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THE GLOBE.

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THE CHAMBERLAIN-BALFOUR BLUFF.

We might omit both proper names and call it simply the Bluff, or, the greatest British Bluff of Modern Times. Everybody would know who the bluffers were, and that our paper had reference to the so-called fiscal programme of Chamberlain, Balfour & Co., at the present hour the chief cacklers of the British Empire, but without laying the golden egg.

About fifty-five years ago, when my father went, along with other voters of our village, in the band wagon, to old Ilchester, in Somersetshire, to cast his vote for the Tory candidates for Parliament, who, as I recollect, were successful; and when in the late twilight, after his return, our modest hallway became the receptacle of various broken and rusty tin cans, and kettles and potsherds, hurled thither by the aggressive and indignant village representatives of the people, who were, of course, "Liberals," I was somewhat excited, and I well remember shouting with the "Liberals," I think, for the following-named candidates, "Escott and Boverly forever, throw Wood and Moody in the river."

The English, ever since they had a language of their own, have always concentrated their convictions on any leading man or measure, in some brief, poetic expression. As usual, the rhyme, in this case, was, like the naughty girl, when good, she was very, very good, and when she was bad, she was horrid.

I feel pretty sure about the names in this case, though I am not sure as to the date. It might have been, and it probably was, more than fifty-five years ago. The names can be looked up. That was my first political experience. I found myself, instinctively arrayed against my father, politically, and in *sympathy* with the under dog—the common people. My sympathy has carried me in the same

direction for more than half a century. Only, of late years, in British, French and American politics, I have been obliged to substitute abstract justice for the people, finding, as I have found, beyond all cavil, that in France, England and the United States, since the people have acquired, or seem to have acquired, a dominating voice in public affairs, that voice is far more frequently raised in favor of the vilest and most unjust oppression. And as I have never changed my primal convictions, that justice and truth are the strongest safeguards of any nation, or any part of a nation, I am no more in sympathy with injustice and tyranny when advocated and perpetrated by the masses than when they were and are advocated by the classes, by aristocracy and kings.

From a child I have mingled with what is known as "the better classes," while always familiar with the direct needs of the poor and oppressed and at heart always in sympathy with them.

From the hour that I became a Christian, I have never attempted to decide any question in my own mind, or to advocate one side or the other of any controversy between individual men or nations without bringing said questions to the criticism of the principles announced by Jesus Christ, though seldom getting credit for such action or such advocacy, and frequently to arouse the hatred of those most dear to me in the world.

Having thus, early and late, contracted the habit of making Christ and His justice the criterion of my thought, my sympathy, my advocacy and my own action, and having early become a preacher of His gospel, I have to the latest hour, in judging and writing of men, of books, and of politics, felt obliged to test and judge every being and thing by its moral quality, even the intellect of man, the soul of man, and every word of man being tested, first of all, by the law of Christ.

Now it is difficult, and it may be impossible for persons who are constantly judging of life, any and all life, by what is called the financial standpoint, by the question of ordinary success in life, by what is called the smartness of an action,—like Roosevelt's recent steal of Panama,—I say it is difficult, if not impossible, for the average man of business, the average politician, to understand, or even believe in the standpoint I have indicated.

Ninety per cent. of the intellect of the present day is devoted to the problem how to get rich, and how to get rich quickly. But

taking a view of human history past and present, I have seen the rich, the very rich, die in disgrace, soon forgotten and eventually dishonored and despised. At the same time I have seen the poor, the very poor, by some heroism of scholarship, piety or truth, die honored, crowned, loved and even worshipped for ages, as divine.

This view of life has justified to myself the Christ standard, not merely to be advocated as poetry, but to be applied to every action and thought of man, and when I hear of a fledgeling like Senator Lodge, proclaiming that we need higher standards than any we have, to settle the problems between labor and capital, I say to myself, and does the poor fool know what he is talking about? Has he never read the Old Testament or the New? Has he ever understood or tried to understand and apply the law of Christ to his own life, or to the question of labor and capital? What does he mean by a higher law than we have?

All this is simply to indicate that having pursued or tried to pursue and apply the law of Christ to all questions in the world, I think I understand something of His meaning when He said who hath made me a divider of the finances of fools, between rascals and knaves, and to indicate that it is not my habit either to view life from its financial standpoint especially or exclusively; hence, the so-called fiscal problem of England is somewhat out of my sphere, but England, it seems to me, is too great to be dominated by such weaklings as Balfour or such bluffers as Chamberlain, and it seems necessary that some poor man should try to say something to pluck the British Empire from the petty handling of weaklings such as these.

Both men are pretty well known to the modern world. About ten years ago, Mr. Balfour published a book, called "The Foundations of Belief." The work was quite in the line of that of many previous English statesmen. He was a Tory and an aristocrat, and it seemed good to him to show that a Tory and an aristocrat could write a book on a serious theme, as well as a Liberal leader like Gladstone. Mr. Balfour's book was neither profound nor scholarly. It was evident to thinkers and scholars that the author had never gone to the depths, had never studied the real foundations of belief, but, taking advantage of his position, had given serious thought to the question in hand without ever having understood it. His title was popular, the treatment sincere, but the title

was so much deeper and broader than the man or the treatment that the book soon fell out of the popular mind and failed to make the author's reputation either as a great scholar, a great thinker, or a great writer.

Mr. Balfour's face is the face of a dilettante. I have known such faces among American writers. They are smooth and clever writers, but the foundations of belief are as heaven and hell, too deep and too high for such. They are the men to write clever and seemingly wise editorials in daily papers to suit the "newspaper civilization" of our times.

Mr. Balfour's book was like his face, the book of a would-be pious and serious dilettante. The gentleman who wrote a review of the book for the *GLOBE REVIEW*, an ex-clergyman of the Episcopal Church, was a much abler man, but not a strong man, and his review was too kind for the merits of the book or the author. The book was generally well received in this country. We have no aristocratic writers here,—except Roosevelt. The books of his own that he sent to the venerable Leo XIII, might have hastened the old man's death, that is, if he tried to read them. Balfour was and is, an English dilettante of aristocratic tastes and very mediocre abilities. He was not born great, he never will achieve greatness: he has simply had greatness thrust upon him, and he cannot be expected to understand questions of doctrine and finance.

Edward VII, with all his admitted old-fashioned worldliness, now happily forgotten, had always a good head for common sense. He was and is much like his mother, and the English papers have only recently reported that many years ago, when Edward was Prince of Wales, he had the good sense to notice and criticise the dilettante, mediocre prettiness of the author of "The Foundations of Belief," the premier of England.

The ex-Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain was made of higher sounding, though not half so well seasoned timber. Note the face of him, the pose of him, the career of him; it is all loud as Bob Ingersoll, or the little Bloomingdale Asylum man the gutters call Elbert Hubbard.

As a Liberal in the days when that party was led by Gladstone, Chamberlain was more trusted than believed in or respected, but no right-thinking Englishman will ever blame him for quitting a party whose leader was willing to disrupt the British Empire in

order to confer what he called "home rule" upon a set of people who have ever been more than willing to disrupt the Empire, and by any means at hand.

As a Tory Colonial Secretary, Chamberlain was much blamed for forcing the Boer war, and my judgment is, that throughout all that, he showed more pig-headed aggressiveness than sense, reason or charity. In truth, it was Edward VII, not Chamberlain, who closed that bloody and needless war. At its close, however, the loud, aggressive Joseph came home to England, and was so honored by the foolish English—ever ready and anxious to fall and worship some man—that the fellow seemed to lose his wits, all modesty flew from him, what little reason he ever had, deserted him, and he began to pose not only as victor of the Transvaal war, but as a god in Old England—a sort of Solon, Cicero, Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, in one. Ye gods! what has become of Englishmen, that such a rooster should ever seem to be cock of the walk, and director of the British Empire?

We must not condemn a man unheard. As Cleveland said recently of Bryan, "He has the stage, let him go it." So we, of Chamberlain. He has had the stage for many months, and we have been watching his antics pretty carefully: now we assert that his so-called "fiscal policy" is a disgrace to the British Empire, and to the men whose wisdom and heroism in the past have made it famous and immortal. His assertion that the British Empire is financially on the verge of ruin or collapse, is an astounding falsehood. His so-called warning or his proposed tariff policy, is mere contradictory, untaught nursery verbosity, without true reason, void alike of logic and insight, contradictory and schoolboyish beyond all endurance; and can we believe that the solid sense of Old England will be upturned and overturned by such flimsy, so-called arguments as Chamberlain has used and is using?

For many years, there came to my office in New York, one of the most scholarly, and one of the poorest, unfed and uncared for Englishman that I have ever known. Long ago, he thought he had found in the editor of the *GLOBE* a solid and true man, who understood what he was doing, and who was a persistent teacher of the true principles of government and belief, hence a reactionist from times and conditions such as those in which we live. He continued to come and so to speak till another foreign-born Ameri-

can, of slyer and more duplicate ways, poisoned the sympathy between us.

To this man I grew occasionally to speak with some plainness as to my fundamental convictions of ancient and of modern life and ways, and to him, in reply to such thoughts as I have just indicated, I would say, "but what is the use of showing the falsehood of the present and the virtues or truths of the past? England is becoming Americanized more and more every year, and will grow so, till it also is tariff blinded and tariff fed, and go to the devil as we are going in this land."

This he would not hear to: "there might be individuals in England, crazy as McKinley & Co., but the solid head and heart of England, never."

Chamberlain and Balfour are trying to prove my words true. The most noticeable distinction and peculiar characteristic of Americanism is "BLUFF," the entire word printed with capitals and underscored. Not that all Americans deal in bluff or emphasize this contemptible quality or habit. There are thousands and thousands of Americans in all lines of business and in the professions, who are old-time men of honor and integrity, but the national habit is bluff, from the stupidest and coarsest negro who may be dining with the President, to the President himself, the habit is "bluff": That is, to pretend to be more of a person than you are; to pretend that your position in the world is of more importance than it really is; to pretend that any enterprise you may be engaged in, whether preaching a sermon, writing an article, trying a case at the bar, giving judgment as a judge, going on a journey, or staying at home, to emphasize your own importance, and the importance of your work, on your own account, instead of waiting for others to honor you; to magnify beyond the truth everything concerning your own person and the occupation, calling or business of your life, and, of course, with both eyes staring steadily to watch for the main chance, and with both hands ready to grab it and devour it.

Maybe all this is one of the results of democratic civilization, wherein every man is trying to be equal to and with his fellow man, whether he is so or not, or maybe it is one of the results of a wide spread and spreading general infidelity of the age, wherein men have lost the old standards of belief and practice; ceased to

trust in God or His laws; think themselves as a rule, far superior to the Almighty, and always inclined to condemn and criticize His ways, and to defy all authority. A cheap, every-day dentist of a man, said to me not long ago, that he knew as much about God and His laws as any minister. Of course, he was a free mason, and had he been honest, would have said that he knew *more*. It is the insufferable and conceited bluff of the American people.

England has always had lots of this among her scoundrel population, but until recently it has hardly claimed to occupy the highest positions in politics or in her literature. With me, it is always a settled proposition that a statesman, so called, or a writer, so called, who has no serious belief, no sense of eternal justice derived from a belief in the existence and rule of an eternal and just Almighty God, has no more right to be a statesman or teacher of any kind, than a tom cat has to disturb a whole neighborhood at midnight, by its horrible music. So I think of my friend, the dentist, whose mechanic theology is about equivalent to that of the average American female bluffer, who knows it all, and a great deal more and better.

Well, what has all this to do with the Balfour-Chamberlain Bluff, or the English fiscal system? Simply this, I claim that Chamberlain is a simple bluffer: no statesman at all: that he either does not believe in his own statements and claims, relative to the decline in British trade and influence, and hence is a bluffer for pretending to represent the truth when he is making and repeating false statements and for reasons and selfish reasons of his own looking to his own advancement, or, that he is simply a shallow and showy fellow, utterly ignorant of the facts regarding the subject he is treating, and therefore not only a bluffer, but the worst kind of a bluffer; that is, an ignorant, Americanized, and noisy one.

In its issue of October 3, 1903, HARPER'S WEEKLY published the following editorial:

"Exports versus Imports.—The fiscal inquiry has brought one lasting benefit to England: it has cleared up, once for all, the cloud of mystery which for years has hung over that most mysterious matter, the balance of trade. We have all read a hundred times that England was going to the dogs, because her imports every year enormously exceeded her exports, which showed that

she must be living on her capital, and drifting fast towards bankruptcy. The famous Balfour pamphlet, the royalties on which are already a party issue, and the big Blue Book which accompanies it, have finally set that matter at rest, and hushed all doubts and fears forever. Lord Avebury, better known to the world as Sir John Lubbock, has furnished the necessary commentary, and the mystery is a mystery no more.

"Far from taking a pessimistic view of Britain's trade, Lord Avebury is fairly enthusiastic over the whole matter, in gross and in details. He tells us at the outset that the total of England's exports and imports last year was 'the largest volume of commerce ever transacted either by England or by any other country in the history of the world.'"

"Yes, says the objector, as, for instance, Mr. Balfour in his pamphlet; but, since the imports greatly outstripped the exports, this only shows that England is every year getting more hopelessly into debt. Nonsense, replies the genial patron of bank holidays; it shows nothing of the sort. Our imports indicate our purchasing power; and it is surely a good sign to have that as large as possible. The truth is we pay for these imports not only by our exports, but in at least four other ways of the most importance.

"First comes service, and especially the service rendered to the whole world by British shipping: a service valued at not less than half a billion dollars yearly. Then come the immense sums of English money invested in foreign government stocks, in bank stocks, railways, and the like, abroad. These immense sums earn interest abroad, which also goes to pay for a part of Britain's imports. Next we have the further immense sums invested in foreign lands, in mines, mills, factories, plantations, and so forth, also earning money abroad, which is available to pay for Britain's purchases. Then there is the not inconsiderable sum spent in England by foreign tourists and visitors from America, probably fifty million dollars a year, which must also be credited on England's balance-sheet. These three sources cannot total less than the earnings of English shipping, making, on the whole, about a billion dollars yearly, available, and lawfully and rightly available, for the purchase of imports, and a good deal more than covering the great excess of imports which has been the cause of so much wailing.

The old mystery of the 'unfavorable balance of trade' has died hard, but it is dead, this time without a doubt.

"When we look at the figures for British shipping, the result is indeed startling. Taking the average tonnage during the five years from 1862 to 1867, we find that the United Kingdom totalled less than eight thousand tons. Twenty years later, the figures were about four million tons. At present they are more than eight million. Here is, in truth, an industry in which Great Britain has 'an overwhelming ascendancy,' as a recent writer says.

"Still, there are those dwindling exports which so grieve Mr. Balfour. Quite without cause, retorts the sound student of economics. Here is a little table, from the *Fortnightly Review*, which puts the matter clearly. It shows the value of the exports *per head* of the four great trading countries of the world :

Average for the Period :	United Kingdom.			France.			Germany.			United States		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1875-1879	6	0	0	3	14	11	3	3	0	2	16	3
1880-1884	6	13	2	3	13	5	3	8	8	3	5	11
1885-1889	6	3	8	3	9	3	3	5	6	2	11	10
1890-1894	6	2	11	3	11	4	3	2	9	2	19	0
1895-1899	5	19	5	3	14	8	3	7	2	2	18	4

"Therefore we see that, year by year, for quarter of a century, the exports per head of the United Kingdom are nearly double the exports per head of all the other great commercial countries in the world, and have for long periods, namely, from 1880 to 1894, been more than double the exports per head of the United States.

"British exports are, therefore, in a highly flourishing condition ; while her imports so far exceed them in value that good, timid Englishmen like the Premier feel that there is something uncanny about it all, something which must be stopped. We see now that the excess of imports is paid for, and more than paid for, by the enormous sums earned by Britain's mercantile marine, which does the bulk of the carrying-trade of the world, added to the immense earnings of British investments and industrial enterprises in foreign lands. It was worth all the fuss over the fiscal inquiry to get this great point made clear."

Articles like the foregoing, thought out, culled, and put together by a man like Sir John Lubbock, cast more credit upon the British nation than ten thousand vaporings of folly such as Chamberlain's speech at Glasgow or elsewhere—and afterwards by all the arts of Anglicised-American bluffery, published in the newspapers and periodicals of England and America. The article needs no comment or explanation. It explains itself, like all good literature, sacred or secular, in poetry or prose. It contradicts in toto Joseph Chamberlain's poor position, and annihilates his co-called reasons and arguments.

There are people in both hemispheres ready to say, "but it was published in in Anglo-American newspaper;" said newspaper being like all the rest in the United States, anxious that England shall not take any retaliatory measures in a fiscal direction, because, as they say in England, such measures will or may endanger the cordial sympathy now existing between the mother country and the United States, and as the same order of people in the United States say "sympathy"—yes, but we will show her that we can beat her, even if she engages in the tariff business. This sort of sympathy, gentlemen, is the robber's sympathy, whether it be used in the family, or in the greater family of nations. That is, the sympathetic fellow will treat you kindly and well if you will only allow him to pluck you of your birth-right and your future. And it is strange that a person so thoroughly Americanized as Joseph Chamberlain has not wit enough to see this American side of his fiscal system, and at the same time, that such a man would or should aim to be the leader of a movement that most certainly would antagonize the commercial set, in the United States. He is a queer mixture of shrewdness surrounded by gross opacity; but we will not hasten to conclusions.

During the Boer war, as we said, Chamberlain was largely blamed for precipitating the same. I have held from the start that he and Paul Kruger were about equally to blame; that the war might have been avoided had not Chamberlain hungered for larger fame and Kruger for more wealth and power. My further opinion regarding that war is this, that if Kruger and Chamberlain could have been well furnished with Colt revolvers of suitable killing capacity, and tied to posts thirty feet apart, and commanded to fire and to keep firing till one or both were dead, there would have

been enough sane and healthy men left in Britain and the Transvaal to have settled all matters and questions between the two peoples without the silly and infamous bloodshed and suffering caused by that war. During the war, Chamberlain was one of the best hated men in Britain. But the English are so glad of a war victory of any sort that when the war was ended by the common sense, and the common human kindness of Edward VII, Chamberlain not only claimed, but was accorded the victory, and the English, as usual, made enormous fools of themselves; and Joseph, from that day to this, has been making every effort to sustain his stolen honors, and to pose as the greatest and most important man in all England, as if England, all the time, was a circus of fools. Not quite, Joseph, as you will see.

If, at the close of the Boer war, Mr. Chamberlain had been willing to accept all the due and questionable honors that England was ready to confer upon him, and to go on as Colonial Secretary; to do this, and to encourage some such view of the British Empire as Sir John Lubbock has pointed out in his statistics regarding the United Kingdom, then, English men of future ages would have called him blessed. But he resembled Woolsey of old, in this particular only—that he craved and coveted and sought and hungered for too much honor—the poor shallow-headed and unphilosophical “gentleman.”

What was needed in England then, and what is needed in England now, is a man who has thoroughly and exhaustively studied all the resources of the British Empire, and who has considered and mastered the vital powers in all the inventions of modern machinery—knows all the soils of the Empire, and how best to develop their resources, like a christian statesman, and not as a mere clap-trap bluffer who must first show what a deplorable state England is in, in the hope of making gods and men more ready to be gulled by his pretentious bluffery. Of course Chamberlain is not large enough for this, and how far the curse of democracy is responsible for finding and placing such small men to fill large places in the Empire, God only knows: But—England is not bankrupt, nor on its last legs. There is enough potential food in the British Empire to feed the world, only said Empire needs bigger men than Chamberlain and Balfour to understand and guide her destiny.

We have shown by Sir John Lubbock's statistics that Chamberlain's pretension and position are false and foolish. Let us now show that Chamberlain's own statements and arguments are schoolboyish and sillier still, and then try to point out what England and the British Empire really need to turn down Chamberlain and all men like him, and to go on preserving the great Empire her industry and statesmanship have won, and to make it a permanent blessing of civilization to the world.

Joseph Chamberlain's address, delivered in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, October 6, 1903, was printed first in the *National Review*, and later repeated in the *Living Age*, Boston. We shall quote from the latter: "My first duty is to thank this great and representative audience for having offered to me an opportunity of explaining for the first time in some detail the views which I hold upon the subject of our fiscal policy. I would desire no better platform than this."

This is pretty good taffy, but it is a good while since mature Scotchmen were caught with candy. In fact, as I recollect, they were never overly fond of it, and the Glasgow election, a few months after this speech, showed that their nature has not changed.

"Mr. Balfour in his position has responsibilities which he cannot share with us, but no one will contest his right—a right to which his high office, his ability, and his character alike entitle him—to declare the official policy of the party which he leads, to fix its limits, to settle the time at which application shall be given, to the principles which he has put forward. For myself, I agree with the principles that he has stated."

This is meant to uphold Mr. Balfour, and states pretty clearly for so insincere a man, that he means to stand by the Premier. To my mind, it overstates Mr. Balfour's position, his rights, and his abilities, but, neither Scotchmen or intelligent Englishmen, will be thus deceived.

Having thus made himself persona grata with the Scotchmen and with Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain goes on with quasi-clearness to state his position, and we will quote this part of his speech entire.

"I tell you that it is not well to-day with British industry. We have been going through a period of great expansion. The whole world has been prosperous. I see signs of a change, but let that

pass. When the change comes I think even the Free Fooders will be converted. But meanwhile what are the facts? The year 1900 was the record year of British trade. The exports were the largest we had ever known. The year 1902—last year—was nearly as good, and yet, if you will compare your trade in 1872, thirty years ago, with the trade of 1902—the export trade—you will find that there has been a moderate increase of twenty-two millions* That, I think, is something like seven and a half per cent. Meanwhile the population has increased thirty per cent. Can you go on supporting your population at that rate of increase, when even in the best of years you can only show so much smaller an increase in your foreign trade? The actual increase was twenty-two millions under our Free Trade. In the same time the increase in the United States of America was 110 millions, and the increase in Germany was fifty-six millions. In the United Kingdom our export trade has been practically stagnant for thirty years. It went down in the interval. It has now gone up in the most prosperous times. In the most prosperous times it is hardly better than it was thirty years ago.

Meanwhile the protected countries which you have been told, and which I myself at one time believed, were going rapidly to wreck and ruin, have progressed in a much greater proportion than ours. That is not all; not merely the amount of your trade remained stagnant, but the character of your trade has changed. When Mr. Cobden preached his doctrine, he believed, as he had at that time considerable reason to suppose, that while foreign countries would supply us with our food-stuffs and raw materials, we should remain the mart of the world, and should send them in exchange our manufactures. But that is exactly what we have not done. On the contrary, in the period to which I have referred, we are sending less and less of our manufactures to them, and they are sending more and more of their manufactures to us.

“Now I know how difficult it is for a great meeting like this to follow figures. I shall give you as few as I can, but I must give you some to lay the basis of my argument. I have had a table con-

*The figures given in the recent Board of Trade Blue Book are as follows:

1872. Total exports of British Produce, 256 millions.

1902. Total exports of British Produce, 278 millions.

structed, and upon that table I would be willing to base the whole of my contention. I will take some figures from it. You have got to analyze your trade. It is not merely a question of amount; you have got to consider of what it is composed. Now what has been the case with regard to our manufactures? Our existence as a nation depends upon our manufacturing capacity and production. We are not essentially or mainly an agricultural country. That can never be the main source of our prosperity. We are a great manufacturing country. Now, in 1872 we sent to the protected countries of Europe and to the United States of America, £116,000,000 of exported manufactures. In 1882, ten years later, it fell to £88,000,000. In 1892, ten years later, it fell to £75,000,000. In 1902, last year, although the general exports had increased, the exports of manufactures to these countries had decreased again to £73,500,000, and the total result of this that after thirty years you are sending £42,500,000 of manufactures less to the great protected countries than you did thirty years ago. Then there are the neutral countries, that is, the countries which, although they may have tariffs, have no manufactures, and therefore the tariffs are not protective—such countries as Egypt and China, and South America, and similar places. Our exports of manufactures have not fallen into these markets to any considerable extent. They have practically remained the same, but on the whole they have fallen £3,500,000. Adding that to the loss in the protected countries, and you have lost altogether in your exports of manufactures £46,000,000.

“How is it that that has not impressed the people before now? Because the change has been concealed by our statistics. I do not say they have not shown it, because you could have picked it out, but they are not put in a form which is understood of the people. You have failed to observe that the maintenance of your trade is dependent entirely on British possessions. While to these foreign countries your export of manufactures has declined by £46,000,000, to your British possessions it has increased £40,000,000, and at the present time your trade with the Colonies and British possessions is larger in amount, very much larger in amount, and very much more valuable in the categories I have named, than our trade with the whole of Europe and the United States of America. It is much larger than our trade

to those neutral countries of which I have spoken, and it remains at the present day the most rapidly increasing, the most important, the most valuable of the whole of our trade. One more comparison. During this period of thirty years in which our exports of manufactures have fallen 46 millions to foreign countries, what has happened as regards their exports of manufactures to us? They have risen from 63 millions in 1872 to 149 millions in 1902. They have increased 86 millions. That may be all right. I am not for the moment saying whether that is right or wrong, but when people say that we ought to hold exactly the same opinion about things that our ancestors did, my reply is that I daresay we should do so if circumstances had remained the same.

“But now, if I have been able to make these figures clear, there is one thing which follows—that is, that our Imperial trade is absolutely essential to our prosperity at the present time.”

There is so much that is seeming fair in these figures as quoted that one is apt, at first sight, to be carried away with them. But in the first place, taking Mr. Chamberlain's statement here quoted, it gives the man away. He must generalize over an assumed and utterly impossible state of affairs; that is, the utter loss of trade between Britain and her Colonies. Instead of pointing out such an utter impossibility, as if it were a possibility, in order to make strong his claim that it is not well with Britain to-day, and instead of at first setting the figures touching British exports in comparison with the exports of Germany and America during the past thirty years, because such comparisons seemed to favor his cry of wreck and fire, why did not this shallow-wise Englishman relate briefly what Britain—I mean the United Kingdom of England, Ireland and Scotland, and shall so use the term here—had done during the last thirty or fifty years to form these colonies with men of brains and enterprise, to build up their various industries and to develop prosperous commercial relations between one another; and why did he not note the fact that all British Colonies and establishments of commerce rule and trade, not only in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, Egypt and a score of Islands of the seas, have, during the very period he obtrudes, been peopled with Englishmen, thus taking much of the surplus, but winning and excellent vitality of Britain, out of Britain, only to make a larger Britain all over the world?

Notice, now, when this smart Joseph quotes figures to make them lie, the true heart of England is already world-wide, and does not this blind man see that the only true comparison of exports to-day is not between Britain and the United States and Germany, but between the British Empire and Germany, free trade or tariff, either way you please.

England is now the British Empire: It is this that she governs and can defend: she has made the Empire largely out of her own wit and genius and power; while the United States has grown to her present population and her present manufacturing power by stealing of the best she could get of all nations of the earth, and by subsidizing all their manufacturing, covering them with rascally robber tariffs in every direction of industry, until a mere wheelbarrow man in an iron mill in Scotland could come here thirty or forty years ago, and by shrewdly and constantly utilizing said robber tariff, accumulate so many millions of dollars, that he now finds it difficult to give away even his income, twenty-five or a hundred millions at a time, to found useless, senseless, godless, deluding public libraries.

Compare the exports of Britain for the last thirty years with a robber nation like the United States, and while England has been peopling other nations, and the United States has been stealing from all other nations in the world. It is simply infamous. Again, fifty years or forty years ago, when England was a strong commercial and exporting country, the Germany of to-day, or of the last twenty-five years, was not known. Prussia, the head of it, was a smart, imperious, advancing little section of it, doing far more fighting than trading, and continuing to do this until she had conquered and united many of the old German sovereignties in one Imperial Germany, and had taken a slice of France besides. In a word, the Germany of to-day, and the United States of to-day, both represent what Britain has been doing these last fifty years, and it is the British Empire alone, and altogether that must be compared in the matter of commercial exports or of war, with either one of the nations named.

That Britain's imperial trade is, in some sense necessary, may be granted, but why put the matter in such light? The Empire is Britain, and Britain is the Empire.

The same sort of comparison must be made in regard to territory and population. The State of Pennsylvania alone is nearly as large as England; Pennsylvania and New York larger than all Britain, and the United States, as existing to-day, is something enormous, alike as to population and territory. Beside all this, she is the greatest robber nation in the world. She has increased three hundred per cent. in population and about the same in territory since I have known her, and this mouthing American-Englishman would compare the exports of little England during the last thirty or forty years with such a piled up conglomeration of tariffized infamy as the United States.

If you want to be a reformer, understand the essential facts of your own nation; put together all the facts and figures that shall display the truth in regard to her genius and power, and then make your comparison fairly and seriously—not merely as to dollars, but as to merit and power in a dozen directions, and find out whether the mind and heart of England spread over this world is not worthy of a better man than you?

The figures of Sir John Lubbock, and the figures of the Board of Trade Blue Book, look steadily into the eyes of the oily and windy upstart Chamberlain, and show him plainly that his position, his figures, and himself are all wrong; wrong in spirit, wrong in ambition, and unworthy the life of the poorest and meanest Englishman alive.

As to Chamberlain's comparison of the value of exports from the foreign nations, he quotes in 1872 and 1892. What has that to do with the prosperity of Britain? Does he expect thirty millions of fairly well-to-day but careful English people to eat, drink and wear as much costly stuff as ninety millions of tariff-protected, lavish and wasteful people elsewhere?

It is true Mr. Chamberlain, by little stages and degrees, comes to acknowledge that English exports to all foreign nations, plus to her colonies, do climb up and reach a pretty good showing, but the seeming reluctance to do this, the way it is done, and the spirit in which it is done, as if it were a "save me or I perish" situation, I consider infamous.

Here is a specimen of what I call Mr. Chamberlain's school-boy, "so-called reasoning:"

"I will give you an illustration. America is the strictest of protective nations. It has a tariff which to me is an abomination. It is so immoderate, so unreasonable, so unnecessary, that, though America has profited enormously under it, yet I think it has been carried to excessive lengths, and I believe now that a great number of intelligent Americans would gladly negotiate with us for its reduction. But until very recent times, even this immoderate tariff left to us a great trade. It left to us the tin-plate trade, and the American tin-plate trade amounted to millions per annum, and gave employment to thousands of British workpeople. If we had gone to America ten or twenty years ago and had said, 'If you will leave the tin-plate trade as it is, put no duty on tin-plate—you have never had to complain either of our quality or our price—we in return will give you some advantage on some articles which you produce,' we might have kept the tin-plate trade. It would not have been worth America's while to put a duty on an article for which it had no particular or special aptitude or capacity. If we had gone to Germany, in the same sense there are hundreds of articles which are now made in Germany which are sent to this country, which are taking the place of goods employing British labor, which they might have left to us in return for our concessions to them."

I am very fond of the Germans as scholars, writers, poets, and gentlemen, but I know little of them as business men. Having grown up in America, and having mingled with all sorts of Americans in various parts of the United States these last fifty years, and always looking out for characteristic facts, I say, unhesitatingly, that had England any time these last fifty years made any such proposition as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain suggests, the American of any pious creed might have given a close pressed smile of apparent approval, but would straightway have consulted with his partner as to the quickest and most profitable and sure way of circumventing that soft Englishman, and putting the tariff on tin plate, so, if possible, to run the English firm out of business. In a word, I find that Mr. Chamberlain is as weak in his reasoning as he is false in his figures, and were the voting men of England today as limited in numbers as they were fifty years ago I should have no fear of the final result of such a poorly supported scheme, but when you bring into the sphere of politics the masses of what

Carlyle long ago called "beer and balderdash" and turn it loose in a parliament of "tongue fence" there is no telling what party will play foul, embrace the Irish contingent, and win by a foul, as the Congressional gamblers are apt to do in Washington, D. C.

Now a few words as to the American tariff. It is not merely an "abomination and immoderate," it is bare-faced, legalized, systematic and wholesale robbery, and that under the assumed name of "protecting" the wage earner of America. That it gives him higher wages than his fellow worker in the same line in England nobody questions; that it changes the character, the pose, the position of the wage earner is not so clearly seen and understood; but it really does all this, so that the ordinary mechanic considers himself as good a man as the congressman, and perhaps better—which is often the fact—and that by apparently elevating the common standard it cheapens real manhood and real ability in all lines, people do not as readily see or understand. That it panders to a few wily, shrewd and unprincipled smart men of business, and establishes a habit, not of seeking fair play or fair competition in business or commerce, but of encouraging a plan of business, of any and all business, that seeks, works for and expects protection, and so is a destroyer of all fair play, no matter what legal way you take to secure an "open door," is to me as plain as daylight. In a word, that our robber tariff is above all things else, responsible for the smart and bluff-like advantage seeking and taking of the American public to-day as compared with the American public of a hundred years ago, or as compared with any other public to-day. I have no doubt whatever, nor have I any doubt that if England adopts Chamberlain's fiscal plan, England will be as bad as America a hundred years hence; and I am quite sure that England, that is, the British Empire, including all her colonies, Americanized, and the American Empire being united, the English speaking community of the whole world, would be master of the earth, but as the devil would be master of the Union. Much as I enjoy the English speech, I would want to retire to some Choctaw village where they conversed with and scalped people honestly, without the aid of a tariff at all, and get out forever of the sunshine of the splendid Anglo-American prosperity.

In a word, Mr. Chamberlain, you cannot rob your fellow men by means of a legalized tariff, and remain exempt from the devil-

made consequences, any more than you can rob them against law, and remain exempt from penalty. The tariff increases the income and wage of a few, but increases the price of living for everybody, makes false standards of wealth and of so-called character, swamps manhood, honesty, learning, gentility, lifts rascality into power, into position, and binds the chains of the devil of falsehood about the human race. God save England from such destiny.

Writers generally ignore the teachings of Christianity in treating this and all commercial questions. I hold that the ten commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, that is the spirit of those teachings, is as applicable to the manufacture and sale of steel rails, and tin plate, and beet sugar, as the spirit of them is applicable to our domestic and social life. I do not pretend to say that England's theory of free trade is a fulfillment of the Golden Rule, but I do affirm that it is nearer to it by a million diameters than the robber tariff of America ever has been or ever can be, and I am and always have been a free trader on the ground of its higher morality. Now, if the world has reached a position where to live it is necessary to turn robber I, for one, prefer to die; nor will I advocate robbery even in retaliation of the admitted robbery of others. This is on general principles. When Mr. Schwab or the library-slinging Carnegie want my opinion as to how to act in a special case, I will sell it to them at a price corresponding with the price they get for their own products, but I will not ask Roosevelt to put a tariff on opinions.

As to Mr. Balfour's proposition of tariff for retaliation, though not for protection, I assert that the spirit of a tariff is the same, no matter from what motive enacted, and that its results on the morals of national character are the same; moreover, that no matter how or for what nominal motives introduced, the essential evils of its essential principles remain the same. Some six years ago I pointed out in this magazine the marvel that a community of nations like Europe should quietly stand by year after year and see a single nation like America rising and spreading to their injury without uniting to crush such one-sided robbery by retaliatory tariffs. I still wonder that so little retaliatory European tariff legislation has been enacted, and if England and the whole of Europe would unite to-day for the purpose indicated, England might be excused, though I think she had better give the robber rope enough and he

will hang, or at least choke himself in due time. In truth, within the past few years there have been numerous indications that for very shame, more than one Republican statesman—so-called—has grown weary of the robber system he has helped to rear. Blaine and McKinley, a little while before their death, advocated a generous encouragement in the line of reciprocity; and after the "beer and balderdash" of Congress had tongue-fenced for two years over reciprocity with Cuba, an emasculated law was passed. Meanwhile Cuba had learned to court European rather than American trade, and that, united with the beet sugar trust and our American tobacco traders worked so that now the land is at peace and nobody murdered.

In the same line Grover Cleveland announced himself in favor of tariff reform, and should the Democrats again get into power, which is doubtful, they would advance tariff reform. At least half the voters in the United States are in favor of tariff reform, eventually looking to free trade principles. Give the robber rope enough, Mr. Chamberlain, and he will hang himself sure, but consult with him in his knavery, and he will settle down to beat you every time. Either unite with all Europe in a scheme to thwart him, and let it be a thorough scheme, or let him play with the rope 'till his neck breaks, and meanwhile look out for your own. Under the existing conditions of trade and commerce in the world and the fact that America is wedded to the devil of protection, let some Englishman or men, either in England or in the colonies, or better still, from England and all the colonies, unite a dozen or twenty of the ablest men in the British Empire, or fifty of them, representing all the great interests of the Empire; let them unite for three months or longer in discussion of said interests; let them determine which is most important, and which is and likely to be least important to all England spread over the world; and also which interest is most endangered by American tariff-fed competition; and, again, which resource of any part of the British Empire is most in need of subsidizing in order quickly to make it better its American rival. In a word, as we hinted earlier in this article, let every available brain force, every available inch of ground, every product of the soil and of the mines of the vast Empire, be sought out and utilized to further the total prosperity of the British Empire on the lines mainly of England's old trade, and yet without putting

any check upon the independence of colonial action, but mutual help among all Englishmen of all the colonies to aid each other, and the mother country as well, in a sort of trade league; and without raising any false and mere demagogue shout of wreck and despair, let the entire Empire resolve to trade, as of old, on the principles of fair play and human honor, regardless of what the American tariff robber may do, and I doubt not that England and the Empire will still be able to live, and that by fair statistics her millions will be as prosperous and happy twenty-five years hence as the offspring of the tariff-ridden and pampered slaves of the United States.

I do not like to quote Scripture in the face of men who have denied all its claims, but in the long run I believe it better not to resist evil, or to avenge ourselves, and still to hear the great God say, "avenge not yourselves; vengeance is mine: I will repay, saith the Lord," even in commerce as in the soul's deepest cares.

As I view the case of England to-day, what she needs is not tariff for retaliation, or for mere revenue, but *men*, great enough to comprehend her vast resources and to further them in good, straightforward, old-fashioned English ways of uprightness and unsullied honor. She can do without a single repetition of the late Whitaker Wright; she does not need one instance of Pierpont Morganism; she does not need one of Carnegie's libraries; the Ship Trust having cut off its own Quaker head is going back to England for guidance; the robber is usually a spendthrift, and is apt to end in prison.

In my judgment Joseph Chamberlain is but little better than a lunatic, and Mr. Balfour, we have already defined. The United States have an immense acreage of splendid soil, with infinite variety of climate. England cannot, alone, expect to compete with us in production, but the total British Empire can compete with us, and the eyes to see this, and the hand to guide it is all the Empire needs.

To-day, March first, it looks as if Chamberlain and Balfour would soon be retired to private life, but it did not look so when this article was begun.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

A DEFENSE OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY.

We have often been carried into literary sewers while in search of hidden literary abortions. Recently we discovered one under the pseudonym of "Anglo-American," in the pages of the November issue of *The North American Review*. This writer affects an erudition which it is plainly to be seen he does not possess, nevertheless he had the impudent insensibility to write an article in that number of the review under the pompous title "An Indictment of the British Monarchy." The article at times degenerates into femininity, and perhaps the writer may be a woman; if so we will forgive her much, but assuming that the writer is of the male gender we shall proceed without much circumlocution to dissect him and to expose his pretenses. The article shows throughout that the writer is without knowledge of the history and genius of the British people, and still less is he acquainted with the history and genius of the people of the United States. To read history intelligently we must know intimately, and thoroughly understand the "genus homo," otherwise we cannot to any advantage follow the inconsistencies, contradictions, and tergiversations of that versatile animal. The state is but the reflection of the genius and character of the people who go to make up that state. The most strongly marked characteristics of the people, if not reflected in their government, will make that government unstable, and unsuited to those people. To understand rightly the British monarchical government we are bound rightly to understand the strongest characteristics of the British people, and this the writer in the *North American Review* clearly fails to do. To understand the characteristics of the British people we must be thoroughly conversant with the geographical position of the British Isles, their climate, their geological and topographical formations, their fauna and flora, and the varied origin of their people, and we must be able also to trace the history and progress of those people from their primitive state to the exalted position which they now command, not omitting one single link in that chain which binds epoch to epoch. We must thoroughly understand how the British people, from their insular position and freedom from political connection with their continental neighbors, were permitted, uninfluenced by

any foreign innovation or imitation, to build up their own state, through long years of domestic struggle and travail, so that it now furnishes a complete reflection of their genius and of their chief characteristics. To enter upon an indictment of the British monarchy without such prepossessed knowledge would be like attempting to translate Sallust without having first a knowledge of Latin.

The British government stands alone in the world without a counterpart and without a peer; she has never borrowed from any other government; all existing Christian governments have borrowed and copied from her. She cannot be duplicated because to duplicate her we must of necessity duplicate her geographical position, her climatic influences and the distinctive origin and history of her people; this is obviously an impossibility. All other governments, in their growth and production, have been, directly or indirectly, influenced by the actions, character, genius, and political complexion of their neighbors. Great Britain alone, of all nations, has been allowed to carve out her own destiny, unaided and uninfluenced by any of her powerful continental neighbors. Nothing in the early history of Great Britain indicated the greatness which she was destined to achieve, when first she became known to navigators of Phoenicia, her inhabitants were not much higher in the social scale than the South Sea Islanders of today. (?) After the Norman conquest of 1066 had given the realm her first six French kings, England began to appear in history as a distinct country; under her first six Norman princes she was simply an appendage of Normandy. During the reign of King John England became dis severed from Normandy, and from the year of the Magna Charta she has been allowed, unaided and uninfluenced by any other nation as nations, to develop her own genius and her own government, which is after all the reflection of the character of her people. There has never been a revolution in England since then that has not been a revolution undertaken for preservation, and not a revolution undertaken for reformation. True her revolutions have incidentally brought about reforms, but they have never been undertaken for the purposes of reform, they have always been undertaken for the preservation of some right already existing, but encroached upon by kingly power. The same truth may apply to the revolution of the British North American colonies; that revolution was undertaken not for reform, but for

the preservation of certain inherent rights of Englishmen, that were denied them in the colonies. Where the grave blunder was made indeed at that time, was in the fact of the colonists converting a revolution undertaken for the preservation of certain inherent right, into a revolution entirely one of reform; in doing so, too much was done for reformation, and too little was done towards preservation. The colonists failed to preserve much that would have been of unquestionable value to them, much for which the wit of man can find no suitable substitute.

While in England to-day the liberties and rights of the individual subject are bound indissolubly together with the rights of the reigning sovereign and dynasty, so that nothing can imperil the rights and liberties of the subject, that does not of necessity imperil the rights of the reigning sovereign and dynasty. In the United States, on the other hand, inaugurated by the revolutionary war, a citizen's rights remain within himself; if his liberties and rights are imperiled he is perforce obliged to protect them himself; to successfully do this he has to count upon the favor of his fellow citizen, and to court their sympathy and influence, either by his personal qualifications, his wealth, or his social standing. If the courts decide against him, no public interest is aroused beyond the interest that he can personally command. Hence we see the frequent and outrageous violations of individual rights, as shown in the frequent lynchings, not to mention burnings at the stake, and the utter disregard of public rights by the corporation and trust and railroad magnates. Here are two fundamental facts which Anglo-American and others should endeavor to get into their cranium and keep there; first, that the British subject's rights and liberties are bound for weal or woe with the rights of his sovereign and the reigning dynasty, and vice versa, the sovereign's rights are bound indissolubly with the rights and liberties of his subject; secondly, that the rights and liberties of the citizen of the United States lie entirely within himself, self contained and independent, with the imperative necessity of defending them himself, whether he does so or not is merely a matter of expediency; it has ceased to be a matter of fundamental principle. It is nobody's business but his own, and if he does not elect to defend them whose business is it, anyhow! Should the fundamental rights and liberties of the meanest of British subjects be encroached upon,

immediately thousands of stalwart champions spring into the field, the question ceases entirely to be an individual one, and becomes then and there a national one. Parliament is called upon to investigate the matter, and the sovereign feels that his interests are at stake, as well as those of his humblest subject, so indissolubly bound are they together; parliament may pray his majesty to appoint a royal commission to thoroughly sift the question. Take, for example, the case of the Irish soldier who upon St. Patrick's day wore a shamrock in his coat. He was reprimanded by the Colonel and given some light punishment. The matter was immediately brought to the attention of parliament, and the secretary of state for war was obliged to make an exhaustive enquiry into this trivial occurrence and present the actual facts to parliament, and thus to the public; the facts in this case were these, the colonel had forbidden the wearing of any floral decorations on parade on any occasion, and had previously severely reprimanded some English soldiers for wearing a rose on some national holiday, and warned the men that the next breach of this rule would be punished. The Irish soldier was not discriminated against, but simply punished for disregarding a rule of regimental discipline. Here indeed was a trivial matter, but it arrested the attention of the whole machinery of the people's government and the interest of the public. There might have been some fundamental principle of the subject's right at stake, hence the interest displayed, and the determination to see that the soldier should not be discriminated against on the score of nationality. The knowledge of these safeguards of his inherent rights and liberties gives the Briton that feeling of calm security and composure, a self-complacency and possibly an appearance of self-conceit and self-satisfaction. The British subject is the best protected man the world over. An injury and insult to the most humble of British subjects abroad is an injury and insult directed at the sovereign himself. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and not in mere self-laudatory panegyrics and meaningless, bombastic utterances, anent liberty, freedom, independence and other humbuggery. The Sovereign of England is no more secure in his rights and in his possessions than his humblest subject, nor are the peers any more so. The authority of the law, the security of property, the freedom of individual discussion and of personal action, the freedom of

religion, of conscience, and of commerce and trade, are the cardinal rights of the British subject the world over, the system that has effectually secured the rights of the subject against the encroachment of kingly power has produced in its turn a train of abuses from which absolute monarchies are exempt. Nothing human, however, can be perfect; it can be only relatively so. There are abuses in the British government, undoubtedly, but they are in no wise attributable to the throne, as the writer in the *North American Review* would have his readers believe. He incidentally stumbles on some truths and defects, but he is utterly unable to divine the cause of these defects, so he writes an "Indictment of the British Monarchy," abounding in torrents of words, stereotyped rhetoric and wild statements, but singularly wanting in perspicuity, and utterly sterile of truthful application, indicating throughout a profound ignorance of his subject in particular, and of mankind and government in general.

Let us go back for a moment to the American citizen. We have seen the Briton surrounded with his safeguards. What are the safeguards of the citizen of the republic, the palladium of his liberties, so to speak? We have said that in the attempt at radical reformation the revolutionists failed to preserve much that was invaluable to the rights and liberties of the individual citizen, and had instead, during the process of reformation, dragnetted in much that was baneful. The citizen became free, self-contained, with his rights bound within himself, he was thenceforth compelled to shoulder these additional responsibilities; by himself he has had to stand or fall. If unfortunate enough to be drawn into trouble with the State he had to do his own fighting. This involves expenditure of time and money, to say nothing of the anxiety thus engendered. Some commotion and strife may be caused in the neighborhood, which seldom extends far beyond the city, town or locality in which he dwelt. Sometimes his case may cause a general interest, but this would be rather from sensational features than from the fact of any fundamental principle being involved or at stake. By some he may be regarded as a hero, by others as a knave, and by most as a fool.

Every man being the custodian of his own rights, as it were, develops within him an excessive individuality, an excessive self-care, an excessive cautiousness, a fanatical cunning, a heartlessness

and a selfishness unseen in any other race under the sun; concurrently is developed a power of individual initiative unknown except among the nomadic races of the East. We are often told that there is the constitution upon which every citizen can stand pat. This is rather virtual than real, the right of the citizen to stand pat upon the constitution undoubtedly exists, but he will have to do so unaided. If he has neither money, influence or friends, as in the cases of the niggers hanged and burned at the stake, nobody will trouble themselves about the constitutional rights of these unfortunate people. They have been outraged, it is true, but who is going to punish the perpetrators? It is a matter that lies entirely with the outraged parties themselves, and nobody else's business, anyhow! If the good name of a town or district is hurt by the perpetration of such outrage, the citizens may make some efforts to bring the perpetrators to justice, otherwise the demons are permitted to go scot free, rejoicing in and congratulating themselves upon their diabolical actions. These remarks apply to the fundamental rights of the personal liberty and safety of the individual citizen, in regards to property rights, the American can be depended upon to preserve these, "he can put his case in the hands of his lawyers, he can have the thing put right." Is it not funny how spending one's money will make the lawyers fight? Anybody who has lived for any time in the United States and in England, must admit that there is not a fraction of the personal liberty in the United States that exists in England. Nor is this surprising, for the reasons already stated. Should a citizen's personal liberty and rights be encroached upon here by a State, city or municipal or corporate body, the onus of redressing the wrong is thereon entirely upon the citizen, and if he is plentifully supplied with money and friends he may succeed in getting redress. It is a matter that concerns himself alone; there is no fundamental principle at stake involving the rights of his fellow citizens, their turn may come later on, but another man's trouble they are not going to make their own; why indeed should they go out of their way to fight another man's battles? If the wronged one should be minus money or friends, he had better give in and grin and bear it; his chances of redress will become smaller and smaller as his pocket book becomes lighter. With the subject of Great Britain, on the other hand an encroachment upon or infringe-

ment of personal rights and liberties carries with it an encroachment upon the fundamental personal liberties of every subject within the empire, Thus it at once becomes a burning public and national question which is not settled right unless settled in accordance with the spirit and letter of those fundamental rights and liberties dear to every Englishman. This has been dealt with at some length because it clearly emphasizes the point of cleavage and the subsequent differentiations of character and mental habit of the two English speaking races. To further illustrate our meaning let us take an English citizen, as representing the working classes. Now an artisan's first concern is to master his trade and then to make a living at it, his personal rights and individual liberties being already placed upon a sure basis, his making or not making a living does not add a jot to or take a tittle from these securities. Having made a living and having satisfied his imperative demands, he can now find time and leisure to interest himself in politics and in public affairs generally, he soon makes the discovery that he is himself a powerful unit in a vast and progressive commonwealth. In all the large cities of Great Britain and Ireland, and in the country districts as well, the most active and wide-awake politicians are to be found among the horny handed sons of toil. An artisan may entertain political ambitions himself, and being a man of good understanding and intelligence, a man of application, industry and frugality, with an unblemished personal reputation, he may soon be recognized as a leader in politics and can aspire to office and be returned by the suffrages of his fellow citizens. Many are thus returned to parliament, winning the suffrages of the people often over the head of a scion of an aristocratic family. The artisan may strive himself to become an employer of labor. And all large manufacturing towns in England, Scotland and Ireland abound with these self-made men, men who have risen to great wealth and prominence from very humble beginnings. There has been no necessity on their part to batter at locked doors or to flounder in blank alleys; they have been, in short, men who have "made their career." To deny the existence of these self-made men is to deny the prodigious expansion of England's trade and commerce during the last half of the nineteenth century and to exhibit a deplorable ignorance of the subject in hand. High character, industry, application, and intelligence

will make their mark as surely in England as in the United States, more surely we trow, for these are the attributes that a man must possess to secure recognition and success in England, while in the United States, though these attributes are prized and appreciated, they are not sine qua non, as cunning, scheming, chicanery, pretense, and dishonesty will often ensure mediocrity and inefficiency a higher reward than the sterling qualities enumerated, which may often indeed materially handicap the possessor thereof. The United States is decidedly, from the very nature of its quick and rapid development, the paradise of the mediocre and the inefficient, for these can always, if they chose, obtain an easy recognition by sham and pretense. The agriculturist, however, must be excluded from these considerations, for in England, as in America, a hard working and painstaking farmer will earn his due reward. The agricultural resources being infinitely greater here they will and do ensure a livelihood and competence and wealth to a vastly greater number of people than in England. Should the people not have taken up these fertile lands in the United States it would have been greatly to their discredit; that they have done so and so rapidly furnishes an example of their indefatigable industry. The same rush to take up public and cheap lands is now going on in British North America, and everything else being equal they will yield a similar competence and similar wealth there as here, kingship or no kingship. There are, however, no office-hungry citizen loafers hanging for months around the centers of political activity and influence in England waiting for a change of administration in order to secure some fat sinecure and to fasten upon and participate in the public spoil and plunder. An artisan is a politician in England, either from natural predilection or from a high sense of public and civic duty. All appointments are under civil service rules, and are usually held for life or during good behavior, such as the postal, telegraph, excise, municipal and other public offices. All these appointments are open to public competition, and the son of an artisan is as likely to win an appointment as the son of a clergyman or a retired army or naval officer. To keep intact the thread of my remarks, I must quote from the article in question. It asks, "What is it, at bottom, that makes the English atmosphere so difficult for an American to breathe in freely? It is, I believe, that he feels

himself in a country where the dignity of life is lower than in his own, where a man born in ordinary circumstances expects and is expected to die in ordinary circumstances, where the scope of his efforts is traced beforehand by the accident of position, where he is handicapped in all cases, and crushed in most, by the superincumbent weight of caste, convention, good form and the deadening artificialities of an old society."

