.

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Lie number three:—Just after the issue of the March *GLOBE* I was informed, on good authority, that two or three silly and sentimental Catholic young ladies, on finding that their favorite priest was friendly toward the *GLOBE REVIEW* and its editor, went to said priest and implored him not to have anything more to do with the *GLOBE* or with that "dreadful man," its editor—that's me; and assured him that "Mr. Thorne was a very wicked and bad man; a dangerous man;" a sort of devil, so to speak; and, in fact, that said silly and pious daughters of their foolish mother, Mrs. Eve, had instituted and set on foot a certain movement of prayer among some of their friends in convents, for the purpose of breaking up the friendly relations existing between said priest and the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW*.

Of course, I should not notice this imbecile outbreak of feminine Catholic enmity if it stood alone, but unfortunately or perhaps fortunately, as time may show—this is not the first, second, or third instance wherein good friends of mine and of the *GLOBE REVIEW* have been approached by such pious and pesky fools, and have had just such slanderous lies forced into their ears. Usually

my friends tell me; we have a good laugh over the folly of my slanderers, and go on as of old; but at last it has seemed best to me to make public and printed notice of all such sneaking, cowardly, and skulking slanderers—male or female—and, as I cannot go over and mention all the record of my life in a few paragraphs in these *GLOBE NOTES*, I shall reply to these latest boobies and all others of similar inclination and habit by making one general, first, and final challenge, in this personal matter as follows:—That is, I here and now thus publicly and openly defy any man or woman on the face of the earth to show wherein, at any time, under any circumstances, or in any degree I have ever wronged or injured him or her, in body, mind, or estate, and until some such person of repute shall arise and prove to the contrary of my challenge, I denounce all such slanderers as those referred to as unprincipled and cowardly liars.

I do not claim sainthood or omniscience, but if I were or could be as base and as false to God and man, or as stupid as some of my pious defamers, I would hire the American Congress to give me my passports to hell, and would go there and remain there without murmuring, in sheer silent self-contempt throughout all the endless years of my future existence.

The past twelve months have been months of great physical suffering for me, and in view of this and in view of the hearty love and sympathy of thousands of good priests and good nuns, I have the certain knowledge that literally thousands of prayers have been offered and many scores of masses said for my recovery and prosperity in this magazine.

Hence I am dreadfully curious to know what the good Lord can think or how He will act in response to the prayers of these greenhorn and imbecile saints that are bothering Him to down the editor of the *GLOBE*.

In truth, I think that if the Lord pays any attention whatever to the prayers of liars and slanderers, He must be infinitely amused at the pious cacklings and squeakings of these latest chicks and goslings of the Catholic fold. Perhaps this last movement may have a certain success, however, for if the priest so prayed for, or any other priest or man should put on airs of importance in view of such attention, I should simply commend him to join the pin-feather broods of the young birds of his own

nest and gape with them for such messages and crumbs as his betters or the gods might bring. In a word, I stand no nonsense, either from unprincipled scarlet and purple vanities or from plain Roman collars, or from sickly and booby-headed Catholic Bridgets who do not know enough of the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* to know whether he is black or white, young or old, pious or impious, but who know that they themselves are falser than dicer's oaths.

In conclusion, I further defy any man or woman that has ever thus slandered me, to meet me in the presence of His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, or any other wise and good Catholic prelate, and there in my presence repeat any one of the infamous things he or she has said of me. And until these cowardly liars shall come into the open and defend their lies, I here ask all good Catholics and all honorable men and women to treat such slanderers as the cowardly children of hell; and with this I now and forever bid all such implings a long and a sad farewell.

* * * * *

Some time last year I wrote a lay sermon for the *GLOBE REVIEW* on Charity, calling it the master force of all. Some time this year a person by the name of E. A. Adams picked out a few of the best lines of that sermon, and with the usual confidence of lay theologians, and to the extent of three or four columns in the *St. Louis Review*, lectured the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* concerning the work of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, nearly nineteen hundred years ago.

I thought that the Adams in question was Mr. Adams, editor of a Boston magazine, and at once wrote Mr. Preuss a brief note in reply. I did not discuss the work of the Holy Spirit with the amateur who had foolishly attacked me, first, because the so-called criticism had no bearing whatever upon the spirit and meaning of the paragraph thus slandered; second, because it was clear, to me at least, that the Mr. or Mrs. Adams in question was simply talking to display his or her supposed superior knowledge of theology, and it is my habit to treat such wind-bags with silence or with quick contempt.

Mr. Preuss, of the *St. Louis Review*, is a bright young layman, one of the most natural and quick-witted editors in the United States, and I am very fond of him, and very appreciative of his lay-editorial ability; but like all boys and some women,

he has enough conceit, not only of his real abilities, but of his supposed knowledge of theology, to have served as breast-plates of audacity for all the real theologians that have ever lived; and in E. A. Adams he seems to have found a babbling booby after his own heart.

If Mr. Preuss had had anything but a very queer modicum of Dutch honor he would not have printed my brief note when he found that I was mistaken regarding the person for whom the note was intended. All the Iagos are not yet dead, and Mr. Preuss knows how to play the villain. I commend Mr. Preuss's editorial and mischief-making ability in this case, but as a man he has fallen considerably in my estimation in view of the facts here stated.

As to the superior and advisory tone of Mr. Preuss and his pet, E. A. Adams, regarding Mr. Thorne's lack of respect for what Mr. Preuss and his pet choose to dwell upon as the theology of the Holy Spirit, Mr. Thorne has simply to say that he is used to the imbecile impertinence of male and female lay theologians; but the only instances wherein he attempts any theological disquisitions with such persons always have been, and always will be, when they come to him for instruction, as thousands of persons, better informed than either of the two parties named, have been in the habit of coming with due respect and reverence for the last thirty years.

To show how disinclined the E. A. Adams in question would be to seek the instruction hinted at, I here quote a few lines from his or her pen, as printed in the *St. Louis Review* of March 31, 1898.

"Sir:—Permit me to express, through your Open Column, my regret that Mr. W. H. Thorne was seized with an hallucination so unaccountable as to presume that my article 'In the Region of Dogma' came from the pen of so noted a writer as the editor of *Donohoe's Magazine*.

* * * * *

"To Mr. Thorne I play the role of maternal interest and say: 'Sonny, sonny, be careful. E. A. Adams did not mean harm; and you might go into hysterics or rupture a blood-vessel in these paroxysms. Don't be touchy. Your great mental gifts weigh heavily on your physical system and make you nervous as a woman. Every night, my son, you should take a drink of valerian tea.' Etc."

Now, Mr. Preuss and Mrs. E. A. Adams—for such it is beginning to dawn upon me is the proper designation of the Adams in question—I call this talk of yours very low grade and very vulgar and very foolish, and the utterance of it regarding myself is the best of evidence that the parties in question are about as familiar with the merits of theology as they are with the decencies of polite and conscientious discussion, and hence utterly unworthy of my notice.

But, since we have taken the matter up, I have to say : (a) That the editor of *Donohoe's Magazine* is not a “noted writer” in any sense except such as groundlings and boobies may talk about, and that though a bright and shallow talker on themes of religious interest, is not even a fifth-rate writer on any subject and never will be. (b) That *Donohoe's Magazine*, so far from being a “rival” of the *GLOBE REVIEW*, as Mr. O'Malley expressed it in his excellent weekly, in referring to this same matter, *Donohoe's Magazine* is a tenth-rate, commonplace, utterly shallow, and utterly secular, slim-waisted, revenue scraper, and publisher of street-sweepings and gutter-slush, stuff that even the ubiquitous sparrows have picked over and rejected ; that it publishes, among its special and paying attractions, vulgar and disgusting illustrations that no respectable magazine in the United States would dream of publishing. I am glad to notice, however, that its May issue substitutes Roman collars for bare legs and vulgar nudity.

Finally, that in saying these things I know how unpopular they will be with the prelatical and other literary amateurs whose dear faces were prominent in the May issue, and who have undertaken to father and mother the Boston publication named ; but all the same, I make this criticism in the same spirit that I have made all my criticisms these past thirty years, viz., not to provoke the parties criticised, but in the interest of a higher standard of literature than appears to be known to or appreciated by a large number of Catholics in this generation.

In conclusion, and in the same spirit as that of my female adviser, I have to say : Dear granny, take off your spectacles and get right into the cradle of your second childhood ; induce Mr. Adams, the Boston man, or any other, to hold your ancient hands and rock you into eternal sleep ; and when you wake in the next world, if perchance you should awake, you may, perhaps, have

some proper conception of the merits and meaning of the "*Lay Sermon*" you, in your conceited and ancient ignorance, undertook to abuse. As for Mr. Preuss, he plainly knows it all, is beyond correction in this world or the next, and I commend him to Mrs. Adams, Holy Ghost, etc.

* * * * * * *

Spite of the springtime, the busy hand of death is still gathering its own, and two or three of its recent victims must find kindly mention here.

Poor Brann! poor Lathrop! and the venerable Cardinal Taschereau. These were not only fellowmen; each, in his way, was a man of influence; each a public servant of those interests that go to make the world a little better and a little more refined.

Many of the secular newspapers and many Catholic papers have already given longer and shorter detailed biographies of these men, and I need not cover that ground. I shall only aim to make a few discriminations of character and work that may serve to put each man in clearer and truer light before the eyes of the future.

The late W. C. Brann, editor of *The Iconoclast*, was, it seems, the son of a Baptist minister, and had himself studied for the ministry; but the Eternal evidently designed him for higher work than dipping human bodies in pools of unclean water. His face was earnestness to intensity and clear and strong as noon-day. I find that Catholic editors dwell largely upon Mr. Brann's frequent and manly deliverances in favor of the Catholic Church as against A. P. A.ism and all sorts of religious bigotry. No matter how strongly he wrote in this line they praise him for it; but on other themes I find them inclined to call his strong language Billingsgate, etc., and they all treat him simply as a *journalist*. On these two points I am moved to make a few discriminations.

In the first place, Mr. Brann was far more than a journalist, as that term is understood in our times. He had in him the soul of a modern prophet. He loved truth and hated iniquity; gave his soul to the proclamation of truth and justice and to the denunciation of every form of hypocrisy and wrong.

If the good God had given him the grace of Catholic faith and had led him into the Church, Mr. Brann would soon have

found that in the Church, as out of it, there are hypocrites and scoundrels needing and demanding his utmost and severest censure. So the peace of faith would have been marred by the infamies of those whose faith seems to serve them as an impetus to tyranny and wrong-doing rather than to piety and justice; and then also the Catholic editors would have forgotten his defence of Catholic truth and have branded him as an impertinent meddler in their private and vicious ways.

In the second place, when we remember the mission of this man—as indicated—and recall for a moment the average immorality, duplicity, sycophancy, villainy, and self-seeking of our “public servants, in the pulpits and legislatures” of the day, can we wonder that this new prophet of eternal truth and justice used language that stung like hornets and made our “public servants” writhe in madness and pain?

Great writers are scarcer than great saints. Mr. Brann was one of a dozen of the ablest American writers of his generation, and while most of his possible peers have given their lives and abilities to *dilettante* literary prattle, he gave his life to hurling shafts of lightning into the dark and rotten holes of iniquity that pulpits and legislatures and literary men too often strive to cover and hide.

My position is, that the blackness of the crimes and criminals he denounced justified the sharpness of his denunciations, and that those namby-pampy so-called writers—Catholic and other—who speak of his invectives as Billingsgate, had better apply to the ghosts of the old women of the famous London fish-market, and pray to have their own spent soap-suds and petty spit-balls of wiseacre reflections turned into some sort of manly words.

I know nothing of the so-called Captain Davis, who took Brann's life. It is plain, however, that he was a cowboy fighter—simply this and nothing more—and as to the Baptist institution that the editor of *The Iconoclast* branded with infamy, if it did not deserve its branding it was so unlike most institutions of its kind that it is impossible to believe that Mr. Brann was wrong in scathing it.

Like all great teachers, this man hated only the wrongs he denounced, not the individuals guilty of those wrongs. I am sorry that he carried a revolver and himself became a murderer even in self-defence; but he has paid dearly with his own life for

that mistaken indiscretion, and I, for one, and at this great distance, join hands with those tearless hosts of indignant friends who helped to bear his mortal remains to their last resting-place. May the good God pardon all his infirmities, and may those of us who are still left to wage the same battle of truth do it more bravely because this great and gifted man is no longer here to work by our side!

* * * * *

George Parsons Lathrop, the second mentioned in this little in memoriam, was a much less gifted, less able, and less useful man. He studied law, it seems, but was more inclined to the freer and less formal life of literature and journalism.

In truth, Mr. Lathrop was a journalist pure and simple—never had the soul and the training that go to make a man a teacher of truth, or in any high sense a helper of mankind.

In literary journalism Mr. Lathrop took good position among the third or fourth-rate men engaged in that profession. He never was original or forceful even as a journalist, and there is every reason to believe that had it not been for his marriage with the daughter of the famous and supremely gifted Nathaniel Hawthorne—thereby gaining a sort of lingering halo from the name of that great man—Mr. Lathrop would have been as little known to fame as thousands of his superiors in American journalism who simply work in the harness for regular pay, and die unheralded, unhonored, and unknown.

Beyond question, his conversion to Catholicism opened and broadened his mind somewhat, and the book he wrote, in collaboration with his wife, namely, "A Story of Courage," though plain and simple enough, and falling far short of the glory of its subject, represents perhaps the high-water mark of his literary power.

From the first he had what is known to critics as the literary touch or style. His writing was smooth and refined, readable, but never arousing, never inspiring.

In looking for the cause or reason for this lack of power it became clear to me long ago that Mr. Lathrop was sadly lacking in that gift where Mr. Brann was gifted in unusual abundance. Trained in and to an absurd and grotesque idea of Puritan Protestantism, Mr. Lathrop—like his brother-in-law, Julian Hawthorne—failed, from first to last, to get any true notion

of the eternity and dignity of the moral law of God and its bearing on human society.

It was not his fault, and God forbid that I should blame him for this lack. This lack was the common lack of nearly all New England in his day and before him. He and his ancestors had set up new standards for themselves, and were confident that Moses, and even Nathaniel Hawthorne, were out of date. In truth, the utter lack of any true moral sense is the blight that has settled upon all New England for the last one hundred years—a blight, in truth, that has affected the major portion of our American civilization. It is, in fact, the abortion of civilization gendered by the devil of rebellion, and is now largely rampant among the nations of the world.

Mr. Lathrop's latest lectures and latest literary efforts gave clear evidence, to my mind, that, spite of his gift and blessing of Catholic faith, he had never acquired a correct moral sense or any true standard of literary judgment.

In this he was only like tens of thousands of Catholics and Protestants, and, as I said, is not to be blamed, rather to be pitied for their moral impotency; but it is necessary, especially in view of the many senseless platitudes now in vogue in Catholic dry-as-dust newspapers, that somebody should speak the truth on this theme. There are too many millions in the world to-day, blind themselves to all nice moral distinctions, and at the same time being utterly led by the blind.

The work of the *GLOBE* is to make many of these matters plain. I refrain here from touching the theme of Mr. Lathrop's domestic grief, which, I have no doubt, shortened his days. It is too sad a story to be revived, and the angels alone may lift that veil. Mr. Lathrop's face, like his work, was a mild sort of non-committal, receding, unaggressive, unrobust, shrinking sort of face; the sort of face that never has said anything in this world worth saying, and never will to the end of time. For when the Almighty makes a man, he makes him the same all over. There is but one line of curvature for body and soul. Some are born to uprightness and called to teach it, others to shirk it and to play with the petty lisplings of human tongues.

* * * * *

What a happy and inspiring contrast is found in the face of the late Cardinal Taschereau, when compared with either one

of the faces of the men just named. Dear friends, God writes the lineaments and the whole story of our souls upon our faces, if only we have the eyes to read His infallible lines.

Brann's face is that of a comparatively untrained man of middle life, honest as the day, fearless as truth itself, and, like the great Baptist forerunner of our Lord, steadfast toward the utterance of the message heaven had whispered to his soul. Brann's face more nearly resembled Bryan's, as to its great gifts and energy, than any face I know.

Lathrop's face was a sort of cross between courtier and countryman—neither one thing nor the other, but a sort of hint of what either might have been if the other side of the fence or the drawing-room had not been in view.

Taschereau had the face of a saint, a hero, and a gentleman in one. In truth there was much in it that reminded one of the wisdom and purity so universally conceded to Leo XIII; only there is no touch of the approach to that soft, almost foxy Italian subtlety that marks if it does not sadly mar the expression of the present Pope.

Taschereau had all of Leo's saintliness, and I think all his wisdom, and with this a certain sturdy strength and greatness of manhood born only of long endurance under northern skies. I cannot refrain from quoting this little bit of biography:

"Elzear Alexandre, Cardinal Taschereau was born at St. Mary, Beauce County, Quebec, Feb. 16, 1820, his father, Thomas Taschereau, being a member at one time of the old Assembly of Lower Canada, and his mother a daughter of the Panet family, which gave the Quebec see its twelfth incumbent."

It seems to say so much in a few words. A true child of the true Catholic Church of God; another saint and scholar added to the endless scroll of her redeemed and glorified children.

I hold that he was right in his long-ago contest with the so-called Knights of Labor, and if some of the make-believe prelates of the United States who shirk their duty on similar themes and run like cut-tail dogs to serve the minions of societies the Church has condemned, would take example from the life of this noble and now departed soul, they would be infinitely truer prelates and nobler men.

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I have seen a number of references of late to an article by ex-Rector Keane on "The American," also to Archbishop Cor-

rigan's great jubilee. Lots of things pro and con come to me to say of these showy affairs; but, as His Grace of New York has raised the needed money and as Keane has raised the needed wind, why criticise these amiable brethren?

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungallèd play;
For some must watch while some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away.

* * * * * * *

It gives me pleasure to call especial attention in these closing GLOBE NOTES to the following beautiful and delightful books by Eleanor C. Donnelly: "Storm-Bound, a Romance of Shell Beach," is a volume of short stories, suggested and told by a select coterie of people who found themselves hemmed in and made somewhat anxious by an unusual storm which played sad havoc with the dwellings at Shell Beach, and forced the visitors there to cast about them for unusual means of entertainment. The introductory chapter, describing Shell Beach in a storm, is a vivid and really powerful piece of work, and the stories that follow are all done in a manner and in a spirit to make them worthy the love and appreciation especially of all Catholic people.

With "Storm-Bound" there were sent to me from Miss Donnelly's publishers two charming little volumes of poems, also by Miss Donnelly—"The Rhyme of the Friar Stephen," and "Christian Carols of Love and Life."

Like the book of stories, these poems are sweet and pure in their conception and in their rendering of human life, and to the many hundreds of principals of schools and convents who are at this season of the year looking for chaste and comparatively inexpensive books to serve as presents for their pupils in the coming commencement season, I know of no books that I can so heartily commend as these able and exquisite productions of Eleanor C. Donnelly, published by H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

In the same spirit of kindly mention, but not at all with the same commendation, I call attention to a volume of verse called "Passion Flowers," by Father Edmund, C.P., that is, the Rev. B. D. Hill. It is delightful to find a comparatively inexpensive book, published by an American Catholic house, gotten out in such perfect taste as is this volume of verse, hence I cannot help praising the Benziger Brothers for their part of this performance,

and Father Hill's face is so good and his soul so consecrated—I have no doubt of all this—that I would gladly say a good word for his poems, but in fact they never ought to have been published anywhere or under any circumstances. Any pious school-girl could write better verse. The sentiment, of course, is good and pure, but the absolute lack of any poetic faculty on Father Hill's part should have kept him to such prose work as heaven might have given him to do.

* * * * * * *

When these GLOBE NOTES were all written and in the printer's hands—with the exception of a few minor postscripts—news came across the sea that the faint and long-lingering spark of life had fled from England's famous commoner, and that William E. Gladstone was silent in the arms of death.

Since then eulogies and eulogies have been in order, and Catholic and Protestant editors have vied with each other in heaping their wreaths of rhetorical praises upon the brow of "the grand old man."

I have watched Gladstone's career for more than fifty years; was myself a Liberal in English politics when scarcely twelve years old, and hence have always been in close sympathy with all the impulses that made his life of any especial value to his generation; and I do not forget that it is our human duty to speak only good of the dead. But our century—spite of its boasted intelligence and democracy—is really the blindest and most indiscriminating idol-worshipper of all the centuries of time; hence, with the usual provoking dissent of this publication, I am inclined to say a few words that may help modern readers and future biographers to a just and true estimate of this departed man.

Students of physiognomy must long ago have noticed, from all the portraits of Gladstone, that the lower part of his face was the strongest part of his head; in a word, his gift of speech was greatly in excess of his gift of thinking. He could talk longer and say less than any other man of the nineteenth century.

Gladstone's varied scholarship was really his only greatness. He was a scholar without the power of logical reason. Had this not been the fact, he would have followed his friends, Newman and Manning and Ward, out of the absurd claims of English

episcopacy into the Catholic Church. Any one of the three men mentioned was a greater man than William Gladstone, but the statesman-politician of England was too fast set in his own rhetorical verbiage to follow his betters into the true fold of Christ.

Men ask me, do I think he was sincere in this—and I answer frankly—yes. He was too good an Englishman not to be sincere; and had he seen the truth as his betters saw it, he would have followed in their steps. This blessing, and its consequent final beatitude, were denied him, and for the very reason that I have named.

He was a scholar without the power of logical reason. He never saw any subject perfectly and fully, in all his life.

When, in his early career, Gladstone swung over from the Tory to the Liberal party, his venerable father remarked that William was a gifted man, but without the power of far-seeing and comprehensive stable thought and purpose. I hold that Gladstone's career proves the correctness of his father's estimate.

Glancing at two or three points in Gladstone's maturer life, we find that the father's words prove true. In the Anglo-Egyptian struggle of fifteen years ago, Gladstone failed to see the vast importance of England's African possessions,—saw only or mainly the financial position exclusively in Egypt, and he shillyshalled with Gordon and the Sultan till Gordon died a martyr and Gladstone fell into temporary disgrace. It was not a lack of good intention—it was a lack of far-seeing British statesmanship.

Ireland failed to secure Home Rule fifteen years ago because of a foolish and palpable flaw in Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule on the one hand, and because of Parnell's treachery on the other. An eminent French critic once said of President Van Buren, that he was the best imitation of a gentleman America had ever produced. I think that Gladstone was the best imitation of a statesman that England has produced these last fifty years; and when compared with the wind-bags we call statesmen in America he was something of a great man. So let the dead bury the dead—and I fancy England will survive.

The editor of the GLOBE REVIEW is much indebted to the editor of St. Louis *Review* for the following bit of lying and impertinent information, viz., that "Mr. Thorne's very ignorance of scholastic philosophy constitutes his tendo Achillis" (*The Review*, May 26, 1898). The facts are as follows: *First*—Mr. Thorne studied scholastic philosophy under competent teachers, and wrote a Latin thesis on it—God forgive me—years before Arthur Preuss was born. *Second*—The editor of the *Review*—like many boys, and some women, in these days—prattles fluently about "scholastic philosophy," "theology," etc., but while admiring the secular expertism of the *Review*, Mr. Thorne has never yet found any philosophy or theology in the assumptions of Mr. Preuss that seemed worthy of any attention. *Third*—The editor of the GLOBE REVIEW is at last reluctantly bound to confess his judgment to the effect that, if Mr. Preuss and several of his pet assistants would study a little more carefully the theology and the philosophy of St. Paul, and take a few lessons in modesty, even from such Christians as Ireland and Keane, the *Review* of St. Louis might appear much less like an ass in a lion's skin than it often appears to day. In a word, go back to school, Mr. Preuss, and don't be a presumptuous booby. *Fourth*—If Mr. Preuss and his wiseacre anonymous assistants are so everlastingly wise and scholastic, and have such ample vehicles in which to ventilate and expose their theology, etc., why do not the blankety and bragging idiotic swingers of clap-trap Latin phrases undertake to prove the truth of their own impertinent and foolish thesis, shot off with such gusto many months ago, and in opposition to the GLOBE REVIEW, viz., that the religion or theology of the various nations of the world other than the Hebrew—say, from the call of Abraham until the coming of Christ—was not polytheistic, but a pure monotheism. Prove your impudent, imprudent and bombastic and scholastic and Latinized school-boy sophomoric and anonymous and shuffling and nosing and lying assertion of this thesis, Messrs. Preuss & Co., or make any decent attempt at trying to prove it, and the editor of the GLOBE REVIEW will very soon disprove your thesis, and show that you are a set of theological and historic asses. *Fifth*—I did not find this magazine to teach scholastic philosophy—not by a long way,—but rather to teach scholastic and other-mouthing

rhetoricians how to be decent Christians, and how to write the English language.

* * * * *

WAR EXTRA, No. 365, June 3, 1898. Please notice! These dispatches came by way of the "windward passage," via "yellow journalism," and therefore may not be reliable in every particular, but they are news all the same.

Sampson is still looking for the Spanish Fleet, and Schley's Flying Squadron is just tired out beating its wings against the caged winds of the tropic seas.

Persons high in authority in Washington say that Sampson has lost his Dewey youth, and can't be expected to hurry. Others, still higher in authority, assert that the Long and Short of Sampson's delay is in the fact that gradually it is dawning upon the Army and Navy Departments at Washington that it really will take—as THE GLOBE has steadily asserted—an army of about 300,000 men to capture Cuba, if we can capture it at all; and that it is not worth while for Sampson & Co. to whip Cervera & Co. on the seas, or to be whipped by them, until our American army is recruited to something like a fighting basis—in a word, that Sampson & Co. have never been very anxious to find Cervera & Co., or they could have done so long ago. But this is *sub rosa*—don't mention it to anybody—and, above all, don't give my name as authority for the statement.

WAR EXTRA, No. 366. ROME, June 4, 1898.—A dispatch from a certain exalted prelate, high in the confidence of all the humbuggeries on earth, states that the Very Rev. Rat-hole O'Connel, of the American College at Rome, and Ex-Rector Spread-Eagle Keane, now of Rome, and the Very Rev. Fossil-Regent Malone, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the Rev. Single Tax McGlynn, of the Jersey woods, and the Most Rev. and Ex-blizzardized Archbishop of St. Paul, Minn., have for weeks past been training together, by long-distance telephone processes, into a new Quintette Army Band; that Ireland is to be Chief Drummer, and is to carry a small American flag in his cap henceforth; that Keane is to be fiddler; O'Connel, cornetist; McGlynn, flutist; while Malone is to play an old-fashioned and very noisy accordeon; and that this new Quintette Army Band is to be ready for patriotic duty by the 1st of next October, when, if not later, it is understood that a new company of

cow-boy reporters is to be formed by Bill Hearst—after this, Captain Bill Hearst—of the *New York Journal*, and that Ireland's Quintette Band is to lead this company into the malarial swamps of one of the deserted districts of Cuba, where they are all to die together—thank God—as martyrs to the latest ideals of American liberty. So let us have peace.

* * * * *

P. S.—Now and again I am receiving invitations to lecture in the interest of various secular and church societies east and west, and to save much correspondence I deem it best to state here, that while the condition of my health these past two years has rendered it impossible for me to fill such engagements, I am hopeful that by another year I shall be able to do so; and I will state in these GLOBE NOTES when I feel able and open to accept such work. Many other parties write asking me to revise their MSS. previous to publication in various forms. This work I am able and willing to do to a limited extent, and to save much needless correspondence on this point also, I deem it best to state here that my terms for such work are \$5.00 an hour. I have done a great deal of such work without charge, but in future the charges will be as above.

* * * * *

P. S. No. 2, June 8, 1898.—It seems that as a last resort of political patriotism and shrewd advertising, Philadelphia's poor-rich Lieutenant-Colonel and would-be Governor, Cheap John, ex-Postmaster, etc., did raise a regiment for the war, and, seeing that he cannot be Governor of Pennsylvania, said Cheap John really contemplates going to the front, presumably to hold prayer-meetings with the Spaniards, and try to persuade them what a lot of spotless saints the Americans are after all. May he never return to tell the story. Meanwhile I commend to his patriotic zeal a lesson that he recently tried to convey to Bethany Sunday-school, viz., that "there is no bargain-making in religion."

* * * * *

P. S. No. 3.—June 9, 1898.—I have been much impressed with the fact that nearly all the Catholic newspapers that come to my office have treated the proposed Anglo-American Alliance not only with opposition but with sneering contempt. I have not the slightest idea that said proposed alliance is in

any immediate danger of becoming an actual fact. Readers of the opening article of this issue of the *GLOBE* will see clearly enough that I have quite other alliances in mind ; nevertheless, were I as patriotic as the average Catholic American editor professes to be, it seems to me that I should be willing to forget all old race hatreds and welcome the proposed Anglo-American Alliance with brass bands and benedictions.

If we take Cuba, capture Porto Rico, take possession of the Philippines, admit the Hawaiian Islands as a State in the American Union, and become so involved with all the nations of the Old World, we shall certainly need something more than Parnell treachery and Davitt or Dillon rhetoric to help us fight the battles that are in store for this nation. And if good Irishmen and good Englishmen can fight side by side—as they have often done these many years in English and American wars—I do not see why the entire Irish sentiment of America should not welcome an alliance that in one way and another might be the means of helping Ireland to attain her own ends and at the same time consummate a union that never ought to have been broken.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

NO. XXXI.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

MADELEINE VINTON DAHLGREN.

IN accordance with a promise made in the last GLOBE, I here give a brief review in memory of the late widow of the once famous Admiral Dahlgren.

Catholic and other newspapers have already published longer and shorter accounts of what we may call her domestic history—her parentage, marriages, family and social life, with some scattered and not overly intelligent references to her literary work and her general opinions on the public questions of the day. I intend to dwell almost exclusively upon these latter features of her life, and not to meddle at all with the family history.

Many years ago, when I was the literary editor of a leading Philadelphia daily paper, Mrs. Dahlgren's first book, I think it was, came to me for review. I am writing away from my books and clippings of reference, and do not remember the title of the book. I remember that it treated of social life, especially in Washington, and, having in still earlier years felt an enthusiastic interest in the career of Admiral Dahlgren, I gave some careful attention to this literary effort of his widow.

I had not then, nor till many years later, the honor of the personal acquaintance of this gifted woman, but the opinion of her literary work formed on the basis of that book has remained unchanged to the present hour.

If Mrs. Dahlgren had been born and reared in poverty and had been obliged to depend on her literary work for a living, she prob-

ably would have developed a fuller and a more distinctly literary style of writing, and with more time and energy given to the final preparation of her work, might have been counted among the leading women writers of her generation. For her mind was of the quality of George Eliot, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mrs. Browning. It is, however, true of literature, as of every other vocation or method of human expression, that to excel in it one must give one's dominating, and, in fact, one's whole life to it. But the multiplicity of Mrs. Dahlgren's labors and cares were such that she could not do this.

Fortunately for Mrs. Dahlgren's own personal comfort, her domestic relations alike as to parentage and marriage lifted her above the necessity of working for her daily bread; but the gods are penurious, in a sense, and jealous withal. They do not give to any one being all the talents, all the virtues, all the comforts, or all the victories and pleasures of existence, and they always exact great sacrifices on the part of those to whom is given that greatest of all blessings, the gift of creative, inspiring, and world-commanding literary power.

It can hardly be claimed that Mrs. Dahlgren ever possessed or expressed this. Her stories, "Chim" and "The Secret Directory," lacked the qualities of elaboration and exhaustive detail. They were excellent in their way, and in each book there were many fine passages, alike descriptive of nature and of human character, but in each volume also there were various passages that revealed a comparatively untrained hand and marked the writer as an amateur rather than a professional in the realm of literature.

Occasionally she wrote verses, in fact, many verses, which are soon to be published in book form. She had the finest poetic feeling and a beautiful appreciation of true poetry, but hardly the winged touch or power of transferring this exquisite quality of her nature into exalted poetry. It, in fact, is one of the rarest gifts that ever comes to a human soul. Still, many of her verses were superior to much that passes for poetry in these days.

To my mind, the best of her published work will be found in her fine "Memoir of Admiral Dahlgren." This book, which is all her own, is a marvel of industry and of lucid discrimination. Her mind was essentially too heavy and serious for fiction, and the habits of her life—her constant mingling with representative public men—led her to the consideration, in a practical way, of the more serious,

the national and international problems of her generation, and she was most natural and forceful in her literary work when announcing or defending some fundamental or historic truth. Here all the strength of her fine intellect, and all the power of her social training and position found a channel for clear and comprehensive utterance.

In her comprehension of the public questions of the day, as in her quenchless patriotism, she was far superior to many of our ablest public men, hence her direct and earnest method of literature was the most characteristic of her actual mind. In social life, however, she was brilliant, vivacious, and fond of telling a good story.

A little more than two years ago I received from Mrs. Dahlgren an article—rather a story—called “The Horoscope,” submitted for publication in the *GLOBE REVIEW*. Though not in the habit of publishing stories in this magazine, I accepted and published this because of the serious and able reflections it contained on certain leading moral problems, and so wrote the lady.

This resulted in a friendly correspondence, which continued until a short while before her death, and which at one time and another developed various earnest expressions of opinion on her part and certain reflections on my part, that have, together, led me to write this little *In Memoriam*.

Upon reading the letter which accompanied the article mentioned, I saw at a glance what afterward became clearer and clearer to me—that Mrs. Dahlgren wrote much more naturally, freely, and brilliantly in her letters than in her ordinary literary work; in a word, that her letters were always brighter than her books. On several occasions I asked and received her permission to show some of these letters to near friends of mine, and they shared with me the opinion I have just expressed.

At first sight, and to the unthinking reader, this would seem strange, and especially when one remembers that in this age of universal commercialism and hurly-burly it has generally been conceded that the old art of letter-writing was among the lost arts. It is not at all strange, however, when one bears in mind the social character of this good woman's position as previously indicated. In truth, Mrs. Dahlgren was first and foremost a domestic and social being, and these qualities came out in her letters as they could hardly be expected to find expression in her literary work.

All great writers have been obliged to forget, if not even to use to advantage, their social being and its relationships. It is generally admitted that Micawber was a portrait of Dickens's father. Let us thank heaven that Mrs. Dahlgren was at once too sacred of womanhood or womanliness, too devoted as a wife and mother, and too refined in her social instincts to forget any of the purest claims of these higher and heavenly qualities of a woman's life. Beyond question, she utilized the information gained through her advantageous position in the world when she wrote "Chim" and "The Secret Directory," but just as plainly she was hampered in their use, and, being a woman in the highest and holiest sense, and first of all conscious of the relations named, she did not speak her mind half as freely or fully in her books as in her letters to her friends. At least, this was the case as regards her letters to me, and if she spoke half as freely to her many correspondents as she spoke to me, then a judicious selection from her very numerous friendly epistles would develop a volume of far deeper and more general interest than any book she has ever written or than she was capable of writing. In the few selections that I shall make from her letters to me I shall confine myself in the main to the pertinent expression of Mrs. Dahlgren's opinions on questions and projects that are of vital interest to the present generation, and because, as a rule, they express my own convictions on the same themes with a heartiness that, to my mind, is worthy of all praise.

During the years 1896-97 there appeared in the *GLOBE REVIEW* a number of articles, pro and con, touching various phases of what is called the negro problem, involving, among other matters, the question of what we call public and liberal education for the masses, black and white. In connection with these articles I had made some sharp reflections in criticism of our so-called public school education, and had insisted, as I still insist, that our secular American education of the blacks has been an injury rather than a blessing alike to the negro and the white races; in a word, that, as a rule, the more you educate the blacks—that is, by our American methods, the baser, wickeder, and more dangerous they become, and incidentally I opposed our public school education alike for blacks and whites.

It is needless to add that Mrs. Dahlgren and large circles of her guests and friends were earnest, though by no means always assenting readers of the *GLOBE REVIEW*. I take it for granted that

the reader understands and assumes this; and that, otherwise, the somewhat frequent correspondence between this lady and myself would not have been entered into or sustained. In one of her letters, and in view of certain other papers that had appeared in the *GLOBE*, she dwelt at great length upon her family connections and relations and her knowledge of the old leaders of the Southern rebellion; but as all that is largely personal, though full of valuable information and interest, I do not feel at liberty to quote it here. Coming to the problems indicated above, she wrote me as follows:

“As you were an early abolitionist, perhaps you knew my uncle, Dr. Lemoyne, who was a noted abolitionist long before the war. He was wealthy and very talented, and he used wealth, influence, and talent to fight against slavery. I used to meet at his house the Burleighs and others who fought the good fight.

“What you say about the betterment of the classes (and masses) is true. What is really needed is to make labor honorable. Our public-school system is in part responsible for the great discontent among the laboring classes. It is the wisest not to teach the masses, in mass, up to a high standard. God makes the limit in giving different talents. I would teach all the three R's, and then, by a carefully graded system, sift into industrial channels, except some very few who evinced mental aptitudes—sift again—and at the last, give the so-called higher education to the really intellectual, who, as we know, one could count on three fingers. Ten such could save the Sodom depths of our ignorance.

“Then I would make labor as honorable as letters by appointing as *professors* head mechanics to teach and give diplomas in the various industries.

“As to girls, absolutely they must be taught cooking, sewing, and domestic economy, *especially neatness*.

“My cousin, Charlotte Wills (*nee* Lemoyne), has introduced cooking as a fine art, etc., in the California public schools. She persuaded the public schools at Los Angeles to let her pay for an expert, to whom, for two years, she paid one hundred (dollars) a month to teach cooking and domestic economy to the girls. Now, I understand the point is gained, and the State indorses the change. I consider my cousin's \$2,400 well spent, and that she is a benefactress to the State.” And I know of nothing in all Mrs. Dahlgren's books that equals this lucid discrimination.

There had been various strictures in the *GLOBE REVIEW* bearing

on the subject of our Catholic summer schools as related to this modern question of education. In general, I had taken the ground that though these Catholic summer outings were well enough as social sprees, offering excellent opportunities for flirtings, ambitious matchmakings, etc., etc., and doubtless even remunerative to Catholic stockholders in certain railroads, hence not to be despised in this light, they were at the same time a travesty on the name of education, and that for archbishops, bishops, and a set of worldly priests to be engaged in raising money from rich or poor Catholics, and themselves posing as the special friends of education at these summer herdings for the real purposes named, was a disgrace to the supposed good sense and good morals, not to speak of the exalted vocation, of the parties named. Of course, I was misunderstood, slandered, and abused for these criticisms. But, as the conceited clerical and other boobies for whose sake and for the sake of truth I made these criticisms were my main traducers, I was not greatly surprised by or worried over their senseless and characterless denunciations.

On this point Mrs. Dahlgren wrote me as follows, and in the same letter from which I have just quoted:

“I am not in sympathy with the summer school movement. I think priests would do more of Christ’s work to remain with their people. I don’t see why they should not stay at home among their poor and be self-denying.”

These remarks were all the more acceptable to me because I knew that in this matter, as in various others that I shall not mention, concerning which I had been severely critical and criticised, many of the ecclesiastics and clerics concerned were close friends of the Dahlgrens, and admired by them as also by myself, personally, though I could not sanction many of their public words or actions.

In other issues of the *GLOBE REVIEW* during the period named I had, as in previous issues, made various sharp criticisms of the coarse, and crude, and rude, and brutal tendencies of modern European and American art, so-called. I have never been able to give as much time to this line of work in the *GLOBE* as my tastes, inclinations, and previous training would prompt me to give, but now and again I break out on it, of course, to little purpose while the average mind and heart of the world is as base and atheistic as it is to-day; but, all the same, these scattered crumbs of criticism

float on the waters of life and come back to me in various blessings now and then.

Touching this matter, Mrs. Dahlgren, having recently had her mind called to the subject in another way, as well as by the *GLOBE*, wrote me as follows:

“I think the present art style in Germany simply atrocious. I have been looking over photographs of the recent exposition. They made me shudder. Great and forceful *enshrining of indecency*, with masses of color that are like gleams of the flames of hell; what a decadence! Form (degraded) and dense color—no shadowy touches—*art!!!* What crimes are committed in thy name. . . . The present craze for color and form is too pagan to last.”

It is needless to say that this same criticism applies equally to modern English, French, and American art, so-called, and I indorse every word of it. In fact, I have been hurling the same sort of truth into the eyes and ears of a good many would-be artists and art critics for the last twenty years. But it is difficult to force the kindest light of heaven into eyes that are utterly blind, and that is the condition of ninety per cent. even of the cultured Americans of our day. They feel that good art is good when they see it in literature or in the more exclusive circle of painting and sculpture; but they do not know that bad art is vile when they see it in books or in pictures. Nevertheless, God pity the man or woman who tries to beat nice discriminations and distinctions into the minds of the masses, clerical or other, in these worldly days.

Whole communities of people are morally hoodwinked and sandbagged out of hundreds of thousands of dollars in these days in order to defray the expenses of gaudy ecclesiastical jubilees and other mere physical enterprises, but if these same sandbaggers are approached for the support of any highly intellectual and uplifting work in literature or art, the artists in either kind are treated like beggars. Still, the omniscient God knows the difference between ecclesiastical sandbaggers and the true teachers of His Gospel in this world.

This is only a hint for those Judases among us who think that they are the vicegerents of Christ because they happen to carry the money bag for the time being. Poor, deluded, and arrogant souls!

Art!! Thou hast fled to heaven on shining wings, for refuge, and justice inhabits only the consciences of the crucified poor, as of old.

Once and again I had received invitations from Mrs. Dahlgren

to visit the family at her country place near Boonsboro, Md. Kindness itself had described the methods of reaching Dahlen: the carriage would be waiting, etc., etc.; all in the fine old familiar ways of hospitality I had been used to in earlier days, and have in some measure experienced all my life.

It was never, however, my pleasure to visit Dahlen or to spend any extended time with Mrs. Dahlgren in conversation. Twice I had the honor of dining by invitation with a few of her friends in the well-known Washington residence, about two years ago, and there was some opportunity for friendly conversation. During these conversations, as in some of her letters, I noticed, alike from the unsteady waver in the pen lines and from a certain tremulousness in the voice, that Mrs. Dahlgren was a frequent sufferer, and to my mind it was clear that heaven's gates were nearer for her than she dreamed.

She was a royal soul, however; strong in mind and will and industry almost to the last, and, though speaking and writing freely to me of her health, there were no admissions of any yielding, no words of despair, no note of despondency, but steadily of buoyant hope and of labors in the future.

Life was clearly precious to this able woman. In truth, she said frankly to me, in conversation, that she did not wish to live in the memories and themes of the past, but in the thoughts and actualities of the present and the future; and again and again spoke and wrote of the memoirs of her own life that she was preparing for publication.

The letters that reached me during the autumn of last year gave clearer evidence that the firm will and the strong hand were losing their hold. By this time, however, my own health was so wrecked, and still the demands upon my working powers so constant, that I could not and did not fully realize, as I now realize, what a change had come in the tone and method of her letters.

Just as the December, 1897, *GLOBE REVIEW* was being issued, I was carried to St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, and, I suppose, was really sicker than I had time to admit even then.

As I began to recover I must have written to Mrs. Dahlgren, for the last letter I have found of hers, written to me in January of this year, mentions the fact.

In view of her death later in the year, this letter now reads to me as from a soul whose hands and thoughts were touched and

guided by the breath of angels. I quote the whole of it as entirely too expressive of the finer mind and heart of this woman to be divided by any observations of mine.

“1325 Massachusetts Avenue,

“Washington, D. C.

“January 2, 1898.

“My dear Mr. Thorne;—I have your note before me of December 16th, from St. Vincent’s, but my continuous and exhausting pain has seemed to place me rather in the ‘borderland’ than amid the actualities of the living.

“But such as I am, I stretch out my hand in friendly greeting for the New Year.

“I trust that you have recovered. Our friend Stoddard has been ill at Atlantic City—but expected to return about this time. So he wrote me. I am concerned about his continued ill health. One ray of light has somewhat irradiated my sick-room, in kind messages from His Holiness, accompanied by ‘the Apostolic Benediction’ for my ‘Secret Directory.’

“When in the early sixties I received the ‘Apostolic Benediction’ of Pius IX. for my translation of Donoso Cortes, I felt that it would be, as it has been, a signal blessing. Pius blessed my ‘heart and mind’—was it not poetic and beautiful?—and like an encircling halo.

“The *GLOBE* has been read, as usual, with assent and dissent. I wish I knew Caroline (D.) Swan. If she and Eliza Allen Starr, et id.—and there are others—would found a university for the higher and better education of women—one might yet hope that progress and womanliness could be united.

“I am, with earnest wishes for your welfare, yours.

“Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren.”

I fully appreciate what Mrs. Dahlgren says in this letter of Caroline D. Swan and Eliza Allen Starr. I had the pleasure of bringing together Miss Swan and Miss Starr in Chicago some five years ago, but never the honor of bringing about an acquaintance between Miss Swan and Mrs. Dahlgren.

Many things come to my mind to say of the two women here mentioned, who are still alive, but I am not writing of them, and I enlarge upon this reference only to emphasize the real meaning of this expression as related to Mrs. Dahlgren herself.

Though a woman of great strength of mind, and fully capable of appreciating and using all the rights and privileges of citizenship or what not that the screaming creatures of the S. B. Anthony and J. W. Howe type have craved and clamored for, she was too wise a woman, too familiar with the powers great women have always exerted in their own sphere, ever to countenance any of the pretensions of the draggled petticoat reformers of our times. In a word, she was a woman. God rest her gifted soul!

She was first of all a daughter, and, I doubt not, filial and loyal as such to the parents who gave her birth; then and again a wife, and, I doubt not, always capable, loyal, and helpful as such; next a mother, careful, prayerful, wise, and thoughtful for, as she was most tenderly and devotedly attached to and wedded to the advancement of true character and happiness in her children. Indeed, I have letters from her in which the exquisiteness and tenderness of her nature in this regard has been carried over from her children to her grandchildren; next she was for many years a social leader in the higher ranges of life at the Capitol; next a literary woman, with warmest friendships and loyalties in this line, extending to both sexes and covering a period of many years. She was in years past one of Brownson's most faithful friends, and now and again has expressed desires beyond her means to be of help and service to the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW*. Free as any woman can desire to be free; having and using all the rights that any sane and delicately minded woman can possibly crave, but never fooled into the mad and termagant belief that the ballot or any other figment of masculine femininity, infidelity, or atheism could make a nobler, a better, or a more influential woman of her than God had intended when He designed that she should be a woman, not a man.

In a word, it was the noble and generous-hearted womanliness and good sense of this dear lady, far more than her published literary work, that led me to write these few words in recognition of the gifts and virtues of one of the noblest and most gifted of all the American women of our century.

After this article was finished, a letter from Mrs. Dahlgren's daughter, Mrs. Ulrica Dahlgren Pierce, speaking of the beautiful and painless quiet of her mother's last hours, after months of great suffering, inspired me to write the following sonnet, with which, poor as it may be, I am moved to close this little tribute to the

memory of one of the noblest and most gifted of a brilliant galaxy of gifted women who have honored me with their friendship during the last forty years.

FAREWELL.

To sleep away life's racking pains, and wake
 To all love's painless, conscious splendor, where
 Nor any grief nor anguish dulls the air,
 And nights no more the deathless morning break;
 To roam, new-winged, the ways the angels take,
 And be as they, as chaste and free and fair;
 To look into the face of God and dare
 The secrets by which He doth ever make

Life out of death, love out of hate, and far
 Amid the realms of light to rest content,
 Rocked in the cradle of the infinite;—
 "It must be very sweet," dear friend, a star,
 To know truth's perfect, fadeless ravishment,
 Full-winged for love's own ever-changing flight.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

POETIC AND OTHER HORIZONS.

A POET once sat by the margin of a mere, and the poet was a wise man, at least so said the world. He put money in his purse, and therefore was applauded.

But its producing source was apart from his poems.

The breeze blew across the water from soft hills and wooded shores beyond, and a silvery shimmer moved swiftly over its surface. He watched it a moment, then turned to wonder at the great white blossoms of cornel and elder bending down to him and the viburnum stars. At his feet clustered scented blooms of wild azalea, the pale swamp pink of the marshes. Soon the tiny puff of wind, which ruffled the lake's silver afar off, stirred the creamy petals overhead, and they fell around him in velvety showers.

From their whiteness his thoughts flew back to his own little daughters and their innocence. "How much there is in earth and heaven whereof they know naught!" he whispered to his own heart. "Were they not in sweet distress this very morning, both Grace and Myrtilla, because, forsooth, their pond-lilies of yesterday had closed again into buds of pink and brown? And neither of them knew nor understood the simple magic of air, water, and sunshine that would charm them open afresh."

Then, straightway, he drew forth a written scroll and read this poem of his own, which he had hastily inscribed thereon:

TO A SHUT POND-LILY.

"O lily fast asleep, we ask thy grace!
 Unfold thy loveliness, O spirit flower!
 Open thy heart! Display thy magic power,
 Curving thy petals' orbit to embrace
 A golden brilliance as of starry space,
 A trembling wonder, born of sun and shower!
 Hide not thy sweetness, thy celestial dower,
 Nor under rosy curtains veil thy face!

"The calm white blossom heeds no spoken word,
 O foolish One, by pure impatience stirred;—
 So spake a guide, whose wisdom day by day
 Challenged regard. 'My child, there is a way
 To ope all hearts. By warmth and love 'tis done,
 Divine out-breathings from the Central Sun.'"

Suddenly, close beside him, stood one in white raiment.

"Thou hast lost innocence and gained knowledge," the august stranger spake with a voice of rebuke, "wherefore thou art proud. How great thy loss—yea, even infinite! How slender thy gain!"

Whereat the poet was silent, greatly abashed.

"Thou knowest something of love and sunshine," pursued the strange visitant. "It is well, though so little; a slender ray, as of starshine, from out the great white throne. Glimmers of such light make all thy knowledge. Gaze about thee! What seest thou? How much? How little?"

Then the poet began to use his God-given power. "I see," he cried, "this goodly frame, the earth, and above it bending, this

most excellent canopy, the air, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire. I see these, to-day, even as Shakspeare saw them. Yon arch of blue is the sunlit atmosphere of earth; beyond lies space illimitable, wherein circle planets and sun-orbs, one beyond another, to farthest ken of telescope-enabled vision."

"And beyond?" steadily questioned the star-eyed stranger, his own gaze bent straight on the sun.

But the poet held his peace,—till the insistent waiting of the other seemed to weigh him down beneath a calm of resistless eternity.

"Further than this earth-knowledge goeth not," he murmured at last, as though against his will. "Yet faith reveals a Holy of Holies—a Throne and abode of Deity. I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, dwelling in light inaccessible and infinite."

"It is well," declared the other. and, for the first time, his rapt gaze fell on the man of poesy. "Thou hast looked to Heaven and owned thy God. Thou hast also recognized thy mortal limitations. Space and Time thou hast in cognizance. Beyond these are realms wherein, of thyself, thou art powerless:—where knowledge ends, faith and revelation begin."

"I fret not," rejoined the poet, "at the bars of my cage, though they be narrow. Death will open its doors and I shall take wing ere many days. Even now the soul can flood earth with its own rays—'the light that never was on sea or land.' I gaze on yonder swallow darting in the blue, and with him in spirit I also soar. I feel the billowy up-bearing of his plumes! I see, below, the shining earth and the beryl sea."

"Then, thine own wings grow weary and thou dost drop to earth again, like a tired child. Is it not thus? Thy powers have appointed limits. Again, thou strikest the bars. Strength and boundless endurance, as of archangels, are not thy portion." And even while he spoke a dizziness from the fierce sunlight overcame the poet, who drooped with aching brow and brain.

"Thy strength, physical or mental," pursued the other. "is of the Divine enabling power. Wherefore lift up thy heart and thank Him, whose Throne is on high. Be not discouraged—neither proud, as of thyself and thine own gifts. Now, obey and come hither."

So the angel brought him into the shade of great pines hard by; and the ground beneath was red with pine-needles, save where beds of moss shone out in emerald softness.

“Turn thy gaze downward, son of man, since thou art weary of looking up, and say what thou seest.”

And the poet made answer: “This moss at our feet is a series of miniature forests, astir with insect life which only the microscope can truly reveal. Each insect, winged or wingless, is a marvel. The sounds of this mimic world, also, are too fine for analysis. The note of the cicada, for example, is so shrill, so tenuous, that an ear trained to the highest musical perception can catch but a fraction of its sound. For with sound, as with color, there are vibrations and reverberations beyond human eye and ear, tones and rays ineffable of possible sight and melody and sweetness in that unknown realm where our dull senses fail us.”

“Yea, verily. The bars of thine earthly being shut out from thee the world of the infinitely small, even as they forbid thee to enter that of the infinitely great.”

The falling silence that ensued between these two, in the deeps of the wood, overflowed with mysterious meanings. Birds twittered amid the shadows, and the tree-boles stood majestic like the columns of a temple. Nothing so rich in high, creative suggestiveness had ever dawned upon the poet. Yet, after a space of rest, the stranger broke the profound stillness with a second command.

“Come thou, now, unto another place!”

And from out the shadowy pines they came into a meadow. It was beautifully open, and again, as at first, the empurpled hills lay softly outlined in the far distance. Again, too, the one question, “Son of man, what seest thou?”

“I see a glassy cove, and, beyond it, a gleam of fair islands, like emeralds in the blue.”

“Why sawest thou not these in the wood or from thy first place, thy nook of the white blossoms?”

“Because they were invisible from that point. In the wood the trees shut them out; here, they are revealed.”

“Behold, again, the bars of thy cage, O mortal, besieged and assaulted by Pride! Only from thine own present stand-point canst thou see at all. Save that thou canst remember the view of yesterday and of many preceding yesterdays, thou wouldst be too bounded, too limited, for the merest needs of practical life.”

“ Yet, even in its mortal environment, amid all its drawbacks, the soul learns much from its perpetually changing stand-point. I do not beat against this barrier. New worlds unfold from hour to hour; the islands, invisible yesterday, greet us to-day, and herein the true poet may rejoice. The gradual dawning of new realms and new visions, the increase of experience, the deepening and broadening of sight and insight, are his earthly joys, his great ‘recompense of reward.’ ”

“ Thou hast spoken well. Let it also teach thee Charity. Thy fellow-man sees from another stand-point than thine. Why blamest thou him? ”

“ Nay, I blame him not. I understand how to him, also, new visions may come; that which was hidden before may shine out swiftly with a whiteness as of thine own garments—a whiteness ‘so as no fuller on earth can white them.’ ”

“ Transfiguration and revelation are not wholly things of the past. The gracious God will reveal Himself to thee, even in thy cage. Into thy limitations—though thou canst not transcend these—His glory can come. It depends upon thyself; wherefore, learn thou Humility! ”

And the angel departed from him.

But the wise poet moved on, thereafter, with bowed head, though still possessed of gold and applauded of the multitude.

Gardiner, Me.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

THY EXCELLENCE.

I celebrate thy excellence in song,—

And, though thy imperfections I can see,
 Thou art more perfect than all else to me;
 Where I am weak I know that thou art strong.
 The stars that in the night sky move and throng,
 Swerve slightly in their course, throb fitfully;
 The secret charm of yon grand oak, may be,
 Lies in the gnarls that to its life belong.

And wert thou perfect, lady, dost thou deem
 My dim defective eyes could bear such sight?—
 Could I approach the clearness of thy state?
 But as I once beheld thee in a dream,
 Thou wert arrayed in softly shining white,
 Wert absolutely pure, immaculate.

Gardiner, Me.

A. T. SCHUMAN.

GLIMPSES OF CUBAN HISTORY.

FROM the settlement of Cuba in 1511 by Velasquez, with three hundred men, the history of that island is tinged with romance and pathos—romance by virtue of the stirring events which occurred; pathos through the sufferings of a downtrodden race.

At the time the Spaniards invaded Cuba, the southern district was ruled by the cacique Hatuey, who had taken refuge in Cuba, coming from Hispaniola to free himself from the oppressive rule of the Spanish settlers. And Hatuey met a tragic fate at the hands of the conquerors, which furnished a rich theme for writers and poets.

When Spain sent her sons to colonize the New World, adventurers and monks went hand in hand, the first bent on conquest, eager in the quest for gold, as well as a life of adventure, while the second were intent on a mission of mercy, going with uplifted crucifix to preach the Gospel of Christ and propagate the seeds of Christianity among the natives. Foremost among the latter was Fra Bartolomé de las Casas, who proved a firm friend to the oppressed aborigines when their conquerors established an iron rule over the mild, effeminate race in Cuba as well as Hispaniola. When Velasquez effected an organized settlement in Cuba, there were about two thousand aborigines on the island. They were a quiet, peaceful race, who subsisted by fishing and the chase, while the implements they used were harpoons made out of bone and fibrous palms. Their weapons were wooden lances, tempered by time, and a rude sword called *macana*. Cuba was governed by caciques, native chiefs. Polygamy was practiced, and the people were fond of dancing and games. They were indolent and averse to toil of any kind. They wore silver rings in their noses, and before going to war, painted their bodies with gaudy hues, and displayed great skill in breasting the billows in their fragile canoes, which they called *piraguas*. In the interior they raised corn and beans, as well as tobacco, while their principal food was *casabe*, a cake made of *yuca*, a starchy vegetable indigenous to the soil of Cuba. They lived in rude huts called *bohios*, with thatched roofs, and slept in hammocks. Their notions of religion were primitive, although they believed in the immortality of the soul and the existence of a good and an evil spirit. They also believed that good and bad

genii peopled the air, forests, plains, rivers, and streams. Although they had special gods of the chase, love, and medicine, they did not worship idols. Gifted with tropical imagination, the natives used poetic forms of speech and composed verses, which they called *areitos*. Their rude dwellings were guarded by dumb dogs.

The aborigines meekly submitted to their conquerors. Las Casas was their stanch friend and protector from the first, although powerless to avert many of the evils which befell them. Unaccustomed to manual labor, they were put to work in the fields, exposed to the hot rays of the tropical sun, and like plants they wilted and died; their harsh taskmasters compelled them to work in the mines also, and for the slightest offenses they were loaded with chains. Under this treatment the race died out so rapidly, that as early as 1558 they were exterminated. At an early period negroes were brought from Africa, and one negro could do as much work as four Indians. And they flourished like baytrees.

Las Casas approved the introduction of negroes, as this measure ameliorated the lot of the aborigines. Caribes were branded on the leg like cattle to distinguish them from the real Indians. The blacks were also abused, and the first uprising of the slaves took place in 1552. Soon after the first settlement of Cuba, dissensions arose among the colonists.

Hernando Cortes was chosen an emissary to Spain to denounce Velasquez; was seized just as he was about to embark; escaped his pursuers by diving into the sea, took refuge in a sanctuary, and, by his marriage to Catalina Pacheco soon after, under the protection of her powerful family, was enabled to defy his enemies.

Manuel Rojas was appointed pro tem. as Velasquez's successor. Nuñez Guzman soon after arrived from Spain, preceded by the first negro slaves. The Indians preferred death to bondage, and as many as could escape, betook themselves to the woods, or else took up arms against their masters. In order to put a stop to this wholesale desertion, Guzman declared that all Indians not in arms against their masters should be set free.

Manuel Rojas again took command of the island. During his administration taxation became so oppressive that many colonists left the country.

Owing to the deadly climate, so fatal to foreigners, and because many died without leaving any legal issue, bequeathing their

property to the Church, this body rapidly acquired wealth. In consequence the government curtailed their revenues.

Forbantes, filibusters, and buccaneers appeared on the scene in the early days of Cuba and played an important part. *Forbante* was the French name for pirate; buccaneer was also of French derivation, and at first was applied to hunters or men who killed and cured cattle and prepared jerked beef. Filibuster was of English origin, and was derived from the word fly-boat, which was thus called on account of its swiftness and because it fairly flew over the water.

French *forbantes* and English filibusters alike preyed on the Spanish main, ravaged the coast, raided towns and laid them in ashes. Havana was sacked in 1538 by French *forbantes* and burned to the ground.

Hernando Soto was sent to Cuba, and, after taking command, proceeded to rebuild Havana. Soon after, leaving the island in charge of his wife, the first and only instance of a woman's governing Cuba, Soto proceeded to Florida. His wife, after his death in 1540, continued to command until her own demise, three years later.

During Avila's administration, moved to compassion by the fate of the hapless aborigines, Avila imposed heavy penalties on their merciless taskmasters to restrict their severity. Many Indians killed their wives and children and choked themselves to death rather than suffer any longer the yoke of bondage, for, although declared free, they were kept in servitude.

In order to increase the importance of Havana, Avila decreed that all ships on their way from Mexico to Spain should stop at Havana. And he opened a canal to supply the town with water. We shall not mention each governor in turn, but simply state some salient fact of interest in each successive administration.

Dr. Ponce de Angulo was governor in 1550, and disgraced himself by fleeing from Havana when it was raided by Jaques Sores, the French *forbante*. Angulo was superseded in 1554 by Diego Mazariegos, who was a severe disciplinarian. His first step was to abrogate several rights and privileges of the municipal board.

Pedro Mendez, who took command of the island after Mazariegos, was chiefly noted for his destruction of a Huguenot colony established in South Carolina by Admiral Coligny. Six hundred perished to the cry of "Death to heretics." After this fanatical act Mendez returned to Cuba.

The following in command was Gabriel Montalvo, and he was

succeeded by Francisco Carreño, who regulated the system of weights and measures. And he sent a shipload of mahogany, cedar, ebony, and precious woods for the Escorial, which was being built by Philip II.

Gaspar Torres, the next in command, fortified the coasts to guard them from the piratical incursions of forbantes and filibusters, and built launches, raising a tax for that purpose, called the *sisá de la piragua*. Torres established the exchange in Havana. He had trouble with the governor of the Fuerza fortress, who defied his authority, and in consequence, during the command of his successor Gabriel de Lujan, the command of the town as well as the fortress was vested in one person.

At this time Francis Drake hovered near, devastating the coast and seizing rich prizes, or "singeing the Spaniard's beard," as it was called. In 1589 Juan Tejada took command of Cuba and laid the sites of the Morro and the Punta forts.

During the administration of Pedro Valdes, the island continued to be harassed by pirates, who carried their incursions to the interior, or farther inland, we should say, and even seized the bishop of Santiago de Cuba and only released him on the payment of a heavy ransom. Soon after, the bishop removed his diocese to Havana.

In 1607 the command of the island was vested in a captain-generalcy, and Havana was the capital.

Several captain-generals followed, without leaving any great mark in history, until Lorenzo Cabrera acquired an unenviable notoriety by selling a cargo of slaves at public auction in Havana, and in consequence, in 1626, was recalled to Spain in disgrace.

In 1655, Cromwell's orders to wrest Jamaica from the Spanish were successfully carried out under Penn and Venables with English forces. It is an interesting fact that eight thousand Spanish families took refuge in Cuba at this time.

While Salamanca was captain-general, in 1658, Santiago de Cuba and Puerto Principe were raided by filibusters and forbantes, who blew up the forts and even carried off the church bells. French and English freebooters alike continued to prey upon the coast of Cuba. Smuggling was carried on between Cuba and Jamaica, which was also a source of trouble to the authorities.

Diego de Viana's rule was stormy, for serious disturbances arose in 1687 between the inhabitants of San Juan de los Remedios and

their governor. It appears that during the frequent incursions of the buccaneers, the people requested permission to remove their town farther inland. Owing to the red tape consumed in all official operations, the royal edict did not arrive until long after the raids had ceased, and therefore the necessity for removal no longer existed. Therefore only one-third was willing to move, while two-thirds refused to budge, not taking into account Spanish stubbornness.

Soon after Severino de Manzaneda was appointed captain-general, and he issued a decree commanding the obdurate inhabitants of Remedios to remove to Santa Clara within fifteen days. At the expiration of that time, government officials set fire to their houses, burning them out of house and home. So great a cry was raised at this outrage, that Manzaneda saw that he had overshot the mark, and in consequence revoked the edict for removal, although he could not restore their homes.

Manzaneda was succeeded by Diego de Cordova, in 1699, who was said to have obtained his post through bribery. Notwithstanding, he proved to be an efficient ruler and improved the city.

During Pedro Benitez de Lugo's command, Trinidad was sacked by the filibuster Grant with three hundred men.

After his death, two natives of Havana, viz., Louis Chacon and Nicolas Vandeval, were appointed to govern Havana pro tem. Their administration was very good. They were succeeded by Pedro Alvarez de Villarin, but as he died soon after his arrival from Spain, they resumed charge, until 1708, and after driving off an English squadron from Havana, they delivered the command of the island to the incumbent Laureano Torres on his arrival from Spain. This is the only instance of a native of Cuba enjoying such a high post under government. Torres had some trouble with the Superior Court of Santo Domingo, and was suspended from his command, but he was reinstated in 1713. He established the school of medicine in Havana, and took active measures to prevent quacks from practicing their calling. At this time he ordered divers to bring up some of the merchandisè which had been wrecked in Ubilla's unfortunate fleet on its way from Vera Cruz, and three millions were brought up from the depths of the sea.

Bishop Valdes established the Foundling Asylum in 1713, which is the reason that so many illegitimate children were baptized with the name of Valdes, in remembrance of the good bishop's deed.

Vicente Raja's administration was disturbed by troubles with tobacco planters, who drove him to Spain when he attempted to enforce the edict for the government monopoly of tobacco. The planters invaded Havana with hostile intent, and Raja embarked for Spain. Meanwhile Maraver Ponce de Leon was governor pro tem., and remained at the beck and call of the planters, but finally, in obedience to the suggestion of Bishop Valdes, the planters returned to their homes.

Gregorio Guazo was appointed captain-general in 1718, and he enforced the above-mentioned edict, granting a free pardon to all who had taken part in the riots. He offered payment in advance to the planters for their crops, so long as they promised to sell only to the government factory and at fixed prices. Guazo was prepared to resort to armed force if they resisted, so they were compelled to yield.

Juan del Hoyo, governor of Santiago de Cuba, was ordered to give up his command, but the city council upheld him, and when the Spanish admiral attempted to arrest him, he fled to Puerto Principe and incited a popular outbreak, but he was seized and sent to Spain under arrest. Symptoms of revolt against Spanish authority thus showed themselves at this early period in Santiago de Cuba, which has ever since been the hotbed of rebellion against Spanish dominion in Cuba.

Captain-General Vega quelled these symptoms of revolt. In 1734 he established the University of San Ambrosio in Havana, to induce Cuban youth to study at home instead of going to Mexico, Santo Domingo, or Salamanca for literary training.

England was again engaged in hostilities with Spain, and on account of the contraband introduced into Spanish America, Admiral Vernon attempted to seize Santiago de Cuba, but was repulsed. General Guemes was in command of the island at this period. In 1744 he established the first post-office.

Peace with England was not of long duration. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, closed the war between England, France, and Spain. But England again unsheathed her sword when she learned of the "Family Compact," and in 1762 seized Havana. Captain-General Prado ordered all the friars, women and children, to leave the city before the siege. Unfortunately, while fortifying the city, he ordered several houses to be set on fire, and thus the flames revealed his movements to the enemy. Another reckless step

was to sink Spanish ships at the mouth of the harbor to prevent their foes from entering, which was of no avail, however, for doughty Britons will go through fire and water when their blood is up. During two of the hottest months in the tropics they kept up the siege, toiling day and night.

In spite of the heroic defense of the Spaniards, Locock and Albemarle conquered, and after the English had destroyed the Morro and leveled part of the city, Havana capitulated. The English seized a rich booty amounting to fourteen million dollars.

Albemarle did not allow the soldiers to commit any outrages, and he treated the inhabitants with kindness. But all who could get away left the city, and traders refused to furnish their conquerors with food. English soldiers were frequently assassinated, and their food, milk, and water poisoned. Albemarle levied a contribution on the Catholic clergy, and erected Protestant temples, thus arousing their hatred still more against their foes, because bigotry and fanaticism were rampant in that age.

Eight months later Havana was restored to Spain in exchange for Florida. The custom-house now in Havana was a Catholic church before the invasion, and was used for secular purposes by the English, so the Spaniards considered it was contaminated, and after the restoration of Havana took it for a custom-house.

Two important events occurred soon after the introduction of the bee industry by Bishop Morrell and the establishment of a line of ships to carry the mail to Spain regularly. A number of Spaniards left Florida when it passed into possession of the English and settled in Cuba. Count Kiela was Prado's successor after Cuba was restored to Spain. Count O'Reilly aided him in reorganizing the army.

While Jimenez de Cisneros was captain-general pro tem. in 1765, he had trouble with the tobacco planters, who refused to pay the taxes, and set fire to their crops rather than to allow the government the monopoly of tobacco. Their opposition to this decree, however, was as fruitless as a struggle would be between a Lilliputian and a Brobdingnagian.

One of the best governors Cuba ever had was the Marquis of Torres. He founded several schools, much needed at that time, and appointed a number of leading men to carry out reforms in building. Thatched roofs were banished from the city precincts, Torres built bridges, laid out drives, and attended to the sanitation

of the city. According to the census taken at that time, Cuba had a population of 171,610; 75,000 residing in the capital.

Under command of Galvez and Navarro, Florida was wrested from the English in 1779. Galvez also endeavored to gain possession of other English colonies, but only succeeded in getting the Bahamas.

While Unsaga was captain-general he obtained a royal grant to import slaves from Africa, which gave a new impetus to the traffic in negroes. Blood-curdling tales are told of the horrors of the slave trade. Men, women, and children were dragged from African jungles, thrown into the ship's hold, herded together like cattle, half starved, and conveyed across the ocean and sold to pitiless masters, who loaded them with chains for the slightest cause, beat them, abused them, and exacted labor beyond their strength to perform. Meanwhile, fortunes were made, flesh and blood were coined into money, and their owners, like vultures, fattened on their prey.

Another detestable decree was to prohibit Cubans from studying law or their admission to the bar. Spain had joined France in aiding the Americans to cast off the English yoke, but finally the former concluded to break off all relations with the young republic, and renewed her restrictions against the admission of foreigners in Cuban ports. In 1783, Unsaga was instructed to expel Mr. Pollock, the first United States Commercial Agent to Cuba. This blunder was deeply regretted later when the republic became a flourishing nation.

General Las Casas also enforced the edict against the admission of foreigners, for fear they might introduce revolutionary theories among the Cubans.

At this period, in order to increase the population, Las Casas decreed that the immigrants from the Canary Islands should bring their families with them.

About this time several leading Cubans went to Spain to solicit permission to establish a patriotic and economic society, and brought back a charter for that object. They established a patriotic periodical also, the first in Cuba of that character.

Las Casas also regulated the hours of labor, paved the streets, and re-established lights in the public thoroughfares, which had been suppressed for lack of funds.

Spain had intended to observe a strict neutrality at the time of

the French Revolution, but when Louis XVI. was beheaded in 1793, Carlos IV. declared war against France to avenge his kinsman's death. However, Carlos IV. and his minister Godoy, a mere figure-head in statecraft, vain and incompetent, were unable to cope with France. French troops invaded Spain, and finally the Treaty of Basel was signed in 1795, by which Spain yielded Santo Domingo to France. Many Spanish families fled to Cuba at that period, about twelve thousand in all, and they were an acquisition to the island, because they introduced agricultural improvements, which were of great advantage. They also introduced new ideas, and, according to the Spanish writer Zaragoza, in his "*Historia de las Insurrecciones de Cuba*," they brought the leaven of discontent—a leaven which fermented in the dough of Cuban politics later.

Spain's traditional enemy—England—hovered around the coast of Cuba like a sea-gull ready to pounce upon its prey. The coasts were fortified, and Captain-General Bassecourt opened Cuban ports to American and French ships. England began hostilities and seized Trinidad in 1797. Four Spanish men-of-war were surprised by the enemy, and, with traditional valor, their commander, Ruiz de Apodaca, burned his ships behind him, preferring to sink them rather than they should fall into the hands of the English. Admiral Harvey also wanted to seize Porto Rico, but he was not successful in this scheme. England had designs on Cuba at the same time which she did not carry out. Through the negotiations of Amiens a brief interval of peace ensued, but England and Spain were again at swords' points in 1804. Cuba was harassed by filibusters from Jamaica, and an English squadron captured a Spanish frigate just outside Havana and seized Spanish possessions in Buenos Ayres shortly after. Someruelos, captain-general of Cuba at that time, published a remarkable proclamation, arousing the fanatical zeal of the Spanish troops, declaring that Englishmen were not Christians, and consequently were enemies to mankind, while he exhorted Spaniards to take up arms against them. Someruelos had a difficult path to tread between English aggression and French rapacity when the tyrant of Europe placed his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain. Someruelos stontly refused to bend his neck to French rule, and burned the royal edict which proclaimed Joseph's ascension to the throne of Spain.

The maiden efforts of the autonomists were nipped in the bud by Someruelos at the time that a leading Cuban, Francisco Arango,

with seventy-three others and forty-six Europeans, submitted a memorial to the municipal board, proposing to form a government invested with the same authority as others in Spain, to carry on affairs in Cuba. The crafty Someruelos foresaw a menace to Spanish rule in this scheme, and refused to countenance it. He seized the bull by the horns and forestalled their action by declaring allegiance to Ferdinand VII. Large contributions were raised to aid Spain in her struggle against the French invaders.

Carlota Joaquina, Infanta of Spain and Princess of Brazil and Portugal, the daughter of Carlos IV., also desired to have a finger in the pie at this time, but she did not pull out a plum as she expected, when she declared that she was authorized to exercise the sovereign rights of her father in America, and issued a proclamation to that effect. Someruelos was too much of a fox to be caught, and he diplomatically replied that recognition of her authority was precluded by the fact that the island of Cuba had already sworn allegiance to Ferdinand VII. Thus he extricated himself from the horns of a dilemma.

The French usurper was on the throne, but the Central Revolutionary Junta resisted his authority and governed that part of Spain that was not in possession of the French.

At an early period Cuban women displayed their revolutionary proclivities and sympathies by cutting their hair short, as a sign of patriotism, and in consequence Spaniards nicknamed them *pelonas*.

It is said that that custom originated from the fact or tradition that the women of Carthage sacrificed their locks for their country, to free it from Roman rule.

Someruelos was an arbitrary commander, and he ordered all Frenchmen to leave the island of Cuba.

We shall only refer to the most salient points of Spanish history which reacted on Cuban affairs. England allied herself with Portugal and Spain to drive out the French usurper. And after the battle of Talavera, England succeeded in influencing Spanish politics through her ambassador, and persuaded the Junta to establish equal rights in the colonies.

Meanwhile, revolution was spreading like wildfire through Spanish America. And the leaven of discontent was working as well, especially in the eastern district, among the planters and land-owners.

Freedom of press was established in 1811 for a brief period, and many periodicals were started.

An uprising of the blacks occurred in Puerto Principe in 1812. The ringleader, Aponte, was garroted, and one hundred slaves were publicly flogged.

In 1812, General Ruiz de Apodaca succeeded Someruelos. He is noted for being the hero who burned his ships rather than deliver them to his conquerors. He established the Royal Havana Lottery to raise funds, which has always been a source of revenue to Spain ever since, but a bitter curse to the island, as it fostered recklessness and improvidence.

Shortly after Apodaca's arrival, the news arrived of the proclamation of the Constitution in Spain. The first Cuban deputies were Andres Jauregui and Juan O'Gaban.

In 1814, Ferdinand VII. ascended the throne, and, with the autocratic policy of the Bourbons, he threw aside the Constitution as though it were an old glove. During his reign this hapless Constitution served as a cat's-paw for him to pluck the chestnuts from the fire, because several times he was compelled to swear to the Constitution to sustain his tottering throne.

General Cienfuegos was appointed in 1816, and he added to Spain's revenues by the measures he adopted. A treaty was drawn up between Spain and the United States, whereby Florida was ceded to our country on the payment of five million dollars. Florida had been the bone of contention for many years. Jefferson and Madison both wanted it, and considered that it ought to be included in the Louisiana purchase. General Jackson fought and subdued the Indians in Florida and was accused of encroaching on Spanish territory. In his zeal he seized Spanish forts, which were restored to Spain. But in 1819 the mooted question was settled and hard cash won the day.

Disturbances arose in the Havana University as early as 1813, in regard to the election of officers, the Cubans claiming that native-born professors ought to be elected. In 1795, Las Casas had established a chair of mathematics and botany at the Seminary of San Carlos. Bishop Espada instituted a course of law and political economy under the direction of Father Velez and Felix Varela, but later these chairs were suppressed until 1814, when they were re-established under Varela, a most patriotic Cuban and man of letters.

Jose Agustine Caballero, another learned Cuban, also instilled patriotic sentiments in the breasts of Cuban youths at that time.

The regulations for admission to the seminary were very strict, and all who were not of good blood were excluded. Nobody with a taint of colored blood, or of Moorish or Jewish extraction, was eligible, nor were the sons of mechanics either.

About this time a refugee from Ecuador propagated revolutionary ideas, which were eagerly adopted by a noted Cuban writer, Gaspar Betancourt, and others.

Saco, the renowned Cuban abolitionist and patriot, and the poet Heredia sprang into notice at that period. Their whole souls were devoted to the advancement of their country, and the reward they reaped was exile from their beloved land. Heredia's verses to the *Estrella de Venus* suggested to the Cubans later the adoption of the lone star for their emblem.

The much-vaunted Constitution appeared, like the joys of Tantalus, never to be attained. Or like a pear which never fell from the tree into the outstretched hands eager to grasp it. Ferdinand swore and foreswore the Constitution in obedience to the will of the people, or rather when compelled to do so by circumstances. The proclamation of the Constitution in Spain, to which Captain-General Cagigal was forced to give the oath of allegiance, occurred in 1820. Ferdinand VII. was forced to accept it in order to retain his throne, although he did so with the mental reservation to cast it aside again as soon as possible. Constitutional rights for the people was a bitter pill for a haughty Bourbon to swallow. The Bourbon family looked on the throne as their inalienable right, while the people were of minor consideration.

Cagigal's successor, General Mahy, was confronted with conspiracy and intrigue. Two political societies were established in 1821, called the Electric Chain.

While Kindelan was captain-general pro tem., a riot broke out in Havana on the election of deputies. General Vives was appointed in 1823. About this time France sent an army to Spain, under the Duke of Angoulême, to re-establish order and put Ferdinand on the throne and restore to him the reins of government, which had been wrested from him by the revolutionists, who held him in check and had compelled the king to promise to adhere to the Constitution which he detested. It is needless to repeat that all promises were broken as soon as the king was in power again.

The battle of Ayacucho, in 1824, completely broke the backbone of Spanish dominion in South America. The young republics desired to help their sister Cuba, and aid her to attain freedom from the mother country at the time that constitutional rights were withdrawn, after Ferdinand's triumph.

A Cuban Junta was established in Mexico in 1825. These patriotic Cubans purposed to form a confederation in Panama, and invited the United States to attend an international congress, but the republic declined, saying that it must observe strict neutrality. Finally the Junta was dissolved.

A conspiracy, known as the Soles de Bolivar, was suppressed in 1826, and many leading Cubans were exiled. The ringleaders of this conspiracy, Aguero and Sanchez, were shot.

Another society to work for the emancipation of Cuba from Spanish dominion was started in 1830, and it was called the Black Eagle. At this time several Cubans were deported and others were condemned to death, but Vives commuted their sentence in celebration of the Princess Isabel's birthday. Cuba's destiny was linked with Spain's, and all changes in the mother country affected her colonies. Ferdinand VII. set aside the Salic law in order that his daughter Isabel might reign. When his wife, Queen Cristina, was declared regent, one of her first acts was to issue an amnesty, and many Cubans returned from exile. The civil war broke out in Spain in 1833 and raged for several years, and it was a most sanguinary war, for Carlists and Cristinos alike committed terrible atrocities.

While Ricaforte was in command of the island, gambling and immorality were rampant. A terrible scourge of cholera swept the land and thousands perished, and the country was desolate.

The next captain-general was Tacon, whose name is detested by Cubans on account of his tyrannical administration. In 1836 the news arrived from Spain of the Constitution wrested from royalty at the Granja. General Lorenzo, the governor of Santiago de Cuba, called out the troops and gave the oath of allegiance to this decree. But Tacon refused to swear to the Constitution, and shortly after a communication was received from Madrid that no change would be made in the government of Cuba, and that the reforms instituted in the mother country did not extend to the island. General Lorenzo was banished from Cuba on account of his sympathies for the natives.

The Cuban writer Saco was exiled by Tacon, and he passed several years in the United States, and finally took up his abode in Madrid to work for the Cuban cause. Three times Saco was chosen deputy, but, owing to political changes in Spain, he never was admitted to a seat in the Cortes. Many patriotic Cubans in Madrid belonged to the *Club de los Habaneros*, and worked together to obtain reforms for Cuba.

The first railway was laid on the island in 1836. During Tacon's administration he organized city and rural police forces. He also erected a jail. Tacon was a harsh and arbitrary ruler, and autocratic, for he crushed the rights of the people under his iron heel. However, it may be said that when he refused to swear to the new Constitution, Tacon displayed a keen insight into politics, foreseeing that it would soon be overthrown by his royal mistress, Queen Cristina.

In 1837, the Cuban deputies to the Cortes were refused admittance and thrust out in the cold, while they were informed that Cuba would be governed by special laws, more fitting for a child of tender years, we presume, because Spain approved of keeping Cuba in tutelage.

An outbreak of blacks occurred on an estate near Trinidad, on King's day, their yearly festival, which they celebrated by dancing in their African war-paint and sounding uncouth instruments. This insurrection was quickly quelled, as well as another which occurred shortly afterward. One hundred negroes were executed. Cuban youth revealed their antagonism to Spain and their yearning for freedom, weary of her harsh rule, and revolutionary pamphlets were circulated in spite of strenuous efforts to suppress them. Cubans drew on their tropical imagination to express their views with symbolical terms, and adopted Indian names to differentiate Cubans from Spaniards.

Abolitionists from Jamaica were active in stirring up revolt among the colored population, and Spain demanded the recall of the English consul, Mr. Turnbull, in 1842, on this account. From the time of the treaty of 1817, England kept a watchful eye on Spain to enforce its observance.

General O'Donnell was appointed captain-general in 1844. A conspiracy to free the slaves was discovered at that time, and many white men were implicated as well as the blacks. Among those who paid the penalty of the law was Gabriel de la Concepcion

Valdes ("Placido"), the famous poet, whose inspired strains have rendered his name immortal.

An emissary of Turnbull was executed for treason and many Cubans were deported.

An affray at the Escauriza coffee-house, soon after these tragic events, excited the ridicule of Cuban wits, who called it the "milk-punch battle." It seems that in order to defray the expenditures of the city for the celebration of Queen Isabella's proclamation, it was decreed that the proceeds of the masked balls given at Tacon Theatre during carnival should be devoted to that purpose. And all other places of amusement should be closed at eleven o'clock P.M. The people at the Escauriza coffee-house refused to leave and stood their ground, so the guards ordered to clear the place were routed and retreated. On learning of this tumult, the captain-general ordered that his commands should be strictly carried out on the following night. The people again resisted, and somebody threw a glass of punch at one of the officials, which excited general hilarity. Finally the populace was dispersed just as O'Donnell rode up on horseback, and during the fracas tables were overturned, crockery smashed, and several arrests made.

A wealthy Cuban, Domingo Goicuria, petitioned the home government to allow him to introduce white colonists from abroad into Cuba, but Spain, with her usual jealous policy, refused.

The subject of the annexation of Cuba to the United States began to occupy Congress in 1847. Senator Tulee, from Florida, brought up the subject and the necessity of buying Cuba from Spain. To this proposition several senators answered that the United States would never try to take possession of Cuba, except in case Spain should propose to cede it to England. Many prominent Cubans sought refuge in the United States and carried on an active propaganda for freedom.

Mr. Dallas, the Vice-President, was in favor of annexing Cuba to the United States.

At the outbreak of the French Revolution of 1848, the Cubans in the United States issued a proclamation, saying that the hour had come to strike a blow for freedom and to sound the tocsin calling their countrymen to arms.

While serenading their lady loves in Puerto Principe, several Cubans got into a row with some Spanish officers, who belabored them with their swords. In consequence, the governor issued

stringent commands and maintained a strict espionage over the Cubans, which seemed to convert the town into a living cemetery.

England had her eyes on Cuba, and in 1851 George Bentinck presented a bill in the House of Commons, proposing the seizure of Cuba by England in retaliation for the infringement of the treaty for suppression of the slave trade. Spain had continued to import negroes from the "Black Continent" and to hold them in slavery.

Narciso Lopez now comes on the scene, and his tragic fate was intended to serve as a warning to all leaders of a forlorn hope.

Lopez effected a landing of forces near Cardenas in 1850; was unsuccessful; returned to the charge in 1851; fell into the hands of the Spaniards; was tried and garroted for treason against Spain. Fifty of his followers were shot, among them Colonel Crittenden, a son of Senator Crittenden.

Conspiracy was rife in Puerto Principe, and the banner of revolt was raised by Aguero. This attempt was speedily quelled and Aguero, Zayas, and Benavides were shot. Armenteros, Hernandez, and Abrue met a similar fate in Trinidad.

General Quitman purposed to invade Cuba at the head of American forces, but his plans were frustrated.

Trouble ensued between our Government and Spain on account of the dire fate which befell Lopez and his American partisans. Fifty of his followers were shot after a summary court-martial, while thirty were deported.

In consequence, the Spanish consul at New Orleans was obliged to leave and did not return to his post until some time afterward.

A society, called the "Lone Star," was established in New York with a branch in New Orleans, which was active in the propaganda of freedom for Cuba. General Cañedo, who was then in command of the island, had his hands full in trying to put down revolutionary tendencies. Arrests of suspects were frequent, and a number of women were consigned to prison who were caught making cartridges. An American, named Thrasher, was seized in Habana and sentenced to penal servitude in Spain, but the Queen subsequently granted him a pardon.

Another conspiracy, also known under the name of the "Lone Star," was discovered. Count Pozo Dulces was at the head of it, and he and seventy other Cubans were arrested. The Count was exiled, and several of the conspirators were shot for treason. This conspiracy was promoted and aided in New York, and a company

called the Cuban Guards was organized and drilled to prepare for the invasion of Cuba. The New York press aided this scheme, and many prominent Americans, among them Daniel Webster, lent aid and sympathy to the cause.

The representative of New Granada in Ecuador initiated a movement in South America to free Cuba from Spanish rule. General Cañedo was also troubled on account of the claims brought against Spain by England, because a cargo of slaves had been landed in Cuba. Furthermore, to add to his anxiety, Mr. Mason, in the United States Senate, desired to ascertain why the American Government had refused to adhere to the declaration requested by France and England that neither of the three powers would seize the island of Cuba.

The history of Cuba is linked closely with American affairs from the beginning of this century. As early as 1805, during Jefferson's administration, the subject of Cuba occupied the attention of our statesmen. Jefferson is reported to have said at the time of the Florida question, "We must have Cuba as well as the Floridas." But at the same time his Secretary of State, Gallatin, assured Napoleon's minister, Turreau, that the United States had no interest in this matter.

That it was Jefferson's hobby exclusively. Nevertheless, Madison also contemplated the acquisition of Cuba.

Time went on, and Cuban youth were educated and trained in the United States, where the innate yearning for freedom in the breast of every one born in the New World was fostered still more. Many remained in exile, far away from their beloved home, the island of Cuba, called the Eden of the world, in order to enjoy the advantages of a free government and equal rights allotted to every citizen of the United States. Those who did return to Cuba carried aspirations for independence, which they instilled into the breasts of their countrymen, inspiring the desire to throw off the Spanish yoke.

The doughty General Jackson, after his victories over the Indians in Florida, desired to extend the war, but Congress clipped his wings and he was obliged to restore the forts he had taken from the Spaniards. Jackson also cast longing glances at the beautiful island, and fain would have been the gallant knight to rescue Cuba from Spanish dominion.

From the first decade of this century, one after the other, all

Spain's colonies in Spanish America achieved their independence. Only Cuba was left in bondage, and Porto Rico.

The "Black Warrior" affair was the cause of trouble between the United States and Spain, but finally it was adjusted on the payment of \$53,000 to the owners by Spain. General Pezuela was captain-general at that time.

In 1854, the United States ministers to Spain, France, and England held conference at Aix-la-Chapelle, and drew up a document known as the Ostend manifesto. They deemed it advisable to purchase Cuba, and to inform the European powers that unless Spain accepted their offer it would be expedient to proceed to forcible steps for the annexation of Cuba to the United States. Many Cubans in the United States were in favor of annexation, and a petition was submitted to President Pierce, begging him to favor this scheme. Finally a proposition was presented to Spain in 1858 or 1859, offering to purchase Cuba, but Spain refused to consider it, for she was unwilling to part with the richest jewel in her diadem.

The outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 diverted the attention of Americans from Cuban affairs for a number of years.

General Serrano was appointed captain-general of Cuba in 1859, and his efforts in behalf of the Cubans won their gratitude, and he indorsed the petition of a number of reformists, who requested the election of Cuban deputies to the Cortes. Later, in 1865, 24,000 signatures were forwarded to Spain, to thank him for the speech he made in the Senate, defending the reformists.

Another impartial ruler was General Dulce, but he was succeeded by a prototype of Tacon, General Lersundi, who was opposed to all plans of reform.

Commissioners from Cuba to the Cortes returned home in 1867, unsuccessful in their attempts to secure a favorable answer to their petitions for reforms. Shortly after, the queen was driven from the Spanish throne, and the outbreak of the Cubans against Spanish dominion occurred at Yara, October 10th. Carlos Cespedes led the revolt at the head of 120 men, which number swelled rapidly to 15,000 during the rebellion. At the beginning of the war, Cespedes freed two hundred of his own slaves and declared the abolition of slavery. A constitution was drawn up, and Cespedes was chosen president of the republic of Cuba.

At the beginning of the war the Spanish volunteers in Havana carried things with a high hand. In 1871 they clamored for the

heads of the Cuban students who had been arrested and thrown into jail on a trumped-up charge that they had desecrated the grave of a Spanish patriot in the cemetery. The facts show that they were innocent, and all they had been guilty of was a boyish prank, having hauled a donkey cart around the cemetery while waiting for a tardy professor. In accordance with the demands of the volunteers, eight of these students were court-martialled, and, after a brief travesty of justice, were shot, while Havana was wrapt in gloom and mourning.

General Agramonte was one of the bravest Cuban leaders. At one time during the struggle his force dwindled down to thirty-nine men, and many of his friends besought him to give up the fight. He refused, and when asked, "What will you rely on?" he replied, "On dignity." Agramonte was killed in the battle of Jimaguayu. Cespedes was surprised and killed by Spanish troops in 1874. Aguilera and, later, Salvador Cisneros, were Cespedes's successors to the presidency of the republic of Cuba.

In 1873, the capture of the *Virginius* and execution of American filibusters in Santiago de Cuba came near bringing about a conflict between the United States and Spain. Although at that time Castelar was president of Spain, Cuba was governed in the usual manner. The question was settled without coming to blows, but the death of those Americans who had sacrificed their lives for Cuba was not forgotten.

Spain brought 257,000 men into the field to crush the rebellion during the ten years that the war lasted, with great loss of life, both from the deadly climate as well as the enemy's machetes. Finally, in 1878, Martinez Campos drew up the compact of Zanjón, which was signed by the rebels who laid down their arms, and peace was declared. Reforms were promised, which were never instituted. Therefore, the Cubans again began to conspire, and in 1895 another rebellion broke out.

Subsequent events are so well known to our readers, we shall not repeat them now.

New York.

MARY ELIZABETH SPRINGER.

PURE WORSHIP IN PROTESTANT HYMNS.

BEYOND question, the tendency of universal Protestant thought these last thirty years has been toward a more liberal and charitable interpretation of Catholic history and life. A part of this liberality may have come from the almost universal skeptical tendency of Protestantism in our generation. As men grow to doubt their own conclusions on any subject, they are all the more inclined to look with respect upon any established authority that has for any respectable time maintained a fixed conclusion on the very subject concerning which the skeptic has become skeptical, and as the Catholic Church has maintained, against all foes, for nearly nineteen hundred years, the system of doctrine which, in whole or in part, Protestantism has doubted or denied, it is but the course of natural human reason for serious souls to seek in this great and glorious institution of fixed belief and of common worship that resting-place which Protestantism has failed to provide.

Whatever may have been or may still be the real cause of this turning of the restless heart of Protestantism toward a kindlier feeling for Rome, the fact itself is palpable, and it seems to me that we, as Catholics, while holding fast to the faith held by the true Church all through the ages, might, and, in fact, should at the same time show a corresponding appreciation of all that is really true, Christian, Catholic at heart, and hence Christ-like, in Protestant thought and worship and life. The purpose of this article is to reveal a certain pure grain of Protestant Catholicity, as seen in a few Protestant hymns.

There are three Protestant hymns that Catholics have wellnigh universally adopted as among the choicest songs of their various devotions outside the regular music of the mass.

"Lead, Kindly Light," by Newman, is perhaps the most precious even of these, and all the more so because its famous and gifted author finally became a Catholic and a cardinal in the Catholic Church; but we must not forget that Newman was a Protestant when he wrote this beautiful hymn, that he expressed only a sentiment felt to the heart by tens of thousands of earnest Protestant Christians, and it may be well to remember that he never wrote anything half so beautiful after he was received into the Catholic Church.

I do not mean to suggest by this remark that there is anything in essential Catholicism to chill the divine spirit of poetic beauty. On the contrary, I am satisfied that in the future, as in the past, Catholic poets have sung and still will sing with the wingèd touch of angel music; but there are things in modern Catholicism, gross and base and mean enough to sour the angels and to make wretched discord out of the music of the stars.

“Nearer, My God, to Thee” is perhaps, next to Newman’s “Lead, Kindly Light,” the Protestant hymn most appreciated and sung by Catholics. I know of nothing more beautiful, or more purely worshipful, than this lovely song of devotion.

What would seem at first sight remarkable about this hymn is that it was written by a woman. I do not recall other work or circumstances connected with Sarah F. Adams, but this one hymn, like John Howard Payne’s “Home, Sweet Home,” is enough to make its author immortal.

The next of the three hymns just referred to is

“Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!”

Toplady wrote other beautiful hymns, among them

“Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;”

But nothing else of his work, and scarcely any other hymn in our language, has had so world-wide an acceptance.

These three hymns are known far and wide among Catholics as well as Protestants, and to argue the proposition that a pure devotional spirit pervades them would be much like arguing to prove the beauty or the fragrance of the violet or the rose.

There are, however, scores of Protestant hymns, born of the pure lovingness of Protestant Christian souls, that are quite as beautiful and devotional, though not so widely known, as the three popular hymns named.

On the same page with “Rock of Ages,” in the “Plymouth Collection”—a volume of hymns gotten up by Henry Ward Beecher, some forty years ago—there is a hymn by Montgomery which, in my judgment, is quite as lovely, lowly, and devotional as Toplady’s famous lines. The first stanza is as follows:

“Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter’s power,
Your Redeemer’s conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.”

Indeed, when I remember all the exquisite and adoring thoughts, sentiments, songs, purposes, and virtues engendered in my own Protestant heart and life by such hymns as these during the earlier years of my Protestant connection, I am filled with the same sort of gratitude to God for the spirit that led me under the influence of such hymns as I am for the richer and fuller music of devotion that, year after year, inspired me at last to seek and find rest in Catholic faith. And I marvel at the mystery of Heaven’s protection over the true Church as seen in this suggestive thought and truth—that Protestantism, spite of its unquestioned Christian devotion, its many-sided scholarship, its earnest missionary zeal, and its splendid hymnology, has become, and is every day more and more becoming, a shifting herding-place for every form of infidelity and atheism, simply because the reformers and founders of Protestantism were a set of rebellious and hard-hearted libertines; in a word, simply because the founders of Protestantism lost their perfect faith and yielded to those impulses of pride by which the very angels fell.

So great is the importance of perfect dogma and simple obedience in the full and final economy and history of Catholic Christian faith.

It is not my purpose, however, in this paper to dwell upon the necessity and glory of Catholic faith. Other and more learned writers than I do this incessantly, and sometimes apparently with more self-glorification than with real Christian charity. My purpose is to indicate in what way Protestants, even with their imperfect faith, have written and sung some of the choicest songs of devotion that have ever ascended toward the throne of God.

In doing this, I shall omit a dozen beautiful Protestant hymns for every one that I mention, and I shall try to select those that are almost as remarkable for their poetic beauty as for their religious devotion.

There are several beautiful Protestant hymns of invocation to the Holy Spirit; others touching the grandeur and terrors of the

Judgment Day; others still in loving exaltation of the Heavenly Jerusalem; but it is generally conceded that these are echoes or imitations of older and more famous Catholic hymns treating the same subjects, which older hymns are familiar to us all.

I am not wholly prepared to admit that the English hymns,

“Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,”

and

“Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,”

and the still more lovely

“O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?”

are nothing but copies of the older Catholic hymns referred to. That their authors gathered their inspiration from the older hymns of the Church is, I think, beyond question; but, for that matter, all that is lovely and permanent in Protestantism, whether of emotion, song, faith, or worship, drew its inspiration from the Catholic Church, and is in some sense a palpable imitation of its divine nature and life, as the finer expressions in the faces of the children of a great and good man are the hereditary records of their parentage, their coarser traits coming from other sources or from their own sins.

At all events, these echoes of old Catholic hymns are in evidence that modern English faith, inspired by the same sources as the old Roman faith, can and will put into English speech devotions as pure and songs as rhythmic and musical as any that ever floated beyond the stars in search of the mind of God.

In the Chambers Church, Philadelphia, between forty and fifty years ago, we used to sing, now and then, as a set piece—that is, as an interlude, not included in the regular form of service—a hymn that has always seemed to me one of the most beautiful in our language, and yet one that I do not remember ever hearing in general use. I quote this hymn from memory, not having a printed copy at hand. It is a conception of our Saviour as if He were speaking to a soul in trouble and bereaved—hence to all human souls, for what soul has ever lived that has not been crushed with grief and bereavement. Of course, there is nothing truer or more

beautiful or more effective in such hours than the wonderfully tender and inspiring—

“Come, Ye Disconsolate, Where'er Ye Languish.”

And it is possible that the newer hymn drew its breath of life from this old and quenchless fountain of song. Here is the hymn I have in mind:

“Come unto me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and oppressed;
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto me and I will give you rest.

“Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground;
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit wreaths are crowned.

“Large are the mansions in my Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim,
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the strains that raise the heavenly hymn.

“There, like an Eden, blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.”

Scarcely less beautiful, in fact perhaps still more beautiful, are the following verses by Moore, which we also used to sing now and then in the church named. I quote from the “Plymouth Collection”:

“As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my heart, the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,
My God! silent to Thee—
Pure, warm, silent to Thee.

“As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o’er the dim sea,
 So, dark as I roam, through this wintry world shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee,
 My God! trembling to Thee—
 True, fond, trembling to Thee.”

These words are so simple and so vivid in their utterance of the concentrated devotion of the human soul, that I sometimes think they may have been a pure human love-song at first, with the higher sentiment of religious devotion added as an after-thought in the last two lines of each stanza. Be that as it may, I have often found it my own chosen vehicle of song-breath and prayer during the intenser hours of the last forty years. For that matter, were not many of the songs of Solomon and David that we have turned into religious devotions love-songs in their original conception and utterance?

Another modern hymn that has always impressed me as possessing singular beauty and a pure devotional spirit is credited to Charles Beecher in the “Plymouth Collection.” I give only four out of its six stanzas:

“In silence of the voiceless night,
 When chased by dreams the slumbers flee,
 Whom, in the darkness, do I seek
 O God, but Thee?”

“And if there weigh upon my breast
 Vague memories of the day foregone,
 Scarce knowing why, I fly to Thee
 And lay them down.

* * * * *

“More tranquil than the stilly night,
 More peaceful than that voiceless hour,
 Supremely blest, my bosom lies
 Beneath Thy power.

“For what on earth can I desire,
 Of all it hath to offer me?
 Or whom in heaven do I seek,
 O God, but Thee?”

So faithful is the eternal spirit of God's love that it cherishes in the true heart of the children whose parents have wandered from the true faith impulses of loyal worship which in heaven's own time will help to bring all wanderers back again.

There is in this same collection, made by the brilliant but unfortunate and still famous Henry Ward Beecher, a hymn of three stanzas, by Bowing, that lifts the soul to a still more profound depth of devotion to the will of God, which submission is, in fact, the essence of all religious life. In one of His supremest moments of human utterance our Saviour could but say, *Not my will, but Thine be done*—and the poet, in this brief song of devotion, has embodied this sentiment in words that the battling but overmastered soul can always use to music that is sacred as the very heart of incarnate song:

“Thy will be done! In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
Thy will be done!

“Thy will be done! If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun.
This prayer shall make it more divine:—
Thy will be done!

“Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one,
Is ours—to breathe, while we adore,
Thy will be done!”

I have often thought it most singular that whole congregations of Protestants, in fact, countless thousands of such congregations, who, in their contempt for Catholics, and especially in their contempt for the cross, which, from that darkest hour of time when the God-man suffered on the cross, has been the touching symbol of all his Catholic followers, should have given birth to a Protestant—and a woman at that—who should have chosen the cross as the theme of one of the most touching and inspiring hymns of modern times. Even at the risk of seeming wearisome, I shall here quote the whole of Miss Grant's heaven-inspired hymn:

- “ Jesus, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow Thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I’ve sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition!
 God and heaven are still my own.
- “ Let the world despise and leave me,
 They have left my Saviour, too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me,
 Thou art not, like them, untrue;
 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me;
 Show Thy face, and all is bright.
- “ Man may trouble and distress me,
 ’T will but drive me to Thy breast;
 Life with trials hard may press me,
 Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
 Oh! ’t is not in grief to harm me,
 While Thy love is left to me;
 Oh! ’twere not in joy to charm me,
 Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
- “ Soul, then know thy full salvation,
 Rise o’er sin, and fear, and care;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear.
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
 Think what Father’s smiles are thine;
 Think that Jesus died to win thee;
 Child of heaven, can’st thou repine?
- “ Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
 Heaven’s eternal day ’s before thee,
 God’s own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise."

To those of us who are on the downward slope of the hill of life, where we can already feel the cooling breezes of the wide and soundless river of death, the name of Ray Palmer has a sound as of early companionship—a Protestant of the Protestants, and yet the author of one of the most devout and beautiful hymns in the English language. I must give the whole of this also, and, if I am not much mistaken, many a good Catholic to whom the words may still be new will hereafter find in them expression for some of the sacredest moments of the soul's devotion:

"My faith looks up to Thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour Divine;
 Now hear me while I pray,
 Take all my guilt away,
 O! let me from this day
 Be wholly Thine.

"May Thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire;
 As Thou hast died for me,
 O may my love to Thee,
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—
 A living fire.

"While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be Thou my guide;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From Thee aside.

"When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll;

Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 O bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul.”

I could go on quoting devout and beautiful Protestant hymns, adding appropriate comments until all the pages of this issue of the *GLOBE* were occupied with this one article, and perhaps the final result of its influence would not be lessened thereby; but I will quote only one more hymn in this article, and I trust that its spirit and the all-pervading spirit of sweetness and light that pervades all these hymns may abide in the hearts of all the friends and all the enemies of the *GLOBE REVIEW* and do something toward helping us all to lay aside the spirit of censorious carping, of hair-splitting dogmatizing, and of race-hating prejudice, and so help to make us better Catholics, better Christians, and better men and women every way. This last hymn was written by H. F. Lyte, and is said to have been written shortly before the author's death; but, like the best things in the Scriptures, in Shakespeare, and in all great authors, these words belong to the whole human race. All Christians at all familiar with the Scriptures will recall the fact that the first words were breathed originally by some fortunate companions, for a moment, of our dear Lord himself, toward the evening of one of the tenderest and most memorable days in all the tides of time:

“ Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
 When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.

“ Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away,
 Change and decay on all around I see;
 O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

“ I need Thy presence every passing hour;
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
 Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

“I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness.
Where is death’s sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

“Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes:
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
Heaven’s morning breaks and earth’s vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.”

I am fully aware that what may be called the mode of expression of religious devotion in many of these hymns and in my comments thereon may not be in perfect touch with the usual expressional method of the Catholic worship of our day. I am also aware that various straight-laced Catholic priests and others who are unable to see any good outside the fences of their own horizons—ecclesiastical or other—may be inclined to speak contemptuously of this article as a relic of Mr. Thorne’s only half-converted Protestantism. For all such people I feel a profound pity, and on the general thought involved in this final suggestion I have to say:

First, that so far from being only half-converted from Protestantism, my friends and my enemies alike have now again complained that my reflections on Protestantism in general have always been too severe, and have charged my ultra-catholicism as being a perversion rather than a conversion, and, while I do not desire to speak of myself in the future issues of this magazine with half the frequency or earnestness that I have felt obliged to be personal in the past, this seems the proper place and theme in which to say: Second, that while I heartily despise the founders of Protestantism as a set of apostate renegades, and while I just as heartily despise every system of doctrine and polity set up by the various branches of Protestant Christendom in opposition to the one monarchical and divine doctrine and polity of the Church of Rome, I am wholly at one with the so-called “Liberal Catholics” in their general position that Catholics are bound to recognize, use, adopt, and thank God for all that is good and true in the survived Protestantism of our day; and, further, that in many of the methods of Protestant working, in many of their generous sacrifices for the truth’s sake, as they understand the truth, and most explicitly in the beautiful hymnology of modern Protestantism, modern Catholicism may find much to love, imitate, and almost adore.

One general distinction between much of the teachings and devotions of modern Protestantism and modern Catholicism is that while Catholics emphasize the glories of the Church and dwell perhaps with too frequent emphasis upon the sanctity and accomplishments of its pet saints, Protestantism, having no church to glory in, and having no respect for or belief in saints anyway, has been driven by force of circumstances, and perhaps by Providence divine, and for many great reasons yet to appear in history, to dwell more exclusively upon Jesus Christ Himself as the one theme and object that should employ the constant homage and imitation of Christian souls.

Far be it from me to intimate here or elsewhere, at any time, that Catholics show less devotion to our Lord than is shown by Protestants. I know to the contrary, and have argued to the contrary with many obstreperous Protestants of my acquaintance, but there are tendencies in modern Catholic worship that often impress earnest Catholics, as well as inquiring Protestants, as looking toward a division of His exclusive glory with the infinitely lesser glories of Mary and Joseph, and any and all the saints that have ever lived.

At all events, when we find in a Protestant soul, a Protestant thought, or a Protestant hymn a truly uplifting, inspiring, devout, charitable, and in the broadest sense a Christ-like and hence Catholic sentiment, let us thank God that many of those who follow not with us are not after all wholly against us.

Protestantism is in many ways better than Paganism, and some of the thoughts and songs of ancient Paganism are still revolutionizing and enrapturing the world.

In a word, let us welcome whatever is good in Protestantism, and try to be a little more charitable and a little more sensible ourselves. The Church is divine, but many of its human workings and prejudices are so undivine that I for one cannot respect them. On the other hand, I have no desire to dwell upon them, knowing that I, too, with the rest, need a deeper and a more pervading charity.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PARIS: THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

UNIVERSITY (Latin, *Universitas*) is defined as a corporation consisting of the teachers, or teachers and students of one or more departments of knowledge, and other persons who have become associated with them as patrons or otherwise, which corporation has been empowered by the constituted authorities to confer degrees in one or more faculties.

The term university had no reference originally to education. It is used by Cicero and several other writers of the classical period of Latin literature to express the idea of completeness. In the famous code of Justinian it is employed to designate a corporation or body corporate, as we sometimes use the word college in our days.

Thus there were in Rome, in the seventh and eighth centuries, "universities" of tailors, bakers, weavers, and of the various other kinds of craftsmen. According to the most competent authorities, its first application to academical institutions was made in the thirteenth century, and it grew out of this very idea of a corporation with which it had been so long identified. There were schools and seminaries of learning in great numbers before and after the Christian era, some of them such as the schools of Athens, Alexandria, Edessa, and Tarsus, doubtless answering in several respects to the functions and requirements of a modern university; but prior to the twelfth century none of them had assumed that name, and none were in existence during the previous dark ages to which it could have been applied, as we understand it.

There were individual schools of considerable note in the most instances connected with monasteries or cathedrals, at Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, Bologna, which at times were in a flourishing condition and at other times were compelled to be abandoned, owing to the ruinous condition of the respective countries in which they were, and which was brought on by devastating wars. There was also the great educational movement among the Saracens, who for several centuries had schools deserving the name of universities in Arabia, Syria, Egypt, Morocco, and Spain. The University of Paris, of which we intend to treat, was the first distinctive university as such, and which corresponds in anywise with our modern

idea of a university. It grew out of the popularity accruing to the lectures, dissertations, and various teachings of William of Champeaux, the notorious Abelard, the profound Peter Lombard—the great masters of scholastic philosophy, who from all parts of Europe attracted to the various halls in which they gave instruction thousands of students eager in quest of knowledge.

The numerous schools of Paris and its vicinity, some of them connected with monasteries and others independent, taught the trivium course, which included grammar, logic, dialectics, and rhetoric, and the quadrivium, which comprised music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy. With regard to those seven studies, we are informed by Du Boulay, in his "*Historia Universitatis Parisiensis*," that but few scholars or pupils ever went beyond the trivium; and that those who had passed through the quadrivium were considered in those days as prodigies of learning. The great influx of students to Paris rendered necessary an organization of their government and discipline, and toward the end of the twelfth century their masters seem to have been incorporated as a body of teachers. De Viriville is of opinion that at first there were several of those organizations, for the faculty of arts had assumed a form of self-government previous to 1169, and in that year the rights of the chancellor of Notre Dame were exercised in reference to the faculty of theology.

There are in existence two decretals of Pope Alexander III., of about 1180 and 1182, relative to the charging of fees by the chancellor for licenses to teach. The first mention that we find of the rector or head of the university is an ordinance of Philip Augustus in 1200, though he does not give the name of university to the organization. That was first accorded to it by Pope Innocent III., in 1215, who, by means of his decretal, issued at that time, regulated its organization and assigned their special functions to its various institutions.

As thus regulated, all the students and professors were divided into four nations forsooth: the French nation, including French, Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, etc.; the nation of Picardy, which included the northeast of France and the Netherlands; the nation of Normandy and the English nation, which included not only the inhabitants of the British Isles and Brittany, but also Germans, Poles, etc. Each nation elected a procurator (the Germans subsequently elected two, and were responsible only to them) from their

own number, whose duty it was to defend the rights and privileges of the nation, convene and preside at its meetings, receive new members, and see that all the statutes were fully observed. Each nation, so-called, had its own buildings and church, and its great and small seal, was divided into provinces, and each province into dioceses, and was independent with regard to its own affairs. The four nations at first voting collectively, elected a rector; but the predominance of the French nation gave rise to so much dissatisfaction that in course of time he was elected by the four procurators. The rector and procurators constituted the council of the university, in which were vested its ordinary powers of government and legislation. There was, however, a higher officer than these, who was the fountain and source of all honor, and by whose authority alone degrees could be conferred or licenses to teach granted.