Now I think that in regard to the working man I have exploded the outrageous nonsense of this wild statement, and shall proceed further to show the innumerable avenues open in the British Empire to courage, intelligence, honesty, hard work and personal worth. To proceed therefore. Enlistment in the ranks of the army and navy are about the same in England as in the United States, good moral character and the standard physical qualifications being necessary. In England's immense navy there are innumerable petty officerships filled from the rank and file; so too in the army non-commissioned officers are not so badly off, but in addition a certain number of commissions are reserved for those who prove worthy of them in the ranks; not as many as they should be, I admit. That the technical schools have not quite kept pace with the vast increase of the nation's population, trade and commerce is true, but the British people have found that out themselves, and they can be depended upon to supply the deficiency. It is true also that general education is not so diffused in Great Britain and Ireland as it is in the Eastern, Northern and Western States, but there is infinitely more concentration of knowledge in England than here. But the abridgement of this difference in the diffusion of knowledge has been given a great impetus in England by the compulsory educational act of 1887, and the more recent one of last year, so that in the next decade this inequality will have completely disappeared. Trade and commerce being free in England, a British subject can get what he deserves, and what is more, he can demand it. We now come to the middle classes. The opportunities for great commercial gains are more limited in England than in the United States, though only relatively so, gigantic fortunes cannot be so readily acquired there as here; they are slower from necessity, there are not those great and rapidly occurring opportunities in commerce as here, but that has nothing to do with kingship or no kingship. England has made

gigantic strides in commerce during the last century, and though much handicapped during the last thirty years by a rigid adherence to free trade principles, and the prohibitive barriers erected against her commerce by the protective policies of all the other commercial nations, she has at least held her own. She may now have to resort to a protective barrier herself to meet the exigencies of the times, and when she does this she will at one bound distance all her commercial rivals. Intense commercial rivalry with the creation of protective barriers against friendly nations may not at first appear to be on high ethical ground, but the policy seems to be compulsory from pure expediency and self protection. It would be better, of course, that all the world should have free trade, than that all the world should adopt protective policies, but if the rest of the world elects to adopt protective policies and to raise protective barriers, it would in the end be fatal to England's commerce if she did not follow suit.

The men who fill the commission ranks of the army and navy are, generally speaking, drawn from the upper and middle classes. Entrance into the army and navy being by open competitive examination, large numbers of successful tradesmen's sons compete for these appointments and enter these services. They are by no means exclusive services, though the great majority of those that enter are members of the aristocracy, sons of professional men, clergymen, lawyers and doctors, the sons of army and navy officers and the sons of successful merchants and bankers. The educational system absorbs a large number of men from all classes in England, but generally from the middle and lower. So do the professions of medicine and law, which is equally as lucrative as in the United States and far more respected and respectable. They are more difficult to enter and a higher proficiency demanded. Then the Church, in all her branches, absorbs a large number of educated men from all classes. Then those who aspire to political and diplomatic and administrative fame and honor can find ample opportunities, for the demand for such services are great in a great colonial empire like that of the British, where personal integrity, intelligence, merit and faithful service always meet with due reward; more so in the British Empire than anywhere else, I imagine, because such services are often inestimable to the state. So all things considered the ordinary Britisher is not in so sickly

a state as Anglo-American would have us believe. Then again, there is England's gigantic maritime commerce to consider, compared with which all other maritime powers and commerce sink into insignificance. Any able bodied seaman can procure his master's certificate, provided he has the application and industry to pass the necessary examinations of the Board of Trade. Taking all these open avenues of a life's work into consideration, the question is, does it benefit a boy, educated, energetic, ambitious, with powers of application and with high character, to migrate to the United States to gain a position in life? Does he lose or gain by coming here? We are convinced he is vastly the loser. But when such stuff is written, as that written by Anglo-American in his article in the *North American Review*, it is hard to resist the temptation to completely encircle such wide statements with a "zona pellucida" of actual truths. Listen; let us further quote this smart alec. He says, "That unconquerable buoyancy which infects the American air like a sting and a challenge and braces every American with the inspiration that he has a chance in life, that here are open opportunities and unreserved possibilities; no battering at locked doors, no floundering in blank alleys, but that in short it is the man himself who makes his career, is something which the English have so utterly lost as to be incapable of realizing it." Was there ever such tommy rot written? We will admit the opportunities and unreserved possibilities, but the unconquerable buoyancy, the sting and the challenge, may be paraphrased thus, "by the exercise of sharp arts, by unconquerable effrontery, by cunning, duplicity, chicanery, trickery and knavery, open opportunities may be embraced and monopolized and unreserved possibilities achieved, vide the Standard oil, the railroad steals, the express and telegraph hold up companies, the steel trust and the sugar trust, the post office thieves, and all other public and private thieves in and out of hell 'ad infinitum.'" Yes, Englishmen and Britishers are so utterly lost as to be incapable of realizing that such a damnable condition of affairs can be at all possible; it surpasses the understanding of ordinary men. The British Empire contains her quota of rogues and thieves, but they are generally in the long run run down and given their just deserts, they are not enthroned as they are here, and sit in high places.

What has been the matter with Anglo-American is that since he has come over here and joined the ranks of American grafters and probably made his "pile," he has been afflicted with a moral turpitude and obliquity that it is no longer possible for him to see things in their right aspect, and he has been so badly taken with an attack of swollen head that he has the impudence to write an insufferably stupid Jefferson Brick sort of article abounding in Fourth of July bluster, with the bombastic and high-sounding title, "An Indictment of the British Monarchy." Who is he, anyway? Why does he not come out in the open and let us know who he is? To proceed, however, with our story, the avocations of the British aristocracy are numerous and varied; many are profound scholars, scientists, and literati, many go in for political and diplomatic careers, many enter the services, the army and navy, a few enter the Church, and a few the professions. Some take to travel and research, and many devote their energies to the improvement of their tenantry and estates, and such country duties that fall to their lot, often holding county magistracies under the crown. Averaging them up, they are as busy, highly honorable, intelligent and educated a body of men as can be found anywhere on the face of the globe. I doubt indeed whether, all considered, their equal can be found. There may be found among them dunderheads, debauchees, rascals and scoundrels, but they are few and far between, but so fierce is the light that is thrown upon them that it is only those among them who are utterly insensible to shame that can persist in a career of indolence and immorality. Besides we must remember that there is a constant percolation from the aristocracy towards the people, the younger sons of nobles are commoners, and their sons again are indistinguishable from the commoners, and furthermore there is a constant ascension to the peerage from below. Most of the nobles have been created but a few generations back, and a fair percentage of these have been created since Queen Victoria came to the throne. Successful statesmen, profound legal lights, and scientists, admirals, great generals, and all those who have rendered signal service to the well being of the people and the state go to recruit the peerage and to make the British peerage the finest body of men on the earth to-day. For the peerage has grown for years through a process of natural selection and survival of the fittest. We shall pass on to

the sovereign to complete the *zona pellucida*. The Sovereign reigns, but does not govern, is a phase that has become of common utterance during the last few years. It is of course hard to discriminate between reigning and governing, one presupposes the other. A more truthful interpretation of the adage would be, the British Sovereign reigns and governs through his ministers and by the houses of Parliament. The sovereign generally watches very closely the career of public men and eminent servants of the crown, and has the prescriptive right to intimate a disapproval of the selection of any prospective member of the cabinet, who may be "persona non grata." The late Queen exercised this prerogative only once, I believe, during her long reign of over sixty years. Here are some more wild statements from Anglo-American: "that the peerage and its offshoots, the great land-owning class and county families form a sort of governing class and come to look upon public office as a birthright . . . that outsiders like Disraeli and John Bright and Mr. Chamberlain may from time to time force their way into the charmed circle by sheer weight of genius; these instances are rare and are becoming rarer . . . thus in every British ministry you find a wholly disproportionate number of places reserved for the aristocracy, whose title to them is based solely on the non-essentials of birth, manners and social position, nobody pretends that they are the best men for the office." Really this man makes one nauseated. Why does he not acquaint himself with the history of England? Such display of utter ignorance, and such transparently false statements have hardly ever appeared in a journal of such high standing as the *North American Review*, but one can now expect almost anything from the *North American Review* since it printed such demoralizing articles, advocating foeticide and abortion, as the articles written by such creatures as Edith Hustid Harper and by "A Paterfamilias." This paterfamilias had the decency, however, to cover his name. Perhaps we ought for the same reason to commend Anglo-American. The article goes on with such grotesquely false statements and jumps at such wild conclusions that I have hardly patience to proceed; however, he stumbles on some truths, but is totally unable to perceive their cause. There does exist in England now a national despondency, a strong tendency to self-research; something has gone wrong somewhere; England has undoubtedly

lost prestige from her humiliations and disasters of the Boer war, and there has been a standing still in commerce during the last two decades. There has been no advance in trade and commerce commensurate with the increase of population. Abuses have crept into the army; abuses, not dishonesty, but simply gross incompetency which threw unnecessary hardships and humiliations upon the soldiers fighting in South Africa. These abuses have grown up unnoticed during a long period of peace under a peace-loving Queen, whose wishes were always for peace, and the love her subjects bore her caused them to respect her wishes on more than one occasion, although it went sorely against their grain. But not even the deep loyalty and deference to the wishes of their Queen could prevent the nation resenting the deep insult cast upon the country by Oom Paul Kruger. The Queen's long reign may be justly designated a republican era, because the Queen deferred in all things to her ministers, and it was during the latter half of this semi-republican administration that abuses crept in. These were in no wise due to the throne; rather were these abuses due to the fierce animosities and rivalries of opposing political parties, they were due to a desire on the part of both parties to appear before the constituents as the only party of economy; hence a false economy was exercised, with a consequent starving of the sea and land forces of the Empire. Silly sentimentalists, like John Morley and Mr. Gladstone, were even ready to dismember the Empire, so as to go down in history as peace-loving statesmen; it was the golden age of silly sentimentalism run riot, a virtual republic was parading under the garb of a monarchy, this age it was in which abuses multiplied. The Boer war clearly showed the English people that they could no longer afford to experiment with silly sentimentalists, and that no longer could the destinies of the Empire remain in the hands of such men. Queen Victoria governed with the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount ever before her, and the world owes her an inestimable debt of gratitude for her doing so, even if England had to pay the price in humiliation and disaster in the Boer war, for the long term of peace granted the world through the noble Queen's influence; she died with the blessings of all mankind, at least of all those who were not altogether lost to sensibility and imagination. But the Anglo-American utterly fails to see this, but rushes to

print with an article entitled "An Indictment of the British Monarchy." He feels assured, I verily believe, that his article will raise a storm of reform in England, if indeed it does not lead to a bloody revolution, during which King Edward the Seventh will be driven from the throne and will probably have to seek refuge in New York, build a mansion on Fifth Avenue, beg for admission into the sacred precincts of the New York Four Hundred, and join Pierpont Morgan in some gigantic graft, such as floating a shipbuilding trust, or a billion dollar steel combine, or perhaps Anglo-American may be able to give him some valuable points in grafting himself. I firmly believe that Anglo-American is egoist enough to conjure up these scenes in his fervid imagination, upon which he has so largely drawn when seized with the inspiration to write his stupid article. I may further state that looking at England's monarchy, seeing the great hold upon her people, seeing the intense affection of the people for their monarch, and seeing the deference paid the monarch by the people, it would appear that the government of England was wholly that of an absolute monarchy. Then on the other hand, when we observe a powerful and hereditary class of nobles, with hereditary seats in the upper House of Parliament, the great respect and deference shown them by the people, their great historical and political prestige, it would again appear that England was governed by a powerful oligarchy. Then we look at the composition of the House of Commons, its foundation lying upon manhood suffrage, its almost paramount influence in the state, its absolute control of the national finances, its sole power of leveling and raising tones, it would appear that the government of England was entirely democratic: again, when we look at the vast organization of the established Church, her bishops occupying seats in the Upper House of Parliament, its many ramifications, its powerful influence upon the education of the youth of the country, its high political standing, its great historical influence, it would appear that ecclesiasticism had a preponderating influence in the government of England; all these statements and conclusions are relatively true, but so harmoniously blended are the interests of class with class in England that an injury to the one class is an injury to all the classes; never in the history of the world have the different and varied interests of the different classes of a people been so beauti-

fully and harmoniously blended, one intertwined with the other the joys of one are the joys of the others, and the sorrows of one are the sorrows of the others. The English people have been allowed for nearly a thousand years, uninfluenced by any foreign intrusion, to build up this state, and nature now points to the British government as her masterpiece, and says to the rest of the nations of the world, "go and do thou likewise." Having effectually disposed of the extremely stupid statements of Anglo-American anent the British monarchy, let us return for a moment to consider the position of a citizen of the United States, and endeavor to find a fundamental and logical basis for his present personal and national characteristics. To go over well ploughed ground and to state what we have fully stated before, we have said that the revolution of the North American colonists was essentially in its cause and in its intention a revolution for the preservation of certain inalienable rights, and that the revolution subsequently degenerated into a revolution entirely of reformation. In attempting this, much of value to the personal rights and liberties of the individual was not preserved, and the wit of man could devise nothing to put in place thereof; we have said that the onus of defending his personal liberties and right was thrown upon the individual. This produced a power of initiative, an egoism, a selfishness, a self-consciousness, a self-cautionsness, a self-dependence, and these were naturally productive of an intense activity, and a restless energy and eagerness, first towards the acquirement of means, i. e., money, for the protection of these rights. A man's individual rights being dependent upon the extent of his power to protect them, the one thing absolutely necessary to protect these rights, and of those near and dear to him is money. When a citizen is known to have money wherewith to protect his rights, his rights are respected; the more money he has the more secure are those rights, hence money assumes an undue value. It became essential that men should acquire money or its equivalent in property. "Get money; honestly if you can, but get it," is the motto of the country. The accumulation of money under those conditions gives a further intensity to individuality, it adds security and power, and with security and power and pride of ownership comes cupidity. This cupidity prompts a desire to infringe upon the rights of weaker neighbors, who have no money whereby to defend their rights.

Public and private rights are being perpetually trampled upon and ignored by those in possession of most wealth. If the people have rights why do they not defend them? say the railroad, trust and corporation magnates; the public be damned says Vanderbilt. The utter apathy of the people is apparent to all; they have been too long accustomed to look just after their own individual rights; it has become, as it were, a second nature with them, a public right has ceased to interest them, so utterly selfish have they become, that the only right that would cause them to spend money to defend, is their own, their very own. This intense sense of individual responsibility for defence of personal rights has given birth to a spirit of cupidity seen nowhere else in the world in such an intense national form, any appeal to cupidity, is readily accepted. The "Americans are the most gullible people in the world," said Barnum and none disputed him, but few indeed, have divined the fundamental cause of that gullibility. It is really no fault of the citizen of the United States that he is what he is; he is in fact compelled to be what he is. Any other race of men would have developed the identical traits under the same environments from the very natural workings of the human mind. The political status accorded him after the revolutionary war, is the fundamental basis for his present characteristics. The ball was set rolling then; all this selfishness, heartlessness and this cupidity, all this striving after the almighty dollar, all this worship of mammon, are but the natural consequences of a leap in the dark. Everybody rails against the citizen of the United States for possessing these characteristics. This is manifestly unfair. He can no more help himself than the Ethiopian can help his dark skin, or the leopard his spots. They are the inevitable and inexorable working from cause to effect. One hears of reformers by the score. Was there ever a reformer known to reform in the United States? All the reformers in God's green earth could not reform us. If they attempted to do so from now to the crack of doom, unless our fundamental status was altered, and who indeed is going to take this country back a hundred years and place the people back again on sound fundamental principles? We cannot retrace the course and steps of history. There is no help for us; we must work out our own destiny along the lines that we have elected to go, and the further we go the worse we will get, and the deeper into the mire, our wild scramble for wealth

and the picking of each other's pockets, our unscrupulosity and our rascality, will intensify, decade by decade. Where, indeed, is it all going to end? Stop we cannot; go on we must, and may God have mercy upon us.

E. H. FITZPATRICK.

THE WANE OF GREATNESS.

Charles Lamb once wrote a charming essay on "The Decay of Beggars in the Metropolis." It might give a better heading to this paper, if it were explained to be on the "Decay of Greatness in the Republic." Its seed-germ of thought lies in the following extract from the *Boston Transcript*, copied by *Portland Evening Express*, whose editor was evidently impressed by its force. In fact, it has more sorrowful intensity than at first appears, more than its originator himself was aware of. It is a wail from New England, the more piteous, perhaps, for its note of dauntless courage:

A Chance for New England.—It is of course to be regretted that for consideration of "practical politics" no New England man may be considered seriously for the presidency. At the same time it ought to be possible for this section to develop a man so strong that he must be considered. Dearth of great men is a crying evil of American Democracy at the beginning of this century.

The transformation New England has undergone of late years is but too patent; its causes being two-fold. One, the great and marvelous development of the whole country; the other, the immense immigration from Canada, flooding all New England with her surplus population. This influx is practically that of a foreign nationality—the new-comers being of French extraction;—so that in factory towns, like Lewiston, in Maine, French is widely spoken, and the French population remains clannish, having its own views, patronizing its own shops, and refusing the right hand of fellowship to the Irish despite the staunch Catholicism of the

latter. The localities where these Canadians live—and they are bent on herding together—are untidy to a degree, forming little foreign colonies in Yankee cities. The leading tradesmen in such places are forced to employ a French-speaking clerk or lose an important part of their patronage.

Throughout the farming regions and in the deep woods French-Canadians seek employment as farm hands, or woodsmen for the logging camps, or icemen in the river gangs, or wherever else brave, hardy service is required. They are valuable men, in their own lines, and, though as yet unassimilated, the Northern states will find them, in the end, a worthy asset in the count of population.

None the less their presence and that of the Irish, together with the emigration of native New Englanders to the South and West, enfeebling the North to build up these other sections, is working a strange transformation, politically and religiously, in what was once Puritan New England. The immense Democratic vote of Boston, for instance, speaks for itself.

The first cause alluded to, the general growth of the country, affects other parts of our land besides New England. All the older states feel it;—the original Colonial thirteen, with those settled immediately after,—are pushed back in the scale by the gigantic growth of the West. The phenomenal advance of the region known as the Northwest, in population and wealth, the development of California with her Oriental trade, together with our recent acquisitions of Porto Rico and the Philippines and the opening up of Alaska, have so altered material conditions that we cannot tell, even now, precisely where we stand. One thing, however, is certain; each political re-apportionment throws New England further back. The centres of wealth and population move westward perpetually and no wave of reaction heaves in sight. New York, as a commercial and financial metropolis, and Philadelphia with her great manufacturing and railroad interests, hold their own as yet. But poor New England, despite her magnificent Atlantic harbors which must always command steamship lines, is getting steadily pushed to the wall, her sea-wall. Left behind in the great race for material prosperity and too intelligent not to know this, her press and people have hard work to show a brave front.

The writer of the *Transcript* paragraph is but "whistling to keep his courage up." His expedient for leading a forlorn hope in a lost battle has a touch—nay, more than a touch—of the pathetic. "Develop a man so strong that he *must* be considered." It sounds like that ancient cry of the Fathers, "In God we trust," as knowing that, humanly speaking, rescue has grown impossible.

Undoubtedly, in the history of the world the strong man, the hero—the military leader often—in any case, the king of men, has frequently saved a nation and created his own throne. Yet amid the complexities of modern civilization we see less and less of this. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." With knowledge of many things, arts and crafts, politics and money-getting, the divine wisdom, which makes the true greatness of the great man, grows increasingly rare.

It is of very doubtful advantage to this country as a whole that the moral and intellectual supremacy of New England should decline. "If one member suffers, the others suffer with it." This is true of the body politic, as of the Church. But facts are stubborn things. The Eastern States *are* declining and even the great man, should he by any chance appear, could not arrest the process. Therefore her outlook, though brave, is sorrowful.

In a recent work entitled "Boston, the Place and the People," by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, the author sums up the causes which go to make Boston what it is to-day. He does not fail to mark the extraordinary changes in the character of its population. In 1845, of the four elements in the population, Mr. Frederic A. Busbee said that "those born in other parts of the United States ranked first, those born in Boston of American parentage second; the foreign-born come next, and the children of foreigners last." In 1899, on the other hand, says Mr. Howe, "the foreign-born rank first, the children of foreigners second, persons born in other parts of the United States come next, and the old Bostonians are last." The agencies by which the diverse elements are amalgamated into a common citizenship are then briefly described. This change, which is not confined to Boston but, as we have said, reaches all the Eastern States, means at present, pure deterioration.

That our original stock as a nation was fertile in great men we all proudly affirm. Wisdom and intellectual supremacy, that "fear of God" which the Psalmist avers is "its beginning," actual power

controlled by duty,—these characterized Washington and grew up in Abraham Lincoln. They permeated the first thirteen colonies, laid firm the foundation of this land and their general hold on the masses led to a fruitage of great men. The agnosticism of to-day has no such outcome. "Out of nothing, nothing comes." Zero temperature freezes out life. Nihilism brings annihilation.

As are the unseen roots of a tree, in breadth and depth, so is the spread of its branching. As is the faith of a nation, its unseen spiritual life, so is its output of greatness. The attitude of the masses, especially in cases of enormous population, settles many mooted points—among others, the production of great men. Statesmen, musicians, poets and rulers are said to be the product of their age. A truism that means, not the product of the upper, but rather of the lower classes,—of the unconsidered masses—from which, indeed, they often directly spring—and of the general conditions, good or bad, of faith or discontent, sunshine or French Revolution blackness, exasperation or prosperity and peace, which affect these masses.

Faith and integrity, generally pervasive, gave us Washington and John Quincy Adams. Doubt and corruption give us Rockefeller and—Senator Quay.

Take the case of the poets. The greatest of all, Shakespeare, was he not the product of the English nation itself? Surely not of its upper classes nor wholly of the Elizabethan age—not merely of his own time, but the consummate flowering of all time, of the best in the English character to-day, of its best a thousand years hence. For the wisdom that is Divine, the blossom of righteousness, is, of necessity, eternal.

The music that sung itself forth in the Ages of Faith voices that faith still. The Beethoven and Bach and Handel compositions,—the "Messiah," "Israel in Egypt" and the like,—have not been superseded and will not be. It is the great music of earth and controls men. The Divine wisdom inspired it and the eternal of divinity dwells therein. The Holy Spirit abides and sways the hearts of men to love of righteousness. It moves, even now, on the face of the waters. Should they overwhelm us, in these United States, will it not be from our love of darkness rather than light and because our deeds are evil?

“Dearth of great men is a crying evil”—right you are, good *Transcript!* Now, what brings it about? General deterioration in the whole body politic—this, first. Then, changed conditions, springing from a more complex life, on a gigantic scale as to numbers.

This second point brings up many new things, to be taken into account. Education has changed greatly. In olden times the country school-house took in all the children—the community being small, it was well in hand. The instruction, though simple, was thorough. The teacher taught from pure love of his calling, his slender wage repelling the mercenery. The boy or youth who showed superior aptitude, whom it was hoped might attain greatness, had his chance *from the first*. The teacher had time to cultivate in him the germs of that greatness, to tend and foster them, giving the gentle nurture which young hearts need. Even now, our smaller schools and colleges, despite inferior equipment, do more of this personal work and are more successful accordingly.

The immense size of our public schools prevents the teachers of to-day from wielding their influence to best advantage. The individual pupil, lost in the mass, loses touch with his teacher, who must, perforce, “seek the greatest good of the greatest number.” The beautiful inspirations of boyhood—which Longfellow understood—for he well sings,

“The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts,”

—these are ignored in the over-crammed curriculum of modern training, the seed germs of all greatness being treated as a negligible quantity.

Such school advantages as even our present system presents are not within reach of all: Thousands of children, in every one of our great cities, slip through the meshes of our educational net. These go to swell the ranks of juvenile depravity and the present awakening of the Christian world to effort in their behalf has not come a moment too soon.

Our complex system, too, “muddles” the mind of the pupil; a thousand things are learned, but none are clear. It needs a world of simplifying. The text-books now in use are enough to puzzle the typical “Philadelphia lawyer.” They give doubtful aid to the poor student, leaving him more “muddled” than before. He is discouraged, leaves school before half completing a grammar

course, his best years wasted; he is disgusted with learning, eager to enter a business career, or in some way to begin making money. Lucky, indeed, if he has acquired no vicious habits during these school years.

In most of these matters the private and definitely religious schools show to advantage, though more and more hampered by the demand that they "keep up with the public schools."

Meanwhile, there is bitter complaint, outside, of boys and girls who can not spell,—having lost the good old habit of dividing words into syllables, mastering suffix and prefix,—who are poor readers—or saucy would-be elocutionists,—who can not handle vulgar fractions or the simple mental problems of Colburn's Arithmetic—and this, perhaps, after some extended course in the "higher branches." Defective elementary training brings them into the plight of the lad, "who remembered the exceptions, but forgot the rule!" The English language seems the last thing taught, if one can judge from the inelegant and ungrammatical conversation everywhere overheard, the prevalence of "slang" and the imperfect MSS. sent to the press.

The education which produced, or helped to produce, Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner is not good enough for Massachusetts to-day—hence, perhaps, these tears! Harvard College, which once had a share of greatness, is many-millions now to be sure, endowed to repletion, but where are its "superior men," as the heathen Chinese call them? Agassiz and President Felton, Longfellow, Lowell and Parsons, with many others of like type, men whom the whole country and the world itself revered, have passed away in a sunset full of glory. And their places remain unfilled;—the small men who occupy their chairs being only fit to sit at their feet. "Dearth of great men" is indeed come upon us.

The change in methods of education at Harvard is to blame for this in some degree. The enlarged university with its immense body of students is harder to handle; the task of reorganization, even on its enlarged money basis, being a mighty work. Results at present scarcely indicate its successful accomplishment. The old-fashioned thoroughness went out with the old-fashioned religious power. This process began years and years ago and accelerates mightily. In the course of a discussion as to the value of college education, says John Albee, in his "Remembrances of

Emerson," that philosopher happened to remark that most of the branches were taught at Harvard. "Yes, indeed," interjected Thoreau, "all branches, but none of the roots," at which Emerson was vastly amused. Deterioration has long passed the stage when the looker-on could be amused, the descent to Avernus being easy.

Individual greatness is crushed out by over-pressure of unworthy things, in educational light; its asperation made matter of ridicule, its earnestness derided, its spiritual light quenched. Japanese lanterns and electric lights blind it to the stars, though these still crown the mountain-tops.

President Butler, of Columbia College, said in an address the other day at a dinner of the Harvard Club, New York: "Another important thing is that the American College, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Slope, shall send our men who can think straight and feel straight on the fundamental principles of civilization."

"Might he not have added still another important thing," queries the keen editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, "namely, men who can *act* straight?"

A good little bit of old-fashioned teaching, this, as to the ancient and eternal law of uprightness, which not even Harvard University can supersede.

The potential hero or statesman, should he be among us, will find it far harder to rise from the ranks than did his predecessors. Both the element of numbers and the force of wealth make themselves felt. It is extremely difficult in our older states to rise satisfactorily in any one of the learned professions, or even in the modern pursuits of engineering, electrical work or decorative art. The case is put truthfully and with much vividness, by one of the personages in a recent story which graced the *Cosmopolitan*. The spokesman is a young barrister. "Why look here, Apgar," he exclaimed, "do you know that nine-tenths of the law business is in the hands of one-tenth of the lawyers? This is an age of concentrated effort and the corporations have gobbled up the law business of to-day. Look at the title companies and the trust companies and this legal concern and that. And every insurance company and every mercantile concern and every railroad has its own legal department, hired as mere clerks upon a salary. And after that, what is there left for the individual practitioner?—

Why, look here, Apgar, here am I, a man of good ordinary ability, with a father whose name when he lived was a name to conjure with, and a fine office and a good library and a fair amount of brains and common sense, and nothing, by George, against me—and what happens? I sit in my chair and rot, day after day, day after day. And why? Because I'm not in with the ring. Because I'm not related to a single corporation man. Because my father didn't have a fortune and because I didn't marry rich. That's why and you know it.—And I'm not the only one. Look at Harris. Look at Peterson. Look at yourself. Why, what can you or Harris or Peterson or I make a year out of the business there is in this old one-horse town? And yet there's law business here and good business. But we don't get it, and, what is more, we never shall get it."

"That may be said of other vocations, too," Apgar quietly responded.

Now this state of things is not favorable to the development of your great man. He is depressed and discouraged; crushed by the combined forces around him and driven on to dishonesty, or, at best, to cheap, clap-trap ways of gaining notoriety. Instead of a great man, we get a mere politician, a wire-puller—in short, a man to whom means are more than ends. Experience gives him skill in arts and tricks. He makes money and is advertised far and wide as a successful man. But real greatness he has bartered away forever, to our infinite loss. The blue skies are overhead as of old, only he has dropped his gaze to the earth. "As is the earthy, such are they also who are earthy." It is the decay, the decadence of soul and spirit, despite its gaudy crimson of outer show. The man is a Dead Sea apple.

The hero of olden time had a thousand obstacles to conquer, a thousand foes to meet, but never anything like our present trusts and combines. He met innumerable checks, but met them one by one. Now, they come in solid battalions. The great man of to-day has a harder fight before him, to win success and power without lowering his moral standard, than was ever known in the world's history.

In our political world the competition is unprecedented. The fine man, the superior man, is counted as "less than nothing and vanity." The available man is the man sought for. So great is

the struggle for office, that to be a mere "boss" or a ward politician implies the possession of money and the outlay of it, together with no small degree of shrewdness;—we say shrewdness, or cunning, for "push," of this cheap kind, however admired or successful, is the direct opposite of greatness.

Yet how much does the kind differ as you rise in the scale? In the higher walks of political life, do we not find the same intrigue, the same use of base methods? In fact, the man trained to corrupt ways from the very outset of his career, is not likely to drop them, as a snake his skin—and he does not drop them. You have educated a politician, not a statesman, a demagogue, not a patriot,—why expect grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Is it any wonder that our great places are filled by small men? Mere cheap Jack partisans, of mediocre talents and attenuated conscience?

True greatness refuses overmuch tribute to Cæsar and will not yield him the things that are God's. Wherefore, it must forever stand back in the race for worldly honors.

In all this matter, two things make for our encouragement—we would fain be optimists, after all. First, the general dissatisfaction, as voiced by the press and expressing that of the people, at this untoward state of things; and, next, the fact that dearth of any one thing is not a total lack of it.

So long as the public conscience remains in healthy condition,—and moans, like this of the *Transcript*, do rise from time to time—there life is and hope. The beauty of holiness has its grasp eternally. We cry with Browning, "God's in His heaven—all's right with the world."

To be sure, the public conscience in this land is dulled and blunted. The demoralization rife in New York and Washington permeates the whole country, so that each rural hamlet has its political "bosses," its trickster, its defaulter and swindler. Yet the love of the hamlet does not go out to these. Ask each inhabitant who is its great man; he will scarcely mention these! Rather will he instance some high-minded man, of no great wealth—perhaps, even, some soul of whom he will declare that the man or woman thus singled out is "too good for this world." Somehow, the community feels the sweetness of that strange aloofness, which surrounds him "whose conversation is in heaven." What is true of the hamlet is true, in a wider sense, of the whole land. Despite

its lax morality, its lowered standard of right and wrong, its heart beats warm and true. It means well, despite errors of judgment. No man can be "seriously considered for the Presidency," good *Transcript*, who is an open or gigantic scoundrel. No, not yet!

The race is not always to the swift, in this land—a Presidential nomination being matter for extreme doubtfulness. The "strong" candidate may be set aside, and some new-comer appear as by miracle sweeping on to success. Great crises in national affairs, also, create their own leaders, the moneyed wire-puller sinking out of sight—for all which Heaven be thanked!

New England has had no dearth of greatness in years past. She has nurtured fine men, unselfish and retiring, men who walked humbly, in touch with the Divine. Has Concord forgotten Emerson? A man so utterly unworldly that a dollar looked to him like a penny. He who advised the young man of his day "to hitch his wagon to a star" will be admired and revered for that bit of advice, when the millionaires we are bedaubing with praise "at the beginning of this century" are clean gone and forgotten. We still honor Agassiz, who "had no time to waste making money," and Whittier, and Charles Sumner, marked in the Congress of his day as "incorruptible"—a stumbling-block, even then, to his fellows. These, and such as these, are New England's great—nay, her greatest, men!

If another great man is born to her, he, too, may be found standing with bared head, gazing up into heaven. Instead of being an "available" man for cheap promotion, he may have the stars for his own and the world at his feet.

The papers and politicians will be disappointed then and bitterly vexed, as the Jews at the course of Him of Galilee.

Dearth of greatness in any one party, or even in the Republic, as a whole, does not mean the total lack of it. Hunger is not starvation: we would not exaggerate evil. The elements of greatness, like the nebulae that go to make stars, exist everywhere. We daily jostle men, "of whom more might have been made," to quote the "Country Parson." There are quiet citizens who shun notoriety, unassuming and unpraised, in every college circle, in the professions and in private life, who could come to the front if need were. These are the salvation of the Republic. These are the "Mugwumps," who will not support the party

candidate, if they deem him unworthy. These are they, whose calm, unbiased judgment carries weight with the rest. These are the leaders who appear in sharp emergencies, controlling the situation because men of all parties have faith in them. Such, for instance, is General Chamberlain, of Maine, scholar, soldier and gentleman. See him leaving his quiet college to take supreme authority at a time when anarchy threatened that state, left without government or governor, controlling all serenely, withdrawing when the temporary need was over, as if nothing had been done, bearing with him the heartfelt thanks and perfect confidence of all men. Is not the career of such a man touched with the splendor of greatness? How gainsay its silent dignity?

No, not yet do we despair of New England—nor of the Republic.

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

Until Wednesday morning, February 10th, my sympathies, as far as I had allowed myself to feel any sympathy with either side of the banded, barbarian butchers, now fighting in the Far East, were with Japan, based, however, upon valid reasons. *First*, because after the recent war between Japan and China, and when the little brown men had shown their capacity and pluck, and had vanquished the Celestials, Russia and Europe generally, but especially Russia, bore down upon the Eastern islanders, dictated terms, and prevented Japan from acquiring the full benefits of her victory; and *Secondly*, because Japan, being the smaller boy of the two contestants, all the world seemed to think that Russia, being such an enormous Empire, it would be easy for her to swallow the little island nation, and look about for other game.

I hate it all, and count it damnable that any two nations or men should resort to pistols to settle a dispute, and especially infamous that thousands and tens of thousands of men can have their manhood drilled and driven out of them till they are ready without any

quarrel between them to shoot each other into eternity, in cold blood simply at the dictation of an admiral, a general, or any other fellow who happens to be in what is called command at the time; but admitting and having to admit war, with all the barbarities thereof, there is always one side or the other which has the greater claim to sympathy, based upon a true interpretation of all the facts of God's eternal justice, as applied to these.

On the morning of February 10, 1904, however, all sympathies with either side went to the winds, and from that hour I have desired, above all things, that both Russia and Japan would unite and turn upon the United States and pound it, that is the government thereof, till they had driven all insane self-assertion, arrogance, self-conceit, self-deception, impudence, pretense, hypocrisy and overbearing ignorance out of our heart and soul and words.

The consummate impudence of the United States in sending the following, as telegraphed from Washington, on the morning of the date named, and the utterly contradictory rot of this so-called Christian statement sent across the world, is as amusing as Mr. Hay's diplomacy on the Panama Canal question.

If I were a pagan I should hate and despise the stuff called Christian diplomacy, as it is vomited from the seared consciences of so-called Christian nations. Here is the amalgamation of refuse and hell quoted from bushels and quarter sections of such—as it is piled up daily in the black and yellow journalism of the *North American* of Philadelphia:

“Washington, February 9. President Roosevelt, represented by Secretary Hay, has taken steps to limit the horrors of war between Russia and Japan, and to secure, if possible, an international agreement for protection and preservation of China.

“While other nations are hesitating, the United States has taken the initiative, and has called upon the other Christian countries to follow its example.

“Secretary Hay has addressed notes to both the Russian and the Japanese governments, tending the good offices of the United States to bring about an agreement by which the field of hostility may be limited. The exact terms of these notes are not known, nor will they be until replies shall have been received.

“TO CONFINE THE FIGHTING AREA.

“The general suggestion contained in them is that the actual fighting will be confined to Manchuria and Korea. Copies of these notes have been sent to all the European powers with a suggestion that the powers agree to do everything possible to have China preserve an attitude of entire neutrality, and *that Russia and Japan be notified that as a result of the conflict there is to be no dismemberment of the Chinese Empire.*

“It is apparent to the world, in the opinion of the Administration, that a desire to enrich themselves at the expense of China animates the belligerents upon each side, and in the interest of civilization it is held that China should not be made the victim of the victor’s greed.

“It is believed the latter proposition will be generally agreed to by the other powers, and that China will be protected against both Russia and Japan.

“To this extent the United States has pointed out the moral duty of the other nations.

“A PROCLAMATION OF NEUTRALITY.

“Respecting the limitation of the field of hostile operations, Secretary Hay had paved the way for this suggestion by correspondence with the two belligerent governments. He is exceedingly hopeful that his proposition may be accepted, and that much suffering by innocent persons will be prevented.

“The attitude of the United States will be that of entire neutrality, and (Continued on Page Three).” etc.

Only a few months ago this same Christian United States forced a bloody and unequal war upon one of the weakest and most Christian nations on the face of the earth. Of course we conquered Spain, and have ever since been boasting of the infamy that we call anglo-saxon civilization.

Suppose that Russia or Germany within twenty-four hours after we had opened war with Spain had sent such a bullying dispatch to us as we have now sent to Russia and Japan. We would have rightly resented it, though wrongly pursuing a foul war. Men will not be interfered with when engaged in a fight, much less nations. We confined our war with Spain to the confines of the earth and the seas. Our strenuous lad, since president,

went everywhere, trampling on the Monroe doctrine to the confines of Asia, all the while prattling the foolish Monroe babble at home; and now this contradictory man, with his obedient secretary of state, in less than twenty-four hours after the first bloody shots were fired between Russia and Japan, sends an impudent so-called Christian note to Russia and Japan, virtually stating that we, the almighty dollar-Uncle Sam-Theodore-Hay-Taft & Co. mean to confine the quarrel to certain limits and save China, that We, Us & Co. may pluck her more conveniently later on. To such insufferable impudence and inconsistency has anglo-saxon Americanism grown in the dawning of this twentieth century.

I have no doubt that Sir Mortimer, the English minister to this country, and formerly English minister to Russia, is to be credited with this astute blunder on the part of Uncle Sam. It is plainly the policy of England, while seeming to wish otherwise, to pit Japan against Russia, and now also to pit the United States against Russia. Japan understands the scheme, but it never would or could have originated in such thick, or thin and inexperienced heads as Roosevelt's or Hay's. England and her wily, shrewd and farseeing Sir Mortimer are to blame. But the game is not yet ended. The man who interferes in a family quarrel is apt to get his own head broken.

Should Russia for territory offered, induce France and Germany, including the triple Alliance, to unite with her in protest against this irrational action, then one-half the world would be united against the other half, the area of war would be, within a year, as we have often predicted, in the Mississippi and Missouri valley, up and down the great stretch of western hill and valley land between the Rocky and Allegheny mountains. Roosevelt, Root, Taft and Wood are young men yet, lots of fight in them, but when it comes to leadership between such ambitious boys and older men—we shall see.

The foregoing was written on Wednesday, February 10th, the same day that the news of the war appeared in the Philadelphia papers. Judging from the papers of the 11th of February, commenting on the monstrous action of the United States government in presuming to dictate the locality of the fighting, it seems to have

been received in France and Germany with an indignation similar to my own, as will appear from the following quotations from the Philadelphia *North American*:

"Paris, February 10.—The Hay note to the powers emphasizing the necessity for neutrality of both belligerents, before and after hostilities, toward China, is a veritable red rag to Europe. The *Figaro* declares nothing is more imprudent, and that it might be a possible firebrand, involving all Europe in a conflict.

"The note is all the more forced and unnecessary," says *Figaro*, "as Russia already has proclaimed neutrality toward China."

"Even America's declaration of non-interference, after a Cabinet meeting, is regarded as an unsatisfactory offset to Mr. Hay's note. It is asked if America is really and entirely disinterested, why initiate the note at all."

"Special Cable to *The North American*. Copyrighted, 1904, by the New York Herald Co.

"Berlin, February 10.—The Berlin Press is very bitter in its comment on the action of the United States, which is accused of secretly backing up Japan.

"It is pointed out that at first America asked only for an 'open door' and then extended this to demanding guarantees of the integrity of China. Now, it is declared, Mr. Hay intends proposing that the powers should take measures to limit the area of hostilities. According to the *Vossische Zeitung*, Mr. Hay's proposals amount to an unmistakable "hands off" on the part of the United States.

"The success of the Japanese has made a deep impression in Berlin, in spite of the German sympathy for Russia. The courage, audacity and resource shown by the Japanese forces arouse admiration in military and naval circles.

"Most newspapers reprint with credit the Herald's account of the Japanese attack on Port Arthur, which, up to the present, is the only account from an eye-witness.

"To-day I paid a visit to the Russian Embassy, and found great bitterness there on account of the behavior of Japan. It was declared to be contrary to all international law that she should thus assume the offensive without a declaration of war."

It has been evident from the start that the prevailing sympathy of Americans is the same as was my own, for the reasons men-

tioned. But I am a firm believer in the sacredness of fair play, and no underhanded and deceptive business. I could tolerate the man Funston, and forgive him his robbery of the altars of Catholic Church in the Philippines. That seems so natural to the untaught American barbarism, but when appealing to the sacred laws of hospitality he at first betrayed and then captured Aguinaldo, I despise him more than I would a dog.

Theodore Roosevelt promoted him for this rascally action, and then wisely advised him to keep quiet. The same Theodore, when assistant secretary of the Navy, under Secretary Long, wanted to do what Japan at the breaking out of the present hostilities did, but his superiors restrained him. There is an international code of honorable warfare, and there is a border ruffian and pirate code—catch-as-catch-can, and the sooner the better. The young men now in power, do not care a button for any international code of peace or of war, and of course the young people of the nation feel very much as the whoope officials. That cannot be helped at present, but if I am not mistaken, the old standards of honor must again prevail, no matter how many Japs or Roosevelts ignore and violate them. There are certain conditions, without the observance of which civilized society is impossible.

Beyond question Russia has for a very long time been exceedingly exasperating, especially with Japan. All nations of the world were as bound to prevent her from doing what she has been doing in the far East as was Japan, but nobody wanted to face the music. All nations have become so used to broken and to breaking treaties that one more, like Rip's last drink, never counts; and Russia has always been so plausible, always appearing fair, but always leaving some way of escape; that is, of pushing southward without really a vicious and absolute breaking of her treaties. Japan was not used to the subtleties of Christian diplomacy, and she could not stand Russia's double dealing any longer, and even for this, all fair minded men respect and honor her; but to hide Russia's last word of diplomacy or to lose it purposely, and not let on that she had seen it, like a foul abductor of sacred letters—and at the same hour to stab and shoot her enemy unawares, and without any declaration of war on either side, and to run in on the enemy's ships under search lights in imitation of the enemy's own—that is all the vilest, cat-like, wildcat-like, tiger and snake action; and

though we cannot help admiring the quick and rapid movements of the Japs, on the other hand we cannot help respecting still more the words of the Czar in his declaration of war before beginning it, and in my judgment a few successes of Russian arms will reverse the present bearing of preference; but every civilized man and nation must at heart feel and think the same regarding America's premature and arrogant action.

At this date, February 27th, the situation is not materially different from what it was two weeks previously. Russia's appeal to the Powers, touching Japan's action as here criticized, fell flat on the ears of the nations. "Christian" nations are growing used to such deceptions, and Russia not being exempt from similar action cannot win sympathy on that ground. At this writing the only change in the situation is, that Korea is reported as having ceased to be a friendly neutral and has become an ally of Japan. Probably before this issue is printed China will follow the example of Korea, and then the Emperor William's scare-crow, jim crow sentence regarding the "yellow peril" will be visible in all the skies, so that blind men like Michael Davitt—the escaped sham-rock, will be able to see it, and will probably make fools of themselves while gazing thereon.

New men, raw men, new to history, are writing with much green-horn wisdom about the threatened war between Asia and Europe. It was fought out and won by Europe nearly twenty-five centuries ago, and is not now a question before the world.

New worlds have been discovered since then, new nations born, and the outlook is no longer a question of Asia against Europe, nor is there any more question of England absorbing China, as terrified Irishmen are predicting, than there is of Ireland's absorbing the United States. These are wild dreams, Mr. Davitt. The question immediately pressing is, whether or not the yellow men of China, Japan, Korea, the Philippines and their half-brothers, the Turks, all of them, with civilization in many respects superior to the European and American—and in all respects except the art of warfare, in which Japan and the Turks are very close to us—whether these peace-loving and cultured peoples shall be bullied and turned out of house and home, evicted and laughed at by the white men of Russia, Europe and the United States.

Japan, though immediately standing up for herself, is really fighting for the rights of all the yellow and brown races of the world. Could Japan get hold of and drill the American Indian, she would yet make the United States understand that Uncle Sam could not and should not trample to death the red man, unavenged.

China will soon have to learn to fight and then China and Japan holding Asia for the Asiatic, will not be as foolish as was Cyrus of old, but will be glad to stay at home and practice on the piano and go to horse races, after the brilliant example of fashionable Christians in New York and Boston.

The truth is that Rothschild, Morgan & Co. will determine the extent and continuance of this war. If the pugilists now engaged in it and others yet to be engaged in it can get credit enough the war will go on till a good many thousands of brave men will be offered on the block of Molock, and many very spurious pretensions of civilization will be exposed, the fittest surviving to replant the world anew; and the bankers of the world who, as we have long said, carrying the world in their vest pockets, will extend their loans just as far as they know it to be safe, and no further.

If the action of Korea in becoming an ally of Japan should move or justify France in asserting an active alliance with Russia, of course England will be involved and will, with all her united and improved naval and military power take a hand also, and all this may be without involving Germany and America. But with England and France involved, Turkey and the Dardanelles become active, and end in an open door till all doors are opened for the world-wide conflict that all nations have been preparing for. Where is the use of building navies and drilling armies except to fight with them? but with nihilism and infidel socialism rampant in all modern nations our strenuous young gentlemen at Washington may yet find their hands more than full.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

SHALL MORMONS BE EXCLUDED FROM CONGRESS?

The United States Senate's Committee on Privileges and Elections has been considering the eligibility of Senator-elect Reed Smoot, of Utah, an Apostle of the Mormon Church. Due to Chairman Burrows and Senators Hoar and Overman, of the committee's hypothetical and searching questions as to dogmatical and disciplinary matters, the Smithian system of revelation has been given a most revelative airing and the Utah theocracy of Mormons has been stirred to its utmost depths. The investigation has taken a wide range. It is not alleged that Mr. Smoot is a polygamist or even a man of questionable character, or that he has violated the law, nor even that he is an "apostle" of the Mormon Church and bound by an oath inconsistent with allegiance to the United States and his duty as a senator. The indictment is much broader and goes to the root of the revelations of Mormonism to the civil government. Substantially the indictment, so far as the hearings before the committee have elicited is that despite the "revelation" of 1890, by which plural marriages ceased to be commended and urged by the Church, and despite the acceptance of the law admitting Utah to Statehood, by which polygamy became a criminal offense, the Mormon Church does to-day in fact defy the law by upholding and honoring those who continue to maintain polygamous relations; and that as a hierarchy it controls and dictates the political actions of its members, so much so, that it is a foregone conclusion that an official high in its counsels, as is an "apostle," must place first and above all things the power and supremacy of the "Church of Latter-Day Saints."

The present head of the Mormon Church, First President Smith, in his long examination before the committee, admits practically all that is charged in the indictment. He denies, however, that any new polygamous marriages have taken place by the approval of the Church since the State of Utah was admitted into the Union; he frankly confesses that he has himself lived, and that

scores of other old men have lived, since Utah's admission, in continuous polygamous relations with plural wives whom they took before that time. He justified this course on the ground that it was not polygamy, which is the taking of an additional wife, which he denied having done, but that it is polygamous cohabitation. While conceding that this was in violation of the law of Utah, for the sake of the peace of his families he took the risk and trusted to the forbearance of his fellow-citizens, perhaps in too many instances themselves of not any too strong ideals on even promiscuous cohabitation,—not to enforce the law against him. Besides he felt justified in that he did not think it right to throw his wives and children to the mercy of chance or perhaps worse. While he has not taught others to disobey the law, as he contended repeatedly, he for these, seemingly to himself, good reasons thus remained in husbandly relations with the wives he had had prior to the promulgation of that law. In fact he maintained earnestly that the Mormon Church had in good faith carried out the manifesto or "revelation" of 1890, and that as a consequence the vast majority of his people are to-day monogamists, and the polygamists are dying off, and, being now old men, in a few years there will be none left. Mr. Smith frankly admitted Chairman Hoar's summing up of the Mormon position, viz.: that polygamy is right and innocent, but that since the Woodruff manifesto suspended the command to practice polygamy, the faithful may properly obey the law.

It has been also stated in the press, with somewhat of a basis of creditability, that the present investigation is more political than moral. Certain it is that in 1896 the State of Utah was carried for the Democratic electors and "Free Silver" by a decisive plurality. This was somewhat of a surprise at the time. The "Edmonds Law," which was promulgated abolishing polygamy when Utah was admitted to Statehood, was the result of a compact entered into between the powers at Washington and the Utah politicians. This compact was intended to secure Utah to the Republicans and abolish polygamy in the State, with the proviso, however, that those who had already contracted plural marriages would be allowed to continue their relations with their wives. To prevent a recurrence of 1896, it has been stated in the press and has not been denied, that by virtue of a bargain made by the

Secretary of the National Republican Committee, Mr. Perry S. Heath, and certain leaders of Utah, the State would be influenced to give its vote for the Republican electors in the Presidential election of 1900, the consideration being that a Mormon would represent the State in the United States Senate. Be this as it may, the State of Utah in the election of 1900 went against the Democrats and "Free Silver" as decisively as it went for them in the election four years before. Doubtless the present investigation, largely instigated by one of the Senators of the State of Idaho, is therefore due to this fact and evidently hopes to focus public opinion on this bargain, while at the same time the power of the Mormon Church in the politics of Utah will become evident to all. There is therefore far more playing of "politics" than awakening of the American conscience in the present investigation.

At the date of this writing (March 15) the hearing has ended temporarily and a recess of perhaps two weeks has been taken to await the appearance of additional witnesses and the receipt of books and documents that have been called for. Since President Smith, the first officer of the Mormon Church, has, during his long, exhaustive examination, practically pleaded guilty to the indictment, the awaited evidence can be but merely cumulative. As a vast amount of admittedly hearsay testimony has been heard during the proceedings, which could have been excluded in a court of law, the question arises whether the Committee on Privileges and Elections will act arbitrarily in response to the public clamor which has already been heard and felt, and thus deprive Mr. Smoot of his seat in the United States Senate simply because he is a Mormon, or whether it will view the case judicially and, casting aside deep-rooted prejudices, determine it upon the weight of the evidence presented and the precedents established under the Constitution. In either case, the Senate, should it unseat the senator-elect, the committee will practically deny the right of the Mormons to send to the Senate any of their high Church officials, nominated and elected in the interest of the Church, so long as that body openly, even under the color of religion, upholds illegal practices.

The direct effects of this action, we may admit, are not likely to be serious. In itself, whether one man or another is admitted to a seat in the Senate is not of such vast moment, except, possibly, to the man himself, his party or his friends, and it can not very

long or very deeply concern even them. But in the precedents thereby established extremely dangerous tendencies may possibly lurk. A dangerous Constitutional precedent may be confirmed by this contemplated action of the United States Senate. We say "confirmed" for the same cause as Senator-elect Smoot, a Representative in Congress was excluded from the lower House four years ago, and the Senate appears now to be on the point of following that precedent. We admit that one of the baffling difficulties in the way of meeting the Mormon question on Constitutional grounds, and preventing another accumulation of dangerous precedents is the really dangerous character of the Mormon organization. In the face of two dangers, the lesser one, if concrete and immediate, is apt to seem more dangerous than the greater, if that is abstract and remote. First President Smith, of the Mormon Church, frankly admits that his Church is truly a concrete and immediate menace to popular government. For does he not in his examination declare that in the past, openly, and in the present, covertly, and his Church not only justifies polygamy but makes it a religious institution? Does he not also admit that his Church is not satisfied with ruling its members in religion, but endeavors to be, and actually is, their absolute master in their civic relations? Is this not a theocracy, with all of evil to the character of the individual and of danger to the liberties of the body politic that the theocratic idea of government involves?

Admitted. This is a menace indeed to popular government. But a greater menace to free society and to popular government than the Mormon Church may easily arise out of unwise precedents intended to suppress the evils or check the power of that institution. Much as we may despise and detest Mormonism the confirmation of an unwise precedent may be fraught with vastly far more to despise and detest by all who know, and value the Constitution of our land. We therefore dare to freely scrutinize the precedent and fear not to condemn if it be dangerous even though we may for the moment seem to the thinking, the superficial and the foolhardy to be defending or palliating the evil of Mormonism at which the precedent is aimed.

By what right, under our written Constitution, does either House of Congress exclude a Mormon member?

This is the first question to be considered. Evidently, if Congress excludes Mormons without Constitutional right, who can

say when it will not utilize that precedent to exclude Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, Christian Scientists, Socialists, Populists, Democrats, or—with a change of party sentiment—even Republicans? As a matter of fact, in the time of the American Revolution, Episcopalians were sometimes distrusted as of an Anglican religious allegiance. What if a precedent, then, were established discriminating against that denomination? A chief cause of the Know Nothing agitation of the 50's, and that more recently of the A. P. A.'s, was the allegation that Roman Catholics were under civil allegiance to the Papal Sovereignty, to a foreign potentate, which was inconsistent with full loyalty to the Government of the United States. Obviously, there was no ground by this allegation, for the allegiance of the Roman Catholic to the Pope of Rome then as now is spiritual, and not political. But the raising of the question caused much bitter feeling, and its advocates, had they their way, Congress would then have civilly disqualified Roman Catholics and thus have established a dangerous precedent. So likewise, if a Mormon is to-day to be excluded from Congress simply for the reason that he is a Mormon, what remains of our Constitutional principle of the freedom of religious conscience?