This dignitary was gifted with the title of chancellor, who, if the university was in an episcopal city, was usually the bishop of the diocese. According to Fuller, the university being partly in the diocese of Paris and partly in the abbey lands of St. Genevieve, there were two chancellors. The abbot of St. Genevieve was chancellor of the faculty of arts, while the bishop of Paris fulfilled a similar function for the three other faculties, and also the university at large.

The academic degrees conferred by the University of Paris seem rather to have originated from the necessities of the case than to have been the result of any deliberate purpose on the part of its officers. The term bachelor (*bachelier*) in French originally signified a young man, and was perhaps derived from *bacillum*, a little staff or stick, because the young soldiers, on first entering the army, had to go through their drill with small sticks in their hands for a considerable time, or until they had become full masters of it, before they were deemed competent to receive their weapons. It was thus that they fitted themselves to become soldiers in the thirteenth century. We do not think that it would suffice in our age. This term bachelor, which originated at that time, and which has been invariably used by all literary institutions of the first class when conferring degrees from that time down to our own days, was applied then to those pupils of the Paris University who had first passed through the curriculum of study, whether in the arts, law, medicine, or theology, because they were now to be disciplined for the actual conflict of life by practice in teaching. It seems that

the terms master and doctor were originally synonymous and both implied persons actually engaged in teaching. After a time the term master was confined to those who taught the arts, and doctor to those who gave instructions in theology, medicine, or law. The title "professor" was bestowed on him who professed to teach a particular subject. According to Van Raumer, the object of acquiring an education in the beginning was to be able to impart instruction, and every bachelor, master, or doctor was obliged to devote a certain period, yeledped "a necessary regency," to teaching, after which he might, if he desired it, become a non-regent.

The student in the university at the end of two years became a "determiner"—that is, he put himself upon repeated trials to determine whether fortune would smile sufficiently on him, to allow him to be rewarded with the title of bachelor; if he passed the examinations after three and a half years' arduous and persistent study, not six weeks before an examination, as they do in some high-toned places in our days, he was conducted by the rector to the chancellor, who crowned and blessed him; he then assumed the round hat and became bachelor.

The modern practice of students wearing peculiarly shaped caps at graduation is nothing but a continuation of that custom then instituted. This is but one of the many vestiges of the practices of remote antiquity which we have yet in our midst. After three and one-half years of additional study and searching and repeated examinations, he was, if found worthy, presented to the chancellor as qualified to receive a license to teach the seven liberal arts; he was then invested with the master's bonnet and publicly and solemnly declared a master of arts, and was at liberty to commence his career of teacher.

We incline to the opinion that in literary acquirements, depth of knowledge, and mental development, such a graduate far excelled our modern A.M.'s. To attain the doctor's degree in divinity the master must have studied nine years. Two of them he spent in striving to acquire a thorough knowledge of the Bible, and two additional ones in familiarizing himself with and in inshrining in his memory the famous "Book of Sentences," by Peter Lombard.

Having thus far spoken of the studies of that nursery of learning and of the degrees it conferred, we now feel it incumbent on us to treat of the various schools or colleges that composed that famous university during the first century of its existence.

As is well known by all men of education, it comprised, during the first century of its career, fifteen schools or colleges, which afterward, in the course of ages, were augmented to the number of one hundred. The oldest and most justly famous school belonging to the University of Paris was that of Notre Dame, which owed its origin to the enlightened genius of Charlemagne. It was when he met Alcuin in Italy that he first entertained the idea of systematically bringing the light of learning into France. As I said in an article elsewhere, he founded the palace school, which was peripatetic, so to speak, following him wherever he went. At the same time he directed the bishops under his influence to erect free schools in connection with their cathedrals. This may be said to have been the origin of the school of Notre Dame. The cloister of the metropolitan church for some centuries continued to be the centre of public instruction. Even when St. Genevieve became most influential in the teaching of science, the reunions of the faculties took place at Notre Dame. As late as the eighteenth century the chancellor of Notre Dame enjoyed the privilege of being one of the chancellors of the university. Conspicuous among its many teachers were Clement of Ireland, Claud, Peter of Pisa, Peter Comestor, and William of Champeaux. We are informed that the school was fixed in that portion of the enclosure called "Tresanctiæ" and that the scholars, till the year 1127, had a right to live in the houses adjacent to it, when, on account of the denseness of the population, they had to seek habitations elsewhere.

Notre Dame possessed a valuable library, composed of works, the gifts of Bishop Gilbert (991), Bishop Theobald (1157), The Lombard (1160), Aubert the Cantor (1180), Dean Barbedu (1182), Eudes Sully (1208), Bartholomew (1229), and of many other lovers and patrons of learning whom want of space prevents us from mentioning here. The poor students of those days that were unable to buy many books for themselves had the privilege of using those works, a privilege considered to be of priceless value before the invention of printing. And we are sure they failed not to avail themselves of it as much as in them lay.

The library had in common use some forty-two annotated volumes, besides the "Sentencer" of Peter Lombard donated to it by the author himself, and the "Questions of Peter of Poitiers," which consisted of commented extracts from the Sacred Text, forming a pretty complete treatise on the Bible. The necrology of this es-

establishment, where the names of the benefactors were written to be remembered and prayed for, shows, as Vaughan says, "how thoughtful, in those days, the Bishops and friends of learning were of the wants of indigent students."

Let us now glance at the school of St. Genevieve. St. Gregory of Tours relates that Clovis and Clotilde founded at the solicitation of St. Genevieve in Mount Lencotitius the Basilica of St. Peter. All three—the King, the Queen, and the saint were buried within the limits of the church. The establishment connected with it was soon turned into an abbey. Between the ninth and eleventh centuries it was several times ruined by the Normans, and the tombs of the saints were rifled and their ashes scattered to the winds. The increase of students carried the trend of the university in this direction, and the canons being connected with France and Denmark, into which they sent a colony, soon acquired a high reputation by the eminent abilities, the deep and varied learning of their scholars. It had a very exalted reputation in the days of William of Champeaux. In 1790 its library consisted of fifty-eight thousand volumes and two thousand rare and valuable manuscripts.

The college Sanctæ Catharinæ Vallis Scholarum was established by four celebrated professors—Richard, Evard, William, and Manasses. These men, tiring of the world, betook themselves, in 1201, to a remote valley surrounded by woods and fountains, in the diocese of Langres, hoping to enjoy there, "far from the madding crowd," the happiness that they could not find in Paris. But life in that sequestered district soon becoming irksome to them, they longed again for Paris. There Manasses procured some land on which to build a college from a man named Gibouin Baudet. We are informed that a sergeant of the guards of King Louis then built (1214) a church on it, in fulfilment of a vow he had made. The cornerstone of this structure was laid with great pomp by the saintly King himself, and he afterward made it an offering of forty livres. In the year 1247, Abbot John de Roquignic of the Premonstratensians, an order founded at Premontr  by St. Norbert, in 1120, established in Paris a house for his young men. In 1252 he purchased a large building in the Rue Hautefeuille, close to where the Franciscans had built their spacious church in the quadrangle. Three years later Sister Guillerma bestowed on him three other houses. It was thus the great college of St. Norbert began its career of usefulness. The Chartreux was one of the largest establishments in

Paris. In 1257 King Louis placed five monks in the Château de Vauvert, which was supposed to be haunted by evil spirits, but which were quickly and effectually put to flight by the piety of the monks. Louis held these men in the highest esteem and treated them with royal munificence. Their building and dependencies covered nearly all that space in the gardens of the Luxembourg lying now between the Boulevard St. Michael, formed by the Rue d'Enter and the Rue del Est and the first of the three great new streets that have been cut across the great alley.

Cluny founded its college here in 1269. Ivo of Vergi bought land on the left of the present Place de la Sorbonne, surrounded it with a wall, and built on it a kitchen, refectory, dormitory, and a portion of the cloister. St. Martin des Champs was situated in a most beautiful position on an eminence to the north, on the one side, a stream winding its way through a valley to the convent of Les Filles de Dieu, and on the other, fertile fields and bright courses of water.

As it might tend to tediousness to mention at any length the other collegiate institutions connected with the University of Paris, we shall pass them over and devote our attention to speaking of the Sorbonne, which in after ages exerted more influence on the intellectual world and acquired more fame than any other seat of learning in that city. The Sorbonne, we are told, owed its origin to the great overflow of students during the days of St. Louis.

Both in St. Victor's and in St. Genevieve's the students increased threefold, while the cloister of Notre Dame, like a hive of bees full to excess, could not possibly contain the multitudes of students that desired to take up their abode within its precincts. The Dominicans and Franciscans by themselves attracted hundreds of youth to their lecture-halls. Geoffrey of Poitiers, William of Autun, William Lenoir, Gerard of Abbeville, Gerard of Courtray, and many others threw open several new establishments. Yet Paris was still full to overflowing. The terrible and appalling dangers of city life and the continual broils between the students and the lodging keepers about their unhealthy rooms, broils which necessitated even the intervention of the Pope himself, made a deep impression on that thoughtful and kind-hearted man, Robert of Sorbon, chaplain to Louis IX. He was a man of deep and fervent piety, boundless zeal, and, withal, splendid executive ability, as far as things mundane are concerned. Seeing the evil results of allowing students unre-

strained liberty outside class hours, he formed the resolution of bringing together professors and students into one establishment, so as to free them from many external difficulties and temptations and dangers. This resolve alone was sufficient to make him the receptacle of unstinted praise, immortal fame, and imperishable glory, because he was the first to conceive and put into execution an idea that has always been the guiding and predominant principle in the administration of all Catholic literary institutions from his time down to our own days.

Robert was born October 9, 1201. It is generally believed that he first saw the light of day at Sorbon, near Rethel, in the diocese of Rheims. In course of time he became canon of Cambrai. In 1250 he persuaded the King to help him with his college. Louis granted him "ad opus scholarium qui ibi moraturi sunt," a house and stables in a certain street "ante Palatium Thermarum." In after days, when the establishment had achieved its reputation, the street assumed the name of the college and was called Vicus de Sorbonia. Robert tried to induce all the ablest men of his time and within his sphere to help him with regard to his college. He received money and advice from William of Chartres, Robert of Donai, Margaret of Provence (wife of King Louis), Geoffrey de Bar, and William of Brai, Archdeacon of Rheims. He was aided in conducting the educational part of the establishment by such men as William of St. Amour, Odo of Donai, Godfrey Desfontaines, a corypheus of learning for those days, Henry of Gand Peter, and many others, who, by their talents and deep and varied erudition, shed a lustre on the age in which they lived. Now to speak of the class system in vogue at the University of Paris in those remote days.

We will take that of the Dominicans as a specimen of the rest. A greater portion of knowledge in those days entered through the eye and ear than has been the case with our modern education.

In the first place, the lectures were given in large halls. In the middle of each of them generally stood the chair of the master, with another seat below and in front of him for the bachelor who was going through his training. The walls of the lecture-room were often covered with inscriptions from the fathers or from Scripture, for instance: "Ama scientiam Scripturarum, et vitia carnis non amabis. Qui addit scientiam addit dolorem. Videte ne quis vos decipiat per philosophiam, secundum elementa mundi et non secundum Christum," and so on.

Around the hall and across it benches were placed for the students. As the capacity of the form was seldom equal to the number of students that wished to utilize them, those that could not find sitting accommodations had to content themselves with resting on the mud floor. We are told the students especially enjoyed sitting on the straw which was under their feet—that is, when they had it. In those early days there were no writing-desks or conveniences for taking down the lectures. The teaching was principally done by question and answer, by exposition, repetition, and disputation. We are informed that sometimes the professor's chair, to keep the minds of the beholders sober and reflexive, had an inscription on the top of the back of it, somewhat similar to that on the chair of Alfred the Great: “*Yimete Deum et date illi honorem, quia venit hora judicii ejus.*”

During class hours neither the master nor his assistant used a book; no reading of lectures, as is the custom in our days, was allowed; the professors might have the text before them, but nothing more. Invariably the students took copious notes. Those of them who were endowed with good memories committed, on their return from school, the lectures to writing just as they had been given. Some were able to take down almost verbatim the lectures of the professors. Like the Greeks of old, students of the thirteenth century made use of a kind of short-hand, with which they took down the master's lecture, and which they afterward turned into “*litera legibilis*” at leisure. Doctors and masters themselves were wont occasionally to write their works or lectures in short-hand, and their admirers or disciples, who knew how to read their characters, threw their compositions into the common form for the benefit of the public. It was by such means, it appears, that the work of St. Thomas, “*Contra Gentiles*,” and his “*Exposition on Isaias*,” were first sent forth to the admiring gaze of his contemporaries. Then the bachelor who was working under the eye of a master was obliged to read the “*Introduction to the Books of Aristotle*,” or Lombard's “*Sentences*,” the metaphysics of the times, and to take the students through their repetitions and disputations. Masters inculcated on their pupils the necessity of acquiring a profound knowledge of Scripture, as on it rested the fabric of Theological Knowledge. It was carefully expounded to them in its various senses. But we are told that through their innate love of the marvellous, so peculiar to the age, they were wont, when possible, to accept the

allegorical method of interpretation in preference to the grammatical or literal sense.

Machias, Me.

REV. C. O'SULLIVAN.

GEORGE GISSING IN ROME.

MR. GEORGE GISSING, the author of "New Grub Street" and "Demos: A Story of English Socialism," has been in Italy on his third visit. Hitherto he has been known only as a novelist, but his present stay in Italy marks a departure. He came hither with all the materials ready for the preparation of his book on Dickens, the fourth volume in the "Victorian Era" series. His book is just out, and with much praise in England; and it must, by this time, be finding favor with the large Dickensonian public in America, where it was engaged to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York. "It is the first thing of the kind; my first book which is not a novel," he said to me. "It is a critical study asked for by the editor of the 'Victorian Era' series."

I tried to elicit from Mr. Gissing a statement about his American public. I urged various reasons in vain, since I have succeeded in obtaining only this: "Hopefulness is the dominant characteristic of Americans. Most of what is in my novels concerns the life of the lower middle class in London. Now, there is no more squalid life in the world, so the novel issues out in utter hopelessness at the end. This leaves a sinking in the stomach, and that's what people don't like."

But if Mr. Gissing is not optimistic, he is successful; if not genial as novelist, he is winsome withal, and so his judgment about a popular work, none other, indeed, than "Quo Vadis," seemed well worth obtaining.

"What do you think of 'Quo Vadis?'"

He laughed hesitatingly, and then said: "Well, in the first place, there are too many figures in the foreground. The canvas is too full. It is a mistake that such a character as that of St. Peter should have been treated with so much detail. His presence might have been felt in the book, but I think that so much ought not to have been made of him as a *dramatis persona*."

"Do you mean that the canvas is too full because large and filled with figures, or that it is crowded out of all proportion to its size?"

"No, I do not mean that it is too large, but that its dimensions, proper in themselves, are bulked out with too many figures and incidents. It is too crowded; not too big, but too small."

I suggested that this plethora of life might spell Polish in art. There was an oil-painting of the "Relief of Vienna," by John Sobieski, King of Poland, in the New Gallery at the Vatican—the work of a modern Polish painter. It represented "glorious war." The canvas was as vast as a wall. It throbbed with life and groaned with detail. The figures were as large as those of real, living Polish warrior-life: big, massive, heavy, imposing. The color was kaleidoscopic. The incidents left no point of rest. Mr. Gissing thought the case presented a parallel.

Then he passed to other demerits and merits. "What I really like about the book," he said, "is that it is both picturesque and powerful. This is revealed in the treatment of its ordinary life; I mean, of its historical parts as distinguished from the supernatural matters."

"And the characters?"

"Of the characters, I think Petronius is particularly well done. In fact, I should say that there can scarcely be any character in an historical novel dealing with Rome truer to life than this is."

Mr. Gissing passed to other points of valuation. He said: "The author might certainly have taken a more original *motif* for his novel than the hackneyed one of the licentious Pagan falling in love with the Christian maiden. In my view, he should have done so."

The explanation was as follows: "St. Peter is so tremendous a figure in history that I think it belittles him to be brought into relation—and into such intimate relation, you know—with the ordinary people of the novel. The fact of the matter is that we become too familiar with him in the book; that is how it strikes me. It would have been much more effective if we had been conscious of his presence in Rome as a great influence rather than have seen him as an actor in drama, so to say. As to the part he plays, well—well, now, isn't it St. Peter who gives the nuptial benediction in the book? Yes, I think I am right in saying so. Well, anyhow, put it in this way. The broad fact is that it is, or it seems to be, radically wrong for so great a figure as St. Peter to be concerned with the personal affairs of an ordinary group of mortals. Of course, he lived the ordinary life of men. But that isn't the way to treat him in a work of fiction, I imagine."

"Yes," continued Mr. Gissing, "I think that his (Sienkiewicz's) great scenes which deal with exciting historical events, as distinct from the religious matters, reveal him as exceedingly powerful. The religious or supernatural matters about which I would make exception are such as concern the Prince of the Apostles."

I observed that the local coloring was all familiar, if not well-worn, "was it not?" that the trials of Christianity under Nero were old to readers of English fiction, if only after Dean Farrar's story.

Mr. Gissing replied: "Yes, but the field is open to any writer. There is more power in the Polish man. I don't know if Dr. Farrar would lay any claim to such artistic power, but, in any case, the other has more. He has shown this in his other books which deal with Poland and its history. I don't think 'Quo Vadis' is by any means his best work. There, in those other works, he's on his native ground. Here, it has seemingly been a laborious getting up of his subject."

Mr. Gissing then made an interesting digression. But I doubt if it was a digression. There is a relation between the two subjects. He said, in answer to a question: "I am staying here a few weeks longer with a friend, Mr. H. G. Wells, the author of 'The War of the Worlds.' He is a very remarkable novelist. Only thirty-one years old, he has a double success of the best kind—the intrinsic success attending good work, and the incidental success of a most favorable reception accorded to good work. You can see all this in the case of his latest, 'The War of the Worlds,' which is making a *furor* in Great Britain. It is the description and romance of a war made on the world by the inhabitants of Mars. In it he shows a well-developed scientific imagination and Defoe's circumstantial accuracy and care of detail; the power of drawing real human beings, and, at the same time, of inventing fantastic circumstances. He rejoices also in a sympathetic American public."

Rome, Italy.

WILLIAM J. D. CROKE.

LOVE'S LAST DREAMS.

SLUMBER OF DELIGHT.

O Love! thou climbest all the hills, like light;
 Nor blackest night, nor mountain peak, for thee
 Is obstacle—thy radiant, waveless sea
 O'erleaps the barriers of the mountain's height;
 Thy angels fly the deepest, darkest night;
 Thy sweetest, softly stealing minstrelsy—
 Fulfilling thine own steadfast destiny—
 Aye lulls the world in slumbers of delight.

I do not speak of wingèd dreams of old,
 When gods with men familiar converse held,
 Nor yet of demons of the monster, gold,
 For whom the forces of our age have felled
 The primal forests of eternal truth,
 But of God's love, and its immortal youth.

A FEW MORE SUNSETS.

A few more sunsets for this fading world;
 A few more shipwrecks on the mighty sea
 Of life's great conflict we call destiny;
 A few more darts against the Master hurled,
 Until the banners of all hate are furled;
 Until the world's last darkest infamy
 Hath faded into love's great shining sea,
 And all the serpent fangs around it curled

Are broken into dust and ashes—then
 The glory of the ages, seen afar
 By poet-prophets of the nations old,
 Shall come, with love, beyond the art of pen;
 With light, outshining every brightest star,
 And all the years shall be as burnished gold.

DEATHLESS PEACE.

As moonlight o'er the ocean, when storms cease
 To seethe and strive within the mighty waves,
 Whose madness—as a maniac that raves—
 Gives many a prisoned soul unsought release,
 And by its cruel glee brings deathless peace;
 So sweet to me is that dear faith which saves
 From all the passions life so madly craves—
 And so must save through all the years' increase.

Above its bosom all bright angels fly;
 Led by its light the heart no more repines;
 Cheered by its dreams, dark night is as the day;
 And though all blackest demons test and try
 This God-like faith, it never more declines,
 But holds its joy as sunlight and the May.

THE GLOW OF LOVE.

Can it be true that ever in the past,
 Within the bounds of all created space;
 In highest heavens, or deep hell's disgrace;
 When death and war, and havoc, flying fast
 Till winds of hate for days or years have cast
 Their blackest shadows o'er the once fair face
 Of faith and hope and peace—God's own—to trace—
 The very stars with blackest death at last:

Can it be that thou wast less than master,
 Mistress, queen-like, and the wingèd soul divine
 That has ever turned each sad disaster
 Into some sweeter, higher mood like wine?
 And wilt thou not forever be the glow
 Of all existence, white and pure as snow?

LOVE'S TEMPLES.

Unnumbered are thy temples, everywhere,
 Throughout the radiant universe of space,
 With altars of divine and matchless grace,

With songs and pinnacles that pierce the air,
 From humble firesides and from flowers fair
 As whitest wings of angels, or the face
 Of Him whose stainless beauties ever trace
 The stars with glory, they His glory share.

In hearts that still dream of the cloudless days
 When the air was filled with seraphic song;
 In the cloudless nights, through the starry ways
 Of immortal liberty, young and strong,
 They rise in their glory, spotless and free,
 As the guiding stars of our destiny.

THY DEAR, BENIGNANT FACE.

When I behold thy dear, benignant face
 Agleam upon the waters of the sea,
 Or trace thee in our life's great destiny
 And find in darkness the immortal grace
 That shines forth from thee e'en in thy disgrace,
 Or try to scan thy deep infinity
 Of blessing, or to name thy majesty
 That through eternity shall ever trace

All heaven, all worlds, all souls with glory—
 I long for all the arts that angels know—
 For some wingèd gift to tell this story
 Of love whose whiteness is as driven snow—
 And lead all men and angels in a throng
 Of one unbroken and immortal song.

OUR DREAMS OF LIGHT.

And should it be that all our dreams of light.
 Our purposes to rise above dull care,
 The vows that follow on the wings of prayer,
 The higher hopes that, like the skylark's flight,
 Aye lift us to the radiance of God's sight
 And leave nor blot nor stain upon the fair
 Wide face of Heaven or earth, yet must share
 The doom of death, and end in blackest night;—

Still, still 'twere worth our while to dream and pray
 And live and choose, as if the shining hour
 Of high resolve might last and glow away
 With love's own deathless radiant power;
 So rare the joy of breathing but one day
 Within the light that never knows decay.

CLOUDLESS DAY.

To me it is as clear as noon-day light
 Upon the mountain-tops of cloudless day,
 That every atom, force, and influence, ray
 Of star-fire, spirit, and the darkest night
 Of dread disaster, and the wingèd flight
 Of blackest death along its blighting way,
 Has in it germs of beauty—as the May
 Flower, radiant in its spotless white:

That out of every wreck upon the sea;
 The fall of nations and the infamy
 Of man's ingratitude to man and God;
 The nameless graves that dot the aching sod
 Of earth's ten thousand times ten thousand hills
 Love's own song ever triumphs, throbs and thrills.

QUENCHLESS DEITY.

Through every minute, lowest form, they say
 That thou hast climbed from darkness to the stars;
 That out of dust and nothing but the scars
 Of friction on thine upward, heavenly way,
 Thou hast grown to gods, to poets; night, day,
 Angels, ministers of grace, prophets, wars,
 Laws, and the biting hate that ever mars
 Our life, being puppets of thy magic sway.

A deeper tale my heart divines—I see
 That ever through the boundless realms of space
 Before what we call life did breathe or trace
 Its breathing point along life's shoreless sea—
 There lived and wrought within itself the grace,
 The light, the love of Quenchless Deity.

"GOD IS LOVE."

I think it must be true that "God is Love,"
 And, being in love with His own perfect soul,
 Did will to re-create Himself, in whole,
 In part,—from fallen dust, and that sweet Dove
 Of peace, which aye in highest heaven above,
 And through the universe, from pole to pole,
 Doth dwell, and through eternal years doth roll,
 In waves of light that never can remove.

Yea, more, that light and love are one, and free,
 In heart and hand, throughout eternity;—
 In heart and hand alike, of God and man.
 For only so mine inmost thought can scan
 The stars, the flowers, the heart's own constancy
 To love, in life, and death's deep mystery.

LOVE'S EDEN.

Forever, night and day, thy surges flow
 Within, around, above us, on their way
 To some fair mission, in whose heart a ray
 Of deathless love may quicken one last glow
 Of glory ere death's creeping hand, with slow
 And steady, quiet motion, perchance, may
 Close the Eden gates,—shut its blessed day,
 And paint the rose with whiteness of the snow.

So, so, forever may we hail thee. Queen
 Of all that is most beautiful below,
 Above, in blue apocalypse, unseen,
 And hold thee fast while ages to and fro
 Shall march in sad procession, even tho'
 Thou shouldst at last prove but a fading dream.

O HOLY TRUTH.

O holy truth, the night winds move thee not;
 Forever thou abidest, like the sea,
 Unhurt by transient waves of destiny;

And when its wildest tempests are forgot,
 Heaven-born, without or flaw or blot,
 Our stainless home thou ever still wilt be,
 When time itself is but a memory;—
 An ancient dream—a far, fast fading spot.

Throughout the universe of living space,
 Thy temples still will rise eternally,
 And countless, unseen ages aye will trace
 Thy name with glory. Through eternity;
 To God, and man and angels thou wilt shine,
 The one immortal beauty,—truth, divine.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

WILLIAM GLADSTONE.

THE aged man whose life went out at his beloved Hawarden, May 19th, had an eventful career. It seems hardly possible that so much could be crowded into one man's life, so varied and numerous were his attainments and achievements. He was equally at home in the halls of legislation and in the council-chamber, on the platform and in the library. To some he is best known as the parliamentarian and statesman; to others as the Homeric scholar and the versatile essayist. There is no more illustrious name in British annals since Milton. He is a unique figure, and his like may not be seen again in England for a thousand years. His is indeed a deserved pre-eminence, a hard-won supremacy.

No attempt is made here to deal with all the activities that filled the years of this many-sided man; only the more prominent phases of his political biography may be touched on. After a brilliant career at Eton and Oxford, William Ewart Gladstone entered public life at the age of twenty-three. He was the Conservative member for Newark in the Reformed Parliament of 1833. As a young man he made his mark in the House of Commons and gained the respect and confidence of Sir Robert Peel, who, while Premier (1835), heaped official honors on his friend. The two men were afterward brought into close relations during Peel's administration (1841-46). The revision of the tariff in 1842 was chiefly Gladstone's work, and his success showed his thorough mastery of economic details. His

abilities were recognized and won for him the appointment of Colonial Secretary in 1845.

About this time Gladstone's political creed underwent a gradual change. From Toryism to Radicalism is a long step, and it was not taken all at once. He entered Parliament as a Tory, and for a number of years he was a tower of strength to the Conservatives. As time went by, his principles changed. From an ardent Protectionist, he became a Free-trader. During the remarkable Corn-law agitation, in the forties, he sided with Peel, abandoning completely the Protection policy. He did so because convinced that Free-trade was for the best interests of the English nation. No base motive actuated him.

From 1847 to 1865, Gladstone represented Oxford University in Parliament. He strongly defended the Free-trade policy, and was influential in securing the repeal of the Navigation Laws in 1849, which greatly promoted the growth of English shipping. He was now one of the prominent figures in British politics, and had no superior as a debater and orator. But his ability as a financier amounted to genius. His aptitude for monetary problems he seems to have inherited from his father, Sir John Gladstone, a wealthy merchant of Liverpool. As Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1853-54, and later, in 1859-65, he displayed extraordinary gifts.* He could make the dry subject of finance positively interesting. No one else could invest figures and statistics with human interest as could Gladstone. Someone has said: "A budget speech from Mr. Gladstone came to be expected with the same kind of keen artistic longing as waits the first performance of a new opera. A budget speech by Mr. Gladstone was a triumph in the realm of the fine arts." During this period he had a rival, but no equal as an all-round Parliamentarian. The rivalry between Gladstone and Disraeli began in 1852 and lasted a quarter of a century.

In the latter half of Gladstone's public career he was the able champion of democracy, and manifested, time and again, his antagonism to the British aristocracy. His name will always be associated with the extension of the electoral system in the United Kingdom. During Disraeli's ministry, in 1866, a wave of reform swept the country, and the Conservative party was compelled to

* English workingmen are greatly indebted to Gladstone for an important piece of legislation, the establishment of the postal savings bank system in 1861.

pass the Reform Bill of 1867, which enfranchised many workingmen of the towns, adding, all told, a million voters. This notable concession to the masses, allowing them the privilege of choosing their representatives in Parliament, was brought about largely through the efforts of Gladstone, then the recognized leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons as the member for South Lancashire.

In December, 1868, for the first time, Gladstone found himself as Premier at the head of the Government. He was then in the prime of his intellectual and physical strength. Long study and ripe experience had made him a master in statesmanship, and he applied his powers to the work of devising measures for national improvement. Reform projects were thick in the air, and numerous regulations were passed providing for popular welfare. Several acts should be mentioned. Gladstone signalized his first ministry (1868-74) by disestablishing the Irish Church in 1869, thus relieving a poor people from the unjust burden of supporting a religious establishment against their will. A measure of far-reaching benefits was the Elementary Education Act of 1870, which revolutionized the English public-school system. In 1871 "the reform of the laws of Combination and Contract" was inaugurated by the passing of two important measures releasing the English workman from harsh and unfair restrictions. Another reform, in keeping with Liberal principles, was accomplished in 1871, when the purchase system of officers' commissions (an objectionable feature of the British army from time immemorial) was abolished. Further progress toward religious equality was made this year by admitting Nonconformists to the full enjoyment of degrees and honors (except fellowships) at Cambridge and Oxford. The Ballot Act of 1872 threw an additional safeguard around the voter's freedom of choice. The Irish Land Act of 1872 was intended to right things between landlord and tenant, making possible the recovery of money spent by tenants in improving the land. Nor should it be forgotten that Gladstone favored the Irish University Bill of 1873, which was defeated. Here was "reformation in a flood."

After these arduous labors, Gladstone retired from politics and gave himself for a while to polemic discussion, writing the two famous pamphlets on the Vatican Decrees, then lately promulgated. He took the ground that they were a menace to liberty and meant a divided allegiance. In this attack, which called forth several re-

joinders from eminent prelates of England, it was the welfare and perpetuity of his country that he had at heart.

Again the reins of government fell into his hands, after the general election of 1880. Never was Gladstone's administrative capacity shown to better advantage than in 1884 and 1885, when the Reform Bills relating to the Franchise and the Redistribution of Seats were passed. The rule of democracy in Britain was now about complete. The memory of living men goes back to a time when the affairs of State were exclusively in the hands of the upper classes. In 1830 there were but 500,000 voters in the United Kingdom. The Reform Bill of 1832 admitted a half million more, chiefly of the middle classes. The constituencies were greatly enlarged in 1867, and the Franchise Act of 1884-85 made the right of suffrage all but universal, adding 2,500,000 to the number of British electors. The voice of the whole English people is now heard in every election. In sixty years the number of British voters has increased from half a million to six millions. Gladstone's share in the gradual democratization of England has been greater than that of any other man. To this, more than to any other cause, he owed his wonderful popularity with the people. This established a chain of sympathy between him and the masses. This partly accounts for the spell of his oratory over vast assemblies; it was the bond of connection between speaker and hearer that stirred them to waves of enthusiasm. This had much to do with the obviousness of his conclusions—the seeming ease with which he carried conviction.

Gladstone's third ministry was short, but not without dramatic episodes. By his determined and eloquent advocacy of local legislation for Ireland, he went far beyond the will of the English people, who were not ready to grant home rule to Ireland. Even the members of the Liberal party did not stand as a unit. Gladstone's scheme for the government of Ireland was considered impracticable, and criticised as "the policy of disintegration." He held that the demand of the Irish for self-government was founded in justice; it was the only satisfactory solution of the question that had vexed English statesmen for centuries. Home Rule would be a blessing to both countries; it would relieve Parliament from a troublesome problem, and seemed to promise relief to Ireland from the ills that had so long afflicted her. He was possessed with a passionate longing to make amends to an unhappy, misgoverned people by this chivalrous concession. His humanitarianism cost him his office. It

was an heroic sacrifice to make to a great cause. The Home Rule Bill failed to pass in 1886, and its author appealed to the people, only to be defeated. But the Grand Old Man was not discouraged, though disappointed. Sometimes the failures of a public man are more creditable to him than his successes. All honor to the man to strive against such fearful odds and to meet defeat with resolute determination to renew the struggle!

Exciting times in Ireland followed. The coercion policy of the Conservatives failed. Public sentiment seemed to be drifting toward a policy of justice for Ireland. Again in power (in 1892) as the leader of the Liberal party, Gladstone, now past eighty, began another and his last campaign for Irish Home Rule. The venerable statesman spoke with all his old-time force and argumentative skill, and a nation listened in wonder and admiration. The reports of his speeches were read in all parts of the world. But his oratory, his courage, his magnanimity, and his wisdom availed not to carry the day. The Irish Bill of 1893 passed the House of Commons, only to be rejected by the Lords. Thus ended ingloriously another chapter in the historic struggle between England and Ireland. Circumstances were against the Prime Minister, but his attempt to give Irishmen a parliament of their own was worthy of the highest praise. Though his exertions apparently came to naught, he did something toward educating public opinion up to his point of view. Some day the battle will be renewed, and the statesmanship of the future will "reconcile Imperial unity with diversity of legislation."

In March, 1894, Gladstone voluntarily laid down the cares of State, having grown old and infirm in the service of his country. During a period of more than half a century he had helped make English history. His career well illustrates the difference between a statesman and a politician. He had in high degree the qualities of a publicist. The range of his interests was wider than Britain—his sympathies were as broad as mankind. Retiring from public life, he engaged in the favorite occupations of his leisure, adding a few more volumes to the long list of his writings. Though withdrawn from the active affairs of the nation, he was no mere idle spectator. In 1896 he again stood forth as the representative of the English conscience. The humanitarian, who had stirred all Europe by his terrible revelations of Neapolitan prisons, who had lifted his voice in denunciation of Bulgarian atrocities, now pleaded eloquently for outraged Armenia.

Gladstone possessed in eminent degree the qualities that make a man the pride of a nation. During the last two or three decades his was the most familiar and majestic figure in all England. No other political leader wielded so much power. His was a name to conjure with. The superlative epithets of praise that sound extravagant when applied to ordinary persons were in his case well merited. William Ewart Gladstone was one of those personalities that the popular mind invests with a sort of grandeur. The title of "Grand Old Man" that clung to him was worthily bestowed. There was something in the man so great, so nobly impressive, as to compel the veneration expressing itself in these words.

In England, where the scholar in politics is not uncommon, it is rare to find a statesman with such a passion for study as possessed Mr. Gladstone, who was equally at home in many fields of learning. He knew Homer and Dante almost by heart. He made solid contributions to Homeric investigation unsurpassed, if equalled, by any other Englishman of his time.

While member of Parliament for Oxford, Gladstone took time from the engrossing affairs of State to devote to scholarly pursuits. His enthusiasm for Hellenic subjects, especially anything relating to the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," knew no bounds. The first results of these researches appeared in the "Oxford Essays" of 1857. In the essay entitled "On the Place of Homer in Classical Education and in Historical Inquiry," he made an earnest plea for Homeric study and discussed the historical value of the Homeric epics. The next year he published his "Studies on Homer," in three substantial volumes, dealing with the ethnology of the Greek races, the religion and politics of the Homeric age, the geography of the "Odyssey," the plot of the "Iliad," etc. This learned work provoked criticism in some quarters, but its merits were recognized in Germany, where a translation appeared in 1863.

The Parliamentary recesses of 1867 and 1868 were occupied in the preparation of "Juventus Mundi: The Gods and Men of the Heroic Age" (1869), a revision and condensation of the "Studies," with numerous changes and additions. This book was translated into Greek in 1879. It was followed by a shorter work, "Homeric Synchronism: An Inquiry into the Time and Place of Homer" (1876), in which he re-stated the positions taken in his previous writings, utilizing the discoveries of Schliemann in Troas. The gist of Gladstone's contention was that there was a historical basis for

the narrative of the "Iliad"; that the poet was not an Asiatic Greek, but a Greek living after the Dorian Conquest, who had visited, in his wanderings, various parts of Asia Minor.

Gladstone's next contribution to Homeric literature was the admirable primer (1878) in the series of "Literature Primers" edited by J. R. Green. Steeped as he was in Homerology, he could compress the results of all his researches into a compact volume, representing the fruits of many years of study. He was never tired of discussing the Homeric question; and, like Colonel Mure and Andrew Lang, he was ever ready to maintain the thesis of the unity of authorship of the two poems against the united attacks of German and English scholars, who are generally opposed to the old view that the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" came from the brain of one minstrel.

Gladstone's last book on Homer, "Landmarks of Homeric Study" (1890), does not exhaust the materials that his prolonged and unwearied industry gathered in recent years. Among his later investigations may be mentioned the addresses on "The Points of Contact between Assyrian Discovery and the Homeric Text" (1890) and "The Homeric Artemis" (1891), which are saturated with the old spirit and erudition. To sum up briefly: Gladstone was inclined to put the time of Homer a century or more further back than the ordinary date, 850 B.C., and he was unwilling to admit the composite authorship of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" that is now generally accepted by scholars. Perhaps the aged premier took the matter too seriously and confidently, not to say dogmatically. There is a marked diversity of opinion among specialists as to the value of his conclusions on the prehistoric period in Greece, but the service that he rendered in popularizing the study of Homer, in stimulating inquiry along various lines of investigation, is eminently praiseworthy.

A word or two should be added concerning Gladstone's merits as a translator. In 1861 was printed a volume of "Translations" by Lord Lyttelton and Gladstone. The latter furnished the greater part of its contents, consisting of selections from Æschylus, Homer, Horace, Catullus, Dante, Manzoni, and Schiller, turned into virile and musical English verse. Besides these are some happy renderings of English poetry into Greek and Latin. Hardly the sort of by-play that an American politician would choose for recreation! In these tasks, however, the greatest financier in the British House

of Commons found delightful recreation. Only two of them were college exercises.

In 1874 Gladstone contributed to the *Contemporary Review* two spirited metrical versions—"The Shield of Achilles" ("Iliad," XVIII., 468-608) and "The Reply of Achilles to the Envoys of Agamemnon" ("Iliad," IX.). His Italian rendering of Cowper's beautiful hymn, "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord," appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* (September, 1883). In old age he occasionally tried his hand at turning Tennyson's lines into Latin. A specimen, given in the "Memoir" of the poet by his son, shows that the parliamentary war-horse did not let his scholarship grow rusty even in his busiest years.

The flexibility of a well-trained mind familiar with classic lore is seen in the rhythmical translation of the "Odes" of Horace (1894), no slight achievement for an octogenarian unable to use his eyes. It can be described as a creditable performance, yet only fairly successful. The niceties of expression in the original are not reproduced so well as in other versions by British scholars. Whatever good qualities Gladstone's style may have, it is not exquisite. He could not adapt his manner to suit the graceful turns of the Roman lyricist. It falls far short of approaching the Horatian brevity and lightness. Others excelled him in terseness and in the superb investiture of thought which sometimes compensates for a translator's deficiencies in other directions.

Outside of the fields of statesmanship and Homeric learning, Gladstone was an extraordinary intellectual force. No other man of his time can be compared with him in respect to mental calibre. Notwithstanding his multitudinous duties as a public man, he was an industrious essayist, more prolific than Macaulay. During the intervals of rest from the cares of government he poured forth a flood of miscellaneous papers on a wide range of topics, literary, historical, religious, and reminiscential. The numerous articles that he contributed to English and American periodicals represent the results of much reading and deep reflection. They were not tossed off in an hour or two, but were carefully written. It is hard to realize the scope and extent of his activity and influence through the medium of the press.

The list of his writings of this class is an extended one. A collected edition of his essays and occasional addresses was published in 1879, in seven volumes, entitled "Gleanings of Past Years."

Another volume, "Later Gleanings," appeared in 1897. The contents of these eight volumes—to say nothing of other products of his pen not republished—cover a period of more than half a century. They constitute an extensive collection of opinions and recollections, usually well defined and pronounced, for he had the courage of his convictions. His subjects were scholastic, critical, biographical, personal, and ecclesiastical. When called upon to speak before learned assemblies, he would discourse on "The Place of Ancient Greece in the Providential Order of the World," or discuss the question "Did Dante Study at Oxford?" His was indeed a massive intellect, whose riches were seemingly inexhaustible. Probably no other Englishman among his contemporaries, except Herbert Spencer, possessed such extensive stores of knowledge.

Gladstone was not a stylist like Thackeray or Newman. Though amply endowed with the gifts of expression, he was not so clear and simple as was Macaulay. Macaulay hit the nail on the head when he described Gladstone's voluminous but not always luminous rhetoric thus: "He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator—a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import." It must be confessed that Gladstone was addicted to the excessive use of figurative language; however, his pages are not overloaded with ornament, like Macaulay's. He was concerned more about substance than form. He expressed himself naturally and vigorously, with a wealth of learned allusions and apt quotations. His was a forceful style, the vehicle of strenuous thinking.

If not a great author—and he can scarcely be called such—Gladstone certainly occupied a large place in contemporary literature. His was a commanding position among English prose-writers of the last three decades of the century, by virtue of his all-round greatness. His name on the front page of a periodical was sure to increase its sale several editions. His review of "Robert Elsmere" was the making of that overrated novel. He was exploited as a contributor to many publications that profited by his immense reputation. Perhaps he wrote nothing that will not be forgotten a hundred years hence. His writings have not the quality of literary classics. Of their effect in his own day there can be no question; they have been of untold value for good.

As a pamphleteer, Gladstone ranks deservedly high. The two pamphlets "The Vatican Decrees" (1874) and "Vaticanism"

(1875), were the sensation of the day and had an enormous circulation in England and America. The former reached the 110th thousand the year of its publication. It was translated into French, Spanish, and Italian, and it called forth many "replies and re-proofs." In answering his critics, the author, in his second pamphlet, dealt out sledge-hammer blows right and left with the same precision and convincingness with which he laid low the trees of Hawarden forest. Nor was he less effective in treating of the Bulgarian horrors and the question of the East in 1876.

As a controversialist, Gladstone was pitted against such redoubtable antagonists as Blaine, Ingersoll, Huxley, and Müller. They found in him a foeman worthy of their steel. No final conclusion can be reached as to the superiority of the combatants respectively, for the truth is now on this side and now on that. The conflict of opinions still goes on. The questions of free trade and religion are still unsettled. The worth of the arguments *pro* and *con*, the average reader estimates generally according to his preconceived notions. Where not triumphantly victorious, it can at least be said of Gladstone that he bore himself creditably with strength of mind and solidity of reasoning.

It has been rightfully claimed that Gladstone is "a deep and original thinker." He is, however, sometimes open to the charge of inconsistency. There were contradictory elements in his make-up. Like many another man of his time, he had the characteristics of a transition age. Though slow to give up the old along certain lines, he yet had much of the progressive spirit. While advanced in his political views, more liberal than the Liberals, he was decidedly conservative in matters of religion and scholarship. This trait is pardonable in an old-timer, in whose character conflicting tendencies were strangely mingled and not always harmonized. We of a younger generation should not blame Gladstone much on this score. The men who are liberal in all things are hard to find.

Gladstone defended his religious views in many books and articles. His first published work dealt with the relations of Church and State from the point of view of a High Churchman. Later he had occasion to deviate from the principles herein laid down, but he remained to the end a representative of old-school orthodoxy in theology. "The same spirit of conservatism and adherence to early ideals" are manifest in his latest book, "Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Butler" (1896), a notable contribution to polemic litera-

ture. The sturdy bishop found an able defender in the retired statesman, who showed no falling off of intellectual vigor at the ripe age of eighty-six.

In the domain of things ecclesiastical and theological Gladstone must be considered almost as prominent a figure as in politics. The part that he played in the religious history of his times—now grappling with questions of Church and State, now advocating the abolition of Jewish disabilities, now disestablishing the national Church of Ireland, now pleading for the removal of university tests, now criticising the “Vatican Decrees,” now contending for the faith of his fathers against freethinkers and agnostics, now defending the Old Testament from the assaults of latter-day science, now editing the works of Bishop Butler, and now writing to the Pope on the validity of Anglican orders—all this must be dismissed with but a glance.

Much more must be passed over without mention in the wonderfully rich and fruitful life of this myriad-minded man. The multiplicity of his activities and achievements is astonishing. Beyond doubt or discussion, Gladstone's is the most admired name of this century of great poets, scientists, thinkers, inventors, soldiers, and men of affairs. His fame cannot but be enduring, and his influence imperishable. He is the greatest Englishman of modern times.

Chicago, Ill.

EUGENE PARSONS.

MY MUSIC.

Lady, these feeble shreds of faulty song
 Were caught from melody wherever found!
 From rustling reeds; from brook that, ripple-crowned,
 In ceaseless merry chatter hastes along;
 From painted shell, so delicately strong,
 Wherein the sea's mysterious voices sound;
 From breath of breeze that stirs the grassy mound
 And lifts the leaves where shy buds peer and throng.

No Pan am I to pipe delicious strains,
 No winged Apollo with a golden lyre—
 My music is defective, weak, and lame;
 Yet may some notes of mine, like shrivelled grains
 Of wheat, survive—some sparks of living fire
 Warm thy pure heart! I sing for thee, not fame.

Gardiner, Me.

A. T. SCHUMAN.

THREE MORE POETS.

CAPRICIOS. By Louis J. Block. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898.

SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES. By James Riley. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1898.

WHERE BEAUTY IS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Henry Johnson. Brunswick, Me.: Byron Stevens. 1898.

If these books and titles were arranged and reviewed according to their merit, the first would be last and the last first; but I will notice them according to the order of their arrival as above indicated.

A previous work by Mr. Block has been reviewed, with "assent and dissent" and various consequences, in the *GLOBE REVIEW*. The author is a pedagogue of some local reputation in Chicago, where he resides, and the fact that he chooses an Eastern publishing house through which to bring out his work is evidence alike of his good sense and his ambition.

I am sorry to say that, with certain inconsiderable exceptions hereafter noticed, I consider Mr. Block's new book without any merit, except in its prosaic correctness and in the general good taste and good workmanship of his printers and publishers. The book is well printed and fairly good-looking, but one longs for something more than this in a new volume of poetry. The only additional merit of "Capricios," according to my judgment, will be found in the various prose passages descriptive of the several scenes and sections into which the contents are divided.

As a book of would-be poetry, I consider "Capricios" worthy of the severest criticism and condemnation. It seems to me wooden, pretentious, unnatural, false to nature and history, subtly egotistic, full of clumsy blunders as to taste in the selection of words, and absolutely without any real touch of real poetry from beginning to end.

The title itself is a misnomer and a foolish conceit. There is such a substantive as *Capricios* in the English language, but it is so seldom used, and fit only to be used in other senses than can properly be applied to it in connection with this book, that the stone-blindness of the author as to all matters of æsthetic and literary taste is manifest in the title alone.

Capricios is the dilettanteized plural of the word caprice, and caprice, as universally used in the best English literature and conversation, has always referred to something quickly vivacious, attractively changeable, as in the captivating whims and unexpected but winning ways of woman, and the essential elements in the thought or conduct expressed by the word caprice are brightness, lightness, and vivacity. All of these elements are lacking in Mr. Block's book, and a far more appropriate title for the work would have been "Wooden Self-conceits; or, Prose Short-stilts, Called Poetry." The entire work reads very much as one might imagine a wooden Indian school-master, wound up by some machinery and charged with endless and senseless verbosity, might orate to a school-room of other wooden Indians without minds, hearts, or souls, but with machine ears receptive of oracular sounds. The work has not even the human merit of one of Edison's talking-machines, for in their utterances there is some intensity and appeal, growing out of the fact that at least they are reproductions of actual human voices. In Mr. Block's book there is no real human voice, and as to poetry, that is a minus quantity from beginning to end of the volume.

The book is made up of five shorter and longer conversational dramas, so-called. Among the *dramatis personæ* are names of individuals or imaginary persons made immortal in these modern centuries by Shakespeare, Goethe, and Tennyson, and after one has read and re-read the words of these famous impersonations as portrayed by the poets named, it is provokingly laughable to hear what they have to say as portrayed by this wooden poet, called Block, of Chicago. It is much like listening to the stupid sayings of George Washington as reported by seance knaves while doing their slight-of-tongue ventriloquism at stuffy seances, but far less vital and human than even these lowest manifestations of human windbagism.

Here are the first four lines of a sort of so-called poetic introduction to "Capricios" in which the brilliant attainments and utterances of the book are supposed to be pre-intimated:

"He was the master pure
Of harmonies that allure
With a fairy charm as dear
As the magic of the awakening year."

Any ordinary school-girl desirous of putting this very commonplace and exaggerated sophistry into poetic language could do better than

this. In the first line the adjective is in the wrong place, simply for the rhyme, and the fourth line is three syllables too long. In a word, it is not poetry, either in taste or in art, and Mr. Block ought to be ashamed of himself to waste his hard-earned cash in putting such trash into a beautifully made book.

Fortunately for the author, his practical judgment led him to put the conversations of his heroes and heroines in prose paragraphs, but the book is to be judged, as all dramas are to be judged, by the amount of real poetic genius wrought into their lines.

The last lines of this wonderful book are no better than the first, but they manage to reveal the absolutely false position of the author as regards the leading facts of the great drama of life in which we are all actors with more or less skill. Here are the last two lines of the last drama as uttered by one whom the author calls "he":

" There is but one end to life and thoughts and hope,
And we are the one joy that is in all that is."

Persons at all familiar with Mr. Block's wooden philosophy, which is a sort of shot-rubbish remains of Platonic and Emersonian transcendentalism, Hebrewized by a modern American pedagogue, know that the true inwardness of these last two lines expresses Mr. Block's egregious vanity, his absolute unfaith, his false interpretation of all the leading facts of history, his wooden and ludicrous conceit, and that the total meaning of the stuff all is that Mr. Block has never found any thing or being more beautiful, lovable, or adorable than himself; that he, in a word, is the greatest, though wooden, mogul of all the horizons of the universe—all of which, of course, is only fresh proof alike of his poor taste, his wrongheadedness, his utter selfishness, and his absolute lack of all the essential qualities that go to make up a truly poetic soul or clothe his words with the ineffable beauties and glories of true poetry. "Capricios" is a book to be let alone.

In his "Songs of Two Peoples," Mr. James Riley, who, by the way, is an excellent Catholic, an earnest temperance reformer, and editor of the *Father Matthew Herald*, of Boston, has at least contributed many verses that will prove pleasantly entertaining to that largest of all classes, the middle class of American and other readers. The poems, though none of them of the highest merit even of their own class of poetry, have a spirit of heartiness, naturalness, good

nature, a mild sort of homely humor, and they are correctly though not brilliantly done.

The book is made up of many poems in dialect, representing more especially the colloquialisms of New England and old Ireland, and besides these poems there are patriotic and other effusions in which Mr. Riley speaks his own tongue like an American citizen and a gentleman.

In his poems of American dialect he comes into competition with Will Carlton and Sam Walter Foss in particular, as living and popular rivals, and with Lowell and many others who have done the Yankee and Western homespun wit and verbiage for a long, long time. Carlton and Foss are both brighter and wittier men than Mr. Riley, though neither one of them has half of his refined and manly sentiment; but the new volume, having nothing very powerful or striking in it, will have a hard tussle to throw the other books behind it.

Of the New England "Songs" I like the "Fresh Hayin'" best. Of the Irish "Songs" I fancy very much "The House Beyant the Hill,"

"Wid its shmoke agin the sunlight,
And its unlatched open dure,"

but in this poem, as in others, Mr. Riley seems, to my ear, to overdo the Irish in places and in many other places to forget that he is writing Irish at all. But on this point I should say that the author was, or ought to be, a better judge than myself, and his Irish readers must decide.

Among the miscellaneous non-dialect poems there is one, "The Waters of the Soul," that contains many beautiful lines with close approaches to true and exalted poetry. Carlton and Foss have no such thoughts even as are found in this poem, and thereby we find the eternal value of the faith the Eternal has given to this newer man.

On the whole, it seems to me that Mr. Riley's patriotic song, "The American Flag," has more of the real fire and power of poetry in it than anything else in his volume, hence I quote it entire, being more than willing to give this man and his book as good a lift as I can. So let us sing the "Flag" once more, and with this song on our lips bid Mr. Riley God's speed.

“That ocean guarded flag of light, forever may it fly!
 It flashed o'er Monmouth's bloody fight and lit McHenry's sky;
 It bears upon its folds of flame to earth's remotest wave
 The names of men whose deeds of fame shall e'er inspire the brave.

“Timbers have crashed and guns have pealed beneath its radiant
 glow,
 But never did that ensign yield its honor to the foe!
 Its fame shall march, with martial tread, down ages yet to be,
 To guard those stars that never paled in fight on land or sea.

“Its stripes of red eternal dyed with heart-streams of all lands;
 Its white, the snow-capped hills that hide in storm their upraised
 hands;
 Its blue, the ocean waves that beat round Freedom's circle shore;
 Its stars the print of angels' feet that shine forever more.”

This certainly comes very near to the best patriotic poetry. As to the flag itself, I share with all its devoted admirers those sentiments that have made the American flag an emblem of beautiful thoughts of liberty since the first hour its fewer stars were woven with its bars of red and white, but I blush for shame that it has been flaunted over so many brutal butcheries of my fellow-men, and I pray and long and work for those days when this beautiful American flag, waving over a nation truly Christianized and at peace, on principles of justice with all the world, shall no longer be an emblem of the bloody passions and savagery of men, but a glowing emblem of that quenchless star of eternal love by whose light men and nations can alone be guided, and by whose stripes all nations of the world must be healed.

O for the poet at once patriotic and Christian that shall sing this same flag to higher and newer music, when the bloody battles of the nations are hushed to peace by thoughts of faith and held in peace by the justice of a truly Christianized world!

The last shall be first, as we said. And here is Mr. Henry Johnson, of Brunswick, Me., a professor, I think, in Bowdoin College at Brunswick, now in a very dainty volume of beautiful verse: a new man, but a true poet, alike with poetic feeling, culture, true art, and a beautiful faith in and perception of the subtle life-play in all the forms and life of nature, overshadowed and interpenetrated with

a divine life that shines in all and circles all with its boundless ineffable love. This, at least, is what I read and see in Mr. Johnson's poems, and hence I am glad to chant his praise.

In the little town of Gardiner, Me., where I have spent my vacation the past summer, a gentleman whose excellent and artistic verse has often appeared in this magazine has frequently called upon me, and, in our conversations touching the poets and poetry of the present generation, he has again and again remarked that the town of Gardiner could furnish all the magazines in the country with a full supply of poetry quite as good as that which they now publish from all the poets in the country. There may be a touch of local vanity in this remark, but it is certain that Gardiner has a full choir of pretty good poets; and it is still further true that Maine, as a whole, has produced some of the best verse of the present and past generation. In truth, if I mistake not, Longfellow was a Maine man, and I think that Ina Coolbrith, certainly the ablest and truest poet in America to-day, hails originally from Maine; but let us look at the Gardiner poets for a moment.

Mrs. Laura Richards, well known as a popular writer of stories, has also done some very pretty and charming work in poetry, mainly of a juvenile character. Miss Kate Vannah, better known as a composer of song music, has published one or two editions of poems, which, while a little exaggerated on the side of overstrained human emotion and decidedly lacking in the final finish that makes poetry worthy the name as distinguished from amateur pretensions, is nevertheless a poet in the making. Miss Swan, whose excellent prose articles in the GLOBE during the past five years have brought her recognition in undreamed-of quarters, is quite as well known for a kind of serious verse, which, though, to my mind, almost constantly marred by falsetto strainings after word-effects, has received wide recognition and much genuine, if immature, commendation. Judge Henry S. Webster has contributed some excellent poems to the GLOBE and has been well received in other periodicals. He is less fluent and copious than any of the other Gardiner poets, but what he does is always well done, always true to the finer principles of art and of good taste, and, had the judge given his whole life to poetic and other literature, he might by this time have been a well-known poet—that is, if he had not been starved to death in the meanwhile. Dr. A. T. Schuman is perhaps the most prolific and the most finished and painstaking of all the Gardiner poets, but his

fault—rather his weakness—is that until recently, at least, while he said things very correctly, he has had very little of consequence to say; and true poetry must be as full of life and truth as it is of art, or it fails to reach the true ideal even of poorest poetry. Among all the Gardiner poets, Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, whose best sonnets have appeared during the last few years in the *GLOBE REVIEW*, is by all odds the soul of highest and most exquisite genius. But, with such an array of home talent, it is not surprising that my summer visitor declares that Gardiner could supply the country, if not the world.

Brunswick is only a little way from Gardiner, and I believe Mr. Johnson was originally a Gardiner boy. In my judgment, though comparatively new in the field, he is by many diameters the most poetic and accomplished soul that Maine has produced since Longfellow and Ina Coolbrith spread their wings for other regions of the world.

Mr. Johnson's new book is perfect and beautiful from cover to cover. The dedication—always the most difficult thing to do, and which in this case is to the author's wife, as I am told—is exquisite of taste and of perfect finish. "Where Beauty Is," the title of the book, and also of the first poem, is as simple and natural as the utterance of a child, but in the first lines of the opening poem, and all through it, and all through all the poems that follow, the reader is conscious of being the companion of a beautiful soul and under its charming, soothing, and uplifting spell.

Of the many perfect and noble poems in this volume, I shall quote one as combining the varied characteristics of this poet-scholar, and with it take our farewell of the poets for the present.

THE CATHEDRAL ARCHITECT.

"How plainly I can see the pride that glowed
Like living fire in that keen, piercing eye!
I trembled as he spoke, I know not why,
For I e'er paid the debt of faith I owed.

"'My son, I know thy zeal,' thus he began,
'Thy fame among the craftsmen; hast thou more?
Art thou indeed a master? canst explore
The inner world and give its dream a plan?

“ Know that the Holy Church decreed of late,
 In answer to the commune’s prayer, that here
 Shall rise the noblest pile that man can rear
 With earthly means to enshrine the heavenly state

“ Of our most Blessed Lady.’ Then a nod
 Of swift decision, and his smile o’erspread
 His face as, blessing me, ‘ Make thou,’ he said,
 ‘ A very chamber of the heart of God.’

“ That instant stronger all my being thrilled
 With joy unbearable, until each chart
 Took on its burden, and the final part
 Finds me an old man. Well—my son shall build.”

To some readers I find that this man’s work appears very simple, to others, rather mystical, and to others, quite beautiful but rather meaningless. I tell you that Mr. Johnson has the mental and spiritual insight of Browning; the broad liberty of Whitman; the exquisite and incomparable art of Tennyson, and may all the angels of heaven guide and bless his earnest hand.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

WHO DISCOVERED THE HUDSON RIVER?

HISTORIANS, or, rather, men who make histories by reproducing what others have written, in different words; persist, notwithstanding all the facts to the contrary, in saying that the majestic river that flows through the great Empire State and empties its waters into New York Bay was “discovered by Henry Hudson.” Some writers, a little more timid than their less informed co-workers, drop the word “discovered,” and content themselves with stating that in 1609, “while exploring the coast, he entered that noble stream, which *he* (?) called the ‘River of the Mountains,’ but which now bears the name of its explorer.”*

Before attempting to explain *why* English-speaking historians persist in giving the *discovery* of our great river to Henry Hudson, let us briefly examine the facts in the case.

* The Student’s American History, by D. H. Montgomery, author of The Leading Facts of History series.

It is well known that in 1523 Francis I. of France realized that his rival, Charles V. of Spain, was making inroads upon the lands in the new world, and that the wealth resulting from these inroads was pouring into the Spanish treasury. Hence it was that he sent Giovanni da Verrazano, a Florentine navigator in his employ, to explore the regions beyond the Atlantic and search for that still undiscovered Cathay—that land of gold and spices and precious stones which the early explorers so eagerly sought and never found.

Verrazano and his companions were undoubtedly the first Europeans to enter what is now the Bay of New York, and, though lost in admiration of the “bellissimo lago,” as he called it, there is no evidence, either from the letter he sent to his royal master, Francis I., or from any other sources thus far available, that he did more than “note” the general contour of the surrounding coast. It is true that he gave names to various points from Cape Cod to Sandy Hook (Cabo de Arenas), but he seems to have ignored the majestic river of which New Yorkers are so proud to-day. He may have seen it pouring its waters into his “beautiful lake,” but, conscious that it did not lead to the Cathay of his desires, he turned his prow in another direction, little dreaming that he was leaving a point of land the seeds of whose greatness had already been planted in the womb of the future.

It was reserved for another Catholic navigator, Estevan Gomez, to enter New York Bay (the Bay of San Germano, as Verrazano sometimes called it) in 1525, and explore its surroundings. To him belongs the honor of having discovered, and, to a certain extent, at least, explored that noble river of the mountains which, nearly a century later, Henry Hudson ascended in the “Half Moon” and had named after himself. Gomez gave to this river the name of Rio San Antonio, evidently because he discovered it on June 13th, the feast of St. Anthony. Under this name it appears on the Ribera map of 1529, and under this name it was known for years after the flag of Holland had been unfurled over the infant city of New Amsterdam. In the “Collections” of the Massachusetts Historical Society we find an extract in which it is stated that an English sea captain, Dermer, “met in his passage (from Virginia to New England) with certain Hollanders who had made a trade in *Hudson’s river* some years before that time (1619).” This is probably the first time Hudson’s name was associated with that river.

On the Ribera map the whole region from New Jersey to Rhode

Island is called the land of *Estevan Gomez* (Tierra de Esteva Gomez la cual descubrió por mando de su mag, el año de 1525—Ribera map of 1529), and Sprengel and Asher both prove the discovery of the Hudson River by Gomez. Indeed, the latter goes so far as to claim that the Spaniards who came to the coast after Gomez sometimes called the river by his name—Rio Gomez—but Dr. De Costa, who has made the most exhaustive studies of the cartography of our coast, says that all the old maps he has consulted “invariably call the Hudson, Rio San Antonio, and never Rio Gomez.” It may not be out of place here to remark that few rivers have appeared under so many different names as this one. Besides the ones above mentioned, we have Nassau, Great North River, Mauritius, etc. Of these the second is retained to this day as a local name; the official name, however, is Hudson. “The name of Nassau applied to this river, to Narragansett Bay, and to Long Island, is preserved only in a small street in the great metropolis. The name Mauritius, or Maurice, was given as early as 1611, in honor of Prince Maurice of Nassau. . . . We also find the name of Manhattan River and Great River of the Mountains (Rio de Montaigne). The Mohawks and the Western Cantons, and even the kindred Hurons, called Albany *Shanetate* (beyond the pines), and applied the same name to the river. The Jesuits, Father Bruyas in the seventeenth, Father Potier in the eighteenth, and Father Morgan in the nineteenth century, form a chain of proof. Father Jogues, in his last journal, gave *Oioque* as the Mohawk name of the upper Hudson.*”

Bancroft says that “Gomez discovered the river St. Anthony on June 13th (Feast of St. Anthony of Padua), 1525, and gave it that name.” † Dr. John Gilmary Shea says that both Gomez and Gordillo, De Ayllon’s lieutenant, “sailed from south, northward, and, according to the custom of their nation, named remarkable points on the coast from the Calendar of the Church. The North River became the River of St. Anthony, evidently from being entered on his feast, June 13th. The river was explored for some distance, and the palisades and highlands suggested another name, that of Rio de los Montañas, which appears frequently. After seeking in vain for an outlet to the Pacific in that direction, Gomez seems to have turned back, and, rounding the Castle Garden of to-day, proceeded up the East River, and soon noted that Long Island was not

* Joques, *Novum Belgium*, 1643–44.

† Bancroft, *History of the United States*, Vol. I., p. 38.

a part of the mainland, as had previously been supposed. This was on June 29th, and the name of *Isla de los Santos Apostoles* records the day of his discovery. Continuing along the Sound, he reached another considerable river coming from the north. This must have been on July 21st, the feast of the Visitation of the B. V. M., for he gave a name which has kept its place for years to that 'long river' of the natives, *Rio de la Buena Madre*, or River of the Good Mother.* "

From the facts given above it will be seen that our coast was explored by Spaniards long before the Dutch West India Company's people came over here. It is also more than probable that the map or chart that guided Hudson into New York Bay was the Gomez or Ribera map of 1529. This being so, why do the historians of our day claim the discovery of our great North River for Henry Hudson? The answer to this question may be found in the fact that many of these people are not historians, but book-makers. They have made no researches, and have simply followed one another in this as in many other things. Then, again, it was to the interest of the Dutch to make it appear that Hudson was the real discoverer. The "Bull of Demarcation of Alexander VI." (1493) decreed that only such lands could be claimed by discoverers "as have not actually been heretofore possessed by any Christian King or Prince." Later on, when respect for the Pope's Bull had ceased among certain Christian kings and princes, an international law, the outgrowth of this very "Bull of Demarcation," "gave possession for his sovereign to anyone who discovered a new land not formerly claimed by any Christian prince or inhabited by any Christian nation." Now, "to have base for their operations in America against Spain, Holland required a territory not so claimed, and the shrewd projectors undoubtedly deemed it advisable to establish this base not only in an unclaimed, but also in a hitherto unknown country, therefore it was necessary to claim for Hudson the discovery of the river bearing his name, as the West India Company did in 1634." † Notwithstanding all this, the Dutch, in 1632, admitted that the river

* Letter of John Gilmary Shea, LL.D., to the late Rev. James H. Mitchell, Chancellor of the Diocese of Brooklyn and Vice-President of the Brooklyn Catholic Historical Society. The writer of this article has a map—*Brevis, Ezactq. Totius Novi Orbis, et Peruvia Regionis Descriptio, Recens edita*. 1567—upon which these names appear.

† Documents relating to the Colonial History of New York, I., 94.

was known to other nations under the various names referred to in this article, long before Henry Hudson was born.

New York.

M. F. VALETTE.

IN ABSENCE.

Heart of my heart! Time was when moments went
 As petals cast upon a rushing stream,
 So swift, so sweet I could but catch their gleam
 Ere gone were all their beauty and their scent,
 With the slow-ebbing sea of ages blent.
 Then thou wert with me! Now, alas, they seem
 Long as the long-drawn torment of a dream—
 Long as the endless way to sweet Content.

Yon sea that murmurs—is it blue or gray?
 Yon moon that rises—is it dull or bright?
 How can I live to meet another day?
 How, having met it, live on to the night—
 When all my soul aches that thou art away,
 And all my being for love's lost delight?

New Whatcom, Wash.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

MAKE MISSIONARY PREACHERS OUT OF CLERICAL CONVERTS.

THE very title of this article has an aggressive sound, and that is just what the writer means. In fact, readers of the GLOBE are growing used to its aggressiveness, and, what is better still, no Catholic, though he be "more orthodox than the Pope," has yet succeeded in pointing out a single instance wherein the editor of the GLOBE has committed himself to any error of doctrine or morals. On the contrary, the universal testimony is that Thorne, though admittedly aggressive, is always on the side of Catholic truth and of highest Christian morality. Let us hope that this article may not prove an exception.

I believe that the time has come, especially in this country and in England, when the numerous converts to the Catholic Church

from the ranks of the Protestant ministry, and, of course, I mean those who have wives and hence cannot become priests, should be utilized in the special and chosen sphere of their own chosen life-work, and be recognized, not as priests, of course, but as preachers all the same, and especially preachers in the Catholic missions so frequently and blessedly given by the various orders of Fathers in the Catholic Church. I hold that this could be done, can be done, and should be done, and at once, without vitiating or violating any fundamental principle of Catholic faith or discipline.

I have little or no respect for the position of a married parson or clergyman, and this discrimination between parsons and clergymen is justifiable on the ground of the claims and aspirations of the rectors or the clergymen of the Church of England, though really they are not a whit more priests in the true sense than the noisiest and crudest Baptist or Methodist parsons. I look upon the wives of all these gentlemen as usurping a position in the human and divine economy that in no sense belongs to them. I felt all this many years ago, when I was a married preacher, so that I am not talking on the basis of mere theory, but on the basis of long-established consciousness and conviction. Nevertheless, I hold that all these people are personally excusable on the grounds of long-established custom, which it will take ages to undermine and destroy. I also hold, from long-established experience and observation, that a Protestant parson or clergyman, when really educated for and consecrated to his work by personal conviction and by such methods of ordination as his own sect observes, is a parson or clergyman for life, and that no conversion to Catholic faith, much less that any swerving from true Christian faith toward infidelity, can absolve him from the duty of preaching God's truth in his own way, in whatever position he may be placed in life. It is, moreover, as true of Protestant preachers as of priests that when once truly educated for the Christian ministry and consecrated thereto, they are practically good for nothing else during their natural lives.

Some preachers have become actors, others have become literary men and editors, but if they ever truly had a vocation for the ministry and were, heart and soul, devoted to the work of preaching the Gospel, they seldom become anything more than a sort of secular parsons, and all their thoughts, estimates, and manners of life are essentially clerical and serious. It is also true that, spite of the sometimes great abilities of such men as thinkers and writers,

they fortunately carry with them that habit of moral judgment which their early training ground into their blood and bones. It is also true that only after many years of various discipline, sacrifice, and labor, such as few priests would be willing to undergo, do such men ever attain strong, leading, and independent positions in other fields of labor, be they literary, dramatic, or what not; I mean such leading and lucrative and commanding positions as their early training for the ministry justifies them in expecting and holding and demanding when necessary.

Once a priest, always a priest; and once a parson, always a parson, though in a wholly different sense.

I approve absolutely of the Catholic methods of training boys and young men for the priesthood. Readers of the *GLOBE* who have followed my review of Bismarck's attempted tyranny over the educational methods of the Church in Germany, know how strong are my convictions and feelings on this point. I also believe utterly and absolutely in the wisdom of the Church's demands and rulings concerning the celibacy of the priesthood; and even if there are occasional violations of these vows, these do not in any way invalidate the truth and value of the general Catholic position, and I am absolute in my loyalty to Catholic rule in this particular, as in every other particular of faith and morals. Yea, even though, as is well known, it is the custom of the priests of the Greek Church to marry, and also that the Catholic Church recognizes individual priests of the Greek Church as valid priests, yet I should be absolutely and utterly opposed to making this exception the rule, alike as regards the Greek priesthood or the Protestant ministry. I hold that a married man is not and cannot essentially be a priest. Nevertheless, and in view of the facts stated, I believe that the Catholic Church is large enough, wise enough, and generous enough in its essential soul and body to recognize the facts I have named and to make not priests, but missionary preachers, honored, well paid and provided for, out of the married converts of the Protestant ministry.

Lest any poor caviller in or out of the Church should say or think that this is a personal appeal on my own behalf, it is only necessary for me to say that after more than a quarter of a century of sacrifice and discipline, such as few men could endure, I have made for myself an independent position as a writer, editor, and yet as a moral and Christian teacher, that I hold to be greater, more honorable, and wider in its influence than the position of any archbishop, cardinal,

or what not in the world; but I confess that the labors and sufferings incident to this position have been and are still such that I would plead with all my soul with any brother convert from the Protestant ministry not to attempt it on his own account.

The game may be worth the powder, but few men have the powder to spare, and there is little but martyrdom in it from beginning to end. Even ordinary priests are masters in their own little spheres, but a Catholic "lay" editor, so-called, is the slave of scores or hundreds of priestly and other editorial boobies who think they know it all because they happen to be ordained to the priesthood.

The truth is that the training necessary to great ability in literary work, and especially in any high-class editorial work, is as severe and long of duration as the longest periods given to preparation for the priesthood, and the two kinds of training and the two kinds of work are as different as any two trainings and vocations or trades can possibly differ one from the other. But I must not wander into the question of the methods of discipline necessary to a training for literary and editorial work, and it is probable that priests will persist in meddling with this until their eternal blunders become the laughing stock of the world. I am here speaking rather of the training of Protestant preachers, and the fact that this, spite of the fact that they may be married men, ought to be utilized by the Church in its great missionary work for the conversion of the world.

Some priests seem to be afraid of trying to make converts, as if they might be misunderstood. In God's name, were not Jesus and his apostles misunderstood, crucified, and murdered, and why should the priests of to-day all expect to live at ease or to go unscathed or unhung?

In truth, the Protestant world, split into a thousand broken and hopeless shreds of variously graded infidelity and atheism, is ready, waiting to be converted, and in every Protestant—that is, in every helter-skelter, crack-brained, careless community—the more intelligent classes wonder why Catholic priests make so little effort outside their own congregations to interest or convert unbelievers. For it must never be forgotten that Protestants have not true saving faith. Often their hearts are right, their wills on the side of God, and their minds very much inclined to Catholic faith, but the intellectual belief of the Protestant and the faith of every true Catholic under the sun is as different as obedience is different from rebellion; and it is not what a man *thinks*, *assents* to, as a *thought*, a *creed*, or a

certain order of religious service, but what his whole soul accepts by the grace of God, without questioning, at one blow of heaven's light, that constitutes faith; and this, in its highest and holiest sense, can be conveyed only through the ministry of the true Church; therefore every priest should be a tireless maker of converts by the grace of God, and should be willing to accept contumely, shame, or buffeting, if need be, even unto death, in this great work of saving souls.

In a word, priests should try to make converts incessantly or give up their Catholic creed and quit their vocation. Now it is precisely in this line of work that I think clerical converts, who happen to be married, can and should be utilized. I am not much in sympathy with the Paulist Fathers, perhaps, as Father Lambert has suggested, because I do not understand them; but in this one particular I am wholly in sympathy with them—I mean in their advertised and persistent methods of trying to make converts out of the Protestant communities and letting it be understood that they are in earnest about it.

I do not doubt for a moment that the Jesuits, Redemptorists, Dominicans and other preaching and mission-giving orders of the priesthood also have this object definitely in mind. In truth, I have facts at my disposal showing that during missions given by the Redemptorist Fathers in adjoining neighborhoods to similar missions given by the Paulists, the Redemptorists made more than two converts to the Paulists' one. This would seem to indicate that the preponderance of the Holy Ghost was on the side of the Redemptorists; still, I believe in proclaiming that you are after the Protestant "separated" but misguided brethren and sisters, and that in this work clerical converts, who happen to be married, and who, therefore, cannot and ought not to become priests, can and ought to be used as preachers of the Gospel, of course, under priestly guidance and supervision, but utterly without priestly interference with the spoken or preached word.

In the first place, as I said, these men have given their lives to prepare for the work of preaching the Gospel, and are seldom good for anything else. In the next place, they cannot and ought not to be priests, for I hold that the marriage vows once taken are primary to and more sacred and binding than any priest's vows ever have been or can be; therefore, the marriage vows must not be broken for the sake of entering the priesthood, for a man foresworn

in one relationship is foresworn in any other vow he may take, and God is the author and judge in both lines.

On the other hand, the clerical convert who has a wife, equally with the one who has not, has not only passed through all the labor and discipline necessary to qualify him for the ministry, but in addition to this he has passed carefully on his knees and through many bitter struggles and labors of self-abnegation, study, investigation, conclusion, and sight almost divine all those questions and phases of questions that stand on the border-line between Catholic and Protestant belief or dogma, and in this regard is by practical thought and suffering infinitely better fitted to preach Catholic gospel, faith, and doctrine to Protestant souls than any one in a thousand of all the priests in existence, who, by virtue of their one-sided Catholic training, good as this is, are unable to enter into the million phases of doubt, questioning, and difficulty that the cursed system of Protestant teaching has left in the minds of the modern world. But the clerical convert has studied both sides, and hence his services are invaluable.

In a word, the Catholic clerical convert is, by virtue of his previous training for the Protestant ministry, and, again, by virtue of those studies and sacrifices that have led him, by the help of God, into the Catholic Church, especially and Providentially adapted to preach Catholic truth to the unbelieving and half-believing Protestant souls that the Church would gladly convert, and ought by all means in its power to try to convert. But, instead of giving converts any such position and encouraging them in this, their one true work in God's world, the Catholic Church, in America at least, leaves them to fight their way as literary men, editors, lecturers, etc., speaks of them as laymen, and under no circumstances recognizes them for the real and sterling work that they are able to do and ought to do.

More than this, as the competition in the literary world is great, and as scores of incompetent and half-shelved priests are in the field as editors, as a rule making literary asses of themselves, and yet patronized by this and that clique of Catholics because they are priests, the clerical convert engaged in literature has not only to fight his way against the secular literary world of readers and writers who oppose him because he is a convert, but also against a pigheaded and ruling class of prelates and priests and other Catholics who oppose him as a layman presuming to teach them in moral and spiritual things. But the fact is that the Almighty has made him the

superior of those men by the very sufferings he has endured, and he is their teacher naturally.

Orestes Brownson suffered all this in his day, and though Catholics now pretend to be proud of him, the fact remains that some of the most patriotic and other prelates in his day opposed him or so far failed to give him their support that he only made out to live because a small circle of admirers subscribed a certain sum per annum during the last years of his life, so that he might not live and die in utter poverty.

I do not consider Mr. Brownson a great man. His early training was too scatterbrained and heterogeneous for actual greatness, but he had been a minister, he had taken a careful course in Catholic theology, his whole being was bent in the direction of preaching the Gospel, and if the Catholic Church in America had been ruled by anything else than prelatical bombast and purple vanity, it would have taken Brownson at his best, have made a missionary Catholic preacher out of him, and have seen to it by absolute and generous provision that the famous founder and editor of *Brownson's Review* should never have been dependent upon individual charity for the sustainment of his later years. The same might be said, and with sharper application, of McMaster, the once famous editor of the *Freeman's Journal*. Do American prelates dream that because, by various processes of favoritism and scheming, they have risen to their position of influence that any one of them is the equal of the men I have named? And yet these same prelates live like princes, and consider themselves masters of the peers and superiors of Brownson and McMaster, who happen to be only literary men in these days.

If I am not mistaken there is at this hour a married clerical convert in charge of a namby-pamby, quasi-secular, and quasi-pious magazine published in Boston. The man can never make a writer of himself, and never an editor worthy of his previous training for and position in the Protestant ministry. There is not one preacher or one priest in a thousand that can be made into a great writer or editor, hence I am not reflecting on this particular man.

As a matter of fact, he was trained for the Episcopal ministry, and served in that capacity for years. It is none of my business with what efficiency he served or with what recognition. All reports on that head concerning any man need years of sifting before you can come at the real truth, but that the gentleman in question served his people in his way as efficiently as most Catholic priests

serve their people I have no doubt; and, having in addition to this gone through the bitter and laborious processes of thought and conviction that led him into the Catholic Church, I hold that the Catholic Church ought to recognize these facts and without delay make ample provision for this man's occupation and support as a Catholic preacher of the Gospel, though not a priest, which he cannot be.

That Catholic or Protestant prelate, priest, or what not must be a stone-blind ignoramus who assumes or presumes that there was but one order—namely, the priestly order—of recognized teachers and preachers in the early Church; and in these days, when whole millions of men and women have been brought up as Christians under various orders of ministry that the Church cannot recognize as they stand, surely it were the part of ecclesiastical and divine wisdom to cast about for some plan whereby the married converts from these various orders of the Protestant ministry could be utilized for the salvation of souls and the glory of the Catholic Church. The fact of their Catholic orthodoxy can be assumed from the studies they have been obliged to make; still I would have them face a regular Catholic examination.

Have not these men suffered enough, thought enough, and given proofs enough of their courage and their ability as servants of Christ and teachers of His truth, and at last, as loyal servants of the Catholic Church, to make them the peers in God's own service of the best priests or prelates in the world?

How would I bring this about? Precisely and only in the line of absolute obedience to and direction by the proper ecclesiastical authorities in each diocese or archdiocese where the lives of such men may chance to fall. I am not preaching any anti-Catholic reform. I would rather the world should rot or burn in hell than weaken one iota of the dignity and power of the Catholic Hierarchy of my day or nation. I would simply have the hierarchy of the Catholic Church in America consider this problem, and they may take my word for it that God will hold them responsible for their duty in this matter. In a word, I at least will teach them, whether they consent or not.

Of course, where a clerical convert is unmarried he naturally goes into the priesthood, and some of our ablest priests and prelates to-day are converts from various orders of the Protestant ministry; but was their training for the ministry or were their struggles in getting out of the cursed and contradictory systems of Protestantism

into the Catholic Church any greater, more noble, or more painful or self-sacrificing than those of the men who happen to have been married, and who still braved the ordeal? Nay, the sufferings and self-sacrifices of the married ministerial convert have been greater every way, and ought to be so understood.

He has not only pondered all the realms of dogma, and decided in favor of Rome, he has been obliged to ponder the still sharper problem of bread for himself, his wife, and his children; and all these experiences have pre-eminently fitted him to be an exceptionally gifted guide of large classes of men and women in these days. I admit that such men may do great service as editors and writers, if so gifted; but, in such cases, should they be left by the hierarchy of the Church to the charity of a few admiring and trusting souls? A curse upon the hierarchy that has no more soul or sense than to suffer anything of this kind. Some of them say that they do not approve of my censures. Neither do I approve of their conceited blindness.

In England, the famous Dr. Ward, who came over to Rome about the same time that Newman found his way to rest, was provided with a theological professorship in a Catholic College, and every way was looked after as a man of his position and power should have been; but it is proverbial that in this country married clerical converts have a "divil" of a time of it, and are apt to be treated as beggars or common slaves.

My position is that while a married clerical convert to the Catholic Church cannot be a priest—ordained to hear confession, say mass, and administer the sacraments—he is at the same time not a layman, and never should be spoken of or treated as such, and I would have the Hierarchy of America put their heads and hearts together and see to it that such recognition may be given to this class of men and such work assigned them under prelatial supervision and direction that their best energies may be utilized and the Church and mankind benefited thereby.

Perhaps the matter might have to go to Rome, but I think not. I think that the Hierarchy of the United States, our country being still a mission country, could readily examine and authorize said married clerical converts to act as missionary preachers, though not priests, and that their services could be managed and remunerated in this way without, as I said to begin with, violating or interfering with any established ruling or law of the Catholic Church.

A bishop, even a priest, is largely master in his own field. A few years ago one of the strictest and most orthodox priests I have ever known invited me to preach in his church, and when, in my modesty, I pleaded weariness and refused, he insisted that I should read the bishop's annual pastoral letter or address at the mass on the following Sunday, and he insisted that I should come within the altar rail and do the reading. I did as he commanded me, and felt grateful to heaven for his confidence and for the privilege.

Now, if one priest had the right to extend this invitation to me, other priests have the same right to extend similar invitations to other clerical converts in a similar position, and the hierarchy of the Church have the right to make this privilege general and organize such clerical converts into bands of religious Catholic teachers that might prove one of the greatest and most successful bodies of Catholic preachers in the modern world.

For my own part, thirty years ago I was a Protestant minister, living in a good hired house of my own, and receiving a salary of \$2,000 a year, and for many years my salary averaged about this as a literary editor. Now, after thirty years of incessant study, and after many years of experience in journalism, and after giving my services with all my heart and soul during the last six years in this magazine to the advancement of Catholic truth, and while still in the prime of life, I think myself happy if I receive \$1,000 a year for my own living after paying all my printer's bills and my varied office and business expenses. Yet, should I, under these circumstances, ask or demand \$3,000 or \$5,000 a year of the Archbishop of New York in order to extend the already immense influence of this magazine, and in order that I might live in some measure commensurate with my real position in the world. His Grace of New York would consider me an impertinent madman, and in all likelihood would send me the picture of some defunct ancient saint with a view of teaching me humility; as if I had not learned enough of that years before His Grace was ordained to the priesthood.

Such is the appreciation the leading hierarchy of America have for the highest grade of clerical convert literature. At the same time His Grace of New York will command—I say *command*—hundreds of thousands of dollars, at his pleasure, for the furtherance of objects compared with which the GLOBE REVIEW is another and mighty voice of God calling him and others of his kind to the consideration of questions already burning for an answer, which the

Catholic Hierarchy of America, being engaged in erecting and puffing great piles of needless stone buildings and flaunting the American flag, have no time to answer or consider. But the Eternal will hold them responsible all the same.

I am not complaining on my own account. If these gentlemen can afford to ignore me, I also can afford to ignore them, and in the long run we shall see who wins.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

AVE! GRATIA PLENA!

Full of Grace! oh Mother! Fairest,
 Blest, Immaculate! Who barest
 Thy Creator! Lo! we greet Thee
 With the greeting that was given
 Thee by God Himself; entreat Thee
 By the Archangel's "Ave!" spoken
 In Thy lowly home, foretelling
 God in Thee should have His dwelling,
 That, by Him, should yet be broken,
 Crushed, the power of Hell, and riven
 All the fetters that might hold us
 Slaves of sin and self—have pity
 On Thine erring children; weary
 We with pilgrimage, and dreary,
 Long the way to that Fair City
 Where we fain would be; oh fold us
 In Thy sheltering arms, protect us,
 Comfort, strengthen and direct us,
 Plead for us to God in Heaven!
 Full of Grace! The Word Immortal
 Stooped to us through Thee, and made Thee
 First of all His creatures, nearest
 To Himself; Thou Virgin lowly
 Spouse Beloved of God Most Holy
 Mother of The Son, His dearest
 Now and evermore, who hearest
 Those who cry to Thee; the Portal

Of the One True Light, oh mould us
 In His Image, who obeyed Thee,
 Loved and clung to Thee, our Brother,
 Gave us Thee, to be our Mother:
 Pray for us, Thy children, needing
 Grace for daily conflict, patience;
 For our sins and faults contrition,
 To The Father's Will submission;
 Sore beset by foes, temptations:
 Surely Thou wilt hear, and pleading
 With Thy Son Divine—who weareth
 Still our mortal form; Who shareth
 All our joys and sorrows; careth
 Ever for His Brethren; liveth
 In us, with us; who forgiveth
 All our want of love, unkindness,
 Our ingratitude, our blindness;
 Seeketh for us, when we leave Him,
 Beareth with us, though we grieve Him;—
 By Thy blessed intercession
 Gain for us His absolution,
 Save us from the retribution
 Due for many a sore transgression;
 As from Him not hell shall sever
 If Thou keep us His forever.
 Blessed Mother, interceding
 For Thy children, mercy needing,
 Hear us, day by day repeating
 Humbly, lovingly the greeting
 Gabriel brought Thee first; entreating
 Faith and courage to proclaim Thee
 "Full of Grace," and still to name Thee,
 Thee, Immaculate, the lowly,
 Spouse of God, the Spirit Holy,
 Mother of our Lord, our Mother,
 For Thy loved ones ever pleading,
 God, of Thee made Man, our Brother.

Westbury, England.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

THE FATE OF ABD-UL-AZIZ.

IN the war number of one of our magazines for June of this year there appeared an article from the pen of General Nelson A. Miles. Though styled "Military Europe," it dealt with but two European powers—Greece and Turkey. In the scope of fourteen pages, the strength and resources of Turkey during the late war and the impotency and decline of Greece were clearly compared. Among the many illustrations of "Military Europe" was a portrait of Abd-ul-Hamid II., which, together with the article itself, recalls what, to my mind, is one of the most interesting episodes in modern Turkish history.

I allude to the deposition and death of Abd-ul-Aziz, the uncle and predecessor of the present Sultan. A weak and profligate ruler, there was yet something pitiful in his downfall; and, in an epoch of war and revolution such as the present (July, 1898), a short sketch of this disturbed period in Constantinople may not be out of place.

It was on the morning of Tuesday, May 30, 1876, that the blow fell which cost the unfortunate monarch his life as well as his throne. At the first streak of dawn, on the eventful day, all were astir in the palace of Dolma Baghtcheh, the residence of the Sultan. Attendants and officials were standing in groups about the corridors, talking eagerly and casting furtive glances at the Grand Stairway.

At length a quartette of officials hurried through the fairy-like halls and passed the great throne-room, which looked almost ghostly in the obscure light. Its gigantic fluted columns, rising like spectres in groups of four, threw dim reflections on the vast expanse of tessellated pavement. The graceful inlaid marble arches connecting each group and the ceiling, rich with delicate frescoes, were imperfectly revealed by the faint rays of a morning light that stole into the room. Arriving in the entrance hall, the officials mounted the Crystal Stairway, which was being so eagerly watched by their fellows, treading the rich Smyrna carpet that covered the centre of the wide, dazzling steps. On both sides extended a massive ornamental balustrade, and above their heads hung the wonderful crystal chandelier with its myriad lights and sparkling pendants. On reaching the second landing, where fretted arches rounded over doors and corridors in bewildering multiplicity, these early visitors turned

through an entrance larger than the others, it being the approach to the apartments of Abd-ul-Aziz. Without the ceremony of knocking, they entered the imperial bedchamber and glided to the side of the couch on which lay the sleeping Sultan.

One of the men touched him, and, with an exclamation of surprise, the monarch awoke and sat up, looking vaguely around him. Then, seeing the huddled group at a little distance, showing plainly enough its awed timidity, he cried, in a tone of fierce resentment:

“What mean ye? Know ye not the punishment of this offence? Call the guards!” and he turned toward a small ante-room.

In this had been wont to sit, day and night, a silent, armed attendant, ever listening for the slightest sound that might indicate his master's requirements. On this occasion, however, no humble answering voice responded; and Abd-ul-Aziz, with an expression of sinister distrust dawning on his face, repeated his command in a louder tone. When silence again greeted him, he turned toward the intruders and exclaimed, in uncontrolled rage:

“Slaves, speak! How dare ye approach our sacred person unannounced?” and his small, dusky eyes blazed.

The officials had been mutely gazing with a certain fascination at this man who for fourteen years had been their absolute master, and for whom, even in this, the hour of his terrible fall, they could not lose their cringing fear. It was this sense of awe that made the spokesman bow humbly, as he replied, in a voice that trembled:

“Sultan, we are sent to inform thee that thou art ruler no longer. It is decreed that thou givest up thy crown and the sacred sword of Osman. Behold the edict of the court!” and, with shaking fingers, unfolding a roll of parchment marked with great seals, he tendered it to Abd-ul-Aziz.

For the moment the Sultan stood as if stunned, his face a ghastly gray, his drawn lips moving, but emitting no sound. Then, with the inevitable impulse of a ruler endeavoring to hide his emotions from his subjects, he exclaimed: “Leave the decree, and begone!”

The officials, only too eager to withdraw, now that their duty had been performed, laid the parchment on a vert antique table, and, bowing almost to the floor, backed from the room.

Left alone, Abd-ul-Aziz stood with eyes fixed upon the fatal message, striving to realize its tremendous import. What were the thoughts that swept through his mind? Were they of fear? Were they of the undertakings that would be left unfinished, the greatest

of which was the superb mosque that was being erected in the beautiful valley of Dolma Baghtcheh? Were they of his lost opportunities of benefiting his country? Were they of sorrow that his reign had caused countless insurrections and disasters?

No. The one overwhelming regret of the deposed monarch was for lost power—power to will and execute any plan that occurred to his depraved mind; power to spend without stint or restriction the liras and piasters so hardly earned by his oppressed subjects. As this loss became more vivid to his consciousness, he pressed one hand over his eyes and staggered back, muttering:

“All lost! all lost! Great Allah! let me die!” And sinking upon his couch, his form rigid and his extremities cold as ice, his eyes roamed with lightning-like rapidity over the exquisite, familiar objects surrounding him. At last, as an attendant entered, he rose, with a groan, and prepared to receive his ministers and perform his manifold imperial duties—duties hitherto most irksome, but now, when slipping from his grasp, seeming as pastimes filled with indescribable charm. As the hour approached for his daily audience, he entered his reception-room, but stood stunned upon the threshold.

The grand hall was empty!

No obsequious pashas! no suave ambassadors! no salaaming palace officials. Which one of these had time or inclination to pay court to the fallen king? Who was there to bestow a thought on the ruined tyrant whose successor they were even then seeking with flattering looks and insinuating sentences?

He was alone! Alone in this vast, seething capital with a loneliness that was horrifying. He who had been yesterday the absolute arbiter of the fortunes and lives of millions was now in a more terrible position than that of his meanest slave. For, whereas the slave was at the mercy of but one master, this deposed Sultan was at the mercy of every creature who had ever proclaimed him king or groaned under the yoke of his tyranny.

As the first shock of surprise subsided his small eyes blazed, his nostrils quivered, and his hand sought the hilt of his sword. He strode up and down the immense room like a caged lion; but at last the true significance of this silent abandonment forced itself upon him. Then, for the first time, he felt real fear. Fear that made him cower and shrink like a frightened slave under the uplifted lash. He no longer walked boldly in the middle of the brilliant room, but slunk like a dark shadow against the wall, still keeping

his sword unsheathed, and casting furtive, suspicious glances around him. Thus he remained minute after minute, every muffled sound that floated to his strained ears seeming to vibrate like the roar of thunder through his body.

At last he heard a rustle of slow steps approaching. He was instantly on the defensive, determined to sell his life dearly; but turning, he saw only the attendant who had served him earlier in the day.

With a gasp, he passed his hand over his brow, on which stood great beads of perspiration. "O Allah! let there be an end to this torture!" he muttered; then, to the slave who salaamed humbly before him, he continued, in a voice he vainly strove to make commanding: "Dog, why hast thou come?"

In a trembling voice, scarcely above a whisper, the attendant answered: "They have come for your Majesty!" and he moved backward, as if expecting summary vengeance for his announcement.

As the man ceased speaking, Abd-ul-Aziz glanced quickly at the chief entrance, and there saw, with visible horror, the group of officials and soldiers, who stood looking coldly and nonchalantly at the cowering figure.

At a command from their leader the soldiers marched forward, their brilliant uniforms glittering at every step.

Arriving opposite the Sultan, they halted.

The terror-stricken ruler, expecting every instant to see their weapons raised, to be aimed and fired at his breast, fell back against the mosaic wall, extending his hands, with their palms turned outward, as if to ward off a blow. The officer, seeing this, stepped forward, exclaiming:

"Will your Imperial Majesty accompany us?"

"Whither?" questioned Abd-ul-Aziz, suspiciously.

"To the Tcheragan Serai," answered the officer, showing signs of impatience at this delay.

"To Tcheragan! Great Allah! my fatal dream was then Thy warning!" whispered the unfortunate man, with drooping head and eyes gazing despairingly at the tessellated floor.

The officer waited a moment, then, seeing that the Sultan had forgotten all else save his own ruin, he exclaimed, roughly: "Will your Majesty accompany us—willingly?" He added the last word, as Abd-ul-Aziz made a sign of dissent.

After a moment's thought, the Sultan handed his sword to the

soldier, dropped his arms despondently to his sides, and, with bowed head, left those gorgeously furnished rooms forever.

Tcheragan Serai, the place of imprisonment, was a summer palace built by Abd-ul-Aziz at the time of his declining power and greatness. It was situated in the village of Beshicktash, where each successive Sultan had erected a summer castle. Yet this structure, surpassing all its predecessors in magnificence, had been entered but once by its prodigal founder. During the one night he spent beneath its roof, a strange dream roused a morbid fear in his superstitious mind, and, despite the millions spent on its erection, it was suffered, uninhabited, to go to ruin.

He who, before its fall, refused to rule in royal state in its chief apartments, was now a prisoner in constant fear of assassination, and forced to occupy a dependent building near its northern guard-house. As he entered the rooms which were to witness the closing scenes of his life's drama, he traced the following lines upon a table covered with a fine dust: *

“ Man's destiny is Allah's will;
Sceptres and power are His alone.
My fate is written on my brow;
Lowly I bend before His throne.”

Four days after, on June 4, 1876, he was found dead in his bath.

His death is shrouded in mystery; and where there is mystery there also are theories. Some say that, while in his bath, he committed suicide; others, that by some occult process known only to the Orientals, his death was compassed. For myself, I will but suggest a theory which I heard advanced at a dinner given by one of our prominent statesmen, whose name has since been associated with the office of our country's Chief Executive.

Incidentally, the name of the dead Sultan was mentioned, when our host remarked:

“ At the time of Abd-ul-Aziz's death I happened to be not far from Constantinople; and, chancing to meet Mr. —, an English diplomat, he announced the event by saying, ‘ The Sultan is dead, and we own the Sultan! ’ ”

Whoever were the perpetrators of the regicide, they fully realized the impunity with which such a crime could be executed. The

* Translated from the Arabic (“ Divisions of a Diplomat in Turkey ”).

subjects of Abd-ul-Aziz, rejoicing at their freedom from his iron rule, willingly allowed the manner of his death and the identity of his assassins to remain undiscovered.

Up to the present day, voyagers on the blue Bosphorus are shown a breach in the wall of the Tcheragan Serai, through which, it is said, the body of the dead Sultan was secretly carried to his last resting-place.

MAY GENEVIEVE KILPATRICK.

Philadelphia, Pa.

AS WITH A STAR.

God's angels closed mine eyes with sleep
Through danger's darkest hour,
And when I woke it was to weep
Hot tears of joyous power.

For in my sleep the night had fled,
The danger vanished far,
And I, arisen from the dead,
Was crowned, as with a star.

And all the skies were rainbow-hued,
Their arches radiant gold,
As temples long with God-endued—
A story often told.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

GLOBE NOTES.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR, ETC.—In a little town in the State of Maine, where I was spending the past summer, a big, lumbering bully of a boy, about seventeen years of age and weighing 175 pounds, met on the sidewalk one day a delicate, consumptive lad of about fifteen years, and weighing not more than ninety pounds, and pounded and kicked the little fellow off the sidewalk, leaving him half dead.

On being questioned, the excuse given by the big fellow was that the younger lad had been unkind to his sister, and he, the bully, felt called upon to thrash him.

The case proved so serious that it came to the notice of the authorities, and, after careful examination, it was shown that the big fellow had conceived a low sort of passion for the sister of the younger lad, had been informed by her that her brother had been unkind to her, and in the might of his physical superiority and unrighteous wrath had determined to avenge the girl as aforesaid.

It was further proven that the girl in question was a slovenly, untruthful vixen, and that the only unkindness ever shown her by her brother had been in the shape of such scoldings as older brothers now and again will administer to perverse sisters.

In view of these facts, the big bully of a boy was sent to the reform school for five years; the injured lad was sent to a neighboring hospital, the expenses of his treatment there to be defrayed by the parents of the big boy or by the earnings of said big fellow while in the reform school, and the vixen of a girl, who, as usual, was the real cause of all the trouble, was sent to a convent school, in the hope that under religious treatment and discipline she might be improved in her manners and morals.

Call the big fellow the United States, the consumptive, Spain, and the smitch of a girl Cuba, and you have the war up to date.

Yellow journalism will give you all the details.

* * * * *

A good deal has been written pro and con regarding the comparative merits of the two naval officers, Sampson and Schley, during the now world-famous battle in the waters before Santiago. The following from the New York *Independent* of July 14th covers

the ground in what seems to me an impartial spirit, and I quote it here for the purpose of supplementing it with one or two thoughts that seem worthy of mention:

“ There is a mystery about the official reports of the destruction of Cervera’s fleet which we had hoped would be promptly cleared up. The announcement of the great victory was made, properly enough, by Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson; but the battle was fought and won by Commodore Schley, according to all other accounts. Sampson was at the time on a short cruise along the coast to the eastward, having no idea that Cervera would try to escape. The appearance of the Spanish fleet was entirely unexpected; and it was the task of Commodore Schley, in the absence of Admiral Sampson, to pursue and fight the enemy to the death. This is just what he seems to have done, and Admiral Sampson only got back at the end of the fight on the New York. It was such a remarkable victory that it is strange, under the peculiar circumstances, that Sampson made no reference to Schley in his official dispatch. Various inferences are drawn as to his silence, and the silence of Commodore Watson, who, though not in command of any of the vessels, was off the harbor, and reported what he saw and heard. It is true that Schley’s flying squadron, originally independent, had been merged into Admiral Sampson’s fleet, and that Schley was, therefore, only a junior officer. A commodore or admiral may or may not refer to actions of captains; but as the engagement at Santiago was directed by Schley, although planned, it now appears, by the Admiral, it is singular that not one word of reference is made to him in the official dispatches. The honor, we may be sure, will go in the end to him to whom it belongs: and we trust that Sampson’s full report, just sent, may clear up the matter.”

I have two points to add to this kindly statement: First, the presumption, no matter how well attested, that the plan of Schley’s battle of destruction was planned by Admiral Sampson is alike impossible, untrue, and inconceivable.

That battle—rather that chase—of the Spanish ships could never have been planned except on the moment and by the commanding officer in charge during Sampson’s absence. The entire approach and action or flight of the Spanish ships was unlooked for, unexpected, and it was utterly impossible to plan for meeting

a situation that neither Sampson nor Schley was aware of until the enemy's ships came into view. Where Sampson was at that moment all the world knows. I am not criticising Admiral Sampson's absence. That is his business, not mine; though it is my opinion that an officer who would leave his command under the circumstances in question deserved to be discharged and dishonored. I am simply pointing out the absurdity of the notion that Sampson planned an engagement which he was as ignorant of as Bill Hearst, of the *New York Journal*. Second, through all the comments on this affair I have not noticed any mention of the bottom and serious fact in the case. It is this: Sampson is really a political admiral. Schley is really the senior officer of the two, and by every law of precedence and honor should have been in chief command of our navy before Santiago. Sampson knows all this, and therefore it must be unusually galling to him to find that by Providence or the devil's decree Schley was given the position that our Government, in its hide-bound political bondage, had denied him. Sometimes the gods work "Schleyly" and overreach the grasping ambitions of men.

It is generally admitted that our army appointments are largely political, but it is just as generally supposed that our naval appointments are largely free from this curse. The opposite is precisely true, and the Schley and Sampson discussion is therefore of importance.

* * * * *

Having devoted many articles to a life of Bismarck in previous issues of this magazine, there is little to be said here concerning his recent death. In the Church of God and in the Angel of Death he found his only masters. For more than a generation no intelligent man in Europe or America has questioned the greatness—that is, the intellectual greatness—of the now departed hero of modern Germany.

Early in his diplomatic career he proved himself among the diplomats of Europe very much what the once famous Jim Fisk of New York proved himself among American brokers—that is, the ablest scoundrel of them all.

In his career as a statesman he proved alike his farsightedness and an indomitable will, but the various measures he advocated in developing his cherished ideas of German unity, with Prussia, instead of Austria, at the head of the German brotherhood of

nations, would have fallen futile had not Prussia, during Bismarck's generation, been blessed with a military leader like Von Moltke, a much greater genius than ever Bismarck dared to dream of being.

In all this it is my opinion that history will not be able to hide the fact that Bismarck acted more from motives of personal pique and ambition than from motives of humanity or patriotism. Moreover, it is a well-known fact that his schemes to advance the interests of his sons far beyond their comparative ability became an irritating cause of the final rupture between the great statesman and the present Emperor of Germany.

Indeed, when the present Emperor came into power, Bismarck had grown so great even in his own consciousness that he dreamed himself of greater moment to the Empire than the Emperor himself. Here was one of the great blunders of his life. He had advocated the theory of imperial absolutism, and yet, when it was necessary for him to yield his judgment and will to the judgment and will of the present Emperor, he found it impossible to do so. He had ridden rough-shod over the judgments and consciences of the leading men of his own nation and over the lives and rights of the statesmen and kings of other nations, but had never learned to subject his judgment and will to the imperialism he had worked to rear. But Ministers of State are not emperors, and the great Bismarck learned this to his sorrow when his greatest work was done. All the merits of this great question will not be settled by all the newspaper editors nor by all the biographers of the next thirty years. Time alone can bring the true lineaments of this great career clearly before the world.

Having outdiplomatized all the diplomats of Europe, old and young, and having, by the aid of Von Moltke's genius, humiliated Austria and France, he thought no project too great for his power. But the old superstition, or faith, or truth that physical force, blood and iron, pride, and hate, and ambition, all combined, cannot crush a spirit, a spiritual fact, or force, or organization, found in Bismarck's career a new and fearful proof and illustration.

All this I have traced in previous issues of the GLOBE, wherein I treated of Bismarck and the Church. I am not moved to go over the ground again. History will judge him rightly, and he has now gone before the judgment seat of God. It is well known that in his later years he was suspected of seeing his enormous error in this regard, and that he desired a reconciliation with Rome. Heaven

alone judges the heart of man, and we must leave the famous statesman before the bar of eternal justice, whereto the old reaper we call Death has borne him, to stand his trial like the poorest mortal of mankind.

Bismarck's career was really ended before his famous resignation, and the spurt he made a few years later was a pardonable piece of wounded vanity and human pride.

As to his famous letter of forced resignation, the original of which, according to the scarcely less famous Dr. Busch, has recently been paraded in the newspapers, anyone at all familiar with Bismarck diplomacy or with diplomacy in general must know that this letter only expressed the nominal and surface causes of Bismarck's action. He had to resign, and for deeper reasons than those named in his letter. In truth, the letter gave only what may be called the reasons to popular appeal. They were the reasons which, according to Bismarck's own mind, would make him most popular with the world at large, and not at all the reasons that forced the Emperor to force said resignation; but even the reasons stated by Bismarck were enough to send him adrift as no longer the proper person to be chief adviser to his master. A man—prime minister or what not—that cannot or will not comply with the settled plans of his sovereign is neither a loyal subject nor a proper minister of state.

* * * * *

It is a sad commentary on the international intelligence of the nineteenth century to find nearly all the magazines and newspapers of America discussing the question as to whether the Spanish are a nation of cut-throats, and whether the Spanish as a people think and speak of Americans as so many pigs.

If our public schools had taught history with any intelligence commensurate with the millions of money spent on the Godless system, the present generation of Americans would know that in all nations of the world there is a fair proportion of cultivated and honorable men and women, not excluding Turkey, Japan, and China, and, of course, including all the nations of Europe; and further, that the proportion of such really cultivated and honorable men and women is, if anything, much smaller in the United States than in any other leading nation of the world.

Much has been made during the present war of the magnanimity shown by Americans toward Spanish prisoners of war. On the other hand, it is just as clear that the Spanish officers in Cuba treated with

corresponding kindness any American prisoners of war that fell into their hands. Contrariwise, however, recent events in Cuba have proven, even to American newspaper correspondents, that the Cuban insurgents, for whose sake it was said this war was undertaken, are a set of loafing, thieving, lazy, murderous scoundrels, as unwilling to be governed by America as they have ever been unwilling to be governed by Spain or by anybody but the devil of their own rebellious and atheistic passions. That things would prove thusly the *GLOBE* has persisted in asserting from beginning to end, but Bill Hearst and Company, constituting the newspaper and Congressional advance guards of hell's own so-called civilization in these days, pretended to believe otherwise, and they have had their way.

It is not a question of the cut-throatism of Spain or of the pig-gishness of the American, nor is it a question of the comparative kindness or generosity of the two nations.

The primal facts, as stated in this magazine over and over again, remain unanswered and unanswerable—namely, that we had no cause or case of war with Spain; that our published motives in entering upon this war were infamous lies; that our real motives were hellish selfishness and revenge; that we ourselves, as a nation, and our ancestors before us, have perpetrated more cruelties toward the negro, the Indian, the Chinese, and other subject races than Spain has ever perpetrated toward the inferior races under her control; and while this does not justify any real or imagined Spanish cruelties, it ought to shut our conceited and bawling mouths in regard to the same.

The trouble is not that Americans are not benevolent and generous-hearted to the fallen or the poor, but that Americans as a class are eternally ignorant of the true and only abiding principles of justice whereby oppressions, wrongs, and wars may be avoided.

I call American hell made respectable by blasphemous and coarse-grained so-called patriotism. Some wretched American politicians have quoted the example of England as justifying our present ambition to possess the outlying possessions of Spain. England is bad enough and selfish enough and cruel enough in all her colonial history, God knows; but there is this vast difference between England and ourselves, viz., that while England is the great colonial thief of the planet, her small borders at home and her overflowing population and energy and her vast commercial needs have given her good excuse for seeking broader lands, whereas we have one of

the most stupendous and most glorious continents on the face of the earth, and one that it will take us another five hundred years to bring under any enduring state of cultivation and civilization.

Again, England goes to Africa, India, Australia, and to all the uncivilized and half-civilized peoples of the world, and, by commerce and legitimate immigration of her own people, endures the hardships, kills or converts the natives, and builds up a civilization of her own, while we, in attacking Spain in her colonies, play the part of a young giant, crude and hellish, attacking a weaker and a hundred times smaller nation, civilized beyond ourselves, but whose energies are spent in her colonial possessions of centuries, and so we play the brutal bullies that we really are.

In all this magazine and newspaper discussion nothing has angered me so much as the lying and ignorant attacks upon the priesthood and the ecclesiastics of the Spanish colonies; whereas, the universal truth for the last four centuries has been and still remains that, from the good Las Casas to the latest ecclesiastics of Cuba or the Philippines, the Catholic priesthood of the Spanish colonies, as elsewhere and everywhere, have been the leaders in every form of education, morals, and piety, and hence of civilization, and there is no viler lie going the rounds of the American magazines and newspapers to-day than the barefaced lie, fathered even by such a scholar as Henry C. Lea, and in such a magazine as the *Atlantic Monthly*, that *clericalism*—that is, priestly supervision—and the most self-sacrificing labors that man can bestow upon his fellow-man are to blame for what we call Spanish decay.

I am Anglo-American. I despise alike the snarl and bark of the Latin races, including the Celt. I am convinced that, for good or ill, the Saxon—rather the German races, Anglicized, Americanized, worldized, in all corners of the earth, must and will rule the earth, with such Celts and Latins as will help them. I am also satisfied that, except as they proceed to rule it in the fear of God, according to justice, and guided by His only and true Church, they are bound to bring greater ruin upon themselves and their children's children than the darkest barbarians of all past ages have inflicted on the world. And my position is that in undertaking this war with Spain we have violated every principle of truth and honor, and that, sure as God is in Heaven, we shall suffer for the same. Spain, with her fifteen million of people, weakened by centuries of colonization, and

being a Southern, enervated nation, is not able to whip us, but God Almighty will, and I shall live to see the truth of this prophecy.

There is still another point to be touched here. Hundreds of booby Catholics, led by that greatest wind-bag Catholic, the Archbishop of St. Paul, have prated about this war in the newspapers and elsewhere as if it were a righteous war, a war in defence of our insulted flag, etc., but all this is a flaunting lie.