There is no limit to the policy of might, save opposing might. If one majority may construe the Constitution as adverse to Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Socialists, aye, Mormons, to please its friends or satisfy public clamor, another majority may later on construe it another crooked way to punish its enemies. Thus in course of time there will come to be no living Constitution, but only chaotic anarchy with the dead Constitution for a plaything.

But, we are reminded, does not the Constitution provide for the power of exclusion from Congress? Does not "Section V" of "Article I" of the Constitution say, "Each House shall be the judge of the elections, returns and qualifications of its own members."

and may—

"punish its members for disorderly behavior, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel a member"?

Does not this article give the right of expulsion if Congress so judge proper? We reply there is in this article evidently no authority either for adjudging a polygamous Mormon ineligible or for expelling him.

As to the latter, manifestly the right of expulsion must rest upon some act of disorderly conduct by the member while a member and as a member.

The Constitution, moreover, does not give to two-thirds of Congress the right to expel arbitrarily. That would be in effect power to deprive a constituency of representation; and if any one thing about the Constitution is more clear than another, it is that Congress has no Constitutional power to deny representation to constituencies.

The obvious purpose of the expulsion clause is to enable each body to preserve order within its own walls. It is simply a limited police power.

Congress is a representative body forced by the Constitution to admit to membership all persons possessing certain specified qualifications. Those possessing these Congress has no option as to their admission. What then could be more absurd than to suppose that having admitted a member possessing these specified qualifications that it might thereupon expel such a member for lack of some qualification not so specified?

Clearly if Mormons may be denied seats in Congress at all, for upholding or practising polygamy, it cannot be by expulsion; it must be by exclusion for lack of the Constitutional qualifications.

The question arises, therefore, what are these qualifications?

They are specified in "Article I," "Sections II, III and VI," as follows: A Representative must be chosen every second year (at times and places and in a manner which the Congress may regulate,) by voters of his State who are qualified to vote for the most numerous branch of the State Legislature; he must be twenty-five years of age; he must have been a citizen of the United States for seven years; and, he must when elected, be an inhabitant of the State in which he is elected. A Senator must be chosen by the Legislature of his State (at times and in a manner which the Congress may regulate); he must be thirty-five years of age; he must have been a citizen of the United States nine years and he must, when elected, be an inhabitant of the State for which he is chosen. Neither Representatives nor Senators may hold any other Federal office.

Now it is on those qualifications, and on those alone, that either House has any Constitutional authority to pass judgment upon

their respective members. If the applicant for membership has been duly elected, if he is of the prescribed age, if his citizenship has been of the prescribed duration, if he was when elected an inhabitant of the State whose credentials he presents, and if he holds no other Federal office, *he must be admitted*,—not may be, *but must be*. Congress has no more Constitutional right to exclude such an applicant than judges would have if the power to “judge of the elections, returns and qualifications” of members of Congress were lodged in the courts. The power is judicial, not arbitrary.

Polygamy, therefore, is not specified one way or other in the Constitution. As well might Congress assume to impose a property qualification or a religious test as to require that members shall not be polygamous Mormons. As a matter of fact this is a religious test.

It is not against polygamy itself, nor against concubinage in any form that the precedent under consideration is being made. Mr. Smoot would meet with no obstacle at the doors of the Senate if he were a bigamist from Massachusetts, unless he had been convicted therefor as a felon and not restored to citizenship; and then the obstacle would be the same that any other disfranchised felon would encounter. It would have no special reference to polygamy as being in itself a disqualification. Or if Mr. Smoot had maintained a harem in Boston, not as a religious rite, but in open defiance of all decent sentiment, he would encounter no obstacle at all at the Senate doors.

Polygamy as such admittedly is not contrary to the primary principles of the natural, however the secondary principles of that law may disapprove of it. By reason of this fact the plural wives and concubinages of the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, etc., etc., of the Old Law can alone be justified. In a complex state of society, those secondary principles of natural, such as support, care, upbringing of offspring, means and finances, etc., become paramount and even the primary principles of the natural law that might have permitted the mentally and physically sound the Biblical number of wives, are overcome and entirely set aside.

From the viewpoint of the Sacred Scriptures the scholar likewise faces the fact that polygamy has been sanctioned by the ancient Hebrew law, and from that of history he, too, confronts

the further fact that even in comparatively modern times the great German Reformer, Martin Luther, allowed polygamy, as did John Milton, the Puritan Christian poet.

Polygamy as such can scarcely be then the object of the Senate's setting up of a precedent plainly in contravention to the Constitution. And as to concubinage, polygamous or otherwise, that would be rather delicate ground to enter. Should it become a rule of the Senate to discuss the conditions of the married life of every distinguished "Gentile" Senator, whether he had been legally married, whether he had been legally divorced, and other kindred matters of the same unseemly character, what would the end be? Clearly it is not here question of polygamy or concubinage in themselves, but it is question of a polygamous marriage *as a rite of the Mormon Church*. The question is therefore essentially a religious question, the test a religious test.

The religious test for offices is one that most Americans hesitate to advocate. For this reason this inevitable conclusion as to the Mormon question is held in the background. It is, however, only weakly and perfunctorily disputed. We meet less frequently the denial because the fact cannot be disputed. But the line of argument made use of rests upon the terms upon which Congress admitted the Territory of Utah to Statehood. Those terms are construed to mean that Utah must perpetually prevent Mormon polygamy; and it is argued that Congress may enforce the terms by refusing to admit Mormon polygamists to membership, even though they are duly elected and possess all the Constitutional qualifications. The argument is convenient for the occasion, but it is sophistical and heavily charged with every sort of political explosive.

What Constitutional authority had Congress to impose upon a new State an irrevocable non-Constitutional condition of Statehood? None at all. The Constitution itself prescribes the only Constitutional limitations that can rest upon the sovereignty of any American State.

But, we may be asked, might not Congress impose any condition for admission to Statehood? Certainly, provided that condition is not expressly un-Constitutional; for admissions to Statehood are discretionary with Congress. In this case of Utah the condition was expressly un-Constitutional. A condition that Mormon polygamy shall be prohibited is tantamount to setting up a

religious test; and the Constitution expressly forbids the making by Congress of any "law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

But for the sake of argument let us disregard the religious nature of the condition imposed upon Utah and consider it merely as a requirement that the new State should make bigamy a crime, regardless of religious sanction, even in this case the condition would have no Constitutional vitality. True it could have operated to deny to the Territory the benefits of Statehood at the pleasure of Congress, but this would have been an operation, not of Constitutional right, but of un-Constitutional *might*. The potency of the non-Constitutional condition precedent imposed upon the subordinate Territory of Utah could not survive the Constitutional creation of the sovereign State of Utah.

It cannot be gainsaid that when Utah became a State it acquired all the rights of sovereignty that the original States enjoy. Now one of those rights is, according to the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, the right to all "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States' Powers delegated to the United States or prohibited to a State otherwise than by the Constitution "are reserved to the States respectively." Consequently the State of Utah may legalize polygamy, whether as a religious rite or not, and may send polygamous Representatives and Senators to Congress, notwithstanding any bargain the defunct Territory of Utah may have made with Congress in the name of and behalf of the then non-existent State. Even if made by the State itself, otherwise than through an amendment to the Federal Constitution, such a bargain would be impotent.

The question of Mormon polygamy in Utah is as clearly a domestic question, subject to regulation by the State itself, as was the question of slavery in Alabama or Virginia half a century ago.

Some good people, realizing that the legal argument for Mormon exclusion fails, throw all consideration of law, order and the Constitution to the winds, if law, order and the Constitution stand in their way. These good people, who are no more numerous in the labor movement than in the churches, clubs and Congress, together with many newspapers which ordinarily are level-headed are allowing themselves to be stampeded on the Mormon

question. We hear them clamorously demanding, "must the people of the United States suffer the disgrace of protecting a polygamous institution, and incur the danger of having their liberties fall under the blight of a theocratic Church, because that Church happens to have control of one of the States of this Union?"

Let us calmly consider this question.

The real issue is not whether Mormon polygamy shall be stamped out, but how? Shall it be done *lawfully* or *lawlessly*?

In order to better grasp that issue at the roots, let us suppose a similar, though worse problem, without the minor complications of this one. We will suppose that the objectionable institution exists not in a new State, with which Congress has made a Statehood bargain, but in one of the original States. We will suppose that in Massachusetts, let us say, a theocratic sect has become very powerful politically, and that one of its rites is blood sacrifice—the murder of children, for instance, under ecclesiastical sanction and local legal permission.

Instances of this are so rare. Cohasset, Mass., has something of the kind to its credit. Even this very month the press dispatches tell of a community of 500 persons on Beal's Island, near Jonesport in the State of Maine who are in a state of religious frenzy and fanaticism which threatens to result in the loss of innocent lives. It is reported that preparations have been made to kill numerous children as a sacrifice, the parents believing that they had power to do so and also the power to restore them to life. Similar things have indeed flourished, though not in Massachusetts or Maine, just as ecclesiastically polygamy has; and as polygamy has revived, so might these child sacrifices.

What should Congress do in such a case? What could it do? We could be indifferent to the practice or assent to toleration of the horror nationally: either would be unthinkable. We could not content ourselves with repeating that we are not a nation responsible for the morality of our States, but a federation responsible only for certain specified kinds of public management, and that these horrors do not fall within our Federal jurisdiction. In spite of all such protests, the civilized world would think, and we should feel that the blood of these little victims of superstition was upon our hands.

As long as the sheriffs, officers of the law and citizens of the States would be able, as in the instance referred to as now happening in Maine, the matter would be a purely local one, but in the case under supposition, we could no longer regard it as strictly local. Therefore we could not but shudder at the thought of admitting participants in these ecclesiastical orgies into our national Congress. We should insist and be right in insisting, that the practice be brought under national control.

But how?

Surely not by invading a sovereign State arbitrarily. Nothing but harm, incalculable harm, could eventually come from a precedent, even with so great provocation, under which Congress could usurp the reserved domestic rights of any State.

Surely not by excluding from Congress Representatives and Senators from Massachusetts, who were possessed of all the Constitutional qualifications, on the ground that they lacked the non-Constitutional qualification of abstention from the practice of ecclesiastical blood-sacrifices.

Neither by expelling those Congressmen for disorderly conduct as members, because of their participation, sanctioned by their Church and unrebuked by the State they represented, in this awful yet non-Federal crime.

What then? If the people of the United States were really opposed to blood-sacrifice, there is a way in which they could stamp it out more speedily than by any such acts of lawlessness on the part of Congress—a way which would possess the advantage of being lawful, orderly and Constitutional.

It is for such emergencies, among others, that the Federal Constitution provides for its own amendment. It was by taking advantage of this that we finally stamped out chattel slavery, another barbarian survival with the iniquities of which, moral and political, the Nation suffered long. So we could stamp out the horrible ecclesiastical practice we have imagined to have become prevalent and legal in one of the original States.

Some difficulties would, it is true, be encountered in this course. Both Houses, by a two-thirds vote, would have to propose the Amendment; or, on the application of two-thirds of the States, Congress would have to call a convention for proposing and considering it; and the Amendment would have to be ratified by

three-fourths of the States. But these things could be quickly done if the emergency were great enough to have aroused the National conscience.

Now in the foregoing illustration is the answer to those who would attack Mormon polygamy by dangerously trifling with the Constitution instead of regularly amending it.

If there is not enough National sentiment against Mormon polygamy to carry through an Amendment to the Federal Constitution, there is certainly not enough cause to justify the creation of precedents under which a bare majority in Congress may at any time find authority for overriding the Constitutional rights of weak minorities.

There is only one safe disposition of the Mormon question, and that is through the Amendment clause to the Constitution.

To expel Utah from the Union is out of the question. It would be revolutionary even if it were possible.

To exclude Representatives and Senators for any cause not applicable to Congressmen from every other State, is also revolutionary; and to exclude them for causes not specified in the Constitution is to credit a category of unwritten qualifications, the ultimate magnitude and despotic effect of which no man could foretell.

To expel them after their admission, for causes not in the nature of disorder prejudicial to legislative procedure, and which do not Constitutionally disqualify, is to open up new avenues for shutting off popular representation in Congress.

Yet the evil, if the people of the United States so regard it—and if they do not it is not a proper subject for Congressional interference—can be speedily, safely, effectively and lawfully suppressed. Nothing is necessary but the adoption of a Constitutional Amendment subjecting marriage and divorce to National regulation, along with other matters of personal and local concern, such as bankruptcy, which have already been committed to National control. We say “the evil,—if the people of the United States so regard it”—since “*de facto*,” while Utah, one State, is founded on polygamy, forty-four other States tolerate successive polygamy through divorce, which, to use the words of the Jesuit Father Sherman, speaking before the Knights of Columbus in the Auditorium at Chicago, Ill., “is worse than simultaneous polygamy,

because it gives no fixed status to women." Forty-four States, which have in the last twenty years granted three hundred thousand divorces, i. e., ratified successive polygamy in three hundred thousand instances, may incline one to say that a two-thirds majority of their number is a remote probability, and with the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, in its editorial (March 15), "Wild Talk About Utah," say that "this proposition (adoption of an Amendment to the Constitution), could probably not be passed. It could not pass the requisite number of States." In that case, with the *Globe-Democrat*, we must patiently await "civilization and contact with the outer world to kill the practice," and the further certainty "that this vice will be extirpated soon by the death of the persons indulging in it." Well, let us hope. Meanwhile, whether an Amendment to the Constitution ought or ought not to be adopted is beside the question. The point is that the adoption of such an Amendment is the only lawful, Constitutional manner of accomplishing the object sought to be accomplished by the dangerously arbitrary expedient of excluding Mormon Representatives and Senators from Congress.

REV. JOHN T. TUOHY, LL.D.

RUMINATIONS.

The world over are social economists and political economists prescribing wise measures to prevent strikes, to ameliorate the condition of the workingman, to destroy pauperism, to protect capital, to safeguard public interests. One is loud in the praise of compulsory arbitration, another sagely suggests a combination of labor and capital (!) and still another sees a cure positive for all our social ills only in the public ownership of everything; and each is conscientiously assured, satisfied in his own mind and labors to convince his disciples that, of course, all the other economists are wrong. And most of them, as well as the general public seem to believe that the conditions about us to-day are brand new and require drastic, immediate and extraordinary

treatment, they sigh for the "good old times when things were differently regulated," when the iron heel of the trusts did not crush the laboring man, when the individual amounted to something, when there was a premium upon skilled labor, an incentive for a man to do his best, for then there was a future before him. Ah, "the good old times"! What a fascination in the retrospect, what a charm and, withal, what a mystery in those words! And, alas, we must also add, what a mass of plain myth there is wrapped all about them! As a matter of fact are we not, all of us, generally satisfied with that wrapping, the outer husk: how often do we get right into the kernel of those alleged good old times?

European economists seem even more perturbed over the condition of things in America particularly than are our own sages. They see nothing but dire social calamities ahead of us. In fact with them to-day America is the uppermost subject of discussion, (we might add, too, that we are a serious cause of worry to more than their economists; our political and commercial moves are watched with breathless attention) and in their press and upon their rostrums the concensus of opinion is that we are in a very bad way indeed, that we have fallen from grace and that our poor, our workingmen, the *people* are in worse straits—not to mention that they are confronted by even still worse—than the same classes have ever been in, anywhere, before. And some of these men stand high in the learned societies of their several countries!

True, extreme poverty seems the harder to bear in proportion as the luxuries of extreme wealth increase, and, I grant you, that our wealthy class *is* extremely wealthy and luxurious. The contrast is a painful one, but it seems to be an eternal law here below: it is no new condition. Degraded misery has ever been hidden behind the splendors of great cities. Yet New York and Chicago cannot hold a candle to London or Paris in that respect, or to any of the European metropolae of those aforesaid good old times for that matter. In all the latter the chief effort seemed and seems to be to thoroughly hide that misery, while, thank God! with us more earnest and intelligent efforts are being made than ever to not only bring that misery to light and alleviate it but, chimerical as it may seem, to destroy it root and branch, and those efforts are meeting with noteworthy success.

But the contention that workmen, the humbler class generally and particularly in our country are worse off than they ever were, and that social conditions are growing from bad to worse is a most cruel libel, unjust, untrue and shows an unfamiliarity with history that is astounding, or else a deliberate perversion of facts.

Never before, or elsewhere, has the workingman been freer from extraneous fetters, let us call them. He has placed himself voluntarily under certain restrictions of freedom, but merely to the end of improving his ultimate condition; the law, his employer hamper his actions but little; and never before have there been such opportunities for advancement, such material incentive for individual effort, for never before has it been possible for man to rise to such heights by his unaided efforts and force of character.

The good old times, pshaw, what delusions! Let us glance at them, those wonderful old times when all men were true and brave and free and when all women were beautiful and, oh, so virtuous. The histories and records that the economists have at their elbow, but that they seem never to consult, are open to us, clear to any who will but read. We have been taught that poverty, the individual and accidental fact, is of all times and climes, but that pauperism is a creation of modern times: that formerly, while there may have been abuses, even violences, there was, nevertheless, a well established tradition, an obligation, that bound those in high places to protect, to help those in the lower ranks; the Christian ages gave the industrial classes absolute peace for centuries at a time, a fixity of wages and stability of occupation and a solidarity of interests that, one would suppose, assured a most heavenly and beatific state of affairs; peace reigned supreme, there was perfect harmony of interests, the classes knew no rivalries, or jealousies or hatred, for holy Church dominated all and her influence kept her children, employers and employed, masters and serfs, great lords and humble retainers, in the proper spirit of love and charity. Would that those good old times were still with us!

So much for the teachings; let us glance over the records of fact, the histories indubitable and clear, that all may read who will. Fortunately in European countries county and district officers used to keep very careful record of the doings and condi-

tion of the people, their ability to pay the taxes, police records of behavior, deaths, births and what not, an infinity of detail that has come down to us in very good shape; they used good paper and a fair quality of ink.

First let us turn our attention to the agricultural classes of old, later we will look at the industrial records of the times. We find that in entire sections of England, France and Germany, even as late as the early seventeen hundreds, when actual serfdom no longer existed, the common people had meat but three or four times a year, their bread was of rye and oats, husks and all, salt was a great luxury, small fruits and mean garden stuff formed the bulk of their food, the ground was worn out and they had neither the implements nor the fertilizers nor the energy to work it properly. "We must not be surprised," adds a high-sheriff reporting to his king, "if people so poorly fed lack force; they also suffer from nudity, three-quarters of them wear half-rotten cotton clothing winter and summer; they lack the strength to work and have degenerated into mere animals not unwilling to be rid of life. Those we draw for the army will have to be built up for a year before they are *fit to fight* . . ."

The Intendant of Limoges, a district then of about 110,000 people, writes under date of January 12, 1692: "Last year was bad enough, now it is worse, already 70,000 of the people of this district are reduced to beggary, those too proud to beg live upon herbs and roots." Another officer writes that in his district 26,000 people are begging their bread "not counting those too proud to beg" (?) and in Basse Auvergne "thousands are dying of hunger." All this in France, thrifty, fertile France. Even in the very zenith of its glory under Louis XIV, when that monarch revelled in a very surfeit of splendor, grim hunger stalked about the country. In Germany it was even worse, England's evil days were not over either.

Some impute these vicissitudes to the inherent vices of the old regimes, the crimes of the rulers and the errors of their politics. Rather should we, with Haussonville and Privoff, attribute them solely to the state of civilization that then obtained, the insufficiency of means of communication, the lack of system and the ignorance of the people. Not only was each people but each little province and county absolutely dependent upon its own re-

sources; if they failed, thousands must perish before supplies could be gotten from elsewhere and in fact they seldom *thought*, even, of drawing upon distant points until far too late. In those "good old times" the peasant's condition was "singularly precarious and in the periodic crises, of, alas, too frequent occurrence, he fell far below the minimum of well-being that is assured him to-day." And that was written forty years ago, since when we have raised the possible minimum of the peasant's state several notches higher.

As for the craftsmen, the workers in cities, we have splendid records of their condition from the time of Julius Cæsar, and I do not think our workmen of to-day would willingly step back into the condition of any antecedent period, though they have always been better off than the peasantry, the workers of the field. To take the casual reader back to Julius Cæsar with me, however, might be something of an infliction—upon the casual reader—so we will but cast a sweeping glance over the period since the XIII century. Prior to that time, let me assure you, conditions were not one whit better than since. For centuries at a time they were far worse than anything that we know of in the past 500 years, so let us dismiss the dim past, assuming that the "good old times" do not antedate 1200.

About that time associations, unions, began to spring into existence and rapidly grew into considerable importance. The Church takes credit for their birth, or, at least, as their foster parent. As a matter of fact she violently opposed them at first; she was jealous of them as she always is of any growing power outside of her domination. She forbade her children joining them and hurled ecclesiastical bombs at their leaders. The Unions grew, nevertheless; they took on a semi-religious phase, adopted patron saints and contributed to the support of the clergy and Mother Church, always a graceful yielder under stress of circumstances when opposition is fruitless, took them to her bosom and swore she gave them birth.

These societies did a great deal of good, they took care of the sick, their indigent, and unemployed, they promoted the interests of their members and gave men a certain solidarity theretofore unknown, but there was no harmony between them. It was a constant warfare between harness makers and shoemakers, armorers

and blacksmiths; every trade stood out against the other. Then there was strife and everlasting friction between employer and men. The unions though not organized for that end really were to the greater profit and advantage of the employers and the burthen of their support was upon the workmen.

Before these organizations sprang up there existed corporations, guilds of the different trades, associations of employers of labor. They established customs that the unions later adopted as laws of labor. Take but one for instance, apprenticeship, who was benefited by that? The unions bit at the bait imagining they would thereby restrict their numbers and consequently the competition in labor; the employer meantime got seven and even ten years of labor (that became skilled in two years) for nothing; yes, almost slavery! The two forms of organization began fighting within six years after the first union was established and the first recorded strife of importance was in "merrie old England."

The legitimate outgrowth of guilds and such associations of employers was a system of combinations, great manufacturing plants sprang from these, just as those plants were later merged, in our day, within still closer lines, trusts. It is all consistent with the very natural evolution of things. Up to that particular time each little employer had his little shop and little force of men, and competition in prices and in qualities was "right livelie." Sully in France, Goeckel in Germany, and Smythe in England seem to have been the first to think of organizing such, for that time, mammoth establishments. These became privileged institutions, existing "under royal charters and enjoying rights," subsidies, immunity from taxes, etc., that simply wiped out the competition of small fry. Around these factories were grouped the workmen, "articled" to *each*, their very existence depending upon the prosperity of that factory. Whatever sentiment there may have been was entirely wiped out, no more unions, trade banners, patron saints or special chapels, but just plain business. "get all that can be gotten out of them for as little as can be paid them" was the motto—in that I find but little difference twixt the old and the new times. In other words men became pieces of machinery, the wages being in lieu of oil, that was the sole difference; that time saw the birth of the proletariat as we understand the word.

Stringent laws protected these factories, for were not the garments, the baubles, the arms, the fripperies of their sacred majesties made there? Those factories were nearly all purveyors or makers of something or other to the king. Wages were fixed by law, the men were articulated, they had to work *here*, or nowhere else. When work failed, the manufacturer stopped pay, of course; if the workman had saved money from his starvation pittance, well and good; if he had not why, he could go into no other trade or district, he stayed *there* and begged or starved.

We find such records as these; one a petition from a state officer to the king begging for a *special* dispensation allowing the men of a certain factory district to go elsewhere and work, or else send on royal provisions, for since the factory had closed down "already twenty-eight deaths had occurred in one day; but two died of disease the remainder passed away by the act of God and *lack of food.*" Another officer complains most bitterly that "he had tried to encourage 300 women wig makers to be patient, that the factory would resume work, or else they would be allowed to go to the next town and find other employment, but they paid no attention to him, insulted him, crying out they were hungry and wanted bread or work, not words." And still another writes he has not sufficient forces at hand to prevent frequent and serious *desertions* from a factory in his district. Then we find another petition to a king to force his court to wear a certain kind of point-lace, that since the fashion had been not to wear it 6000 women were thrown out of work, these might have to be allowed to go into other trades elsewhere and that would cause desertions and disorder on the part of the men, the husbands who were employed in the petitioners' cloth factory that then had many large orders ahead!

Another record is interesting; it is a redeeming one, it shows that in those days at least investigations resulted in something. Voluminous papers go to show that a certain factory employing 1500 operatives had raised the price of their goods nearly 100 per cent. Living had become more expensive yet, by misrepresentations it had secured the right to reduce the wages nearly half and that blessed record shows that the factory's privileges were cut off and the patronage of the court withdrawn for four years!

What think you of men being articted to a factory from which they could not go farther than a league ,and that for two years' period, under pain of fine, imprisonment and even *corporal punishment* if the offense was repeated a third time?

And all this was in the "good old times." Strange what a fascination the past has for us, what an irresistible tendency there is in us to paint it in brilliant colors and poetic terms. Disappointed with the present, fearful of the future, every generation seems to turn from its own bright sunlight to the past, seeking in the mists and uncertainties of yesterday to find that ideal to which the aspirations of man ever tend. But yesterday was no better than to-day. Suffering and strife have been of all times; that we have less of them than yesterday is very evident and we ought to be prayerfully thankful therefor. I doubt, however, if we owe it to the panaceas or nostrums of our economists. We must seek the cause elsewhere.

As a matter of fact—even if by the admission, we glorify the economists in conceding them if but the power of evil—I believe that much injury has been done the cause of humanity by the acceptance by not only individuals but even by states of the theories of Gournay, of Adam Smith, of Cobden and of Garnier, not to mention the living exponents of economic vagaries, such an one, for instance, as Dr. Benjamin Andrews, of the Chicago University, who has lately discovered that Malthus was right in much of his theory. And the learned doctor proceeds forthwith to study out some means of stopping the increase in our numbers. He finds that checks "must be" put upon us. So far he has kindly thought of but the positive method, i.e., "wars, disease and if necessary, immoral means," and the privitive or preventive means. At the present writing he is attempting to devise a *moral* privitive method of keeping down the population!

One thing we have to thank the economists for. Their agitation of the labor and other subjects started the people to think for themselves, not necessarily along the lines laid down for them by the sages, but along reasonable, sensible ones, and the result has been to influence the state to tamper less with the subject than it ever did before. It keeps aloof from legislation directly affecting those conditions and enforces existing laws, anent them much as it would handle red hot coals. It realizes it cannot prevent conflicts 'twixt

labor and capital and endeavors only to keep those conflicts within the bounds of propriety.

As men are constituted to-day, and probably will be for several generations to come, such competition, rivalry and conflict are the inevitable consequences, accompaniments of industrial vitality. There where no such conflict and rivalry exist, there will you find stagnation, decadence, a moribund industry.

The intervention of the state must perforce be measured most carefully, prudently and equitably, otherwise to attempt to regulate too much simply means spoiling it all, aye even self-destruction for that foolhardy state. But the state *must* intervene when one of the first principles of its very basis is involved, it must ever stand for the protection of the weaker, be it either side, in any controversy.

Some would have us cry for absolute liberty and liberty alone, and both sides to manage each its own interests as best seems. That cry of liberty is thrown at us from every corner, it seems to be the eternal refrain to every song. Yet, the game of "liberty" is a rough one: some of the players are bound to get hurt and the fatalities are not few. Absolute liberty means to let the great natural laws work out their own results. The law that seems to control the evolution of our material world is the "survival of the fittest," the everlasting conflict between the strong and the weaklings, resulting, of course, in the destruction of the latter. The chances are, therefore, that that very liberty, so insistently clamored for, works to the detriment, the undoing of the weak, though in it may also be found the weapons for their defense. But the state must not be constantly intervening in the vain endeavor to establish an artificial equilibrium. The moment it plants itself doggedly athwart the way of those natural forces and laws it but produces worse disorder than would they if left unopposed. Those laws, those forces, like electricity, may be gently guided, subjugated, carried into useful channels, harnessed for our use and greater good, and *that* is the province of the state in those questions: In times gone by, it attempted and alas, often to-day, it blunderingly attempts to handle them, so to speak, without rubber gloves, let alone any scientific knowledge of their power, nature and effects.

The sight of the two great armies of Capital and Labor, ranged in battle array, face to face, is, I grant you, an alarming one.

Seemingly their constant and sole preoccupation is each other's destruction. It would also seem that there might be occasional armistice but never assured and lasting peace between them, and such cessations of strife occurring only when both needed time for the renewal of armaments or fresh drafts of men to continue the strife. To say the least it all does seem most senseless, nay, insane.

Yet that very condition of preparedness for strife does not necessarily beget over-belligerency. Note the great nations of the earth. Each is spending vast sums upon navies, new arms and what not in warlike material. There is a vast lot of glaring at each other, some loud and bellicose talk and peppery correspondence but—very little fight. So much is at stake, the outcome so uncertain, no one dares begin. Then, too, people are growing more sensible: war is not gone into upon the mere say so or whim of any king or little princeling; it costs money that the people have to pay and every little skirmish the great nations indulge in but further illustrates to the people the costliness and uselessness of such ventures. For instance, the Boer war was begun as a sort of sham battle affair of but a few weeks' duration, an occasion for the distribution of a few medals, the promotion of a few generals and the enlargement of a few private fortunes. It resulted in terrible loss of life and national prestige, a very hollow victory and an unprecedented drain upon the people's pockets. Mark you, it will be many a day before England picks another quarrel with however lowly an opponent. And other nations have profited by the lesson.

So with our economic struggle: both factions have precipitated trouble heretofore and upon very slight provocation. The experience has been costly, but it has been worth while. They have gauged each other's strength and increased mutual respect has been the result, greater concessions are made, arbitration is welcomed and the outlook for a better understanding is bright.

The last great coal strike cost the parties involved at least \$100,000,000. There have been 22,000 strikes in the past twenty years in this country and they and the "lockouts" of that same period have cost employer and employed nearly \$500,000,000—not counting indirect losses—and have thrown some 7,000,000 men out of employment! Can such lessons be without value in this alleged enlightened century?

Never before has a strike of such magnitude and among so naturally turbulent a people been so well-managed, so orderly, as was that last coal strike. It speaks volumes for the men at the head of affairs: they have won the respect and the sympathy of the nation. The blatant demagogue in labor circles has stepped down and out, the leaders to-day are cool, sensible, business-men, gentlemen, the equals of any class in intelligence and real patriotism. All of which means another step toward better conditions. The coal strike of 1902 is one of the *last* great strikes we will see. The more perfect organization of labor may impel some to make rash displays of their strength for a time, but better counsel will prevail; the more perfect and far-reaching the organization the quicker and surer will labor settle down into well defined and reasonable lines that will be accepted by all parties as standard.

On the other hand there is capital, proud, defiant, all-powerful, merging itself into trusts and threatening us with all sorts of dire calamities—if we are to believe our economists. It is amusing to read some of the predictions; they have actually gotten some of the financiers themselves thoroughly scared. Russell Sage, in an interview of a few days ago, declared that combinations of industries are a menace to good government; he sees financial ruin ahead of us and a bloody revolt against the money-power! Poor old gentleman, no one blames him for harboring disquieting visions of bombs and things of that sort. But most of the complaint against combinations is entirely unwarranted and begins with “those who have failed to win fortune and who are eager to tear down those won by the industry and wisdom of others.”

The history of great organizations, as that of great political parties, is written in few words. They grow and grow, absorbing all about them, their self-reliance and vanity make them top-heavy; they become unwieldy by their very size and inflation; there are ruptures in the management, defections, personal jealousies, they split up into a half-dozen minor organizations and there is competition again. And later these contending forces, composed of new men with new ends in view, get together once more only to run over the selfsame course. History repeats itself. There are revolutions in our process of evolution, only to-day they are peaceful, figurative, commercial revolutions where they used to be bloody and real upheavals.

And there is where the government comes in with a judicious interference in "those things which conduce to the conservation of the entire commonwealth and must perforce modify those made for the welfare of particular districts and interests." If these combinations are hurtful—and it is generally conceded *some* are—and exist by reason of certain taxes or concessions created by legislation that has outgrown its usefulness, then, at the proper time legislation must remove those aids to those combinations, and, be assured, it *will* remove them. Vox populi is strong and will ultimately prevail, though certain gentlemen in Congress assembled may squirm mightily during the operation.

Things have a faculty of adjusting themselves or being adjusted at the right moment. This old world of ours is not such a bad place to live in after all, and we who live in this bright beginning of a new century have much to learn from the past, but nothing to pine for in those alleged good old times so much harped upon by certain of our economists.

Neither lord nor peasant, trust magnate nor laborer, has any right or reason to complain of the time he lives in, nor need he look back longingly at the times or conditions that are gone by. We have everything anyone ever had, and ten thousand times more to be thankful for. Rather let us look ahead, being the while content and appreciating and enjoying to the full our splendid advantages. And let us so sensibly arrange the education of our sons that they may be even broader minded than their sires, that they may forget that might was ever considered right, that they may awaken to the full realization of the true brotherhood of man and live to enjoy that peace that we and our fathers may have hoped for but that almost passeth our understanding.

F. W. FITZPATRICK.

Washington, D. C.

REV. FATHER O'NEIL, O. P.

Early the present year, I saw in one of our exchanges that Rev. Father O'Neil,—formerly and for many years editor of the *Rosary Magazine*, and of late years editor of *Dominicana*, a little monthly published in San Francisco, and devoted mainly to the work of the Dominican Orders in this country—had met with a second accident, and was confined to the hospital in the latter city, and remembering how neglectful of him I had been on the first occasion, I

immediately sat down and wrote him what I meant to be a cheery letter, telling him of a Jesuit I had known in New York who persisted in butting a trolley car until the car knocked him out, and maimed him for life, and that a bright young Dominican like himself ought to know better than to engage in such sport—that it was running against modern machine-civilization—a hopeless undertaking, etc.

A week or so later, I received from him the following letter :

St. Joseph's Hospital, San Francisco, January 26th, '04.

My Dear Mr. Thorne :

I thank you for your kind letter of 18th. My accident is not so serious as the former, but I have just passed through a severe ordeal—threatened pneumonia. I feel better, thanks be to God, but I am very weak.

I should be glad to see you, and were it in my power, I would send you passes for the round trip. God grant you every needed blessing, my dear Mr. Thorne, and may He bless your work. Hoping to see you ere long, East or West,

Cordially yours,

L. J. O'NEIL.

The evening of the day that this came, in the morning, I received the following letter from our mutual friend, Rev. Father Jones, O. P., of Benicia, California :

St. Dominic's Priory, Benicia, Jan. 28th, '04.

My Dear Mr. Thorne :

I take upon myself the duty of conveying the sad intelligence of the death of our mutual and valued friend, Father Louis J. O'Neil, O. P., which occurred at three o'clock this morning. The full details have not as yet reached me, but the immediate cause was heart failure, incidental to an attack of pneumonia, which he contracted while being treated for a broken ankle, in the hospital. It is very sad indeed that this should happen after he had suffered so much, and when we thought that a new and happier future awaited the present trials. He received your letter a few days ago, which he forwarded to me, knowing that I shared in the admiration and regard in which he always held you. Let us pray that our friend may soon enjoy the reward which he abundantly earned.

I am ever yours,

F. S. JONES, O. P.

Just two days after his kind letter to me, and Father O'Neil was gone.

“Bled inly, while he taught us peace,
And died while we were smiling.”—

I immediately wrote Father Jones, telling him frankly, how very fond of Father O'Neil I had been for many years, and asked him

to send me any facts at his disposal, touching our friend's earlier life. The following extracts from two newspapers are the result of this inquiry:

From *The Record*, Louisville.

"The many friends of Father James Louis O'Neil, O. P., in Louisville, were made sorrowful by the sad news of his death, which occurred in California, on Thursday, January the 28th.

"In response to some requests, and as Father O'Neil had labored for some years in Louisville, the writer, who was long and intimately acquainted with him, will give to the readers of *The Record* the more important facts of Father O'Neil's life. It is to be hoped that the noble, virtuous, pious, self-sacrificing life of the earnest, cultured, brilliant Dominican, may be as an example and inspiration to others.

"Father O'Neil was born in Brooklyn, Long Island, on August 7th, 1858; and was baptized on August 10th, at St. Paul's Church, Court Street, in the same city. Hence, he was in his forty-sixth year. After having attended the parochial school, he entered St. Francis' College, on Butler Street, Brooklyn, in 1869, and was graduated there with class honors, and the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1875.

"In September, 1876, he entered the Dominican Novitiate at Somerset, Perry County, Ohio, where he made his simple vows on the feast of the Purification, 1878. He made his solemn vows to the late Master-General of the Dominicans, the Most Reverend Joseph LaRocca, who was then making a visitation of St. Joseph's province, at St. Louis Bertrand's, this city, in July, 1881.

"After having received Minor Orders and the preceding Major Orders, he was ordained to the priesthood on the Saturday preceding Passion Sunday, 1883. On the following Easter-Sunday, Father O'Neil had the great happiness of celebrating his first Holy Mass, in the presence of his parents, family and friends, in St. Vincent Ferrer's Dominican Church, New York City. Thus was the first great ambition of his life—to offer the Most Holy Sacrifice of the Mass—realized. Then he set out with all the earnestness of his soul to labor, in any position his superiors may place him, for the cause of humanity, the salvation of souls, and the glory of God.

"Father O'Neil leaves a venerable father and three brothers, and thousands of loyal friends to mourn his loss. The world of letters has lost an excellent editor and writer. Humanity has lost a benefactor and friend. The Church has lost a pious and learned priest. The Dominican Order has lost a very brilliant member. Peace be to the memory of James Louis O'Neil, eternal rest be to his immortal soul! May the dear, sweet Mother, Mary, in whose honor Father O'Neil labored and preached, and wrote, and to

whom he had a most wonderful devotion, obtain from her Divine Son a crown of eternal glory as a reward for his fidelity to her during all his trials and tribulations in this unhappy vale of tears."

And here is a note with the true ring in it, from the *Star*, San Francisco:

"With thousands of others we mourn the loss to the world of Father J. L. O'Neil, the Dominican priest, who died in this city on Thursday morning. We knew him well, and loved him more than pen or tongue could tell. A more kindly man never lived. He was, in the best sense of the term—like the Gentle Nazarene, whose teaching he taught and whose precepts he practiced—a Christian gentleman.

"Blessed with a God-given mind whose thoughts attracted the attention of the world, he blessed others with that big heart of his which beat in sympathy with and for all humanity.

"Father O'Neil was one of the greatest pulpit orators in all California, a litterateur who gained fame, and a man of ripe scholarship. Yet, withal, he was like his Master, meek and lowly, seeking not the world's applause, but striving ever only to lift up and bless his fellow men.

"He hated all cant and hypocrisy, and scorned the minister or priest who dragged his religion into the filthy pool of politics.

"His gentle manner *charmed*, his eloquent voice *appealed* to and his noble soul *won* the hearts of all who met him.

"Little did we think, on New Year's day, as we saluted him in St. Joseph's Hospital, that it was good-by and farewell. Little did we think, as he took our hand and said, 'God bless you, God bless you,' with an earnestness not to be misunderstood, to a man not of his own faith, that we would see him no more. Those simple words fill and thrill us yet, and will until we too are called away.

"The world is better that such a man as Father O'Neil lived, because to do good was his religion."

Twelve years ago this spring, while visiting the venerable Father Walker, O. P., then Chaplain of the St. Clara's Convent and Academy at Siusinawa, Wisconsin, I first met Rev. Father O'Neil. It was about the time of the anniversary of the College, and many priests were visitors there.

For more than a quarter of a century, I had been a pretty close and careful student of men. I could then, and can now, remember my old class-mates at the Theological Seminary, but only in the case of one or two of them, can I recall ever being impressed with the strong and beautiful admiration that I at once felt for the lovely soul who has so recently gone from us to a holier and heavenlier sphere.

I confirm all that the good brother asserts of him, in the *San Francisco Star*. The first impression with me was how simple and natural is this man, a priest, but without any formality, formalism or put-onism such as we usually expect of these gentlemen: He was simply brotherly, friendly, and sweetness and kindness incarnate. He always tried to make as little as possible of the faults or the unkindnesses of others; never seemed to be looking for or suspecting evil in others, and wherever he went, seemed to carry with him the smile of heaven; the sunshine of a quiet and lovely day. We had various talks together while visiting in the beautiful grounds of St. Clara's. Some of the good sisters who had heard him preach told me that I should greatly admire him, but though I had tried to practice the same sort of quiet and Christ-like life for many years, and had in my conceited moments thought something of myself as a preacher, yet I was not prepared to find this so quiet and lovable man, eloquent with thrilling power as a preacher.

The Sunday came, however, when Father O'Neil preached in the dear, blessed, little Chapel of the Covenant, and the beauty of it all was that his speaking as a preacher was as free of mannerism and pretension as was his conversation; but the words, though clearly born of love to God and love of his fellow men, and full of gentle kindness, were as keen and penetrating as lightning flashes, and every word was full of Christ and His dear charity.

I was amazed to find a Catholic priest who could and did preach Christ so clearly, simply and sweetly, and yet, with such burning power. Had he been a Protestant of my own creed; had he studied Jesus as I had studied, and had become enamoured of his Christ's blessed kindness and simplicity, I might have been simply delighted; as it was I was surprised and delighted, and from that hour, I think that I have loved Father O'Neil more beautifully than any other man alive.

I now fancy that this was the impression he made on every sensitive and sincere Christian soul.

I never understood fully why he left the *Rosary Magazine*, but it has never been since, what it was under Father O'Neil's direction. A second periodical representing the Dominican Orders in this country, seemed to me to be utterly uncalled for. There is no longer any East and West in American letters; but let that pass.

When Father O'Neil was going abroad some five or six years ago, he was at my office in New York, once and again, and knowing that I had been for years something of a sufferer, and was worn out and in need of rest, he urged me repeatedly to go with him: He knew of my poverty, and I knew that he was not rich, but he offered to make himself responsible for my ticket going and returning, if I would only go. On the morning of his sailing,

he telegraphed me from up town, renewing his offer, and urging me to reply "yes," and meet him on the steamer. I replied "no," and begged him not to tempt me again with his more than brotherly kindness.

Naturally I am fond of the Dominicans—Sisters and Fathers, for it was through their kind ministry, and patience with my doubts and questions, that I was finally led into the Catholic Church: But above all creeds and all orders, Father O'Neil was a princely child of God and follower of His dear Son, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, to whose tender comprehension and divine mercy we commend his choice and hallowed spirit, ever praying "that his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, may rest in peace."

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

PREPARATION.

"Thou canst not serve two masters," spoke the Lord,
 In terse philosophy, thus summing up
 The limitations of his handiwork.
 And that the fairest growth of mental strength
 Which grasps this truth, and holding firm thereto
 Achieves success by turning not aside.
 And so we specialize in every path,
 And set the man in childhood's very hour
 To learn those tasks his hand must later do.

In vague uncertainty doth girlhood walk
 Through youth-lit day dreams of idyllic life
 Which is not here. Awakening suddenly
 Too oft she finds her feet are far afield
 In uncongenial wastes whose vapors kill
 Her God sent message to humanity.
 Is happy, careless boyhood made less glad
 By viewing duty as it really is?
 Then why not give the sister of his years
 An equal chance at understanding well
 Those things which bear upon her destiny—
 What God and man demand of her who takes
 The helm of home's deep mystery. For there
 But one can lead, and she who brings as bride

Best dower of mentality would be
 The last to choose a weakling for her mate.
 We eat and drink, ay! fix our time to pray—
 That e'en those primal cravings of our lives
 May fit the leisure of the one who toils,
 And "solo" ne'er again is writ upon
 The sweet, strong part which makes love's song complete.

Not unto all is given the mother heart,
 Or housewife interest in the daily rites.
 Then why still think that woman is the child
 Of mothers only; drawing naught from out
 Long generations of male ancestors whose mark
 Is stamped upon her personality
 In calm indifference to fireside cares.
 If she elects to tread a broader way
 Why send her on it with a training aimed
 At nothing in particular? Just made
 Of cobweb fancies and accomplishments.
 The day must come when her curriculum
 Will give mere books a secondary place
 But turn her mind and energies upon
 A masterful conception of that part
 She picks to play upon creation's stage.

CLO KEOGH.

Chicago.

GROWTH OF CHICAGO.

Fort Dearborn, built in 1803-4, is generally regarded as the beginning of Chicago. The centennial celebration, held during the week of September 26-Oct. 1, commemorated the hundredth anniversary of the permanent settlement by whites of the Garden City.

The annals of Chicago before 1803 are only meagre. The historical records of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries contain some references to Chicago, which was then the site of an Indian village. In 1673 it was visited by the French explorers, Joliet and Marquette, the first Europeans known to have been here. In 1682 the Jesuit missionaries, Hennepin and La Salle, reached Chicago, which is marked on the map drawn probably by La Salle. Thenceforth it was occasionally the rendezvous of

voyagers, fur-traders, and soldiers. The French were quick to appreciate the advantages of the situation, commercial and military. They intended it to be a link connecting Canada and the Gulf of Mexico.

As early as 1682 La Salle foresaw the future greatness of the city destined to be built on the southern shore of the lake, at a point favored by nature with the best harbor for many miles. Long afterward his prophesy came true: "The boundless regions of the West," he wrote in a letter to a friend in France, "must send their products to the East through this port. This will be the gate of empire, this the seat of commerce. Everything invites to action. The typical man who will grow up here must be an enterprising man. Each day as he rises he will exclaim, 'I eat, I move, I push,' and there will be spread before him a boundless horizon, an illimitable field of activity; a limitless expanse of plain is here—to the east water, and at all other points, land. If I were to give this place a name I would derive it from the nature of the place and the nature of the man who will occupy this place—ago, I ask; circum, all around; Circago." This name may have been heard from La Salle's lips by the Pottawatomies, who transformed it into Checagou. Such is the view of Mr. E. O. Gale, one of Chicago's oldest settlers, who rejects the "wild onion" and the "pole-cat" theories of the origin of the name Chicago. Others assert that the locality and river (Desplaines) were named Checagou by the savages before the French visited them.

After the French and Indian war the Illinois country passed under English control. The capture of Quebec in 1759 changed the destiny of the American nation and made possible the rise of Chicago. For some years this western country was British territory; then it became a part of Virginia, and in 1790 a county of Ohio Territory. By the terms of the treaty with the Indians in 1795 they ceded to the United States "one piece of land, six miles square, at the mouth of the Chicago river, emptying into the southwest end of Lake Michigan, where a fort formerly stood." This old French fort was built in 1685, and not long afterward the Jesuits made it the site of a mission. In 1800 Indiana Territory, including Illinois, was organized, and in 1809 Illinois became a Territory with the seat of government at Kaskeskia.

In the meantime Chicago's "first settler" had arrived. Strange to say, he was a negro from San Domingo, Jean Baptiste Point de Sable by name, who built a log cabin (in 1777) on the north side of the Chicago river near the lake. Besides the Indians his only companion was a Jesuit missionary. In 1796 he sold out to a French trader, Le Mai, who in turn sold his claim to John Kinzie, then the agent of Astor's fur company. Kinzie, who was Chicago's first permanent settler, came in 1803 and bought the Le Mai hut,

which he later rebuilt into a comfortable house, known as the old Kinzie mansion.

In 1803 by the Louisiana purchase, our government came into possession of the vast region beyond the Mississippi, and it determined to build a fort at the mouth of the Chikago river (as it was then sometimes spelled). The government schooner Tracy entered the harbor with supplies, and on August 17, 1803, Major Whistler's soldiers, under the command of Lieutenant Swearingen, began to erect a fort (called Fort Chicago). This military post was then our outmost defence.

At the same time the American Fur Company established here a trading station under the protection of the garrison. According to Mrs. Whistler, Chicago in 1804 consisted of "but four rude huts or traders' cabins, occupied by white men, Canadian-French with Indian wives.

When the war of 1812 broke out this frontier port was in danger. "By order of Gen. Hull it was evacuated August 15, 1812, after its stores and provisions had been distributed among the Indians. Very soon after, the Indians attacked and massacred about fifty of the troops and a number of citizens, including women and children, and next day burned the fort. In 1816 it was rebuilt, but after the Black Hawk war it went into gradual disuse, and in May, 1837, was abandoned by the army, but was occupied by various government officers till 1857, when it was torn down, excepting a single building, which stood upon this site till the great fire of October 9, 1871." So reads the inscription on the tablet that marks the spot at the foot of River Street, near the south end of the Rush Street bridge. The fort rebuilt in 1816 was called Fort Dearborn, after General Henry Dearborn, Secretary of War under President Jefferson.

The little trading community slowly grew. In 1812 Alexander Beaubien, the oldest native resident now living, was born. The next oldest resident of Chicago is Fernando Jones. Both men are hale and hearty, though past eighty. In 1829 there were only thirty people in Chicago, and no one expected that it would ever be a town of any importance.

In 1830 the village of Chicago was plotted and there was an auction sale of 127 lots in the heart of the present city. The lots that sold in 1830 for prices ranging from \$11 to \$346 are now worth hundreds of thousands each. "There were only some five or six houses, built mostly of logs, and a population of less than one hundred." In 1832 the first bridge was constructed across Chicago river. This year the first frame building in Chicago, a store at Wolf Point, was built. In 1834 some brick buildings were erected.

"The year 1832," says Norris, "may be regarded as the period from which to date the commencement of the city. Many causes,

the Indian war among them, conspired, about this time, to bring Chicago into general notice. What was called the 'Western Fever' had begun to rage generally throughout the country. Thousands were flocking from the East to seek homes in the West. The first premonitions of the speculating mania had manifested themselves. Eligible sites for towns and cities were sought out and eagerly appropriated. The superior advantages of Chicago in this period of general inquiry, when enterprise was universally aroused and incited by the hope of sudden wealth, could not long escape public attention. . . . The West suddenly became the center of men's thoughts and wishes, and Chicago, as the most important point in the West, the goal to which all directed their aspirations." (Chicago City Directory, 1844).

In 1833 Chicago was incorporated as a town, having then some 350 inhabitants. An auction sale of 138 blocks brought \$38,865. Work on the harbor was begun and a new light-house built. In 1835 there was a great boom in real estate values, and the population, was estimated at 5500, including many transients. In 1836 work was begun on the Illinois and Michigan Canal (completed in 1848). In the meanwhile the lake commerce had greatly increased.

In 1837 the city of Chicago was incorporated and William B. Ogden was elected the first mayor. Chicago then had 519 buildings, including dwellings, churches, stores, taverns, etc. The population was reckoned at 4180. This year saw an interruption in the city's growth. It was "the period of protested notes," due to speculation carried to excess. Although Chicago's business interests suffered and many of her citizens were embarrassed, her prosperity was checked for only two or three years. Like Sieur de La Salle, they saw the magnificent possibilities of the "Queen City of the Northwest," and they had confidence in her future. "Situated on the waters of the only great lake exclusively within the United States," wrote J. W. Norris in 1843, "being the termination, on the one hand, of the navigation of the lakes, and on the other, of the Illinois and Michigan Canal—affording great natural facilities for a harbor by means of Chicago river and its branches—the excelling site for a capacious ship basin in the very heart of the town, at the junction of said branches—having dependent upon it a region of country vast in extent and of extraordinary fertility, it must always be the dividing point between two great sections of the Union, where the productions of each must meet and pay tribute. It is susceptible of the easiest demonstration that the route by the lakes, the canal and the Western rivers, when once the channels of communication are completed, will, for cheapness, safety, and expedition, possess advantages superior to every other. Among the advantages of this route, the climate, so favorably adapted to the preservation of produce, deserves especial notice."

Sixty years have passed and the expectations of the Chicagoan of 1843 have been more than surpassed. With the opening of the Drainage Canal in 1899 the system of inland waterways has been completed. 1850 saw the first railroad to run out of Chicago (to Elgin), and in 1852 the Michigan Southern line connected the city with the East. Chicago is now the greatest railway center in the world. Its population has grown from 7580 in 1843 to 2,221,000 in 1903. It is more than an "overgrown town," as it was described in 1882; it is the second city in the United States, and is the peer of the mighty metropolis of the Old World, except London. Since the fire of 1871, which swept over 2100 acres of buildings and left 70,000 homeless, its growth has been phenomenal. Since 1875 the number of buildings erected each year has run into the thousands, and some of these buildings—the Masonic Temple, the Chicago National Bank, the Public Library, the new Post Office, and the University's stately halls—rank among the famous structures of the world. In striking contrast with "The Fair," the first department store (erected in 1873), are the great down-town mercantile establishments—Marshall Field's, Siegel & Cooper's, Schlesinger & Mayer's, the "Boston Store," and others.

Chicago's citizens have been men of the type described by La Salle. Not only have the merchant princes, the captains of industry, and intellectual leaders—N. K. Fairbank, Philip D. Armour, George M. Pullman, David Swing, Theodore Thomas, W. R. Harper, etc., been enterprising and resourceful, thousands of men (many of them of foreign blood) have possessed these characteristics and contributed to Chicago's greatness.

EUGENE PARSONS.

GLOBE NOTES.