Spain did not insult our flag. Like the pirates and marauders we are, we persisted in insulting and undermining legitimate Spanish rule in Cuba, and finally ordered the rightful discoverers and owners and rulers of the island to get out or we would kick and burn them out.

No burly negro who ever entered the home of a sick and weakened white man's family and killed and murdered the occupants ever acted with baser lawlessness than we have acted toward Spain in Cuba; and this is the savage and brutal patriotism that John Ireland & Co. call almost divine—the wretched mouthing idiots. If His Grace of St. Paul thinks it so very sweet to die for one's country in such a devil's own war of selfish brutality as is this war of ours—and he is so represented as thinking and proclaiming by many Catholic and other newspapers—why in the name of Judas Iscariot, Beelzebub, and all the money-grabbers, land-grabbers, and mercenary scoundrels in and out of perdition does he not go at once to Havana, under a flag of truce if need be, and induce the good bishop of Havana to shoot him dead on the spot? I have no doubt that said bishop of Havana would be pleased to accommodate the prelate from St. Paul, and, in my judgment, he would be justified in doing so. But I doubt if the next Pope would proclaim him a martyr.

Everywhere we hear talk of this war being prosecuted as a “Christian war.” Fools and bastards! No war is a Christian war. War is essentially unchristian and devilish. It is hell let loose once more upon the fair face of God's world. It is a travesty on the very word Christian, and the only condition that justifies it on this earth is flat rebellion on the part of the inhabitants of any nation against the constituted authority of the nation.

Spain was justified in waging war against the atheistic half-breed rebels called, until lately, Cuban patriots. We were not justified in waging our Civil War, for the old colonial and constitutional doctrine of States' rights involved the right of any of our States to

secede; much less were we justified in waging this war with Spain wholly and solely to acquire more territory when we already have more than we have brains, or industry, or genius, or civilization enough to manage in any decent way.

Another point in easy proof of a certain kind of American pig-gishness, is the way that thousands of our newspaper-civilized citizens gloat and joke over the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the defeat of her armies. At heart America is coarser than the hide of an elephant, and her horse-play laughter at the fallen foe is, to my mind, more like the laughter of demons than of civilized beings. And the Catholic prelates and priests who have encouraged this war are the servants not of Christ, but of hell and the devil.

If facility in fighting is or is to be the criterion of true civilization, then are we become a nation of pugilists at heart, and ought to set up John Sullivan and James Corbett, and Mr. Fitzsimmons as our gods in place of Jesus of Nazareth, whom John Ireland & Co. are supposed to adore.

I have it on good authority that Admiral Cervera, after he was taken prisoner, reported to an American Catholic bishop, who called upon him to express his, the bishop's, Christian sympathy—told said bishop that all the Spanish seamen who were under his command made their Easter duties, as Catholics name these obligations, last Easter, before sailing on their perilous voyage of patriotic duty. All Catholics understand this language. All the Protestant readers of the *GLOBE* may not understand it. For their sakes, therefore, I explain that the captive admiral's declaration means that all his men went to confession and holy communion during the last Easter season, showing thereby that they were loyal Catholic Christian souls, and yet our American newspaper infidelism would have us believe that the Spanish are all murderers and fools.

I have no special interest in Spain. I remember when, as a school-boy, the distorted pictures of American histories gave me the blind impression in regard to the Spanish that many of our Americans have to-day; but those impressions are lies. It is of no consequence to me how soon Spain and Italy and all the nations of Europe may be wiped off the face of the earth and sunk in the yawning seas; but it is of consequence to me that the race and nation of which my own life is a part should follow the paths that lead to justice and truth, and not the paths that lead, through lying and pride and stealing and needless murder, to the blackest depths of hell, and

again I warn this nation that our war with Spain, being a crime brought about by American greed and lying, is leading us rapidly to hell. Laugh if you will, but I shall live to see your horse-play laughter turned into burning tears.

It is of no moment to me what the terms of peace may be or how soon ratified; that will in no sense alter the American criminality that produced this war, nor will it affect in the least the consequences to follow said crime.

If John Ireland can excuse and give absolution to the devil, then he may find some excuse in one of the hottest holes of purgatory for his own inflammatory and patriotic bombast during this war of 1898 between the United States and Spain, and I advise him to quit his land speculations for a time and consider a little the moralities of this universe, not wholly neglecting his own.

* * * * *

To go back to poetry again, here is something that may be a wolf in sheep's clothing, and if not so vicious as this, then what is it?

On December 2, 1897, the following poem appeared in a little charity paper called the *Weekly Bouquet*, published in Boston. I give it, heading, signature, and all, just as it appeared at the time named:

For the *Weekly Bouquet*.

SHADOWS.

“ Floating far o'er the hills away!

As over the sky

The light clouds fly,

So o'er the mountains wander they.

“ Sleeping soft on the meadows green—

Fair are the flowers

In Sunbright bowers,

But fairer the flowers those shades between!

“ Dancing light on the ocean spray!

Changing each wave

From gay to grave,

Like the frowning smiles of a child at play.

- “ Sinking deep in the moonlit lake,
 Where the mountains seem
 As if view'd in a dream,
 And a world of purer beauty make.
- “ Falling soft on the dazzled vision,
 When the tender thought,
 By Memory brought,
 Tempers the glare of hopes elysian.
- “ Dropping like balm on the bleeding heart,
 When first it knows
 That love's flame glows
 Stronger and purer when joys depart.
- “ Then take this thought as you gaze abroad:
 That in heaven or earth
 Shades owe their birth
 To light—and light is the shadow of God! ”

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

While I was spending my vacation in Gardiner, Me., this summer, a friend called my attention to the singular beauty of this poem, but remarked that, unfortunately for its author and the *Bouquet*, this same poem appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, London, something over forty years ago, and was about that time copied into various American newspapers and duly credited, without name of author, to the English periodical mentioned. The poem is so beautiful that it will bear repeating here, and here it is precisely as it was printed over forty years ago:

SHADOWS.

- “ Oh, the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
 Floating far o'er the hills away;
 As over the sky
 The light clouds fly,
 So o'er the mountains wander they.
- “ Oh, the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
 Sleeping soft on the meadows green;
 Fair are the flowers
 In Sunbright bowers,
 But fairer the flowers those shades between!

- “ Oh, the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Dancing light on the ocean spray;
 Changing each wave
 From gay to grave,
Like the frowning smiles of a child at play.
- “ Oh, the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Sinking deep in the moonlit lake;
 Where the mountains seem
 As if view'd in a dream,
And a world of purer beauty make.
- “ Oh, the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
In the world without and the world within;
 For joy may borrow
 A charm from sorrow,
And charity smiles on repentant sin.
- “ Oh, the shadows—the beautiful shadows,
Falling soft on the dazzling vision;
 When the tender thought,
 By memory brought
Tempers the glare of hopes elysian.
- “ And there are shadows—merciful shadows;
Dropping like balm on the bleeding heart,
 When first it knows
 That love's flame glows
Stronger and purer when joys depart.
- “ Then bless the shadows—the beautiful shadows;
Then take this thought as you gaze abroad:
 That in heaven and earth
 Shades owe their birth
To Light—and Light is the shadow of God.”

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

It will be seen that Mr. Mason or some other mutilator before him has simply dropped the first line from each stanza of the original poem and published it as an original production of these late days.

To those who are familiar with the comparative style of English and American verse-making, it is plain as the nose on your face—especially after you know the facts—that this poem was never written by an American hailing from Council Bluffs, Ia., or elsewhere in America.

Having the facts before me, and having some knowledge of the sincerity and integrity of the excellent young editor of the *Bouquet*, I wrote him, asking: “Are you quite sure that Mr. Mason sent you that poem as an original poem, written for the *Bouquet*, as stated?”

In a few days promptly came the reply—“Yes”—and, further, that Mr. Mason, though of somewhat mysterious personality to the editor of the *Bouquet*, was a very superior poet, and very prolific withal, sending sometimes as many as twenty good poems at once to said editor, and that Mr. Mason was in the, etc., etc.—in which sources I might find something more in elucidation of him and his work. But I had found enough. Either Mr. Mason is an unmitigated scoundrel passing off other people’s work as his own, or else Mr. Mason is an old man who formerly wrote for *Fraser’s Magazine*, forty or fifty years ago, and is now residing at Council Bluffs, trimming his old work and palming it off as new upon the unsuspecting editors of Boston.

The latter supposition, though improbable, is not impossible. I was writing verses as early as 1855 and earlier. I am still writing verses at times; so that, as to actual age, in youth or at this advanced stage of life, Mr. Mason and the original author may be one and the same person, but even then it would not be honorable for him to sell or offer for sale old poems as if they were new. I hope that Mr. Mason or some of his admirers, old or young, will clear up this little mystery.

Editors of to-day are not supposed to be familiar with all the poems that appeared in the English magazines forty or fifty years ago, nor, indeed, with one-tenth of those that so appeared last year or this year; but any man knows whether the poem he is offering for publication is his own or merely stolen goods, and the same laws of honor apply in the matter of stealing poems as apply in the matter of stealing and selling other stolen articles.

It is beyond question that single poetic thoughts and expressions, even to the extent of whole lines, come to different persons simultaneously in the same country and in different countries. It is also beyond question that the greatest authors of all times have been the

greatest conscious and unconscious plagiarists—Homer and Shakespeare included; but to appropriate a whole poem, word for word, call it by the same name, and palm it off as an original production, is to out-Shakespeare the immortal William and to write one's self down—say a wolf in sheep's clothing, or some other kind of animal, not as easily named.

* * * * *

It seems desirable to call attention and perhaps take some exception to one or two of the articles in this issue. I have published Miss Springer's article on Cuba, not that I agree with all the writer says, but because it gives a dispassionate Cuban-American view of the case. Miss Springer is a native Cuban, of American parents, and has resided for many years in New York.

The converse of her story is that large numbers of so-called Cubans, especially the Cuban rebels, are a half-breed stock, the outcome of mixtures of Cuban, Spanish, and negro blood, giving as a net result the most lazy, treacherous, and insubordinate class of creatures now on this planet; and that, in order to rule them at all, Spain has always been obliged to resort to severe measures. Add to this the fact that for the last one hundred years these Cuban half-breeds have become more and more saturated with what are called liberal French and American ideas—that is, especially with the ideas of personal independence, human equality, easy divorce, and general atheism, and one sees at a glance how utterly out of sympathy such people are and must be with the government of a Catholic country like Spain; and when one remembers that the liberal ideas referred to are all infamous lies, one readily sees how any true Catholic, be he Irish, English, French, American, or what not, ought to be on the Spanish side. But a great many Catholics are far more attached to lies than they are to the truth, unfortunately, hence the attitude of John Ireland & Co. throughout the recent war. But Miss Springer is a Cuban-American Protestant, and her sympathies in the case are excusable.

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The short article by Mr. Croke is of special interest because it gives in a concise and conversational form the ideas of one of England's rising men in regard to "Quo Vadis" and its author. This book and its author have been written up to the skies and down again by any number of American fools called critics, and many of their blundering and bungling views have come under my eyes.

I have not reviewed the book, mainly because everybody else was reviewing it, and because, in my judgment, it is a book that must be read, and read with close attention, to be fully appreciated or understood.

I make these remarks here and now because it is very clear to me that Mr. Gissing only half understands it—that is, he fully and appreciatively comprehends what he calls the human side of it, namely, the characters, situations, plots, and individuals that go to make up the ordinary historic novel of the old Roman era, and he frankly and truly says that in these regards the book is “Pict-uresque and powerful.”

I share this estimate with Mr. Gissing, but when he complains that the canvas is too crowded with figures, I think he proves his modern and more or less insular habit of conformed literary taste. To my mind, the crowding of the canvas in “*Quo Vadis*” is one of its superb attractions, but an Englishman needs to have seen the masses and complications of ancient life under some of its modern breadths and spacings in order to know how true the author of “*Quo Vadis*” is to the essential complications that made the life of old Rome—and especially under Augustus, when the Christian germ of God’s truth was driving the pagan world mad—alike in its hate and luxury, a pandemonium of all the mixed cultures of hell.

There are not too many figures in “*Quo Vadis*,” and the canvas is not crowded. Again, Mr. Gissing is wrong in presuming to find the motif of the novel in the love affair between a Roman youth and a Christian maiden. This is simply one of the leading episodes of the book. There are at least two others, just as intense and more artistic in their outlinings, and yet the best motif, the sublime episodic play of the book, is in the one thing of which Mr. Gissing complains.

The title of the book implies this; the hidden and lurid paths by which, under a thousand intense tutions of life, the author leads up to this, all show that it is not in the Roman youth and the Christian maiden, nor again in Petronius, fine as all the work regarding these persons is, but in the final meeting with the risen Jesus, when he, Peter, after his old manner and like Jonah of old, was about to desert the one crowning duty and glory of his life.

This is the great moment of the book, this the motif toward which all the rest tends. And “*Quo Vadis*”? is the one question that the immortal Christ is putting to every human soul to-day.

True, Peter has become a great figure in human history, especially in Catholic history, but at the time covered by this novel he was still a bungling, half-cowardly, though plainly a devoted and noble soul, and I think that the dominating glory of "Quo Vadis" is that it has treated St. Peter with such kindly and lucid light and has brought him before the world as he was in his lifetime—an impulsive, passionate, but kindly, tender, gentle, faithful, but erring disciple of our Lord—even up to this supposed post-resurrectional meeting, when the simple, angelic, and divine appearance of the risen Christ, reminding Peter that to die was not, after all, to die forever, and that to die for God's truth was to radiate the ages with a new life and light for the world—at last made a martyr-soul out of this wavering fisherman, and sent him down the centuries as the earthly head of his Christ's own undying kingdom of immortal and faithful love.

More than this, it is only in this great climax of the book that the author shows or could show the supreme divinity and the simple, shining, human superiority of Jesus over all his disciples: a lesson that I sometimes think this age—Catholic and Protestant—may have to learn over again, and perhaps in the burning glow of a hundred conflagrations compared with which the burning of Rome and the murder of early Christians were but a sort of Fourth-of-July bonfire, with a human casualty or two thrown in for the amusement of the crowd.

I hold that "Quo Vadis" is the greatest novel that has been written by mortal man since Victor Hugo illuminated earth and heaven with his "Les Miserables," and gave the world a brand new hero in the person of Jean Valjean.

* * * * *

As my bankers charge me ten cents commission for collecting each country check—that is, for each check payable by any bank out of New York—I hope that in future subscribers will remit either by postal, money order, or in currency. Of course, I have reference to small checks. If any persons are moved to send checks for scores or hundreds or thousands of dollars. I do not mind the small commission; but when we have to send bills two or three times a year for a \$2 subscription and then pay ten cents commission to the bankers for collection, the profit in the business is liable to become a loss. But send on your checks anyway.

What with the Czar of Russia appealing to the nations in favor of general disarmament, and the Emperor William, of Germany, seeking closer relations with the Pope and advocating in some sense a restoration of his temporal power, surely there are not wanting signs that we may be nearer than we dream to those thousand years of peace foretold in the scriptures.

The trouble is with Emperors, as with ordinary mortals, that the good impulses which at times move them to generous and Christian words and deeds, are not the average and prevailing impulses of their lives, and that having lived and thought and wrought and builded, and armed themselves and their nations to the teeth for purposes of aggressive warfare and against all Catholic and Christian principles and actions it is not easy to swing their lives or their nations around in an hour or in a decade of years to those thoughts, impulses, and actions that make for justice and peace in this world. Still these impulses and words of the Emperors of Russia and Germany show us how near the world is or may be to a revolution in favor of God and peace.

* * * * *

In the passing away of Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, and Bishop McGovern, of Harrisburg, the Church loses two of its most faithful prelates, and the GLOBE REVIEW two more of its kindest patrons. May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace, and may still nobler men arise to fill their old places in this world.

* * * * *

P. S.—It is known to my near friends that for nearly two years my health has been so undermined by physical suffering that I have not been able to undertake any serious work for more than eight or ten days out of each month, and that, as a matter of fact, I ought not to have been at work at all during this period. I had hoped that my vacation the past summer would have restored my health, but it has not done so, and in view of these facts I am moved to make the following statement and appeal: *First*, that though the GLOBE has appeared regularly, and with no loss of power or usefulness, the impaired condition of my health has involved considerable loss of business and many extra expenses. *Second*, I therefore appeal to all delinquent subscribers to remit at once without further delay, and to all the faithful friends of the GLOBE for any special and generous offerings that they can afford. *Third*, I here and now offer the GLOBE REVIEW for sale to any parties at \$20,000 cash, or I will sell a one-half interest to satisfactory parties for \$10,000, provided said parties will take the entire editorial and business management off my hands at least for one year so that I may have entire rest. *Fourth*, I will announce the general result of these statements in the December GLOBE REVIEW and outline its immediate future, it being understood, that if no satisfactory purchasers appear I shall continue the GLOBE as long as I am able.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

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REFORM THE REFORMATION, ETC.

FOR many years I have intended to write an article on the above theme. I have always known that the article I had in mind would be called reversionary, and that it would be unpopular, and while these considerations have in no way deterred me from the work there seemed to be nothing, or but little in current history to supply motive and inspiration for the article in question; that is, nothing of sufficiently popular and striking interest in connection with which to utter the thoughts I had and have in mind.

Our recent war with Spain, however, plus the apparent and subtilly anti-Catholic, infidel and so-called Masonic intriguing pretty clearly at the bottom of this war; plus again, the anti-Catholic and infidel tendencies in modern French Democracy; plus again, the more friendly attitude of Germany toward the Catholic church, and the appeal for disarmament by the Czar of Russia; plus again, the scatter-brained, false-headed and false-hearted attitude of large numbers of so-called Liberal American Catholics toward the aims and ambitions of modern American Democracy as illustrated in their comments upon America in general and upon our war with Spain in particular, have led me to feel that the time has come to bundle together the Reformation of Luther and the French and American Revolutions, and once for all to appeal to the reason of mankind and to the eternal God of justice and reason, to treat these accursed upheavals of our later centuries as they deserve, and to burn them

root and branch in the fires of quenchless truth and human honor.

I was finally moved to undertake this article by reading the following paragraph in the "Catholic Telegraph," of Cincinnati, of September 8, 1898. Here is the quotation, heading and all, as it appeared on the date given:

"Returning soldiers honored in a grand speech by Dr. Stafford of the Catholic University. At the public meeting held in Washington, D. C., to do honor to the returning soldiers, Rev. D. J. Stafford, D. D., delivered the following eloquent and patriotic oration:

"'The foundation of the American Republic is, without a single exception, the most important act in the civil history of the world. It is an act of the most sublime confidence in man. Others had built upon prestige, vested rights, traditions, theories of government, or the sword. Here for the first time a nation was built upon man.'"

The oration went on in this vein of eloquent rhetoric to the extent of about two columns in the newspaper named, and doubtless it was well received and applauded.

In the first place I wish to define what I have quoted from Dr. Stafford's oration as unmitigated rot, false to God Almighty; false to the entire history of the world up to the time that Tom Paine taught Tom Jefferson the false principles of French and English infidelism; false to every form of government instituted by God and his chosen servants in all the families and nations of the world up to the time that Sam Adams, of Boston, instigated the first American rebellion; false to every true theory of anthropology and humanity that divine inspiration and the best thoughts of the best thinkers of the ages have together promulgated; false to all good government human and divine in all the past and in the present ages of the world; false therefore to essential Catholicism, which is at once the utterance of the divine and the best human soul of the universe, and true only to the accursed theories of humanity started by French atheism and wrought into the so-called Declaration of American Independence, by a set of men, who, instead of presuming to form new constitutions for the future nations of the world, ought to have been strapped to wooden chairs, fed on bread and water, and made to learn the catechisms which their rebellious pride and ambition had led them to despise.

I am so satisfied of the truth and value of what I am saying, that were I Pope for a decade I would mildly seize this man Stafford, and his superiors, John Ireland and John Keane, and every American Catholic priest and prelate who would not utterly renounce the general theories of Americanism that these men are advocating, and I would still more gently place them all together into some impromptu Trappist monastery in the darkest regions of Africa, until by mutual association, thinking and occasional missionary efforts among the negroes, they had learned true theories of God, of human history, of human government, and were ready to be honorable and obedient servants of that true church, which is, and ever has been, and ever must be, on the side of loyalty to God, to the government of the church and to every form of human government, based upon the eternal principles of right and wrong, which have been at the basis of all governments that have ever existed in this world, until the atheist and infidel rebels that founded the French Republic and the Republic of the United States thought that they had discovered new principles of human government based upon the so-called natural rights of man.

I am well aware that many of my Catholic readers would rather that I confined my remarks to the Reformation of Luther and perhaps the French Revolution. They are afraid that to criticise and oppose the fundamental falsehoods of Americanism in the name of a Catholic, may militate against the present and temporal interests of the Church in the United States, and lead to a misunderstanding of it. In God's name what right have Catholics to expect to be understood and patronized and petted by the government of the United States?

To my mind it had been better that we were all misunderstood and persecuted even to the burning of our churches and the martyrdom of our lives, than that John Ireland & Co., as Catholics, should have taken the position taken by them in our recent American-Spanish war. I am deadly in earnest on this question. It is my purpose to show that the reformation of Luther, which all Catholics despise, and the political revolutions in France and the American colonies are precisely of the same, bastard, renegade inherent and damnable essence of needless, lawless, Godless rebellion; that if one is true, as this man Stafford proclaims, then are they all true; that rebellion is divine, that falsehoods, as to the rights and equalities of man, etc., are

God's truths ; that the Almighty blundered utterly in His poor efforts to establish just governments for man in this world, until Tom Paine gave Him a tip and taught Him how ; that Protestantism, which is in spirituals precisely what Tom Painism is in temporal politics, was divine, is divine ; that Luther, the apostate noisy rhetorical John Ireland of his day, was not only a hero but a god that men rightly ought to worship. In a word, if Americanism is true, Lutherism is true ; in fact, that Americanism was born of Lutherism ; that both are divine, and that the Catholic church might as well sell out to Rockefeller and the Baptists, until all are immersed in the hot water hells of future American prosperity. There are but three forms of human government known to the history of the world. *First*, The Patriarchal ; *Second*, The Monarchical ; *Third*, The Democratic, so-called.

The patriarchal form of government was God's and nature's first form of human regulation of affairs. It was and is based upon the assumed mental, physical and moral superiority of the male head of each human family and, therefore, by virtue of the facts here assumed, it was based upon the eternal principles of justice and reason that are supposed to be at the root of the divine government of the universe.

It is of no moment, whatever, that noisy and ignorant female termagants like S. B. Anthony and J. W. Howe orate against these primal assumptions, or against the scriptures and the early governments of the nations that grew out of them.

The admitted fact that occasionally a woman may have more brain and more brassy conceit than the average male head of a human family, in no manner or degree weakens the fact of the average superiority of the man in all elements required for sound government, nor does it therefore weaken or disparage one iota the divinity of that order of government which from the earliest ages put the reins in the hands of the male head of the family, and so constituted what through all ages has been known as the patriarchal or primal form of government in this world.

A careful reading of the history of all human governments reveals the fact that as the families of men increased, and as the older patriarchal heads of families died, their descendents having grown into family clans and these again into tribes, the elder male representative of each clan, or tribe, if rational,

became the governor of his clan or tribe. In a word, it is clear as day that every form of clan and tribal government known to the ages of the past was a rational, natural, and I hold that it was a divinely appointed outgrowth of the primal and divine arrangement known as the patriarchal form of government among men.

Still, as clans and tribes increased in numbers and ambitions, and grew into what in all races has been known as *nations*, or the combination of many tribes and clans in one homogeneous people or various peoples, the same law of rulership prevailed, and by the heads, or patriarchs, or elders, or princes, or able men of the various tribes, kings, or the ablest men of all the tribes have been chosen as rulers of each combination of tribes called a nation of men.

So that kingship, in its essence, according to all history, is but an enlargement of the patriarchal form of government. Still, again, as nations of men have found themselves at war, and under various forms of pressure in need of still larger combinations of national life, the princes and kings of said nations have chosen Emperors, representing still, first, the patriarchal, and second, the kingly, form of government, and the eternal principle upon which all this is based is first, that God is just, and wise, juster and wiser than ordinary men, that the father of a family, the head of a tribe, the head of a nation or the head of an Empire, stands in the place of the god-father to his people--and, by virtue of his years, his experience, his position, his responsibility, his councillors and all the combinations of history that have placed him where he is, a wiser man, an abler man, than the average hod carrier, petti-fogger, priest or what not, that is not in the way of securing the information or wielding the power of all the representatives of all the patriarchs of all time.

To carry this bird's eye glance at the history of human government a little further, it is a well known fact that time out of mind patriarchs, kings and emperors have had among their chief moral and intellectual advisers, the prophets and high priests or the spiritual and divinely appointed moral guides of the people, so that, in countless thousands of cases known to history the supreme moral guide of a people has become also the supreme guide of the patriarch, king or emperor. In a word, there has been time out of mind an acknowledged inter-

dependence between the patriarchal or kingly ruler and the spiritual guide of the people.

I shall speak of the origin and development of this moral and spiritual guide later on. Here I assume that in some way he has always had his commission from Heaven and is again somewhat different from and superior to the average citizen of Khartoum, or of London, or New York in these late days. Here I bring in the world old relationship of the prophet or priest to the patriarch or king only to intimate, that perhaps God and the rulers of all the nations and peoples of the world, thus represented and manifested, were not the absolute imbeciles and inhuman fools that Dr. Stafford and Tom Paine would have us believe. In a word, and on the basis of the facts stated I hold, *First*, that all the governments of all the peoples and nations of the world up to the time of Boston Sam Adams & Co., were "*based upon man*" just as literally, far more beneficently and with infinitely more reason, than was the government founded in rebellion by Thomas Jefferson & Co., a little more than one hundred years ago; *Second*, that The Declaration of Independence, upon which this American government was founded, is a baseless and infamous lie, that men have never been born equal or with equal rights and privileges; that we, as a people, have never been governed in accordance with said Declaration of Independence; that it is utterly impossible to govern a family, a tribe, a State, a nation, an empire or a pig sty on any such so-called Declaration; that men have always been born unequal with unequal rights and privileges, that vested and hereditary and unequal powers of individuals have always been a fact in human history and will so remain till time shall end.

I am not claiming perfection for any form of human government. That is another question. In fact, perfection or a perfectly working harmony for any form of human affairs, is as inconceivable as it is impossible in this world, men, and especially women, being what they are. Even the Church and its rulers have blundered in many things, but of this later on.

Nor am I insisting that the male line of the patriarchal idea shall always and absolutely be adhered to. I gladly admit the occasional superiority of mind and position that fall to the lot of women. Nor am I insisting upon absolute adherence to what in modern times is know as hereditary monarchy. I am here only asserting that the patriarchal and its evolved kingly

and imperial forms of government that have existed in all previous ages of the world, have been more absolutely based upon the true principles and theories and rights, and nature of man, of mankind and of womankind, hence have been more rational, more moral and more divine than a government like ours, based upon an absolute lie, ever has been or ever can be, and I appeal to the God of truth and to the Church of The Living God to sustain me in this position.

I know that it is re-actionary, so-called. It has taken me forty years to work it out of the blasphemous idiocies of modern Protestantism and modern Americanism. But it is God's truth all the same, and the Church in America must live up to it or die. Heckerism is as bad as Tom Painism; both are hatched in the untaught rebellious conceitedness of individual pride; both are of the devil and both must be rooted out of modern history before we can have any approach to sound government or true peace in this world.

I am not denying the right of revolution or reformation in Church or in State. On the contrary, I assert this right in both cases, as neither Popes, nor kings, nor heads of religious orders, nor generals of armies are infallible in all things. And as all are human, hence sinful, like the rest of us, they are liable to err in opposition to truth and justice at times. Of course I accept the infallibility of the Pope when ruling *ex-cathedra* on questions of dogma and morals, but such rulings cover only a few utterances of the life of any Pope; hence, for the sake of being as liberal as possible, I include him in the general order of the natural fallibility of all human rulers; and this fallibility and imperfection being admitted, it follows as the night the day, that the greatest as well as the least of spiritual and temporal rulers will err at times, hence is involved what is known as the natural and inherent right of revolution and reformation.

I have no doubt that there were enormous and evil tendencies in the church in the time of Luther as in the time of Savonarola, as, in fact, in all past times, and above all in the present time and in America; but the true spirited reformer ever since our Lord founded His Church, has reformed from within and in accordance with and in obedience to its laws.

Thus Savonarola preached the needed truth of his hour and died for it in the church with his sacred vestments about him; while Giardano Bruno, because he could not preach his pro-

found and yet heretical theories of God and the soul rebelled and went out of the church, and Luther, following Bruno's example, rebelled and lived in rebellion. I wish to make this discrimination clear and plain. Being so differently constituted men cannot always see alike, or think alike, no matter how good Catholics they may be; hence, while the church has from the first been absolute in its fundamental creeds and observances, it has in the procession of ages added to these creeds and observances, and it is my fixed faith that the true church has the same right to rule upon and enforce any new dogma or regulation of worship to-day that the early church had at Jerusalem nineteen hundred years ago. In this pliability of the doings of the church is one of the most masterful evidences of its universality. As precisely on its human side it is one of its tenderest needs of humility and charity. And in both combined is the natural reasonableness of the inherent right of reformation within its own borders. But Luther and Calvin and Hecker were rebels against the constituted and voluntarily accepted law of the church precisely as Sam Adams and Tom Jefferson were rebels against the constituted law of the land in which they lived, and my position is that while reformation, complaint, protest, argument, invective, appeal and re-appeal are all legitimate within the Church as within the State, the priest that violates his vows because of some notion of his own, or the citizen that violates and plots against the laws of the State because of some notion of his own, is alike a rebel and a traitor, deserving of being hung. And the fact that the Pope did not catch Luther and hang him, and the fact that George III. did not catch Sam Adams and hang him, in no way invalidates the soundness of my position; namely, that lawless and disobedient traitors in Church or State deserve to be hung.

So far my thought is that the old patriarchal, kingly and imperial forms of governments, especially as aided by the theocratic wisdom of the priest and prophet, have always been as estimable and human and far more true and divine than the modern democracies of France and America, based exclusively on the so-called natural equalities and rights of man.

Were I writing a book instead of an article I could readily show from the history of the last three thousand years among all nations of the world that said patriarchal, kingly and imperial governments have been wiser, more humane, less expensive,

less war-like and less brutal every way than have been the governments of the republics of America, France, Brazil, etc. In a word, it were easy to show, on the basis of history, that Dr. Stafford's Republican forms of government, said to have been based upon man but really based upon hell, have been as false to God and man in their origin, as they have been false to God and man, and reason and truth, and honor and virtue in their experimental exercise of power up to this hour; but I do not propose to go into ancient history or to worry the reader with dry detail.

Again, while admitting the natural imperfections of all human forms of government, and, on the basis of this fact, claiming the rights of reformation and revolution in serious and dire need, my position is that the reformation or revolution must come from within the ruling bodies of church or State and proceed in legal form to its final consummation, and that as Lutherism, Robespierism and Sam Adamism did not proceed in this way they were alike rebellious against sound reason, stable government and all that is worth holding to in this world.

That Luther succeeded in getting tens of thousands of other rebels to follow him, counting among them kings and renegade priests, and that Sam Adams succeeded in getting tens of thousands of rebels to follow him until America, France, Brazil, Cuba, etc., etc., are full of successful rebels, called patriots in these days, in no wise weakens my position, and any fool reader of history knows that all the business done by all the Republics of the world up to this hour is liable to be undone by one great war lasting not more than a year. At all events, the principles here enumerated are the grounds on which I demand a reformation of the Reformation and a revolution that shall put the Declaration of American Independence on the index of eternal contempt, and give to this splendid land of America a government worthy the genius that discovered it, worthy the blood of human sacrifice with which it has become sacred, and worthy the real rights and reason of mankind.

If Luther, for all his ability, had not been a moral coward and a libertine, there would have been no reformation in Germany. Zwingli, M'Langthon and the rest would have quietly submitted to proper authority, Calvin would never have become the hard-headed tyrant he proved to be, and France would have been

saved from some of the most cursed features of atheism that have ever darkened the mind of man. If Henry VIII. had not been a monster of falsehood and cowardly lust, with a weak tool like Cranmer at his bidding, the Church of England would still have been to-day, as it had been for all the centuries before Henry VIII.'s existence, a part of, and loyal to, the Church of Rome.

In a word the Reformation, root and branch, was a corrupt, fungus growth, immoral at heart and of conduct, wrong-headed, opposed to all sound principles of truth and government, and notwithstanding the fact that to-day and for ages there have been many saintly souls in the Protestant churches with much of the old and true Catholic devotion in their lives, the whole conglomeration known as Protestantism, root and branch, must be reformed, and individually or in bulk, do exactly what Luther, the apostate rebel, failed to do, answer to the true authority of Rome, admit and accept obedience thereto, or go on spewing up Calvins, and Sam Adamases and French Revolutions and American Revolutions to the end of time. Protestantism is the seed of Americanism and Americanism is hell.

In fact, almost precisely the same relationship of things obtained between the American colonies and the home government at the time of the American Revolution that existed between Luther & Co. and the Pope at the time of the German reformation, so-called, and the Catholic to-day, that condemns Luther & Co. and shouts for Thomas Jefferson & Co. is an infernal fool.

I am well aware that the government of the Catholic Church has an element of divinity in it that does not, as palpably to the mind of American Catholics, at least, inhere in or adhere to any temporal form of government on the face of the earth, but there is an element of divinity in all true forms of government, and my general position is that disloyalty to one is practically as devilish and certainly as damnable in its results as disloyalty to the other.

Had Luther, Calvin & Co. applied in proper form to the authority of Rome, had they argued their case and their thesis before the true spiritual tribunal of the world, justice and truth would have been granted them, and the unity of the Church have been practically unbroken to this day.

Had the colonial governors of the American colonies or their

accredited representatives presented their grievances to the British Parliament at the time of the American Revolution and argued their case, truth would have triumphed and justice without revolution, and all the crimes and iniquities that follow its train would have been granted the colonies, and in my judgment we would have been so, a greater, a more moral, a more successful and a happier people than we are to-day.

Of course, I am aware that statements of grievances were presented to Parliament and the king, and I am also aware that those grievances were being considered and righted as fast as possible when a set of unauthorized rebels and traitors—not representatives of the established government at all—but mere purchased hirelings of ambitious cliques of men such as forced this government into its recent war with Spain, by every sort of mountebank speech making, pamphleteering, etc., etc., stirred up the rebellious and warlike spirit of the Americans and forced the war with England, which resulted in what we call our independence. And such independence! After a century of so-called independence, sixty millions of the smartest people on earth have the honor of being governed by Major McKinley. Why? Because he was a poor debtor to a millionaire manipulator who wanted his money back and saw no other way of getting it; and for Secretary of State, in the places of Hamilton, Webster and Seward, we have a man by the name of Hay, a third or fourth rate literary hack, with fifth rate mental ability, no training in politics or statesmanship, no mind to train in such matters, and why? Simply because John Hay was fortunate enough to marry a rich relation of the same rich manipulator that made Major McKinley President. And we are ruled with less regard to constitutional law and the rights of man than any nation of the old world to-day; but this is what we call being independent, that is, as I take it, this is our moral blindness, our stultification, and among the crude and accursed results of the downfall that we call the American Revolution, and that Dr. Stafford praises, like a fool.

Again and again, in the pages of this magazine I have called attention to the fact generally admitted in these days among intelligent Americans even, that the mental, moral, social and political status of the governors and governments of the American colonies previous to and at the time of the American Revolution, was in every way superior to the corresponding

status of these same colonies become powerful States in these days. That is, spite of our newspaper and other enlightenment, spite of our spread eagle screams of liberty and civilization, spite of our universal public school education, spite of all our wonderful inventions of short cuts to knowledge, light and heaven, we are, as to our governors and governments, at least, a less enlightened, a less moral and a less able crowd than were our forefathers under British rule a hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Like rulers like people, and I have no doubt that the average mental, moral and political status of our entire population is lower to-day than it was one hundred years ago.

At this point the bull-headed and pig-headed down-East Yankee calls out that the foreign elements have come in and prostituted our early American immaculateism. But that is sheer unreasoning folly and impudence such as the down-East Yankee is always given to.

Were not the inhabitants and governors of the original colonies foreigners? English, French, Irish, German, etc.—just as the majority of them are to-day? And have not the millions of emigrants that have come to these shores from all nations of the earth during the last one hundred years been on an average equal in mind, morals and general ability to the emigrants that came here during the one hundred years previous to our American Revolution? But you never can get a Yankee to reason or to see and admit the truth about any thing. He knows it all, always has known it all, and always will know it all, and there's an end of it. And the Yankee woman is precisely like the Yankee man, only insufferably more so. She not only knows it all, but is determined to force her ignorant presumption down the throat of God Almighty and into the ears of the entire race; hence we have such screaming termagants abroad as Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. J. W. Howe, and such gangs of impertinent female cacklers as make up the noisy broods of the Young People's Christian Endeavor Associations, etc., etc.

Nevertheless, this fearful truth remains that in morals, mind and manners the United States of to-day have retrograded as compared with the morals, mind and manners of our forefathers under British rule, a century and a quarter ago, and it cannot be explained by the deluges of emigration to this country, as I have said.

How do I explain it? Simply that the so-called principles at the basis of our so-called Revolution and our Republic were lies to the core, and further that as far as there was any good, or truth, or beneficence in those so-called principles, that is the very element that we as a nation have not lived up to, but have flouted, trod upon and murdered, until during the last forty years especially, this land so far from being governed on the basis of the so-called rights of man, and for man has been governed by hard-headed, unprincipled and unscrupulous plutocrats, for plutocrats and for the devil, and if John Ireland, John Stafford, John Keane or any other so-called Catholics, liberal or what not, have become so morally stultified that they cannot or will not see this, I advise them to resign their positions in the Catholic Church, to give up all pretense of being honest or intelligent men, and at once to enter the service of the devil, and of such Free Masonry or other devil's brotherhood as will receive and initiate them. Even the newspapers, when half drunk and liable to speak the truth, admit the general imbecility of our State and National governments, and that august hypocrite, John Wanamaker, shop-keeper, Sunday School teacher, and ex-postmaster general under Ben Harrison, has lately arisen time and again to show up the corruption of modern politics. But Wanamaker and the newspaper judges are the least intelligent, the least moral and the least honorable of all the millions of our American citizens; yet we persist in claiming for our history the leadership of the civilization of the world. Such is the blindness that a hundred years of rebellion and cant have woven and burnt into our blood and bones; and this is what Dr. Stafford & Co. glory in.

When I bring forth these arguments with pugnacious individual Americans, they admit that our government is weak and bad, that our morals are not to be commended, and that our intellectual culture will not in any way compare with that of England during the last one hundred years, but they add: "see what we have done in a material way; see how we can fight, etc, etc."

In number nineteen of this magazine, about two years ago, and under the title of "Comparative English and American Culture," I met this average boast of the average American by showing that old and despised England had not only outstripped us in every form of mental and moral culture during the last

hundred years, but that taking her work in Canada, in India, in Australia, in Africa, and in all the islands of the seas, she had immensely outstripped us in commerce and in all the ways that go to make for what we call the advancing civilization of the world; *therefore*, the argument is conclusive, that had we remained loyal to British rule, we should not only have done better and grown more in every direction than we have grown, but incalculably more so. In truth, we have gobbled from weaker but highly civilized nations vast areas of territories adjacent to our original colonies; have slowly outraged and murdered the aborigines, outraged and enslaved at first and then spoiled the negro, ostracised the Chinese, flouted every civilized nation on earth, made literally millions of laws that are the laughing stock of all civilization, and have to-day a vast continent whose public roadways, whose agriculture, and whose political manipulation are all unworthy any people on earth claiming to be civilized. But we have protected plutocrats and plutocratic industries so-called, until this continent and these sixty millions of free American citizens are dominated by a few small cleaques of the most unprincipled speculators, money grabbers, and money lenders to be found on the face of the earth to-day. And this is what Dr. Stafford and John Ireland and their like call the most human and the most advanced civilization of the world at this hour.

In due time, when I have gathered all the needed facts, it is my purpose to show especially that John Ireland belongs to one of these small cleaques, and for that reason is constantly thrusting his interference into the corrupt politics of this country, and acting as if he were the representative of the Pope instead of the representative of his own base ambitions.

If you ask me how do I expect to reform the Reformation and to revolutionize the French and American revolutions? my answer is plain and very earnest. *First* and absolutely, that universal Protestantism, including, of course, the Church of England, must return individually and collectively to the faith and obedience of the one and only Catholic Church, as it and it alone is the divinely appointed representative of Jesus Christ in this world, and as it alone has the stability of faith and government needed for the moral and spiritual guidance of every human soul. And I do not expect this to happen in a day. I expect and know, as I have often stated in this maga-

zine, that infidelity, atheism, socialism, rebellions, masonry and every form of Godless and Churchless unbelief under a thousand disguises, in and out of the church, will increase and multiply before any such general turning of the heart of the world to the true representative of our Lord and Saviour can or will come; and I count among the worst foes of the Church to-day those Catholics who would minimize the difference between infidel and rebellious Protestantism and true Catholic faith, and who would and who do dream and proclaim that American republicanism, so-called, is a sort of millenium of God and humanity in this world. Indeed, I do not expect this moral and spiritual reformation of the Reformation to come purely in peaceful ways and by purely moral suasion.

The Reformation, so-called, and the revolutions growing out of it, came not merely by loss of faith, but through blood, through robberies on the part of the so-called reformers, through wars and through infinite anguish of the human race up to this hour, and so will come the new Reformation toward faith and obedience to God's own true church.

The children's children cannot escape the iniquities of their forefathers. We shall all have to suffer the tortures of the damned, but as infidelity and repeated rebellion increase, and plutocrats in the hire of hell grow more and more into unrestrained control of the nations, men's hearts will weary of the Protestant and rebellious iniquity, men's eyes will be opened, as mine have at last been opened, through infinite suffering, to see the hollowness and falsehood of the cause we call modern French and American civilization, and in sheer hunger and blindness crying for light and rest, the gates of Heaven will be once more lifted up and new floodtides of faith and charity will bless the world.

Above all will the new Revolution come in blood. That infamous falsehood called the equality of man drenched all France in blood. By its iniquitous falsehood and shams it has deluged the fair face of this virgin continent of the earth already with the blood of millions of men, and though the lie has never prevailed in practice in France or in the United States, the pretensions of it have led both nations into senseless, needless and fearful wars. So also will the reversion be. Men will see the hypocrisy of human rights executed by plutocratic rulers in the spirit of human wrongs. Men will see that newspaperism

is one of the most lying and corrupt of all the agencies of modern life. Men will see that the ballot, bought and sold as it is in the markets of the money lenders of the world, is no more than a whif of straw ; men will see that what has been called the uprising of the power and the education of the masses, being Godless and foul, and purchasable in every market, are the uprising not of humanity but of hell in the corrupt and ignorant hearts and minds of the corrupt leaders of the masses. Men will see that governments chosen by the methods of this education and this ballot are viler and weaker than any respectable governments have ever been in this world, and that what is needed is a government for modern civilization, based once more upon the true principles of man and mankind ; that whether by universal suffrage or by limited suffrage, and I do not care which, we must somehow get at the ablest and best men in every nation to be our rulers and directors in educational, military and political affairs ; in fact, that you cannot get at these by universal suffrage purchasable by scoundrels, and the discontent will be such that wars and revolutions upon revolutions will come till the ablest men in our republican nations will per force be brought to the front again, and in those days these men—undreamed of to-day, though they may be alive and among us—will, once more in the name of the God of battles, Cromwell-like, when the kings of England proved themselves fools, or, Sherman-like, when this nation was dying in the final throes of rebellion thirty odd years ago, they will prove to us how unequal are the abilities and the rights of man, and in the new revolution they will teach us the old commands again : that children should obey their parents, that the weak need to be governed by the strong, that inequalities of birth and ability argue inequalities of rights and education, and instead of aiming to make whole nations of mental thieves and libertines, the new rulers of these present republics turned once more into rational or imperial but actual governments by the able men for the sake of the less able, we shall—through the hand of God and war—once more have some new manifestation of the patriarchal, the kingly, the imperial, form of government, and the millions of the new nations, glad and grateful to be relieved from the infamies of republican politics, and glad of real freedom, will wonder what nightmare of error and idiocy had possessed them so long.

It is every where seen and admitted that true religion and true greatness of mind and morals have no influence in the Republican politics of France and the United States to-day. John Ireland, before the outbreak of our recent American-Spanish war, rushed to Washington as if he were the Ablegate of the Pope in this land and blustered with his pet Major McKinley, as if he could influence McKinley, or as if McKinley wanted to be influenced in favor of peace, while our Masonic and mad and murderous government, in the Senate and the House of Representatives (of the devil) had resolved not only on war, but on an anti-Catholic war; and then Ireland, with his usual senseless foolery, preached patriotism and defence of our murderous flag, and when the brave boys that had not been starved to death, or shot, or died of neglect and disease, came back from our infamous war, John Stafford fed their inflamed imaginations and their diseased bodies and souls on the infernal husks and lies of American democracy so-called.

Had our government been anything but a rotten carcass of vile ambition and falsehood, and had the hierarchy of the United States been anything but an over-fed congregation of diluted and deluded cowardice, they might have presented a solid front against the murderous, congressional infamy that forced this war upon our nation, but the government itself was in the hire of the devil known as the gold bug, John Ireland being largely responsible for the last deal of the nation with said devil, and the combined hierarchy of the United States, were too wedded to their fat livings, were too deluded to see God's truth in the issue, too wedded to Stafford's idea of Americanism to dare to dream of opposing it, and withal, too conscious that our government being at heart devilish, they could not, dared not, and would not try to interfere.

In God's own time, when the world is riper than now for the counter revolutions and reforms of which I speak, men very different from Peacock Miles, and hack politician Alger will be at the head of our armies, and very different men from Ireland, Corrigan & Co., will lead the powers of the church of God in this broad and glorious land.

That the old Hebrew prophets derived their power and authority direct from the eternal source of justice and truth in this world, is palpable to all men except those apologies for men who run the republics of modern times. That the true Catholic Church

derived its power and authority from the incarnate Son and soul of this old eternal justice I have no more doubt than I have of my own existence, but that the descendants in our day of the old Hebrew prophets are, as a rule, a soulless, immoral race of usurers, and that vast numbers of the modern representatives of the apostolic church of Christ are the merest slaves to and abettors of these same usurers, is as plain as that their mental blindness and their moral cowardice, are a disgrace to the name of Jesus and to any true and upright man that ever lived.

In the new reformation toward truth of manhood and justice in human governments once more Judases by the hundred will hang themselves or be hung, and the sword of God's own truth will cut asunder the rotten and selfish hearts of thousands who are now called practical Catholics as well as more thousands of hypocrite and infidel Protestants; and after that men will see that Tom Paine & Co. were liars, that Americanism and Lutheranism have been among the darkest delusions that have ever wrecked humanity, and God, and truth, and justice, and honor will once more be names to conjure by, and peace, and faith and charity will have a home in our world again.

It is my solemn judgment, based on forty years of study, that in all the tides of time, there never was a society more hardened in wrong, injustice and every bitter form of crime than the society made up of the ruling classes of the French and American Republics of our day.

It reaches from the unborn, the still-born and the grudgingly-born and murdered infants in our cradles to the gray heads of tens of thousands of godless and consciousnessless men and women of all classes in both these lands, and nothing but such universal anguish as shall wring the heart of the world till it drops with blood, will bring this boasted civilization to its knees and to repentance, faith and truth and loyalty once more.

I do not despise one whit more the murderous government of the United States that forced our recent war with Spain than I despise that portion of the American Catholic hierarchy, priesthood and people who in their insufferable idiocy and cowardice hounded it on and aided in the bloody and inhuman butchery.

Church and State alike are once more damned by the laws of God and his own Son of righteousness and peace, and it is because of this unnatural and twofold blindness and wrong that I

at last appeal to the reason and truth of eternal justice for a counter-revolution toward righteousness, and truth, and peace, and I swear before Heaven to the present French and American Catholic and Protestant world, that no matter under what name or for what conservative or other reason they oppose the simple truths of Christ's own words regarding righteousness and truth and charity, and no matter how they protect themselves, by damnable laws, by mountains of gold, or in marble palaces of ease, the counter-revolution here foretold and advocated will come and sweep their burning lies to hell and deluge the world in blood again until we have learned that God is God, that Christ is God and that we must obey his laws or die.

I do not admit that the source of political authority or power is in the consent or choice of the people or the governed. As a matter of fact it never has been so and never can be. It is a mere theory based upon the false notions of humanity that I have here called infamous lies. And of course I do not admit or dream that the source of any spiritual authority or power is in the consent of the governed.

The human family did not spring into being by an accident understood only by Tom Paine & Co. The fountain of all authority is God and the eternal laws of justice by which He has ever governed the universe, and the only true delegation of this authority to mortal man either in the temporal or spiritual sphere ever has been, is now and ever will be, first through the naturally evolved patriarchal headship, leading up, as we have seen, to every form of kingly and imperial power, and second, through the direct inspiration of God given to the world through his inspired prophets of old, and through the hierarchy of the Church in these Christian ages. The one is temporal, hereditary, or by choice of the heads of families; the other is spiritual, by direct gift of God through his prophets and in these last days through his Son.

I hold that the two are as different from one another as day is different from night; that the church has no business to meddle with or touch, or control or attempt to wield the temporal power, and that it is always debased as it presumes to seek or hold it, except as an advisory wisdom given when asked, to the temporal powers or governments of the nations, and the State absolutely must not, can not, and by the Eternal never shall, attempt to control, influence, dominate, or interfere

with the latter ; but I speak more at length on this subject in another article in this issue.

Here I refer to it only to indicate how radical my thoughts are on this question of government which Dr. Stafford seems to think was never understood till Tom Paine & Co. announced what they called the rights of man.

I might admit that in the existing state of human government in France and the United States, and in the counter reformation and revolution that are sure to come, the heads of families possessing a certain amount of property, and of approved and established intelligence, might choose the new rulers of the future, but I have no idea that the counter revolution and reformation will come that way.

The old order went out and the new order came in through rebellion and blood, and the old order will return through a new assertion of justice, and through still more blood and deeper anguish ; and in those days it will be as it always has been, the tools to him who can use them.

The truly great men of the future—being in league with God and eternal justice as of old and always—will assert their power and the money lenders, and the deluded masses now oppressed by them will fall into line like the natural slaves they are when in the presence of and under the direction of superior human souls.

Then will God and his truth find respect again, and all hireling parsons, prelates, voters, black, white and yellow, will obey as gladly as well-born and well-trained children ever have obeyed their parents, who by Divine right were their rightful superiors and rulers.

Of course I understand that all our public schools, our Masonic Lodges, our false theories of man and government, will have to go under in those days, but they have gone under before on this earth and they are bound to go under and die in hell before any true government or any true church can again exist and prosper in this at present devil ridden and hell ruled world.

Bring on your objections, and in God's own time He will run his bayonets of quenchless justice through your rotten churches and your rotten State, until the most rebellious of you have learned obedience by the things which you shall suffer and shall be glad to be actually governed once more.

I hold that the anglo-American Tories of 1776 were the seed-grains of pure loyalty to true government, and I predict that before 1976 these seeds will have developed into the sinews of a new patriotism that shall overturn the ignorant and accursed slaves of plutocrats who now pretend to govern this land in the name of freedom and humanity, and that long before the second date mentioned the "Daughters of the Revolution" will be looking for available husbands among the new American Tories of the century already near at hand.

To my mind nothing in the professional life of all ages of the world equals the flaunting and brazen stupidity of those American Catholic prelates and priests who keep on asserting that this land alone recognizes man for his manhood, and that our form of government is peculiarly favorable to Roman Catholic faith and life; the simple truth being that in no other land on earth is true manhood, intellectual and moral worth and true character so flouted, despised, and unrecognized as in our country, where liars, gamblers, cut-throats, ignoramuses, incompetents and congressional murderers hold sway.

Why do I stay here? I have been here so long that I have grown almost to feel at home with the honorable gentlemen mentioned. Then the land belonged to my forefathers and will still revert to their children's children. Besides, I am here to teach you these very truths and your great-grandchildren will bless me for having told you the truth and prepared your minds for the changes that await you.

The Reformation will be reformed by the grace of God, acting in individual lives, and the Tom Paine revolutions will be reformed by cutting their rotten hearts out, and Indian like, hanging them in the sun to dry.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

CUBA OFFERED FOR SALE.

MORE than once has the fate of Cuba trembled in the balance. While Queen Cristina held the reigns of government during the minority of her daughter, Queen Isabella II., she offered the island to France for thirty million reals and the Phillipine Islands and Porto Rico for ten million more. This scheme was concocted in 1836 to raise money to carry on her intrigues, for this weak and wicked woman was willing to squander her daughter's possessions to further her own selfish ends.

Fortunately for Spain, Cristina chose a loyal and patriotic Spaniard, Senor Campuzano, whom she sent as a special envoy to Paris to negotiate the sale with Prince Talleyrand. Campuzano accepted this commission with a mental reservation that loyalty to his country was paramount to compliance with a woman's whim. Several meetings were held and finally the document was presented to King Louis Phillippe for his signature. Campuzano was agitated and torn by conflicting emotions. The article respecting Cuba was speedily settled, but when it came to the Phillipine Islands the King remarked that England would look with jealous eyes on France's acquisition of these islands and war might be the result. Therefore he demanded a reduction and haggled at the price, stating that seven million reals was all that he would give, or else the contract might be thrown into the fire.

Campuzano was not loth to seize the opportunity this gave him to break off the transaction. Like the surging sea, swelling more and more, his ire burst the dike of courtly etiquette. Seizing the document, he threw it into the fire, exclaiming: "Your Majesty is right. The contract is only fit to be thrown into the fire."

From the commencement of this century conspiracy and rebellion were rife in Cuba. One abortive attempt succeeded another to bring about a better condition of affairs, but successive generations of Cubans became convinced of the futility of their efforts to secure equal rights to those enjoyed by Spaniards in their own land. Cuba was considered a treasure trove, a gold mine to be worked by rapacious office holders, born in Spain, while those born on Cuban soil were debarred from political rights, freedom or the privileges accorded to their pro-

genitors. It appeared as though Spain counted every breath a Cuban drew in order to tax it, for taxation became more and more oppressive.

Cuba's fate has been linked with that of the United States from an early period, because even during Jefferson's administration, the acquisition of the island was broached, and it has remained a mooted question up to the present time.

President Polk, through the American Minister in Madrid, offered to purchase Cuba from Spain, but this was no machiavelian scheme, but an open, fair and square transaction, which Spain scornfully refused.

The seizure of the Black Warrior caused friction between Spain and our government; however, this matter was satisfactorily settled.

Crittenden's execution by the Spanish authorities on Cuban soil previous to that, had aroused the American people. And all this led to the Ostend Manifesto, in which three Ministers of the United States, envoys to England, France and Spain, protested to the powers of Europe that the possession of Cuba by a foreign power was a menace to the peace of the United States, and it was even proposed to tender to Spain the alternative of accepting two million dollars to surrender her sovereignty over the island, or take the risk of having it wrested from her by force.

However, the outbreak of the Civil War distracted the attention of the Republic, which became absorbed in home troubles to the exclusion of matters abroad.

New York.

MARY E. SPRINGER.

REST.