I am indebted to the editor of *The Press*, Troy, New York, for the following editorial notice of an article of mine in the last December GLOBE REVIEW, and also for many previous notices of THE GLOBE, as well as for many characteristic quotations therefrom, and if the editor of the *Troy Press* will excuse the liberty I would say that his frequent use of the GLOBE REVIEW, as indicated, taken in connection with many other marks of unusual intelligence and wide-awakeness, seem to indicate that the *Troy Press* must have a superior class of readers and, as a gentleman from Troy

whom I met at Atlantic City a few days ago expressed it, that the *Troy Press* and its editor are noted for their general level-headedness; but here is the notice—which I do not wholly approve:

· “*Reds, Blacks, Whites and Yellows.*—An entertaining comment on the negro problem is copied elsewhere from the pen of William Henry Thorne, not because we approve of what he says, for we do not, but to give a view that is somewhat widely cherished. The fact that the black man has made a poorer showing in past centuries than the white is no proof of hopeless inferiority; the assumption that the whites are inherently the superior of the blacks, reds, browns and yellows among the human race simply because they have the upper hands to-day is sophistical. Chinese civilization was centuries old while the Caucasian races remained in barbarism, and during that period the conceited Chinamen could as well claim that the yellow man was a God-ordained superior to the white with as much plausibility as Mr. Thorne contends that the white man is the superior of the black man to-day. A world of such defective reasoning has been employed by males to convince themselves that they are by nature superior to the female sex; but wherever the latter has a fair field, and no favor, it demonstrates the fallacy of the theory. We believe the children of God embrace all races, of whatever nationality or color, and that the Ethiopian or the Indian was as much designed to reflect the image of the Almighty as any Englishman or Yankee, and capable through opportunity of attaining as lofty a moral, mental and spiritual plane. However, it is a common privilege to differ, one with another, and we have no fault to find with honest thinkers, even when they are on the wrong track.”

A few days later the editor of the *Troy Press* again returned to the theme as follows:

“Sounding brass! The bigot who imagines that his color counts for more than superior or ‘moral and mental qualifications’ in people of a darker hue has more to learn to acquire wisdom than Governor Vardaman knows.

“A short time ago we took issue with William Henry Thorne, a far more scholarly, forcible and intellectual controversialist than Vardaman, but who also took the hackneyed and unproved view of the incomparable superiority of the Anglo-Saxons and the hopeless inferiority of the darker races. But we have only to turn our eyes toward Mexico, and the amazing advancement of civilization, liberty and material prosperity under President Diaz and his collaborators of mixed blood, to demonstrate the preposterousness of this theory. An eminent Anglo-Saxon authority, John W. Foster, ex-Secretary of State, in a most able and discriminating article in the *International Quarterly*, soberly declares that in his judgment President Diaz is the greatest statesman in America. Measured by the crucial criterion of achievement, there can be no doubt of it.

Yet he is part Indian, much of his blood belonging to what Anglo-Saxon conceit calls a savage race."

Both of these editorials cover the same general ground, and in the same spirit of good motive and good sound orthodox belief. In the second, Mr. John W. Foster is relied upon as to certain mixed bloods in Mexico, and President Diaz is named as an exceptionally gifted member of the mixed races.

We have heard the opinion of President Diaz expressed by personal friends of ours who have had the honor of meeting the gentleman, and we do not in any measure or degree question the noted excellence of this very gifted and noble man. I only wish we had him as President of the United States. But do not let us wander from our main point. I am beginning my comment on the editorials at the end of the second. President Diaz is not, however, under discussion. I am inclined to think that Governor Vardaman knows more about the negro, and hence is more competent to speak on the negro problem than I am or than the editor of the *Troy Press* is, and I am all the more obliged to the *Troy Press* for the comparison it makes so favorable to myself, but still we do not rightly get at the point of criticism in question.

In my article in the December *GLOBE* I discarded all orthodox and other theories regarding the origin or origins of the human race as in no way helping one to understand the facts of human history, but as tending to prejudice and confuse the human mind in its consideration of the works of any man or race of men, black, yellow or white, and therefore I do not think it quite fair to have the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, or any other clap trap and threadbare theory of the moral nature and the several relations of the case used against my simple statement of facts. I have had and still may have my own pious and reverent theories of the ultimatums of the human race, but in my December article I discarded theory and held to the facts and the deductions drawn from them touching the actual status of the black man all over the world. I respectfully refer the editor of the *Troy Press* to said article for further consideration of the subject.

In the next place, I cannot allow the editor of the *Troy Press* or any other person to represent me as saying anything derogatory to the *yellow*, the *brown* or *copper-colored* families of the earth. The record of this magazine is well known on that theme. I have, ever since I began to write, defended the yellow and brown races as representing in many directions a higher type of civilization than any branch of the white race, and especially higher than our own anglo-americanism; therefore it is not just to represent me as classifying the yellow or brown with the back man. I have always considered Chinese civilization as far superior to our American civilization in every phase of it except as to fighting and

that wonderful gift of Americanism like our gift of lying I consider, both of them, as the most convincing evidences of our essential barbarism and brutality. I do not think that the last and highest destiny of man is to learn to shoot well or to stand as a target to be shot at.

In the first number of this magazine, published over fourteen years ago, I noticed and deplored the acknowledged and new tendencies of Japan to become more and more European as to fighting tendencies and declared in favor of the many centuries old form of asiatic civilization. Of course a Chinaman, a Japanese, a Philippine, a Turk, or even a negro, a dog or a cat can fight, especially if you train and arm either animal with European arms of the latest pattern—great art that!!

Let us keep the questions and the races separate and talk as to facts; never mind the theories. Again the editor of the *Troy Press* brings in the old question as to the comparative inferiority of men and women, and declares with "liberal" woman's orthodoxy in favor of the, to me, crack-brained theory that "given a fair chance" women are not only equal to but superior to men. But why this reflection should be brought in to slur my position in regard to well proven facts of history that the negro has everywhere been known as the inferior of the white man I do not know. It has absolutely "nothing to do with the case."

As to the woman question, all sane men from Adam down have everywhere recognized the fact that in certain vocations and lines of life woman was the finer man of the two, but when you bring this question down to civilized statistics, *first* as to comparative weight of the female brain, the figures as far as known are decidedly in favor of the male brain, and *second*, as to the amount and quality of accomplished work in the recognized lines of work of genius—literature, art, in all lines, music, commerce, science, philosophy, the man is away ahead—thousands of miles ahead.

Now where is the use of fixing the faded imagination of Susan B. Anthony & Co. against this array of facts. I have published them in this magazine years ago. They are known to all people worthy the name of intelligent people; yet even I do not believe them. I say that spite of all your scientific data woman was born greater in her own way and accomplishes more every way than man, but not the woman who is aching to vote in these days, or the woman who is aping man in a thousand new lines of work. She is nondescript, even her beauty is brazen and uninviting as her mind and heart and I not only discredit all the modern family of termagants, mannish equals of poor and mediocre man, but I would turn Niagara on them and drive the entire and prying family into the depths of the sea.

In a word we still hold that our views of the negro were the only views open to just criticism and that those views, instead of

being "hackneyed," are based upon the latest and widest facts of human history as interpreted by clearest human reason, and the only thing for editors and others interested is to accept the facts and start new theories of the origin of the race, the brotherhood of the race, the equality of the families of mankind and try to get them in harmony with the facts and not any longer try to twist the facts into some sort of harmony with their stupid and ignorant, no matter how seemingly pious and antiquated theories.

* * * * *

I had intended to write a separate article for this issue on our Presidential outlook, especially comparing the two lives of the late Senator Hanna and Theodore Roosevelt as bearing upon the political question, but Senator Hanna's death made such an article unnecessary, and a return of my own old malady left me less than two weeks' ability of work since the December, 1903, issue, so this and other matters had to be slighted any way. I here give a quotation from the *New York Sun*, which expresses my own view of the Hanna-Roosevelt case perfectly, and so will leave domestic politics for the present.

"When Mr. Roosevelt succeeded to the Presidency, Mark Hanna gave him his ungrudging support. The President's generous impulse when he pledged himself to carry out the policies of William McKinley won his heart, and he proclaimed his stanch adherence to Mr. Roosevelt's fortunes so long as he should adhere to that course. He kept his word. But when he found that Mr. Roosevelt had forgotten all about the promise so dramatically and so effectively uttered at Buffalo and had no other thought but to convert the whole power of his great office to securing his own nomination, then Mark Hanna halted. He saw the Constitution relegated to limbo, the Bill of Rights ignored, lawlessness propitiated, class arrayed against class, unrest and distrust succeed where had been peace and confidence, and the patronage dispensed with an eye single for what it would secure. These and many other things he saw; and in common with all patriotic Republicans, and all men of sound principles and good sense, he deeply deplored them. And Mark Hanna no longer adhered to Mr. Roosevelt. He thought he was not a safe man to be entrusted with the duties of the President of the United States. He did not know what he might not do when he entered upon the Presidency for another four years with none of the restraints upon him that the necessity of being elected might impose or his consciousness of inherited obligations entail. He thought Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy implied a condition of uncertainty, if not of actual peril, to which the country ought not to be exposed. And Mark Hanna held aloof. . . .

"We doubt if he at any time in these later years harbored any serious ambition toward the Presidency. He felt that he was physi-

cally unequal to either the campaign or the duties of the office. If he survived the former, he said, he could not hope to live through or even adequately discharge the functions of the latter. The one desire of his was that the right man should be chosen for it, a man morally and intellectually fitted for so great a trust and one who by education, training, and experience had developed a character in consonance with the Constitution and with the established theory of our Government. That Mark Hanna, had he lived and had the strength been spared to him, would have fought for to the last ditch. And Mark Hanna would have won. He would have averted a great peril from his party and guided it into safer places than it can now discern."

* * * * *

March 19th.—By reason of my illness the March GLOBE is late, and smaller than usual. On March 18th I received from Rev. Father Tuohy the following clipping from the New York *Sun*:

"PORTLAND, Me., Feb. 17.—Replying to a rumor, which apparently originated in New York, that the Right Rev. William H. O'Connell, Bishop of Portland, had given Cardinal Merry del Val 1,000 lire to help equip a Spanish ship, the Bishop said to-night:

"The report is a lying calumny. Its purpose is clear. I cannot waste precious time in following impersonal 'it is said.' From such rascality and cowardly thrusts in the dark no one is safe, neither Pope, nor President, Bishop nor Civil Governor. But I shall prosecute to the full extent of the law, if I can find him, the originator or the propagator of this vile lie."

The clipping, like all the *Sun* rays, is clear, but it leaves his lordship, the Bishop of Portland, Maine, in a threatening position, hardly becoming an ecclesiastic. I knew nothing or remembered nothing as to the fact, and did not dream that the Maine man was after me or the GLOBE. Father Tuohy was kind enough to add the following comment, which seems to indicate that Bishop O'Connell may not be as mad as he seems to be, and that he certainly is not as ignorant of the facts as he pretends to be. I had utterly forgotten that his lordship was ever mentioned in the GLOBE REVIEW. I am not now able to do the matter justice, but here is Father Tuohy's comment:

"I notice in N. Y. *Sun* recently the enclosed clipping. This clipping refers to the 'Innominato' article, 'Sidelights on Recent Church History,' which the GLOBE, No. XLIV, Dec., 1901, published. As the facts relating to the 'cruiser' are true and his Lordship of Portland knows that they are true, and perhaps now in his 'campaign' for the Coadjutorship of Boston feels the force of the truth of the 'cruiser' story, he makes this 'bluff.' The story has for its basis the authority of a recently promoted monseigneur of the New York Archdiocese, who told it to me at the time, before a

witness, one of New York's prominent rectors; the story was repeated several times after it was published in the GLOBE.

"Again, a corroborative point showing the inconvenient truth, is the story that has all along been known to the good Bishop. It was widely known and spoken of in New England at the time. He overhauled, called out of his name, a prominent rector of Boston for having ventured to ask whether he had seen the GLOBE. So his denial at this time is rather belated.

"Again, another powerful point. Last summer, when I was in Rome, I met, among others, a well-known American correspondent. The 'cruiser' matter came up. He stated it exactly as the GLOBE related it. When I showed surprise that an official would make such an outrageous diplomatic blunder, this correspondent said he, since he knew the man, was not at all surprised. This story then was related in detail to me in the presence of two other witnesses. I have sent a communication to the N. Y. *Sun*, embodying this statement of facts. In the statement I do not mention names, but in a confidential letter I state the names of all these witnesses, the correspondent, etc., etc. So far the *Sun* has not given the communication. But it was sent in only late last week. It appears over the nom-de-plume 'Veritas.' You may if you think well of it, embody this in a 'Note,' or if there be time, I may write something upon it."

* * * * *

I will send Bishop O'Connell a copy of this March GLOBE, so that he may no longer remain in assumed ignorance as to the source or sources of what he foolishly calls a "vile lie." I am usually to be found at home at the address given on the first cover of the GLOBE, and though not well of late, growing old and no longer inclined to fight anybody, we would not mind putting on the gloves with an amusing gentleman like his Lordship, Bishop O'Connell, of Portland, Maine.

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At the date of this writing, March 17th, the entire country is about as evenly divided as to the ruling of the United States Supreme Court on the merger question as the judges themselves were divided when they reached and published their conclusion. I accept and approve the opinion and reasoning of the minority. I think the opinion and ruling the majority, which, if held to, will destroy the merger, is about as good law as it would be for the five justices to start out on a mission of highway robbery and then induce Roosevelt to approve and commend their action as lawful, constitutional and patriotic; but I am not able to write on this or on any other subject in this number of the GLOBE with my old-time clearness and vigor.

Maybe the old strength will come back to me, maybe not. In any case the subscribers to the *GLOBE* will be kept informed. Meanwhile I shall be much obliged if all delinquents will forward the amounts they are owing me, and the many who are always prompt may be as generous as they are inclined.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

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PHILOSOPHY OF LITERATURE.

For more than twenty years I have had it in mind to write a series of papers or a book on the Philosophy of Literature. I have hoped for leisure, while health and strength lasted to begin, if not to finish the work. Leisure I have ceased to hope for, and have thought it best to begin the undertaking while what strength I have remains, or, like the sunshine or the tide ebbs and flows, as the years go steadily on.

In this issue I shall hardly attempt more than a general introduction to the theme; a more or less lucid statement of it, with such reasonable suggestions as may perhaps win the minds and attention if not the conviction of such as may be prepared to receive the truth.

Most of our modern writers of any extensive reading and thought are too modern, too physically scientific and wedded to narrow views of all spiritual and mental phenomena to give any comprehensive and illuminative, not to say inspiring view of world-literature or the philosophy of the same. Whenever clerical students of the lectures on literature given in our American Colleges and Universities have spoken to me on the subject they have promptly volunteered the remark that while the lectures of A. B. C. or D. were clever, or beautiful, or pretty, or pedagogic and sometimes amusing, as to anything like a world view of the philosophy of world literature, it was not dreamed of or attempted by said professor, and simply for the reason that the gentleman had plainly never comprehended the subject and therefore could not teach it in a million lectures from now till doomsday.

Of course, I am familiar with the brilliant work of M. Taine and others with sharp-eyed rhetoric, squinting at certain sections

of world literature, in England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy and other ancient and modern nations, but not one of these has attempted or contemplated a grouping of the whole vast thought of man, nor attempted to expound any general law of growth or evolution in the same; and as for our so-called American literature of Walt Whitman, Howells & Co., it is like Topsy in Uncle Tom—it—spelled with a small i if you please, simply “grewed up” out of the ground, most of it out of the sand lots or out of the mud of imbecility and depravity.

I have been working on the literary farm for over fifty years, and it is my judgment that only a true Catholic writer can throw much light on the subject, and that it is time some of us, instead of rehashing worn out dogmas, were trying to open this theme to the eyes of mankind. In the beginning, from eternity, was the word and the word was with God and the word was God. All things were made via the word. It ever has been, is now, and ever will be the perpetually uttering utterance or revealability of the otherwise inconceivable and incomprehensible eternal spiritual force or power or Being the ancients have called by a score of names and what we call God. Without him never a word was spoken by God or man. He is and ever has been the vocal and active generating force or radium of the boundless universe of soul and being of matter and force, of all forces, without beginning or end of days and years. He hath ever spoken as the voice of the Eternal and the deed, every deed was done, is still done and ever will be done as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be world without end. Without the word, all nations would still be worshipping the “unknown God,” but the word was made flesh, born of a woman, dwells among us; we have beheld alike His suffering and His glory; both shone upon us, the glory of one who being like unto God, thought it not robbery to claim true and eternal sonship, at last revealed by the spirit of His boundless love, for the true God is love as well as law; and the word of God which ever has been and ever will be as speech to the soul, hath revealed Him, is ever more and more revealing Him, and must and will do so more and more till the end; till we all see eye to eye and are one with Him in the Eternal God.

I am not speaking of the Alexandrian School of Philosophical Theology, nor of Catholic Theology. I am not a dogmatist. I am speaking of the true and essential relationship of the revealed word

of God, the Unknown as the only voice and method of making Him known, and of the certainty of the evolution and radium of this word of the eternal, till all shall know Him perfectly, from the least to the greatest, till the soul of His soul, which is purest and most comprehensive and self-denying perfect love, concentrated in those most perfectly ruled by the eternal spirit of love, shall rule the earth as the perfected sons of God in Christ Jesus. There not only was no other way of making the Eternal and incomprehensible known to finite minds, as ours, but there never was possible another method of revealing or imparting the Eternal God to man and dominating the soul and life of man in the ideal divine and yet perfect and simple justice and truth of the just and true and perfect Deity, ruling forever in the boundless universe. The word hath revealed all this in Him, and will make it so plain that every wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein. The word is at the heart of things—at the heart of God and is also ever His message in and through all the spheres and realms of science and law and the perfect all conveying and immortal love. Not every Pope has known this and not every Bishop knows it now. .

The word in its amplified and widest sense is the literature of God, the light that always was on sea and land at last made vocal and swelling into all creeds, all songs, all music, all symphonies, all art, all speech, the confusions and the final unities of thought uttered in infinite varieties of speech, and song, till all the redeemed are gathered and taught the hymns of the ages, the faith of the Christian, the worship of the incarnate and eternal word, still living and blessing and helping all souls on the altars of our churches where the righteous kneel; the Word made flesh, transubstantiated into the flesh of life, the concentrated love of God.

As the word is, so the soul is in God and in man. Our central and vivifying thought or truth therefore is this, that the word of man, the literature of man, of nations, of the wide world and the ages, all literatures of men and nations are the expressions of the souls of said men and nations from beginning until now. The speech of the race is the mirror of the race. Speech is to the soul of man, what the incarnate Word of God was and forever remains to the soul of God.

Speech or literature is the revelation of the soul of mankind. Speech the most perfect revelation possible of the soul of mankind. Music, harmony, melody are but phases of the universal literature

of the human soul. Jesus spoke the language of God. Shakespeare spoke the language of the hidden soul of the human race. Wagner caught the meanings of the same spirit of humanity and uttered it in song. All are revealers of their respective, otherwise unrevealed soul, but the plainest of these is the Word, the literature of God and the literature of humanity.

Without any lack of respect for any phase of art or music, I am here claiming that the word of man, the literature of man is the most perfect, the fullest, the completest expression of the soul of mankind, that nothing else, no single phase of any art or song or worship can compare with the simple word of man as the fullest revelation of the soul of man, of mankind, as the Word of God was the completest and final revelation of the soul of God. The invisible things of Him, from the creation of the word, from nature, the heavens and the earth, the mountains and the valleys and the rivers and the seas, were clearly seen and are to this day so that the atheist is without excuse, but only in and through the eternal Word of God become flesh and dwelling among us, are these depths and heights of the eternal love of the eternal God, made known unto mankind, and only by Ministry of the Holy Spirit of love are these applied to and evolved in the varying spirits of men in all nations and ages of the world.

My soul has ever responded to the faintest touch of music, as the finest harp to the vibrant air. Every touch of true art wins my immediate admiration, but with the utter confusions of belief in our modern times the foolish critics are applying the language of the battlefield to the dreams of love—the language of music, the tones of spirit forces, to the colors of the rainbow, so that in truth, a pedantic mechanic like Whistler was in some sense needed to call his work simply "black and white," etc., etc., for our critics are mostly sentimental and unseeing clowns. It may be still better as we have done to speak of music and art in all lines as having a language of their own and acting as aids and abettors of the vernacular speech of every man and nation as the true and perfect manifestation of the soul of mankind. But speech or literature is not the flimsy thing that a famous Bishop has defined it, that is, as an entertainment for children; it is rather a revelation of the troubled or cheerful, or doubting, or believing, and triumphant and victorious soul of man, and finally of mankind. The reason why so many writers and writings are so very foolish is at heart that

said writers have nothing worth saying to say, hence they disport themselves as children or as lambs or puppies. But let us keep close to our theme.

The literature of mankind is precisely the same sort of revelation of the quality and character of mankind as the Word God in Christ Jesus was a revelation of the soul of the Eternal God; Literature being thus a perpetual revelation of soul, the quality, the character, the changing mood, the belief or unbelief or the variety and kind of beliefs of men and nations at any and every particular era of the world's history it becomes clear that the literatures of nations are the perfect revelations of the minds, the art, the worship of nations, revealing therefore the exact quality and character of the soul and mind of nations; and in every separate era of the world's history, therefore of the comparative evolution of the soul of mankind from the beginning until the latest hours.

In the face of this conception will arise clouds of darkness, doubt and storm, so varied are the minds of men, of races and of nations.

But there is a true law of comparative structure of sentences and of souls and the meaning of the same. No sane and cultured man will mistake the spirit and utterance of Jesus for the spirit and utterances of Buddha, of Zoroaster or the Prophets of any ancient nations. No sane and cultured man has ever mistaken the language of William Shakespeare for the utterances of Lord Bacon; only untaught, uncultured clowns make such blunders as these. Only men who have studied the literatures of nations can have any true conception of the comparative position and status of said literatures, whatever may be the varieties of the same. A clown, like Mark Twain, has no right to an opinion as to the comparative value of the literature of a gentleman like Walter Scott. We must get away from our notions of equality or genius, and the spirit of God Himself is swamped in the bottomless pit of our stupid lies.

Spite of all our boasted knowledge of the so-called science of comparative anatomy, I believe that no modern Dean of Medical Faculty has yet constructed a satisfactory and finished statue of the Venus of Milo, and there were arts and scientific knowledge of all kinds among the ancients that we have never found and are now only trying to fish for among the ruins of buried capitals, temples and the households of buried kings and nations.

My general plan in this work was to reproduce in limited quotation the best, the highest literary expressions of the poetic, historic,

dramatic and religious or so-called inspired literatures of all nations and peoples of the earth up to this hour, and by most careful contrast and comparison, following only the accepted universal laws of criticism and the universal consent of mankind, to point out in what respects the highest utterances of Christian writers from St. Paul to Carlyle, have differed from and will forever differ from the best Pagan utterances in all ages; then to show that though by finest degrees as the light of dawn spreads over the heavens and the earth the conclusion reached relative to a certain and absolute superiority of the best of Christian writers over all ages of the world, as confirmed also by a scientific study of the comparative physiognomy of the ages and nations of mankind, so that though Emerson and Washington and Carlyle and Ruskin and Newman and Leo XIII and Moltke and Frederick the Great and Hugo and Napoleon and Goethe and Schiller and Dante and Tasso, back to John and Paul, as the typical faces of Christian culture do, all things considered, represent a sure, though slow advance in and toward the realms of God and truth and honor and culture of the finest and supremest kind. But I am not now able to do justice to this theme.

In recent quotations in popular American Journals of the utterances of popular and so-called American statesmen, called by us the merest politicians, I have seen such utterances as these, that in the middle ages and back of these to Calvary and that in spite of Christ's word that has transformed and is revolutionizing the world, war was the only profession open to human ambition and to possible greatness; such is the narrow sighted, untaught folly of the representative men of these last American days.

With time and health I can trace the words and faces and deeds of men and women through all our Christian ages that would cast in shadow, if not in shame, the deeds of any warrior the world has ever known; men and women who by their deeds of heroism and duty and modesty, in obedience to the law of Christ have kindled the summits of time and eternity with a brilliance brighter than the brightest rays of the sun, showing in their souls a subdued, yet acting and conscious power able to rule nations, lead armies and teach the philosophies which their beautiful lives have exemplified. No career on this earth but war and politics; feed both professions to the devil their father and the world would still be full of the noblest souls that have ever lived and made the race immortal by words and deeds of love, endurance and victory.

The Philosophy of Literature is a marshaling of facts to find their laws. By some such arrangement as I have indicated can the philosophy of the infinite utterances of the human soul be found. When it is found that all competent men agree as to the superior quality of certain utterances as developing and coming from a superior order of soul or mind, and again, as developing a certain superiority of face and life in men and in nations we are getting to such a law of the qualities of words, faces, souls and lives as gives us the law of growth, of evolution, of the survival of the fittest and we begin to understand the true meaning of the Apostle who saw and said He—that is, the Eternal—maketh all things to work together for good to them that love God.

Also we begin to see into the truth of the old saying—there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.

The mere asserter of ignorant falsehood must down. It is not, however, by the assertion of the law of authority of any church that the modern fool will down. Kindle the light and fan it into flames that burn into his eye balls, into conviction that you have the scientific truth of the world and he may believe you even though he may be an American Funston or a Senator Lodge.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

MODERN SECULARISM.

Secularism has its own place. The Master himself said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." But the question now-a-days presses insistently, "What are Cæsar's things?" because he seems to be claiming the whole. He is becoming a sort of Briareus, or, as they say of the Trusts, an Octopus.

Cæsar, in the direct context of the Divine saying, plainly meant the civil government of the day—the power of Rome, as shown in her tax-gathering. Therefore, say the men of our day, politics and government belong to Cæsar. Yet the Christian who really followed Christ, was not permitted by Him to do a wrong thing, even to please secular Rome. It was to be martyrdom, rather. And

His early followers thus understood it. The doubt is, whether or no it is thus understood, to-day.

Yet secular affairs, properly speaking, are neutral. Taxes and public roads, in Ancient Rome, railway franchises and Government Budgets in England and America at the present time are fair examples. There is also a wide world of things—artistic, musical, social and literary—which are claimed as neutral and purely secular by the general public in our own day, yet over which the Church in years past exercised close supervision, so far as her own members were concerned. These, at present, form a sort of Debatable Land, because the attitude of religionists towards them affects the general situation.

Besides these we have the world of commerce and manufacture, that of agricultural production and mining, and the world of finance closely bound up with all these. Secular interests these surely are, though not governmental, but conducted by private enterprise. Here the Church has no hand at all in the game, except as she may rule the consciences of men. This she finds it increasing difficulty to do and Cæsar, on the whole, seems getting more than his own.

Still another class of things confronts us, which had no place in Cæsar's day, the world of benevolent operation. This is the peculiar glory of Christianity, radiating the divine sweetness and love of its Founder. Yet, even here, the spirit and power of secularism grows more and more dominant. Hospitals, for instance, are sometimes religious in character, but far more frequently mere public institutions. So with schools, orphan homes, and the like. Cæsar is in control, the Christ-work forming but a side issue.

All this and much more is meant when the newspapers discuss "The Secular Tendencies of the Age."

Take the matter of civil and military authority under whatever form may be, monarchy, republican, despotism or oligarchy. One thing is certain, government should be good government, well administered, safeguarding the governed and upholding sound morals, to the end of solid general prosperity. Fraud, oppression, bribery and the like, defeat this end. Righteous government but imitates, in its feeble, earthly way, the righteous sovereignty of God. Cæsar's power is decreed of Heaven. It can be overthrown instantly, when such is the Divine Will. Do Americans, as a whole, perceive this? Or do they only see the weakness of secular forces, when death, disaster or assassination supervene?

Their indifference to wrong-doing in affairs social and public seems to indicate that they divorce, in their own minds, these secular things wholly from the Divine, as if the sceptre had been taken from God and given to Cæsar. If kings, or Presidents, or party leaders happen to be pious Antonines, so far, so good. But if they are bad, their henchmen bad and their methods bad, no indignation rises; it is a secular matter, one is told.

This decay of the moral sense on the part of the public constitutes the greater peril. The good Cæsar is the product of a good Rome. Whenever plebs and patricians, the upper and lower classes, as we fluently phrase it, are united in staunch support of integrity Cæsar becomes a noble ruler; otherwise, we get a Tammany politician.

Calm observers, everywhere, bear testimony to this moral apathy. Rev. N. D. Hillis, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, recently uttered the disquieting opinion that the day of positive convictions and ardent advocacy of the same had passed in this country and that the present ethical and spiritual lethargy was appalling in its significance. Much the same tone pervades Mr. Bliss Perry's article in the *Atlantic* on the indifferentism of the times.

"More recently," says *Harper's Weekly*, in a late issue, "have come startling revelations as to venality in Federal, State and Municipal governments and the relative apathy of the people respecting these crimes, juries failing to convict unless the evidence is overwhelming, and voters continuing the venal bosses and their hirelings in power." Proof of such things daily accumulates and the assertion thereof is, by no means, "pessimism."

Closely interwoven with this question of government are the commercial and financial interests of nations. Here, in the United States, the irresponsible one man power proceeding from immense wealth, has brought a real danger. Thirst for wealth and thirst for power have reached the point of delirium. This has been ably discussed in a recent paper by David G. Phillips, in *Everybody's Magazine*. He declares that John G. Rockefeller was "the original exploiter of vast irresponsible power, the original industrial victim of the madness of too much power." He has been the model for thousands. Every town that has an organization of any one man has a faint imitation of Rockefeller.

But when any one man or any cluster of men, organized into

either company, trust or corporation, has power to control legislatures and legislation and override the proper restraints imposed by these, the rights and interests of the public are in jeopardy. And, if the public condones the wrong, so much the worse all round.

Mr. Phillips brings the following spirited indictment:—"Take Addicks and Delaware,—a sovereign State the door-mat for the muddy boots of a carpet-bagger. Take Montana, distracted and debauched by the fights of rival copper kings, who shamelessly buy not only legislatures, but also courts. Take Platt, the agent of the big New York State corporations, and in his arrogance he uses the Republican party to elect Democrats, that he may assail the ambition of his sturdy and aggressive young rival, Odell. In the cities,—there are Durham, of Philadelphia; Croker, of New York; there are the ravenous rings which have been exposed in St. Louis and Minneapolis, and so on through a long and humiliating list. The organizations which are at once the sources of this kind of 'bosses' and their instruments are called political. In fact they are in every case purely business enterprises, engaged in the same industry the Standard Oil Company is so successful at, and the Ship-building Trust is so unsuccessful at,—the business of fleecing the private citizen openly, insolently, with the Tweed grin, 'What are you going to do about it?' . . . Mr. Rockefeller, or Mr. Gould, or Mr. Morgan, or Mr. Carnegie, or a hundred other lesser lords of finance and trade, wave,—or rather hire expensive and crafty lawyers to wave,—the magic wand of organization and the federal administration is helpless. A few men meet in an office in New York or Chicago and prices rise or fall, and the law chatters its fangless gums and gnaws its nails in helplessness."

But apart from the dangers of millionaire individual or corporate control of legislation, the spirit of commercialism grows otherwise overbearing. It aspires to dictate our foreign policy as a nation; it assumes openly that "every man has his price," that integrity is but an old-time notion and men who uphold it, in practice, are fanatics and out of date; that leaders,—Labor leaders, or what not—can be bought cheaply—to say nothing of newspaper men; that Mr. Rockefeller carries his Chicago University in his vest-pocket, as they used to carry penny pieces, it being a mere asset, like any other possession, and wholly at his disposal. Literature, art, scholarship and even religion, feel this purse-proud control.

Churches are built or not built, rectors and College Presidents kept or dismissed at its bidding. Its millionaire is sure to be what the Irishwoman called "the white-headed bye in the Church."

Cæsar's image, on the penny, is apt to interfere with the things that are God's. Commercialism daily cries out, "Blessed are the rich, for they shall attain more riches!"

In a recent issue of the *Atlantic* John Graham Brooks says a few words much to the point. "It would be but a fool's paradise," he asserts, "to cozen ourselves with the hope that the evils of commercialism will much abate until we desire other objects more eagerly than we desire what the overdoing of commercialism gives us—that is, the too long list of our materialistic excesses; the unnatural lust for bigness, glare, intensity, display, strain and needless complication. In coming days, when the national heart, perhaps from very surfeit, sickens of all this, and looks for peace and health in simpler and less distracted ways, it may be that our span can be lived out with new capacity for achievement more consistent with serenity, repose and gladness."

Three beautiful possessions—serenity, repose and gladness! Can any amount of glare and show and tinsel make up for their loss? Were Cæsar's coin piled mountain high, it could not buy for souls the precious things that are God's.

Yet how can the interests of Art and music and letters be fostered apart from these? The lack of serenity and calm goes far to explain our modern failures. Therefore, perhaps, we see Art giving way to clap-trap or even viciousness, as in the modern French school;—literature to the sex-romance and yellow journalism—poetry to Kiplingism and Swinburne's "Laus Veneris." Writers who revel in the writhings of passion, dramatists who drag open vileness before the curtain with Ibsen blackness of despair, perhaps, to enhance its effect and further "secularize" their audiences—these are popular men and highly applauded. The people love to have it so;—yet the solemn Scripture warning still recurs—"What will ye do, in the end thereof?"

There has been a change in the moral attitude of the public. Formerly all this was excused, condoned or palliated; now, it is defended, nay, even praised. The secular voice is bold; that of pious people, so-called, very yielding, suspiciously so. What pastor would dare to say, when all the world is running after some new drama known to be worse than risky, that none of his lambs are in the throng?

England is in like evil case with ourselves, in these matters. The secular conscience there as here seems far from tender. Canon H. Hensley Henson, of Westminster Abbey, recently said of high English society: "For most of us it is not open, palpable vice that is our principal danger, but just the quiet worldliness, the decent, habitual self-indulgence, the sustained indifference to the claims of the higher life. We have acquiesced in the notion of an effortless, painless discipleship and the stern agnostic language of the Master and His Apostles has ceased to disturb or alarm us. Christianity has come to fit on comfortably to the social conventions that fill our lives; nay, it is but one of those conventions and wields an authority no less and no more."

Now, if this spirit of indifference rules the *best* of England's people—those who are Christian in name, at all events—what must be true of the others—the poor, secular, unchurched masses?

The Bishop of Durham, preaching just after the postponement of Edward VII's coronation when he was so seriously ill, welcomed the sudden halt because it would turn the attention of the British people to serious things, to evils that were clamant, and would prove, he hoped that "under the blank surface of indifference to religion there still abode the instinct of prayer."

The Episcopal trumpet, here, has a very dubious sound.

Secularism, in its defence of the things that are Cæsar's, instances many things in excuse or explanation of its advanced position. It fortifies every point gained. Witness the action of Republicanism in France as to the Religious orders. If *the first early* attack could have been frustrated, all this which is coming now and is still to come, would have been avoided. Well organized action on the part of Catholic voters, who are in numerical majority throughout France, *as a whole*, would have accomplished this. But indifference or lethargy, such as is lamented in Great Britain, has brought forth its fruit. The hole in the dyke, unstopped, has flooded the land. Cæsar wins the day.

Having thus won it, he proceeds to boast. His victory also encourages the forces of secularism in other lands, in Italy, Germany and Spain.

The divisions of Christendom are in his favor. They amuse him. In the Note Book of the *London News*, an excellent secular paper, splendidly illustrated, Mr. L. F. Austin has the following "skit," or squib, on this matter. "Once upon a time there

was a Free Church divine who did not see eye to eye with the majority of Free Church divines in this country. He had an opinion of his own about tariff reform or some other secular trifle. That was pretty bad; but he made the case infinitely worse by going to 'the Court of King Edward under the wing of the Bishop of London.' Up rose a Conscience, many Consciences, and solemnly rebuked him. A Free Church divine to put himself under the care of a Bishop, when he did homage to his Sovereign! O scandal! O sacrilege! And how came the King not to perceive the horrors of this unholy conjunction? He might have said privately: 'My dear Bishop—a word in your ear. Always delighted to see you, of course, but not with a member of an uncanonical denomination.' Then, he might have whispered to the other visitor: 'Charmed to meet you, but not in company with a Bishop. That may give offence, you know, to so many Consciences.'—But his Majesty seems to have been rather pleased than otherwise by this association of the Episcopalian lion with the Free Church lamb. O Erastianism!"

Then, this lively writer runs on about exaggerated claims of conscience, as used in their own defence by English party politicians. "A quaint spectacle," he declares, "is presented by the politicians who assure you that they alone possess the talisman which they call Conscience. When this begins to operate, it distinguishes them sharply from such earthly creatures as endeavor to form a judgment by facts and arguments. The talisman lifts its blessed owners far above such a grovelling exercise. Not long ago a Judge on the Bench made some observations as to the bearing of the law on a certain controversy. Up rose one inspired who said a mere court of law had no concern with a matter already decided in the Court of Heaven. When asked how he knew that, he said he had it on the authority of his divinely illuminated Conscience.

This recalls Cromwell's Ironsides, surrounding him, Bible in hand, and proving from texts that Charles ought to lose his head. Anybody who had ventured to point out that the texts proved no such thing would have been denounced as a Malignant, to whom the radiant visitations of Conscience were unknown. Perhaps it would be shocking to say that the talisman, working in this fashion, *produces more sophistry than the most worldly guile*. Still, the spectator who is no partisan gets no small instruction from this aspect of our beautiful party system."

Here we have some misunderstanding as to the relations between

the things which are Cæsar's—things judicial and secular—and the power of Conscience, which is assuredly of God. But Conscience cannot decide or adjudicate any questions, except as said conscience be guided, enlightened and instructed.

The amused and cool attitude of the secular mind, as to these matters, is evident in the whole tone of the above and its concluding sentences deserve special note.

To the credit of our own Tammany politicians be it said here that they do not claim to be conscientious. Hypocrisy and bigotry are not among their sins.

The unloveliness of much so-called Christian character is eagerly pounced upon by the secular mind. The latter does some hard hitting at times, nor is it always the "faithful" wounding of a friend. Yet it makes us "see ourselves as others see us." A sharp popular novel represents a man of the world, a great traveler and not unfamiliar with conflict, as opening his purse freely for all good objects, yet absolutely refusing personal service. "He was a man of peace," said Colin Mackenzie, "and a long experience had shown him that there were *no such quarrelsome people as church people when they attempted to work together* on behalf of their church."

That the secular spirit grows more and more dominant there is abundant evidence. A leading English journal says, in a recent issue:—"This has been a disappointing Lent so far as special services are concerned. It cannot be said that any preaching course has attracted exceptional attendance or awakened general interest. Among the ablest Lenten sermons were those of Canon Body, who has, however, been taking rather a gloomy attitude towards the problems of the time. In one of his addresses he remarked that there are unmistakeable signs of a great apostacy, moral and intellectual. He thinks we (the English) are *in the backwash of a great religious movement* and adds that the great need of England at the present time is a vitalized Church."

But we do not need expert opinions on this matter; we have only to look about us. The secular press, in every land, finds ample upholding, the Sunday newspapers with the rest; the religious papers have a struggle for life. The latter often consolidate, when at death's door, financially, as with the "*Congregationalist and Christian World*," the "*Christian at Work and Evangelist*"—such double titles showing each to be a case of Jonah swallowing the

whale or *vice versa*. In the Pilgrim Commonwealth, of Massachusetts, Fast Day has become Patriots' Day, its prayer and penitence exchanged for Cæsar's glorification. And this because its observance had come to mean only base-ball games and drunkenness.

In the great field of benevolent effort the outlook is better, especially in this land. We find Cæsar hard at work for his helpless subjects and this the editor of *Harper's Weekly* deems a hopeful sign. In fact, the whole trend of his article is a quiet laudation of secularism, a votive offering to "the God of Things as They Are."

"Self-sacrifice and devotion to a cause," he avers, "is showing itself in new ways. Instead of giving vast sums to cathedrals or training schools for the clergy, as have men of the past, the men of to-day are building universities and training schools for artisans and engineers. Heroism is shown daily by thousands, not in the old pursuit of arms, but in the careers of policeman, fireman, railroad engineers, electric car motorman. Youth of fortune and station enlist, not to support a dynasty or an aristocracy, but to make for themselves a career of helpful service for their nation or municipality." Secular lay exertion seems his remedy for our evils.

In this land with its recent floods of emigrants, Protestant and Catholic, German, Swedish, Italian and Irish—besides uncouth masses of Russian Jews, Chinamen, Japanese and discontented Armenians—we have a problem to face like none ever seen before in the whole history of our globe. The ancient Roman empire held all these, to be sure—or most of them—but it was not a Republic, nor of the nineteenth century. Now, religious effort, Catholic and Protestant, though made by each to the uttermost for its own co-religionists, is inadequate to the stupendous task. Cæsar must needs put his shoulder to the wheel: wherefore, to his credit be it said, City and State Hospitals, almshouses and various Charity institutions abound. But—did not the Church teach Cæsar all this, as to the blessedness of doing good? Was it known in Pre-Christian nations?

Officialdom, despite its great failures, on the whole does good work, and is more successful here than with the schools. We must have railroads, despite occasional collisions; and we must have public charities. Secular and religious agencies unite to better purpose in their affairs; and a good chaplain, like Father Chidwick, of the ill-fated Maine, with the aid of good-hearted people, often

of his own flock, brings sweetness and light into many bare and barren institutions. Unfriendly influences often thwart him and he is sidetracked by secular officials; then, loss results. Yet here, more than elsewhere, the world and the Church clasp hands, striving to save and aid the Lord's poor. This approaches the ideal of "the Christian State," as far as evil days permits; and, since the secular world may do good unconsciously, building better than it knows, it may honestly ask in the Great Day—"Lord, when saw we Thee athirst, or an-hungered, or sick, or in prison?" and receive the gracious answer "Having ministered to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"As the world ages," says *Harper's*, "life does not grow simpler either in theory or in practice and those who affect to secure reform from current so-called indifferentism by restoration of primitive man's aboriginal conditions of life are trying to turn back the hands on Time's dial or alter the procession of the seasons."

This sounds specious, but one has doubts of it. The stars are glorious, says Goethe, "as on the first day." Times and seasons, ordained of God, still remain and still determine the conditions of life. Simple agricultural pursuits and other primitive things still remain, since the world must be fed. Science and elegance have not eliminated that. The quiet Trappists, tilling their fields are not troubled with indifferentism, and Cincinnatus, at his plough, is not worried by the stuffing of ballot-boxes. The Sisters of Charity live unvexed by the changes of fashion which overwhelm their gay sisters of the Horse Shows. Peace and happiness seem to linger about the plainer conditions of life.

Mr. Phillips is hopeful of a return to a saner and better mind on the part of the secular world. "For the turn of the tide," he says, "we must look to the people, to the masses of Americans who wish neither to rob nor to be robbed, who may admire 'smartness' and 'aggressiveness,' but who do not have these qualities as their own moral standards, nor approve of them as standards for American politics, business or professions. This mass is deliberate of motion. It must first see just what to do. Then, it must find leaders to do it. Then, it must be assured that in the doing more will be gained than lost. When that time arrives there will be a great 'sobering off,' a sharp recovery of sanity, a sudden discovery that 'the majesty of the law' is not merely something to tell the fellow one has robbed in order that he may not become violent,

but is something to take home to one's self—even though one be President of the United States, or of a railway company, or of a manufacturing or mining concern, or in whatever other position of responsibility—to be honest, just and faithful to the public. . . .

The possibility of power in this country came hardly half a century ago. Latterly it has been developing with accelerated speed. This will be temporarily checked from time to time by such spectacles as Mr. Morgan's recent discomfitures, and Mr. Schwab's hauling in the wretched remnants of a once umbrageous pair of antlers.

"And the permanent check may come sooner than we expect. All the 'smartness' in this country is not used in the exploiting of this much power lunacy. A considerable part of it is trying to contrive sober, practical measures for retiring lunatics and abolishing the opportunities which were their undoing. And the measures will surely be found."

Let us pray for this, avoid anger, clamor and grumbling, and look on the aggressions of the secular world with a kindly gaze whenever they tend to anything good.

If the secular world can be permeated and filled to overflowing with the Christ-spirit, through the touch of love on individual hearts, the great problem will be solved, and the angels again sing, as at first, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

ROOSEVELT AND THE CANAL STEAL.

When in A. D. 9 Anninius and the German Tribes under his command completely destroyed the Roman legions under the command of Quintilius Varus at the battle of Teutoburgerwold, the Emperor Augustus stunned by this unexpected blow repeatedly exclaimed in anguish of mind, "Quintilius Varus, give me back my legions; Quintilius Varus, give me back my legions;" so to-day every true lover of America exclaims in equal anguish of mind, "Theodore Roosevelt, give us back our honor." How serious the blow is that has been dealt American morality or what there is left

of it, by the dastardly action of Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States in his underhand dealings with Colombia, time can alone reveal; but the immediate effects upon the morality of the individual American citizen will soon become apparent. Although Roosevelt's action, in vivisectioning Colombia, is justly in keeping with our piratical instincts, so clearly shown in our conduct towards Spain, and in our behavior towards the Philippine Islanders, yet there may be some excuses offered by some by stretching sophistry to its utmost limits in our *benevolent* attempts at assimilating the population of those distant islands, but what excuse can indeed be offered in this our other piece of brigandage, the stealing of the Panama strip from the Republic of Colombia. In vain has Mr. Roosevelt used all the arts of sophistry and casuistry to soften this crime, yet like Banco's ghost it will not be downed.

There is an irreducible maximum in villainy as well as an irreducible minimum in morality; whoever transcends the irreducible maximum in villainy must necessarily descend below the irreducible minimum of morality, a point is reached where we cannot go much above or much below, any oscillation between these extreme limits may be tolerated and recovery possible, but once having passed beyond these extreme bounds, recovery becomes impossible and if one lives, he lives only to carry with him to his grave an insupportable burden of infamy and disgrace. We maintain that Theodore Roosevelt in his attitude towards Colombia has transcribed all bounds of tolerated national villainy and tolerated national immorality and has placed upon this nation of ours a burden of infamy which we will have to carry to our dying day, however near or far that day may be. Not alone does Theodore Roosevelt stand in this atmosphere of national disgrace and immorality; all stand with him, all who have condoned, aided and made possible this national crime. Take those Senators like Mr. Hoar for example, who thundered against the perpetuation of this high-handed piece of jobbery, and then voted for the consummation of it, and those Senators and newspaper editors who induced the people of these United States to swallow the noxious morsel. You editors and you Senators who have aided and abetted this wrong, can you give us back our honor? Search the history of Colombia's dealings with our government and we defy Roosevelt to show aught that can justify his high-handed conduct. It may be

true (only surmised truth mind you) that the individual Senators of the Colombian government hoped to gain some private award in their bargain with our government, and they therefore sought to delay or nullify the Hay-Herron Treaty, but nobody can deny but that they were acting wholly within their rights as Senators of the Colombian Government in rejecting or delaying that Treaty, and indeed did they not give very plausible excuses for such action? What right has anybody in general or Theodore Roosevelt in particular to question the sincerity of this action? What right have we to say to those Senators, you fellows are only bluffing. You are, to use a slang impression, endeavoring to give us the double cross; these excuses of yours are mere pretenses, your obvious intention is to hold up our government for your own personal aggrandisement! In point of fact you want us to give you money and plenty of it to vote this treaty! It is of no moment to us whether your constitution prohibits you from alienating any part of your territory! It is of no moment to us whether you consider this treaty irregular! It is of no moment to us whether you justly consider that we are endeavoring to secure an invaluable national asset for a mere fifty millions of dollars, of which you are to have a mere ten millions and some little annually besides, an asset, which will in a few years bring in an immense revenue, and will add hundreds of millions of dollars of the value of the property of our country and hundreds of millions of dollars to our seaboard and deep sea commerce and will immeasurably strengthen our military and naval position upon this continent! It is of no moment to us that you are acting strictly within your international rights and have a perfect right to reject this treaty with us, even without giving us any excuses whatsoever! It is of no moment to us that you hold a true appreciation of the value of your property and the invaluable geographical position of your isthmus! It is of no moment to us that the possession of your isthmus has always been a cardinal feature of your national and international policies! It is of no moment to us that we, the United States government, have solemnly entered into treaty with your government to always protect the sovereign right of your possession of the isthmus! It is of no moment to us that your government has ever endeavored to the best of its ability to fulfill your treaty obligations to the United States government! It is of no moment to us that you have accorded to us valuable treaty

rights in the isthmus, feeling assured that you were dealing with a just and upright nation and government! It is of no moment to us that you have, at all times, acted up to the letter of your concessions to the government of the United States! All this is as dust to us! We will have none of it! We are going to have your isthmus, we want the canal sorely in our business! And knowing that we want it sorely, you fellows are trying to hold us up! We have not a scintilla of evidence to show that you are acting dishonestly, but we feel that you are! And if we feel that you are, why you are, and that is all about it, and that is the end of the matter! There is nothing further to be said! We have arraigned, tried, condemned and vivisected you without your being heard in your own defence, it is true! We have been plaintiffs, prosecutors, jury, judges and executioners all in one, it is true! But who and what are you, anyway! A lot of nondescript, pettifogging revolutionary dagos, and we can blow you to "blazes" with one broadside of our big navy! Thus argued Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Root, Mr. Hay, those United States Senators and those Editors that supported and voted and helped along the infamous steal. In vain did Colombia protest, in vain did the best national and international sentiment of morality cry out against the outrage, but committed it was, in broad daylight, uncovered even by the decency of darkness, a piece of cold blooded rascality, only to be compared with in modern history, to the partition of Poland, and yet Theodore Roosevelt has had the unmitigated effrontery to defend his nefarious steal by columns upon columns of blatant sophistry and casuistical arguments, that have deceived nobody but himself and those who were only too willing to consent to a high-handed international immoral atrocity. The action is done, exclaims Mr. Roosevelt and those who have aided and abetted him, it is a closed incident they say, it is a "fact accomplished." We are now going to get our canal, Hip! Hip! Hoorah! And one more!

Now to take Mr. Roosevelt's bland and child-like explanations as literally true, everything that transpired just happened to be a mere coincident, one of those extraordinary coincidental narratives that we were wont to read of in our books of fairy tales when we were children, how in the very nick of time the benevolent fairy appeared and quickly, by one wave of her wand, converted the malevolent cannibal giant into a stone and the bad stepmother into

a swan, and liberated the imprisoned groom and rescued the incarcerated princess from a horrible death, and bestowed a kingdom upon both of them and how the young people were married and lived happy ever afterwards. So with our Mr. Roosevelt, he had an overmastering passion to wed the Isthmus of Panama to the United States, but those bad genii, the Colombian Senators, conspired against his chaste and beneficent purposes, but some benevolent fairies opportunely showed up in the disguise of certain international adventurers, living and trading at Panama, these fairy international traders manufactured a mystical wand in the shape of a flag for the Republic of Panama, so that when they waved the wand, presto! a United States man-of-war appeared upon the scene! Another shake of the wand, United States marines landed on Panama soil. Another shake of the wand, another United States man-of-war within hailing distance! Another shake of the wand, armed emissaries and soldiers of the bad genii sent to capture said fairies and to punish dishonest officials of the said genii, were put to confusion and turned back and returned to the bad genii! Another shake of the wand, a new-fledged Republic of Panama, born over night, looms up! Another shake, a clear warrant of action and vindication from the President of the United States, the powerful Godfather in the story, appears in the form of a recognition of the rapidly hatched republic! Another shake of the wand and a whole school of United States men-of-war, all heading for Panama, spring up like Jona's gourd, or from whales or dragons' teeth! Still another shake of the wand, and lo! a treaty between the new pawn republic of Panama and the United States of America, conceding canal strip to the government of the United States, that is Mr. Roosevelt! Last shake of the wand, Mr. Roosevelt has canal dangling from his belt! What a delightful fairy tale to relate to eighty millions of supposedly intelligent people! It was only a coincident that a United States man-of-war just happened to be at Panama at the very nick of time! It was only a coincident that United States marines should have been so opportunely landed to protect United States interests on the Isthmus and incidentally to frustrate Colombian authorities in their endeavors to seize the gang of international adventurers who had conspired to overthrow Colombian authority there! Oh, yes! It was only a coincident that United States war vessels were there to prevent the landing of soldiers sent to Panama by the Colom-

bian government sent to replace dishonest and recreant Colombian officials at Panama! Such an interesting fairy tale! And how nicely told, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt! Ah! Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Roosevelt, this is too thin! You have used all your arts of sophistry and casuistry in vain. Your columns of explanation given to the people through those ponderous addresses of yours to Congress cannot acquit you of having a double-dyed hand in the whole discreditable transaction! Oh, no! You had no knowledge of what was coming! How could you indeed see into the future? It was only a coincident that the United States naval officers on ships stationed at the West Indies were openly talking about something interesting soon to happen at the Isthmus of Panama! And you expect the people to believe it, don't you? You cannot say no, you foolish, foolish man! Theodore Roosevelt, when the accursed assassin's bullet removed the hand of William McKinley from the helm of the State, all people, irrespective of party passion and politics, rallied around you and pledged themselves to uphold you in the difficult position into which fate had so suddenly thrust you, and right loyally have they redeemed their pledges, they have forgiven you many of your childish and petulant ebullitions, your vagaries and your strenuosities; but do you think that they will forgive you smirking the good name of the United States government with dishonor? You have mortgaged the honor of the people, you have violated international morality, you have shocked the sensibilities of all right thinking men, you have awakened the suspicions and wounded the susceptibilities of all the central and South American republics. You have dragged the good name of the republic in the dust, you have set the pace for wholesale international stealing and spoliation. A terrible example has been set the vicious and the criminal classes in our own country; you have upset the ordinary moral acceptations of the words "meum" and "teum" in domestic and international politics and diplomacies. The President of the United States and those who aided and abetted him have held up Colombia and stole a canal from her, why indeed should not a highwayman or a footpad hold up a pedestrian and steal from him his money and his valuables. What is the real difference between the action of the President and the footpad? We hold that there is absolutely no difference; the actions in both instances are identical. The demoralizing effects of this national steal upon the growing youth of the country must be and will con-

tinue to be appalling. Did you not think of all this, Mr. Roosevelt? Ah, Mr. Roosevelt, give us back our honor. You try again to defend your action by saying that the world needed the canal and a world necessity could not and would not brook the delay caused by a party of dishonest Senators of the government of Colombia. Did the world expect you to purloin the honor of the United States, Mr. Roosevelt, so that the world might have the canal two or five years the sooner? What country was it that put pressure upon the government of the United States to dishonor itself so that the construction of the canal may be hastened? Answer this, please. You see how lame your excuses and arguments are when we come to dispassionately analyze them, how, indeed, all your sophistry is unavailing! No, no, you cannot fool all of the people all of the time. When the votes are counted next November you will find, Mr. Roosevelt, that you have fooled but a small section of the people. You will not readily be forgiven by the people of this country for heaping dishonor upon them, nor will you be forgiven by the other democracies of the world by adding discredit and dishonor to a democratic government. We have got to redeem the mortgage which you have placed upon the good name of our country. And we will do it next November, or we greatly deceive ourselves. This great country cannot remain a great moral force in the world without at first removing the disgrace and stigma which you have placed upon it by your canal steal. Far better, indeed, that it should perish from the face of the world than that it should live on a "moral nonentity" for future generations to point the finger of reproach and scorn. Then again the floodgates of domestic crime and immorality which you have opened by your example of international immorality, no mortal man can compute it, it is beyond computation. You have transcended the bounds of strenuosity you have set a pace to the international banditti. You have been tried and have been found wanting, for, after all, take from the nations of the world their code of international morality and what is there left that will make national life worth the living? What star will there be to guide weak and defenseless nations from the paths of those devouring and rampant nations of the world, who go about seeking whom they may devour? You have struck our nation, Mr. Roosevelt, a coward blow beneath the belt, and though you have at all times preached honesty, yet you have not scrupled to set an example of

gross international dishonesty. We should always judge men by what they do and not by what they say. Deeds count, words are mere froth. To what purpose have you, Theodore Roosevelt, been constantly preaching political and national morality on all and every occasion, when you yourself have been the head and front of a rascally scheme of a gigantic international steal? Surely you have stultified yourself; the next time you talk of honesty to a crowd somebody will surely ask you, What about that canal steal of yours? Then, indeed, will come a collapse of the political moralist and moral reformer. You will find that people living in glass houses cannot afford to throw stones. In the meanwhile the nation will have to carry its load of disgrace to the third and fourth generation: Those Senators, public men and newspaper editors who supported Mr. Roosevelt, President of the United States, in his "role" of international highwayman, are not one whit less guilty than he; they could easily have prevented the consummation of the villains; they are all aiders and abettors and accessories before and after the fact, and will, with Theodore Roosevelt, inherit the odium of posterity. They have all debased our national life and lowered our national standard of morality. They have perverted and corrupted those high ideals which we have always loudly professed and insisted that we have and hold. It is hardly conceivable that any man of sensibility and imagination can view otherwise than with disgust and abhorrence the low and underhand dealing of the United States government in her dealings with the government of Colombia anent the Panama steal. Theodore Roosevelt, you have, by these transactions of yours relative to the Isthmus of Panama, and the acquisition of that coveted canal strip, you have placed this government of ours on an eminence of baseness, and have set a vicious example. You have covered our public and good faith with suspicion and odium. You have smeared the flag of the country with dishonor, you have cast upon the country a taint of infamy which it will have to carry down to the farthest ends of time. You have caused us Theodore Roosevelt to have deliberately outraged a sister republic; there is now nothing left for us to do but to gird our loins and hasten towards incestuous sheets, and thus it will remain anathema, marathema. Theodore Roosevelt, give us back our honor?

JUSTICE.

A VISIT TO CARLYLE.

Most literary articles in these days are written to boom some author or the reverse of that, and, incidentally, for cash. This slight paper is written—as the boys say when going a-sledding—just for fun—the boom and the honorarium following as the monkey follows the organ-grinder—simply as financial attachment.

The other day it was Mark Twain, and lots of it everywhere; that the humorist had paid his debts—as if that was a heroism in these times, and had gone to Europe for a rest, quite exhausted with his amusing and herculean efforts. Almost immediately thereafter the esoteric papers that had puffed the statuesque and immortal hayseed, had flaming advertisements of St. Mark's publishers announcing a new edition of his works, authorized, of course,—that is the monkey business of the show, and now we hear of his new commentary on Adam's residence in Eden.

Catholics are "catching on" to the art. Day before yesterday it was Egan—the same story, as yet untold. Yesterday it was Bishop McFall—ecclesiastical patron of the United Catholic Societies, and their pressing need of an "organ" to proclaim and defend their Catholic dictum;—and the monkey tagging along in due time. This morning it is the Rev. Father Judge, S. J. and his organ under a so-called new but thrice borrowed name, and a new, imported, anthropoid, orthodox, four-footed gentleman to take up the collection, and it all seems to amuse our "advanced people" of the twentieth century. Hence we are here with a few reminiscences of Carlyle—at once the greatest and most amusing figure in modern literature. For the past twelve months English and American weeklies and monthlies have published many articles on Carlyle. In fact, there has been a genuine Carlyle "renascence"—to what purpose we all shall see.

In the year 1872 I went abroad, hoping to repair an impaired state of health, having, however, two serious objects in view—*first*, to see and study at first hand the famous and beautiful Turner paintings in the British National Gallery, and, if possible, to see and have a chat with Carlyle. I had already visited, via the introduction of a friend, Carlyle's only American friend, Emerson, at his home in Concord, Mass., and had told him of my hopes and

intentions touching an interview with the prophet of Chelsea, England. Emerson dissuaded me, as had my old friend, Dr. William H. Furness, of Philadelphia, each saying in his own way practically the same thing—"Don't. He will only bluff you. You are sensitive, etc. You have seen the best of him in his works. He is an old man, and, spite of his years, a very busy man, etc., etc.," but I was no infant in 1872; had been ten years in the Protestant ministry and thought, of course, that I knew Carlyle better than Emerson or Furness—and Mr. Emerson, seeing my purpose, said: "When I was abroad once and again, and desired to see any prominent man that my own studies gave me in some sense, a right to see, it was my habit, besides presenting my card, to address the person a brief note stating my desire, and I was usually successful." That was a hint, and it was all sufficient.

The time came, and I went abroad, and went from my resting place in Southern England up to London, with the objects mentioned fixed in my mind. In due time I took the 'bus for Chelsea, and in the afternoon of the day found myself at what I supposed to be the Carlyle number in Cheyne Row. I knocked or rang the bell, I forget which—it is all so long ago—and soon learned that Carlyle did not live there; learned also that eleven persons had been there that very day on the same errand as myself, and the servant politely added the information that there was a small street in the neighborhood called Great Cheyne Row, and that perhaps the gentleman I sought lived there. He did, and in a few moments I was at the same number in Great Cheyne Row. I knocked or rang here also; a girl came to the door. I inquired, "Does Thomas Carlyle live here?" She replied: "Mr. Carlyle lives here." I smiled at my first rebuke and handed her my brief note, asking her if she would please hand it to Mr. Carlyle. She did so, and this is something of what followed:

I stood at the open front door, only a moment, waiting a reply. In my note I had simply stated my name and vocation, adding that I was in London for a few days, and would like very much to see him, if he were so inclined. He had read my brief note and had interpreted my expression that I would like to see him, etc., as if he understood me as meaning that I, being a lion hunter, wanted to gaze upon him and go, or at all events, that his inclination of the moment, was so to understand it.

The house was a modest three-story brick, such as could be

rented in Philadelphia for twenty-five dollars a month; a modest hallway extending to the foot of the stairs where, on the left, a doorway opened into what would be a back parlor or dining room. Out of this doorway there came and stood in the narrow hall the stately figure of Thomas Carlyle; assuming, as seems to me, an unusual, unnecessary and unnatural dignity, and looking toward the doorway where I stood waiting, only about ten feet from me, the great man, wrapped in his famous long, black wrapper—looking something like the cassock of a priest—said to me somewhat sternly: “You want to see me, do ye; here I am, if that’s all ye want.” He did not move, but I, who revered him and saw in a flash the blunder of soul that he had made, stepped directly in front of him, ready to weep for him, not for myself. I saw that he had utterly misunderstood my motive and my being—as unfortunately some would-be great men, persist in doing to this day. The two motives of self-respect, and pity for him, were uppermost in me, and I said very quietly, but with an intensity that he seemed to understand in a second: “I have read your works these many years, and I have revered their author. I am not seeking to gaze upon any man; but being in England felt that I would love to see the author and speak with him a moment, that is, if perfectly agreeable to yourself, sir.”

The attitude, the manner, the voice of the prophet, all changed instantly, as a sunburst out of a cloudy day, and quiet as moonlight on the water, or the true voice of a noble and brother man, he extended both hands to mine, and said, with infinite politeness, “Will you walk in and be seated, sir.”

We walked into the front room, he leading the way a little, and we were seated, face to face, and immediately he said, “And where are you from, and what are ye doing?” I told him where I was from last, and what I had been doing for several years, naming a southern city where I had been a minister, and his first remark was, “And the Yankees treated ye pretty badly down there during the war, I suppose.” I told him that I was a Yankee of the worst kind myself, and abolitionist and a free thinker generally, almost as bad as a famous American then preaching in London, whom he knew, I presumed. He said, “I hope not, I hope not.” Then I succeeded in leading him to talk, and was myself glad to be silent and listen; and being provoked to it, he talked for about three-quarters of an hour, I only saying so much as would lead him on.

He talked of the prevailing falseness of modern life, of the incapacity of men in public office, of the pretensions of modern science, so called, saying that notwithstanding it all, "we could not get a clean drop of water to drink, even in London."

If he had lived in Philadelphia a generation later, with science, invention and money piled up to the skies, he would have found that in this city of soft drinks and republican statesmen, where we are spending seventy odd millions of dollars for water filtering and jobbery and paying taxes accordingly, we cannot, except now and then, after severe weather, get a supply of water clean enough to wash our faces with, or clean enough even to flush without choking them, the sewer or drainage pipes in our houses. So much for then and now. I again reverted to our blunder in the hallway, but he evaded the matter, and when, finally, I not only said that I must go, but arose to take my departure, he also arose, as if reluctantly, and said: "If you will be seated a moment I will put my coat on and walk a bit with you." That was apology enough. I waited and he went upstairs, coming down very shortly and together we strolled out of Great Cheyne Row on to Cheyne Walk, and strolled along by the Thames, perhaps a couple of miles, talking all the way, when he said, "And what do ye preach?" I told him as briefly as possible, when he remarked, shaking his old, gray head: "It is a serious business to teach religion and very serious to interfere with the fixed beliefs of mankind:"

"Very true," I said, "but I do not know of any man who has done that more seriously than yourself," still, I added gladly, "but never without giving to me at least a stronger religious conviction in return." "Ah, weel," he replied, and we halted at the corner of two streets by the Thames, shook each other by the hands, warmly, and parted, never to meet again.

Of course it would be easy for me to enlarge indefinitely on our conversation during this interview, but that would tire the general reader. I might draw you a pen picture of the physiognomy of the old man with his quietly serious and intense expression, his thick, shock-like, iron gray hair, his cropped gray beard, the mobile lips, open or shut, the strong, straight nose, and the deep set, dark blue, piercing eyes—all of which the so-called artist Whistler utterly missed in his famous portrait of Carlyle, about which the dilettante so-called art critics have been raving, in these late months; but his portraiture has become familiar to the literary

world. His wife, Jane Welsh Carlyle, about whom, and her relations with her famous husband, the late cheap historian Fronde, and his fellow miscreants, have said so many vilifying and questionable things, was dead when I visited Carlyle in 1872. He was already a very old man, and had broken his heart over what he, in his old age, thought might have been seeming neglect of her, on his part—or I might write you a critical estimate of each of his incomparable works, and enlarge upon the estimate other great men had entertained of those works, but as I have enlarged to some extent on these themes in my own magazine and in books of mine already published, it seemed best to me, to treat here of the interview alone, and its immediate suggestions.

I have known personally many of the famous men of the present and the preceding generation, both in the literary and clerical fields of labor, and I have some, to me at least, very amusing times to myself, in comparing the men of the past with the so-called men of the present, but after nearly fifty years of study of their faces and the work of their brains and hearts, I put Carlyle first; ablest, strongest, most upright, sincere and fascinating of all the men of the nineteenth century, not excepting Hugo or Goethe, Bobbie Burns or the great Leo XIII.

Carlyle was early bitten of the mad dog known as the "new thought," the new theology, "the higher criticism," now all dwindled to agnosticism, unbelief, and the godless, but confident flippancy of the late Robert Ingersoll; but from first to last the splendid insight of his Scotch nature and training, the profound sincerity of nature, derived from the same racial source and instincts; the natural religiousness of his birth, and his deepest conviction, always kept him fast to the divine center of the universe, the God of almighty truth and justice in whom we all live, and move, and have our being; and though there are many skeptical utterances in his words, there is absolutely no unbelief, no irreverence for anything that the inmost soul of any saint has ever revered.

Carlyle saw in the heart of our Catholic faith—as Goethe had seen before him,—the deepest of all worships, the divine worship of sorrow, though he often spelled our creeds in Scotch fashion, and was hardly a practical Catholic of the orthodox traditional kind. But when God gathers up his jewels we shall look sharply and expect to find among them the great and masterful thinker, the reverent and silently worshipful face of the world's great friend, Thomas Carlyle.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST STATE.

Plutarch well remarks—"that state of life is most happy where superfluities are not required and necessaries are not wanted." Conceding this statement to be true, it still remains to be ascertained, what desires are necessary and what superfluous to man's happiness, which states of life include these necessary desires, from which they are excluded, and in which states superfluities are included? To carefully investigate these points will constitute the chief objects of this paper.

A preliminary question, important for us to ask here, is, what is a state of life? This question is all the more necessary to be determined, as we shall discover, in the conclusion of this paper, that the phrase has several significations. Plutarch, we shall see, employs the phrase in its broadest acceptation. It has, however, a meaning much narrower, which is necessary to be understood before we can hope to fully comprehend the phrase in the broad light in which Plutarch employs it. Defined, then, in its limited sense, a state of life is one of those classes or circles, into which society in all parts of the inhabited globe, divides itself by well-chalked boundary lines. Some of these states of life exclude others from their precinct entirely; as, for instance, the state of riches debars the state of poverty. Others, again, overlap one another; as, the state of riches and of public life, in which two states it may be easily conceived that a man can live at one and the same time. Of these limited states of life into which society is divided, the principal are the following: The idle state; the state of riches; the state of rank and title; the state of poverty; the state of private life; the fashionable state; the public state; the state of slavery; the contented or settled state; the state of being comfortably off; the overworked state; the virtuous or Godly state; the state of solitude; the pleasure-seeking state; the industrious state; the state of confinement; the unmarried state; the state of liberty; the marriage state; the vicious or ungodly state; and the social state.

From these twenty-one states of life we shall now endeavor to point out those which include happiness, as well as those from which this blissful state is excluded. First, then, from which of these states is happiness excluded? To answer this question prop-

erly we must apply the rule of Plutarch, and in whichever state we discover some necessary wanting or some superfluity to exist, there shall we know that happiness is absent.

Happiness, it is most evident, is excluded from the idle state of life; since that occupation of mind and body, so necessary to man's welfare, is here lacking. A sufficient amount of mental and physical exercise is as great a necessity to the well-being of man as is proper food and drink. Indeed, hunger and thirst could be productive of no worse wretchedness for man than idleness. For the idle man finds a prolonged hell on earth in ungratified desires and the just contempt of a busy world. Happiness, on the other hand, if not found in the state of idleness, is neither found in the state of overwork,—the opposite extreme, and to which Americans, in particular, are too prone to indulge. For, if in the state of idleness *occupation* be lacking, in the state of overwork *rest* of mind and body, also necessary to man's well-being, is lacking. And such a lack of rest is productive, always, of two things; a broken-down, nervous system and a diseased physical organization.

Neither is happiness to be found in the states of riches or poverty. Solomon aptly remarks: "Give me neither poverty nor riches lest I be full and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? Or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." (Prov. 30: vii., ix.) That happiness is excluded from the state of poverty is a fact that few persons will deny. The poor admit it and are ever deploring their lot, while the rich look down upon it as on some loathsome disease. Their reasons, for thus viewing poverty, are not far to be sought, since in such a state many of the necessaries of life, as, proper food, clothing, shelter, etc. (all of which things conduce greatly to the comfort and happiness of man), are lacking. That happiness is not to be found in riches, is, however, a fact not so obvious or so easy of conviction. The poor, blinded by poverty, will scarcely believe it, while the rich, blinded by glitter, seldom discover the fact till too late to retrieve. Solomon, we have just read, tells us that riches are productive of ungodliness. Christ says: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God," a remark that might induce the poor to be contented with their lot. James, in his fifth Epistle, gives no flattering opinion of the happiness supposed to be derivable from riches. He says: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your

misery that shall come upon you. Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter." These extracts reflect the consensus of opinion of all wise men. Indeed, on no other point are the sages more generally agreed than that happiness is excluded from riches. The reason is easily discoverable on applying the rule of Plutarch; for in the state of riches are found all those superfluities which he tells us are not included in a happy life. Every passion and desire of the rich is open to gratification without restraint; and, as man is weak and prone to fall, the rich, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are precipitated headlong into a bottomless gulf of excesses out of which it is next to impossible to arise. Of course, there are exceptions to this, but they are rare and only to be found in the greatest characters. Among the mass of mankind temperance exists alone by a force of circumstances. But the deceitfulness of riches is wisely summed up by La Bruiere in the following extract: "Let us not envy," says he, "some men their accumulated Riches; their burden would be too heavy for us; we could not sacrifice, as they do, Health, Quiet, Honor and Conscience, to obtain them: It is to pay so dear for them that the bargain is a loss."

If happiness does not exist in the state of riches, it is certainly not to be found in the vicious or ungodly state. The purpose of this paper is not to preach, but simply to show what is inconsistent with real happiness. No man is perfect; and he who professes never to have sinned is a hypocrite. Those who have fallen, therefore, deserve our kindness rather than our censure. Christ said He came to save sinners, not those who are whole. The vicious, then, certainly deserve our attention. A man who leads a vicious life does so from the conviction that it is with him the happiest; for no rational creature (and the man may be such and still vicious) ever acts knowingly in a manner that he believes to be to his own injury, hence many, since they believe that virtue debars them from all sensual pleasures, prefer vice to virtue. But is this true? Were not the senses given man to enjoy legitimately? And is it not really the illegitimate use of them that is productive of vice? When, then, a man enjoys his senses legitimately does he not ever derive therefrom the greatest happiness? But when he abuses their legitimate use, as in leading a vicious life, is he not really hatching for himself unhappiness? Ask the dipsomaniac, the

gourmand, the rake, the libertine, the demi-Rep? Ask them, one and all, to compute, first, the duration of time of the pleasures enjoyed from their respective illegitimate ways of living? Then request them to compute and compare the duration of time of the misery, anxiety, cares, bodily pains, and remorse which has certainly followed the illegitimate indulgence of such deceptive pleasures? They will tell you, one and all, that for a few moments pleasure they have suffered a lifetime of pain, misery and remorse. Happiness they have not found; because they lack that tranquillity and peace of mind and body which is the foundation of a happy life. A life of viciousness is transitory, and never fails to leave its stings; a life of happiness is permanent, and reaches into a future state.

Happiness exists neither in that state of life wherein man's sole aim is pleasure-seeking. It is an undeviating law of mind and body to acquire, daily, a certain amount of solid employment. *Some* play there must be, of course; but *all* play has the same pernicious results upon happiness that the making of one's meals of cake and sweetmeats has upon the health. In the one case, a lack of solids is productive of bodily diseases; in the other, a weakening and disorder of the mental faculties. Happiness, then, is debarred from this state of life because when we apply Plutarch's rule, we ascertain that the mind lacks that solid occupation for which Nature designed it.

The states of rank and file, fashion, and public life are here lumped together, since they are all, to a greater or less degree, in the public eye. But in none is real happiness found. In public life that rest of body and peace of mind, so necessary to man's welfare, are both wanting. This is a fact too well known to require further exposition. Rank and title, thank God, exist no longer in the United States of America. The American people are well satisfied that the prefixing a Sir, a Count, a Lord, a Duke, or a Prince to their honest Christian names is in nowise necessary to their permanent happiness; nor, yet, a certain recommendation of brains and integrity. To some, indeed, the vanity in a name may be a very ticklish thing, but real happiness is beyond the emptiness of superfluous sound. Such things, in the United States, find a market only among rich heiresses, who, brought up to look down upon plain Americans, are the easy prey of any defunct princely spiders who have the tact to entice these flies into

their meshes. Whether the exchange of their wealth and person, for a high-sounding name, ever brings them real happiness, is a problem that can only be solved by the heiresses themselves.

The state of fashion, likewise, excludes happiness. For in this state all is external show and pleasure-seeking,—superfluities which Plutarch's rule exclude from real happiness. We have shown already why happiness is not found in mere pleasure seeking. It requires no subtle arguments to prove that it is not to be found in decorating the person in the latest hat, scarf, or clothes, while we are neglectful of the mind. Happiness, we shall discover, is a thing of permanency and solidity, not to be found in the butterfly state of gaudy colors. In short, happiness is no wise concerned as to whether Mrs. Jones dresses as richly as Mrs. Smith, whether her equipage is as stylish or her retinue as numerous, or, finally whether she occupies the front pew in a fashionable church to slumber heavily through the dull sermon of a fashionable preacher.

If happiness is not to be found in the public states of life, it is neither to be found in the opposite extremes of solitude, slavery and confinement. God made man a sociable as well as a free being. Placed, then, in the states of solitude, slavery, or confinement, he is deprived the gratification of those innate desires for society and freedom, which his nature craves. Like the caged lion, he frets and pines away for the freedom and associations of his nativity.

Thus we discover that happiness is excluded from twelve of of the twenty-one states of life enumerated. In the remaining nine states we shall see that some happiness is discoverable in each. To show this we must apply, as in the foregoing instances, the rule of Plutarch.

First, let us analyze the state of liberty. Here happiness is found, always; because it supplies a natural desire in every human breast; namely,—to be free. "Interwoven," says Washington, "is the love of liberty with every ligament of the heart." Liberty is derived from the Latin "libertas," and means Freedom. Freedom is divisible into five kinds; to wit, freedom of person, of speech, of action, of writing, and of conscience. That freedom of person and of action are necessary to man's happiness is a fact conceded by every true-born American. For such the fathers of American freedom fought and conquered; for such a handful of Cuban heroes, to-day, are sacrificing their life-blood against merciless tyrants, like Leonidas and his faithful band of Spartans of

yore. A man, however, may possess both freedom of person and action, yet not his freedom of speech and writing. This, to a greater or less extent, is the case in most Monarchies where the voice of the people is muzzled by the tyrannical hands of government. As to the happiness derivable from such freedom, Euripides has admirably hit the nail on the head in the following verses :

“This is true Liberty—where free-born men,
Having to advise the public, may speak out ;
Which he who can and will, deserves high praise ;
Who neither can nor will, may hold his peace :
What can be juster in the state than this ?”

Freedom of conscience is the highest refinement of liberty. It is that freedom which tolerates all *honest* and *law-abiding* men expressing their opinion according to their own convictions of right and wrong. Such men cannot be truly happy unless they are free to think and act in accordance with their own knowledge of the truth. These are the men who have brought the world from darkness to its present state of light. Have they not suffered for conscience's state every conceivable torture from the cruel and relentless persecution of ignorance, prejudice, bigotry, tyranny, and narrow-mindedness? Name the land where Truth, at some time or other, has not been cruelly persecuted in religion, science, art, politics and literature? Even to-day, in free-breathing America, freedom of conscience is not tolerated as it ever should be. It is true, thank God, that the just laws of the United States forbid any man offering bodily injury to another for his candid expressions of opinion. But may not a bigot or a fool injure another by his calumny? In a free land like ours the highest toleration is required. If one expresses contrary views to the *opinions*, not his *person* or *reputation* should be attacked. If a man's person or reputation be attacked for the expression of honest convictions, how do we Americans differ *at heart* from those tyrants abroad whom we all profess to hate. Any of us Americans would consider it a most flagrant infringement upon our rights not to be allowed to speak out our minds, yet many of us in religion, politics, art, society, and literature will not tolerate such free expressions of opinions in our neighbors. I repeat, how do many of us differ from tyrants? For surely, if, in a free land, *one* man has a right to speak out his mind, *all* have the same right equally. What true-born American would refuse his hand to the humblest

amongst us? Then why should he refuse to hear (much less injure) his neighbor when he expresses honest though contrary opinions?

We come next to the private state of life. In this state we discover that rest of body and peace of mind, so necessary to man's permanent happiness. Here is found that "blessed retirement" so beautifully depicted in that most perfect and beautiful poem, "The Deserted Village." It is opposed, particularly, to the turmoil and excitement of public life, to the emptiness of rank and title, and to the show and fast living of the fashionable state. Further, it is that state of life in which the states of life yet to be described may be brought with least opposition, to the zenith of perfection. Hume calls it the middle state of life. He says: "The middle station, as it is the most happy in many respects, so particularly in this—that a man placed in it can, with the greatest leisure, consider his own happiness and reap a new enjoyment from comparing his situation with that of persons above or below him."

The virtuous or godly state is the next in which we shall find something necessary to man's happiness. Happiness, by the ancient Stoic philosophers, was placed entirely in a virtuous life. This, however, is but a one-sided view of a happy life, and, strictly speaking, is far from the truth. For a man may lead a most virtuous life and be far from happiness. Of the truth of this, the lives of the Apostles afford the best known instances. But if virtue itself does not constitute earthly happiness, it is equally certain that no man, who does not lead a life of virtue can be permanently happy. It forms the only solid foundation upon which true happiness can be built, either in this world or the next, and the truth of this has ever been conceded by the wisest men in all ages. The reason is very simple; since it is only by virtue that a man can lead a life conformable to nature. But, it will be asked, in what does virtue consist? Many believe it necessitates a man spending his time at prayer meetings and sopping milk. No such thing; though prayer meetings and milk, if temperately indulged in, may often prove beneficial. Christ inveighs against the ostentatious show of much public praying. (Math. 6, vi.) A man may never have attended a prayer meeting or drunk milk in his life, and still, be more virtuous than many who have. But what, then, is virtue? The Stoics tell us that it consists, chiefly, in prudence, fortitude, temperance and justice. To these cardinal virtues may

be added a fifth,—patience. Without the exercise of these virtues it is plain, to every intelligent and reflecting mind, that no man can lead a life conformable to nature; by a due observance of them one may live more as nature intended he should, as he exercises them to a greater or less degree. Thus virtue supplies a natural want of man's nature.

It requires little exposition to prove what most people know, or always learn sooner or later in life, that industry is absolutely necessary to a happy life. Both mind and body crave that occupation without which everyone must be miserable. The industrious state is requisite to man's happiness, because, applying Plutarch's rule, it is found to fill a necessary desire of man's nature. This state, however, is not only opposed to idleness, but to the other extreme of overwork. It is the happy mean between these extremes, and is admirably described in the following admirable lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes:

“Run if you like, but try to keep your breath;
Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.”

Following close on the heels of the industrious state of life is a state of being comfortably off. This state is sometimes called the independent state, and is always the result of the state of industry. On the one hand, it is opposed to the state of poverty, on the other to the state of riches. It is not to be definitely defined in dollars and cents; as that amount which would be sufficient to satisfy one man's wants would be insufficient to satisfy another's. For instance, a Chinese laborer can live cheaper in the United States than an American laborer, because his wants are less. Generally speaking, then, the comfortable state is that wherein there is sufficient means to provide, properly, for man's necessary bodily wants; as, food, drink, clothing, shelter, fire, etc., and many of his intellectual wants; as, education, lamps, books, writing materials, etc. It always stops short of superfluities; that is, riches. Everyone can ascertain its boundaries by considering what things are absolutely necessary to his comfort and what things are possible for him to live without. The line once determined must be strictly adhered to by all who desire to lead a happy life.

We have shown elsewhere that men, in general, cannot live happily in a state of solitude. Exceptions are found to this, but exceptions never prove the rule. Man, pre-eminently, was de-

signed for a sociable being. In his breast is a burning desire to mix with his fellow men, hence, the world over men are found living together in communities, more or less refined. This living together, with the many relationships arising therefrom, we call the social state. It conduces to man's happiness, as it supplies a natural, and therefore a necessary desire in his breast.

The married state of life is always found within the social state. Notwithstanding, both are distinct states of life, since many who live in the social state are not married. Hence the social state includes two states of life, namely, the married state and the unmarried state. For both of these states of life there are advocates each claiming his own state to be the happiest. Everyone has heard of "matrimonial bliss" and everyone has heard of "single-blessedness." Certain it is that each has its advantages suited to the temper, disposition and circumstances of the individual. As many, however, often find it difficult to determine whether they should remain single or enter into the state of matrimony, we shall transcribe for their benefit, from "Burton's Anatomy of Love Melancholy," the following most interesting pros and cons, both in favor of "single-blessedness" and of "matrimonial bliss":

"Single blessedness" is advocated by the following twelve reasons. They point out the advantages of a single life and the disadvantages of a married one.

"1. Hast thou means? Thou has one to spend it.

"2. Hast none? Thy beggary is increased.

"3. Art in prosperity? Thy happiness is ended.

"4. Art in adversity? Like Job's wife she'll aggravate thy misery; vex thy soul; make thy burden intolerable.

"5. Art at home? She'll scold thee out of doors.

"6. Art abroad? If thou be wise, keep thee so; she'll perhaps graft horns in thine absence; scowl on thee coming home.

"7. Nothing gives more content than solitariness; no solitariness like this of a single life.

"8. The band of marriage is adamantine; no hope of loosening it; thou art undone.

"9. Thy number increases, thou shalt be devoured by thy wife's friends.

"10. Thou art made a cornuto by an unchaste wife; and shalt bring up other folks' children instead of thine own.

"11. Paul commends marriage, yet he prefers a single life.

"12. Is marriage honorable? What an immortal crown belongs to Virginitv!"

The following reasons show the advantages of matrimony and the disadvantages of a single life:

"1. Hast thou means? Thou hast one to keep and increase it.

"2. Hast none? Thou hast one to help get it.

"3. Art in prosperity? Thine happiness is doubled.

"4. Art in adversity? She'll comfort, assist, bear a part of thy burden, to make it more tolerable.

"5. Art at home? She'll drive away melancholy.

"6. Art abroad? She looks after thee going from home, wishes for thee in thine absence, and joyfully welcomes thy return.

"7. There's nothing delightsome without society; no society so sweet as matrimony.

"8. The band of conjugal love is adamantine.

"9. The sweet company of kinsmen increaseth; the number of parents is doubled, of sisters, of brothers, nephews.

"10. Thou art made a father by the fair and happy issues.

"11. Moses curseth the barrenness of matrimony, how much more a single life?

"12. If Nature escape not punishment, surely thy *will* shall not avoid it."

Lastly, we come to the contented state of life. Here one finds that peace and serenity of mind which is as necessary to man's happiness as proper food and shelter. But while it is self-evident to every reflecting person that contentment brings happiness, it is one thing to state that a person *should be* contented and quite another to show him the *practicability* of becoming so. But as space would not permit us here to enter into the Remedies against discontentment, the best we can do is to refer the reader to that chapter of "Burton's Anatomy," which treats the subject fully.

From what has now been advanced, we are able to deduce several important conclusions. First, it is evident that happiness is not found in a single state of life, but in many states, just as the pleasures of the imagination are not traceable to one source only, but from many sources. Happiness has been placed by some philosophers in virtue alone, others have discovered it only in contentment, while others again have limited its sphere to bodily

pleasures. All these views are narrow and one-sided. For they overlook the fact that man is a composite of a three-fold nature; to wit, of a body, a mind (i. e., intellect), and a soul; and that the desires springing from his several natures must be equally gratified before the greatest earthly happiness is possible. Plutarch, then, has correctly defined a happy life, since he has provided for the gratification of *all* the necessary desires of man's three-fold nature, while he excludes only that which is superfluous. But it is very plain that he did not intend to place happiness in a single state of life, (as we have here defined such states); because we find that the necessary desires of man's several natures are discoverable only in exactly eight states. These states we have already shown to be the state of liberty, the private state, the virtuous state, the industrial state, the state of being comfortably off, the social state, the married or single state, and the contented state. The very nature of these states excludes every superfluity, whilst, as just remarked, they include the gratification of every desire necessary to man's happiness. Liberty, peace of mind and body, virtue, industry, a competency, society, a wife, contentment,—what more needs a man to be happy? Further, in these eight states of life a man may live at one and the same time in perfect agreement; and thus we discover in the combination of these eight states that one grand, harmonious state of which Plutarch told us all may live happiest. Here man finds everything that God and nature intended he should possess on earth to make him truly happy.

Secondly, these eight states of life are within the reach of all. No one so poor or humble but that he may not attain them; no one so rich or high but that he may not find it advantageous to descend from the vanity and emptiness to which riches have raised him. Here the rich as well as the poor, the high as well as the low, the good as well as the bad can alone meet on equal footings to attain what all are striving after—real, unalloyed happiness.

Lastly, in no other land are these states of life brought to such a high degree of perfection or attained more easily than in the United States of America. Here the incomparable states of liberty, privacy, virtue, industry, independence, society, matrimony and contentment are held out alike to all who will devote the necessary time and labor to secure them. None is restrained:

the way lies clear and open to all. Hence America may not only be called the land of the free, but, with equal justness, the land of the happy. And, if a man cannot find happiness in the United States of America, where, on earth, can he? Let him take advice in one word,—*reflect*.

R. L. SCHMITT.

New York.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL MOVEMENTS IN ROME.

In the first instalment of the great work, the *Storia degli Scavi di Roma*," in which Professor Lanciani has undertaken to record the results of his labors and researches for a quarter of a century, we are told that we must go back more than a thousand years to find the beginnings of that process of discovery among the ruined buildings of ancient Rome which has gone on, almost without interruption, to our own days. It is true that in all but a fraction of this time the ancient sites were excavated simply for the sake of materials; the object was spoliation, the result destruction. It is not till the fifteenth century and the revival of classical studies, that we find architects and antiquaries taking note of what was being unearthed and destroyed, without a protest, before their eyes: it is only in the nineteenth century that we come to excavations undertaken with a scientific object. Yet what a picture does this long history present to us of the inexhaustible fecundity in antiquities of the soil of Rome, and how surprising the fact that, after all, there was reserved for our own day and for the last few years series of discoveries perhaps more important than any that had gone before!

The history of the systematic investigation of ancient Rome in modern times falls into three periods. In the first and longest, which may be said, roughly, to have extended from the Napoleonic epoch to the fall of the Temporal Power, though not so fruitful in discoveries as more recent periods, were laid the foundations of our present knowledge of the topography and contents of ancient Rome. It was marked by the creation of the German

Archæological Institute in 1829; by the publications of Fea, Canina, Nibby, Becker, and Burn; above all by the encyclopædic "Beschreibung der Stadt Rom" of Bunsen and his colleagues. With the incorporation of Rome in the kingdom of Italy as its capital began an era of discovery. Even under the Papal *régime* a beginning had been made with the excavation of the Palatine and the Forum. But between 1871 and 1885 immense additions were made to our knowledge of ancient Rome, partly as the result of systematic exploration of the Forum, Palatine, and other important sites, partly owing to the reconstruction within the city and its extension over districts where the soil had not been moved for centuries. With this period the name of Lanciani must always remain associated, and its great monument is the archæological map of Rome produced under his direction for the Academy of the Lincei. Without pausing to mention the names of many other competent workers in the same field, we may say that the new movement in Roman archæology produced by these discoveries was worthily represented in English by Mr. F. M. Nichols and the late Professor Middleton. Nor must we omit the colossal work for Christian epigraphy, and the history of the Catacombs, achieved by De Rossi, whose publications, begun in the last decade of the Papal *régime*, were continued all through the period we have just been describing.

When the subject of ancient Rome was last dealt with in the pages of this journal,¹ the hope was expressed that we were at the beginning of a new period of excavation. That hope has been more than fulfilled, and the last four years have seen a progress in the methods and results of discovery which has surpassed all previous attainment. The watchword of this new effort was "Thorough." Beginning with the Forum, the ground, so far as possible, was to be explored down to the virgin soil, and every secret which it contained was to be laid bare. In this way not only have extensive and important buildings of the Imperial age been brought to light; we have got, almost for the first time, below what may be called the superficial ruins, to the Rome which was obliterated by the reconstructions of Augustus and his successors, the Rome of the middle and early Republic, and below that again in places to the Rome of the Kings. The interest aroused by these discoveries has been deep and widespread. Of their effect on scholars it is unnecessary to dilate, but it is significant that they

have been eagerly chronicled by the daily press, though sometimes not without a touch of the marvellous and the romantic which subsequent knowledge has scarcely justified. The indirect results have not been less striking. The Italian national consciousness has been powerfully stimulated by this appeal to the great days of its past—a welcome relief and counterpoise in a country saturated with ecclesiastical traditions. And the discoveries in the Forum have indirectly affected all the antiquities of Rome. The results may be seen in the measures taken for the preservation or restoration of the buildings, or fragments of buildings, which have always remained above ground, in the activity displayed in the arrangement and improvement of the Museums, in the renewed energy and friendly rivalry of the Christian archæologists and their work in the Catacombs and churches. The credit of initiating this great movement belongs in the first instance to the Minister of Public Instruction in 1898, Guido Bacelli. The names of the Commission appointed to supervise the work—Gatti, Lanciani, Sacconi, Huelsen—were a sufficient guarantee of the character of the enterprise; but it was scarcely possible for anyone to have imagined the importance of the results to be obtained when the actual direction of the excavations was placed in the hands of the Venetian architect Giacomo Boni, who added to his technical training a wide experience in the treatment of ancient monuments. Under his masterly organization, his keen insight, and unequalled devotion, the work of recovering the history of the Forum is being carried out with astonishing success. It need scarcely be added that the new movement, almost coincident with his accession, found a warm friend in the King of Italy, who to historical and archæological attainments of a remarkable order unites a reputation as a numismatist which is not the less considerable because he is also the energetic and devoted sovereign of a young and progressive nation.

Within the limits of an article like this, it would be impossible, even if it were desirable, to give a detailed account of these discoveries, and we must content ourselves with noticing some of the most important items in the mass of knowledge which the new excavations have placed at our disposal. The first thing to strike those who were accustomed to the appearance of the Forum before 1898 is the increase of the excavated area. It will be remembered that up to a few years ago that area was bounded

on the north and south by public roads. These roads have been abolished or curtailed, and it was in the space thus gained that some of the most precious discoveries have been made. On the northern side the façades of two ancient buildings, the Senate House (S. Adriano), and the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina (S. Lorenzo in Miranda), have always marked the limits of the Forum in that direction, and, by the removal of the accumulated earth, they once more rise up clear from the ancient level. But between them the buried site of the Basilica Æmilia had become covered with modern houses, and these it was necessary to acquire—a heavy addition to the cost of the excavations, already considerable for a country like Italy, with many claims on its revenue, and comparatively small resources. We may be glad to think it was the generosity of an Englishman, Mr. Lionel Phillips, which came to the rescue and presented the site to the Italian authorities. On the southern side of the Forum a difficulty of another kind confronted the explorers. Partly from inference, partly from the evidence of older excavations, it was probable that the site occupied by the church of S. Maria Liberatrice and its surroundings concealed remains of great importance. The church was not parochial, and its date could not be carried back beyond the sixteenth century. Still it was a church, and the susceptibilities of the ecclesiastical authorities had to be considered. Fortunately these were overcome without great difficulty, and it is satisfactory to reflect that not only did the subsequent discoveries equal and even surpass every expectation, but that nothing has come to light which would give to the vanished church a greater archæological interest or a longer ecclesiastical pedigree than had been supposed.

When we turn to glance at the results which have been obtained from these changes we may begin by observing that perhaps the most striking general idea gained from the excavations is the conception of the original orientation of the Forum. The Forum, as we know it, is an area of irregular shape, but it is none the less evident that an attempt has been made to give it an air of symmetry and uniformity. At the western end the Tabularium with the temples and the Rostra below it, confronted the temple of Julius Cæsar, at the opposite extremity; just as on the south the Basilica Julia, precisely aligned with the temple of Castor, formed a pendant to the Basilica Æmilia and the Curia

on the north. This regulation of the Forum was the work of the age of Augustus though there can be little doubt that its lines were determined by the Tabularium erected some thirty years before the death of Julius Cæsar. To achieve it, ideas of architectural symmetry carried the day, especially in the case of the Curia and the Rostra, over the old augural rules for the orientation of temples, to which category those buildings technically belonged. The evidence for their old orientation, approximately due north and south, and therefore at an oblique angle to the lines of the Imperial Forum, the significance of which had already been perceived by Huelson, has been notably increased by the present excavations. It may be seen in the pavement of various republican periods unearthed in and near the Comitium, the enclosed space in front of the Senate House; and a similar tale is told by part of the archaic structures covered by the Black Stone, to which we shall refer presently. We must, in fact, conceive a time when the speakers on the Rostra with the Senate House behind them, faced the northern angle of the Palatine Hill, and not, as in later times, the temple of Cæsar. There is no reason to suppose that the line of the northern side of the Forum has been substantially altered, and of the original arrangements on the south we have at present no evidence. But if we are to follow out the lines of the Regia, of the original House of Vestals, and of the newly discovered shrine of Juturna, which, perhaps from its small size, has escaped the shifting necessary in the case of larger buildings, we might suppose that the eastern end of the Forum corresponded to the angle of the old Curia and Comitium, and that the temple of Castor was orientated in a similar manner.

One other observation of a general character is suggested by these excavations. We have already alluded to the wholesale spoliation of the ruins which took place, especially, in the great building epoch of the Cinquecento. Professor Lanciani, who has made the subject his own, had already warned us what we must expect. But to realize the way in which the great remains of classical times were plundered to build the palaces and churches—and how insatiable in the way of materials the colossal fabric of St. Peter's must have been!—one must see the buildings which have been uncovered reduced to mere foundations, the cavities from which the vast blocks of travertine have been extracted, the

marble of pavement and wall and column only left because it was too shattered to be worth removal. The state in which the Basilica Æmilia was discovered gives us little hope of finding more than the leavings when the removal of the Villa Mills once more reveals the site of the temple of Apollo on the Palatine. There is one consolation in face of these irreparable depredations: they were generally confined to the buildings of the Imperial epoch of which the remains are abundant and our knowledge considerable. They seldom interfered with the older strata; and it is just among the remains of primitive and prehistoric Rome, where our knowledge was most deficient, that we can reckon some of the greatest gains from the new discoveries.

Among these primitive remains, to which we may now turn our attention, first in order of time, and perhaps of historical importance, comes the prehistoric cemetery brought to light at the eastern end of the façade of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina. Whatever its precise date, it must belong to a time when what we know as the Forum and the Via Sacra were outside the walls of the town which the occupants of the graves had once inhabited, presumably that city of the Palatine Hill the walls of which have in part survived to this day, identified with the foundation of Romulus. How much of the cemetery was destroyed by the surrounding temples and other buildings we shall never know: it is by a mere accident that so much has survived; but there is enough to show that most of the methods of burial known to primitive Latium were practiced here, in other words that the interments cover a considerable time, and exhibit a regular course of development. The oldest are undoubtedly those in which the body was consigned to an urn. These receptacles were either the well-known hut-urns—a fact which directly connects the Roman cemetery with the primitive Latin civilization of the Alban Hills, or later modifications of these in which only the characteristic roof survives serving as the lid of a jar, finally becoming pots of the ordinary forms, generally enclosed with other remains in a larger *dolium*. At a later period, and, perhaps, as has been suggested, as a result of contact with the Etruscans beyond the Tiber, inhumation was practiced, and here again the rude tufa tombs may be brought into connection with the epoch of the early necropolis on the Esquiline. Among the objects discovered is a vase in the so-

called "Proto-Corinthian" style which would indicate that the cemetery was still in use as late as about 700 B. C.

To a far later stage in the growth of the city belong the archaic structures and inscription covered by the Black Stone. They must come from the time when the Forum was the centre of Roman life, and not, apparently, from the earliest period in which that condition of things was established. Experiments made in the Comitium—and these remains are included in its area—have shown the existence of no fewer than twenty-three different strata, each containing characteristic remains, between the latest pavement and the virgin soil; and the level on which these structures are placed is not lower than about a third down these strata. These remains were described in this journal in 1900, but they have aroused so much interest that we may be forgiven for returning to the subject in order to sum up what is known and said about them. It may be convenient to remind the reader that early in 1899, when the area in front of the Curia (S. Adriano), i. e. the ancient Comitium, was cleared, one of the first things that came to light was a small space paved with black marble and protected on at least three sides by a parapet. There was little hesitation in identifying this with the "Black Stone" which, according to the Roman antiquaries of the Augustan and later ages, marked the grave of Romulus in the Comitium. It was clear that in its existing form it was of late date, for it was at the level of the most recent ancient pavement in its neighborhood, probably not older than the fourth century A. D. In order to ascertain what grounds there were for the learned or popular opinion that the Black Stone covered the tomb of the founder of the city, the ground below was carefully explored, and here, at the depth of a few feet, the remains in question were discovered and permanently exposed to view, the Black Stone itself being artificially supported above them. To the left of a spectator standing with his back to the Curia was a small oblong space lined with tufa, and flanked by two moulded bases, the whole presenting the appearance of the foundations of a *sacellum* or shrine built against a platform of tufa blocks behind it. To the right stand isolated a conical pillar and an inscribed *cippus* or obelisk, both truncated by some act of destruction. They stood beside another platform of masonry which rises beyond them, apparently approached by steps. The whole series had been

buried in an artificial stratum of débris which contained the remains of sacrifices, votive objects, fragments of bronze and of early pottery, some of it Greek, and small pieces of marble both of the white and colored varieties. According to the most trustworthy accounts the various objects range in date from the seventh to the first century before Christ, and they were found intermingled and not in strata corresponding to their age. In other words the whole mass was probably brought from elsewhere to be used in this manner when, in some re-arrangement of the Forum, the archaic structures were finally concealed from view.

There can be little doubt that the shrine now discovered is what the Romans understood by the tomb of Romulus. Whether Varro and his contemporaries had actually seen the objects may be doubtful, but the memory of them was sufficiently fresh to preserve such a detail as that the grave was marked by two lions "like those which may be seen on tombs," alluding no doubt to remains of Etruscan art. It would certainly have been more satisfactory to have discovered some fragments of the lions, and it must be remembered that another of the Augustan antiquaries, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, speaks of only one lion; still, we may regard it as not improbable that two lions reposed on the moulded bases which form the sides of the shrine. When we come to ask, was this a "Heroon" erected under the influence of Greek ideas for the worship of the traditional founder of the city, or was its connection with him a piece of folklore having its origin perhaps in a misunderstanding of some word of the archaic inscription hard by, already an unknown tongue for all but philologists?—and it is suggestive that, as we learn from one of our authorities, there were rival traditions which substituted Faustulus or Hostus Hostilius for Romulus—in face of questions like these we are reduced to mere conjecture, and may therefore hesitate to be more precise.

Not less uncertainty confronts us when we turn to examine the other group of objects, the inscribed pillar, the column or cone, and the platform approached by steps. They do not appear to have any direct connection with the shrine. While the Black Stone itself is orientated on the lines of the Senate House and Comitium of later times, the structures which it covers agree generally, as might be expected, with what we have described

above as the old orientation of the Forum. But while they both follow this general direction, the two groups are not set on exactly the same lines; and it is noticeable that the platform with which the inscribed pillar is apparently structurally connected lies almost precisely north and south. This suggests a possible explanation. One thing that our ancient authorities tell us about the tomb of Romulus is that it was by the Rostra. Now the Rostra was a *templum*, orientated to the four points of the compass, as we should say; and it does not appear an excessive piece of credulity to identify it with the remains of the platform approached by steps, of which we have spoken. If it be so, we need hardly pause to observe that, of all the monuments of Republican Rome, the Rostra was perhaps the most interesting from its associations.

There remains the inscription on the pillar, and its interpretation. The letters are almost as fresh as the day they were cut, and they belong to the Greek alphabet of the Chalcidian colonies in Italy, which was the source of Roman as of Etruscan writing. Nor do the words, when they are complete, present excessive difficulties of interpretation: the Latin may be archaic, but it is recognizable. But the lines run, as the Greek would say, *boustrophedon*, i. e., from right to left, and then back again from left to right; and as at least one-half, possibly two-thirds or more, of the pillar has been destroyed, the result is that only a word or two at the beginning or end of the lines has been preserved. Now if we were dealing with an inscription of classical times our knowledge of Roman epigraphic formulæ is such that it would be by no means impossible to restore the sense, if not every detail, of even so fragmentary a record as this. But here we have to do with one of the three oldest pieces of Latin writing in existence, and the material for comparison provided by the other two (we refer to the inscriptions on the vase of Duenos and the fibula from Palestrina) is insufficient to give us any help. Under these circumstances can we do more for the present than agree with Dr. Huelsen, who has as much right as any one to speak on such a subject, that restoration of the text is impossible, and that we must guess at the meaning as best we can from the few isolated words which are certain? Not far different is the conclusion of the greatest of living Italian philologists, Domenico Comparetti, though he would endeavor to be more precise and

complete in his interpretation. Leaving aside, then, various ingenious or fanciful attempts at reconstruction where reconstruction is impossible, we content ourselves with noting the points which are certain. The inscription appears to open with a general prohibition accompanied by a sanction. "Whoever does so and so, let him be accursed" (i. e., devoted, *sacer*). Then follows a statement in which the *rex* and the *kalator* are mentioned, but there is no context to show whether the sovereign of the regal period or the *rex sacrificulus*, the priest-king of the Republic is meant. In one of his last utterances the illustrious Mommsen inclined to the former alternative. On the other hand, we know that the priest-king, attended of course by his minister or *calator*, appeared on certain days in the Comitium to perform religious rites, notably on February 24, when the *regifugium* was commemorated. Taking into consideration the position of the *cippus* within the Comitium, turned perhaps so that its first words met the eye of one ascending the platform which is presumably the Rostra, if we were to hazard a conjecture, or rather to select the most reasonable among the various conjectures which have been made, we should say that it was not unlikely that the inscription contained directions for protecting the sanctity of the Comitium, or of the Rostra, with a special reference (perhaps in the nature of exception) to the visits of the *Rex Sacrorum*. With this, little as it may be, we must for the present be content.

One more question remains to be touched upon before we leave these monuments, and that is the date of their destruction, solemn burial, and final disappearance. That we have before us an example of the havoc wrought by the Gauls when Rome was at their mercy in 390 B. C. is a view which is picturesque and therefore popular, but there is much to be said against it. Especially when we consider the late date of part of the *débris* used for the burial, it seems more probable that the monuments, perhaps protected by a retaining wall as the levels were raised all round them, remained visible till they were damaged in one of the political upheavals which marked the last century of the Republic; and that, perhaps in the course of the great structural alterations in the Forum under Augustus, of which the most significant was the transference of the Rostra from its old religious site on the edge of the Comitium to a new position in which it dominated

the Forum, these relics of antiquity were not removed, but buried beneath the new pavement. Whether anything indicated their position we cannot tell. The Black Stone, as we have noticed, is at the level of the latest paving of the Forum area which belongs to ancient times, probably to the beginning of the fourth century A. D. It is possible that the black marble slabs are much older, and have simply been raised with every alteration of the Forum level. But it is an interesting and likely conjecture of Dr. Huelssen's that we have here another instance of the zeal shown by Maxentius, the champion of Paganism, in endeavoring to infuse new life into the ancient national cults, and particularly that of the Founder of Rome, whose name he conferred upon his own son. Hard by in the Comitium area a pedestal has been discovered which, as the inscription tells us, bore the figures of Mars and the twins his offspring, dedicated by Maxentius on April 21, the traditional anniversary of the foundation of the city. What more natural than that he should renew in visible form the Black Stone recorded by learned writers, and perhaps never entirely forgotten? It is easy to understand how, under such circumstances, when the objects had been long invisible, the Black Stone only approximately indicates their position, and is set on the lines of the Imperial Curia and Comitium, and not on those of the monuments themselves.

We cannot linger over the other finds in this quarter of the Forum—the so-called Rostra of Julius Cæsar, perhaps only the substructure of the road to the Capitol, or the primitive altar identified with more probability as the Volcanal. We will only remark in passing that there are hopes of clearing out S. Adriano to the level of its original pavement, so that we should be able to tread the floor of the last home of the Roman Senate. And the Basilica Æmilia need not detain us long. Since its remains were first described in this journal the excavation has been practically completed, but it adds little to our knowledge of the building. More interesting perhaps is the discovery beneath it of the lowest, and therefore presumably the oldest, of the great sewers which converged in and crossed the Forum on their way to the Tiber.

This then should be the Cloaca Maxima, and a street shrine above it in front of the Basilica perhaps marks the cult of Venus Cloacina. Among our disappointments we must reckon that at

present no trace of the temple of Janus has been discovered. On the other hand, in the centre of the Forum, we have recovered the base of the colossal statue of Domitian, so elaborately described in the opening poem of the "Silvæ" of Statius.