'Neath vaulted dome — o'er chancel, choir and nave,
 Doth silence reign — and a hushed stillness deep
 Breathes through the incensed air. E'en flowers that sleep
 In marble vases, fair, wake not, but lave
 The atmosphere with liquid sweetness rare,
 And, as in holy joy love lingereth,
 I would, O Jesus, that each pulsing breath
 Of mine, might be for aye an endless prayer.
 Forge Thou the fetters that eternally
 To Thine own Heart, my wayward heart shall bind!
 Grant that it may never wander far from Thee.
 'Tis here, among Thy best-loved "chosen few," —
 "O Beauty, ever ancient, ever new," —
 Sweet rest, my weary heart would always find.

—ESTELLE MARIE GERARD.

Louisville, Ky.

QUAY VERSUS WANAMAKER AGAIN.

All the world knows that a new political farce is on the boards in Philadelphia, with Senator Quay and ex-postmaster, Colonel Boodle, and shopkeeper Pious John as stars in the drama.

I have no personal acquaintance with Senator Quay. He has never contributed a dollar to my business or support, but I have been and am familiar with his political record from the beginning of his career until now. I know that he has always used to their utmost the powers and influences of a political leader in order to secure and maintain his ends. I know, moreover, that he stretched these powers to their last degree, even to the danger point during the campaign of 1888 that made Ben Harrison President, and John Wanamaker Postmaster-general, and that all the very worst phases of that campaign John Wanamaker shared and approved.

In a word he there and then sold whatever vestige or fragment of soul and character he ever might have had in any possible pre-existent state and paid \$125,000 besides, in order to secure a Cabinet position, in order again to win social posi-

tion, and that, in that Cabinet position he proved himself an incompetent and recreant fool. We expect mere politicians like Quay and Platt to strain all the points of political honor in order to win, but we do not expect posing Sunday-school, saintly moralists to go them one hundred better and out-devil the devil in his own pet games. This, however, is what Wanamaker has done in Pennsylvania politics for the last ten years, and after that he still had and has the brazen and ignorant effrontery to go through the State of Pennsylvania preaching political morality and denouncing the Quay machine. Still later, on finding his moralizing speeches laughed at and disregarded, this adorable sycophant shopman set on foot in Philadelphia an intriguing underhand movement for the arrest of Senator Quay on the implied charge of having speculated with the public funds of the State.

The newspapers all over the country have given the details of this quarrel. In view of the facts I have stated, I am writing to say that I fully, firmly and without reserve believe that Senator Quay's own statement as given to the newspapers is true, and that district-attorney Graham, John Wanamaker *et al*, are in this matter a set of hypocrite scoundrels. Here are Senator Quay's words as quoted in the public press :

"As to the charges themselves, I have simply this to say, that they are absolutely false and wholly without foundation. I have always had an account with the People's Bank, and have frequently instructed Mr. Hopkins to have brokers buy for me stocks which I thought were likely to rise in value, but they were always bought with my own money or upon my own credit and upon thoroughly good collateral, and the People's Bank was always amply protected for any loans I obtained from it. Not a single share of stock was ever bought for me, either directly or indirectly, with public money, and my letters which were offered in evidence themselves clearly show this. Nor did I ever have the use or benefit, either directly or indirectly, to the extent of one penny, of any of the State's money on deposit at the People's Bank. Nor did I ever obtain from the bank the loan of a single dollar because of the deposit with it of State moneys. Nor did I owe the People's Bank a single penny, for every dollar I ever borrowed from it was promptly paid back by me at maturity."

It is generally understood in Philadelphia that John Wana-

maker was at the bottom of this prosecution and that district-attorney Graham and various newspaper sharks are his tools as they often have been before.

In due time all the facts in regard to Senator Quay will be brought out, and I believe that he will clear himself of the charges and for the following reasons :

First, That though a very shrewd and daring political manipulator, his personal financial record is really unstained, spite of all sorts of rumors up to this day, while no man in his senses dares to make any such assertion regarding John Wanamaker.

Second, That even if in a tempting moment Senator Quay had ventured far beyond the breakers of entire safety, he is too good a swimmer, too smart and sensible a man, to waste his breath and risk his life in screams, telegrams and letters over his own signature which of themselves would give him away ; in a word, these very letters and telegrams that the booby detectives are using against him would of themselves imply that there was nothing crooked in his financial transactions ; moreover, the telegrams and letters so far published have not in them the slightest evidence that Senator Quay was acting dishonorably with the People's Bank of Philadelphia.

Meanwhile the band is playing and other music is in the air. Senator Penrose and other friends of Mr. Quay have revived the scandal of the failure of the Keystone Bank of Philadelphia, which occurred March 20, 1891, and with which failure, as all the world knows, John Wanamaker was represented as being most rascally connected.

The failure occurred while Harrison was President and Wanamaker Postmaster-General. In the Summer and Autumn of the year 1890 there were rumors that the Keystone was shaky. Wanamaker was a large shareholder in said bank ; a large trader therewith and a large borrower therefrom. According to the figures given in a very careful speech made by Senator Penrose in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, October 21st of this year, John Wanamaker was at the time referred to as a borrower from the Keystone National Bank to the enormous sum of \$200,000, or about \$150,000 in excess of what the bank was by law entitled to loan or he to borrow. In a word, he was a large and high-handed violator of the laws of the land concerning banking loans, and this while he was purchasing a membership in President Harrison's Cabinet.

Up to January 1, 1886, the total capital stock of the Keystone Bank was just \$200,000; afterward it was watered by various illegal issues of stock for speculating purposes between its President, Mr. Lucas and John Wanamaker, until it reached \$500,000 in 1890, but as this fraudulent issue of stock was also unlawful, and as Wanamaker knew that it was unlawful and practically useless, he was in 1890 a borrower from the Keystone Bank to an amount equal to the entire legal capital stock of the bank, all while he was seeking to be a cabinet minister and pursuing his usual vocation as a Sunday school saint, etc.

In his speech Senator Penrose clearly points out that the reported over issue of stock of the Keystone was in order to give Wanamaker and Lucas bogus money with which to speculate in the then rapidly declining stock of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and so rob the rightful owners of Reading stock, as eventually proved to be the fact.

At the time the rumors of the Keystone fix first got on the streets in Philadelphia, John Wanamaker was on a political tour of ambition in California. His business man in Philadelphia telegraphed him the facts and received this reply by wire—"Sustain the bank at all hazards." The bank was sustained, that is, for the time being, that is till Wanamaker returned from the West, arranged delay with the National Bank examiners, arranged various matters with Marsh, president and cashier of the bank; and then, early in the Spring, the bank went to hell, the examiners did their work and found among other things these—*first*, that President Lucas being somewhat advanced in years and fearfully involved financially had conveniently died; *second*, that the president's wife had been sent to France in order to be conveniently out of the way of vexing questions. She was in mourning; *third*, that Gideon Marsh—the president-cashier, after Lucas' death, with the alacrity of his class had fled and had never been found till he returned to Philadelphia early in November, 1898; *fourth*, it was stated in the papers at the time, that Wanamaker had accepted something over a hundred thousand dollars' worth of bogus stock—or very diluted stock of the bank, knowing it to be practically worthless, and on this as on other collateral, had borrowed enormously of the bank, as stated, so practically causing its failure; *fifth*, it was hinted in various newspapers at the time that Wanamaker, on returning from California, fixed the cashier handsomely, had

the cashier fix the books of the bank so as to hide his, Wanamaker's, crooked dealings, then sent Marsh to the woods, then offered a \$12,000 reward for his capture, but spent much more than this with detectives so they should not find Marsh at all. Meanwhile, in the speech made by Senator Penrose last October, it appears that Wanamaker had reduced his borrowings from \$200,000 to \$80,000, but was still a borrower to the extent of \$30,000 in violation of the law. Whether this bank was sustained by Wanamaker during the Winter of 1890-91, by a return to the bank of \$120,000 of the bogus stock which he held or by actual cash, has never appeared, but the reduction from a borrowing of \$200,000 to \$80,000 is explained by the California telegram referred to, and I doubt if either Senator Quay or Senator Penrose ever heard of that telegram before. Whatever was the character of sustenance that Wanamaker's business man gave the Keystone in the Winter of 90-91, the bank was sustained till Wanamaker's return East as we said, and in March, 1891, the bank was closed, and Wanamaker and others waited further developments. *Sixth*, among the developments were these, sure enough, that certain pages out of the bank ledger wherein Wanamaker's affairs had been recorded were cut out, stolen, missing, gone with the slippery cashier or to the flames of remorse and the woods, but there was no sufficiently clear proof in black and white to send pious John to jail. *Two* innocent clerks of the bank were sent to jail as scapegoats for Gideon Marsh and pious John. *Seventh*, at the official examination of suspected parties, that is parties who might if they would throw light on the failure, Wanamaker was allowed to read a paper in his own defense, was allowed to return bogus stock still held by him, and when under slight examination he whined and blubbered and pleaded his past record for mercy, etc., etc., the official examiners and the Philadelphia newspapers whitewashed him and let him go. He has been going ever since and at the same rate.

A gentleman friend of mine, not a rich man, lost \$20,000 by the Keystone failure. Other friends lost smaller amounts. It was one of the most disreputable, damnably and piously impious National bank failures of recent years, and Wanamaker was in it heavily, but nobody has ever suspected that he lost a dollar in the smash up. He knew the cashier too well for that.

I have from private sources many other facts connecting this

man with said failure, with the more recent and rascally steal of the gas plant of Philadelphia from the city for a private corporation, and scores of facts regarding his domestic, social and business life that would suggest to any man with a hide less tough than an elephant's, that he should be the last man on earth to go about preaching political or other morality, but here I am only reviewing matters of common newspaper fame.

In conclusion, I beg to suggest to District-Attorney Graham and his assistant petty officers, detectives, etc., etc., that if they had unearthed other telegrams that passed between Wanamaker and his Philadelphia representatives in and out of the bank during the Autumn of the year referred to, or if they had unearthed even out of hell fire the vanished pages of the ledger of the Keystone Bank, or if they had found Gideon Marsh and put the screws on while his debts were still not outlawed—or if they would examine John Wanamaker at this late day, or let me examine him and cross-examine him for three days, I will guarantee that more developments concerning the Presbyterian piety and business dealings of the Saints of Philadelphia would come to the light than many of its highly respectable citizens could stand and live.

Wanamaker was never lacking in a certain kind of brassiness. It was quite like him first to fix matters for Marsh's and his own comparative safety with the Philadelphia lawyers, and then boldly announce to the world in reply to the Penrose charges that he, Wanamaker, wished that Marsh would return and tell all that he knew; and it is quite a part of the big game he is playing for safety, but awfully damnable on the vigilance of District-Attorney Graham that within a few days after Wanamaker's speech as above, the long-lost Marsh should appear and give himself up to the tender mercies of the City of Brotherly Love. It was also quite like the pious and dramatic humbug of this despicable shopman that Marsh should appear in Philadelphia, as if to show John's innocence just when he was waging a pigmy war with Senator Quay.

The moral effect was expected to be something striking and all in favor of pious John. The actual effect was that the Keystone State gave one hundred and twenty-five thousand plurality for Quay's nominee for governor, and pious John and his amateur claqueur, Van Valkenburg, found that they had spent their cash and their wind for the fun of seeing themselves.

not only ignominiously whipped, but practically ignored, sneered and laughed at by all the intelligent voters, Republican and Democratic, in the State of Pennsylvania.

Even in Pennsylvania the farmers and coal miners are smart enough to see through and despise the damnable side-shows of pretended morality that this ignorant and despised shopman would thrust before their eyes.

In all this Mr. Quay had the good sense to keep quiet till his State gave him the splendid majority named, then he announced himself a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate, and Wanamaker and his pals, to shield themselves from shame and to divert public attention from the trial of Marsh, are at this writing, Nov. 15, 1898, still flinging mud at Quay and screaming themselves hoarse to declare that Quay can not be elected. And the worst of it all is that the so-called respectable newspapers of Philadelphia and New York, in recognition of John's enormous advertising, treat this insufferable ass with serious attention. Of course Quay will be re-elected to the United States Senate, and Pennsylvania politics will prosper under those laws of protection that have petted them so long. But what of Wanamaker and Marsh, the real moral suspects of the Keystone State at this hour?

Ladies and gentlemen, the same forces that have protected Wanamaker these last fifteen years will protect him still. The authorities and the newspapers that whitewashed him nine years ago and allowed better men to go to jail in his place will whitewash him still.

If Marsh were tried thoroughly on the three indictments against him and all the hidden and buried facts of the Keystone Bank failure were brought to light, not only Wanamaker but the culprits who whitewashed him as aforesaid would be brought to justice, but this will never be.

It is already arranged between the attorneys and the suspects that Marsh will not stand trial; that Marsh will plead guilty and appeal for mercy. In this way the hidden facts will never come out. Marsh will go to prison for a few years; will soon be pardoned, and has not that benevolent and most pious gentleman, J. W., who has maneuvered so many men and institutions to heaven, already volunteered his opinion that Marsh is a good man, and that the immortal pious John will take care of Marsh and his family for the rest of their days. Great is the

justice of Philadelphia and shrewd are the ways of Lawyer Graham.

The moral of all this seems to be—Beware of bank cashiers. Most of them are said to be sneaking rascals and very pious, but only a few of them have courage to take their own contemptible lives. Beware also of pious Presbyterian or other sanctimonious politicians. Few men's wives or homes are safe when they are around, and above all beware of John Wanamaker, Philadelphia's most sanctimonious political fool.

One morning last spring pious John woke up in the city of Harrisburg expecting to be nominated for Governor during the day. Before noon he discovered that he could not buy, bully or bluff six votes toward his nomination, so the ex-Postmaster-general of the United States took the noon train for the City of Brotherly Love, once more to peddle cheap petticoats and Zola's novels.

During the following—now the past—six months this immortal Bethany man took to laying other golden eggs and hatching other schemes for the defeat of Quay and the regular Republican nominee for governor as indicated. Some of these schemes, with antecedent purposes of his poor moral work, I have already glanced at in this article, and taken all in all, I think that even my enemies and Wanamaker's friends will soon agree with me that in politics and public life Wanamaker is an enormous spendthrift, inexcusable fool. Nevertheless the boys have got their boodle and John has had his say.

The once famous Frank Gowan, while president of the Reading System, ran his road to hell along the business lines pursued by Lucas, Wanamaker and Co., and then blew his brains out.

In those years a lady friend of mine had \$80,000 in Reading stock, and Gowan as her personal adviser urged her to hold on. She held on till the days that Wanamaker was appointed one of the trustees of the Reading Road, with special powers of settlement, wherein he got the aid of President Lucas of the Keystone bank, and plotted immense wealth for himself through the use of the \$300,000 watered and useless stock of the Keystone institution. Now he abuses other steam railroads because they proved him a fool in this line also.

In those years my friend sold her \$80,000 worth of stock for about \$8,000 and was glad to get out of Wanamaker's clutches with only a loss of \$70,000.

The two instances of losses in Keystone and Reading that I have named are only examples of thousands of innocent and trusting men and women, who have been bled to poverty and despair by the so-called business methods of Lucas, Wanamaker and Co., but pious John has never yet had the courage either to confess or to take his own wretched life. In fact, he is still preaching political morality in the State of Pennsylvania and urging that the politics of the State should be run on business principles, that is, of course, Wanamaker's business principles, and yet if there is still a man in Philadelphia who does not despise Wanamaker's business principles it is because that man is either a slave of Wanamaker's or an innate infirm irredeemable fool.

Spite of all this I confess myself personally an admirer of the business pluck and capacity of this pious fraud. If he had had a grain of loyalty or honesty he might have been Governor of Pennsylvania long ago, and might now be within sight of the Presidency.

I can not help admiring his business capacity, and at any time during his career I would have given him my aid, in any legitimate way, to reach his ambitious ends. But it is generally suspected he is a fraud and a lie at heart and never used legitimate means to attain business or political ends.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

GLADSTONE AS AN ORATOR.

A large element of Gladstone's strength and influence lay in his oratorical powers. As an orator, he was for many years without an equal in the House of Commons. Without this ability he would not have been such a tremendous force in politics. The scholarly statesman whose faultless elocution charmed Parliament, was also heard on other notable occasions. No other Englishman was so great a success as a public speaker. The newspaper reports of his speeches went nearly everywhere in the civilized parts of the globe. Widely as his writings circulated, they were not read so extensively as his speeches, which had as wide a hearing doubtless as Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. It would be hard to estimate how much influence these two men exerted, and still exert, in the English-speaking world through the agency of the press.

Gladstone had a rare combination of the physical and mental endowments requisite for a great orator. He was aided by a fine personal presence. The pretty schoolboy of Eton grew up to be a handsome man. Years brought dignity and an impressive manner. His marvellous endurance enabled him to talk hour after hour. He had a musical voice, sonorous and penetrating. Henry Ward Beecher, who heard him address an open-air meeting, remarked on its splendid carrying quality. Ideas and words never failed him. The stream of eloquence seemed inexhaustible. As a conversationalist he was remarkable for his fluency, being able to speak on an immense range of subjects. His self-confidence never deserted him. All the resources of a well-trained mind were at his command when on his feet, whether he faced a company of scholars or a popular assembly. He had something to say on almost every Parliamentary measure. "He never allows a single important topic to pass by without telling us what he thinks of it," wrote Bagehot in 1860, and what Gladstone said was pertinent and effective. He had, too, a highly emotional nature, easily roused to sympathy or stirred to indignation, a most essential part of the orator's make-up.

Gladstone's Parliamentary and campaign harangues are a commentary on the political and social life of his times. The authorized collection of his speeches and public addresses, edited

by Hutton and Cohen, when completed in ten volumes, will be a monument to his memory more enduring than his essays and his Homeric studies. They are a contribution to British annals in the great Victorian era, in which Englishmen are more interested than in the old Greek world. They will be prized in coming years for their historical value, because the name of Gladstone will always be associated with the reform legislation of England in the latter half of this century. They tell the story of the advance of Liberalism in the last three decades. They will afford an excellent opportunity for retrospect and comparison of the nineteenth century with the twentieth.

Most of these speeches were not written. They were delivered with the aid of a few notes, which he occasionally consulted. He trusted to his memory for quotations from the ancient and modern poets. He looked straight at his audience and went ahead, treating of the matter in hand with directness and earnestness. He drew his inspiration from his hearers, for he was ever quick to see the effect of his telling points. He was not disconcerted by unexpected turns or interruptions. He was master of the situation and carried the day. He was heard at his best when electioneering in 1865, 1868, 1879 and 1886. While not highly finished productions, his platform harangues are admirable specimens of campaign oratory.

During Gladstone's public life, he was accused of saying things that would please the people, of making appeals that had a temporary effect but were not always for the best in the long run. Too often it happens that the popular orator is swayed by the feelings of the hour and does not see things in their right perspective. The temptation to lead and mislead cannot be always resisted. In this respect, Gladstone's course was sometimes open to criticism. But in the mean, he was a safe leader, broad minded, patriotic and honorable. He was a far-seeing statesman, capable of taking larger views of public questions than the demagogue or the truckling politician. Above the din of party strife he could hear the voice of posterity. For a man having the oratorical temperament, this is a hard thing to do. It is to Gladstone's credit that he looked to the future as well as to the immediate present, "his aim being the assertion of truth and the compassing of great moral ends."

With all his excellences, Gladstone can hardly be numbered

among the most celebrated masters of oratory. It will readily be granted that he is the greatest of Victorian orators, and he was certainly one of the ablest debaters of this century or of any century. His speeches in the House of Commons are fine intellectual performances, much better than the average of Parliamentary efforts, yet not markedly superior to them in wisdom or rhetorical brilliancy. As one has remarked, "they are essentially working speeches." For the most part, they deal with the prosaic affairs of public business. The charm of his famed budget speeches soon faded. Men wondered at his amazing familiarity with a mass of details and admired his artistic handling of facts and figures, which were immediately forgotten. His eminent contemporaries—Cobden, Bright and Disraeli—often spoke as well, though not with his exuberance of words and his wealth of ideas. His high-sounding, yet not specially profound, generalities were not usually directed to the advocacy of great principles, such as give a lasting worth to the masterpieces of Webster and Sumner.

Circumstances have much to do with the making of a great orator. Events contribute something to his success. They inspire him to do his best, and they make for the preservation of his eloquence. The occasion and the subject are both requisite, as Webster pointed out. The importance of the occasion can scarcely be over-emphasized. Demosthenes had an unrivaled opportunity, and he utilized it most skillfully. The Catilinarian conspiracy offered Cicero a superb occasion for oratorical display. The impeachment trial of Warren Hastings gave Sheridan and Burke an arena fit only for towering giants. The orator finds his opportunity in periods of storm and stress. The throes of a desperate struggle for liberty bring him out and loose his tongue to nerve men's hearts in times of national peril. When a mighty impulse stirs all hearts, the speaker who voices the mood of the hour is carried away by the tide of feeling and expresses himself with a vehemence of passion that is partly the inspiration of the occasion. In a crisis, like the revolt of the American colonies, the orator's utterances rise to a lofty pitch, sometimes reaching the sublime. In a lesser degree, celebrated legal battles and party strifes in legislative halls afford opposing champions a chance for dramatic action and passionate declamation. Political campaigns and public debates, like the encounters of Lincoln and Douglas in 1858, may call forth splendid exhibitions of oratory.

But the speaker does not make the occasion—he seizes it and turns it to account at the right moment. The electrifying power of Patrick Henry over the Williamsburgh assembly in 1765 was partly born of the occasion. It was a singular conjunction of circumstances—such as occurs very rarely in a man's lifetime—that made Wendell Phillips the spokesman of the anti-slavery sentiment at the meeting in Faneuil Hall after the Lovejoy tragedy in 1837. When Lincoln spoke on the battlefield of Gettysburg in 1863, he had a historic scene in the background. He voiced the mind and heart of a nation in an hour fraught with intense interest to all the world.

On the other hand, it is generally true that ordinary occasions are productive of commonplace speeches. Much of the orator's power lies in the use of the concrete, and this is from the nature of the case effective only at a particular time and place. Affairs of ephemeral and local interest that make up the staple of the day's doings are not deserving of remembrance. A great deal of oratory is thrown away, because wasted on matters not worthy to be perpetrated beyond the memory of the day. The things that are uppermost in men's minds to-day may be forgotten to-morrow—so quickly does the procession of events pass. Even the momentous questions of life, the ever present problems of religion and philosophy, change their bearings from time to time, and must be re-stated in the light of later knowledge. The topics that agitated men's minds last year have given way to others. The reported speeches of past campaigns do not stir us now, because we are thinking of something else. Only when an occasion worthy to be celebrated finds its spokesman equal to it can the highest oratory be produced. When such an orator rises to the occasion and makes a plea for the rights of man or vindicates the eternal principles of truth and justice, then the effect of his words goes on after his voice is silent. A masterly presentment of facts and ideas is not enough—it must needs have a literary value, the result of emotion as well as intellectual effort. The fire of genuine eloquence lives in the fragments of Chatham and Henry partly on account of the cause for which they pleaded and its outcome, and partly because the very intensity of their feelings gave them an extraordinary force and grandeur of style.

There were indeed noteworthy occasions in Gladstone's life, and he availed himself of them, but they were not of supreme

moment in English annals. A national crisis does not come in every age. Among the many striking events of the Queen's reign with which Gladstone was associated, none stands out in bold prominence. A series of memorable occasions came to Webster, and he improved them as no other man could. Gladstone was not as fortunate, owing to circumstances beyond his control. In this respect fortune favored Sir Robert Peel, whose name will go down into history linked with the repeal of the Corn Laws.

It is true that Gladstone was one of the statesmen who made history in the wonderful Victorian era, and at one time it seemed that he had reached a climax in his remarkable career. It was his distinction to lead the forlorn Irish hope, a movement that stopped short of success. Had he carried the day when he introduced the Home Rule Bill in the spring of 1886, it would have been indeed a memorable day in English history. It was an illustrious assemblage to which he spoke (April 8), and it narrowly missed being a supreme occasion. It was a great speech, and had the outcome been different, this would be looked upon in coming ages as the greatest triumph of any Prime Minister of the nineteenth century. Circumstances lend an additional weight to the orator's words, and a fortunate issue gives them a deathless power. The end crowns the work and preserves the speech which is forever after named with the deed. Had Gladstone succeeded in passing the Home Rule Bill, his career would have closed in a blaze of glory that would have enhanced his fame as an orator immeasurably.

This speech on the Government of Ireland Bill fills more than ten columns of the London Times, and its delivery consumed nearly three hours and a half. Its effect on those who heard it was simply overpowering. One of them referred to it as a speech of "marvellous eloquence, to which the House listened with rapt attention." Another member described it as "a wonderful and unparalleled piece of oratory," but it could not make the measure acceptable to the majority. The reader is not so much impressed—the captivating voice of the Prime Minister, as well as his genius for exposition, was needed to sustain interest in the maze of details relating to the machinery of the proposed Irish government. During the Parliamentary debate and the campaign immediately following (in June), "the old man eloquent"

grandly maintained his reputation as an orator. This series of masterly speeches in defence of Home Rule exhibited a thorough knowledge of the subject in all of its bearings. The concluding speech in the debate in the House of Commons (June 7, 1886), with its noble and passionate peroration, is perhaps a finer specimen of Gladstone's oratory than the one introducing the bill, which consists for the most part of dry exposition, occasionally rising to passages of stately declamation. If not of a greatness unsurpassed, these speeches must at least rank among the mightiest oratorical performances of the last half-century.

Great as Gladstone's public addresses are, they are hardly comparable with the monumental efforts of Webster. They lack the quality which makes a classic. Something besides a dramatic movement in history is needed. Given one of those rare opportunities that come only to a favored few, would he have made the most of it? This may be doubted. Style is requisite as well as an auspicious event and a great subject to make a speech immortal. In this respect, it must be confessed that Gladstone is inferior to the renowned orators of other times. They surpassed him in sentence-making and in the artistic construction of an oration. So many cares and toils engrossed his attention that he was too busy to occupy himself with the so-called graces of oratory and the beauties of expression. Transcendent excellence in literary workmanship is not gained without laborious striving, and he was disinclined to pay the price.

The defeat of style in Gladstone's speeches is made apparent by the most cursory perusal. His chief fault is "unnecessary elaboration," the habit of saying too much in one sentence, with a weakness for parenthetical clauses. His sentences sometimes have the massive weight, but not the magnificence of the polished periods of Burke. They are generally too long and lumbering to be recited effectively. While some of his paragraphs are models of lucid statement and close argument, there are not many passages suited for schoolboys' declamations. They have not the ring of the selections in the old school readers and elocutionary manuals that fired us in our youth.

Again, his style is not incisive, like that of his brilliant rival, Disraeli or O'Connell, who struck off in the heat of debate many quotable sayings and telling epithets. Gladstone had not the gift of terse, felicitous expression to so high a degree as did Lin-

coln. While he was occasionally epigrammatic, his speeches do not abound with maxims and noble thoughts such as strew pressive and fitting, if not superlatively beautiful, as when he explains the Homeric epithet applied to Artemis as meaning "a sort of holy and consecrated purity." However, he is not so clear-cut in his phrasing as Wendell Phillips, or so choice in his diction as Charles Sumner. Gladstone's latinized English is not so admirable as the flexible and vigorous Saxon of John Bright.

He succeeded best in his extempore utterances, for then he was more simple and direct. The unstudied phrase may be the most appropriate and euphonious, but perfection of form is more often the result of painstaking revision. Gladstone spoke rather in the conversational than in the declamatory manner. Apparently he did not strive after the ornate style. Though it lacks the grace and the "glory of words" that proclaim the literary artist, his emotional fervor often made it sinewy and pithy, as in the speech on the McKinley Tariff (Oct. 29, 1890): "That word Protection is a miserable misnomer. Call it oppression—call it delusion—call it fraud. I wish I could supplant that name Protection, and give some name for it that is nearer to the truth." His written discourses can hardly be called eloquent. They are full of involved constructions and pompous verbiage. Those on scholastic themes are learned and interesting enough, but they are rather elaborate essays or disquisitions than orations.

None of Gladstone's speeches can be called masterpieces. He was too discursive to make a speech an artistic whole. As in building sentences he was "continually tempted to deviate into parentheses" (to use his own words), so he was continually sidetracked from his subject. Although he keeps in view the vital point of the question under discussion, he is a long while in reaching it. John Bright thus comments on his own style of speaking in contrast with Gladstone's: "The difference between my speaking and that of Mr. Gladstone is something like this: When I speak I strike across from headland to headland. Mr. Gladstone follows the coast line, and when he comes to a navigable river he is unable to resist the temptation of tracing it to its source.

In a word, he is too copious. His speeches would gain by compression. The fault of diffuseness is one that the listener is more disposed to forget and forgive than the reader. It lessens

their chance of making an impression on future generations. A finished gem of impassioned oratory stands a better show for immortality. That he could exercise at times the virtue of restraint is seen in the speech on the Irish Church Bill (1869), in which there was not a word wasted."

One thing is certain. Wanting as his speeches are in elegance and conciseness, they served the purpose of the hour. As to their immediate usefulness there can be no question, for many of his ideas took shape in laws of incalculable value to the British Empire. It has been given to but few political leaders to mould national sentiment as did Mr. Gladstone. More than once a speech of his turned the tide of public opinion, and bore fruit in legislation, construction and reconstruction. His campaign speeches of 1898 alone, which "stirred the country as with the sound of a trumpet," would entitle him to a high place, not only among British orators, but among the benefactors of the English people.

Cicero was a highly cultivated man, but in breadth and depth of culture the Grand Old Man of England far surpassed the Roman orator, whom he resembled in many ways. Each was a popular speaker, accustomed to swaying vast crowds. A good example of Gladstone's style of address is the speech delivered at Newton in the election of 1865. Here is one of his resistless passages that recall the sounding periods in the Orations against Catiline.

"Honesty of purpose, manliness of proceeding, straightforwardness, truth, and energy have hitherto been—and I trust will continue to be—the distinguishing characteristics of my countrymen. As for our battles, let us fight them out fairly; as for our agreement, let us never cease to remember and to rejoice that we have a common country; a glorious country, a noble country; a country with a past that has given her one of the most distinguished places in the history of our race; and a country with a future awaiting her, before which, I will not presume to hope, even her past may grow pale—but of which at any rate I will venture upon so much as this, that we may well hope the generations of Englishmen who are yet to come, and the annals of our country yet to be unrolled, will not be unworthy of those that have gone before."

Such sentiments reflect the character and temperament of the

man and the patriot, who voiced the better feelings of his hearers, whose appeal was to their common sense rather than to their passions, to conscience and duty, to the sense of justice as well as to their national pride.

A marked characteristic of Gladstone's speeches, and indeed of all his writings, is their freshness of treatment. They have the merit of originality. No matter what the subject may be, he approaches it from his own point of view. His individuality is impressed on all his deliverances. He did not imitate. He drew on his own resources, which were abundant for his needs. This saved him from the all too common failing of being trite and hackneyed.

Englishmen are still fond of quoting and praising Edmund Burke, whose speeches and writings "are a mine of gold for the political wisdom with which they are charged, applicable to the circumstances of to-day, full of the deepest and most valuable lessons to guide the policy of a country." The words of Gladstone, too, will be quoted by the generations yet to be. Though his observations may not have the philosophic depth of Burke's they have the sound sense and the breadth of view that characterize the wise statesman. Along with much of ephemeral interest, his speeches have a message for the future. They have "that deep ethical quality" which befits the utterances of a great publicist, enforcing the obligations of justice and humanity. Others possessed in higher degree the indescribable charm of address that enchains and fascinates. Gladstone managed to hold the attention of his hearers and to convey a considerable amount of information. He had no time for flights of eloquence, such as some orators indulge in by way of digression. He had a purpose in view that he generally attained. The vicious arts of the elocutionist he disdained. He did not need to resort to claptrap or to theatrical methods of working on the feelings of his listeners to make the blood run more swiftly in their veins. The gorgeous imagery of Castelar and the melodious cadences of Ingersoll have only a fleeting charm—their hold on the future is doubtful. But Gladstone's speeches have a strong claim on posterity. They contain lessons that statesman and people alike can profitably study and take to heart in the years to come. His influence will go on in politics for many ages.

EUGENE PARSONS.

Chicago, Ill.

OUR BLESSED MOTHER.

O Mother dear! do not the violets and roses
 In their sweet enchantment love thee passing well?
 And in the honeysuckle's fragrant heart reposes
 There not the secret of thine own magic spell?
 O Mother dear! do not all the ages love thee well?

Doth not the great star of these rose red Autumn evenings
 More than foretell the star of thine own great love?
 And what if in thy tender heart there were misgivings,
 Do not all the nations own that from above
 Thy star came to thee on white wings of the burnished dove?

And when the moon illumines all the snow clothed mountains,
 And stars unto stars in whispers breathe their song,
 Awaken not again those perennial fountains
 Of living waters at the heart of nature strong?
 And joyous with deep anthems that ever round thee throng?

O Mother dear! all lands and seas aye chant thy praises,
 Thou radiant, stainless mate of love divine,
 And when at length the curtain of time's night upraises,
 And the fadeless splendor of that love of thine
 In full effulgence wakens, God's love shall fully shine.

The world-wide pilgrimage of ages and of nations
 Is slowly gathering all fond hearts to thee,
 And in the starry march of their glad acclamations,
 Plaudits, adorations, deathless melody,
 Shall die at last the vexing murmurs of life's mad sea.

I would that I could sing thee as my fond heart loves thee
 Paint the snow-white splendor of that love of thine;
 Circle thee with lilies white as love's own crested sea;
 Love thee with love that never could decline,
 And join with Angels in their song now almost divine.

When thy chastened spirit quite veiled from pain and sorrow,
Ascended softly through regions of the dead,
Were not God's chosen Angels waiting for the morrow,
Waiting with star-crowns to wreath thy chosen head?
O Queen of Angels! now crowned where death may never
tread.

O Queen of Beauty! rarer than the fairest sunrise,
Through pearl and opal, rose, violet and gold;
Richer than far crimson sunsets, where the pure and wise
All now adore thee with songs a millionfold;
Where children love thee with love that never may be told.

Surely thou art at last in highest heaven exalted
Above all rarest gems that God Himself hath made;
In time's great procession no voice, no star hath halted,
In burning heat of battle or in love's quite shade
To crown thee with a glory that never more shall fade.

All along the heavenly arches, far above the stars,
Do the redeemed with seraphs sing thy glory
In that thy love, through Jesus, hath broke our prison bars;
While countless hosts of Angels chant their story,
And nations sing thy praises for healing of our scars.

O Mother dear! the queenly, the loving and the true,
Modest, faithful, trusting soul of chastened love,
On us thy benedictions fall gently as the dew;
Soft as folded wing or cooing of the dove.
And all our hearts will love thee till ages ceases to move.
New York, Nov. 1898. WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

DIVINE RIGHT OF CATHOLIC MONARCHY.

The word Church is used in a variety of senses. Etymologically, it signifies "the household of the Lord," which is equivalent to the Greek and Latin "Ecclesia." In its highest sense it signifies the "One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church" of one creed—that universal society which Christ founded.

The monarchical form of government consists in this—that the society is ruled by one person who possesses supreme legislative, judicial and executive authority. That Christ gave this form of government to His Church, is our present purpose to prove.

The Church is an institution essentially supernatural. The Incarnate Son of God founded it immediately in His own person, and gave it the authority which was to bring about that union here below whose highest ideal is in heaven, "that they all may be one as Thou Father art in Me and I in Thee." More than this, the Divine Founder of the Church not only defined the spiritual power His Church was to exercise for that end, but He also designated in particular WHO were to exercise it. He determined her form of government, in which lies her point of distinction from all temporal politics. Upon St. Peter and his successors he bestowed the plenitude of pastoral power; to the successors of the Apostles, the bishops, He entrusted the direction of particular churches "in which the Holy Ghost had placed them." Every Pope receives immediately from Christ the entire Apostolic authority with which Peter, the first Pope, was endowed. This authority is, therefore, neither in its origin nor its exercise dependent on the approbation of the Church, the bishops, the priests or the laity. The form of government of the Church is therefore monarchical by a spiritual heredity and by divine right. The Episcopacy no less than the papacy is of divine institution, and is an essential institution of the Church. Nevertheless, only one rules the whole Church; only one possesses the fullness of power; all other are subject to him; he can judge all, but cannot be judged by any one; he is the centre of unity about which all must gather to be partakers of the kingdom of God.

Whether the government of the Church is purely monarchical, or tempered by aristocracy or democracy, theologians are not

agreed. Many hold with Bellarmine that the monarchical form of the Church is tempered with the aristocracy of the divinely instituted Episcopacy and that the democratic element enters into her constitution so far forth that all the offices of the Church, the highest included, are within the reach of the humblest of its members. Others maintain with Mazzella that the form of government is purely monarchical since it contains all the essentials of a strict monarchy, viz.: unity of power in the head, universality of subjection in the members and undivided supreme power which is possessed in its fullness and exercised by the Pope.

This difference in regard to the aristocratic element is really one of words arising from different concepts of monarchy and aristocracy. To say that the democratic element enters into her government, because all the offices are open to the humblest of the members, is to confound, it seems to me, the subject of ecclesiastical power with the origin of that subject, for the laity do not and never did possess any ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

The monarchical form of the Church's government is unique and peculiar to itself, unlike any human monarchy. Though the Pope's authority over the Church is ecclesiastically absolute, that is subject to no authority on earth, yet it is restrained by God's law within certain limits. The Pope is not a king, but the vicar of the King, who is Christ. For our Lord said to Peter: "Feed my lambs—feed my sheep," by which He intimated that He Himself retained the proprietorship of the flock. Nor is the Pope the sole subject of ecclesiastical power as is the case with an earthly monarch. The bishops are not mere vicars or representatives of the Pope, but are true princes of the Church and have by divine institution ordinary jurisdiction in their own dioceses. The Pope can assign limits to this jurisdiction for a just cause of which he is supreme judge, but he cannot so limit this jurisdiction as to destroy totally the idea of Episcopal jurisdiction as instituted by Christ. He can do this for a just cause in particular cases, so that the particular bishop loses Episcopal jurisdiction; but he cannot do it in so many cases as would constitute the *corpus Episcoporum*. But this divinely instituted power of the bishops does not change the purely monarchical form of the Church government, for it is subordinated, and by its nature bound, to the supreme power of the Pope and dependent upon him. It is therefore not absolute but limited while the

power of the Pope in no way depends upon that of the bishops, and whatever power the bishops possess, the Pope has the same and something more in an eminent degree. Hence the Pope is supreme ruler of the Church and all governing authority in the Church holds from him. Consequently all are bound to obey him in whatever appertains to the discipline and government of the church, because in doing so they are obeying God, for though the Pope is not infallible in the government of the Church, he holds his supreme authority by divine right.

Various attacks have been made at different times against the monarchical constitution of the Church. The patriarch of all those who have endeavored to introduce the principle of popular sovereignty into the Church and thus make her government democratic was Marsilius Menandrinus, called also Patavinus, the court theologian of Louis of Bavaria. In his book, the *Defensor Pacis*, published in 1326 and written with the hope of pleasing Louis of Bavaria, the enemy of the Popes, he claimed that all ecclesiastical power is vested in the people. This he endeavored to prove a priori as a natural law, unmindful of the fact that the Church is a necessary society, and hence its constitution must be sought in the will of its founder—Jesus Christ. This power he declared was delegated by the people to the clergy, and was not coercive but merely persuasive and admonitive. The Pope is simply the representative of the general council, and the council itself requires confirmation from the State.

The Councils of Pisa (1409) and Constance (1415) made an effort to restrict the power of the Pope. At the resistance of D'Ailly and Gerson it was affirmed that the authority of the Council coming immediately from Christ was superior to that of the Pope. And the bishops of Basle (1431) showed a settled determination to destroy the monarchical constitution of the Church and make it aristocratic, to substitute the Council for the Pope and to make him the nominee of the Council, its simple executive officer, deriving his power from it and amenable to it for his conduct.

This opinion makes the Church essentially aristocratic and is excusable only in men who, distracted by the evil of the times, supposed it would be necessary to assert the subordination of the Pope to the Council in order to extinguish the scandal of three rival claimants of the Papacy at the same time.

The spirit of rationalism strengthened these false views and the apostate de Dominis sought to spread them in the 17th century. From his works the Gallicans, especially Richer, drew their arguments. Jansenism and Febronianism had recourse to the same theological arsenal for their weapons. Edmund Richer, doctor and syndic of the Sorbonne, maintained in his book published in 1611 that the whole ecclesiastical jurisdiction was given by Christ to the faithful, and by them communicated to the pastors of the Church and to the Pope himself; that Peter received the keys in the name of the Church and consequently the jurisdiction of the Pope is delegated; not ordinary, not attached permanently and by divine right to his office. Jansenism held the same opinion.

John Nicolas, coadjutor bishop of Treves, in his book published in 1763 under the name of Febronius, declared that the Pope is in respect to the other bishops only *primus inter pares*, who, without consent of the Episcopate, can neither give decisions of faith nor condemn heresies; neither can he enact laws for the universal Church, nor interfere in the jurisdiction of individual dioceses. His primacy is one of mere inspection and direction by counsel and admonition, not of jurisdiction or coercion. The fundamental maxim of Febronius is that the government of the Church is not monarchical. He affected to regard the Church as a kind of republic, authority over which belonged to the entire body of the Church, and asserted that the Pope, resting chiefly on the pseudo-Isidorean Decretals, had in the course of time usurped the power which he then exercised, and that it is necessary to withdraw all the non-essential rights from the Pope.

At the time of the Vatican Council Döllinger renewed these theories, inasmuch as he claimed that the bishops at the Council are only mandatories of the people. Gallicanism, while retaining the name of monarchy for the form of the Church's government, in reality made it aristocratic, for the Gallicans adopted the decree of Constance regarding the superiority of the Council over the Pope, and affirmed the right of appeal from the decision of the Pope to a future council. They also maintained that the power of the Pope is restricted by the authority of ancient canons and the customs of particular churches, that the Pope could not exercise jurisdiction in the diocese of other bishops against their

will, unless in some extraordinary case; that his jurisdiction out of his own diocese of Rome is only mediate.

Protestantism revived the errors of Marselius; and, to be consistent with its denial of true ecclesiastical authority, placed all ecclesiastical power in the hands of the people and made the form of the Church's government purely democratic. It rejected the divine right of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, denied the distinction between clerics and laity and transferred all power to the various congregations, degrading the ministers of the word to mere representatives of the people. Secular princes whose aid could not be dispensed with were made the highest representatives of the people.

The government of the Church is certainly not democratic. In a democracy the supreme governing power resides in the people by whom the subject of that power is chosen. But this is not according to the nature of the Church as it was instituted by Christ our Lord. He founded His Church as an unequal society wherein the members do not enjoy the same rights, the same duties, the same prerogatives—some rulers, others subjects. This is simply a question of fact. From the multitude of His disciples our Lord selected twelve and said to them: "One is your master—Christ—and all ye are brethren. You have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." To them he gave power over the Church, not common to the rest. There is a distinction, therefore, between the ministers of the Church and the multitude of the faithful; and the Apostles so understood the power conferred upon them. To the congregations of believers, and these congregations composed the Church, the Apostles could have said what their divine Master had said to them: "You have not chosen us, but we have chosen you." We have instructed, baptized you, made you children of God by His grace, and members of His Church. In the Gospel we have begotten you. We do not derive our authority from you, but from Him who said to us: "Going therefore teach all nations." "He that hears you, hears me; he that despiseth you, despiseth me." And they selected from these converts the ministers who were to assist them in the government of the Church and ordained priests and bishops. Thus Paul and Barnabas having returned to Lystra, Iconium and Antioch, ordained priests in every Church. Paul placed Timothy over the Church in Ephesus, and Titus over that of Crete.

He gave them rules for the government of these churches and very precise instructions in regard to the qualifications of those they would elevate to the priesthood. He says of Timothy: "Stir up the grace of God that is in thee by the imposition of my hands." "Impose not hands lightly on any man;" and to Titus: "For this cause I left thee in Crete that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting and shouldst ordain priests in every city as I also appointed thee." Here there is no mention of the laity having taken any part in the election of either priests or bishops. Bishops indeed were "to have a good testimony from them that were without." That is, unbelievers, and this testimony was then and long afterwards generally asked from believers, but nothing more. St. Irenaeus, St. Clement of Alexandria, and other early writers inform us that St. John in Asia, and St. Peter in the West, everywhere appointed bishops and priests requiring only the opinion of the faithful as to their fitness.

All Christian antiquity accepted this distinction between pastors and people as a divine institution and essential to the constitution of the Church, which is proved from the Epistles of Clement of Rome, and Ignatius, Martyr, and the most ancient fathers. Tertullian, even, blames the heretics of his day for doing away with it. And the whole history of the Church demonstrates that the laity never had ecclesiastical jurisdiction, that bishops were never considered as delegates or deputies of the people in whose name they ruled the Church, but as ministers of Christ endowed by Him with special prerogatives to govern the faithful, and to Him alone must they render an account. Never was an appeal made from the bishops of the people, never did the people judge bishops or decide controversies of faith, never did they make laws or confirm those made by bishops, never did they depose bishops by their own right or excommunicate them, all of which the people could have done if ecclesiastical power resided in them and from them flowed upon the pastors of the Church. If the faithful were sometimes admitted to participate in elections and consultations, it does not prove their right, but merely shows the prudence of the presiding officer. All human acts must be regulated by prudence. But in nothing is prudence more necessary than in the choice of those who are to fill the ranks of the priesthood. Before the existence of seminaries in which students are brought under the immediate ob-

servation of their superiors, the opinion of the people as to their fitness or unfitness for orders had an importance which it has not had since institutions of this kind were established. It was only to be expected then, that on some occasions at least the Apostles should have asked for that opinion before imposing hands on those who were to be promoted to the priesthood or the Episcopacy and that for centuries after their time the bishops of the Church should have taken the same precaution.

The custom, however, was never universal, which it would have been had it been considered of divine right. In some places it did not exist and even where it did, when the bishops were satisfied as to the dispositions of the candidates, they often ordained them without any reference whatever to the people, and sometimes expressly repelled the people, as we know from the councils of Laodicea, Antioch and Nice, where the doctrine is declared to be conformable to ancient customs. Besides we must never forget that the divine Church has its own inherent divine power and authority for changing such customs as these.

Hence the approval or presentation of candidates by the people never amounted to an election, or their disapproval to a veto of an election or ordination. Their opinion was asked merely as a precautionary step in the exercise of a right that belonged exclusively to the bishops. The people recommended, proposed, presented, the bishops selected and ordained. The action of the people was merely incidental and preparatory to the action of the bishops, but in no wise necessary to its validity. A merchant who needs a confidential clerk may request some of his friends to propose the names of a few individuals whom they may think suitable for the position. When from the persons thus recommended he appoints one, can this act be said to be that of the friends he had consulted? Can they in any sense be said to make the appointment? In many places laymen had and still have the right of presentation to ecclesiastical benefices; does it follow from this that they have the power of investiture in such benefices? Why, then, should the people be said to have the right to elect the clergy simply because in past times and in certain places the Apostles and the bishops who succeeded them, for prudential reasons, solicited their opinion as to the fitness or unfitness of those who were about to receive orders? Hence no jot or tittle of ecclesiastical jurisdiction is derived from the laity

within the Church or from the State, and consequently the government is not and never was democratic.

Nor is the government of the Church aristocratic. In this form of government the subject of supreme power would not be the Pope, but all the bishops, who would form even without the Pope the supreme tribunal of the Church and to which an appeal could be made from the decision of the Pope. This has been condemned both implicitly and explicitly by the Church. We shall, however, refute this by establishing the monarchical form of government of the Church and its divine right by proving that Christ conferred full and supreme power of governing the Church upon St. Peter alone, which power remains in its integrity in the successor of St. Peter the Roman Pontiff, and that the government of the Church was always monarchical.

First, I maintain that the unity and universality of the Church are impossible without the monarchical constitution of the Church, without its subjection to a single head with supreme authority over the whole body, prepared at any moment to exercise that authority on any point and against any enemy that may be necessary. The very idea of universality supposes this form of government. For if the Church was destined from its birth to be universal, it was necessary it should be done. Nobody can understand the possibility of the Catholic Church if it were to be cut up in various sects independent of each other. To maintain that a number of independent churches form one universal Church, is to maintain in other words that all the political governments of Europe constitute only one universal government. These two ideas are identical. Supposing even that the same dogmas and the same sacraments might for a short time prevail in a number of independent dioceses or patriarchates; unless a strict bond of unity connects them together—a bond which cannot be anything else than the voice of a representative of Christ—no one can imagine that these societies shall long remain members of the same Church. Disputes are sure to arise, not only among the people and bishops, but among the metropolitans and patriarchs, and unless some remedy existed for this state of things it would seem idle to speak of the Church as an authoritative witness of doctrine. To remain universally the same it must be absolutely one, consequently under one chief. Independently of many other considerations the history of Arianism has abun-

dantly proved this truth. The authority of the Pope at that time saved the Church from the Arian heresy; and the indecision in many minds with respect to it caused the proclamation of the difficulty. Hence St. Jerome says that "one of the Apostles is elected among the twelve, that by the setting up of a head the occasion of schism may be removed." And in the dialogue against the Luciferians he says: "The safety of the Church depends upon the dignity of the High Priest. If to him is not given a certain independence and eminent power, there will be made in the Church as many schisms as there are bishops." And St. Thomas reasons thus: "It is required for the unity of the Church that all the faithful agree in faith, but concerning points of faith it happens that questions are raised. Now the Church would be divided by a diversity of opinions unless it were preserved in unity by the sentence of one. So then, it is demanded for the preservation of the Church's unity that there be one to preside over the whole Church." Hence it is easy to see the wisdom of the monarchical constitution of the Church. Protestants concede a supreme ruler to the Church, but maintain that he is Christ in heaven. Indeed, our Lord is the invisible ruler of the Church; but according to the ways of Divine Providence men are governed visibly, in a human way. The Church is a kingdom erected in this world, a visible kingdom; and where there is no visible central authority, there is no visible kingdom. It is the authority that constitutes the kingdom, not the kingdom the authority, for prior to the authority the kingdom was not. The authority and the kingdom must be in the same order. If, then, the kingdom is in the visible order, the authority which makes it a visible kingdom must be in the visible order and therefore itself visible. Hence, St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom, explaining the words of our Lord, "there shall be one fold and one shepherd," understand them of the visible shepherd on earth who feeds and governs the whole flock.

If we consider the type and figure of the Church of Christ as it was foreshadowed and the similitudes to which it is likened by our Lord, we find that in them the supreme power resided in one person, that the government is monarchical. The Hebrew people were chosen by God as the type and figure of the Christian Church. Their government was monarchical by divine right, for the High Priest by God's appointment possessed supreme power

over priests and people, and his judgment was beyond appeal. Moses, the deliverer of the Hebrews from Egyptian bondage, is a figure of Christ, the Saviour of the world; and Aaron, the first High Priest, represents Peter, the first Pope. The analogy is most striking.

Moses received from God full power in governing the Hebrew people. He appointed, by the advice of Jethro, rulers of hundreds and of fifties and of tens who judged the easier cases, but whatever was difficult was referred to him according to the command: "If anything seem hard to you refer it to me and I will hear it." But Moses looked forward to the future that all things might be done according to the divine will for the salvation of the people until the time appointed by the Father. Therefore, he provided who should succeed him in the government of the people, to whose judgment all sacred and civil affairs were to be committed, and by God's command appointed his brother Aaron to the office of High Priest. The parallel between the election of Aaron and that of St. Peter is striking and shows clearly the divine interposition in both. And when our Lord was about to choose the High Priest of His Church He put the test question to His Apostles: "Whom do you say that the Son of Man is?" Peter alone answered: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus said this answer was not the result of human knowledge, but was a revelation from above. "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who art in heaven." Hence, as by God's will the rod of Aaron blossomed in testimony that the High Priesthood should be conferred upon him to the exclusion of the twelve competitors of the tribes of Israel, so by God's will and revelation Christ committed to Peter the High Priesthood and government of His Church, to the exclusion of the other Apostles in whom the knowledge of Christ's divinity did not bud forth.

After the death of Moses the supreme authority passed into the hands of the High Priest Eleazar, the son and the successor of Aaron. That the High Priest possessed supreme power is evident from the words which the Lord spoke to Moses in regard to the appointment of Joshua: "Take Joshua the son of Nun and put thy hand upon him, and he shall stand before Eleazar the priest. . . . If anything is to be done, Eleazar the priest shall consult the Lord for him. He and all the chil-

dren of Israel with him and the rest of the multitude shall go out and go in at his command." Here Joshue is commanded to stand before Eleazar, who should consult the Lord for him and at his command both Joshua himself and all the people shall go out and go in; that is, all the people together with Joshua must obey the High Priest Eleazar, that the judgment of the High Priest must be sought in all public undertakings; and though Joshua was appointed by God's command to be leader of Israel after the death of Moses, yet his authority was subordinated to that of the High Priest. And so we find wherever Eleazar and Joshua are mentioned together, the name of the High Priest in every case precedes that of Joshua, e. g., "Eleazar the priest and Joshua the son of Nun divided the land among the tribes." And as in the case of Joshua, his going out and his going in depended upon the word of the High Priest, so it was in all after time, the leader or the judge or the king depended upon the sentence of the High Priest, both having the care of the state, the High Priest deciding and the leader or judge or king enforcing the decree upon the people. St. Paul, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, comparing the Mosaic and Christian Pontificate, shows that only one of the family of Aaron held this office, that he was called to this office not by man but by God. The High Priest was held in high honor, even at the time of our Lord's ministry. When St. Paul rebuked a certain priest in the crowd, the people exclaimed that he was the High Priest, and St. Paul apologized, saying: "I knew not that it was the High Priest."

Now, if the High Priest of the Synagogue or the Church of the old law, the figure and shadow of that of the new, possessed supreme power and was the centre of unity—a unity of hierarchy almost unintelligible—(and have we not to fall back upon the analogy of the old Testament with the new:)—surely the reality must possess it; for Christ the Founder of the New Priesthood transferred it, and even greater prerogatives, to him whom He chose as his successor and made the foundation rock of His Church. Hence the polity of the Christian Church like that revealed to Moses for the chosen people during the era of type and shadow is a pure monarchy, only it is an infinitely sublimer development of the dispensation as the glitter of the Urim and Thummim is inferior to the presence of the indwelling spirit.

The monarchical constitution of the Church is set forth in the various similitudes of the Church. Christ calls His Church a kingdom, a body, a flock, which words indicate a society in which one is supreme above all others. To a flock there must be a shepherd, to a body a head, to a kingdom a supreme authority. There may be provincial and communal governments with local authority, customs and usages, but they must all be subordinated to one supreme central authority or else you have not one kingdom, but as many separate kingdoms as you have separate local governments. The kingdom erected by our Lord is one, not many; and therefore must have somewhere, somehow constituted a supreme central authority, from which all the subordinate authorities derive their authority. This supreme central authority by the institution of Christ is the Pope, hence he is a monarch and the form of government of the Church is by divine right monarchical. For Christ conferred upon St. Peter and his successors full and supreme power of jurisdiction over His Church, supreme legislative, judicial and executive authority, the proper attributes of sovereignty.

The peculiar relations of Peter to our Lord, and the manner in which the evangelists speak of Peter, indicate that Christ conferred upon him a superiority above the rest of the Apostles. Peter alone received a new name when he was admitted into the number of the Apostles. Our Lord, indeed, bestowed the epithet of "Sons of Thunder" on James and John, but it was an epithet only by which their original names were not superseded. But in Peter's case our Lord gave notice at their first meeting that He would impose upon him a new name. The very first words uttered to Peter by our Lord were these: "Thou art Simon, son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas." And this declaration was considered by the evangelists so important that even if our Lord uttered other words on that occasion they have not been reported. And when the college of Apostles was constituted He gave effect to His purpose "and gave to Simon the name of Peter." Now that which renders this circumstance so remarkable is that the Jewish system was ushered in by attaching a new name to its chiefs. Jacob, the immediate parent of the Israelites, and Abraham, their great progenitor, had been designated in this manner by Almighty God when He bestowed upon them new names indicative of the offices to which He

called them. The like distinction, then, bestowed by Christ upon one Apostle seems to mark him out as taking a place in the new covenant analogous to that which had been occupied by Abraham or Israel. Moreover, the name itself was most remarkable, a name given in prophecy to himself, a name declaring by its very sound that he should be laid by the builder as a foundation of the structure about to be raised. And Peter became completely identified with this new name. St. Paul, e. g., never once calls him Simon, but invariably either Cephas or Peter.

Furthermore, Christ associated Peter with himself in a marked manner when he commanded Peter to pay the tribute money for Himself and Peter, which, when the rest saw, they became suspicious that Peter was preferred to them, and a dispute arose among them who is the greater. How did our Lord answer their question? Did he remove the ground of their jealousy by declaring that no one should have pre-eminence, but the condition of all be equal? On the contrary, He condemns ambition and enjoins humility, but likewise insinuates that there would be one pre-eminent over the rest. He did not exclude the pre-eminence of that "greater one," about which they asked, but pointed out what his character ought to be. And since on every occasion He preferred Peter to the rest, we rightly conjecture that this greater one is to be Peter.

In naming the Apostles, the Evangelists always place Peter's name first, the names of the others being placed indifferently save that of Judas, which is always given last. Now, such an arrangement cannot have been accidental. Besides its position, Peter's name is in every instance introduced with some circumstance which marks the pre-eminence and shows that his superiority was ever in their minds. St. Matthew expressly calls him "the first," and we frequently meet such expressions as "Simon and they that were with him," "Peter and the other Apostles," which manner of speaking the Evangelists often use when speaking of Christ and his disciples. More especially it is the custom of the Evangelists to exhibit Peter as singly speaking for all and representing all. Now it looks not like an equal, but a superior, to anticipate the rest, to represent them and speak for them. And yet all the proofs which we have been advancing of Peter's pre-eminence are but collateral and subordinate: Peter's authority does not rest mainly on them. Its decisive

proof rests on declarations from our Lord, expressly circumscribed to him, of singular lucidity and force, which nothing can evade; declarations which set forth, under different but coincident images, a power supreme and without equal, and of its own nature belonging to but one at a time.

Thus when our Lord, in answer to Peter's divinely inspired confession of His divinity, said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven," he promised to Peter supreme power over the Church. These words were addressed in the most marked manner to Peter only, and can no more be applied to the other Apostles than the name Peter; they designate pre-eminence in the government of the Church; they are therefor a strong testimony to establish the Divine Institution of the monarchical government of the Church. If persons differ in rank and pre-eminence, they must be considered absolutely unequal. And such pre-eminence Peter had in the Church. Therefore, all the Apostles compared with Peter were absolutely unequal. These terms mark authority and plainly express jurisdiction and power; the inequality therefore is one relating to jurisdiction and power, and Peter's pre-eminence likewise such.

To those who object that the rock meant either Christ or Peter's faith, it is sufficient for us to note that the traditional interpretation is sanctioned by the whole Catholic world, for in the first five centuries there are at least twenty-seven (27) Fathers who understand Peter to be the rock on which the Church was built, and if some Fathers occasionally made use of the mediate, indirect and relative interpretation referring to Peter's faith, it was to offset Arianism, which impugned the divinity of Christ. In two councils, those of Ephesus and Chalcedon, the literal interpretation was assumed as true, as also in the formulary of Pope Hormisdas which was received by the Eastern Church. But the full meaning of the text is best understood in the original, the Syro Chaldaic in which our Lord spoke. In it Peter and rock are expressed by the same word *Cephas*: as in the French we have "Tu es Pierre et sur cette pierre je batirai mon eglise"—thou are a rock, and upon this rock I will build my Church.

We all know that the delivery of the keys of a house, of a city, or of a kingdom, signifies the giving of authority over that house, that city or that kingdom. It is a ceremony which derives its meaning from the time when stewards wore keys at their girdles as a symbol of their authority over the household; when the keys of a city were given to a conqueror as a sign of its subjection to his authority. The power of the keys is absolute and monarchical. When God conferred the High Priesthood on Eliachim, He said: "I will lay the key of the house of David upon his shoulder; and he shall open, and none shall shut; and he shall shut and none shall open." Hence when Christ said to Peter: "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven," He promised him supreme power over the Church, so that Peter shall discharge the office of the bearer of the keys, with which jurisdiction and authority are indivisibly united over all Christians, subjects and prelates. And there is no matter relating to the Church that is not subjected by his promise to Peter's authority, for "whatsoever thou shalt bind," "whatsoever thou shalt loose," is in its own kind without limit, a full and universal legislative, judicial power independent of any political and human authority.

This prerogative of the supremacy promised to Peter is confirmed by the words of our Lord: "Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat"—to have you; that is, not Peter alone, but all the Apostles.

"But I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not; and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren." Not I have prayed for you, but I have prayed for thee, Peter. Nothing can be more emphatic than this change of number. Nothing could more strongly prove that this address was special to Peter. To confirm others is to be put in an office of dignity and authority over them.

And his brethren were the Apostles. He had therefore the Apostles committed to his charge immediately, but likewise the rest of the faithful, for the care of the flock is involved in the care of the shepherds. To them he is the rock, and them he is to confirm. He is to be the principle of stability, binding and moulding them into one building when our Lord's visible presence was withdrawn. Thus Peter is set forth as the source and principle of ecclesiastical unity under a double but cognate

image as founder and confirmer. The promises made to Peter were fulfilled when our Lord gave him his commission with triple emphasis: "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." Under the image of a shepherd He set forth as decisively as that of the rock, the bearer of the keys and the confirmer of his brethren, an authority expressing the full legislative, judicial and executive power of the head which can be executed by one alone at a time, and is of its own nature supreme and responsible to none save God. Our Lord had assumed this particular title. "I am the Good Shepherd," under which the prophets had foretold His advent among men. And now He gives this particular title, so especially His own, to Peter and to Peter alone, singling him out by his full birth name, Simon Barjona, and separating him from all the other disciples, "lovest thou me more than these?" thrice repeating the charge and varying the expression of it so as to include the term in its utmost force. If it is possible by any words to convey a power and charge to a particular person, and to exclude the rest of the company from that special power and charge, it is done here. By these words, universal and supreme authority over the Church was committed to Peter by our Lord. The terms have no limit save that of salvation itself. The subjects of the charge are "my lambs and my sheep"; that is, the fold itself of the Great Shepherd. The nature of the charge is expressed by two different words of unequal force and extent in the original, but both rendered "feed," one means to give food simply, the other embraces every act of care and providence in the government of others, a regal power under an image the farthest removed from the spirit of pride and ambition. Such is even the heathen meaning of it, and the first of poets defines Agamemon by this word: "Shepherd of the People." By this word St. Paul and St. Peter himself express the power of the bishop over his flock. And so our Lord here instituting the one shepherd of the one fold gives to Peter over all His flock the very word used of himself to express all his power and dominion. What the bishop is to his flock, Peter is made to the flock of God, and this in the most simple as well as in the most absolute and emphatic manner. If the fold of Christ is equivalent to the Church of Christ and the kingdom of heaven, so to feed, to rule the lambs and the sheep of that fold is equivalent to being the rock of that Church and the bearer of the keys as

well as the first, the Greater One, and the ruler in that kingdom of heaven.

That universal and supreme authority over the Church was in these words committed to Peter by the Lord is the belief of antiquity. Thus St. Ambrose in the West says that the Lord on the point of ascending into heaven left him, as it were, the successor and representative of His love. And again he says that: Christ ordered him to feed the sheep in order that he who was the more perfect might have the government. In the East St. Chrysostom says: He was the chosen of the Apostles and the head of the band. And Christ puts into his hands the presidency over the brethren. And in another place he says: "Why did he shed His blood to purchase the sheep which he committed to Peter and His successors?"

We are next to inquire whether Christ said anything in an opposite direction. No one has even so much as alleged one single text in which He made the most distant allusion to any principle of unity in the Church other than St. Peter. Our Lord indeed conferred jurisdictional power upon the Apostles. "Whatsoever you shall bind," etc. "Whatsoever you shall lose," etc. And it was a mission universal in its nature—"Go ye into the world." All the Apostles received it in common, Peter among them. But there is nothing in these powers which answers to the images of the "Rock" on which the Church is built, the single "bearer of the keys" and "confirmer of his brethren" which Christ had appropriated to one Apostle. Now it is to be observed that this jurisdictional power was conferred upon them CORPORATELY in union with St. Peter, not upon each singly. He did not give the whole world to each singly, nor did He divide the world into twelve equal portions and give each a twelfth; but He gave it first to Peter and then He gave it to the rest in union with Peter; so that each had not a separate limited share to himself, but a share in the whole with the rest and with Peter. The jurisdiction which the other Apostles possessed they possessed in union with Peter; but the jurisdiction which Peter possessed he possessed in himself. The jurisdiction of the rest depended upon their union with Peter, not Peter's jurisdiction upon his union with them. Hence Peter is the source of their jurisdiction, not as if it were conferred by him, but because though conferred immediately by Christ it was conferred upon them only

as united with Peter. The Apostles were equal to Peter in the powers of the Episcopate and also in those of the Apostolate—i. e., immediate institution by Christ and universal mission. They were inferior to him in his Primacy, namely, that they must exercise all their powers in union with him and in dependence on him, he had singly, and more, what they had collectively with him. He had first and alone the supreme government, a parallel of which in more circumscribed limits was afterwards promised and granted to them in common; he had the supervision of all intrusted to him alone. For they were committed to his charge as well as all other Christians in the words, "Feed My sheep." In one word he was their head and his primacy the crown and completion of the divine government of the Church; for the body without the head is no body. Now this universal mission of the Apostles was extraordinary in them and except in the case of Peter was to terminate with their lives. For they communicated to none that universal mission; the bishops whom they ordained having only a restricted field in which to exercise their powers. Thus these two privileges of the Apostolate, universal mission and immediate institution by Christ, dropped. But Peter's Primacy being distinct from the Apostolate continued.

And Peter exercised immediately his supreme authority. On every matter of discipline where there was an opening for difference of opinion, his deliberate decisions determined that of the rest and constituted the Church's law. The command to abstain from idolatry and from blood derived its binding force from the fact not that the apostolic majority but that Peter approved it. He arranged the filling up of the Apostolic College through Matthia's election; he fixed the form of election. He takes up the word before the people and the Sanhedrim and works the first miracle. He receives the Gentiles into the Church. The punishment of Ananias and Sapphira, the anathemas on Simon Magus, the first visiting and confirming the churches under persecution, were all his acts. The very existence of the Church as one organic body required that this supreme power should pass in all its fullness from St. Peter to his successors, unless the Church was to be torn up and divided into a number of different factions. For if such supremacy was necessary to the Church in the time of St. Peter when the Apostles were all living, all directed by the Holy Ghost, all clothed with Apostolic authority in

the whole Church, it was far more necessary after their death, and there remained, aside from the Apostolic See, no Apostolic power as distinguished from ordinary Episcopal power. Hence the reason for continuing the Primacy of Peter after his death was far stronger than the reason for instituting it in his person.

That St. Peter established the Holy See in Rome and transmitted his supremacy to his successors in that See is certain; and no Ecumenical Council or Pope has power to deprive the Roman Church of its prerogative as the Apostolic See. It is no idle phrase or rhetorical fancy, but an axiom full of truth and deep meaning that Peter yet lives and reigns in his successors. Christ our Lord promised that he would be with the Apostles and consequently they with Him in their successors down to the end of time. Now every Apostolical See has perished but that of Rome. The accomplishment of His promise in its full literal sense is therefore reserved to St. Peter alone, who with and through Christ yet lives and reigns in his Roman successors. The Pope, therefore, alone has, *jure divino* by his succession from St. Peter, supreme power over the whole Church. Christian antiquity was so fully persuaded of this truth that that alone explains the peculiar attitude which both the orthodox and heretical believer assumed towards the Roman Church. St. Irenaeus of the second century clearly affirms the supremacy of the Roman Church in these words: "To this Church on account of a more powerful principality it is necessary that every church should resort." And St. Cyprian expresses the same idea when he calls the Roman Church "the seat of Peter," the root and source of the Church, the principal Church whence sacerdotal unity is derived.

The moral impossibility of exercising a minute jurisdiction over the vast territories of the empire of the Church made it not only convenient, but even necessary, that the Pope should delegate a great portion of his supreme and universal power and authority to superior metropolitans and especially to the patriarchs of the East, reserving only the greatest and most important cases to his own court. All these privileges of metropolitans and patriarchs were mere measures of administration, the result of historical development, and they were more or less extended or restricted in different times and countries by custom, decrees of Popes and the canons of Councils approved by them.

The historical fact that the Church was always governed as a monarchy, that the Roman Pontiffs, fully conscious of their su-

preme power constantly exercised supreme legislative, judicial and executive authority, is an irrefragable proof that the monarchical form of government was universally acknowledged from the beginning, that it was understood to be *ex jure divino* and not merely *ex jure ecclesiastico*. Indeed, it was the monarchical principle in our Lord and its conveyance to Peter that made the ecclesiastical a possible universal fact.

This exercise of papal power is no less conspicuous and wonderful in the early centuries when the world was pagan than in the middle ages, when all Europe was Catholic. It is no doubt a noble and cheering sight to behold the Henrys, Fredericks and other mediaeval monsters crushed for the welfare of religion and society by the sentences of Gregory and Innocent! But the real power of the Pope shines out perhaps more brilliantly when seen in a Clement (A. D. 100) exercising his authority while the Apostle St. John was still alive, to quell the discord in the Church at Corinth; in a Victor (198) who from his hiding place in the Catacombs threatens the disobedient Churches of Asia with excommunication; in a Stephen (A. D. 254) against the anabaptists of Africa; in a Celestine (431) who sends his legates to the general Council of Ephesus with instructions that they are to abide no discussion, but sit there as judges of the assembled Fathers; in a Leo (451) who with a stroke of his pen annuls the canons of a general Council; in a Hormisdas (519) who demands and obtains from the Eastern Churches full unreserved submission to the decrees of his predecessors against Acacius as the only condition on which they could be freed from the law which had lain upon them for more than thirty years.

It has ever belonged to the Roman Pontiff to convene a general Council and preside over it either in person or by his legates, and no acts of a Council were of any authority, save as they were acts of the Pope or rendered his by his approval and confirmation. And Councils otherwise general, as for instance that of Ariminum (359) attended by four hundred (400) bishops whose formulary was signed by the bishops of the East, and the second Council of Ephesus, called the "Robber Synod," were not so, simply from wanting papal ratification; and others not of themselves general, as the Council of Constantinople, attended by only one hundred and fifty (150) bishops of the East alone, became so simply from having it. And all disciplinary enactments,

like the definitions of faith of General Councils, have their binding force only from his approval and his confirmation. By his authority not merely are individual bishops appointed, judged, suspended and removed, but new Episcopal Sees are established and old ones remodeled and even suppressed. (Note—Pius VII. exercised this very power in 1801 over a considerable number of French bishops; and all the Roman Catholic bishops throughout the world taught that whoever disobeyed his decree became thereby schismatical.)

The supreme judicial power of the Pope is evidenced by his right of receiving appeals, and therefore were the most powerful bishops of the most ancient oriental sees ever ready to invoke his authority to right their wrongs and to reinstate them in their Sees, even against the authority of numerous attended Councils of their fellow oriental bishops; while on the other hand it was a maxim of Christian antiquity that "the first See could be judged by no one." And throughout Church History no single instance can be found of an appeal carried to an Eastern Synod, provincial or general, or to any of the oriental patriarchs, from a sentence of a Western Synod under the sanction of the Pope. But innumerable examples occur of persons who after condemnation in the East appealed to the Papal Court. We might refer to the appeal of the Montanists to the Pope mentioned by Tertullian himself. Athanasius appealed to Pope Julius I. against the Arians, when the Council of Sardica was convoked at the request of the Pope in the year 343 and the supremacy of the bishops of Rome solemnly acknowledged to whom all must appeal for final sentence. In like manner St. Chrysostom appealed to Innocent I.

I contend therefore that the very practice of appeals to the Pope from all parts of Christendom, his intervention in peculiar emergencies and his general government over the Church, presupposes his possession *jure divino* of a power which is universal and supreme, a purely monarchical power.

We may sum up the tradition and teaching of all previous centuries with the united testimony of Greeks and Latins in the general Council of Florence as follows: "We define that the Holy Apostolic See, that is the Roman Pontiff, has the right of Primacy over all the Churches of the world; that the Roman Pontiff is the successor of St. Peter, prince of the Apostles; that he is the very vicar of Christ, the head of the whole Church, the

father and teacher of all the faithful; that full power to feed and direct and govern the universal Church was intrusted to him in the person of St. Peter by our Lord Jesus Christ." Now full power in ruling and governing the universal Church is the same as monarchical power, and this power is of divine right, for the Council says it was given to him by our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Council of Trent said the same when it defined that the Pope was supreme authority over the universal Church. But in the Brief of Pius VI. "SUPER SOLIDITATE" we have the monarchical form expressly mentioned. He declares the propositions of the apostate de Dominis to be heretical wherein it was asserted "that there was no one supreme head and monarch in the Church but Christ; that the monarchical government of the Church was not immediately instituted by Christ." But if these propositions are heretical, their contradictory is of faith.

The Vatican Council, however, is most explicit and dealt the death blow to Jansenism and Gallicanism. The Council defined that the Primacy, not of honor only, but of real true jurisdiction, over the universal Church was given by our Lord immediately and directly to St. Peter and this same Primacy is by the same divine right continued unceasingly to the successors of St. Peter, the Roman Pontiffs, and that this jurisdiction is ordinary and immediate. Moreover, that all the members of the Church, pastors and people individually and collectively, are bound in obedience to it not only in matters of faith and morals, but also in whatever appertains to the discipline and government of the Church throughout the world.

In conclusion I would call attention to the importance of bringing clearly before the minds of the people and of thoroughly and rightly instructing them as to the essential nature and constitution of the Church. The religious revolt of the sixteenth century could not have been so widespread and destructive, and Gallicanism could hardly have arisen, if the true papal or monarchical constitution of the Church had been always brought out and fully insisted on. The tendency of secular courts and courtiers, from Frederick II. of Germany down to our own times has been to regard the Church as Episcopal or Aristocratic rather than papal or monarchical. We need not be surprised, therefore, to find large numbers misapprehending the constitution of the

Church and imagining that she might exist and be a true Church without papal authority. It was the prevalence of this notion that prepared the way, and that accounts for the sudden rise and rapid spread of Protestantism. The Church was not regarded as founded on Peter, but on the Episcopacy and simply completed by the addition of the papacy, hence men were capable of conceiving the suppression of the papacy and the Church as remaining in all its essential elements. And, pervading and strengthening all attacks against the papacy, was the spirit of nationalism. We should be thoroughly convinced that any attempt in this country to make an "American Catholic Church" will produce similar results as the well-known attempt to make the Church German and French a few centuries ago. And if there be anything evident to reason as well as to faith it is that the form of government of the Church is by divine right monarchical.*

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*Authors consulted in the preparation of this article: Aloizius Vencenzi, Hurter, S. J.; Mazzella, Bellarmine, Suarez, F. Solieri, Zallinger (Vol. V.), Devoti, Cardinal Tarquini, D. Bouix, Kendrick, De Maistre, Dr. Hergenröther, Brownson, Bruech, R. Parsons, T. W. Allies, R. J. Wilberforce, Botalla.

HYPOCRISY VERSUS TRUTH.

Now that the pseudo, yellow-journalism-inspired patriotism has somewhat evaporated and the events of a few months have taken their places in the pages of history, it is well to look the truth in the face and to weigh well the accusations brought against Spain.

What wisdom beyond our ken was it that prompted the God-man to utter those remarkable words, "Let the one without sin cast the first stone"—words applicable to nations as well as to individuals? Again, we have a most familiar quotation in our own language, "People who live in glass houses should never throw stones."

With these guide lights of truth before us, a fair consideration of ourselves and the Spanish nation will lead one who has the brains of a housecat to the persuasion that we have in our midst a lot of loud-mouthed, hypocritical, canting boobies.

While the Spanish nation has been charged with crimes in comparison with which the iniquities of Sodom and Gomorrha were as dewdrops beside hailstones, still I prefer to take some of the more generally accepted and principal accusations and, while admitting for argument's sake that Spain may be guilty, prove, however, that we, as a nation, are not in a position to cast the first stone, nor the last one either.

"Oh, the cruelty of Spain!" howled the yellows from Atlantic to Pacific coast, and in each hamlet their hordes of followers assembled in the village churches and gave thanks that they were not as the rest of men. And this from a nation and in a country where forty years ago the negro was a chattel and where human blood flowed under the stroke of the slave-driver's whip. "How cruel to her colonies!" written by a people whose villainous treatment of the Indians cries to heaven for vengeance!

"The starvation of her subjects the beginning of her downfall!" drove these organs, and at the same time thousands of mill operatives were starving in New England and many of our own "reconcentrados" in the large cities have not wherewith to continue the union of soul and body. The pang of hunger is the same whether the victim is spurned with a kick or sent away with a smirking, hypocritical reference to some so-called charity

organization; only the first is so shocking, while the second is Christianlike and eminently respectable. Did it ever enter the minds of the great humane American editors that there was instituted and maintained during the Civil War a prison called "Andersonville" whose record will vie with that of any Spanish jail, and yet some of the very persons who maintained Andersonville have been leaders in the war for Cuba's emancipation from Spain's cruelties. Consistency, indeed thou art a jewel!

The religious intolerance of Spain has been employed during the past few months to point many a moral and adorn many a tale. Still, have we as a nation so very much latitude to boast of our superior liberality? A nation that was conceived in intolerance, each separate colony of which during the ante-revolutionary period hated most cordially its neighbors; the Massachusetts colonist, when not witch-burning, engaging in the diverting pastime of cropping off the ears of Quakers; the Colony of New York passing a law in 1700 proclaiming Catholic priests incendiaries and subject by their advent into the colony to a term in the stocks.

And, shame of all shames, the treatment of the Acadian colonists by the English, their cruel expulsion from their homes and the sad fates which befell them forming the theme of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

The disgraceful "Know-nothing" and "Native American" movements, in which the ill treatment of Catholics at the hands of mobs and the burning of their churches were most convincing proofs of American tolerance. Again in our own experience the existence of the "American Protective Association" shows a state of Christian toleration and brotherly love which might be imagined as flourishing among the unwashed Hottentots of South Africa, but hardly in "this land of liberty and freedom."

The bull-fighting proclivities of the Spanish people have formed a basis for the general statement that Spain as a nation was and always will be bloodthirsty. It has been asserted that a country whose greatfolk (society people, if we may so term them) were in the habit of continually witnessing such barbaric spectacles must, when it came to the lower strata of national life, be on the same plane of culture as the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands.

These critics have only to recall the fact that a year ago the

newspapers of New York were denouncing the barbarities which were incidental to a bicycle race then in progress at Madison Square Garden, to cause them to hesitate and, after looking at other facts, acknowledge that we have some semi-barbarians in America and a goodly number in these United States.

In the bicycle race above mentioned not dumb animals (the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would have interfered if they were animals), but seven or eight human beings, physical and mental wrecks, made round after round of the Garden on their wheels, kept up to their tasks by trainers, not a soul to pity their misery, but many spectators coming and going, until they dropped to the ground subjects for the hospital ward, and one, I believe, a victim of insanity. How much license have the American editors to criticise other nations when we have and continue to tolerate the existence of such an institution in our country as prizefighting, when our newspapers glut the vile tastes of brutal readers by giving the details of each round of a prize-fight and describe the effects produced by the blows of the contestants; when a man who was once the Governor of the very State in which a recent fight took place will so demean himself as to report the affair for a sensational newspaper; when the citizens of the town where this same fight occurred caused a sum of money to be deposited with the contestants as an inducement for them to hold the fight in their town, believing that the influx of spectators would benefit the town financially.

We have heard a great deal about the rottenness of monarchies in general, and the corruptness of Spanish political affairs in particular. Is it not really just about the right time to discover the beam in our own eye before we seek to pull out the mote from the eye of our foreign brethren? Why, the management of this very war against Spain has been, if we can believe the press reports, a striking exhibition of corrupt, incompetent management, especially when we learn that military commands with grave responsibilities were bestowed upon individuals because the bestowal of these places upon these incompetents would prove beneficial politically to the appointing power. It can be safely wagered that in wire-pulling, legislature bribery and theft the Spanish politicians are mere tyros compared with their American brethren. Whether there is more money stolen in Spain and

other European countries from the public treasury than in the United States I do not know, but, be that as it may, one thing is certain—that until such terms as “jobbery,” “rings,” “boodling” have lost their present meanings in our vocabularies, we should carefully refrain from any comparisons between the political affairs of this country and foreign nations; in fact, whenever the subject is mentioned it would be just as well to change the topic and talk about the weather.

There is one other charge that has been placed by the smart American editors on the debit side of Spain’s account—her alleged indifference to popular education. I confess that on the first consideration we seem to have little or nothing to blush for in regard to educational matters, that is if one were to judge by the amount of money appropriated yearly for the school funds. And when we read the list of institutions scattered throughout the country, designated as the “Universities of Whatnot” (conferring degrees in pretty much anything) down to the village “academy” where all the “ologies” and “ographies” are on tap for the studiously inclined, we would be forced to acknowledge that the United States is the intellectual centre of the universe. Furthermore if the old saw that “knowledge is power” and the contention that the average of criminality decreases as the proportion of educated (?) individuals in the communities increase, then drawing the correct conclusion, this country should be the happiest land under the sun and to its inhabitants should be almost unknown the meaning of jails and reformatories. As I have said, I cannot deny the fact that in school buildings, colleges, etc., America can compare favorably with the world; this I concede; but I wish to examine into the results of these institutions and judge them by their results; in other words, to examine as to the fruits they have borne.

However much others may take issue with me, I hold that one of the curses of the country is superficial education. A little learning has proven a most dangerous thing. The fact that so many radical political creeds have taken root in this country proves conclusively that the vast majority of those persons who have a grievance against society have knowledge, or rather, intelligence, enough to discover their true condition, but lack the ability (which a really useful education would bestow) to better

themselves. The fact that there are thousands out of employment who have had a common school education goes far to prove that the latter is not such a panacea as its champions assert it is.

Reading the statistics of jails and reformatories, we find that only a small percentage of their inmates can neither read nor write. Some of our most noted criminals, forgers and bank wreckers are shining products of an education which cares for the head and lets the heart go to the devil.

And as far as this country leading in higher educational matter, this contention is too absurd to require disproof, it is one which no well-informed person will ever think of adducing.

To sum the matter up in a word, a man can be honest and a good citizen, even if he be ignorant of the three "R's." I am not arguing in favor of popular ignorance. I merely assert a fact; and while not denying that education of the proper kind is conducive of refinement and happiness among the workers of a people, I reiterate my former statement that our system of popular education has not produced results equal to the money and efforts expended upon it, and that before we seek to criticise the educational lackings of other nations we should correct the defects in our own.

While considering these questions, I have neither admitted nor denied the accusations brought against our late enemy—Spain. That is a question which I leave for the discussion of others. I have no thoughts to offer about it. Hence it cannot be claimed that this article is a defence of the national character of Spain.

While I am not blind to the good qualities of our own national character, I must in all fairness say that the meanest of all vices is the vice of hypocritical criticism.

No one is more eager for the country's welfare than the writer, and it is because of this that the fact is forced home upon him that the surest and most speedy method of national advancement is not that which is attempted by proclaiming one's own greatness and trying to establish the iniquity of one's neighbors, but that progress which is based upon a recognition of our own shortcomings, coupled with an honest resolve to profit by such knowledge in the future.

J. GABRIEL BRITT.

New York.

THREE NEW CATHOLIC BOOKS.

The Roman Court. By the Rev. PETER A. BAART, S. T. L.
Second edition. Fr. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati.

Jerome Savonarola. A sketch. By Rev. J. L. O'NEIL, O. P.
Boston: Marlier, Callanan & Co. 1898.

Guide to True Religion. Rev. P. WOODS. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

In the above arrangement of titles, I have placed these books in what seems to me their relative order as to merit in the art of writing and also as to merit in the relative importance of the subjects and the clearness and force with which they are treated.

"The Roman Court" is not as utterly new as might be, but it is new to me, and its clearness, importance, strength and value in every way have impressed me so profoundly that I wish I had it in my power to put the book not only in the hands of all English speaking Catholic prelates, priests and people, but into the hands of every intelligent English speaking Protestant in the whole world.

In all the fifty years that I have been reading serious books I have met only with two or three volumes that seem to me to approach this book alike in importance of the subject and the masterly clearness with which the subject is handled.

It is exactly what it claims to be—A Treatise on the Cardinals, Roman Congregations and Tribunals of the Holy Roman Church. It shirks no question or phase of question concerning all the many and important customs, acts and functions of their bodies of representative men. It has no starch, no foolish bombast, no posing rhetoric. It makes no pompous assumptions, but goes in each chapter and paragraph to the root of the question in hand, and handles it with a thoroughness and skill that Lord Bacon might have envied. In the last paragraph of his Introductory Chapter the author says, "We shall divide this treatise into three parts. In the first we shall treat of the cardinals of the Holy Roman Church or the Sacred College; in the second, of the Roman Congregations and Tribunals, and of their authority, and in the third part we shall write of prelates, legates, vicars

apostolic and certain other ministers or officials of the Apostolic See."

It is needless to say that this arrangement is strictly adhered to. It is needless also to say that as the book has not a line of padding, hardly a needless word, it is impossible for me to condense or put the whole of it into a brief notice or review.

In speaking of the origin or evolution of the Sacred College, there is no attempt to go beyond the actual records of history and well authenticated tradition, and the utter fairness with which the author quotes conflicting opinions on this and on other most important questions treated, gives evidence of the Christian greatness of a well-balanced Catholic heart and mind.

Indeed, in reading this portion of the book it seemed to me that the author might have strengthened his suggestion of a possible apostolic origin for the Sacred College by reference to the Acts of the Apostles, fifteenth chapter, where one of the first gatherings of such a body is briefly described, and wherein Peter, the first Pope, after hearing the opinions and arguments of his brethren, gave the first papal decision on record, that is, it was, then as now, a gathering of those nearest and most trusted by St. Peter, and the ruling was theirs as well as his, with all the authority of their concurrence and with all the authority of his, Peter's, proclamation.

Of course, I am aware that the Church of the nineteenth century, being divine in the same sense that the church of the first century—that is, the Apostolic Church—was divine, there is no absolute need of appealing to apostolic acts and usage to render valid the acts of the Church in these late days, and yet the Protestant world is so wedded to the idea that the Roman Catholic Church of our day not only has not the authority of the Apostolic Church, but is in many essentials opposed to it, that it seems to me worth while to quote Scriptural and apostolic usage as the foundation of and as being in harmony with modern Roman usage whenever this can be consistently and truly done.

In truth, the divine light and power of the church builded on the broken reputation and crucified life of a broken hearted man is to my mind scarcely less a miracle than the stupendous miracle of the Incarnation itself, and in reading the book here under review I have been more and more impressed with the divine

wisdom that governs in all the ecclesiastical courts of Rome, spite of the million intrigues and artifices set in motion to blind the eyes or bind the hands or corrupt the heart that in its blessed and benign pulsations guides the heart-beats of the Christian world.

The delicate question as to whether the rulings of the Pope on important matters of dogma, morals or discipline, or on minor matters may be given, and be of unquestioned and binding force and power, without consulting the College of Cardinals, is discussed with such exquisite clearness as to make one envy the mind capable of such lucidity and such expressive ability. Indeed, I consider this part of the book more fascinating than a novel, while at the same time it treats of one of the profoundest questions of all ecclesiastical and religious life, and the conclusion that while the Pope might act without consulting the Sacred College, as a matter of fact, he never has done so, and probably never will, is worthy the acumen of a Philadelphia lawyer—that is, when they had lawyers, and not mere high school sophomores, at the Philadelphia Bar.

In Chapter II. of Part Second, in treating of the Roman Inquisition in contrast with the Spanish and other Inquisitions, the author breaks away a little from the close and concise adherence to statistical history and allows himself free latitude of discussion. In this again he shows himself as masterful in reasoning, as charitable of soul, and as bravely and strongly Catholic as in the pages which deal with purely ecclesiastical formulæ. In fact, the book throughout is a masterpiece of Catholic learning, light and loyalty, and I am more than delighted to find such a helpful and thorough Catholic work in the English language.

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There is always a sweet clean-heartedness about what Fr. O'Neil writes, the result, as seems to me, of a very earnest attempt to exemplify in his words and life the divine religion he professes. In addition to this, there is in his new life, a "Sketch of Savonarola," a smooth and easy flow of elegant diction, unusual even among the best ecclesiastical writers, and this, I take it, is largely the result of his long and heroic editorial experience on the Rosary magazine. Besides this, I still notice in his Savonarola a beautiful familiarity with the contemporary history, and with the art of the era in which his hero flourished and died, and

all these features render this book unusually attractive, even if one cannot always accept the tender and flattering estimate of Savonarola that his present biographer holds and displays. Catholic scholars who are far more familiar than I am with the detail of Catholic history covered by this book assure me that Fr. O'Neil has not dealt largely with original sources of information, that he really has nothing new in his book, and that, however hopeless may be the task of whitewashing Alexander the Sixth into anything like decent respectability, Savonarola, after all, was contumacious towards well-established Catholic usage, and therefore it is no easy task to make a hero, much less a saint, out of the martyred and world-famous Dominican of the fifteenth century.

While still a Protestant I always saw this dilemma regarding any Catholic attempts toward further exaltation of Savonarola. Fr. O'Neil is certainly fair in his new photograph of this remarkable man, indeed so fair that to a mind less partial than our new American Dominican it becomes clear from the start Savonarola, though full of courage and earnest in his proclamations of the truth and his denunciation of the crying evils of his time, was altogether too hard and willful and proud in his dealings with those toward whom—though on account of their vices—he had conceived intense dislike.

A careful study of all the portraits of Savonarola that I have ever seen reveals the fact that beneath his intense moralism and his direct earnestness there was a witch-like *préternaturalism* liable to drive him into all sorts of subtle mental excesses, and still less veiled, an unrelenting and willful hardness, seen in the suppressed fierceness of the lips, which explains many of the vexed and vexing situations of his life and show how absolutely difficult it is for any man, by cloistered cell or fervent prayer, to get away from the mental, moral and physical inheritances entailed upon him by his ancestors.

Give me a clear study of a man's closed lips and I will tell you how near or far his approaches toward clearness of mind and purity of heart have been.

As bearing on this matter, a very learned and gifted priest recently said to me: "Why celibacy and many of the so-called priestly sacrifices, while they soften and make more beautiful the

spiritual lives of some men, only harden and almost demonize the lives of others, so that their religion becomes a bigotry of small hates and extravagant imagination."

I do not mean to say that this applies to Savonarola, but, while I admire his Apostolic firmness in not putting himself under the tutelage of Lorenzo, I just as frankly despise his conceited and stubborn pride as seen in his refusal to meet the prince half way when it was clear that Lorenzo was well disposed toward him. There is lots of this sort of stuffing in some of the priests and prelates of our day, and it is always of the devil, never really adds to their dignity (that is what it is meant for), and always lands them in the arms of vanity and uselessness appropriate only to peacocks and Irish members of Parliament.

As far as I can see Savonarola had lots of this in his earlier career, and perhaps his early failures as a preacher may have fed the flame of his disgruntled haughtiness.

Savonarola's face more nearly resembles that of George Eliot, the famous English novelist, than that of any known to me, and I have made careful studies of all the prominent faces of history. It is more remarkable that Savonarola's leading strength and weakness were the same as those of the unfortunate woman named—that is, unusual strength of mental and moral perception, but always accompanied with a certain mental and moral pride and self-sufficiency, which led in George Eliot's case to the wreck of her faith and the ruin of her character, and in Savonarola's case to a martyr's grave, but hardly to the crown of sainthood or the highest heroism. This at least is the case as it looks to me.

That his many visions, involving as they did prophecies based upon the same, were largely the results of fastings and intense labors producing a certain insanity of bodily and mental organization, seems clear to me, but these are the old conditions out of which visions and prophecies have always come, and some of them have had moral and mental power enough to move the world.

I have no inclination to follow Fr. O'Neil's story through the so-called trial and burning of Savonarola. The one was a brutal farce and the other a brutal murder. But certain magnificent prelates in the United States within the last ten years have treated priests of their Archdioceses with quite as much cold-blooded

brutality as Alexander VI. treated Savonarola, except in the mere matter of burning their bodies, and that is simply the crown of other martyrdom, and I am intensely more interested in checking brutal Catholic tyrannies in the United States than I am in musing over the anguish that Savonarola endured four hundred years ago. Let the dead bury their dead. To follow Christ is to smite the living devil between the eyes, and not to groan over the works of the devil four hundred or eighteen hundred years ago. The age of Savonarola was given over to murderous intrigues between prelates and Kings, precisely as this age is an age of dastardly and cowardly intrigues between prelates and the so-called statesmen of our day. Our real business is to down injustice, untruth, hardness and godlessness wherever found. In trying to do this in his day Savonarola erred often, as all earnest men have ever erred in the fierceness of their denunciation of wrong, especially when they are judged as Savonarola was judged, by the wrongdoers he condemned.

Certainly he was an agitator, and I see no reason why Fr. O'Neil should object or care to object to this term as applied to his illustrious brother. Jesus was an agitator, Paul was an agitator, all the old Hebrew prophets were agitators, and the only reason that some of us in these days are not more agitators than we are is that some of the leading and hardened ecclesiastics of our day are so woven around in the silken cords of a cowardly, despicable, assumed modesty, through which they work all the same and everlastingly to kill any men of noble minds and of adherence to God's truth.

In a word there are lots of Alexander Sixths among the ecclesiastics of the United States to-day, but as they have not the power of the rack and the fagots, they take their sweet and Christian revenge by stabbing in the back and in the dark, with vile innuendo and damnable neglect the Savonarolas of our day. It is not likely that the author of this excellent little volume had any evil design in choosing the particular portrait of Alexander VI. that adorns one of its pages. The portrait of a man, however, that has a retreating forehead, a tremendous backhead and a great, long, sharp, protruding nose, gives you about the nearest view you can get of the soul of that man. Hence it happens that the portrait of this gentleman given in Fr. O'Neil's book looks

more like a fairly well trained, pious pig, say of the well-fatted Berkshire breed and masculine gender, than that of a great ecclesiastic, fit to sit in judgment upon a man of Savonarola's stern godliness and fearless soul. Very suggestive, all this, certainly.

* * * * *

The third and last of the books here under review is certainly a very good and ought to prove a very useful publication. The author treats of the entire eras of religion from the creation to our own time; moreover, he treats of each period and each phase of Jewish, Pagan and Christian belief and practice with a familiar knowledge of the different faiths portrayed that betrays close and earnest and very wide reading alike of the sacred Scriptures and all the reliable histories at least of modern times. In truth, the easy fluency of the author, while handling the most profound periods of religious history and conflict, seems at first sight an argument against the reliability of the writer. Nevertheless a careful investigation of any of the pages of this book will convince the reader that Rev. P. Woods has been as industrious in his investigation of religious truth as he is fluent and facile in stating his own view of the case. It must also be said that his view is absolutely orthodox, pure and noble in its loyalty to all the established conclusions of the church, and simply delightful in the clearness with which it is stated.

For me, I am very glad to see such books as *The Roman Court*, and this *Guide to True Religion*, coming forth from the Catholic publishers of the United States, in good clear Anglo-Saxon English, for it seems to me these books are just what the Protestant, as well as the Catholic, world of our day are in need of. It is not enough that a few thoughtful and scholarly men and women of our English-speaking races are influenced by the splendid and scholarly utterances of men like Newman and Manning; we want Catholic truth, doctrine, discipline and life put into the clear and popular language of modern times. If Catholic Christianity can only be explained in Latin, the Vanutellies and other hireling ecclesiastics of Rome had better get up an esoteric Catholic Academy all to themselves with John Ireland, John Keane and the Rev. O'Connel as toastmasters to the religion of the Catholic gold standard and of ecclesiastical bribes—talk it all in Latin, drink it all in Latin, and at last go to their own Latin Purgatory,

while the great millionfold world of Christ's followers are learning their catechism and saying their prayers in English, and trying to serve God in pure humbleness of spirit, without the aid of any sand bag-gotten up quarter million dollar jubilees.

Dr. Woods seems to be to be especially clear, full and satisfactory in treating the Christian period in which Constantine figured so graciously and then so ignominiously over the Arian heresy. But there was a woman in that case, too, and her untaught feminine sympathies came near turning Christian history into a new hodge-podge of paganism—as if God had not been incarnate and Christ had not died.

They say it was a woman that ruined Alexander Sixth also, poor man, and it is generally admitted that she played a very strong part in the Garden of Eden, wherever that may have been. Religion, true and false, has been such a turbulent and often such a bloody affair in our world that one almost instinctively revolts at such a bloodless, pleasing and flowing panorama of it as is given in this volume, but, after all, the final results of God's truth, struggling with the unwilling souls of individual men and nations, are as smooth and restful and still and beautiful as sunlight, quietly stealing over and resting upon the face of the world, and Dr. Woods treats not of the detailed interiors or exteriors of all the conflicts the world has been through before getting to rest in the true Catholicism or the Boston brown bread and appleskinism of our times.

Perhaps the book is a little too smooth for, and too assured in, the low-tide Catholicity of our day, but those who are looking for a fluent and easy but sure and orthodox Catholic view of or guide to true religion may find it in this book more kindly and purely set forth than in any other book that has come under my notice for many a year.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

ALFRED THE GREAT IN ROME.

It may be well, while the preparations for the millenary of King Alfred are advancing towards a result worthy of England and of its Empire, to turn to an all too-forgotten chapter of the life of the greatest of Saxon and English Kings; the period of his Roman formation in mental and moral attainments and habits, and preparation for the subsequent period, which was marked by the continuance of the relations then formed with Rome and the development of the influences thus early undergone.

From the eighth to the thirteenth centuries an English settlement existed within the area known as the Leonine City, and under the very shadow of the Vatican Basilica, on the curve of the northern bank of the Tiber, between the bridge and the Castle of Sant' Angelo, which stood on the one side, and the place where is now the Square, or Piazza, of St. Peter's, which stood on the other side. It was a national establishment, and, probably because the foundation of a Saxon King, it was possessed of the privileges and dignities of a national establishment in a plenary way, and open to all comers from the nation, were they royal, or princely, visitors, archbishops coming to receive investiture of their pallia, bishops arriving on official visits, or students seeking to become scholars, or pilgrims of every various social quality, ad Lemnia Apostolorum, at the Threshold of the Apostles.¹

1. I have treated of this institution in *The Globe Review* for January, 1895, and in *The Dublin Review*, July and October issues, 1898.

An institution that was thus hospitable in a fully national manner, even before the consolidation of the Saxon Kingdoms, must not only have corresponded to, but must actually have created, a need—the need of a visit to Rome. In modern time, the English-speaking peoples have obtained a primacy among the crowds of travelers which the grandeur, the beauty and the holiness of Rome gather yearly within her walls. The members of the races which represent English-speaking civilization—which, after all, is fundamentally¹ Anglo-Saxon—are in the eyes of the lower classes little less than identical with travelers in general, and vice versa. And the fund of truth which underlies the exaggeration in this popular conception is more correctly summarized in the broad

1. Not numerically, but as a dominant influence.

truth that the majority of those who visit Rome belong to the English-speaking peoples, the root-stock and predominant element of which is Anglo-Saxon. It is not as generally known as it should be that this prevalence of our tongue among the foreign elements centred at Rome is not without its historical counterpart; with so natural, and, indeed, inevitable compulsion, does history repeat itself. Like everything else, our presence in Rome has an archaeology of its own.

This archaeology begins with the institution where Alfred lived, and which was called the *Schola Saxonum*, or Saxon Association.¹ Though he was not its initiator, he is more than ever a representative figure when he appears on its roll of visitors.

1. The word *Schola* in this name has been commonly mistaken for *School*. Its signification in mediæval Latin was about the equivalent of that of our word: *Club*.

That is, in the sum, his relation to it. Probably its relation to him is still greater in proportion. Every traveler to Rome, and every student generally, carries away impressions and receives elements of formation, after the measure of his preparation. This institution had an immense formative influence upon the island people. It has a very real and sufficiently prominent place in the history of English development, both as a cause and as a result. It was produced by a strong movement, which was itself but part of the earliest national expansion, and which, occurring in the primitive ages, is to be regarded as a symbol, at least, if not as a sign, of future imperial greatness. The movement abroad, through the effects which it exercised upon the nation, was a great creative power. The inferior progress of the Saxons in commerce, in the arts, and in study, received no small stimulus from the sights seen on the Continent. It is evident that Rome was not solely concerned here. The Continent had to be traversed in order to reach Rome, and the flourishing Kingdom of France was the most frequented thoroughfare in the itineraries of the middle ages. After beholding the barbaric magnificence of France, the Saxons entered into the more cultured Italy. A searching examination of what is called the Renaissance will show that it was but the meridian of a deeper and greater movement which extended from the beginning of the eleventh century downwards. And this vast movement had its roots far back in the preceding century. Journeying Romeward, the Saxons beheld

the condition of more advanced nations, or, where this was not exactly the case, they saw the condition of countries unlike their own, and the common theory and experience of travel sufficiently indicate the profit which they must have derived thereby. Only one such instance need be alluded to in this place. Almost the first paragraphs of Bede's "Lives of the Abbots" are devoted to the five visits paid to Rome by St. Benedict Biscop, and in the record of these visits we see the influence, not only of the goal, but also of the course, of his pilgrimage.¹

1. *Vitae Sanctorum Albatum Monasterie in Wirmutha et Gyrvum, etc.*

But if Alfred, more than any other visitor, profited by the long and instructive journey, he must have profited still more by his stay in the city, to which even then the name of eternal clung. It is true that in such works as the "Geschichte" of De Reumont, Eregorovius and Papencordt, and in the "Liber Pontificalis" and "Les Premiers Temps" of Duchesne, we see the degradation which had fallen on Rome and the catastrophe which had overtaken its culture, but we see at the same time that its civilization endured in a sufficient degree to be superior, as well as instructive, to the intelligent foreigner. How much more so to the master mind of Alfred!

This probability is eloquently attested by Lord Macaulay, whose sympathy with the Rome of the Low Latin ages was assuredly small.

"During the gloomy and disastrous centuries which followed the downfall of the Roman Empire, Italy had preserved, in a far greater degree than any other part of Western Europe, the traces of ancient civilization. The night which descended upon her was the night of an Arctic Summer. The dawn began to reappear before the last reflection of the preceding sunset had faded from the horizon. It was in the time of the French Merovingians and of the Saxon Heptarchy that ignorance and ferocity seemed to have done their worst. Yet even then the Neapolitan provinces, recognizing the authority of the Eastern Empire, preserved something of Eastern knowledge and refinement. Rome, protected by the sacred character of her Pontiffs, enjoyed at least comparative security and repose. Even in those regions where the sanguinary Lombards had fixed their monarchy, there was incomparably more of wealth, of information, of physical comfort, and of social order, than could be found in Gaul, Britain or Germany.

That which most distinguished Italy from the neighboring countries was the importance which the population of the towns, at a very early period, began to acquire. Some cities had been founded in wild and remote situations by fugitives who had escaped from the rage of the barbarians. Other cities seem to have retained, under all the changing dynasties of invaders, under Odoacer and Theodoric, Narses and Alboin, the municipal institutions which had been conferred on them by the liberal policy of the Great Republic."¹

¹ *Essays. Machiavelli.*

It is pleasing to note that at least one English historian has had a glimpse of the logic of such facts in their bearing upon the life of Alfred the Great. This is Dr. Vowler Short.

"Rome became an object of easier approach, and afforded more numerous attractions (than Jerusalem). Ethelwulf went thither in 855, with great magnificence and splendid presents, and in his journey was accompanied by his son Alfred, then a boy. It was not perhaps too much to presume that the future greatness of this monarch was promoted by this early visit to a more polished state of society, nor need we refer to the journeys of seven other British Kings, who each sought the metropolis of Christian Europe, to mere blind superstition, or view their conduct in a very different light from that in which we should regard the coming to London of some heathen monarch, who had derived his knowledge of Christianity from an English missionary."²

² *A sketch of the History of the Church of England, etc.*

Our chief interest naturally regards Alfred rather than the place of his residence, but some description of this is by no means a digression. It affords a view of the environment in which he lived during this visit to Rome, which has unfortunately been neglected by all the historians of England. Lingard, Lappenberg, Freeman, Stubbs, Kemble, Green, Palgrave, Gardner, etc.

Any inquiry into the precise working and nature of the *Schola Saxonum* must begin with its name.

The word *Schola* has always had the meaning of a reunion. These reunions were various, in the mediæval employment of the term. Hence, *schola* signified a body of persons exercising the same profession, as the *schola vixariorum*, *schola vasteriorum*, *schola cantorum*. Hence, it also signified a body of monks. In this application we find it attaching to the church of San Silvestro

in Capite, which was served by a community of Greek monks. Apparently, it passed by communication from the body dwelling on a place to the place inhabited. In its present application the word had a double signification, and by the words *Schola Saxonum* were designated the quarter of the Leonine City occupied by the Anglo-Saxons and the more or less dignified residences which they had erected there, and to which were joined an historic church and a cemetery where their dead were buried.

But the best description of this settlement, which is now represented by the vast hospital and church of Santo Spirito in Sassia, or Holy Spirit of the Saxons, is afforded in one word by its name of burh, town. It was a Saxon town, where rich folk and poor formed one common settlement, with priests, students, princes and soldiers. And burh was the designation of a considerable town.

In this heterogeneous settlement Alfred landed from the Tiber side; he was met with the respect due to a royal youth in that age of the world, escorted with pomp to the adjoining Basilica of the Apostles, where a visit was de rigueur immediately after the arrival of each pilgrim,¹ and was provided with an apartment in the best part of the burh. Then, living there, he must have been the obedient ward of one, or more, of the English priests, his tutors by day, and the companion of the pilgrims and motley

1. Mindful of the practice of his sires coming to the burh, Cardinal Newman was careful to go first of all on arrival and fasting to visit ad *Limina Apostolorum*.

crowd of inhabitants at evening. At home, in England, he would have sat at the great public dinner table, or supper table, on the right hand of the King, his father. Here, he would have been given the first place, and, after sitting among the notables of the colony, he would have listened to the recital of the pilgrims' tales and of their experiences among the ruins; the near successors of those who, as Bede tells us, had made current the legend which expressed their appreciation of the superiority and grandeur of Rome: While the Coliseum stands, Rome shall stand; when the Coliseum falls, Rome shall fall; when Rome falls, the world will fall.¹

1. *Quamdiu stabit Colyseus, stabit et Roma, quando cadet Colyseus, cadet Roma; quando cadet Roma, cadet et mundus.* Quoted cap LXXI., Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.

I have stated that no English historian has done justice to

the importance of this visit of Alfred to Eternal Rome. Sharon Turner is the native and national historian who has given most attention to King Alfred, so I shall quote his account of the visit: "In the fifth year of Alfred's age, his father, although he had three elder sons, seems to have formed an idea of making him his successor. This intention is inferred from the facts that Ethelwulph sent him at this time to Rome, with a great train of nobility and others; and that the Pope anointed him king at the request of his father.

"It is expressly affirmed that the king loved Alfred better than his other sons. . . . The presumption that he intended to make Alfred his successor, therefore, agrees with the fact of his paternal partiality. . . .

In Alfred's journey through France, he was very hospitably treated by Bertinus and Grimbald. When Alfred arrived in the course of nature at the royal dignity, he remembered Grimbald's services and talents, requited them by a steady friendship, and obtained from them an important intellectual benefit."¹

1. History of the Anglo-Saxons, I, pp. 420-1.

Sharon Turner relies upon Asser's Life of Alfred, besides other works. Dr. Pauli has almost destroyed the belief in the personality of Asser as an historical writer, but he does not allege that the account of such facts in the biography is undeserving of credit.

But Ethelwulph's fondness for Alfred made him impatient. Not long afterward he went "to Rome himself with great magnificence, accompanied by Alfred, who was entering his seventh year. As the expeditions of the great to Rome were, in those days, usually by land, Ethelwulph went first into France, where Charles, the French King, received him with honor and royal liberality, and caused him to be conducted through his dominions with every respectful attention.

"The presents which the West-Saxon King carried to the Pope were peculiarly splendid. A crown of pure gold, weighing four pounds, two golden vessels called Bancas, a sword adorned with pure gold, two golden images, four Saxon dishes of silver gilt, besides valuable dresses, are enumerated by Anastasius.¹ The king also gave a donative of gold to all the Roman clergy and nobles, and silver to the people.

1. In reality the Liber Pontificalis, which, in Sharon Turner's day, despite the studies of Biauchini and others, passed as a compilation of Anastasius, the Librarian of the Roman Church.

"Ethelwulph continued a year at Rome, and rebuilt the Saxon school, which Ina had founded.² By the carelessness of

2. The origin of the institution, which our historian calls a "school," is unknown.

its English inhabitants, it had been set on fire the preceding year and was burnt to ashes. One act which he did at Rome evinced his patriotism and influence, and entitles him to honorable remembrance. He saw that the public penitents and exiles were bound with iron, and he obtained an order from the Pope that no Englishman out of his country, should be put in bonds for penance."²

1. *Ibid.*, pp. 422-3.

Thus Alfred became in Rome a king in his premature age, just as he became a precocious youth.

WILLIAM J. W. CROKE.

Rome, November 1, 1898.

DISESTABLISH ALL THE CHURCHES.

When this article was begun, nearly two years ago, my purpose was to treat only of the Church of England, including, of course, its heterogeneous baby, the Episcopal Church, or the would-be "American Church" in the United States, and the first portion of the article will treat only of the disestablishment of the Church of England for reasons given. But the events of the last six months in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, bringing to mind as they do the struggles between the Roman Catholic Church and the civil powers, alike in France, Germany, Italy and Canada during the last fifty years, have led me to adopt the broader title of this article and to argue in favor of the disestablishment of all Christian Churches on earth, including, of course, the Roman Catholic Church in every quarter of the globe, my position being that from Constantine to Bismarck and President Faure state support and state interference have been alive a curse in fact, wrong in morals and a great injury to the civilization of the world.