Comparable in interest to the discoveries in the Comitium is the group of monuments which have been revealed at the opposite angle of the Forum. Here not only have the temple of Castor, and the vast structure dedicated to the worship of Augustus and his successors, been completely cleared and isolated, but the removal of the church of S. Maria Liberatrice has for the first time laid bare everything between the Forum and the Palatine. This immense undertaking has given us in the Fountain of Juturna the most picturesque of all the discoveries, with its marble-lined basin still fed to some extent by the ancient springs, lying in the shadow of the three surviving columns of the temple of Castor, just in the position in which it is marked on a fragment of the ancient marble plan of Rome. Picture after picture is called up by the scene and its surroundings; the spring used by the dwellers in the Palatine City, and dedicated by them to the old Italian water-goddess, with a shrine hard by which still preserves, in a comparatively recent form, its primitive orientation; the legends which connect it with the battle of Lake Regillus and the early independence of the infant Republic, commemorated when the fountain was reconstructed on the lines of the Augustan Forum by a group of the divine twins standing by their horses in its midst, now become the centre of a group of shrines; and then the day when the old beliefs being dead, Christian iconoclasts hurled the images from the pedestals, and tumbled altars and horsemen alike into the basin. Not less enlightening for the history of Rome is the building which rises beyond. Here, wedged in between the cliff of the Palatine and the towering back wall of the temple of Augustus which rivals it in height, we find a great hall, and beyond it an atrium with rooms opening from it; the elements, in fact, of the plan of a Roman house, but on a grand scale. It has had a curious history. These structures date from the last decades of the first century A. D., but they doubtless replaced others of similar character, perhaps destroyed in the fire under Nero. In fact, below the floor of the entrance hall has been found a great tank, once lined with marble, perhaps the *impluvium* of some palatial residence. When we remember

the story that Caligula extended his palace as far as the Forum, and connected it with the temple of Castor, the idea suggests itself that this may be part of his plan. The means of communication between the Palatine and the heart of Rome were in fact inadequate. Apart from the narrow flight of steps coming down from the northern angle to the temple of Vesta, the only approach was by way of the Via Sacra and the Arch of Titus. To create a palace-entrance on the level of the Forum would be an obvious convenience, and the only point where this could be done is in the space behind the temple of Castor. This may well have been the intention when the buildings were reconstructed under Domitian. On the one side they communicated with the temple of the Imperial cult; on the other, by a covered ascent of easy gradients with the palaces on the hill above. An explanation of a different kind comes to us recommended by the learning and sagacity of Dr. Huelsen. But in this case he hardly persuades us to recognize in a building of this character the library attached, according to an ancient authority, to the temple of Augustus. It is as likely that the temple referred to was a different one, and on the Palatine. We must hope that the promised excavations on the site of the Villa Mills will restore to us at least the plan of the famous library connected with the temple of Apollo. At present our knowledge of Roman libraries is too slight to be of much avail in the case before us. We are on surer ground when we see in some part of this building, or perhaps in the portico which runs along its northern face, the repository of the diplomas of Roman citizenship granted to soldiers on their discharge. These documents, which are not uncommon, are certified copies of the originals "at Rome behind the temple of Augustus at (or by) the shrine of Minerva"—so the formula runs. If we could recognize the latter in the small temple-like structure immediately to the left of the entrance, converted in post-classical times into the Church of the Forty Martyrs, we might amuse ourselves with the fancy that we had found another of those curious cases of continuity between the Pagan and Christian associations of a building, and that the legend and pictured forms of the martyred legionaries of Sebaste were peculiarly appropriate to a spot which was perhaps, even in Christian times, full of memorials of the army.

However these things may be, in the days when the Emperors

no longer lived in Rome, and the pagan world was dying or dead, the great vestibule and atrium, which we have described, became a church—the earliest instance, no doubt, of such a conversion of an ancient building in the heart of the city: a fact which is emphasized by its name, S. Maria Antiqua—Old St. Mary's. The date of its foundation must remain uncertain; it is in the Byzantine age that it first comes to our notice, and it is as a Romano-Byzantine church, with its decorative scheme fairly preserved, that it appeals to our interest. It was a rare chance which has enabled us to see the wall-paintings and internal arrangements of a church of the eighth century. From their very continuity of use no buildings have suffered more than the Roman churches; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that we know far more of the contents and decorations of ancient temples than of the outward appearance and characteristic art of the churches in the early mediæval period. In the case of S. Maria Antiqua change was arrested by a catastrophe which buried the church out of sight before the middle of the ninth century. If its life was short, there was time for it to receive, in parts, three and even four new schemes of decoration—each in turn taking the place of that which is concealed. The most important of these restorations was that carried out in the early years of the eighth century by Pope John VII who had special ties connecting him with the church. But it is little short of a revelation to find, in what we are accustomed to regard as the darkest of the dark ages a Rome, such artistic activity in a church of the second or third rank. It would be impossible here to dwell upon these paintings, which are fully described and explained in the volume of papers of the British School at Rome which we have placed at the head of this article. It is rather for the history of art, and not as works of art, that they are valuable, belonging as they do to a time when our evidence is most scanty: In date, as in style, they are separated by centuries from the dawn of the Italian art which we know. They are rather echoes of the past than a presage of the future.

Not the least curious and suggestive thing about this church are the burials crowded within its walls. It was a strange sight when the removal of the floor of the entrance hall in 1901 revealed the interior of the *impluvium* which we described completely filled with brick graves. Other, and perhaps more distinguished,

persons reposed in sculptured marble sarcophagi pilfered from the villas or mausoleums of the Campagna. Others, again, lay in niches hollowed out of the walls like the *loculi* of the Catacombs. It is a far cry from the prehistoric cemetery of the Via Sacra to the Byzantine graves in S. Maria Antiqua; from the days when the Forum was not yet to the days when the death of the old world for the first time made burials possible within the city. But we shall do well to think of them together in spite of the thousand years and more which lie between, for so we shall realize the wonderful continuity of life in Rome, as well as the profound changes of thought, and custom, and belief, involving the very essence and character of a race, which it has survived.

At the beginning of this article we suggested that the enthusiasm and interest aroused by the discoveries in the Forum had stimulated other departments of antiquities in Rome. We must glance at these before concluding. First come the museums. The Roman collections of classical antiquities were unrivalled for the abundance and variety of the materials which they provided for the connoisseur and the student; yet, in the period with which we are dealing, their wealth has been largely increased. Not to speak of the treasures which the soil of Rome and Italy is constantly yielding up, the purchase by the State of the Ludovisi collection has enriched the National Museum in the Baths of Diocletian with many interesting specimens of ancient art and a few masterpieces. The Borghese marbles have been acquired in the same manner, though their importance is perhaps less than that of the pictures from the same collection, which are also now public property. The Municipal Museum in the Palace of the Conservatori on the Capitol has been reconstructed and rearranged so as to exhibit in their local connection the works of art which adorned the gardens of the Roman nobles on the Esquiline in the golden age of the Empire. Not less interesting is the partial reconstruction of the ancient marble plan of Rome, all recognizable fragments of which have been set in their relative position on a blank wall in the garden, so that we see them as they were intended to be seen. We need hardly add that the restoration is mainly due to Professor Lanciani, and we can only hope that the further search which we believe is to be made will largely increase the number of fragments, and enable him still further to make intelligible this unique and precious monument

of Imperial Rome. The Vatican Museum, the largest of all, has not the same means or motives for increase as the State collections, but here, too, the archæological movement of the time is leaving its mark in the shape of the first complete and scientific catalogue of the contents of the galleries, produced in a worthy form under the auspices of the Imperial German Archæological Institute. Nor is it only the growth and improvement of the existing museums which we have to chronicle; new ones are being created. The convent buildings attached to S. Francesca Romana and its charming cloister have been converted into a museum in which the minor objects found in the Forum, everything in fact which it is impossible to replace in its original position, will be exhibited in appropriate and convenient surroundings.

Nor must we omit to notice the important collection, mainly of Greek marbles, formed by Senator Barracco, and generously presented by him to the city. Peculiarly valuable as representing types of art in which the Roman galleries are not rich, it will be worthily housed in the building which is being erected for it in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. But there are not a few who will miss the genial personality of the founder which, for those who were privileged to enjoy it, made a visit to his treasures doubly attractive. It is as yet too soon to say what will be the destination of the sculptures of the Altar of Peace which are in course of being recovered from their buried site beneath the Palazzo Fiano on the Corso. But there can be but little doubt that they will be once more reunited to the fragments already in the State collections, and it is not perhaps too much to hope that, of the pieces in other hands, at least those which have never left Rome will go to join them. Then it will be possible to enjoy and study in its completeness a monument which was the masterpiece of Roman art in the Augustan age.

Christian antiquities occupy a large and increasing place in Roman archæology and here again activity, emanating generally from ecclesiastical sources, meets us on every hand. Parallel to the discovery of S. Maria Antiqua has been the scientific exploration and restoration of S. Saba on the Aventine, where the remains of the earlier church, destroyed in 1084, have been revealed, with wall-paintings of the same epoch as those in S. Maria, and in part, perhaps, by the same hands. The exploration

of the Catacombs is being vigorously pursued by the Commission which, under papal auspices, carries on the work of De Rossi, and important discoveries are rewarding Professor Marucchi and his colleagues. The completion of De Rossi's great work "Roma Sotteranea," suspended since his death in 1894, has been taken in hand, and a new volume is shortly to appear. Not less remarkable is the splendid supplementary volume dealing with the art of the Catacombs, compiled by Mgr. Wilpert, where, often for the first time, the paintings have been adequately and accurately reproduced, and the material thereby provided on which their correct interpretation may be based. The importance of such a work for the history, not only of Christian art, but also of early Christian ideals, will readily be acknowledged.

It is in the midst of these manifold activities that a British School has at length been planted in Rome to enable students from the British Empire to come within the range of this movement and to take their part in the scientific work which is in progress in all departments of historical knowledge. That work is educational in the highest degree, and it is at the same time constructive. Its value was long ago perceived by the foreign nations which have their schools and institutes in Rome, not left to private initiative, but subsidized by the State. We do not say that that would be a desirable or possible condition of things for us, but, all the more, it behooves those who believe in the reality and vitality of classical and historical studies to see that this enterprise does not fail for want of adequate support. This is not the day when we can afford to restrict our culture, and in the expansion of knowledge we must take our proper place among the competitors of the civilized world.

—EDINBURGH REVIEW.

WOMEN, CATS AND DOGS.

In the old abolition days, whenever Lucretia Mott, the once famous Quakeress, was making a speech and wanted to be especially sarcastic toward the stronger sex, she spoke of his classification of the chosen people as "women and niggers" with the most withering contempt. Though very partial to the negroes,

it did not always please the fancy of Quakers to be classed with them, so to speak, and, in truth, there never was any good reason for such classification.

We have passed the old days. "Niggers" have grown to be as well dressed as white folks, and occasionally moderately well behaved. But all refinement of negro manners died with the old days. Nowadays all people have stage manners, even to their cats and dogs. And, though white women have troubles enough at times with their colored "lady help," and though the race problem is not entirely solved, the average white women of to-day are not over-anxious about "niggers" or human bipeds of any color, except for a moment now and then, but are giving all their spare hours and energies to the care and training, and feeding of cats and dogs.

Agnes Repplier, the most gifted literary woman in the country since Gail Hamilton ceased to twirl her pen, has recently written a classic on cats, showing the ancient pedigrees of many breeds; the honors paid them in olden times, especially by termigant females and hen-pecked men, when our ancestors were still worshipping serpents or their images, in wood and stone; showing, also, their innate rights to pur or scratch men or each other to the fullest Kilkenny extent, and to make the midnight hideous with their solemn music. There are said to be numerous blots on the cat escutcheons of ancient and of modern times, but none worth noticing in serious cat philsofophy; and as for dogs, what rights have they where a cat is around? And as for men, what rights have they when a woman and her pet dog are around? Puss has her boots on at last—poor dogs and poor men!

According to the Philadelphia newspapers a man residing in Camden, N. J., actually hanged himself dead on Sunday, June 1st, 1902, out of jealousy of his wife's pet dog. The thought that his beloved wife cared more for the dog than she cared for him was too much for him. He could not stand it, and, being a kindly and magnanimous soul, and not wishing to be hung for the murder of his dear wife or her precious hound, he took the heroic method and hung himself. He has had many forerunners and a few followers. "O, woman, in our hours of ease," etc. All men are not so accommodating, and are not always ready to sail the seas or commit suicide when the beloved partners of their lives desire a liaison with the doctor or some other mongrel

cur. At all events, as these quadrupeds are now taking a leading position in the "social order" of our "Christian Democracy," we must gladly note them now and then. We would like to treat the matter seriously, but that is impossible. Tolstoy tried and miserably failed.

Most women seem to be cranks, anyway; that is, in an exalted, æsthetic sense, as it were, and nearly all the strong minded among them, that is, after they have reached the sharp and uninteresting age, profess to care more for cats or dogs than for men. There is nothing like hating an object that you have grown too old, or feeble, or ugly to attract or attain.

I suppose that nearly all the daughters of the American Revolution, married or unmarried, have settled upon some pet cat or dog that they prefer, or profess to prefer, to the men, who have naturally grown beyond their reach, and they are only fair specimens of their sex of corresponding age and make-up in all lands and in all times.

It is supposed to be very aristocratic, very fashionable, and even intellectual for women to prefer dogs to men. Every lady to her taste, however. Some fruits grow mellow as they ripen, but this can be said only of a very few specimens of the female kind—of long ago.

Some years ago I was spending a few days in Williamsport, Pa., as the guest of a lady who kept four tremendous specimens of the ordinary variety of the Thomas Cat, one of which, the handsomest, of course, was named for me. He was a fine fellow, but we must not yield to admiration, and I was to become the owner if I ever grew rich enough to maintain a home worthy of such a luxury.

One day we were all in the garden admiring the roses, the cats marching behind, or trotting behind, as pleased their moods, and they were altogether the most dignified members of the family. There is said to be something indescribably dignified and very funny about the tumble of the smallest kitten. Ofttimes it takes the æsthetic eye of a venerable lady, plus her spectacles, to see and understand all this. There is supposed to be an esoteric, inner shrine of mysticism about all cats; there is a dream of grace in their motion, until they lose their temper, when facing each other in the prize ring; then all dignity and mysticism fly as the fur flies, and every lady understands that something is plainly

wrong. But we must return to the garden, where we were strolling "toward sunset" in a plaintive and sentimental mood, when a dear little, harmless, white and brown pet dog came along, passing on the pavement outside of our inclosure, and quiet as a lamb. It might have been a lamb, or a weasel, or a baby, or an elephant, perfectly harmless, when the lady spied the horrid bruit beast, and immediately set up such a screaming that scared the cats and the dog, and the rest of the family.

The lady was actually frightened out of her senses with fear, lest that dear, sweet, little canine should jump the fence and tear her four enormous cats to mere fur and tails.

By the time the rest of us saw what was supposed to be the matter the frightened lady had gathered all her Thomases to her arms and had them safe in the house. Did we remonstrate? With a woman? And she, strong-minded, and a cat fancier? We always avoid impossible dangers—take the other tack and come in when the tide is full. No woman will regard a man's remonstrance when the fate of her Thomas cat is concerned. Very gifted women do not regard a man's remonstrance at any time, or any subject not to speak of cats and dogs. They are all a law unto themselves. The cat homes and the dog homes in our leading cities, while so many poor and excellent people are homeless,—homes mostly instituted and supported by women, all show which way the female heart is tending; though all this may only be a peak of disposition. In truth, however, they show which way Christian civilization is tending, and this tendency is working and making strange problems, especially among the would-be aristocratic females of our day, "The Woman of the Renaissance." I knew a lady in New York who was sure of meeting the chastened spirits of her pet dogs in Heaven, if she ever got there, and of course she had no doubt on the latter point. With all their faults no modern woman can be accused of having a poor opinion of herself or her cat.

The whole race of modern women, especially those of the would-be fashionable set, have become stage-struck in this particular that each female among them must have her pet dog, to which, of course, she is intensely devoted, loving the beast above all human kind and resolved that doggie shall neither suffer nor take any insult, but have the best of care, the best position at table and the best food to be procured. This may be said to be

the one passion of the modern, up-to-date woman. Did not the late Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe advocate the doctrine that a good dog was infinitely more companionable than a good man. But she was rather old and stale when she proclaimed her creed; and we all know what she thought of wild, bad men by the spectaclled ferocity with which she rolled up her shirt sleeves and sailed in to knock out the reputation of Lord Byron. But the old lady was hardly responsible in her later years. Her own wrinkles and the reaction of the falsehoods in Uncle Tom's cabin had become too much for her. Had Lord Byron made a call upon her in her flirting days she would have jumped over all the chairs in the drawing room to welcome the noble lord, the peerless poet of the day.

It is, however, a pet theory of womankind with a few million of vivacious and good-looking exceptions that any old dog is better than a man. Only the other day, in New York, a woman horsewhipped a man on the street for insulting her little dog. Men must be more careful.

Not long ago a friend of mine, a noble, sensitive fellow, gave his fiance a watch and chain, of solid gold, very dainty and beautiful. He thought she would prize the gift highly for its own sake as well as for his sake. She hung the watch as an ornament on her dog's collar and used the little chain as a leading string for the cur until watch and chain were both at the dog doctor's to be mended. Women are said to be as fine-nerved as the angels, and so thoughtful of the feelings of others, but all this heavenliness of the female sex seems to have gone to the dogs.

During last summer it is said that hotelkeepers in nearly all our fashionable summer resorts were at their wits' ends to know how to please the ladies and not offend their dogs. The managers of railroads and steamboat lines throughout the country are also perplexed as to what to do with their old-fashioned notions about excluding dogs from the passenger coaches, the saloons of steamboats and the parlor cars.

The women who have husbands cannot and do not care to have them always on hand. The men must stay at home to look after business and flirt with the ladies who have to stay at home, while said married women spend the season at this and the other resort and play with their dogs and amuse themselves with such

men as happen by appointment or otherwise to be on hand. The dog, in such cases, is sometimes a companion, sometimes a blind and an excuse, but always the dearest pet of the woman's heart. It is a passion devoutly to be despised, but no wonder the dear women want their pets by their side, in the cars, in the dining rooms of hotels and in closer and more familiar intercourse.

Hotel men say that this passion of the human female has become a nuisance to them. In fact, the inclination has become so strong on the part of dog fancier females to have their dogs with them all the time, day and night, and everywhere, in their rooms, in their beds and at table in the public dining rooms that said hotelkeepers, it is said, have about concluded to build novel kinds of hotels in the near future so that each woman with a dog will have, must have a larger or smaller suit of rooms, including special dining rooms fitted up with dog chairs, cushioned in the softer materials and colors restful to the eyes, the nerves, etc., of the animals, and where fond women who so desire may eat with their dogs instead of with their husbands and male acquaintances.

Tolstoy says, the *Kreutzer Sonata*, page 75, "that our women are savages. They have no belief in God, but some of them believe in the Evil Eye, and others in doctors who charge high fees." The female adoration of dogs had not set in in his day.

It is admitted on all sides that about the only direction in which modern Christian civilization so-called, is showing any improvement on old pagan civilization is in the line of sentimental benevolence, especially toward animals and orphan babies; but the dispicable Turk has always been very friendly toward dogs and would never have them killed. There is something of the Turk about most women, anyway, but at all events it must still be said in this view of the case that they are in the van of advancing civilization.

There is not only a woman in it, but she is at the fore, becoming, with her face as usual.

What is a man, anyway, and what the rights of a married or single man compared with a pug or a terrier? Man has had his day, and has proven himself a conspicuous failure, that is, as far as dry and sour and disappointed women are concerned. In truth, he is a failure in war and in peace, in art, science and literature. Witness our noble President Roosevelt. Let him go to

the rear and let the dear, ugly and fascinating woman with her divided skirt, her masculine swing of the arms and her kennel of pups advance, wheel to the right and march, double quick, to her waiting and panting destiny.

One of the most accomplished ladies I ever knew used to feed her cats out of her own hands at meal times, in the dining room, so they munched fish and fish bones and other small joints on the Brussels carpet much to the disgust of her guests and the housekeeper, and yet the perfume of the best cigar made this lady so ill and so disagreeable that under the circumstances there was no pleasure in her company; but she was a widow, never had any children, and is now dead. Let us speak only good of the departed. Did not the great and infamous Bismarck feed his own hounds at his own table? By and bye the dogs will occupy the fashionable pews in our churches; mayhap they will occupy the pulpits, and bark till the female orators arrive; that is, when the entire business of religion is given over to the Edison talking machines, and the women only, out of insatiable curiosity, compose the audiences.

Recently a case came to my notice where a young married couple, poor as the famed Job's turkey; without offspring—and the woman a sloven of the fall-to-pieces kind—hardly with ability to feed themselves—kept three dogs. The woman was a devout Catholic; never failed to attend early mass, but very seldom washed the dishes or mended her own garments or her husband's. She needed some inspiration, and perhaps the dogs inspired her toward piety, though not of the practical sort. But the dogs; they must be fed and watched and screamed over. It is now—Love me, but wait on my dog. Men are of no other use, anyway. They had better go to Europe, to Heaven or the other place, for the summer at least, and give women and their dogs a free hand and a free foot on this much-traveled and more and more interesting world.

W. H. THORNE.

SHALL CIVIL COURTS RECOGNIZE AND ENFORCE THE SACRED CANONS?

The Supreme Court of Nebraska on March 17, 1904, handed down a decision of far reaching importance in the matter of religious societies, expulsion of their members and essential forms of procedure in the same. In fact, it may be said in these respects it is the most complete and direct of any similar decision ever handed down in the United States or in any of the State Courts. Even that past master in the art of time-serving and shifty expediency, the editor of the *Western Watchman* observes that it is the clearest expression thus far delivered by the civil authorities in matters of the Catholic Church, and is a menace to certain accepted views of episcopal authority, in that it lays down that the civil arm will be refused to a Bishop who violates the Canons of the Church. This delphic utterance and apodictic declaration of the Nebraska decision by the Nestor of the Catholic Press of the United States led us to immediately resolve not to take this important matter on trust, but to procure from the Court a full official report of the decision itself. Therefore, having before us Vol. 98, "Northwestern Reporter," 1030, we give the case in its bearings to the readers of the GLOBE.

Right Rev. Thomas Bonecum, as the Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in the Diocese of Lincoln, Neb., brought a civil action against the appellee, Rev. Wm. Murphy, a priest of his Diocese, formerly the Bishop's own Fiscal Procurator, but at the time of this action priest of the mission of Seward in the Diocese of Lincoln. The action was brought by the Bishop to enforce the decree or order of the curia or ecclesiastical court of the Diocese against Father Murphy for alleged wilful and continued disregard and violation of the canons, rules, regulations and discipline of the church, and for wilful disobedience to his superiors.

The Right Reverend Bishop, in his two counts, sets out his cause of complaint in detail and at great length. All other ecclesiastical controversies brought into civil courts in all the States and in the United States were quoted and the doctrine therein embodied, invoked and applied to this case. The Bishop fully cites twelve of them. In the exact words of the Supreme Court decision the material allegations of the Bishop's petition are as follows:

After alleging that he is Bishop of the Diocese of Lincoln, which comprises that part of the State of Nebraska south of the Platte river, it is stated that the mission of Seward comprises certain real estate, upon which is located a church and parsonage, (both, by-the-by, humble, unpretentious frame), and also certain real estate and the church building thereon at Ulysses. In 1897 Father Murphy was appointed to this mission and took up his abode in the parsonage of Seward. The Bishop then proceeds to set forth that by virtue of the laws, canons, statutes, discipline, rules and regulations of the Roman Catholic Church he is invested by virtue of his office of Bishop with the power and authority to transfer, at his pleasure, any priest, pastor or rector from any parish or mission within the Diocese of Lincoln, as an administrative act, and also, if required by the nature of the case, by a judicial act. In the exercise of his prerogative Bishop Bonecum alleges that he suspended and transferred Father Murphy from the mission of Seward on May 5, 1900, and thereafter appointed the Reverend John A. Hayes as rector and pastor of said mission;—and, moreover, on May 5, 1900, in the exercise of his authority he transferred Father Murphy from the mission of Seward to that of Red Cloud, in Webster county, Neb. He then alleges that it was the duty of Father Murphy, under the rules and regulations of the church, to immediately comply with such sentence of transfer, upon the same being known to him, but that he failed and refused, and still refuses to vacate and to surrender to Bishop Bonecum possession of the church and church furniture and fixtures, sacred vessels, vestments, and other church property belonging to the church in the said mission of Seward.

The Bishop further sets forth that on July 14, 1900, he commenced an action in the District Court of Seward county, reciting in his position the foregoing facts and asking, among other things, that Father Murphy be restrained and enjoined from entering either of said church edifices in the said mission of Seward, and from exercising any rights of a priest or rector in said mission, and from collecting the revenues of said church in said mission, and from hindering or in any manner interfering with or preventing the Reverend John A. Hayes from performing his duties as a priest or rector in said mission. The Bishop then recites that after a partial hearing of this civil action, and before it was submitted to the courts, he dismissed the action with-

out prejudice, and that, notwithstanding said dismissal, the court proceeded, wholly without jurisdiction, to render judgment in said cause, and it, moreover, appearing to the satisfaction of the court that Father Murphy had appealed to Rome from the sentence and order of transfer and suspension made by Bishop Bonecum on the 5th day of April, 1900, and that no final decision had been made, or, at least, had not been promulgated on said appeal.

The Bishop then alleges that when the court, on January 6, 1902, ordered and decreed that the Bishop of Lincoln be enjoined from further proceeding in the Civil Courts under Father Murphy's appeal to Rome had been heard and determined by an ecclesiastical court having power and jurisdiction to render judgment in said cause that said court acted wholly without jurisdiction. Moreover, the Bishop alleges that the appeal of Father Murphy had been heard and determined by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, the highest court of the Roman Catholic Church, and the tribunal having power and appellate jurisdiction to determine the matter.

In the second count of his petition the Bishop alleges that on January 23, 1901, he, in the further exercise of his prerogative of Bishop, excommunicated Father Murphy and expelled him from the jurisdiction of the Diocese of Lincoln for misdemeanors committed and gross insubordination, which acts and misdemeanors are in violation of the laws, canons, statutes, discipline and regulations of the church, and, moreover, gave notice of the same to Father Murphy. In consequence of the latter the said Bishop alleges that Father Murphy, from the date of said notice, had no right or authority to act or officiate as a priest or rector of the mission of Seward in any capacity whatever, or to hold possession of the church edifices, the sacred vessels, vestments, furniture and fixtures belonging to said mission; that, notwithstanding this fact, Father Murphy, in defiance of the laws, canons and discipline of the church, has usurped the rights of said mission, and of the priest and rector thereof, and forcibly intruded into each of the church edifices belonging to the mission, and assumed to exercise all the function of a priest and rector, and forcibly and wrongfully excluded from said churches and rectory the Reverend John A. Hayes, and prevented him from officiating as priest and rector of the said mission, and that he is collecting the revenues of said church.

The Bishop goes on to relate that he has exhausted all the resources known to the ecclesiastical law, and is powerless to prevent the further unlawful acts of Father Murphy, save in a court of equity, and he therefore prays that Father Murphy be restrained and enjoined by an order of the court from entering into any of the said churchedifices or the rectory of said mission, or from exercising any of the rights and privileges of a priest therein, and from officiating or assuming to act as a priest or rector of the church in said mission of Seward, and from hindering or interfering with or in any manner preventing the Reverend John A. Hayes from performing his duties as priest or rector of said churches in said mission.

Thus the issue is very fully and fairly set forth as to the Bishop's side. The court then proceeds to do the same for Father Murphy's side. The court states that the priest in his answer admits that the plaintiff is Bishop of the Diocese of Lincoln, that the mission of Seward is in said Diocese, and comprises the parsonage and churches in Seward and Ulysses, that as rector he took possession of the mission in 1897, and has ever since resided, and does now reside, in the parsonage of Seward; and that since his appointment he has held possession of the mission, and performed the duties of minister therein.

The court then relates that Father Murphy's reply denies that the laws of the church have clothed a Bishop with power at all times to remove a pastor from one mission to another in his Diocese, and avers that under the laws of the church a pastor cannot be removed against his will, except for cause, and should he so demand, (and he usually does if there be no "skeletons" in his closet), after having had a fair and impartial trial. Father Murphy then goes on to show that Bishop Bonecum gave him notice to appear at Lincoln, Neb., on March 20, 1900, to answer charges preferred against him, and that he appeared on that date, and, before issues were joined, according to the requirements laid down in the Roman Instruction, objected and challenged the Bishop's right to sit in judgment in the case, for the reason, among others, that the Bishop was his enemy and prejudiced against him, and that within the ten days required, also, by the Roman Instruction, he sent his objection, challenge and appeal to the highest church court, and that said objection, challenge and appeal have never been adjudicated by said court.

Father Murphy admits that again, in October, 1900, he was summoned before the Bishop in the second case, but he repeated the same objection, challenge and appeal, and immediately sent the same to the highest court of the church, and that the same has never been adjudicated by that court. In a supplemental answer filed by Father Murphy it is stated relative to the civil action brought by Bishop Bonecum pending the appeal to Rome that, on January 6, 1902, the District Court of Seward county rendered a judgment against the Bishop in an action between the Bishop and Father Murphy, which action was founded on the first ecclesiastical judgment mentioned and described in the petition in this action, and that that judgment, among other things, enjoins the Bishop from commencing any other civil actions involving the same controversy until Father Murphy's appeal, taken from the Bishop's judgment, has been determined by the highest tribunal of the Roman Catholic Church having power and jurisdiction to hear and determine the matter complained of, and until the same is determined by the highest judicature of the Roman Catholic Church.

Father Murphy's answer furthermore is made a cross-bill, states the court, and affirmative relief is sought, by way of an injunctive order, against the Bishop from in any manner or way interfering with him as priest or rector in the mission of Seward until the challenges, protests, and appeals of his now pending and undetermined appeals in the highest church court of the Roman Catholic Church are finally heard and settled by said court.

The court recounts that the Bishop's reply to this cross-bill and demand for affirmative relief alleges that the decree and judgment of the District Court of Seward county rendered January 6, 1902, is null and void, for the reason that before said cause was submitted to the said District Court he, the Bishop, had dismissed his action, and the court had no jurisdiction to proceed and enter judgment against him. Besides, Father Murphy is not entitled to any affirmative relief, in that he did not in that action file any cross-petition or set up any counter claim, or set-off that would entitle him to affirmative relief, or give the court jurisdiction to proceed after the dismissal of the Bishop's case, and that said order was not made to enforce any ecclesiastical decision. The Bishop's petition further avers that the

District Court of Seward county had no jurisdiction to restrain him, as Bishop, from exercising his ecclesiastical rights in the government of his Diocese in relation to the discipline of priests therein, or the discharge of their ecclesiastical duties in the several parishes of that Diocese. He further alleges that Father Murphy has been lawfully convicted and sentenced to removal, suspension, excommunication and expulsion from the Roman Catholic Church by an ecclesiastical tribunal of that church having power and jurisdiction to hear and determine the matter, and that such conviction and sentence, and each of them, have been finally determined by the highest judicial judicature of the church.

This then constitutes the court's summary of the case as it comes before it on the record, and, moreover, succinctly sets forth the issues involved. On the final hearing the court states that it found all the issues against the Bishop and in favor of Father Murphy, and that it entered a decree dismissing the Bishop's petition.

The court then passes on to discuss the reason for this finding. The decree of the District Court of Seward, January 8, 1902, restraining the Bishop from interfering with, or in any manner disturbing Father Murphy until Rome had finally determined the issues of the controversy, and which decree Bishop Boncum held as null and void, as likewise the affirmative relief demanded by reason of said decree because of want of jurisdiction in the court to enter the one or afford the other, the Supreme Court maintains the district of Seward county had ample jurisdiction under the circumstances.

The court moreover states that it has carefully examined Father Murphy's answer in that case, and while there is no statement therein denominated a "cross-bill," there are many allegations upon which affirmative relief to Father Murphy could be properly founded, and his prayer, based on these allegations, could ask the relief granted by the decree. The court concedes that to interfere with the regular exercise of his ecclesiastical duties by the Bishop is not to be thought of so irregular would be such a proceeding, but that the court had ample jurisdiction, under the circumstances, to enjoin the Bishop from instituting further civil proceedings until Father Murphy's appeal had been determined cannot be doubted. Whether the decree was war-

ranted by the evidence, or is one which should not have been made now does not matter. It was nevertheless a judicial order, and must be obeyed until set aside or reversed. (*State vs. Baldwin*, 57 Iowa, 266, 10 N. W. 645.) Wherefore concludes the Court, the decree, in so far as it restrained the Bishop from commencing an action in the civil courts until Father Murphy's appeal had been determined, was not beyond the power of the court to make, and that order should be enforced.

The court now proceeds to consider the procedure of the Lincoln ecclesiastical court and says, the two questions of paramount importance are, first, did the ecclesiastical court convened by Bishop Bonecum at Lincoln have, under the circumstances, power or authority to proceed to judgment against Father Murphy; and, second, if so, have the appeals taken by Father Murphy been determined by the appellate ecclesiastical court? The law of Nebraska (like that in all the States), is well settled that civil courts will not review or revise the proceedings or judgments of church tribunals constituted by the organic laws of the church organization, where they involve solely questions of church discipline, or infractions of the laws and ordinances enacted by its ruling body for the government of its officers and members. (*Pounder vs. Ashe*, 44 Neb. 672; 63, N. W. 48; *Bonecum vs. Harrington* (Neb.) 91 N. W. 886; *Watson vs. Jones*, 13 Wall, 679, 20 L. Ed. 666.)

Bishop Bonecum, relying upon this rule, says the court, insists that he being the governing authority in the Diocese of Lincoln, his action in relation to the trial of priests and regulations of the church cannot be questioned by the civil courts; that he has exclusive original jurisdiction in such matters; and that relief can be obtained only by appeal to a higher ecclesiastical body.

The court proceeds to recite from the record, that when Father Murphy was called to answer before the curia or church court at Lincoln, he interposed a challenge to the Bishop as judge of said court, upon the ground among others, that he was prejudiced against him, and a bitter personal enemy.

The court then says that Father Murphy, the defendant, asserts that when a challenge of this character is interposed, the matter of the qualification of the judge objected to must be submitted to arbiters, one to be chosen by the Bishop, one by

Father Murphy, and, if they cannot agree, a third to be selected by them. In support of this contention Father Murphy introduced a somewhat lengthy translation from the Decretals of Pope Gregory IX, Book II., title 28, chapter 31, and also chapter 61. The court respectfully considers this Decretal of the great Pope Gregory IX and, in fact, proceeds to embody it in its discussion of the point raised as to the challenged judge. It says: This challenge by Father Murphy raised not simply a question of the jurisdiction of the court to try the case, but of the disqualification of the judge presiding in the court. A court may have ample or even exclusive jurisdiction to try a case, and yet the judge presiding may, on account of bias, partiality or interest in the case, or of his kinship to one of the parties, be disqualified to sit in the case. Such is the case in our Probate courts. They have exclusive jurisdiction in Probate matters, and yet the Probate judge cannot act in those cases where the Statute disqualifies him.

The question here for our determination, says the court, is not whether the curia at Lincoln had jurisdiction, but whether the judge, the Bishop presiding therein, was disqualified from trying this particular case. For the Bishop, it is contended that the Decretal of Pope Gregory IX and its orders are not in force in the United States, and are not applicable to the particular proceeding had against Father Murphy.

By way of digression permit the writer to here say, how familiar sounds this cavalier way of setting aside the great authorities of law and order. To only quote a few from his file of letters, "There is no canon law in the United States," is a familiar phrase. "You quote Decretals of Gregory, the 'Regulae juris.' Decisions of the 'Roman Rota,' 'Schmalzgruber & Reifenstuel,' these refer to systems of judicature we have never had in this country and are therefore not to the point." The "Dispositions" of Baltimore Council as interpreted by direct decree to a particular case sets all this erudition aside! Or, "you quote laws of Gregory, Sante, Fagnanus, Monacelli," etc., etc., permit us to say these state the law "*doctrinally*, we apply the law *authoritatively*." How like a well-remembered Vanderbilt phrase anent the public? Authorities erudition, "—————" to the winds. "Je suis le Droit" in good Louis XIV absolutist phrase. This kind of tactics availed little before the Supreme

Court of Nebraska in the present instance. The Court states that a review of the several authorities, church rules, and Decretal orders offered in evidence would unduly extend its opinion, but sufficient to state that having examined them it is not satisfied that the Bishop's contention is upheld by the evidence.

On the other hand the court declares that it is entirely satisfied with the holding of the District Court. This the more so from the fact that the first idea in the administration of justice is that a judge must necessarily be free from all bias and partiality. It would be a reflection upon the Church to which Bishop Bonecum and Father Murphy both belong and owe their allegiance if it could be asserted and maintained that one put upon trial could not show how the disqualification of the judge before whom he was cited to appear, but was compelled to submit his case to an interested party, or to one so embittered against him that a fair trial could not be hoped for or expected. It is the rule of the civil courts that a judgment entered by a judge disqualified to act in the case is absolutely void. (Walters vs. Wiley, Neb. 95 N. W. 486, and cases cited.) And if the Canons of the church are to be regarded as the rules or statutes controlling the proceedings of ecclesiastical courts, then, on principle, the same rule should apply to a sentence pronounced by an ecclesiastical judge disqualified from sitting in the case.

It would appear that the Bishop evidently felt the weight of this point in that the record would show that Father Murphy simply raised the point of the judge being disqualified, but filed no argument or proof thereof. Canonical authorities hold this in case of a judge ordinary, Father Murphy need and at the time do no more. Arguments, proofs, etc., are to be submitted to the Arbiters. In case of a Judge delegate a challenge, as the Bishop states, does not oust him of authority to try the case. He asserts accordingly that in the proceedings or at least in one of them, had against Father Murphy, he, Bishop Bonecum, was acting as "judge delegate." The court, however, disposes of this point by saying that there is no allegation in the Bishop's petition that in either of the proceedings brought against Father Murphy in the church curia at Lincoln the Bishop was acting as a "judge delegate," and, moreover, a careful examination of the evidence fails to disclose any license, commission or mandate from any of the Bishop's superiors vesting him with that authority. Be-

sides, as the Court says, in both of the decrees made by the curia of Lincoln against Father Murphy are signed "Thomas Bonecum, Bishop of Lincoln, JUDGE ORDINARY," and as the Court reads the record of the proceedings had in those cases, it was not claimed that the Bishop was acting as a Judge delegate in either case; on the other hand, the record in the second case seems to contradict the claim and assert that the Bishop as Judge ordinary sat in the case, and after the challenge and in spite thereof decided the same. Therefore the Court concludes on this point that a consideration of the record makes it apparent to us that the Bishop in the proceedings referred to was acting as Judge ordinary, and not as Judge delegate, and has so represented and designated himself by the record of his own court. The Court then passes on to show in cases and decisions handed down that civil courts have no jurisdiction as to the conditions for membership in church societies or of revision of the ordinary acts of a church in admitting or dismissing members, at the same time the Court fully shows that in questions involving property rights civil courts will enforce the findings of the supreme ecclesiastical court when it has finally spoken. The assertion of jurisdiction in such event is not an interference with the control of the society over its own members, but, on the contrary, it is an assumption on the part of civil courts that the church constitution or law or canon was intended to be mutually binding upon all, and it protects the society, in fact, by recalling it to a recognition of its own organic law. (*Bouldin vs. Alexander*, 15 Wall, 131; 21 L. Ed. 69; *Shannon vs. Frost*, 3B. Mon. 253; *Hatfield vs. De Long*, (Ind. Sup.) 59 N. E. 483; 51 L. R. A. 751; 83, Am. St. Rep. 194; *Chase vs. Cheney*, 58 Ill. 509; 11 Am. Rep. 95; *Pounder vs. Ashe*, 36 Neb. 564; 54 N. W. 847.)

The Court in view of these precedents will not review an ecclesiastical case after the highest ecclesiastical court has determined that the court of original jurisdiction had proceeded regularly, and has affirmed its findings. In the case at bar, however, the appeal taken by Father Murphy from the judgment of the curia at Lincoln had not been determined at the time the injunction of the District Court of Seward county was issued, and that decree only attempted to stay the hand of the Bishop until the appellate ecclesiastical court had passed upon the question. The Court then proceeds to laud the judicature of the

Catholic Church when the Sacred Canons are respected, viz: The rules governing Catholic Church trials are much more liberal in behalf of the accused than are those prevailing in the civil courts, it being laid down that the omission of a substantial formality vitiates and annuls the judgment pronounced. In Smith's "New Procedure," which Bishop Bonecum as well as Father Murphy cited as authority in Catholic Church trials, it is said in Article 43, Section 2: "The rule of law is 'Quae contra jus fiunt debent utique pro infectis haberi;' hence, all Canonists teach that the omission of a substantial formality during the trial vitiates and annuls the entire proceeding. * * * * When the trial is null by defect in the proceedings, the sentence passed after such trial will also be null and void. For the law prescribes, indeed, that the guilty shall be punished, but it prescribes also that they shall be punished by the forms of law. These forms are considered by the law the essentials of finding out the truth."

The Court then proceeds to say that it has adopted the rule that, where the construction of a Canon or rule of the church is in controversy, it will accept the construction put thereon by the highest church authority, and that where the regularity of the proceedings of an inferior ecclesiastical court is passed on by the highest governing authority of the church, and the regularity of the proceedings sustained, the Court will accept such decision as final and conclusive. (*Pounder vs. Ashe.*) Moreover the Court holds that the decree of the highest church power in the State, when not appealed from, would also be accepted by the Court as a correct exposition of the question in controversy. Nevertheless, as the Court declares, "we have never gone so far as to say that we would enforce the orders of an ecclesiastical court, the members of which are disqualified from acting, or that we would accept as conclusive the construction put upon the canons and rules of the church by an inferior ecclesiastical tribunal, when that construction was a matter of controversy, and an appeal had been taken therefrom to a higher ecclesiastical body, and was still a matter for the decision of the highest governing authorities of the church."

The record shows that both Bishop Bonecum and Father Murphy have devoted considerable time to the question whether, under the rules governing church trials, an appeal taken from

the decrees of the curia of Lincoln would have the effect of staying the execution of such decrees, i. e., whether the appeal was "suspensive" or "devolutive."

This is a familiar contention that has come up in every controversy of recent years. It has been taken for granted, and perhaps too readily admitted by an unthinking or indifferent clergy, that there is no "suspensive appeal" in the United States, and this by reason of the "Dispositiones" of the Third Council of Baltimore. The "Minutes of the Conferences of the American Metropolitans" at Rome in 1883 disclose the fact that His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons urged that the "Jus commune" as to the right of effective appeal in the United States be changed and limited to "Devolutive" appeals only. The reason given according to these "Minutes" is to restrain, hypothetical "bad priests" "Malus sacerdos" from holding, after appeal, his rectorship, and so, in so far as preventing his removal until Rome has finally spoken, the Bishops' decree of removal going into effect, or perhaps rendering the same nugatory. It seems from the same "Minutes" that Rome lent a somewhat deaf ear to this request for a derogation so radical from her Common law. The question then lay in abeyance, and at the Baltimore Council it again was brought up; a great deal of agitation was made thereon. Finally it was put in as Decree No. 286 with a phrase "Annuente Pontifice" enacted as a Decree. Since which time it has been urged as a sanction of the most radical violation of the Church's "Jus Commune" in the matter of effective appeal.

Considering the fact that this "Vulnus" on the Church's common law owes its presence in the Baltimore Council legislation to such admitted expediency, which has for its sanction no specific approval of Rome, only a mere taking for granted, "Annuente Pontifice," it is astounding that the entire body of the priests of the United States be thus deprived of the right of appeal, i. e., subject to the rights and privileges of their position as rectors or their good name as men, being denied or dispersed until the supreme and final court of the Church has finally spoken. If this, nevertheless, be the law of the Church in the United States, as is held, the Supreme Court of Nebraska has in this recent decision suggested an effective means to circumscribe, aye, paralyze its effect, viz., by a writ of injunction should ouster proceedings be attempted before the appeal to

Rome had been finally heard and determined. A righteous, intelligent and courageous rector with a fair degree of "Savoir faire" may readily keep his good lay trustees with him and have their co-operation in securing such injunction from the court into which he has been dragged in self-defense, and because he is standing for the Sacred Canons of the Church. Under such protection it will matter little whether his appeal be "suspensive" or "devolutive," so far as his "property rights" are concerned. A review of the evidence as to the "suspensive" or "devolutive" character of church appeals will be, as in Nebraska, unnecessary for the reason that the injunctive order will restrain, as it did Bishop Boncum, says the Court, from bringing a civil action against the priest until the appeal taken has been determined by the highest church authority, or until this injunction has been set aside or modified.

The fact of an appeal on the ground of the court's disqualification is evidently a leading issue in this Nebraska case upon which a large mass of evidence was submitted. The Bishop, it seems, contends that no challenge was interposed by Father Murphy to the disqualification of the Bishop to sit as a judge in the case and endeavors to prove his contention by stating that Father Murphy at the time and before pleading to the charge against him, desired to read a "Statement" that he at no time interposed or offered to read a "Challenge." The Court proceeds to state apropos of this contention that the record shows that, when called upon to plead, Father Murphy asked to read a statement, but this privilege was denied him, and he was told that he would have opportunity after entering his plea to the charge to make such statement as he desired. He then attempted to read his statement, but was interrupted, and great confusion prevailed. He then attempted to file the statement with the secretary of the court, but this was refused under the direction of the judge, Bishop Boncum.

The writer must be pardoned for recognizing in these tactics a proceeding of no little personal familiarity, viz., a certain curia denying the right to make a statement of the court's competency, the refusal of listening to an affidavit embodying the grounds of such statement, the refusal to receive or file the same, the omission of the entire proceeding by the secretary in the minutes of the same; and to cap the climax the hardihood later on when

appeal was made to deny that such question had been raised or such statement made in writing as required by the Canons. Worse than all, to cackle and rejoice when the higher court of appeal, on the ground of the axiom of law, viz., "Quae non sunt in Actis, non sunt in mundo," thus misled, perhaps too willingly, by an erroneous and defective record,—rather no record at all,—declared no challenge had been made or filed in writing! Such tactics sadly suffer, are made a "holy show of," when put alongside of the secular court of Nebraska. For, says the Court, "When Bishop Bonecum says that Father Murphy did not interpose a challenge,—that he merely offered a 'Statement,'—he is making a play upon words; it being evident that it was known that this statement was in reality a challenge, which, according to the forms of procedure formulated by the Roman Catholic Church for the trial of cases, had to be interposed before the defendant entered a plea to the charges against him." In Droste-Mesmer, "Canonical Procedure," Chap. 3, Art. 2, it is said: "Recusation is only a dilatory, not a peremptory, exception, and must be made in writing to the judge himself, before the public pleading begins. After that time the recusant can enter this plea only upon making affidavit that he had no knowledge of the reasons for the challenge before, or in case the ground of the challenge arose only afterwards." And in a note to this article it is said, "It is the nature of a recusation that it must be made before the person thus challenged begins to exercise his jurisdiction. To let him do this would be to admit his authority." The argument, therefore, that there was no challenge, or that it was not offered at the proper time, is wholly without foundation, and needs no further discussion.

The Court now passes on to consider the alleged disposition of Father Murphy's appeal by the Holy See. It states that what is claimed to be an order of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda Fide, disposing of Father Murphy's appeal, is contained in a letter addressed to the Bishop, as follows:

"Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda of the Faith.
Protocol No. 43,771. Concerning the Appeal of Rev.
William Murphy.

ROME, April 13, 1901.

"RT. REV. AND DEAR SIR:—In reply to your letter of the 18th of March last, in which you make inquiry as to whether Rev. William Murphy, a priest of the Diocese of Lincoln, had appealed

to this Sacred Congregation of Propaganda against a sentence of your Diocesan Curia, I have to inform you that the aforementioned priest did on the 20th of March, 1900, forward an appeal, but it was rejected; and again on the 1st of October, 1900, he made another appeal against a mandate which you issued to him in your letter of the 29th of September of the same year, but that appeal was likewise rejected.

"Praying Almighty God to keep you in His holy keeping,

I am, Rt. Rev. and Dear Sir,

(Signed) "M. CARDINAL LEDICHOWSKI.

"ALOYSIUS VECCIA, Secretary."

(By way of parenthesis, the writer observes this letter was given somewhat of circulation four years ago, he having seen it in Boston that Summer.)

It is claimed, proceeds the Court that this is the original order disposing of Father Murphy's appeal. In support of this theory the deposition of Francis Marchetti, Auditor of the Apostolic Delegation to the United States, and at the time acting Apostolic Delegate for the church in the United States, was taken. The deposition testifies that Cardinal Ledichowski was at the date of the letter Prefect of Propaganda and that Aloysius Veccia was Secretary, that Propaganda is the Supreme tribunal for the determination of all matters, spiritual and temporal, of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, (and this is conceded by the parties), that the officers of this tribunal are the prefect and secretary; that the decision of Propaganda being determined, it is reduced to writing, signed by the prefect and secretary, and the original document is forwarded to one of the parties interested. He further states that the letter above set out is not a copy, but the original decree or decision entered in the case.

Father Murphy objected to all this evidence as incompetent and the Court declares "we incline to the belief that the objection was well taken. A court is required to keep a record of its proceedings. Even the curia of Lincoln had a very complete and minute record of all its proceedings. If there is a court which fails to make a record of its orders and decisions, then the best evidence of what such unrecorded orders and decisions may be is the evidence of a member of the court. If the rules of the court require its decisions to be recorded, then a copy of the record properly identified is the best evidence of the decision. But if the rules do not require such a record to be made, the Court is unable to see how anyone, except some member of the

court participating in the decision, is qualified to say what that decision is or was."

The letter above, on its face, shows that it was written in reply to an inquiry made by the Bishop, and does not purport to be a decision of the appeal, but speaks of the decision as a past event, something that had taken place prior to the writing of the letter. Moreover the letter clearly speaks of the decision on the two appeals as having been made some time prior to the writing of the letter, "and cannot," says the Court, "as we see, be construed as an order then made rejecting these appeals, or affirming the orders appealed from."

Other letters from Rome were also offered touching this appeal, as well, also, as a document certified by a Notary, whose certificate was further attested to be in due form by Officers of the Government of Italy. This latter stated that at the request of Secretary Veccia, the said Notary went to the Secretary's office, and was there shown a letter by the custodian of the archives, addressed to Bishop Bonecum, a copy of which shows it to be the same letter above copied.

The Court states that this evidence is clearly incompetent, as we know of no statute or rule of the common law which admits a certificate of a Notary, however solemnly attested by other officials, to be received as evidence in matters of this character, or of any matter except acts of their own committed to them by the laws of the state or country where they reside. All of the foregoing should be a wholesome and salutary instruction to Diocesan curias on the competency of evidence. Ye Gods! what sometimes passes for evidence in a curial! Especially as sometimes is the case, witnesses and the confrontation and cross-examination thereof are denied the accused! In connection with this alleged letter of Cardinal Ledichowski, whose authenticity as well as effect seems called into question, the Court mentions an interesting fact, viz.: A commission was taken out of the District Court of Seward by Father Murphy, directed to Hector de Castro, United States Consul-General at Rome, to take the deposition of Cardinal Gotti, successor of Cardinal Ledichowski as prefect of Propaganda, and of Monsignor Veccia and Monsignor Onronini, one of the objects being, as shown by the interrogatories propounded, to ascertain what disposition had been made by the Sacred Congregation of the appeals of Father Murphy.

This commission was returned by the Consul-General with the statement that "he had personally interviewed each of the witnesses, who declined to answer their respective interrogatories; availing themselves, in their official position, of the rights conferred to them by the laws of Guaranty of the Kingdom of Italy."

By the bye, what a contre-temps constructively for Rome the exigencies of this case occasion! Ardent advocates of the Roman Question, as many readers of the *GLOBE* are, they will be astonished to learn that Propaganda itself recognizes and avails itself of the Laws of Guaranty! These laws of United Italy are then not the dead letter some have been led to suppose. If the Lincoln Diocese has done no more than elicit, though by its controversies, this fact, that is something.

The Court continues, it may be that the Bishop knew of the exemption extended to the officials composing the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda by the laws of Italy, and on that account made no effort to secure their evidence, and relied, and was compelled to rely, on the evidence contained in the bill of exceptions, in his attempt to show that Father Murphy's appeal had been disposed of.

If this be the case, the Bishop cannot probably be charged with negligence in failing to obtain competent evidence to show what, if any, disposition has been made of Father Murphy's appeal. Still, so long as the Bishop has not obtained and offered legal evidence determining the question, he is in the same position as any other litigant upon whom is cast the burden of proof upon a material issue of fact, and who is unable to sustain that burden because of the death of the only witness who knew the fact, or the refusal of the witness to testify, where the court has no means of compelling him to do so. In other words, where a party upon whom is cast the burden of proof is made to furnish competent evidence, the Court cannot treat such inability to produce the evidence as an equivalent of the evidence itself.

It will be noticed, also, says the Court, that the decree in the previous case enjoining the Bishop from commencing this action until the disposition by the appellate ecclesiastical tribunal of Father Murphy's appeal was entered on the 6th of January, 1902. The letter of Cardinal Ledichowski is dated April 13, 1901. If Father Murphy's appeal has been disposed of in the manner indicated by that letter, such disposition, being prior to the decree of

January 6, 1902, should have been interposed as a defense to Father Murphy's prayer for affirmative relief in that action.