The position maintained by some Anglican writers, and held dimly in an ill-informed sort of way by many members of the Church of England and likewise by many members of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, to the effect that there was any Christian Church in England other than the Roman Catholic Church prior to the time of Henry VIII., is so absolutely false to all history and to all tradition, hence so absolutely absurd and ridiculous, that those who hold it must be either knaves or fools, and in either case, therefore, not worth arguing with. That there were various dissatisfactions with Roman Catholic rule on the part of individual men, churches and ecclesiastical institutions, and various petty rebellions now and then against Roman Catholic decisions touching minor matters of ecclesiastical discipline in England during the centuries that elapsed between the time of the founding of the Church in England and the time of Henry VIII. may be readily granted, but that they were more serious or radical than may be found among obstreperous men and churches of the Roman Catholic communion in the United States in these very days is not true, and

those who maintain the contrary are either misinformed or insincere. Again the proposition maintained by some Anglican and also by some American Episcopalians, to the effect that previous to or up to the time of Henry VIII. there was any general or serious dissatisfaction within the church, that is, among the Roman Catholic English priesthood or the Roman Catholic English people with the dominion or dogmas of the Roman hierarchy, is as false to history as the first proposition named. And the proposition that Henry VIII. was moved to his rebellion against the Pope by any qualms of conscience regarding the validity of his first marriage, for instance, or that he was inspired by any superior light, or led by any sacred or righteous purpose, looking to the purifying of the Roman Catholic Church, or looking to any new religious light or liberty for the people of England, is as false as it is foolish, and to hold such notions is to make oneself a laughing stock in the eyes of intelligent men. In fact, it is a well-known truth of history that Henry VIII. was granted his title of "Defender of the Faith" by the Pope himself, and for the very reason that in his earlier, and measurably honorable, career he defended the dogmas of the church as against the heresy, treachery and infamy of one Martin Luther, a renegade and lascivious priest, since become famous as chief of the so-called "Reformation," but now being gradually understood as one of the latest rebellions of the devil and his imps against the legitimate authority of God and His Church in this world. In truth Henry VIII. himself and his great cardinal and all the splendors and energies of the Roman Catholic Church in England in Henry's days are palpable, clear and irrefutable evidences of the loyalty of English Christianity to the headship of Rome in those days.

In view of these facts, humiliating as it may be to all Anglicans and Episcopalians to admit them, I have no doubt that the plain, honest, common-sense of the entire Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-American races will force them all sooner or later to take up the clear and simple Roman Catholic and only true view of the case, viz.: that it was not Henry's piety, wisdom, unselfishness or the trueness of his British heart, but his pride, his willfulness, his sensuality, his hypocrisy, his beastly and his brutal infamy, that led him to oppose the Pope, to set up his claim of kingly suprem-

acy in ecclesiastical matters, to divorce his only lawful wife and to found the Church of England, which later his bastard daughter, Elizabeth, took such pains to maintain in a way to support her own false protestations. In a word, the Church of England was founded in infamous rebellion against God's truth, and His own church's authority, legislated into form by truculent political slaves called members of the English Parliament, reared and tended through nameless slaughter and stubborn ignorance by a bastard Queen, and of all the so-called churches of Protestantism to-day has the basest and falsest foundation stones, has the least excuse for a separate, corporate existence, and spite of the many noble men who have adorned and still adorn its ministry, and spite of the many angels of light, whose white wings of faith and devotion have made its history, in many instances, as beautiful as heaven itself, it is the outgrowth of lust, treachery, sycophancy, tyranny and the most debasing falsehood.

By birth I am an Englishman, and was born and brought up in the Anglican communion in one of the dearest, oldest and quaintest of all the dear old churches that adorn my native land; but of course said church was Catholic for centuries before Anglicans stole it and banished its sanctuary; many of my dearest friends of this day are Church of England people and American Episcopalians and I hold them among the choicest men and women in all the world, but I am a Christian, by the grace of God, cosmopolitan by a half century of varied training. Roman Catholic by the resistless force of logical and historical investigation, and if I know my own heart and soul at all, I love truth better than any national instinct, fad or falsehood, and it is because I believe and know that God's truth, in and through His church, is the only panacea for all the ills of the world that I am willing thus to oppose friend or foe in defending it.

The series of articles by Dr. Thomas E. H. Williams, a surgeon in the British navy and a convert from the Anglican to the Roman communion, that I have been publishing in the *Globe* during the last three years have made the baseness of the foundations and the hollowness of the ecclesiastical claims of the Church of England so plain that a wayfaring man, though an Episcopal and Yankee fool, cannot err therein, though he may stubbornly shut his eyes to the reading on the wall that these articles con-

tain. In truth any common history of England, from Macaulay to Froude, reveals the same truth to any honest and open mind, and to any Catholic, of course, the latest utterances of Leo XIII. have settled some of these points forever. In view of these articles and in view of these papal utterances, I shall not in this article go over again the heartburning story of the founding of the Church of England, the infamy of Henry, the treachery, sycophancy and time-serving weakness of Cranmer and scores like him, nor shall I dwell upon the brazen usurpation and termagant tyranny of Elizabeth. I shall simply take it for granted that not only in general history but in the pages of this, my own Review, they have been proven again beyond refutation, and on the basis of these facts, thus proven and reproven, I shall argue for the disestablishment of the Church of England, not as a matter of expediency or of financial saving or for revenge, but simply as of eternal justice and of loyalty to the eternal truth of God.

I would disestablish the Church of England first of all in order to take out of its heart and life the baseless ecclesiastical pride of superiority that has made it execrable with foolish vanity for over two hundred years.

Every true church is built on the law of absolute and immediate obedience to Christ and His chosen representatives in this world, but the Church of England was built on disobedience to Christ, on the lust and arrogance of Henry VIII. and on the support of one of the most time-serving and cowardly parliaments that ever disgraced the British nation. Yet these are the grounds on which the Church of England bases its supposed superiority to other Protestant Churches. The fact that it is a State church founded by a brutal king, its very creed dictated to it by a venal Parliament, supported by the hard earnings and sufferings of those who have always justly hated and despised it, so far from giving it any incarnate and unusual dignity or value, is the one fact that renders it contemptible in the eyes of all truly religious and thoughtful souls. The Church of England did and accepted with complacency what the true Church of God has always refused to do, that is, accept dictation or faith at the hands of any temporal power. In a word, its imagined glory is its real disgrace, nevertheless as long as wealth and state pomp are considered essential elements, even in the existence of the Church of

God, and as long as state support is supposed to give dignity to the priest, parson or church accepting it, instead of being a mark of slavish disgrace, which it really is, the state church will strut rooster-like on its own dunghill and consider itself superior to nonconformists and every other form of pious creature. I would therefore cut off the state support and the state prestige from the Church of England and so drop it to the level of other Protestant churches, where it really belongs, and at one blow take the accursed pride out of its head and make it self-supporting or let it die.

I would not violently rob it of the hundreds of beautiful old churches that its forefathers stole from the Roman communion, but as these churches became empty and died from lack of voluntary support, I would give them back to the Church of Rome, where they belong.

In the second place, I would disestablish the Church of England as an act of simple justice to all the other Protestants of England. I am not wholly in sympathy with our Yankee shibboleth, "No taxation without representation"—it is in fact, like other supposed new laws and new truths discovered by Tom Paine & Co., a broken, side-like, unworkable hypothesis: in a word, it is not true, and will not work, never has worked, never can be worked in a world like ours, but I hold it a crime against God and man to tax a man's conscience as well as his pocket for the support of a faith against which his conscience rebels. Nevertheless English nonconformists have been taxed these hundreds of years to help bear the expenses of an established church that, though unequal to them in faith and morals, looks down upon them as mere dissenters, unworthy the notice of the survivors of the slaves of Henry VIII. and good "Queen Bess," and I am utterly opposed anywhere and everywhere to taxing men's pockets against their consciences to support any form of religion whatsoever in all this world.

In the third place, I would disestablish the Church of England because I believe that when stripped of its false, wicked and baseless pride of state authority and state support, it would find itself spiritually and morally strengthened toward truth and duty and hence would be more in the way of finding its own and only true place, in obedience to the Church of Rome, and would be a better moral and spiritual force in the world.

Pride and conceit are vile enough in any quarter, but they are absolutely unendurable when manifested in a priest or parson, because of his official position, and every child knows that it is only as pride and conceit are destroyed in the human soul that it can have true communion with God or presume to engage in any true work of His on this earth or in Heaven.

I am not viewing this matter at all in a financial way or in the way of diplomatic policy as regards any possible effect on the Church of Rome. I leave all that to the wire-pulling fools who think they rule the world by being a little less or a little more diplomatic on any point. I write and live only in view of the plain principles of Christ's religion, as interpreted by His true followers, since the ancient Scribes and Pharisees murdered Him.

In the light of His teachings and in the light of all Christian history it is clear to me that the Church of England became such by selling itself to the devil, and if by virtue of its assumed apostolic succession, though in rebellion, and if by virtue of its heretically holding on to a part of the divine church and its faith, it has to-day many noble Christian souls in its communion—and I would be the last to question this—it does not prove that Henry VIII. was anything but a demon, nor does it prove that the British Parliament that sustained the Church of England were anything but rascally slaves; it simply proves that the germs of God, planted in old English Catholicism, have never wholly died, and of course give promise of a time when the British Isles and all the powers of the empire controlled thereby shall once again be given voluntarily to the advancement of the true faith in the one and only true Church of God. Sooner or later the Church of England must be disestablished, simply as an act of necessary justice to the other Protestant sects ablaze in the British empire, and in simple justice to the absolute claims of the Church of Rome in the British dominions. Meanwhile, the disestablishment of the Church of England in all the British Empire will have a salutary effect upon the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

Beyond question much of the acknowledged dignity, churchliness and piety of the Episcopal Church in this country, that is, compared alike with the hardness of the Calvinistic churches on the one side and the mere blatherskite Baptist, Methodist, Moody

and Salvation Army hubbubs on the other, have come from its old connection with, in fact, from its being a part of, the Church of England in our old colonial days, but this old influence is fast dying out of the Episcopalian, otherwise known as the "American, Church," in the United States. In a word, the spirit of Anglicanism in this country which connects the Episcopal Church with the old Church of England is fast drifting into what is variously known as High Churchism, Ritualism, etc., etc., and beyond a doubt represents a motion of the truest piety of Anglicanism back toward Rome, that is, toward true obedience to the one Church of God; but this is only a small faction in the Episcopal Church of the United States. The great bulk is going to atheism very fast, and is bound to beat its own record. Spite of this tendency, however, and the fearful lapse from faith indicated thereby, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States still clings to a certain kind of hereditary pride in its evolution from and as a part of Henry VIII.'s Church of England.

I do not here intend to condemn this church in any of its modern aspects. Ministers in its communion have been among my best friends these last forty years, and I know that many of them, up to their light, are better men, more devoted to Christ and His cause, than lots of Catholic priests and prelates in the United States dare presume to be devoted. I am simply stating the facts as representing the general tendency of the rebellion and disloyalty even in the best lives of Protestantism and to show how, were the Church of England disestablished, it would take the conceit out of even the Protestant Episcopal Church in America and bring it where it belongs, simply to the level of Rockefeller's Baptist parsons, Mr. Moody and General Booth, and there really is no difference. They are all earnest men and all rebels against the one and only church's authority, as centered all through the ages in the Church of Rome.

I simply wish not to despise these gentlemen or any of their earnest efforts to do good, but only to bring the Church of England and the Episcopal Church in the United States to its own level, alongside of its companion rebels, to take it off its fictitious stilts, in a word, to let it stand on its own feet regardless of its ancient dreams. Sifted to the bottom the Church of England, including its baby, the Anglican Church in America, has not half

the right to a separate existence that the other Protestant bodies have. Luther went out in his conceit of wisdom supported by his lust and founded a church without very much aid from the state and largely independent of it. Calvin the same.

Whitfield and Wesley went out of Episcopacy much as Luther and Calvin went out of Romanism. They stood on their own feet and appealed not to rotten, reprobate kings and parliaments, but to the consciences of mankind and to God. Ann Hutchinson did much the same in this country when those theocratic mules, known as New England Puritans, thought they owned the earth and took to the devil's work accordingly; so of General Booth and his lads and lasses in our day, but the founders of the Church of England were the willing slaves of a brutal king, his bastard daughter and a parliament that gave them their theology, their prayer book, their modes of worship and had them do the devil's work in the name of God and the Queen. Let them all come down to their own level as Protestant rebels against God and His true church, stand on their own feet as to financial support and show their hands, then the human reason of these late centuries and the true church will know how to deal with them.

For some of the reasons here given I would also and immediately disestablish the Roman Catholic Church in every part of the world. Of course I hold to the divine origin and authority of the Roman Catholic Church, while I hold that the Church of England has no more divine authority than the Calvinistic or other Protestant churches, in fact that none of them have any more authority to speak in the name of our Lord than has Bob Ingersoll, and therefore do not for a moment dream of putting the Roman Catholic Church in the same relation to God, to the human conscience or to the state that are intrinsically held by the Protestant persuasions, at the same time in its human elements and ministries and relationship it is subject to the same laws of vanity and ruin that have played havoc with so many noble institutions in this world. I hold that from the time of Constantine to Charlemagne, to Bismarck, and our own days, the patronage of states and kings, and especially the stipulated pay, involving as it always has the interference and dictation of states and kings in ecclesiastical affairs, has been among the rotting, destructive and damnable influences that have involved the Church in its

worst troubles for the last fifteen hundred years, and I think the time has come to put an end to it all.

I hold that the true Church is worthy the boundless patronage and the richest voluntary offerings of individuals, of states and of princes, but that these must always be in the nature of voluntary offerings, and never in the shape of stipulated pay and without any dream of state or princely dictation in consequence thereof.

There is no getting away from the average commonplace law of secular life—that he who pays your wages is in many ways your master. Of course, where the independence of the priesthood is maintained, and its allegiance to Rome alone fully understood and accepted, congregations of the faithful accept this order of things and do not dream of dictating to their priests, much less to their prelates, and still less to the Pope, but kings and statesmen in those lands where public treasuries have supplied regular salaries and stipends to Catholic Churches and Catholic institutions have never failed, when it suited their whims, notions, interests or so-called convictions, to assert a certain right to interference with the management and even the belief and teachings of the Catholic Church.

Constantine was either too grateful for his conversion or too astute as a statesman, fully conscious of the power of the Christian Church in his day, to interfere in any obnoxious way, though he came very near hurting the church in the Arian heresy, Charlemagne interfered, but wholly in the line of the upbuilding of the faith, yet both of these men and many lesser princes that lived and died in the centuries that intervened between Constantine and Charlemagne wielded influences in ecclesiastical affairs, that I hold to have been essentially inimical to the true and exclusive spiritual authority of the Church; moreover they and their lesser representatives encouraged the advancement of what has been known as the temporal power of the Popes, and so in my judgment became responsible for one of the greatest evils that has ever afflicted the Church of God, wherein pride has often been exalted in the place of righteousness—in truth the unfortunate heresy of the temporal power is responsible for much of the unspiritual worldly pride, hardness and tyranny, so blighting in the rulings and conduct of the hierarchy and priests in our own land to-day.

The idea that a prelate of the church of Christ should feel and act like a tyrannical, worldly prince or king is to me so subversive of the primal principles of Christianity and so blasphemous in itself that I could almost curse the princes and powers that ever put this implement of pride and vanity into the hearts and souls of those who should be and in fact who are simply the representatives of the truth-loving and dying Saviour of the world, and as unlike temporal princes as the fallen angels are unlike those who have kept their first estate and are now dwelling in the bosom of eternal wisdom and eternal love.

But the real venom in the soul of kingly and state pay is seen in all its poisonous and murderous power when a Catholic king like Henry VIII., through lust and shame, becomes an enemy of the church or when a pagan prince like Bismarck, acting upon the ground indicated, that if a state pays the state has a right to control, undertakes to rule all the hierarchy of his own land and the Pope besides.

Again the weakness and evil genius of state support are seen when, as in recent times, the government of France fell out of the hands of Catholic kings into the hands of a mob of Masonic and other infidels, and now this is brought to our own doors through our victories over Spain and our probable occupancy in the near future of several of her outlying Catholic colonies, in which heretofore the Catholic Church has been supported by the state.

On this whole matter I am glad for once to agree with Archbishop Ireland, and I am sometimes inclined to think that perhaps it was for this end the Almighty permitted the Reformation, so-called, and our own modern upheavals of ignorant democracy, viz.: to break up for once and all and forever all dependence of the church for wages upon the state, consequently to break up forever all interference on the part of the state with the church and at the same time end to all eternity the worldly notice of the temporal power of the Popes and the princely titles and assumptions of the Catholic hierarchy.

It is well known to Catholic scholars and probably to Catholics in general that certain European states, for instance Austria, France and Spain, have held for ages a certain sort of premoni-

tory power over the College of Cardinals in that most important of all the functions of the church, the choosing of a new Pope. It is also known that these states have at times exerted this power so determinedly as to thwart and change beyond question the vote of the cardinals for the coming Pope. History is just and clear and positive in her proofs that the much abused Inquisition, which was wisely established and conducted in much mercy by the Church, was practically captured by Catholic kings, especially of Spain, and turned into a brutal and selfish hell of inhuman tyranny for the extraction of pain and all this because kings, by virtue of their so-called friendship for and support of the Church, felt that they were a part of its ruling if not a part of its teaching authority, whereas, in truth, a king is of no more consequence than a beggar in determining what the church shall teach and what its discipline shall be.

If some of our modern vicar-generals would take this to heart it might save them many years of Purgatorial fire. These are only hints and not amplifications of the evils inflicted upon the church by reason of its position as the ward or charity patient of the state.

In all such matters the Apostles of our Lord said we must obey God rather than man. In and during the greatest of modern conflicts between the church and the state, that is, in Germany under Bismarck, which I have fully covered in earlier issues of this magazine, the German hierarchy priests and people, like new children of God arisen from the grave, reasserted the old Apostolic belief and power, but what woes, what suffering, what wrongs and persecutions might have been avoided if the church in Germany had been free of all dependence upon the state for its support. In that case even a demon soiled tyrant, like Bismarck, would not have interfered, would in fact have had no thought of interfering or motive for interfering. In God's name let the dead bury its dead.

In this light I am almost glad that Spain has lost and is losing so many of her Catholic colonies and almost glad that France has become democratic and infidel and that the United States has resolved to play such a large and laughable game of bluff among the nations of the old world. Puritanism did not mean a

separation of church and state. It meant to be the one and only theocratic church and state combined of all the future agés. But its fine kite was soon caught in the wires, so while all races and nations of men have been contributing toward that burlesque of freedom and civilization known as Americanism, and God only knows what the end will be, one surprisingly glorious and divine outcome of this break up of the nations seems to be this, that the Church of God will not much longer depend upon or accept regular pay from the State, and hence will no longer suffer one particle of interference on the part of the State, of any State, with its own exclusive domain of teaching, feeding and ruling the spiritual flock of God.

Of course it will be hard at first for the Church in any of the countries where it has depended upon State aid to do utterly without that aid. Still it will not any more have to meet or dread the old kinds of robbery of its lands and builings.

Modern laws protect the rights of ownership in church property, as the rights of ownership in other property, but in Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines hereafter, and I hope very soon, in all nations and States and corners of the world, the Pope, the hierarchy and the priesthood of the Catholic Church will have to depend upon the voluntary offerings of the faithful, the kingly and the humble faithful, and, of course, upon such incomes from properties, institutions, etc., etc., as the Church everywhere has a lawful right to hold.

I am well aware that many Catholic scholars take a different view from this and dream that the spiritual power is irrevocably dependent upon the temporal power and the State. But God in His eternal providence, by the logic of palpable events, will eventually cut all such foolish notions out of their heads.

The spiritual monarchy of the Church is absolute, and next to God it is the one supreme power in all this world. It may be remembered against me in this connection that in my various utterances on Public and Parochial Schools I have argued in favor of giving to the Catholic schools of each State their exact share of the general school fund pro rata, according to the number of Catholic scholars, and that by this method alone can justice be done to Catholic parents and the Catholic world, and that to re-

ceive aid or stipend from the State for Catholic education places the dearest part of the Catholic Church more or less under the supervision, and, at times, dictation of the State. Of course laws could be made and Catholic schools still held as by law, independent of State interference, even though State moneys were accepted, but the deeper law of universal experience which makes a man or an institution servant to the person or power from whom, or from which, he or it, derives support, would still prevail and trouble would come. It is well, therefore, to remind the reader that in arguing in favor of a division of the school fund, I have only argued for it as an expedient to meet the injustices of our present American Protestant country, and that in the same papers I have argued against the entire system of State provision for public education, holding, as I do, that the education of children and youth is a matter that as to kind, extent, etc., should be left utterly and absolutely and exclusively with the parents of said children and youth—influenced only by such kindly and friendly advice and aid as their relative and very varied positions in the world might suggest. In a word, my arguments in favor of the disestablishment of all churches are logical and not inconsistent with any other views expressed by me regarding Catholic education or any other question of the day.

Jesus and his Apostles were loyal to the form of temporal government under which they found themselves, but if the great Augustus himself had directed Peter to organize his followers against their brethren in Alexandria, or had resolved to force the Apostle into any particular and patriotic form of speech inimical to his Catholic faith and Catholic soul, he would have found the old man's teeth sharper than those of any bulldog that ever bit into the bone of a lie.

The Church must neither receive salaries nor honors from the State, and then it can hold its own against all interference on the part of the State; in a word, the Catholic Church in this respect, like the Church of England, must get away from the State trammels and chains that have bound it, and filled it alike with vanity and misery these last fifteen hundred years; must cut loose from all dependence on the State, except as all property matters and personal liberties are guarded by the State; must lean back

with Apostolic faith and virtue and sublime courage upon the arm of God alone, and go forth a freed, redeemed and renewed spiritual power to conquer, not the State treasuries or the titles and favors of princes, but the mind and heart of the world.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

GOD'S NIGHT.

I.

Oh! night of mystery and joy,
 God's breath is on the air;
 The Holy Babe in Bethlehem lies
 On Mary's breast so fair.
 Adoring Seraphs come with songs
 Of peace, with star so rare—
 Soft benedictions float to earth
 And leave their fragrance there.

II.

Where is the host to welcome Him?
 Wake, slumbering world of care!
 Enthroned thy new-born Saviour-King
 With loyal love prepare.
 In regal robes His form array,
 His glory far declare;
 The watched-for, longed-for Child is come,
 Oh! night above compare.

III.

Alas! for Him no honors wait—
 No cloth of gold to wear;
 The world knows not the Princely Guest
 That holy angels bear.
 No royal gates may open to Him,
 No court to Him repair;
 An ox's crib; a lowly few
 His adoration share.

IV.

Back, sacred tears that dream-like flow
 Upon that haloed hair;
 No worthier throne in all the world
 Than Mary's breast so fair!
 No robe like love of Mary's heart
 That wreaths her Babe in prayer.
 Oh! night of mystery and joy!
 Sweet night beyond compare!

GLOBE NOTES.

Early in the make-up of this issue of the *Globe* I saw that the number was to be intensely Catholic and intensely monarchical. I did not design this, I simply accepted articles and inspirations as they came to me, and was well satisfied that the last utterances of the *Globe* for this year should be strong in themselves and powerfully in favor of the absolute orthodoxy and absolute monarchy of the Church. In nearly all cases a great magazine, like a great novel, gets away from and leads its editor or its author. I have always been eternally and laboriously careful of the make-up of each number of *The Globe* from first to last, but it has often happened that articles of my own, planned and begun for certain issues, and articles contributed by other writers, lay over for months and years unused, simply because the Providence and power of current events and forces are stronger and more rational at times than the mind and will of any one man.

I think that this is the true explanation of the present issue of *The Globe*. Articles begun by myself and intended for it, are not in it; articles furnished by others and intended for it, are not in it, simply because the longer and stronger articles that it contains seemed to come to me with an inner, not outer command, to the effect that they must be printed just now; and though the leading articles of the issue are much longer than usual, and though, as I remarked to a friend early in the make-up of the December *Globe*, that it would be fit only for saints and kings, I hope, and believe, that ordinary mortals will find it not less interesting than heretofore.

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In the September issue of *The Globe* I was somewhat severe upon Mr. Edward Wilbur Mason, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, under the supposition that he had recently sent to a Boston Catholic paper a poem, claimed as original, whereas said poem appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, London, in 1856, or more than forty years ago.

In my notice I suggested that the only way out with honor was to suppose that Mr. Mason was the author of the original poem,

which, for reasons of his own, he might have changed a little for modern use, but I hardly thought this suggestion probable, because parties to whom Mr. Mason had sent other poems gave me to understand that he was still comparatively a young man. As I then had no acquaintance with Mr. Mason, and as the facts seemed clear against him, I hesitated about writing to him personally, fearing that he might take it as an impertinence on my part, and so acted in good faith in what I believed to be in the interests of the integrity of modern literature.

A few days after the issue of the September Globe I received a very kind and a very manly letter from Mr. Mason, claiming that, as a matter of fact, he was the author of the original poem in Fraser's as per date named, and that said poem, rather by oversight than otherwise, got in among others that he was sending to the Boston paper in question, and that while the package as a whole was marked for the "Boquet," this particular poem was not so marked, and that he, Mr. Mason, had not seen the poem in the Boston paper or elsewhere in print in recent years till he saw it in the Globe Review.

Having in good faith made the criticism in question, it seems to be but simple justice to give Mr. Mason the full benefit of his own statement, substantially as above. Many things come to me to say here, but perhaps they are as well unsaid. "Shadows" is a beautiful poem and I hope the author may one day send in something as good for the Globe Review.

* * *

During the last twelve months I have read a good deal in Catholic papers about the two lives that have been written of the late Fr. Hecker, founder of the Paulists, and the efforts on the part of the Paulist people to have Fr. Hecker made into or declared a saint, largely, it seems, on the ground of his own self-confessed or declared chastity and various other questionable idiosyncracies.

"Catholic liberals" seem to have many queer notions of sainthood, but I have no doubt the Church will get at the real truth and in the end act wisely. My own judgment of Fr. Hecker is that he was a good man as men go, but a little weak-headed, and that, like all the Brook-Farmists, he was afflicted with the weak-

ness of moral conceit. As I have again and again pointed out in years past in this magazine when treating of the "Genius of New England," the ablest New England men of the generation to which Fr. Hecker, belonged, for instance, Hawthorne, Emerson, Phillips, Sumner and the like, could not be persuaded to patronize or unite with the Brook farm experiment.

Hawthorne barely tried the moral pitchfork business, but very soon, almost before touching them, threw down the shovel and the hoe, and took to *Scarlet Letters*, *Twice-told Tales*, etc.

George W. Curtis, long with the *Harper's*, and George Ripley, long the literary editor of the *New York Tribune* under Horace Greeley, were, like Hecker, third and fourth class New England men of their generation. They were all of pious inclination, and quite equal to, perhaps somewhat above the average Yankee of their day in moral character, but none of these men ever grew far enough away from that innate and stiff-necked rebelliousness of the entire Yankee race, to accept the moral or intellectual distum of any power in heaven or on earth, as superior to their own.

They thought they knew it all, would argue till doomsday to prove that they know it all, but in no instance that I am aware of did any one of the Brook Farm crowd or their Yankee superiors ever dream of being convinced that the dogma and morals of long established Christianity were superior to their own.

This was Fr. Hecker's eternal weakness, inherited and persisted in to his last day. True, he became a Catholic, but forsooth, a Yankee Catholic—with the fixed idea that total abstinence, for instance, was one of the primal moral laws of human society, and again, that the sexes were equal, with a preponderance of gush-like sentiment in favor of some moral movement that would accept and use women in general on a perfect equality with men.

Had these weak-headed and untaught Yankees studied Catholic history from Peter and Paul to Pius IX., they would have found that from the Blessed Virgin to the last one thousand nuns received into the Catholic convents of the world, all presided over by able and accomplished women, the Catholic Church had recognized the value of womezn's work, the dignity and glory of her character, the possible and ineffable stainless chastity of her power and life; but that would have been recognizing that somebody else, some other power and wisdom in this universe, had

really known something worth knowing about morals and dogma and women generations before Hecker & Co. were born, hence where would their wisdom, their new light be apparent? It would never do. The Yankees must have an ideal of their own, and worship it, not Christ, nor at heart will they trust or follow the old fogies, known as the Apostles of Our Lord and the Fathers of the Church.

Herein is the secret of Hecker's insubordination to Redemptorist superiors and his expulsion from that order, and his founding of the new order of Paulists. It was not that he wilfully and deliberately, with full view of the facts, resolved to be disobedient to the Catholic Church, though, of course, he was all this in fact, but that, having been born in rebellion, reared in rebellion, fed on rebellion all his life, and having cherished his own notions, born of ignorant Brook Farmism, as the highest notions possible in men or angels, he had not the moral stamina to understand the meaning of his own vows of obedience and poverty, and had not the moral force to obey them.

He was simply converted to such of the ideals of the Catholic Church as had tickled his fancy and given some sort of rest to his weak-kneed and conceited soul. May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace, but these efforts on the part of mere spitting Catholic priests, prelates and editors to make saints and great men and heroes out of mere small potatoes, tin-whistles, wild-eyed blizzards and the like, that have their little noisy day and pass away into deserved oblivion, is one of the sickliest signs of the moral and intellectual decadence of the Catholic Church in America in these loud and blustering days. There is an old Hindoo legend that runs something as follows: An excellent but somewhat piously conceited young man was betrothed to a chaste and very beautiful young lady, but a little while before the day appointed for the wedding the young lady, with the usual perversity of her sex, fell ill and died. At the Hindoo-Irish wake, for the nationality is not certain, the young man, Hamlet-like, bewailed his fate with loud protestations of love and grief. Among the proclamations of his own love and grief and virtue, he exclaimed over the closed lips and eyes of his loved one that he had never even kissed the lips that in life were so dear to him, whereupon the closed eyes of his dead love

opened and . . .gazed upon him, and the closed lips, with a touch of mild reproach, opened and said, "But why did you tell?" Then death reigned again and forever, and the young man went about the world seeking for sainthood, which he never found.

Perhaps the late Fr. Hecker and his surviving Paulists might have learned something from this parable, if they had only heard it.

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As early as first of October, I had begun an article for this number, entitled "Recent Catholic Tyrannies," in which it was my purpose to review with close detail certain high-handed ecclesiastical actions that have taken place during the past few years in the archdioceses and dioceses of St. Paul, Baltimore, Trenton, N. J., Rochester, N. Y., and in New York City. It was my purpose to give the names of clerical victims, and in view of the facts to plead with some of our prelates to act toward their oppressed clergy with less cold-blooded and pagan injustice, to remember always that they are simply servants of Christ, and for their own sakes as well as for the sake of the higher influence of the Church upon the low-grade, infidel, American life of our day, to act, even when their personal dislikes had been aroused, with Christian justice and dignity if not with charity. I did not pursue the article to its close, simply because my own sense of obligation to the sacred charity of our religion seemed to say to me that for the present, at least, the review had better remain unpublished. But I am here moved to say to the prelates in the localities named, that though they are very absolute in their authority over the priests of their several sections of the country, every ecclesiastical ruling of theirs, no matter how privately done, finds the light of day, the ears of their enemies, and above all, the mind and laws of Almighty God—and even for their own safety it is not wise for them ever to do an act, or make a decision, that is not in accordance with eternal truth and justice.

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I had also planned to write an extensive article for this issue, entitled "Our Honorable Murderers." The prefix Honorable is applied especially to American representatives in both houses of Congress, and by courtesy to other members of the govern-

ment engaged in positions in the cabinet and in the diplomatic service.

It was my purpose to refer to the term only in its first light, and to prove, in view of the fearful array of facts showing needless disease and suffering and death in the ranks of our armies in Cuba, in the various camps in the South, and in the camp hospitals of the North, after our bluff and intrigue war with Spain was seemingly over, were all traceable to those brainless, selfish, purchasable, ignorant, unprincipled, dastardly wildcats known as the patriotic members of the two houses of Congress, who forced the American-Spanish war resolutions upon a willing president and a gullible people, when we not only had no case or cause of war with Spain, but when we were utterly unprepared to engage in war, and at a season of the year when it was certain death as the facts have proven, for our Northern men to go into Cuba under the conditions named. I have concluded, however, to treat the matter more briefly in these Globe Notes.

During the earlier stages of our anti-Spanish war fever, and when we were as ignorant of Spain as most of us are to-day of Alaska, these honorable Congressional murderers were called patriotic, and those members of Congress who voted against the war resolutions were placarded by a venal press as unworthy or the confidence of the American people. In view of the thousands of Americans ruined physically and morally for life in this infamous business, it is now pretty clear to other tens of thousands of the American people that the members of Congress who voted those war resolution were bloodthirsty and insatiable murderers—wholesale murderers—and if I could have my way, I would have them captured and buried alive, unhonored and unwept, in the trenches where our noble dead have been already buried, and for epitaph I would give them simply: These are the wholesale American Congressional murderers of the summer of the year of our Lord 1898, and I would leave our yellow journalism to explain.

While these Globe Notes were under preparation, Catholic and other papers were still discussing the following problems: Was Masonry the real cause of the American-Spanish war? To what extent were Alger and Miles responsible for the fearful amount of apparently needless privation and suffering among our sol-

diers in Cuba, and in the various camps on American soil? And what about Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines as Protestant missionary fields for the future?

As to the first question, the evidence published in *The Review*, St. Louis, quoted in the *Literary Digest* and elsewhere, seems conclusive that a combine of Spanish-American anti-Catholic Masonry, had a great deal to do with forcing this war, and it is my belief that the same element had a good deal to do with a certain paralysis that seems to have overtaken the Spanish troops and authorities in Santiago, Porto Rico and elsewhere. There was no sufficient military reason for the surrender of Santiago; as a matter of fact, there were enough Spanish troops in Cuba to have hurled back into the sea twenty times the number of American troops that were at any time landed on the island during the past summer, but some unseen and subtle villainy manœvered the Spanish arms.

In this question, however, I have but little interest. All's fair in love and war. The deeper problem is in the hellish and general wickedness of the American people, concentrated in the American Congress, which hellish wickedness made it possible for Congress to pass the war resolutions, and for the American people to sanction and support them, and the acute phase of this hellish wickedness of special moment to Catholics, is that American Catholic prelates and priests were found in large numbers ready to flout the American flag in the name of Masonry or the devil, and play their corrupt, un-Catholic and damnable so-called patriotism in the face of God Almighty and every principle of justice by which the world is governed and preserved. In my judgment Catholics had better stop their periodic and foolish newspaper attacks on this or that phase of Masonry, A. P. A.-ism and the like, and learn how to discern and fight the devil of ignorant, selfish, Godless, unchristian, ambitious, plotting and damnable wickedness that prevail in the conduct of quite a number of their own would-be rulers and teachers.

In my judgment, it would have been better, a thousand times better, that the Catholic Hierarchy and priesthood of America had lifted up their united voice in protest against this war before Congress had reached its first madness. In my judgment the Catholic Church in America had better have taken this stand, if

all the A. P. A.-ism Masonry and infidel forces in the universe had charged us with being un-American and unpatriotic for so doing. Better a million times that we had been loyal to God, to Christ, to the Church, even if once more we had been forced to suffer persecution, to find our churches in flames, and our own lives at stake for Christ's own cause of truth and justice.

In my judgment, the Catholic bishops of the United States had better have hung themselves in sheer shame, than ever to have issued letters directing their priests to offer up thanksgiving for the victories of Santiago, simply because the wretched tool we call our President commanded said course. What would the Apostles have said had Caesar commanded them to offer up thanksgiving because Jesus the disturber had at last been captured and crucified? Would they have thanked God for the murder of their Master—just to show their "patriotism," you know? or would they have wept burning tears of loyalty to their Master and have said, *Wem ust obey God rather than man.* Well, well. Christ was crucified again at Santiago—and the Catholic Church in America flaunted the American flag and shouted, *Thank God!*

As to the amount of blame to be attached to Alger and Miles for the miseries of army life during the past summer—it seems to me unreasonable to blame these men for not doing the impossible; this nation was not ready for war. Had we attacked a nation of our own size, our seaboard and our homes would have been in ruins before now. Men at all familiar with the fearful preparations needed to put a great army in the field, especially in a tropical climate, know that Alger and Miles, even if they had been great men, instead of mere figure-heads, could not have done much better than they did. Put the blame where it belongs, viz.: upon the brutal Congressmen who passed the war resolutions and forced the executive and his cabinet into a war for which the nation was in no sense prepared. I look upon said Congressmen as brutal murderers, and as no other periodical in the country dares to say such things, I am moved to say them with all the strength and plainness in my power.

As to the Protestant missionary problem, why certainly let the missionaries go to Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and do the best they can to make Christians out of the patriotic loafers we have been pretending to free. If we cannot have Catholic

Christians in America, but must have simply American pagans called Catholics, why, in God's name, let the Protestants, the Buddhists, the Christian Scientists, and hell itself gone crazy, look after the tropics, and see what they can do for the relics of those Catholic countries that American Catholics, in the name of the American flag, have helped to destroy.

It will be enough for me to discuss the terms of peace and our American plans for the government of our acquired Spanish and other possessions, when said terms of peace are finally and fully agreed upon, and our American plans of our new colonial governments are officially declared. We conquered Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines by bluff and intrigue; we have accepted the stolen Hawaiian Islands through similar intrigue, and thus have added immensely to the area of our lands while our own continent is vastly too large and too crude, and too uncivilized for anything but savages to dwell in, except under protest, and as missionaries living and dying here for the future culture and civilization of the United States of the future. Of the peace jubilee of last October, of McKinley's false-hearted, bombastic and insufferably arrogant speeches made during the procession; of Ireland at the autograph ball in Chicago, of the whitewashers known as the committee on the conduct of the war, and their dirty work in Washington; of the so-called peace commission sitting in Paris, not to speak of Teddy Roosevelt, the rough rider and would-be Governor of New York, and of Baptist Fulton and other Protestant missionary asses in Cuba, what can we say or pray but God deliver us in thine own good time from such damnable excrescences of civilization as these.

Of the peace commission this much must be said, that while the Americans were low-grade political hacks, the Spaniards were all gentlemen, and hence the commission, like the war itself, is another evidence that the age of gentlemen, of truth, of refinement, of honor, and of true religion is going out and the age of low-bred democratic flunkeyism, of plutocratic, Masonic and other hellish falsehood is coming in, and this is what McKinley & Co. call the humanitarian destiny of modern Americanism; but wait a little till the guns of humanity are turned on the rascals that are now deceiving the human race. What I want to beat into the head and heart of the American people is, that we have

committed an enormous national crime in forcing this war upon Spain, a crime that we shall have to answer for before heaven, and that now it is of little consequence what the terms of settlement are; and what I want to beat into the heads of American Catholics is, that this American crime was an anti-Catholic crime, and that, as far as they have aided and abetted it, they are not Catholics or Christians, but the children of hell.

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The assumption or presumption that the United States represent or practice a higher type of civilization than Spain, or that we have been more lenient toward the so-called inferior races, or more successful in governing them, is as insufferably arrogant as it is false to all history, and insulting to the common sense of mankind. We have outraged and murdered the Indians, persecuted and ostracised the Chinese, and after holding the negroes in abject slavery for two hundred years, we finally freed them to help save our national existence, and for the last thirty-five years we have been making whitewashed idiots out of them by what we call American education. I sincerely hope that our government will insist upon taking the entire Philippine group, as well as Cuba, Porto Rico and the Hawaiian Islands, which are practically already ours, not that I think we have any right to do this, or that it is wise to do it, but simply because, in my judgment, we shall thus the sooner realize the vengeance of heaven in return for all the foul wrongs we have committed against God and civilization during the last one hundred years.

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I am much indebted to those editors of Catholic newspapers who gave at least respectful attention to my article in the last *Globe*, entitled "Make Missionary Preachers out of Clerical Converts," and I make this reference to the matter here for the purpose of replying to the last words of a very kindly notice of said article by Mr. Arthur Preuss in his *St. Louis Review*. Mr. Preuss concluded his notice as follows: "We fear he (Mr. Thorne) will have to make some more practical suggestion before it (the problem involved) can be ultimately and satisfactorily solved." I confess that this seems to me impossible—I pointed out the

fact, first, that by their previous studies, sufferings and sacrifices, the married converts from the various ranks of the Protestant ministry were especially adapted to the work of preaching Catholic truth to those people of the world that the Church ought to try to convert; second, that were they engaged in such work they would be of chosen and vast service to the Church of God; third, that in my judgment, it was the bounden moral and spiritual duty of the Catholic hierarchy of our day, to put their heads and hearts together, to formulate some plan of purely Catholic action, whereby such men could and should be amply but not luxuriously provided for, in order to hold themselves at the bidding of the prelates, in whose diocese their lives might be cast and to act as missionary preachers, though not as priests, at the same time, of course, holding their married relationship undisturbed, and being always free, as other clerical servants of the Church are free to devote their spare time to any literary work that their taste and studies might incline them to, but not in any secular business; in fact, much less so than many priests engage in now. Modesty and lack of space prevented me from presuming to advise the hierarchy how to set about this, how to raise the needed cash and what ecclesiastical rules such missionary preachers should be subject to; but if His Grace of New York, in whose ecclesiastical parish I have resided these last four years, had any time to spare from his numerous worldly and jubilee undertakings, to come to my office and consult me on this matter—and he knows that my health renders it will nigh impossible for me to go to him—and would he or the very worldly coadjutors who are said to manage him and his archdiocese, name in my presence and with the respect due my position and my years any objections to or obstacles in the way of accomplishing the untold good that might result from such an undertaking, I would gladly answer their objections, and give them any aid or suggestion in my power.

I am very sorry to say that the gentlemen in question have held aloof from me so far, at least have not voluntarily sought me—and I seek no man—and I am still more sorry to say that their literary and social tastes, as far as my information is correct, seem to be of such a vulgar and trivial character that it is perhaps just as well that they should continue to hold themselves aloof from me; but I assure them that without seeking such in-

formation, I am constantly informed of their many good, as well as of their many questionable, undertakings, and that on the whole I expect very little that is broadly and grandly and intellectually and spiritually and truly Catholic from their worldly souls and ways.

The Archdiocese of New York represents more Catholic wealth and intellect and moral power than the whole of Spain or Italy, but as it is all under the control of very small, very worldly, very petty, very ambitious, very underhanded, and at heart apparently very hard and cold-hearted, mere red-tape figure-head officials, with not a soul among them of sufficient intellectual or moral power to command the respect of even the cultured women of the archdiocese, not to speak of its intellectual priests, and its thousands of able Catholic laymen, not to mention the leading intellectual Catholic and Protestant laymen of the world, its influence is hardly felt or known outside its own ecclesiastical boundaries, and even within these boundaries it is most acutely and mainly known as a sort of sand-bagging, money-raising power. I think that my good friend, Mr. Preuss, and many others, will see from this how very difficult, if not impossible, it is to make and great moral or spiritual problem or suggestion or hypothesis clearly practical to the so-called minds of such as these. In truth, the occupants of the marble palaces at 50th to 51st street and Madison avenue, may be well defined as a mutual admiration society for the suppression of intelligence, and in this questionable virtue they set the world an excellent example by beginning at home. As for literature, all they know is the literature of boodle.

All the world knows that I have no especial admiration for the gadabout ways and the illogical spread-eagle Americanism of Archbishop Ireland, but were he Archbishop of New York and in sympathy with the democratic ideas of the vast majority of its citizens, he would clean out the animals of the Masonic menagerie at Washington, practically run the Government of the United States, and make the mighty and now slumbering powers of this archdiocese felt for the advancement of Catholic thought in the heart beats of all nations of the world.

When I wrote the article advocating the use of Catholic clerical

converts as ministers, I had not mainly in mind the providing of such men with funds, but the infinitely greater thought of utilizing their God-given and providential powers in the service of the sacred work of the Church. And I did not expect the executive puppets, who pull the wires and sling the sandbags of this archdiocese either to see the originality, the power, or the importance of the article. They see little except their own bread-baskets, and other people's pockets, as a means of filling the same.

Indeed I never write expecting appreciation, but varied neglect and abuse till my time comes, and in that hour Farley Mooney & Co. will find their true places and I shall find mine.

Again I say, Mr. Preuss, it is difficult to make and broad and liberal thought practical or clear to the so-called minds of such as these.

If Jesus were to come again and happen to be poor as of old, above all, if he happens to speak the truth as of old, these wretched, purple-robed, sanctimonious sandbaggers would scorn him, would traduce him, and crucify him if they dared. Nevertheless, they sit in Peter's seat, and whatever they bid us do, let us do; but in God's name let us not follow in the footsteps of their saintly crimes. Spite of this, I must confess myself an admirer, almost a worshiper, of the Archbishop of New York. I love his sweet sincerity, am captivated with his gentle modesty, would swear by him, and stand by him in any emergency against his foes; but could he shake off a little his shrinking, sensitive saintliness, and awake at least to the literary if not to the great political movemens of the day, cut loose from the mere sycophants of his diocese, and welcome and honor the truly great men among his priesthood and laymen, and put his ineffable loveliness in touch with the strong men that really love him, the world itself get a new inspiration through his genial soul.

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The following comments upon "Ars Liberalis Seu Rhetorica Politico Sacra" by Doctor Bernardo M. Skulik, a little pamphlet sent to me by the author with request for notice, are from the hand of a gifted and learned young priest, to whom I gave the book for review.

The book in itself, apart from circumstances of time and place, is an excellent little work, a very brief compendium of rhetoric. It is a bundle of notes bound together, devoid of all development and illustration, and in the form of question and answer. It appears to me to be the notes which a student or professor would make for his own private use. The Latin of the preface is rather elegant and difficult, and resembles very much Cicero's *De Oratore*; but throughout the work the style is clear and easy to understand. I do not see why the book was published. The author certainly cannot hope to have it adopted in any of our Catholic colleges. If the book came out in Rome, or some other place where rhetoric is studied in Latin, then it might expect some recognition, but in this country I think it is doomed to a lonesome life. Even were it done into English, though it might serve as a handy synopsis, useful in preparing for an examination, yet I think it should not presume on success. For we have in English and designed for Catholic colleges and schools books such as Coppen's (S. J.) *Rhetoric*, and particularly his *Oratorical Composition*, which contain all that this little newcomer can boast of and a great deal more, together with illustrations and examples in abundance, which this book does not contain, and then the subjects are developed and made intelligible to the reader.

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I have taken but little interest in the petty squabble between France and England over that patch of Nile mud in Central Africa, mainly because it was a foregone conclusion in my mind that France would yield, and that England would have her way. Both are trespassers in Africa, and ought to have been annihilated by the natives long ago, but the march of what we call civilization tramples upon the necks of all the inferior races, and so makes the soil more fertile for the white man's products and crimes. In this business England has always been more successful than France; in fact, has driven the latter out of many of her dearly bought possessions, and since the Mahdis rebellion in Egypt and the Nile region in 1881-82, France has been largely quiescent in that locality, it is now too late for her to revive any old claims or try to

established new ones in Central Africa. Besides, it is pretty clear that her able and only ally in this world—the Czar of Russia—was in no sense ready to rush into a war with England, the triple alliance, and perhaps Turkey, China and Japan included, over a piece of Nile mud in Central Africa, as we said. In a word, war with England in such a case would have been a losing game all around for the French Republic, and she already has Dreyfus and other execrable rubbish enough on her hands without engaging in a serious war, just to show her peppery indignation and defend her honor. In fact, she seems to have but little even of the latter quality now left to defend.

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November 3d, 1898. I have just received from Banziger Bros., New York, the first two numbers of their new Catholic juvenile, "Our Boys' and Girls' Own." In strict politeness, perhaps the girls ought to have been put first in the title, but they are sweet and good-natured—some of them—and will doubtless appreciate and pay for what is good in the new monthly just as gladly as if they had been put in their proper place of honor. In truth, things are seldom put that way in this world. In still further kindly criticism I am sorry the publishers did not choose the regular large Octavo magazine size for their paper, and I wish they had chosen a little better quality of paper. Cheap paper and poor printing are among the multitudinous curses of a large number of our Catholic serials.

Our Boys' and Girls' Own, however, is better than many others in this regard, and in the general spirit of its stories, illustrations, and other literary and aesthetic work, it seems to me to have the stamp of genuine Catholic life and prosperity. I have long wished that something like this might be done, and good as this beginning is, there is vast room for many varieties of happy improvements. Success to Our Boys' and Girls' Own.

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Within the last three or four months I have received a request from Mr. Orbey Shipley, of London, England, for permission to republish in a new volume of poems that he is getting out, in

honor of the Blessed Virgin, four or five of my new Madonna Sonnets that appeared in one of the issues of the *Globe Review* for this year. During the same period a Pennsylvania priest has asked permission, through H. L. Kilner & Co., to republish in pamphlet form my articles on Public and Parochial Schools, that appeared in the *Globe Review* nearly five years ago. Within the same period a lady subscriber, residing in Bristol, England, has asked permission to republish in book form, at her own risk and expense, my lay sermons that have appeared in *The Globe* during the past two years. During the same period *The Review of St. Louis* has republished entire, in five or six issues of its paper, my chapters on Bismarck and the Church that appeared in *The Globe* about three years ago, and simultaneously two German-American priests have asked and received permission to translate and republish the same chapters in the German language. I mention these items here because they all seemed to come at the same time, and to intimate to those were spitting editors who refer to the *Globe* always as if they were afraid to commend it lest one of their priestly stockholders should threaten to take their heads off, that, thank God, there are people in this world with more brains, independence, appreciation and culture than the average spitting Catholic editor dares to dream of possessing; also to suggest that if this amount of attention had been paid during any similar period to the work of Cardinal Gibbons or John Ireland, all the Catholic claquers in Catholic Claquendom would have been puffing said prelates to the skies, even though said claquers knew all the while that said attention was bestowed on the scarlet and purple vestments of these prelates, and not at all on their talent or genius. But because Mr. Thorne is, in the vulgar technique and the limited vocabulary of Catholic ecclesiastics a layman, and a convert, and very independent withal, the claquers will not claque to any extent, nor will His Grace of New York drop into the *Globe* office to express his appreciation. He has not got it to express; and if he had, he would be afraid that a call from him might flatter Mr. Thorne's vanity. To perdition with such namby-pamby and inhuman piety!

In response to the last page of *Globe Notes* of the September issue, some good friends of the *Globe* have sent in a few modest special subscriptions. A still larger number have already forwarded their subscriptions in advance for next year. Two parties who apparently meant business came to see me with a view of purchasing this magazine, but up to the present date, November 16, 1898, no one has offered such cash as would induce me to turn the business over into other hands.

It therefore looks as if, with improving health and increased prosperity, I am to remain editor and proprietor of the *Globe Review* at least for another year. I am all the more reconciled to this because of the fact that my sixtieth birthday falls on February 12, 1899, and that October, 1899, will be the tenth anniversary of the founding of this magazine.

I hope, therefore, that all the friends of the *Globe* in all parts of the world will bear these dates in mind, and in the various ways that may occur to them, try to make this year of our double anniversary, and the last year of the century, one of the most delightfully prosperous years of my life.

I have worked very hard against many odds to sustain this *Review* during the past nine years. I have often been severe, but have always striven to maintain the highest standard of literature and life. I have made many enemies as well as friends, but as my enemies are the enemies of truth and justice I am, if anything, prouder of my enemies than of my friends.

It is my purpose to continue in the same line of fearless criticism on which I founded the *Globe*, and I ask the continued patience, good will and generous support of all those who approve my course.

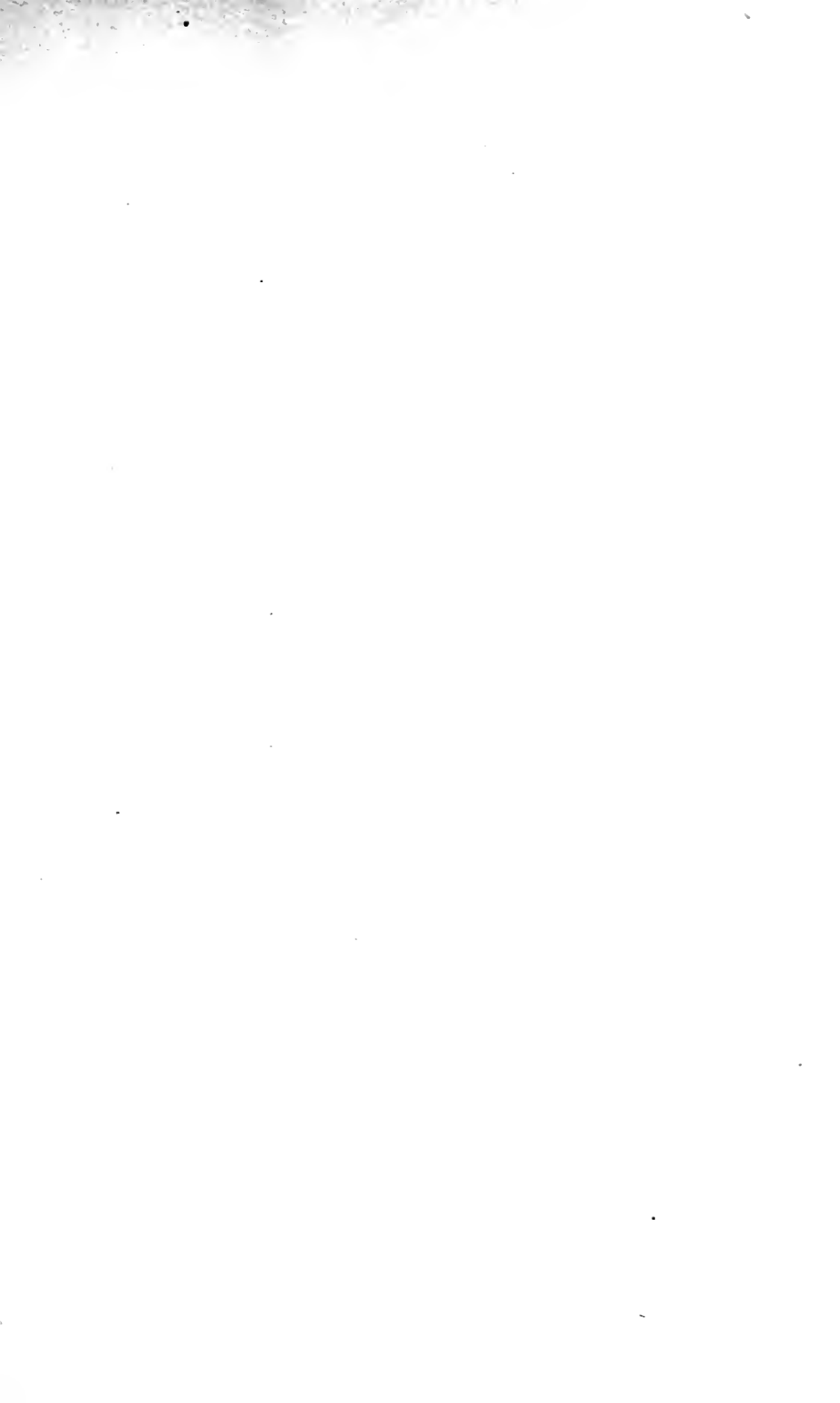
P. S. When these *Globe Notes* were all written and the entire number ready for the printers, I was once more obliged to seek the treatment of a specialist and the care of good nurses in St. Vincent's Hospital, this city, where I was confined for three weeks, hence some slight delay in the issue of this December *Globe*. To save further delay I have taken articles out of the original make-up, thus reducing the number of pages below

my original intention. I hope my readers, however, will find enough matter to interest and repay them, and still hoping for better health, and asking an interest in their prayers and their kind remembrances, I wish them all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

Dec. 14, 1898.











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