That decree, so long as it remains undisturbed, is an adjudication that on January 6, 1902, Father Murphy's appeal was still pending and had not been disposed of, and by that decree the fact that Father Murphy's appeal was still pending on January 6, 1902, was "*Res judicata*" for the purpose of this case. It was still open to the Bishop to show that the appeal was disposed of subsequent to January 6, 1902, but he was precluded by the decree of that date from showing that it had been disposed of as early as April 13, 1901.

Concludes the Court: "Because, as we think, the decree sought to be enforced was one entered by a judge disqualified to act, and, further, because by the terms of the injunction of January 6, 1902, Bishop Bonecum was enjoined from bringing this action until the appeal taken by Father Murphy had been determined, and the evidence failing to show that the appellate court had passed upon that question, we recommend the judgment of the District Court be in all things affirmed.

The decision is concurred in by the entire Supreme bench of Nebraska, unanimously. Soon after the Bishop asked for a rehearing. It would seem at the date of this writing, June 10, that the Supreme Court had granted the rehearing. If granted it must have been on the allegation that Rome, the highest tribunal of the Church, has spoken and determined the appeal. Bye-the-bye, the promulgation of this item of news coincidentally with the arrival of his Eminence Cardinal Satolli is significant. May it not be more than a coincidence? May it not be that his coming is on a special mission, as the *Chicago Record-Herald* stated recently, and among other things the Bishop Bonecum-Father Murphy matter? His Eminence is already quite familiar with the issues, having gone to Nebraska when First-Apostolic Delegate.

If this be so, when the case is reopened, as it now will be, that final decision of Rome must be shown by competent evidence to the Court, and, whatever such final decisions of Rome shall be the Supreme Court of Nebraska as well as the authority of that Commonwealth will enforce. Meanwhile until such fact of Rome's final decision and determination of Father Murphy's appeal, the same Court and authority will protect him from all

civil actions on part of the Bishop. That is what Father Murphy had contended for; that is what the Court has done, and moreover, all that the Court can do. Rome is supreme and final in such a matter for all Catholics; when it is duly and legally shown that Rome has spoken the case is finished, but not until then. Father Murphy, like every intelligent and loyal Catholic, will courageously stand for the Sacred Canons of his Church, and when "Roma locuta est," "causa finita est." In any event his defence and vindication have, by the decision of the Supreme Court of Nebraska, been embodied in the law of the land; and as the State Reports are preserved in the archives of the nation and the libraries of our land, that defence and vindication will now be as enduring as the land itself. "Æxegi monumentum aere perrennis" might he say in old classic phrase.

But the importance of the Nebraska decision is national, not local or diocesan. It establishes the fact that our civil law recognizes the Sacred Canons, and will await their action and will enforce their observance of them on bishops as well as upon priests and people. The Church has her written Constitution and laws,—Sacred Canons, which, in the words of the Missouri Supreme Court some years ago, and by-the-bye reaffirmed later on, "the ecclesiastical judicatories have no authority to violate; they are as much bound by the provisions of this Constitution, as the supreme law of the Church, as the State and Federal governments are by their respective Constitutions." (54 Mo. Watson vs. Garvin, 379). What more can the Church desire of the civil arm? The civil arm will be refused to a bishop who violates the Sacred Canons. So that the Nebraska decision is a great triumph for canon law. The rights of priests are protected thereby and also the rights of bishops. Heretofore, so far as the writer knows, there has been no such declaration of a Supreme Court of the relation of church and state. Among lawyers it therefore must become the leading case in such matters. All other cases of ecclesiastical controversy brought into the civil courts of this country were quoted and the doctrine therein declared invoked and applied. The Bishop, as above stated, cited some twelve in his petition, while Father Murphy cited these same twelve and all others, and moreover rightly deduced and applied the doctrine therein contained.

Now the Supreme Court of Nebraska has embodied all this in

an irrevocable decree and made it a precedent or law for the country. In fact the decision may be said to be the embodiment in our civil law of the Decretal of Book I, Title II, Chapter 1, and Chapter 5 of the Decretals of Gregory IX. It is the greatest and clearest expression thus delivered by the civil authority in matters of the Catholic Church, and it is pleasing to know that this expression is co-operative and not antagonistic. It informs the rulers of the Church thus: "If you expect us to enforce your decrees, you must first obey your canons and constitutions, organize and conduct your courts in conformity with the canons. Such, too, is the teaching of the Constitutions, the instructions of the Holy See and the Sacred Canons. Thus the Sacred Canons and the civil law are one. Happy union and not fusion!

If nothing else were the result of the perennial disturbances of the Church in Nebraska,—(when the writer visited the Trans-Mississippi Exposition at Omaha in 1898, he was reliably informed that no less than twenty actions of law were on the dockets of the courts of the State, in which the Ordinary or Lincoln was either plaintiff or defendant),—than this decision of the Supreme Court there is no little compensatory offset. All this is working in aid of the struggles of the Holy See to impress upon all Catholics that the guidance of the Sacred Canons is impersonal and not distorted by the acceptance of persons, and that in the Sacred Canons there is more wisdom than in the bishops or priests; and the Sacred Canons are the safest rule for guiding and for governing.

The system of government established by the Sacred Canons is certainly far better than the "ad nutum," the "nod" or "whim," or "at my pleasure" of any religious body. With canon law no one, least of all the clergy, can have a quarrel. On the other hand they would be sadly derelict if rather than "give scandal," forsooth, they were indifferent to or silent on usurpations and violations of most Sacred Canons. We believe it is the great Canonist Van Espen who says of such conduct: "*Atque ita per ignaviam quorundam clericorum dum plus SUBSUNT quam oportet, ecclesiasticus ordo subvertitur ac perturbatur cœnit. Adeo ut merita pius Parisiensis Cancellarius impridem dixerit, quandoque meritorum et honorificum esse ecclesiasticæ potestati, quod prælato (abutente suæ potestati) in faciem resistatur cum appositione inculpatae tutelæ, quemadmodum restitit Paulus*

Petro." For the would-be "pious" one who considers himself a true shepherd, brave leader and defender of truth and duty by "fleeing like the hireling," these words of the great Van Espen have not much consolation.

Wonderful how even some who should be leaders can form conscience! No wonder the public influence of such a great body is not what it should be. It is the divine organization of the Church alone that keeps the ship afloat, and not the skill or efforts of such sailors. Conscious want of moral courage, individuality finds expression in denominating everything that right or duty or law dictate as "scandal." That rule of law, "*Utilius scandalum nasci permittitur, quam veritas relinquatur*,"—Reg. III, in 5°.), such cowardly piety never allows such individuals to investigate or practise. This is the line with what the editor of the "*Western Watchman*" some years ago put it, viz, "that the priest, in order to get on well must do two things, viz: He must keep in good health, and he must keep on the good side of his bishop, right or wrong."

All such controversies as that of the Lincoln Diocese, and of some others we might mention, are doing much to bring about a reformation in matters canonical. The essential of this reformation is that the rights of even the humblest in the Church are protected by the Sacred Canons and moreover, that they do not depend on the good will or the friendship of any dignitary, much less upon sycophancy or slavish subserviency. On the contrary the rights of all alike, priest, bishop, laic, depend upon duty well and faithfully done. In such a delightful condition, and in being instrumental in bringing it about, the "dramatis personæ" of these controverses in the Church of Nebraska, Missouri and elsewhere cannot but justly rejoice and share in the reformation when it comes. And that reformation is not so far off. Cardinal Moran, of Sidney, not long since requested Pope Pius X to make some arrangement to allow of a better and more intimate and more direct representation of Australian ecclesiastical affairs in the Roman Curia, giving as a reason that they have been neglected, misunderstood and unsympathized with for the reason that none of their people are in the offices at Rome. Pope Pius replied to him and said that he would go farther, and that he would create for the Church in his country an autonomous government, and would do the same for each of the English speaking

countries in the British Empire and also in the United States of America. Leo XIII, it is true, several times attempted such a reformation, but met with resistance in the Church of the United States. The Roman instruction of 1884 was forced, and an Apostolic Delegate later on, nevertheless. Pius X says now that he will create for each of these countries an autonomous government, which will have complete and exclusive jurisdiction in all matters, except the defining of doctrines. Moreover, the work begun and left unfinished by the late Vatican Council, the revision and codification of the entire Canon law, Pius X has now of his own motion, on the 19th of last March, taken up anew. The future code of Pius X will be the first complete and systematic codification of the laws of the Church. Its scope will be fourfold: (1) The complete abolition of all the unnecessary, obsolete, imperfect, antiquated legislation which has drifted down through centuries to the universal Church or to any of the parts thereof; (2) The creation of such new statutes as may be required throughout the Church to-day; (3) The systematic arrangement of the entire body of Canon Law, so that it will be possible for any intelligent person to put his finger at once upon the special canon which threatens of any particular question; and (4) The extension of the general code of Canon Law, to all the parts of the Church,—this following as a natural consequence from the abolition of merely local laws. (The Review, St. Louis, No. 19.) When this work is completed, possibly the long-prorogued Council of the Vatican may be convened for its promulgation. As a matter of fact there is to-day in Rome a well defined rumor, which will not down, that Pius X will reconvene the Vatican Council.

In such conditions, controversies such as good priests have undergone in Nebraska, Missouri and other states will be rare, and never protracted if they needs must come; nor will then be possible for a prelate to declare upon the witness stand, as was done in one of our greatest cities a couple of years ago, that the Church and clergy of the United States are not as capable of having the full benefit of Canon Law as are the Italians, or even the Chinese and Filipinos. Hasten! Hasten! Happy day.

JOHN T. TUOHY, LL. D.

St. Louis, Mo., June 11, 1904.

BISMARCK'S SECOND DEATH.

The Anglo-French agreement is an unprecedented example of a diplomatic instrument concluded by two Powers in the midst of peace, but possessing all the scope and importance of the great international settlements only arrived at in the past as the result of historic wars. The Treaty of Utrecht, in spite of the Newfoundland clause, which has only now been annulled after two centuries, raised England to her place at the head of the Great Powers. Fifty years later the Treaty of Paris recognized that unparalleled expansion by which, under Chatham's inspiration, the British Empire was created. With the lapse of yet another twenty years, the American Colonies were wrenched away under the Treaty of Versailles, but even for that loss there was complete internal compensation, through an immediate growth of manufacturing wealth and population, no less wonderful in its way than the conquests of the previous generation by land and sea. There was no real interruption in the further development of power. Following our next, and by far our greatest war, the Treaty of Vienna, in 1815, marked the achievement of a British predominance relatively more decisive than at any former period.

From that climax of our relative influence began, as we can now perceive, its decadence. To attempt an analysis of the causes here, would be out of place. They were emotional and economic so far as they were insular, they were economic and military so far as they were Continental. Whatever these causes were, the changes they produced were partly inevitable, as well as partly avoidable. The results of the Crimean War, as embodied in the Treaty of Paris, were in every respect an anti-climax by comparison with the achievements to which we had been accustomed in previous generations. Sea-power had lost its primacy, and the military idea—using the word in the narrower sense—obtained a more exclusive ascendancy than it had ever possessed during the eighteenth century. A fugitive interval of phosphorescent brilliancy under the Second Empire restored diplomatic predominance upon a military basis to France. With the Treaty of Frankfort, it passed to Germany, which became the first Power in Europe. The Treaty of Berlin itself recognized the German capital as the centre of diplomacy, and Lord Beaconsfield, on behalf of this country, played an interesting but a secondary

rôle. Striking, as it seemed, when England had already begun to be ignored in Europe, it was not a part which would have seemed large enough to Chatham, to Palmerston, or even to Castlereagh. Of the subsequent record of humiliation and effacement there is no need to speak in detail. Under Mr. Gladstone, British foreign policy became a thing to be neglected, ridiculed and flouted. Anti-Bismarckian in spirit, its impotence in Europe left Bismarckian influences supreme. Lord Salisbury, in his turn, allowed our policy to harmonize habitually with German purposes. Lord Rosebery was less willing, but more helpless. The nature of the situation was only fully revealed to average Englishmen by events in the Far East, from the Treaty of Shiminoseki, to the seizure of Port Arthur and Kiaochau. The British Empire was treated as a cipher, even in the vital sphere of oversea policy, where her voice has always been decisive since the reign of Queen Anne, and Germany, with premature ambition, became something like an open candidate for the succession to our sea-power and Imperial influence. The Anglo-French agreement means that she has missed her grasp. Germany, with extraordinary rapidity, has lost at all points her former sureness of hold upon the international situation. In the international concert she no longer plays the part of conductor. She has exchanged Prince Bismarck's bâton for Count Bülow's "flute." The semi-official journals may rhapsodize to order about the unshakable integrity of the Triple Alliance. The severe truth is that Germany is at the present moment the most isolated Power, that Berlin has been deposed from its predominance in Europe, and that the whole Bismarckian system of policy has come to total bankruptcy in the hands of the Iron Chancellor's successors. We can now see that by the Treaty of Frankfort England lost as much in influence as France did in territory.

Without another war the political grouping of Europe has been placed upon a new basis, with a centre of gravity widely removed from the point at which it had been maintained for a generation. Germany feels that her diplomacy has suffered a silent *débâcle* with disastrous and inexplicable completeness. France, with a security for her whole colonial dominion she had never possessed till now since her colonial history began, is free once more to concentrate upon Continental policy and acquires a Continental position such as Berlin had not for one moment expected her to com-

mand again. As regards this country, Lord Lansdowne has had the distinction, to a large extent deserved, of signing an instrument which does more to restore England's relative influence in Europe than anything that has happened for two generations. It divides two eras by a clean line of cleavage. It liquidates old quarrels and leaves us with the freer hands we needed to deal efficiently with new and perhaps more formidable problems. We cannot say that England stands again at the head of the European system, for there is no longer any head to that system. But what we can say with certainty is that the magnetic pole of diplomacy has so altered towards a point that lies somewhere between Paris and London, but no longer lies between Berlin and St. Petersburg.

In itself, and as regards the two Powers concerned, the settlement is one which must increase the hopes of all reasonable men for a reign of reason in international affairs. Each country has secured direct advantages of value as well as indirect advantages of incalculable importance. Neither has been called upon to make any serious sacrifice. Where both Powers have gained, indeed, France must be admitted to have gained most. M. Delcassé has secured beyond all question the most solid diplomatic triumph yet achieved under the Third Republic. If it had been won by a professed pupil of Richelieu, like M. Hanotaux, all Europe would have devoted itself to picturesque speculation upon the reappearance of the Great Cardinal's spirit on the stage of twentieth-century policy. The whole of the praise must be shared, no doubt, with M. Paul Cambon, the admirable Ambassador of France to this country, whose success wrings the withers of his diplomatic competitors in another quarter. His achievement is even more remarkable than that of his brilliant colleague at Rome, M. Camille Barrère. Here we may glance at the striking fact that although the highest diplomacy is conventionally considered to be a monarchical institution, France was never better served by her Ministers abroad than she has been during the last twenty years. Their efforts in every direction but that one which is purposely allowed to remain open like the gap in the Vosges, have gone very far to redress the fortunes of war.

Above all, France has now acquired a position which will afford, as long as she chooses, an absolute guarantee of the integrity of her colonial dominion. British sea-power was the greatest

danger to it. British sea-power becomes the final security for it. This country would undoubtedly go to war to prevent French colonial dominion from becoming a German colonial dominion. In other words, France can turn her eyes towards the Rhine and towards Continental affairs generally with a feeling of security as regards her sea-interests that she has never known since Richelieu. In the settlement of the colonial question for France, and the renewed predominance of the Continental interest in her policy, we touch part of the vital significance of the agreement in its reflex effect upon European affairs.

For England the gains are equal or, perhaps, more than equal. The sacrifices at the same time are more obvious. The Republic does not cede one inch of her dominion, and was not called upon to do so for the happy reason that not one inch of French ground is coveted by this country. We, on the other hand, have conveyed considerable pieces of British territory to another flag. No sane man can pretend that we are weakened relatively by the loss of a few imperceptible inches of such an empire as ours. You might as well represent the dusting of the piano to be an injury to the instrument.

In point of mere utilizable territory, we gain more by the release of the French shore from the diplomatic mortgage which had weighed upon it for two centuries than we lose upon the Niger or the Gambia. Egypt released so far as the Third Republic is concerned from financial restraints no less embarrassing than the territorial obstruction which existed upon the Newfoundland shore, becomes as British in reality as Newfoundland itself. If France were likely to become a hostile Power within the next two generations, the relinquishment to her influence of *l'Empire qui Coule*, would be a bad one. But since it strengthens immensely the likelihood that the friendship between England and France will gradually harden into a permanent alliance based upon a natural harmony of interests, the Morocco arrangement must be regarded, on the whole, as thoroughly sound, and Lord Lansdowne has shown in this particular, the statesmanlike courage that wise concession demands.

For here, again, we see the master-feature of the agreement in its effect upon the position and prospects of the Powers. It completely destroys the diplomatic prospects of Germany. To say that it was not directed against her, is a verbal formula. The fact

is only partly true. So far as it is true it is not important. If not directed against Germany, the Anglo-French settlement works most powerfully against Germany. It leaves her statesmen non-plussed; it deprives her diplomacy of the fulcrum by which it had exerted its strongest leverage upon the international situation. The Franco-Russian Alliance was already the principal obstacle to all the ambitions of Pan-Germanism on land. The Anglo-French agreement places a more formidable obstacle across the path of the Kaiser's ambitions by sea. Again, the whole world asks that searching question which the present writer has repeatedly raised in these pages during the last few years. Is it Germany's "future," in the Kaiser's sense, that lies "auf dem Wasser," or is Germany's fate far more likely to be found there? In any case, the international situation is altered to her disadvantage to an extent that appeared inconceivable only a few years ago, when the first events of the Boer war deprived the whole German nation of its caution, and for one delusive moment seemed to open the door to illimitable aspirations. There is an utter collapse of the foundation upon which the Wilhelmstrasse has rested for a generation. All Bismarck's diplomatic work after the Treaty of Frankfort—yes, the whole of it, as we shall presently perceive—is undone. We may well picture the vindictive shade of the Iron Chancellor rising before William II. in midnight intervals of thought, with the whisper of Nemesis from shadowy lips.

The great ghost will not haunt the slumbers of Count Bülow. It would not consider the fourth Chancellor worth the visitation. We may depend upon it that Bismarckian insight would not have been deceived for a moment as to the real quality of that accomplished but over-estimated man. Count Bülow has proved the Lord Rosebery of the German situation. With more fibre and also with more difficulties, he has become as completely the victim of events. Phrases in both cases form the façade of a reputation, but time has proved that the architecture behind the façade was curiously lacking in solidity and depth. Count Bülow has committed the worst of all possible errors. He has sacrificed the vital interests of German diplomacy to phrases—phrases spoken in the Reichstag, phrases in the columns of the semi-official Press. His strange conception of the extent to which England could be trifled with has proved as crude and costly a blunder of its kind as a statesman ever made. Beside an ex-journalist like M. Delcassé,

with his genuine insight, his faultless reticence, his sober and patient method, the successor of Bismarck has revealed himself in essentials an amateur.

Few things in the history of diplomatic method are more instructive than this bankruptcy in the hands of sufficiently clever men of a system by which one of the greatest figures of modern Europe ruled Europe for thirty years, and achieved constructive results comparable with those of Richelieu and Chatham alone. Why was the Bismarckian system adopted? Why was it successful. Why has it failed? The inquiry shows that the ideas of a supreme man are a priceless possession and a dangerous heritage. Nations will presently learn what the Iron Chancellor knew better than any one, that diplomatic expedients wear out like battleships and guns, and that they ought to be as regularly discarded and replaced.

There was, of course, nothing novel in the Iron Chancellor's practical method, though he applied the oldest of all diplomatic devices with extraordinary freshness and address. Bismarck, as it were, was Richelieu reversed. Richelieu sought to consolidate France and to divide and weaken the rest of Europe to the utmost possible extent. Bismarck created a united Germany and desired a disunited Continent. Success in the latter aid was the condition of success in the former. No conception amidst the circumstances in which Prussia found herself could have been sounder, more legitimate, more inevitable. His procedure started with the abstention of Prussia from any participation in the Crimean War. Berlin maintained an attitude of benevolent neutrality towards St. Petersburg.

This was the first ostentatious proclamation that Prussia had no interest in the Near Eastern question. It is apparent at once that this was the corner-stone of the Iron Chancellor's diplomacy. So long as Berlin professed to have no interest in the Eastern question, its moral alliance with Russia rested upon a natural basis. Vienna and St. Petersburg, upon the contrary, had for a long time believed their interests in the Balkans to be fundamentally antagonistic. Russia thought her immediate interest lay in the weakening of Austria. She looked, accordingly, with complaisance upon an overthrow of the Hapsburg monarchy, which seemed to clear the path towards Constantinople. Napoleon the Third wished to weaken Austria in order that she might be expelled

from Venetia. Much more did Italy desire the same result for the same reason. Thus the Dual Monarchy was isolated with astonishing skill until it was struck down. Why, it was sometimes asked, did not Bismarck seize the moment to consummate the Pan-German idea by annexing Bohemia and absorbing the Teutonic provinces of the Hapsburg dominions. There were overwhelming reasons. The moderation displayed by Bismarck towards Vienna was a moderation dictated by necessity, even more than by wisdom. That he did not want to strengthen the Catholic opposition in Prussia by adding millions of new citizens to its ranks is, doubtless, true. But if the Iron Chancellor had wished to incorporate them, he could not have done it. France would have taken up arms, and Germany would have been compelled to take over the Eastern policy of Vienna. Austria had to continue to exist. The next necessity was that she should be a friend.

France was the next victim of Prince Bismarck's diplomatic efficiency. France had to be attacked. France had to be isolated. Europe had again to be kept divided, but upon new lines. France had not interfered for Austria. On the contrary, she had indirectly helped to bring about Sadowa. The policy of Vienna looked passively upon Sedan. The recollection of the Crimean War still kept St. Petersburg neutral. England, in a mood of re-action from Palmerstonian restlessness, was kept apart by many reasons. But at that particular moment she had not the ability, even if she had had the will, to influence the evolution of Europe. She was in presence of one of the things which no amount of sea-power, apart from great military force, can prevent. Neither did we understand that a new competitor for the sea had been born in the battles upon the Belgian frontier. Bismarck's second creative purpose was accomplished. It is idle to ask by the light of the experience we are now acquiring, whether he would not have done better, from his own point of view, to leave France un mutilated as he had left Austria. But Austria—*c'n'est qu'un Gouvernement*. France is a nation, and one of the proudest. Her memory of mere defeat would not have been easily extinguished, and had her territory remained intact, she might have attempted the *revanche* sooner, who can tell? But almost every day since the telegraph to Mr. Kruger—certainly every day since the beginning of the Boer war, has made it clearer than Alsace-Lorraine forms the most

serious barrier to all the wider ambitions of Germany by land and sea.

After 1870, the problem was altered. Bismarck sincerely desired the peace he succeeded in preserving, while he remained in power. But he did not desire it for ethical or humanitarian reasons. With such reasons he had nothing to do. Another war would necessarily have meant Armageddon, involving disproportionate risks. To create fresh enemies would have been to create the probability of a universal coalition against Germany as formerly against Napoleon and Louis the Fourteenth. Bismarck showed the character of his political judgment by stopping the career of German conquest where he did.

The Eastern question had played from the first a profound though unseen influence in the manoeuvres of Berlin to combine or separate the Powers. The *Dreikaiserbund*, which had no concrete basis of mutual interest, only lasted while the Eastern question remained in abeyance. Some Power had to be permanently strengthened as the result of the Berlin Congress, and here, for the first time, Prince Bismarck's statesmanship was subjected to a crucial ordeal, from which it emerged more successful in appearance than in reality. It was of the essence of his purpose that neither of the neighboring Empires should be strong enough to be independent of Germany, nor weak enough to be useless to Germany. In spite of the formula of disinterestedness in the Eastern question, the Iron Chancellor was compelled to assist Austria in preventing the excessive aggrandizement of Russia, and in annulling the Treaty of San Stefano. From that moment popular sentiment in Russia never got over its passionate feeling that Germany was a false friend. The hotter Pan-Slav spirit began to declare that the road to Constantinople lay not through Vienna, but through Berlin. Recent developments have suggested that they were more seriously right than they knew. Since the interposition of Alexander II. against the plans of the military party in Berlin for a second attack upon France, Bismarck's prophetic fears had convinced him that an alliance between the Tsardom and the Third Republic could not be permanently averted. But for another ten years he postponed the evil day with amazing adroitness, Austria-Hungary was dependent, certain to be "conserved," as long as the interests of Berlin should demand. Italy was drawn into the net by playing upon the irritation created

in Rome by the Mediterranean adventures which France was secretly encouraged to undertake.

Three Powers still remained more or less outside the diplomatic orbit of Berlin—two wholly, one partially. The latter was Russia, the other two France and England. The Bismarckian system aimed at the isolation of all three and yet maintained considerable influence over the policy of all of them. The famous insurance treaty with St. Petersburg was a last desperate device to convince Russia that Germany would never waste the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier in defence of Austrian interests in the Balkans. With the denunciation of the insurance treaty, and the long train of events leading up from the Battenburg abduction to the fêtes of Cronstadt, the foundations of Bismarckian diplomacy began definitely to settle. Neither France nor Russia was any longer isolated, and for the first time since the Iron Chancellor had enjoyed the confidence of his former Sovereign, an alliance of two Great Powers had sprung into existence as a check even if not as a menace, to Berlin.

Whether Bismarck, if he had remained in office, could have employed any expedient to dissolve or sterilize the Dual Combination, we shall not know until the diplomatic secrets of our time are far more completely revealed. There were dim shapes of solid meaning in the gloomy oracles of the old Chancellor's retirement, and in his vitriolic attacks upon the policy of his successors. To those who inherited his maxims but not his skill, Bismarck bequeathed one priceless asset exploited for a while with a success that concealed the fundamental failure of policy with which the new Kaiser's personal government began. France and Russia were no longer divided. But England remained alone outside the sphere of Continental combinations. The Iron Chancellor had invented the famous principle of "creating a diversion." He encouraged England in Egypt in order to embroil her with France. He patronized the colonial policy of Jules Ferry, in the hope that it would involve the Third Republic sooner or later in some direction or other with the British Empire. London was baited from time to time to keep St. Petersburg in play. He used his own colonial policy in Africa and Australasia to deepen the impression, both in Paris and St. Petersburg, that in colonial matters a common front might be presented against this country by the three greatest Continental Powers. This particular portion of the Bismarckian system was in some ways the most complex and cunning mechanism of wheels within wheels ever employed in diplomacy. It was the infernal machine or submarine mine of diplomacy, warranted to explode with automatic certainty at some inevitable moment of contact.

After Prince Bismarck's retirement, therefore, the calculations of the Wilhelmstrasse were governed by an idea which led in the end to stereotyped formulas and mechanical action. It was assumed

that Germany had no irreconcilable differences with any Power—but that the interests of Germany were at the same time providentially secured, without expense, by the existence of absolutely irreconcilable differences between England on the one hand and France and Russia on the other. When the effort failed to emphasize German predominance in Europe by drawing England definitely into a Quadruple Alliance, the alternative course of organizing Continental hostility against this country was pursued with more and more audacity, while the faith of the British Government and the British people in Teutonic friendship became more and more implicit. There was no longer any very eminent skill employed by the diplomatic ministers and agents of Berlin, but insular credulity was an asset up to the very outbreak of the Boer war not less valuable than Bismarck's genius.

It is difficult to realize at this moment how narrowly this country, in its sublime unconsciousness, escaped the intended consequences of by far the most dangerous diplomatic tactics that have ever been directed against her. From the very first, those who ran might have read the semi-official Press, but for years German appeared to be a language undiscovered by the Foreign Office. The Dual Alliance was clamorously represented by the semi-official journals in Berlin, and their obsequious echoes in Vienna, to be directed against England. Every art was used, indeed, to direct it against England, just as in later days the operations of this diplomacy have reached from Washington to Constantinople in simultaneous attempt to manipulate America and the Turk as part of the extensive but single-minded conspiracy for relieving Berlin from embarrassments at the sole expense of Whitehall. The Kaiser seized the opportunity of joining France and Russia in the Triple Alliance of the Far East. Japan was expelled from the mainland. Kiao-chau and Port Arthur were seized in concert. Manchuria was not a German interest. Yet the Yangtze agreement was advertised as a triumph over the cupidity of an impotent and baffled island.

Upon the other hand, M. Hanotaux had become a convert to the theory that France, in tacit concert with Germany, should seek Colonial compensation for her Continental injuries, and should compound in Egypt for Alsace. Almost simultaneously with the appearance of the new triplix in the Far East, Colonel Marchand's expedition was directed towards the Nile. "Now let it work, mischief thou art afoot." The first ominous check, with the refusal of Paris to support the Kruger telegram policy, did not disconcert the calculations of the Mark Antonys of Berlin, as much as has been since pretended. In 1898 came the Fashoda imbroglio, and the crisis in the Far East reached its acute character. It was now believed in Germany that the effect of the infernal machine must be infallible. A struggle upon the Fashoda question would have been a godsend to all German purposes,

as it would have been ruinous for all British and French purposes. That struggle was avoided by a hair's-breadth. In Siam, the prescient policy which delighted to see Jules Ferry in Tonkin had already seen the risk of war become grave. Even after the fatal disappointment over Fashoda, it was still believed that England's relations with Russia must ultimately involve her with both the Powers of the Dual Alliance.

The year 1899 was the greatest business year that commercial Germany had ever known. There was some intoxication in the air. Even sober temperaments succumbed to it. Measureless ambitions assumed the persuasive shape of readily attainable things. Russia was absorbed in the Far East. France was emerging painfully from the throes of the "affaire," England was about to be plunged into the South African war. The posture of the world has rarely seemed more favorable to the purposes of any great Power than it was to those of Germany, nor less auspicious for the future of any country than it seemed for us, with the opening months of the Boer war. The climax of opportunity is always the point of peril. The Kaiser, with prodigal rashness, with a brilliancy of daring that took away the world's breath, exposed the aims of German policy in every direction. Count Bülow gloried with equal zest in revealing the pulse of the machine. The Baghdad railway concession startled Russia for the first time into recognition of the fact that the formula upon which Bismarckian diplomacy was founded in the beginning, and with which St. Petersburg had been successfully amused at repeated intervals long after it had ceased to be true, had in reality become a thing of the past. With the concession for a German railway to the Persian Gulf, it was impossible to pretend any more that Germany had no political interests in the Eastern question. Russia has since listened to the formula on several occasions, with well simulated solemnity, but she has never since believed it. She realized for the first time that the loss of the Near East was the price she was expected in Berlin to pay for her acquisitions in the Far East. At the same time, Austria was alarmed by the Pan-German excesses against which the Wilmelmstrasse has never yet made any serious demonstrations.

Infinitely more serious, however, was the mistake made in the treatment of this country. In the circumstances of the last ten years it would perhaps have been impossible for the Great Chancellor himself to have continued his policy of keeping Russia and England simultaneously in play with equal satisfaction to both these nations. The task has proved disastrously beyond Count Bülow's capacity. England might have remained blind to the meaning of the Navy Bills for some years longer, had not the fourth Chancellor taken every care to enlighten her in his endeavor to strengthen a career of phrases, by more phrases. He essayed to improve his reputation as a Parliamentary orator by turning

facetious periods at the expense of the Great Power which was about to prove itself a very Great Power indeed. The Boer war showed that German hatred, which was largely the deliberate creation of German policy, was arming itself with fleets. This was a more unmistakable warning to this country than the Baghdad railway scheme had been to Russia. When England awoke during the South African war, she awakened not to one thing, but to everything, and in the intention not to sleep again on certain matters. With that awakening the whole scheme of Teutonic ambition, by all the irony of human affairs, came crashing at the very moment when the situation at last seemed most secure.

It cannot be too clearly understood that the bankruptcy of the Bismarckian system has been due, on the one hand, to the overtrading upon it in the country of its origin, and on the other hand, to the revolt of the English people themselves against it. Little more than a year ago we had the Venezuelan imbroglio, and a final attempt to enter into a special partnership with Germany in the Baghdad railway enterprise. It was the decisive refusal of this country to tolerate any further subservience to German plans which fully opened the eyes of the French people to the fact that England was no longer, as for nearly twenty years she had seemed to be, the moral ally of Berlin. This feeling, and this feeling alone, made the Republic fully responsive to the influence of King Edward's personality, and set in train the happy series of circumstances resulting in the Anglo-French settlement. Although it is true that his Majesty's Government was rather forcibly detached by public opinion from its former adhesion to Germany, Lord Lansdowne has earned the appreciation of all patriotic men for the skill and judgment with which he has risen to a very memorable opportunity. His Majesty ripened the harvest, Lord Lansdowne has had the good fortune to reap it, but the seed was sown by German anglophobes, and by the efforts in this country of all who have worked to enlighten British public opinion upon the subject of German policy.

Bismarck's plans were definitely directed against one Great Power at a time, and he succeeded twice in isolating the Power at which he intended to strike. That was the very essence of the diplomacy to which the creation of modern Germany is due. The Imperial Alcibiades has failed for two reasons, first, in the choice of men, secondly, as brilliant versatility is most apt to do, for lack of singleness of aim, Count Bülow has not proved a fortunate choice, though it is not clear that he could be easily replaced. France has shown, since the liquidation of the "affaire," that she still possesses remarkable reserves of political talent. That is a plant which has not seemed to ripen easily in the Kaiser's shadow—his own ubiquitous initiative leaving too little scope for that of others.

But the fundamental error lies elsewhere. Speculating upon

the irreconcilable differences, the inevitable conflict between England and the Dual Alliance, Germany has too openly prepared herself to profit by the expected embarrassments of both. The prize of sea-power was the most coveted object of the Kaiser's ambition. That could only have been won by improving upon the classic Bismarckian precedents—by throwing the weight of a Continental coalition against an isolated island. "Fortune has bantered me," said Bolingbroke. Fortune has bantered me, said the Kaiser. Of this dream, events, with astounding caprice, have made an utter end. Not only has the Anglo-French agreement been signed, though the failure of Berlin diplomacy in that respect is exactly what Bismarck's would have been, if Austria had effected a firm *rapprochement* with France before 1866, or France with Russia before 1870. The Japanese war has simultaneously extinguished for the present the naval power of the Tsardom. Again, the infernal machine has failed to explode in the manner expected. In the midst of a crisis which was most confidently depended upon to plunge them into war, the two Western Powers have cemented something like the basis of a permanent friendship. Upon that side the theory of irreconcilable differences is disposed of. But what of the other side? Whether Russia retains effective possession of Manchuria as a result of the present war, or whether she is utterly beaten, the pendulum will swing back from the Far East to the Near East, and there the irreconcilable differences are more likely to open along the line of the Baghdad railway.

It would be premature to speculate upon the prospects of an Anglo-Russian settlement, under the conditions following the war. These conditions have first to be determined, and very much will depend upon the exact position occupied by the combatants at the close of the struggle. But it is at least almost certain that the situation will present opportunities such as have not before existed for a provisional arrangement with Russia, likely to harden naturally into a permanent compromise. Berlin, at least, perceives with blank concern that the theory of fundamental antagonism between England and Russia is no longer one which can be built upon in the future with the old sense of security. In one word, Germany is, for all positive purposes, an isolated Power. The Triple Alliance exists as superfluous safeguard against an attack upon her, which no one designs. For all the active objects of diplomacy, Germany has no ally whatever, except the Sultan and the Pope, neither of whom are sea-Powers. The Bismarckian tradition has ended in German isolation, and the Wilhelmstrasse has awakened to the fact that German politicians have behaved in diplomacy as the British subaltern was behaving four years ago in war.

It would be an irreparable mistake to imagine that a danger temporarily in abeyance is a danger which has finally disappeared, that a problem postponed is a problem disposed of. Germany's

greatest asset resides within herself. With the present year her population reaches the figure of 60,000,000. Her wealth increases more than proportionately with the development of industry and trade. It is a matter of life and death for German policy to seek new combinations. The very collapse of Bismarckian methods must lead to the evolution of a new policy better adapted to the existing state of international facts. We cannot afford to delude ourselves for one moment as to the aim upon which the German diplomacy of the future will endeavor to concentrate. What is the one solid and progressive achievement of the Kaiser's reign? It is the policy, which, for all practical purposes, has already made Germany the third Naval Power in the world, and which at no distant date will make her the silent and obstinate competitor with America for second place. No matter what fluctuations of policy may appear in other directions, the Kaiser continues, without pausing or swerving, to add ship to ship. For the last half decade every international crisis involving this country has been marked by a new Flottengesetz. The certain result of the Anglo-French agreement will be another increase in the German Fleet. The chief value of that settlement to us is that it leaves us with hands free to cope with the growing peril, which, soon or late, will become the nearest and greatest concern of all our policy.

CALCHAS.

GLOBE NOTES.

In opening the GLOBE NOTES of this issue I send my sincere thanks to the few scores of faithful subscribers who, without waiting for the new year, or the first issue of this year, promptly, and many of them with a friendly word, sent in advance, their subscriptions for 1904. I also send my hearty thanks to the hundreds of subscribers who promptly, and several of them, generously, responded to our first bills, sent out almost immediately after the issue of the March GLOBE. We issue bills twice a year, after March and September numbers.

One good father sent his check for \$10.00, being particular to say that it was intended only to square us for this one year. I considered this action all the more generous because he found and mentioned the fact that in a certain article in the March GLOBE there were two untrue and unworthy flings at the general action of the Church toward certain guilds or societies of workmen during the "middle ages." I at once wrote him the simple truth, that I had been too ill during the period of preparation of the issue, to read with any thoroughness the article in question either in the manuscript or in the proof, but as the writer of the

article was much inclined to be optimistic and usually genial and harmless, I had simply tasted his "ruminations" here and there, without detecting the shallow poison they contained. I do not hold myself responsible for all that the contributors to the *GLOBE* write and say therein. Many articles are from Protestants, fortunately, or the *GLOBE* would or ought to have died of inanition, as most of the Catholic periodicals have long been dead, except as they have been kept alive by the official goadings of half-taught and long-worded ecclesiasticism; but I do not knowingly allow any writer, whoever he or she may be, to say anything in this magazine that is false to any fact of history, or anything false to or in violation of true reverence for the Catholic Church. I have grown used to being boycotted by bigoted Protestantism on the one side, and bigoted Catholicism on the other, and to find that the process does not hurt half as seriously as the perpetrators of the boycott imagine.

The *GLOBE* stands for God's truth and human trueness and loyalty to the truth. The editor long ago got beyond the notion that any church, as a whole or individually, is infallible or impeccable. The *GLOBE* knows too well that lots of priests are both fallible and imperfect, that is, on the human side of them, which in many cases seems to be, by far, the broadest side; but he does not allow mere petty worldlings to vent their stupidity in the *GLOBE* on questions of theology or the Catholic Church. They are essentially ignorant or ill-informed on these questions, and it is not often that they try to weave their ignorance into this magazine. I have stated my excuse for the present instance, and shall try to be always watchful in the future. In this age every mechanic, especially of the professional kind, thinks he knows it all, and unfortunately many of our so-called literary journals are given over to defending the infidel folly of fools; I mean, the wiseacre, scientific and would-be theological fools. Other priests very kindly sent me five dollars instead of two, and a few ecclesiastics were more generous still. I am especially thankful to all of these, and at times, spite of serious ill health, which no one who sees me suspects, I still hope to realize the best expectations of my dearest friends. The age is trivial; cares little for the higher morality, thinks itself smart in talking now and then of what it calls the higher criticism, forgetting this one eternal truth, that no man has ever been able, and that no man ever will be able to understand the Church, the Scriptures or the higher criticism who does not practice the highest morality. Only the saints are true seers. It is easy to find fault with the flowers, the stars, and to find or imagine spots on the sun. Errors in the Scriptures! Certainly. My friends, they have gone through too many human handlings to escape that, but God Almighty still reigns supreme in the Scriptures, still shines in the dawns of nature, and wins true hearts with the beauty of the flowers.

I am even thankful to the delinquents who hold off year after year. At all events, they show too much appreciation of the *GLOBE*, or too much regard for me to give up the magazine; and who knows, perhaps my poor words may tend by slow degrees to make their minds broader and open their eyes clearer to see truths that might otherwise have been hid from them.

In truth, I am thankful to all readers of the *GLOBE* for the patience they manifest in buying and reading it year after year. I know that many of my utterances must now and then irritate and hurt some of them, but, dear fathers and friends, my words utter my sincere and earnest convictions, based on serious study and a wide experience, and if the writer has the courage of his convictions, knowing them at times to be unpopular, surely his Christian friends may be counted on to exercise patience, and be excused for a little admiration now and then.

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Speaking of the utter secularity and triviality of the age in which we live, I was recently caught in a sickening outpouring of it on the stage. I went on April 23d to the Garrick Theatre, Philadelphia, to see what shallow pated critics of the newspapers have called "a revival of Shakespeare" in honor of his birthday. It is like Whistler's "revival of true art," an insufferable black and white scarecrow, with a pink Elizabethan feather in its hat. It is like a William Morris revival of Christianity with Lutheran attachments and easy chairs, or a speech by President Roosevelt before a lot of modern cartoonists, journalists, newspaper editors and so-called periodical publishers, on "restraint." Think of it; Theodore, on "Restraint" in utterance, etc., or Mark Twain taken to serious talk, or Howel's as the Dean of American Literature, or Henry James, the involved sentence stretcher, as the leading American stylist.

Here is a taste of what the mouthing and utterly silly so-called "critic" of the *Public Ledger* said of the revival the day after the show: "Real Shakespeare. Poet's birthday observed with noteworthy revivals. Mr. Greet produces two dramas in their original form. On the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth, with nearly 350 years intervening between that event and to-day, it was, indeed, an odd experience to sit in the Garrick Theatre yesterday and feel that performances of such well-known plays as "The Merchant of Venice" and "Twelfth Night" could develop a new revelation of the poet's genius." "Odd experience" it certainly was, and about the stupidest that this particular editor ever had the honor and disgust of going through, and as to the suggestion that we had to wait 350 years until Mr. Greet brought his wax dolls, his stuffed apes, his pasteboard and wooden figure-heads, called actors, on this earth to "develop a new revelation of the poet's genius," etc., it is exactly like the revival itself and

the players, one and all of them. It is Mark Twain at his worst, trying to be serious.

Garrick was one of the earliest and best of English actors to develop a spontaneity of dramatic art in the Shakespearean plays, and that this latest, and dastardly, and soulless and senseless apology for acting should be given in "revival" of Shakespeare in the fine old city of Philadelphia, in a modern back door and coal-heaving theatre called after his name! It is all of a piece; Shakespeare and his genius, Christ and His truth, brought out and thrown around by nigger coal heavers in the back alley of the *North American Building*; and it is all so superior, so refined, so beastly, and abominable, and damnably coarse, and brutal, and modern, and mock cultured that even the *Ledger* has fallen to its level, and sings its praises. It would just kill George W. Childs, William McKean and the Rev. John Chambers could they come back and view the circus for a day.

In the total company that gave the "Merchant of Venice" there was not one competent or even decent actor. They were all of them the merest mouthing wooden automatons. They could not act, could not either comprehend or give utterance to the sentiments or the thoughts of Shakespeare. Any old rag-picking or money-lending and usurious Jew, if taught by such a lisping genius as the *Ledger* man, could manage to express the sentiment, "I'll have my bond;" even an ordinary New York or Philadelphia Jew could say that without training, and loud enough to be heard, and "hear me," spoken with wooden clearness is not impossible to Mr. Greet's actors, so-called, but neither the women or the men understood or were in any measure capable of expressing one single sentiment or fine thought of the dramatist. They were all simply wooden, mouthing, shallow-headed, untaught, New York cockney clowns.

I am not thinking or speaking of what the consummate fool-critic of the *Ledger* chooses to call an earlier or a later style of rendering Shakespeare. There have been great and small actors in all these 350 years. There are to-day; but to credit a lot of stuffed and mouthing incompetents, with developing new conceptions of the genius of Shakespeare, when the dumb-headed secular show was enough to make an angel or a real devil swear is the most despicable instance of so-called criticism, that we have ever seen, and the *Ledger* has now and again perpetrated some pretty tall folly under that head, in its so-called literary columns. I am speaking of the unutterably beautiful emotions and poetic dreams of love and beauty that any intelligent reader of the "Merchant of Venice" has never failed to find in the play from Shakespeare's day till the present hour; that any actor worthy the name has never failed to make exquisitely beautiful and commanding from the earlier years and hours until now. It is possible the *Ledger* man has never read the play or seen it well

acted. If so, he had no more right to attempt a criticism of this one acting or to praise it than he had to enter my house and steal my purse. A man who praises such acting is either an inborn scoundrel or a consummate fool. But he is entirely at home in this advance age of rascals and fools from the President down. It is on account of this phase of the question, and not because of the failure of one set of wooden actors, or one blunder of a wooden critic that I am touching it here. Everywhere things are called by their wrong names, and the higher the theme, the less is it understood or revered, and the more is it abused.

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Only yesterday, May 3d, I found in the *Booklover's Magazine* a new Philadelphia venture of color and gush, worse than *Lippincott's* even, but smarter after the *Ledger's* manner of detecting methods of developing new plans of the devil's genius. The following: "Creed or Conviction? The picture *Creed or Conviction?* shown in this issue, is one of the successes of the year at the Doré Gallery in London, a centre of attraction which is rarely missed by Americans who visit the English capital. The painting is by a young artist, C. G. Anderson, who is as yet comparatively unknown. The present painting, which represents his best work so far, though not the only work which has figured in the London galleries, is along the lines of the celebrated production of Luke Fildes, *The Doctor*. The dying man is assumed to be a scientist who, as the end approaches, gravely debates in his own mind whether he shall please his tearful wife and sorrowing son by yielding himself up to the strenuous priest who appeals to him so powerfully and dramatically; or whether he shall still resist them all, and leave the world sternly unbelieving himself, and refusing his family the consolation that would make his last act one of hypocrisy." As we do not publish pictures in the GLOBE, let us describe this picture. A handsome and somewhat refined old man, of the hardened refinement of the scientist, so-called, is reclining upon his bed supposed to be his deathbed, though the approach of death has made no advance or sign upon his face. He is full-bearded, the beard moderately, but not overly long; long enough to display and make the face more noble and attractive, that is, to the average shallow observer, and the entire picture is meant mainly to catch the shallow and untaught mind. The dying scientist is having an easy passage—looks shallow-wise, imperceptive not far-seeing, but calculating and would-be penetrative and severe, especially toward the priest and his supposed creed; the priest stands at the foot of the bed, erect, with the crucifix elevated in his right hand, looking, also, dignified and in earnest. By the right hand of the handsome and severe scientist sits his wife, the scientist's arm about her neck, and his hand resting on her right shoulder. She, also, is looking steadily toward the priest and the elevated crucifix. Her face is a be-

lieving, strong and beautifully motherly face, as good as we may conceive the Blessed Virgin to have been. The Madonna of the household. By the bedside kneels, what must be, a daughter, as if weeping, and in prayer. Of the three faces seen and named, the face of the scientist is the most handsome, pronounced, determined, soulless, willful and humanly set and uninspired. Something like the long-bearded Puritans, or the abolitionist of the Burleigh type, but more severe. It is meant to be ideal, but it really is damnable in its subtle willfulness and so-called reason. The wife and mother knows, loves and sees more in a moment than her dying husband has ever seen or probably ever will see. The priest is a god, beside the gray-bearded and handsome; old, conceited centre of the group. The priest and the mother are really, by all the laws of art and physiognomy, the divine ideals and dreams of God in the picture. They represent what the artistic calls the "creed"—thank God for Madonnas of such faces, shining upon the pages of all the Christian ages, and illuminating the world. The old man's face represents what modern conceit calls science, or, in this case, proudly and foolishly called "conviction."

I have no personal knowledge of the artist. A better title would have been, the Angels of Life and Death. The artist is plainly in touch with what is called modern science, and believes in it, or thinks he does. He really believes nothing; is an agnostic with a foolish contempt for religion, which he neither understands, believes in or reveres; but even his own hand, however guided in trying to ridicule the faith of the mother and the priest, has cut his own throat. In a word, the artist in him was better than the man; true to nature and to God.

Note the pride, falsehood and presumption of the title, "Creed or Conviction." All our modern conceit of conviction and hatred of creeds is in the title alone. In the first place, the presumption is that *conviction* so called, is infallible and always to be obeyed; the pride and falsehood of private judgment; Protestantism and science gone mad, even unto death; and the face of the hero is meant to portray all that. In the next place the presumption is that creed represents no conviction, is not genuine, sincere and intelligent, but a sort of imperious superstition and not an evolution of highest conviction and often inspired. Now, I say that all this, regardless of any specific Church or creed, is an insufferable manifestation of ignorance and impudence.

Did Christ and Paul and the innumerable multitude of Christian martyrs, who for two thousand years have made the blood-stained soil of this earth more sacred than a mother's love; did all these have no convictions? Are those of us who, while keeping our eyes open to view all that science and anti-Christian so-called "conviction" has to show in pictures, or to say in words, but who still try to imitate Christ—and His followers; have we

no "conviction?" Bring your un-Christian, proud scientist and agnostic or Jew masonic booby out into the market places of the daylight and let him suffer something besides fulsome newspaper flattery; something like death and hell in defense of his convictions; something like millions of Christian martyrs have done before him, and what will he or has he done, or dare he volunteer to do or bear, that the humble follower of Christ to-day will not do for the conviction hid in the heart of him and his "creed." Oh, you shallow and conceited fool, put a gag in thy mouth and tie up thy lying artist hands.

In the same *Booklover's* gush we find the following from that gad-about and well-worn clown, Mr. "Mark Twain" and the new follower of his. It tells the same story. Both fools want to undo the order of nature and convict God for the clown, instead of themselves.

"No North or South. Mark Twain said that the South had been overthrown by reading *Ivanhoe*; that it had gone down before the knightly ambition bred of that literature, and now only lived to mount a horse, grasp a lance, and joust. My own thought is that the great injury to the South results from its being Southern. If I owned the South I should have a law in every State abolishing the word Southern. It is much smaller than the word American. Besides, it's a fallacy. There can be no such thing as a Southern interest or a Southern question of a Southern man. The interest or the question or the man is every time American. Take the negro question: it is an American, not a Southern, question. If you were shot in the leg would you call it a leg question? If you had pneumonia what could you think of your leg if it said:

"I'm sorry for Lungs with that pneumonia. However, it's none of my affairs."

And if I were the South I'd not only quit being Southern, but I'd quit being solid. To create a force is to create an opposition; otherwise, some day, somehow, some Archimedes would capsize the earth. A solid South means a solid North. If the Democracy were wise it would give the Republicans Louisiana, Alabama, Florida, and South Carolina. The Democracy would carry a dozen Northern States if it did.

Let it be understood that I like the Southern man. There's no smell of Europe about him. Moreover, he is apt to be a man and unlikely to be a snob. I have never met a Southern member who remembered that he was a Congressman; I have never met a Northern member who forgot it.

That, doubtless, is the result of education. A Northern man is taught that it is a mark of honor to go to Congress. Finding himself thus distinguished he is correspondingly puffed. Now, your Southern man is like a squab pigeon, biggest when he's born. The fact of his nativity is the greatest honor reachable:

He is cradled on a peak; he can climb no higher. Wherefore, although he go later to a Senate or a Cabinet or even a White House, he goes ever downhill.—*Alfred Henry Lewis in The Saturday Evening Post.*”

Now, on all this coarse and contemptible folly we have to say: *First.* It is a lie to state that Walter Scott is responsible for the style of man called the Southern man, but Mark Twain is a clown, knows no better, and is not to be taken seriously. *Second.* The style of man called the Southern man has always been in the world since civilization took fire and began to grow on our soil; has always been as different from such men as Mark Twain as refinement is different from coarseness, or as beauty is different from ugliness. That Sir Walter was in touch with this element of human culture, and fed it, we admit with pleasure, that he was and remains the writer of the purest and simplest English of all the novelists of the last two hundred years, we admit and affirm with pleasure; that there is all the difference between his writing and the writing of the eulogized Mark and Walt Whitman, that there is between rubble stone and gutter slush, and true soil and pure water or wine, we admit and affirm with pleasure, but to blame him for the superior nature of the average Southern man of long ago, as compared with the modern Western man, or the modern Yankee, is to write himself down the most amusing and clownish of all animals, the kicking little jackass. I like to see clowns, in the circus. Gentlemen always kept them for amusement, but called them truly “fools.” I like to read Mark as a clown. He has a clown’s wit, sharp and appetizing, but to talk of him as a gentleman shows your own lack of sense and breeding.

Apparently his young disciple is also a pretty good clown. If Mr. A. H. Lewis owned the South and made such a law as he names, he would prove himself an excellent tyrant and a petty clown. The Westerner seldom mentions the fact that he is a Westerner. He is not, at least, proud of the fact, as the Yankee is proud of New England, or as the Southerner is proud of his native section, but for a shock-hair, Western, common clown to run about the world trying to ridicule, explain or annihilate the South as such or the Southerner, is to be contemptible and less than amusing.

Mr. Lewis’ cure for the solid South is about equal to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain’s cure for un-American tariff; give him more of it, and he will become a skulking free trader like Chamberlain himself. Somebody has to speak the truth, gentlemen. What he says of the grand finale of the politician is, unfortunately, almost always true.

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After spending their pious lives in marrying almost anybody and everybody that came to them, for a fee, of course, what is called public sentiment, that is newspaper gush, has at last moved

large bodies of Protestant clergymen, so-called, to take up the general question of marriage and divorce, in earnest, and now his majesty, the devil, champion of American morality, is to be whipped at the stake or lynched if necessary, so that the preachers may hope once more for full churches on Sundays and no delay in their salaries. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but Mr. "Bargain Counter Millionaire" & Co. have gotten too good a start, I fear.

Here is the latest, and about the stupidest, that has come from the parsons on the subject:

"Will Not Marry Divorcees. Reading Ministers Adopt Resolutions Regarding the Subject. Special telegram to *Public Ledger*. Reading, May 3.—The Reading Ministerial Association, which includes pastors of the Reformed, Evangelical, Methodist, Baptist, United Brethren, United Evangelical and Presbyterian Churches, held a largely attended meeting to-day, when action was taken on the divorce question. They give notice that they will not marry a divorced man or woman while the divorced husband or wife be living, with one exception, and then only the innocent party. The following was unanimously adopted:

"We, the undersigned ministers, members of the Reading Ministerial Association, recognizing the constantly increasing number of divorces, and deeply sensible of the peril, not only to the home but to the Church and State, from this growing evil, do most earnestly protest against the lax views prevailing upon the subject in our community, and the indifference of the general public in regard to it.

"And in the hope that we may be able to do something in a practical way to further the cause of morality, decency and social stability, we hereby make this public declaration that we will not marry a divorced man or woman, while the divorced husband or wife be living, except where the divorce was granted for adultery, and then only the innocent party, with this reservation, however, that a number of us will not marry a divorced person under any circumstances whatsoever while the other party to the divorce be living."

"About forty pastors signed the minute."

When modern preachers attempt to get into any practical work they usually get their foot into it and leave their heads out entirely. This all looks to me a good deal like Pius X's recent treatment of the Imperial or Temporal power, the veto recently used by Austria and which practically resulted in Pius X's election to the Papacy. It is also about as crazy as his taking offense at Loubets' visit to Italy. Mind your own business. Holy Father, and don't waste your time snubbing presidents or kings.

The Pope and the Cardinals, directed, it would seem, too largely by the many-tongued young Cardinal Merry Del Vall, concluded to revive the well-worn and generally discarded power

of excommunication, and hurl it at any future emperor, king or temporal power pretending to assert the veto in any of the church's proceedings, or offices, and some of our American Catholic weeklies with their usual pig-headed presumption and stupidity, announced the "death of the veto" by the old disease called excommunication. The GLOBE hates and despises the power of veto, as it hates and despises any and every sort of interference of the temporal power with affairs spiritual, but to attempt to use or to speak of the faded and false glory of excommunication as the "*death of the veto*" seems to me more silly and despicable still. Francis Joseph had, or thought he had, good reasons for check-mating the game of making Rampolla Pope, though some very able writers have since argued that Leo XIII and not Rampolla was responsible for the Papal policy in Austro-Hungary that has so seriously divided the Empire, without doing the Church any good at all, and perhaps Rampolla was only a scapegoat after all. He needed the humiliation any way. Most of the Italian Cardinals need it. But again: what Emperor, King or ruler of any nation in the world now cares a farthing for a Papal Excommunication, any way? And that is where and how the sting is taken out of the Papal thrust, which never in Christian decency ought to have been allowed to get in. Quit taking the pay of the Emperor of Austria, the King of Italy, or the President of the French Republic; act like a man of some independence before you threaten a King with a power that made your predecessors alike terrible, foolish and contemptible.

So it is with our Reading parsons: they see that the place is growing tight for them, get morally indignant and threaten not to marry divorcees in the future, with exceptions. Gentlemen of the cloth, why did you not begin at the other end? Remember the point, the so-called Christian man or woman who will fly from the ills known and sure to be in married life to the unknown ills of divorce and Co. has ceased to care one rap whether your parson will marry him or her. His or her conscience is but a blank cartridge. It has lost all aim, and has no force. The divorcees can get and command all the lawful marriages they want by the infamous laws appealed to in divorcing them, whether such muck heaps of so-called laws are in Pennsylvania or in Dakota. What need or care have they for such as you?

Fourteen years ago I published the simple truth on the whole question in an article in this magazine, called the "Infamy and Blasphemy of Divorce;" plead for a uniform American marriage law, also for such law touching divorce and remarriage. The article took from the first moment. The late Col. Bob Ingersoll and the late termagant editor of a Washington weekly wrote on the other side, and the *North American*, still in the business of pandering to vice and liars, published the Ingersoll bosh on the subject then.

About a year ago I republished the article, word for word. Again it took fire. The Jesuits have taken up the theme publicly. Father Sherman has orated on it, doing fairly well for an unmarried man; and the immaculate American Congress has tried to apply ultra fine American morality to Senator Smoot, of Utah, but it will not go, even in politics. The election is approaching and the Republic-stealing saint in the White House is desperate for electors, married or single, divorced or undivorced, or married several times. "All is fair in love and war." My dear preachers, you are in a land utterly lost to morality and the claims of honor, and nobody cares whether you marry people or not, and it will all grow worse rather than better, and in spite of you all. You can't create, or elevate, or change the average morality of this nation by a few stupid clerical resolutions, or crack sentences by Father Sherman or other inexperienced Catholic priests. In our article, and in all we have ever said on this subject, we have kept close to the Biblical and the Catholic position, no matter what silly boys or parsons may say, and we shall win. But the morality of the United States!! God save us and all the savages of the world from such crude, and rude and blasphemous stuff.

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While in the line of Catholic reform, etc., we may notice another modern phase of would-be Papal sanctimoniousness. Years ago we advocated a more serious and dignified musical rendering of the mass in Catholic Churches; had experts in Gregorian chant music advocate their theories in these pages. Perhaps our little efforts had something to do with developing the Papal sentiment that some months ago disclosed itself in favor of a general return to the more devout form of Catholic music; but within a few weeks of this writing the Catholic papers announced that the Hierarchy of the United States, in meeting assembled at Washington, I believe, and after mature consideration simply directed that their chief, His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, write the Pope that the commanded return to the chants in music is impossible in a land flowing with milk and honey and money, bedecked with the "United Brotherhoods" of the "Knights of Columbus," themselves a rebellion against similar utterances of Leo XIII. In a word, in this land, without a conscience or any real piety, it would be a greater mockery to sing the Gregorian Chant than the opera music now usually indulged in on Sundays in our Catholic Churches.

So the ecclesiastical gentlemen over in Rome who dictate to aggressive American Catholics, clergy, choir masters, Knights of Columbus, editors and what not, who threaten excommunication to Kings and Emperors, etc., etc., may have to learn a little themselves, correct or alter some of their narrow and conceited notions, and learn, after all, themselves that they are not the

Church and apostles of deadly authority they have sometimes assumed themselves to be. It is not that we like Rome less and Cæsar more, but, gentlemen, the world is very complex; getting more and more mixed every year, and if the Pope of Rome and his Secretaries of State cannot find anything better to do than to waste their leisure in formulating decrees condemnatory of our American Catholic Church and silencing and condemning such able scholars as the Abbe Loise, of France, and protesting against the brilliant visit of President Loubet to the Italian King and Capital, we advise them to get out of Rome, come to New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, and help those of us poor but earnest critics to do what we can, with eyes as clear as their own, and with hearts as pure, are doing to check the tidal waves of iniquity in this land of freedom, and let Kings and singers go where they please, any way. If you are hungry for martyrdom, most Holy Father, we will guarantee it you here in the finest of roles, plus the crown tacked on.

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And now, May 23rd, they say that Satolli is coming over again to "visit friends" and to see to it that any new cropping out of Americanism is nipped in the bud. There was a good deal of mischief done by his previous visit. Italian ecclesiastics in coming to this country seem to take it for granted that all American Roman Catholics, no matter how loyal, orthodox or saintly, need disciplining according to Italian methods and standards. In my judgment they had infinitely better stay at home and discipline themselves and their conduct, according to the methods and standards of Jesus Christ. Precious lives, years and fortunes are wasted in trying to make free and great nations into the groveling and duplicate morality and orthodoxy of Rome, herself always too much of an imitation of the old days of Pagan pride and duplicity. In a word, I think that Cardinal Satolli had better stay at home, or make a rapid swing around our imperial world and return to Rome by way of Port Arthur and the Philippines.

He might stay in Rome and help Pius X and Cardinal Merry Del Val reclaim to the Church the hundreds of Italian families now leaving it, because they cannot stand the foolish Papal pressure brought to bear on them because of the hopelessly lost temporal power of the Pope. Or Cardinal Satolli might go home by way of Ireland, and try to make more effective the wise advice of the American Hierarchy to the Irish people to stay at home and not come to America, where they are only in danger of losing their faith by becoming aldermen, mayors of great cities, fat and rich, and of enormous conceit of themselves. The Pope or Cardinal, who imagines that all goodness and truth begins and ends with him, or in Rome, had better sell out in Rome and take up a thousands acres of government land on our great Western

prairies and learn, once for all, that conceited ultra and censorious ecclesiasticism never has, and never will, or can be of much service in this all too practical world. Let them quit for a century the soft places, the gorgeous palaces, the purple robes of silly luxury, and go forth into the world of heathendom again calling sinners, not the righteous, to repentance. Every bird sings its own note or song, and you cannot, and should not, attempt to make them all look alike or sing alike. Even Herbert Spencer was a vulgar, conceited, commonplace mechanic when he went to speak of a woman who, till she fell into error, was infinitely his superior in mind, heart and person. As a New York priest once said to a Bishop who tried to arouse him from his bed at midnight, stop your noise and go to a hotel and be a gentleman, even if you are a Bishop. So we would say to all the upstart, proud, Italian and other ecclesiastics, "down on your knees," do your first works over again, and be modest and Christ-like and charitable, and know that in every nation there are scores of men as wise and as good, or better than you; and, above all, be true, straightforward and manly in all your works and ways.

The Church for several centuries was badly spoiled by what has been called the Temporal Power. We have written very fully on all phases of this in previous numbers of the *GLOBE*. Now it has come to the fore again by the foolish action of Pius X toward the French Republic, as if this Temporary Power still existed. This is at the bottom of its action in regard to the visit of President Loubet to the King of Italy in Rome. It is the consummation of Papal childishness to presume to interfere with the visit of the head of any nation to the King of Italy. The head of every nation on earth would delight to honor Pius X as the spiritual head of the Church of Rome—and that is all that he has any right to claim—but what King or President in Christendom is going to ask consent of the Pope to visit the King of Italy? What ordinary citizen of intelligence would condescend to any thing of the kind? The age has gone by for such folly, and will never return. Let the Pope acknowledge the blunder of the Church in ever claiming the Temporal Power, accept all the reverence voluntarily given him as spiritual ruler over all that admit his claim, accept any presents of money or lands the faithful may give him, but no nonsense of Temporal Power. It is not in their power to give this, nor is it the Pope's right to receive princedoms or wages from Kings. He is solely the servant of God and the servant of the faithful.

I ask the pardon of any friend whose stricter or narrower notions on this or other themes I may offend. But I am weary of seeing a great and beautiful, and wonderful power like the Church spoiling the work of Christ and its own highest ends by pretending to be what it is not, and thus making itself a laughing stock in the eyes of the world. It is not that I love Christ and His

Church less than Pius X, Satolli & Co., but that I have a better head and a truer education than they.

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It was my intention to write a careful review of the entire Roosevelt-Panama business for the March GLOBE, but my health did not permit. After Mr. Hanna's death I ceased to take any interest in American politics or the presidential campaign. To-day, May 31st, all that is left of Senator Quay has gone to rest in a quiet graveyard, beside the remains of his long-lost father. With the death of Hanna and Quay, the two ablest men in public life in the United States, the politics of the country are a shapeless mass of dry rot and corruption, which I never want to touch again. An old contributor has, however, sent a severe article on his immaculate boobyship, the accidental President, which I publish, having the author's name ready at need. These GLOBE Notes and other few words on the Philosophy of Literature are all I have been able to do for this issue. At this time I am still less able to do any sort of justice to the questions I have attempted to handle, or that need handling, and shall have to trust myself to the generous consideration of my many friends. I republish the article on Roman Archæology, not that I have much respect for the industrious cellar diggers, but because I think it may be of general interest to my readers, as it was to me. Let us be patient, and the true light will dawn on all souls in God's own time.

At this date, June 10th, I concluded to republish the article I have called "Bismarck's Second Death" in preference to the original work of various other authors at my disposal. I consider it the ablest article on the international problem of to-day that has come under my notice. It seems particularly suggestive in view of Emperor William's recent edict abolishing the entire action of Bismarck touching his banishment of the Jesuits and his unreasonable persecution of German Catholics in general. The Emperor William, being somewhat hard pressed for allies, is plainly conciliating Rome, though at heart and in practice he is the most ultra Protestant in Germany, and does as he pleases without regard to justice or the laws of God, resembling thus our own modest Theodore. But the Emperor, President, or Pope who undertakes to win against nature and God's eternal truth and justice gets himself badly mixed after a while.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE GLOBE.

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ROOSEVELT, ROOT & CO.,

At this writing, August 23d, the National Politics of America and the relation of these to the ever changing international world view of politics, diplomacy and war, have reached a full, ample and varied statement upon statement, in our own journalism and in the international journalism of the whole civilized world; so that the entire field of human endeavor, aspiration and ambition, as well as the conflicting interests of capital and labor, especially as blazing out in Colorado and as fighting in grim determination and unchristian error in Fall River, Massachusetts, with scores of other and minor conflicts, murder and rascality, involving and depicting what are called the domestic, social and national and international life of our times, are spread out before the thoughtful reader as a more or less changing panorama of life and death.

In and through all this the names of the gentlemen placed at the head of this article are almost constantly recurring, and their portraits or pictures in one artistic or clownish caricature and another are constantly bobbing up in the assaulted and frequently-insulted presence of the public, showing, however, always what a large part these comparatively young and rather small men are playing in the affairs of the world to-day.

The wide awake newspapers of New York announced on the 22d, that one Admiral Sterling of the United States Navy had run his war ship between the pursuing Japanese war vessel and a pursued Russian war ship in order to protect the Russian man of war from the attack of the Japanese, he, the same Admiral Sterling, with the usual Yankee presumption, effrontery, assuming to decide and dictate the terms and laws of the rights and

privileges of the war ships of belligerents and neutrals, and in a breath to clear his ship for action, with the foul gases of his own ambition and idiocy and to show the world what a crazy clown of a U. S. naval officer could do to make an ass of himself and his nation when in possession of one of the fine ships belonging to Roosevelt, Root & Co.

The slow and plodding, always half asleep newspapers of Philadelphia, republished on the 23d, the wild and wide awake news of the New York journals of the 22d, and the general talky talky journalism of the country, while standing ready to applaud Sterling's impudence, was, however, obliged to add this little item of news from Washington or from Oyster Bay: Roosevelt says, telegraphs, or causes the poor shifting Secretary Hay to say and telegraph to Sterling *et al*, "Hands off," gentlemen, this is not our quarrel, at least not yet, Mr. Admiral Sterling, you of the hasty clearing of the decks for action, you of the polished brass belt and buttons and the loud mouth, mind your own business. Meanwhile China insists that the Russian ships of war in Chinese ports, must dismantle or clear out, as they ought to have done long before, and the Russian disabled ships that have just felt the fond and protecting embrace of our gushing Admiral Sterling promise once more that they will dismantle or quit, acknowledging China's right so to order and their own duty to obey, and at the same time proving to the amazement of all the world that our Admiral Sterling was an all too previous fool.

I am beginning this leading article thusly, for which I had been making clippings for review during the last three months, wholly and solely for the sake of saying here at the outset that Theodore Roosevelt, if he did telegraph, as the papers of this date state, I consider it the first sane and manly and wise and statesman-like act that he has perpetrated since the accident of hell made him President of the United States nearly three years ago, but I almost fear that the next news will contradict his reputed action.

The newspapers of this same date, August 23d, reported a dispatch from Senator "Me too" Platt, of New York, stating that a recent letter from Elihu Root, makes it practically impossible to think of him any longer as a possible candidate for Governor of New York this coming Fall, and that the Republican

State Convention will be an open convention, the present Governor, Odell, consenting thereto and approving this course.

Here again it is seen how large a part Roosevelt, Root & Co. are playing in the national and international politics of our day.

Mr. Root may or may not be the next Governor of New York, but here is what no wide awake editor has yet mentioned: Mr. Root will be the Republican candidate for the presidency in 1908, and if our general schemes of Imperial Ambition go at all well these next four years, he will win, and prove himself the most popular and capable and most able president the country has had since the days of the late Mr. George Washington.

Of Judge Parker, the democratic nominee for president in opposition to Roosevelt this year, I shall have more to say, directly. He is included in a far off silent partner fashion, with the firm I have in mind.

Having thus glanced at the latest facts touching the general subject of review, I propose to revise in some detail the progress of our national politics in their recent struggles, to this hour, and possibly carry along with this review the actions relative to the Russo-Japanese war.

I had intended to treat the national political contest for the presidency in one article and write a review of the war to date in another, but our national political contest is so nearly related to the larger affair that it suits my purpose to work them both together.

In all probability, before it is decided whether Theodore Roosevelt or Alton Parker shall be our next President, the Japanese will have captured Port Arthur, will have taken possession of Vladivostock, driven Kuropatkin beyond Mukden to the North, made themselves masters in the whole disputed country of Manchuria, smashed the Russian army and navy, and thus within about six months from the beginning of hostilities, will have made Japan one of the leading nations of modern so-called civilization, and henceforth will become a factor to be reckoned with in every national and international contest in the modern world.

When twenty-four hours before this writing it looked as if Roosevelt had sanctioned a naval action that would have fled in the face of seventy-five per cent. of the intelligent sympathy of the American people, the first thing a reviewer of events found

himself called upon to do was to look for a motive of such action in the present condition of the national conflict, and so find the meaning of the international action in the exigencies of party machinery.

For a moment the nation was stunned to staggering. What did it mean? Was Roosevelt so hard pressed for votes in New York, New Jersey and Wisconsin, that he was willing to offend the mind and heart of the nation in order to make sure of the Irish American vote by appearing for the time being not only to offend the good feeling existing between Great Britain and this country, but to fly in the face of all past civilized history by a violation of our own pledged neutrality, in our presumptive self-assertion to defend what our bombastic naval captains defined as an overstepping of the rights of a belligerent, instead of forcing the other belligerent to adhere to the rightful requests of the one great pivotal neutral nation concerned. Many delicate and far-reaching, unexpected questions of international rights are aroused in every great war, but Admiral Dewey apprehended the heart of this question when during our American-Spanish war, a German war vessel undertook to put itself between the American Admiral and his Spanish prey. The Admiral simply notified the German that his ship was in the line of the Admiral's line of firing on the enemy's navy, and to prove it, so the story goes, fired a shot at the enemy, which shot went through the rigging of the German man of war, which again, having a sensible officer aboard, withdrew out of the line of the American Admiral's line of fire.

Of course, the newspapers in this country could have found reasons upon reasons in defense of Sterling's foolish action, American interests might be shot into and through, if the little brave brown sailors persisted in their pursuit of their Russian prey, etc., etc., and it is infinitely to the credit of the Japanese nation, and to their officers in the army and navy, that they have throughout this struggle so closely adhered to all the just claims of neutral nations, while Russia has violated such claims at every turn, as she had previously violated all the claims of natural truth and justice in forcing the issues that made war with her an absolute necessity.

I abominate the spirit and the action of war in every instance. I hold that the action of our own nation, our army and our

navy in declaring and forcing war with Spain over Cuba, and in destroying the Spanish fleet in the Philippines and in destroying the Spanish Catholic civilization in the Philippines, that all our action in that case, by sea and on land, was infamous, boastful, brutal and damnable, and that all the results of our action must and will be pernicious and harmful to the end of time. I hold that all that was the destruction of a civilization superior to our own and not an advancement of civilization at all. I blame Russia for the Russo-Japanese war as I blame America for the American-Spanish war, but if any power under heaven could have made me a naval officer for one hour, that is, the bond slave of a president or king, I would have done, like a flash of lightning, just what Dewey did in the case named, and just what a Japanese, high in authority, reported from London on the 22d of August, the Japanese would do, that is, simply go on with their own business, and if one of Roosevelt's ships stood in the line of their firing at the enemy simply shoot through the Sterling bombast, and if the bombast was hurt, let it blame the arrogance of the American flag and American seamen.

In order to get down to business, cross the Yalu and fire into the accumulated Russians at all, Japan had to ride right across American rights in Corea, but the Japs did it, and we held our peace, and it must be so to the end. It was a piece of insufferable impudence for Hay to attempt to define and limit the boundaries of the war any way. It was merely a weak-headed amateur suggestion at best. If China and Japan choose to become allies in this fight, and so drive every Russian not only out of Manchuria, but out of all China, and all approaches to or avenues through China, it is their right to do so and none of our business whatever. The white man does not own the universe. Only fools scare at the "yellow peril."

We have long paraded and pretended to defend the so-called Monroe doctrine in America while flying the free booters' flag in all other parts of the world, and for one, I think that the end of that hypocrite business is nigh at hand. Sauce for goose is gander sauce, even for Mr. Jonathan Gander.

But we must look a little at our national political humbuggery and see how it squares with truth and history, with science, religion, etc.

The portraiture of our presidential campaign has been one of its most interesting and prominent features. The faces of Roosevelt and Fairbanks, and of Parker and Davis are as familiar to most people as the figures on our silver and paper dollars. The portraits of Roosevelt and Parker are before me. Parker's is a more mature face, but on the whole a weaker face than Roosevelt's. Every school boy knows the face of Theodore. The face and bust and expression are those of a strong country athlete, almost those of a prize fighter. The chin and lower face are not heavy but strongly set over the neck and shoulders but always with an unsatisfied and unsettled look about the lips barely covered with a good mustache, and generally the teeth are showing like those of an angry dog, and when the upper lip is drawn down a little to cover the teeth, the expression is that which I have mentioned, a scheming, raw young countryman, ready at a moment to blaze into good fellowship or burn into suppressed or outspoken rage. The nose is straight and strong, but the eyes after the modern American tendency of eyes, are too close together, and looking in as it were, toward the nose. There is no breadth of vision in them, no nobleness of expression, but they have a half shut appearance, like a pig's eyes. His forehead is large and full and high, with hair growing down toward the scant eyebrows. Theodore's father had a much more intellectual forehead and altogether a nobler and better face, more human, higher principled and more sincere.

By politics, or other ancestry, Theodore has the same poor, mixed face that his whole career has shown. There is the father's tendency to dignified and persistent nobleness and goodness and honor and principle, but in Theodore's face and career there is no clear nobleness or goodness, no adherence to principles of truth and honor, but a possibility of vasculating endlessly into the shoddy and shifting politician.

The culture of the face, is like the so-called culture in his books and speeches, only skin deep. He had a good father, wealth and every opportunity, but he never had and never will have a streak or a touch of genius, either of the literary brand or of statesmanship. He never sees clearly beyond his nose and he never will. Aided by Root, Taft, Wood, Lodge and other mediocre cronies, he has often planned and acted with seeming foresightedness. His face, like all of his speeches, is full of con-

traditions and possible failures, but his good luck is that of the country big fellow who means well and whom everybody takes to because they have not sight to see the contradictions of his face, or reason to see through and despise the contradictions of his speeches, his books or his national and international measures.

Parker, as we said, has a much clearer face, wider open eyes, a good nose and chin and a fine mustache. Parker's face is much more that of a New York man of accomplished position and settled principles and ways than Roosevelt's ever has been or can be; but for all that Roosevelt would by hook or crook get the better of the maturer man in nine cases out of ten and he would have and will have hundreds of rascals to help him, and he will probably get the better of him in the coming campaign. The American people, as a whole, have grown so used to the crooked wire pulling and fooling ways of Roosevelt that they prefer them every way to the more sober and modest ways and methods of a man like Parker. Roosevelt's crookedness has become second nature to the American majorities. I respect Parker as a judge and as a gentleman, but would not bank or bet on him as a candidate for the Presidency.

The two Vice-Presidential candidates may never amount to much, but should the emergency ever arise it would be safer, a million fold safer for the American people to have as Chief Magistrate the old man, Davis with his old-fashioned notions and ways of manhood and honor than it would for them to have Mr. Fairbanks. The Republican candidate for Vice-President is a weak man who has always gone in leading strings, and he will and must always go that way to the end. There are thousands of men of his type among the lawyers, real estate men, and small business men in the city of Philadelphia, all very small men, but he and they are not worth minding. Nobody is likely to kill Roosevelt; he is not worth it, and he will not die a natural death for another four years.

So much for the personality of the candidates. As to the principles of their respective parties and the records of their immediate and far distant past, all that is another and more serious matter. Spite of Judge Parker's hesitation in declaring his preferences on the money question, and the foolishness and danger to his own party in declaring those preferences as and

when he did, all indicating essential weakness and pliancy of actual principles, and hence a disregard of the safety of his party, I would rather a hundred fold trust Parker with the Presidency than trust Roosevelt any longer with the great national and international questions at issue in these days.

Spite of all the boasting of the record of the Republican party and of Roosevelt's adherence to the principles of that party, I cannot help looking upon Roosevelt's Presidential career as the career of an adventurer.

Unfortunately nearly all the old men of the party are dead or dying, and the young bloods have things their own way. Hanna and Quay were bad enough, but they were air brakes of the safest kind compared with the recklessness of Roosevelt and his young cronies. Hoar was a conservative old man, but never strong in his enthusiasm of moral principles, and though he rebuked in the Senate the high-handed methods of Roosevelt, he fell into line before the last call homeward that came to him. The same may be said of a few others. But let us look at the boastings of the younger men. Uncle Joe Cannon belongs to the Vice President Davis' generation and for a while, as Speaker of the House, he talked as any man in this land over sixty years old, is very apt to feel and talk in view of the recent records of Roosevelt and the Republican party, but "Uncle Joe" has been provided with honors enough or the promises of them to compensate him for his partisan antics with truth and fidelity thereto. We do not expect anything but such antics of the younger generation of men that Roosevelt, Root, Taft and the new manager Cortelyou all belong to. Years ago we pointed out that for some deep and as yet uncomprehended principle of national morality it is almost impossible for men of their generation to be loyal to the old standards of truth and honor. This brings us to the issue. The Republican Convention that nominated Roosevelt met in Chicago in June with Roosevelt's old friend ex-Secretary Root as far and away the leading character in that convention. In quoting anything said by Root I shall quote from the *Philadelphia Press*, one of the leading Republican newspapers in the country, and because I want to give as favorable and fair a representation of the Republican management from Roosevelt down as it is possible to give.

The head lines of the first page of the *Press* on June 22nd

were as follows: REPUBLICAN CONVENTION MEETS AMID SCENES OF ENTHUSIASM. Below these blazing words is a blazing, statuesque portrait of ELIHU ROOT, presenting to the Convention the record of the REPUBLICAN PARTY. Notice first, that this convention was very largely a packed convention of office holders or of persons seeking office, or who, like Root, had gratitude to express for favors received, which is said to be also a lively expectation of favors to come. Notice also, and secondly, that the enthusiasm was such as any great body of men, pork packers or strikers, is sure to arouse by the friction of such meeting. It is generally admitted that to begin and end with there was no genuine enthusiasm for Roosevelt, but that the destiny of party politics made him the only available candidate for the time.

Next notice, if you please, that the blazing portrait of Mr. Root is as undignified and ignoble as are usually the portraits of the orators at the various conventions of strikers. Root's face, under any pressure of the necessary suppression of the truth, will always be of a higher type than that of the best of our strike leaders, Sam Parks or John Mitchell, etc., but in this portrait, in the expression of the face, in the attitude of the person, in the rigidity of the muscles, there is not one noble or manly attitude or expression. It is the villain of gambling on the stage when horse racing is being played and he is urging the crowd to some climax of infamy. This is the great picture drawn in a friendly organ, of the orator of that convention, and the following is the characteristic passage chosen by the friendly paper to display the speech of the orator:

"Come what may here—come what may in November, God grant that those qualities of brave, true manhood shall have honor throughout America, shall be held for an example in every home, and that the youth of generations to come may grow up to feel that it is better than wealth, or office, or power, to have the honesty, the purity, and the courage of Theodore Roosevelt. (Great applause).
ELIHU ROOT.

Addressing the Republican Convention."

The orator is a college bred man, has been trained to the types of eloquence prevalent in these rhetorical days, and naturally has at his command the catch phrases, expressions and attitudes of the so-called orators of the late nineteenth and the early twentieth century, and all this has a certain effect on the ears of

the groundlings; but these catch phrases and trained attitudes, gentlemen, can never supply or take the place of the real, sincere and noble convictions of the true orator of any age or nation from Demosthenes to Wendell Phillips, and we propose to look a little into the truth or falsehood of this little paragraph, because by so doing we can cover the ground we have in mind.

First, notice the absolute irreverence, if not blasphemy and daring of this morally reckless and untaught man in his call upon God Almighty to bless the qualities of a man like Theodore Roosevelt and the unspeakable and brazen effrontery of the man in holding up such vascillating so-called principles of the hack politician to and for the admiration and the following of future generations.

Why the only statesmen in the land who have considered the so-called principles of Theodore Roosevelt's actions as worth considering have condemned them utterly in every particular. Hoar and Cannon and others of Roosevelt's own party in the Senate and the House have shown that the actions of the accidental President usurped in the executive powers, belonging alike to the American Congress and the Judiciary, and all this in times of peace. Even children, of the South, have pointed out that while making speeches commending the course of Abraham Lincoln in fighting and downing secession, and claiming to be the representative of Lincoln, Roosevelt, as President, had in the most subtle but sure ways encouraged and practically hired the merest adventurers in Panama to secede from Colombia, thus playing false to the most cherished principles of the American union and aiding at every point by the use of the American army and navy the absolute violation of said principles. Every newspaper in the country has charged and proven that Roosevelt, while swaggering out his declarations that the postal frauds throughout the land must be sifted to the bottom and the criminals punished, has shifted in principle and execution the carrying out of these declarations so that the largest criminals should go free and even unnamed of justice, while the old goddess has stood or knelt in shame, blindfolded these last three years. Even representatives of the army and navy have openly testified that Roosevelt, in prosecuting the war with Spain, in Cuba, and his representatives in the Philippines, acted with indecent haste, with brutality and presumptive ignorance; and are these the

principles that even Elihu Root, young and smart, and daring as he is, and for old croney's sake, will dare hold up to the admiration of future generations of the American people and urge them to follow such leadership of hypocrisy, vacillation and godless, coarse brutalism?

Our children and grandchildren may follow such leadership though it be false to truth, to honor, to God, to manhood, and I am inclined to think that they will follow and do as the young leader has done and more so, for I hold that God has forsaken and left to itself the hellish and selfish spirit of the American people.

So much for Roosevelt, Root and that following of the company concerned.

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* of Sunday, July 3d, published three pretty good portraits, of Judge Parker, David B. Hill and Wm. J. Bryan, with a single headline stretching across the page, as follows: WHO WILL WIN DEMOCRACY'S GREATEST PRIZE? On the lower part of the page were very good portraits of Mayor McClellan, of New York; Judge Gray, of Delaware; ex-Governor Robert E. Pattison, of Pennsylvania; ex-President Cleveland, of New Jersey; Congressman Wm. R. Hearst, of New York; Senator Arthur P. Gorman, of Maryland, and ex-Secretary of State Olney, of Massachusetts. At this date, August 29th, David B. Hill, with the pigheaded bluntness characteristic of his whole career, announces his withdrawal from all national and State politics, and poor Pattison, having been cheated out of his fortune by a smarter Democrat than himself, died the other day in comparative poverty, that is, for a successful politician.

With the exception of Cleveland, whom I have long despised for his falseness to his own and his party's principles, either one of these men has always displayed more patriotism and principle in a day than Theodore Roosevelt has displayed or can display in a life time. But Judge Parker won the prize of the nomination only to lose it at the polls, as is most likely.

Of all the men before the Democratic Convention, and of all the men in that convention, Wm. J. Bryan, though constantly abused and ridiculed by the Republican press and by many Democratic organs, has, first and last and all the time, the clearest, most upright, the ablest, most sincere, the strongest and most persistent and consistent face, the most renowned and honorable

and stainless record as his speeches show him to be the ablest and most comprehensive statesman in the United States to-day. And spite of the petty and contemptible flings of the redheaded and redhanded reporters of the *Press*, which constantly belittled Bryan throughout that convention, I consider that the editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, a gentleman of unusual fairmindedness for an editor, did himself and his paper an honor when he put the leading editorial of the *Press* of July 12th into his Republican paper, and nobody doubts Hon. Charles Emory Smith's Republicanism, with this heading, "Mr. Bryan still a power," beginning thusly: "The only man who emerged from the St. Louis Convention with increased reputation was William Jennings Bryan. Much as we may deplore this fact, candor and fairness compel its acknowledgment. Of the other figures who participated some proved that they were essentially parochial; some demonstrated that, however capable in other fields, they were not fitted for the vast and trying arena of a national convention; and some forfeited opportunity by lack of perception and courage. Not one, not Williams, not Clark, not Bailey, added a single inch to his stature.

"Mr. Bryan alone among all the conspicuous actors on the stage of the convention was equal to his role and even gave it new distinction. And a most difficult role it was."

I am not a Democrat; I have never voted a Democratic ticket, and I never expect to. I am a Republican of the Republicans, believing in a strong central and national government, and I am not squeamish about the Constitution, which I conceive of as a useless piece of old furniture that, like some of our warships, cost more to move about and keep in repair than they are or ever will be worth. I at first believed in Theodore Roosevelt for his father's sake, and his own sake, but when it comes to swallowing such utter stuff as Mr. Root commends to the appetite of the American people, I will take to the woods and to prayers and leave such dogs vomit of the devils of falsehood alone.

This is but a brief utterance of what I would have said with more elaborateness had I the strength of a year ago, and which I hope yet to have again one of these days.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

SATOLLI'S MISSION TO THE UNITED STATES.

His Eminence Francis Joseph Satolli, "Cardinal Bishop of Fhascati, Patron of S. Maria in Aracoeli, Prefect of the Congregation of Studies, Protector of Catholic University of America, and Arch-Priest of S. Giovanni in Laterano," arrived at New York on or about June 2nd. A great deal of speculation has been indulged in as to the meaning of his coming at this time, whether he has a mission or not, etc., etc. The speculation is increased by the fact that His Eminence is now a Cardinal in curia, one who belongs to the Roman Court. Yet unprecedented as this fact may be, nevertheless, as His Eminence is reported to have said in explanation, these are the days of unprecedented things generally. The first public act of His Eminence has been a visit to the President of the United States conveying to him a special message from the new Pontiff. This visit is likewise unusual, since during his residence in Washington as the first Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Satolli did not visit the White House. Beyond assisting at the annual commencement exercises of Notre Dame University, and also assisting at the nuptials of the Philadelphia-Millionaire-Contractor-Maloney's daughter at Spring Lake, N. J., and visiting and being the guest of the Louisiana Exposition at St. Louis, Cardinal Satolli's program has not been given out. It is stated, however, that he will renew the acquaintance of the many friends which he met during the years of his sojourn at Washington, D. C., as First Apostolic Delegate.

There is, however, a persistent suspicion and steady rumor, neither of which will down, to the effect that Cardinal Satolli's presence at this time is more than a mere visit, that it is in fact a special mission. "CHE LO SA."

The personality of His Eminence, aside from the fact of a visit or a mission, embodies no little history of contemporary men and things ecclesiastical. With the late Pope, he was on terms of closest friendship from his early youth upwards. Pope Leo early took him in hand, natives as they both were of Carpineto. At first Cardinal Satolli was intended for the Benedictine Order. His protector, Pope Leo, took him from the great Benedictine Monastic School at Monte Cassino and placed him in the College

of Noble Ecclesiastics at Rome in order to fit him for a career in the public service of the Church. Here his Eminence developed that talent for profound philosophic studies in which he has since been such a master. Pope Leo, it will be recalled, was a patron and admirer of St. Thomas and Scholastic Philosophy. He must have rejoiced to see his protegee far outstrip himself in the study of the teachings of the Angelic Doctor. Pope Leo rewarded him early in his Professorial career by assigning him the Chair in Philosophy and Scholastic Theology in one of the great Universities of the Eternal City. Later Pope Leo promoted him to the dignity of the Episcopate and still later chose him to be the representative at the Catholic Centenary of the American Hierarchy in 1891 and the opening of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., and again to be its representative to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893.

Pope Leo, it now seems, destined his Eminence for still higher honors, viz., for the Cardinalate. It was told the writer in Rome that his Eminence had not an inheritance, and so had not an adequate income for the proper maintenance of such an exalted honor. Pope Leo chose him therefore for a Mission to the United States for the purpose, among other things, of, incidentally, enabling him to acquire a proper competency. Accordingly his Eminence was appointed on the above mentioned missions and later on made the first American Apostolic Delegate, with his residence at Washington, D. C.

For years and years, even in Pius IXth's time, Rome had wished to appoint an Apostolic Delegate permanently in the United States. The Holy See was dissuaded by the representations made from time to time by the Bishops. Rome at last took the "Bull by the horns," so to say.

Taking the advantage of the torn-up and divided conditions produced by the school controversy, Pope Leo inaugurated Rome's long-cherished plan to select and appoint a Delegate to the United States. Ostensibly Cardinal Satolli was sent upon as temporary Delegate with a special mission, viz., the promulgation of the "TOLERARI POTEST" decision on the School question. Archbishop Ireland was instrumental in bringing Cardinal Satolli for this promulgation, but it is fair to say, that even he did not bargain for the Delegate doing more than this. Besides a couple special cases, viz., the case of Dr. McGlynn and

that of Fr. Kozlowski, the leader in the then long-standing Detroit Polish controversy, were delegated by the Holy See to him with supreme authority to settle the same. In both of these principle and sound law were brought to bear, and Cardinal Satolli settled both favorably to the priests. The McGlynn matter soon being a closed incident to the satisfaction of all, and the Polish troubles of Detroit when settled by the laws of the Church, have ever since given no trouble. These matters gave such promise for the "Reign of Law" in the American Church that widespread satisfaction was felt among the clergy. Tentatively at first, feeling his way as its Delegate, finally Rome decided to make the Delegation at Washington a permanent feature of the American church. Oh! wasn't there a howl and a growl in certain quarters! Cardinal Satolli pursued the even tenor of his way. He proceeded in cases that came before him to make all concerned realize that before the Canons there was no distinction of persons. Law and evidence, not arbitrariness, surmise and a priori conclusions in those early cases were paramount.

To have been the very first official in the American Church to stand for the "Reign of Law" is indeed a unique distinction. That distinction beyond question is the Most Rev. Francis Joseph Satolli's. To have done so much to make that "Reign of Law" a permanent institution has, despite everything else, made the memory of the First Apostolic Delegate one long to be cherished by the intelligent and law-loving ecclesiastics of the United States.

May we not apply to his Eminence in this respect the words of Lord Brougham: "It was the boast of Augustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble. But how much nobler shall be the sovereign's boast when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, and left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence."

That was Cardinal Satolli's mission to the United States. It was somewhat frustrated by intrigues. What he had inaugurated was indeed a menace to entrenched, long-settled arbitrariness and exaggerated un-Canonical ideas of authority. While it is true that obedience to authority is the sheet anchor of Catholic life and practise, authority is principle, righteousness, and obedience

is-Canonical. When "authority" means more than the Decalogue of Mt. Sinai and the Sacred Canons of the Church, and when it is invoked to sanction such excess it should not stand. Obedience in such a case is devoid of merit. The sentiment "authority right or wrong" is a pirate sentiment, to be drunk down only by buccaneers in human blood and out of hollow skulls for drinking cups. As well propose, says a certain writer, the pledge "My wife, alike, whether chaste spouse and mother or degraded strumpet."

Influence, nevertheless, was brought to bear upon Propaganda, under whose jurisdiction the Church in the United States is at present. A permanent Delegation at Washington, with appellate jurisdiction to which the clergy may have the right of, direct appeal, though much to be desired, was nevertheless considered a menace. Besides it might gradually bring about the autonomy of the American Church and thus place it under full Canon law directly subject to the Pope. This would carry with it loss of prestige and patronage for Propaganda and at the time restrict the Episcopal powers to those under the Canons of the Church. A sort of Herod and Pilate alliance was the result.

The Apostolic Delegate's powers and position were clipped to the minimum. The Delegate, in Mgr. Martinelli's time had no appellent jurisdiction, was a wholly extra-judicial institution, and in the term of his successor has become a veritable Canonical non-entity. The result has been that during the past four or five years Rome has been fairly deluged with the direct appeals and "Lamentations cleri" to a degree similar to that of ante-Delegation days. Few priests to-day think of obtaining any direction or relief canonically elsewhere than at Rome.

Cardinal Satolli left this country with some idea of this inevitable result. He had a full and lively knowledge of the essential need, ecclesiastically, of the Church in America, viz., Law, Canon law without fear or favor. He soon was in position at Rome to aid in securing this result; he became a Cardinal in curia and one of the Consultors of Propaganda. To neutralize his influence stories were given out in abundance and circulated. These stories implied the charges of venality, bribery, bribe-taking, simony!!! We recall reading an article in *New York Sun* wherein it was stated on certain Ecclesiastical authority that the Apostolic Delegate came to the United States four years pre-

vously with comparatively no money and took with him from the country some forty-five thousand dollars. From time to time communications setting forth similar allegations have appeared in other papers, all emanating from the same inimical spirit, no doubt. In fact, so widely disseminated were these groundless statements, that they eventually crossed the Atlantic and misled many. The late St. George Mivart, of England, feeling that Cardinal Satolli, at the time in Rome a Cardinal in curia, had perhaps been indirectly a cause for the condemnation of one of his articles, took occasion to use this weapon imported from America and said, "If my information is correct, the natural science to which Cardinal Satolli is most devoted is Mineralogy, and especially Metallurgy, he having made in the United States a very large collection of specimens in the form of dollars."

In this connection, the writer recalls having replied to the President of one of our American Theological Seminaries, who had repeated some of these referred-to aspersions in his presence, "What a number then there must be of unprincipled, mean, time-servers and bribe-givers in the United States, from those who are said to send princely honorarii to Rome to those who have given these alleged offerings for a purpose? Father, I can readily conceive and explain how money gratuities and complimentary offerings may be accepted, but the giving of such, especially in undue amount for motives and ways that are dark and devious, for the sake of currying favor, that is downright bribery, and I can see no explanation of extenuation for it. The less said, therefore, as to what was thus given, the better for the public's idea of men in general. It is a two-edged word, instead of hurting the one maligned, fatally wounds those who use the weapon." The good President admitted the cogency of the reasoning, and said that he had not adverted to this view before.

There was system in the giving out of such allegations and the creating of such an opinion. Thus aspersed, his possible influence as a Cardinal in curia would be impaired, and that was the point of attack precisely. Especially when it was question of a successor to the late Cardinal Pedochowski as Prefect of Propaganda it became manifest that there was serious opposition to the late Pope promoting to that position the Cardinal of his first choice, viz., Cardinal Satolli. So powerful indeed was the oppo-

sition that a compromise on Cardinal Satolli's closest and confidential friend was determined upon, viz., Cardinal Gotti. Having failed to provide position for his protege, one of the last public acts of Pope Leo was to promote Cardinal Satolli to one of the seven Suburban Sees of Rome, viz., the Bishopric of Frascati, carrying with it a grand Benifice for life. Previously, however, Pope Leo had elevated Cardinal Satolli to the position of head-Canon or Arch-Priest of St. John Lateran. It is in this basilica that Pope Leo XIII decided to erect his mortuary Chapel where his remains are to be transferred next year and repose permanently.

One thing certain, although losing out as to succeeding Cardinal Ledochowski in the Prefectship of Propaganda, no one in Rome, outside the Pope, continued up to the very hour of Pope Leo's death, to have more interest in or authority over American Church affairs than Cardinal Satolli. To him is admittedly due the appointments of Archbishop Farley, of New York; Archbishop Quigley, of Chicago; Archbishop Harty, of Manila, and, too, Right Rev. Mgr. O'Connell as Rector of the Catholic University; and it, too, may be said that upon his tacit approval was due some time ago the appointment of Archbishop Keene, of Dubuque.

Admittedly influential as was Cardinal Satolli with the late Leo XIII, be it known that he is all but omnipotent with the present Pontiff, Pius X. It is fairly certain that no Cardinal in Rome at all rivals Cardinal Satolli in this particular. During the Conclave last August, it was the general talk in well-informed ecclesiastical circles at Rome, that Cardinal Satolli took a leading part in the proceedings of the Conclave. He entered the Conclave more or less committed to the candidacy of Cardinal Gotti. The second SCRUTAZION made it evident that none of the candidates could be elected. Therefore Cardinal Satolli advocated the election of Cardinal Sarto, the Patriarch of Venice. The entire vote of Cardinal Gotti at once went to those, five it seems, cast on the first SCRUTAZION for Cardinal Satolli took the position for this advocacy that for twenty-five years we had a Pontiff whose specialty was the political side of the Church, that now we need a Pontiff for the religious, the interior life and constitution of the Church, and that the Patriarch of Venice embodied this view. He therefore advocated and strenuously worked in

the Conclave for Cardinal Sarto's election. On the morning of Cardinal Sarto's election Cardinal Satolli left the cell of the former at or about two o'clock in the morning, having spent the night urging upon him the duty of accepting the election, sure to come at the next *Scrutazioni*. Cardinal Satolli left Cardinal Sarto buried in tears and embarrassed over the inevitable election the morrow was to bring, and of which Cardinal Satolli was the beginner and consummator.

It is no exaggeration then to say that Cardinal Satolli is all but omnipotent with Pope Pius X, and that the Holy Father looks to him to aid in bearing the burden of the sublime dignity he was thus the occasion of placing upon him. Cardinal Satolli it was, whom Pope Pius X chose to consecrate his successor in the See of Venice. He was at first mentioned for the Secretaryship of State in succession to the distinguished Cardinal Rampolla, but having no particular taste for affairs diplomatic and political, he declined. Cardinal Satolli's tastes run more to the public law and Constitution of the Church and her Sacred Canons. It is therefore providential that he holds such towering prestige with the new Pontiff.

The new Pontiff appears to be bent upon making the common law of the Church being made general in all countries. This is evidenced in his "*MOTU PROPRIO*" providing for the codification of the Canon Law, its reduction to a code, system or digest of the laws of the Church and their application to all the parts of Christendom. Rev. Benjamin De Costa, who in his 72nd year was ordained to the Priesthood last November, said on his return recently from Rome, "Pope Pius X is about to enter on a work that has never been attempted before by the Catholic Church, that is the official visitation by representatives of the Vatican of all the Dioceses of the Church universal. Each priest will be required to give the record of his parish and each Bishop the record of his Diocese down to the minutest details, and each record will be put into print. When the proposition was first suggested, the Cardinals said it was impossible. The Pope said, 'Go ahead!' The first visitations will be made in Italy. The visitors are commanded to accept no invitations to social functions, but to confine themselves to work."

In this connection it is well to observe that in our day civil society has undergone great changes. Canon law must not lose

any of its mild force of effective suavity. That its application to civil society be made more and more effective it must be considerably modified in order that it chime in and harmonize the better with the prevalent conditions in the world of to-day. The Vatican Council was disposed to undertake this revision of the general Canon law. In fact, a Commission of Canonists, learned and expert Theologians, was ordered to be appointed to study and collaborate a new "CORPUS JURIS CANONICI." This would eliminate all that was obsolete and not in harmony with present conditions. It was provided that the result of this Commission's labors be submitted for the discussion and sanction of the Council, or if this was not possible, that it be submitted at some future Council. Bishop Martin, of Paderborn, mentions this in his "Work of the Vatican Council." It would seem Pius X has not forgotten that determination of the Vatican Council. Now that he is Pope, he seems to take it as his duty to carry out that provision of the Council. God speed him. The exercise of Jurisdiction, uniformity, completely, universally, is a much to be desired desideratum. Should the Holy Father enact a Hierarchical or Ecclesiastical Code the Canons would be drawn up in the form of simple, concise, clear formulas; their number would be as far as possible restricted. Antiquated censures, reservations and impediments are so much old lumber, and to-day are practically not in force; they are honored far more in the breach than in the observance, and if they exist, they exist only to be dispensed from. Laws which are constantly dispensed by this very fact are of no longer application. The rights, therefore, obligations and duties of Bishops, the relative degrees of the Hierarchy and the regimen of the clergy and the faithful will be laid down in this Code. Thus could be issued in one compact and handy volume the Digest of all Ecclesiastical laws, which all would the more freely observe, as they could the more readily and easily learn.

It is providential then that Cardinal Satolli holds the prestige that he does with the new Pontiff. With a Pontiff of such evident spirit of law, and with such a prelate as Cardinal Satolli, standing as he does for law and order Canonical in the Church of the United States, already the impetus is being felt. It goes without the saying the Cardinal has indeed a Mission to the United States.

That mission is the inauguration and continuance of the reign of law. Law, the Sacred Canons are the best protection for the highest and for the humblest in God's Church. The ostensible object of Cardinal Satolli's coming may be the Louisiana Exposition. May it not also be the inauguration of the work good Dr. De Costa speaks of? May it not be, a few months hence, that he may announce a word from Rome relative to a Fourth Council of Baltimore? The *Globe* in an article some time ago, "The Fourth Plenary Council" (Vol. XI, No. 4), said among other things, "Rt. Rev. Bishop John J. Glennon (now Archbishop of St. Louis, whose guest Cardinal Satolli is during his visit to St. Louis), then recently returned from Rome, was quoted in the *Baltimore Sun* paper to have written a personal friend in Washington, D. C., that "the authorities of the Propaganda are considering the feasibility of convening a general council of the prelates at Baltimore." Also it was stated that in one of his interviews with the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda that dignitary emphasized the need of such a Plenary Council at a no distant day, as then nearly 16 years (now 20 years) have elapsed since the last Council. It is known that among other matters Archbishop Farley's visit to Rome last January had for its purpose the Hierarchy's representation to hold back the convening of the Fourth Council.

As "we don't need a house to fall upon us in order to tumble" all the foregoing is evidence of "something doing." Cardinal Satolli has a Mission and one fraught with results for the American church. The Apostolic Delegate Falconio has gone to Rome. A press cablegram to-day (June 11) states "There is a possibility that Archbishop Falconio, Apostolic Delegate at Washington, will not return to his post. He says his work in America is to be neutralized because of intrigues at Rome." It was known at the time of his nomination or probable nomination three years ago, that an endeavor had been made to head off that nomination at Rome. The fact of his having been years before secretary to or on the staff of a bishop of Harbor Grace, N. F., prejudiced his appointment with those who recalled some incident of that period; especially his thorough-going rounding up of some Church men in Canada made it undesirable that he succeed the paternal Martinelli.

His whole term at Washington seems to have been "feazed" by some power behind the scenes. Likely he is disgusted with the rôle of being a sort of Canonical nonentity, not to say "stuffed-club," and has resigned. His administration has been NIL so far as the priests of this country are concerned. Cardinal Satolli's coming and Mgr. Falconio's going and now the announcement of his not going to return emphasize the fact that Cardinal Satolli is here for business, that there is an evident crisis in the Church of the United States. Law, order, and Canon law will be the outcome of it, and therefore we welcome the crisis. We welcome the precursor of the crisis. Success to the Cardinal, his Eminence Most Reverend Francis Joseph Satolli! "May the Lord preserve him, and prolong his life, and make him happy upon earth and deliver him not up to the will of his enemies."

HUMPHREY WARD.

THE SAGE'S WORD.

("To a good man, neither in life nor in death can any evil come."—*Socrates*.)

To God there is no failure nor mischance
 And never can His purpose thwarted be,
 And they who falter or advance
 Alike are held in His Eternity;
 And all as one are those who joy or weep;
 The sweet good can no evil keep.

The accident is still His law,
 His vastness gives and takes our breath,
 In all the universe there is no flaw,
 A larger life enfolds our little death.
 Tho' as ye sow, my love, ye reap;
 The sweet good will no evil keep.

Ah, tearful one! Ye somehow do believe
 That there is balm for wounds of those who mourn,
 The Soul, that hath the power to grieve,
 Is finer than its fitful mood forlorn.
 So weary brain, be still and go to sleep;
 The sweet good can no evil keep.

There is a light whose beams are pure and whole,
Afar in space, ultimate of heaven,
In man on earth, Infinity of Soul;
Distant or near, the granite dark is riven.
Oh, breaking heart! the sage's word is deep;
The sweet good can no evil keep.

EDWARD E. COTHRAN.

WORLD-CHANGES OF HALF A CENTURY.

To an elderly person, educated in the schools of fifty years ago, modern methods and processes of instruction seem like bits out of a new world. To be sure, the eternal verities change not. Two and two still make four and the old relations still subsist, as between lines, arcs and angles. Homer still gives poetic visions and Horace expounds the Art thereof. This to successive generations, our own simply included. Before us the eternal truth shone, as at the beginning; after us, it will go on shining.

Yet, in some directions, it does burst upon us with fresher light, like the green and red stars found by modern astronomers. Science opens new fields, its instruments show more delicacy and precision, its text-books bring to the student wonderful information, facts formerly unheard of being brought to bear on theories just as amazing.

But, to-day, we will concern ourselves with one thing only, one small portion of it all, the matter of Geography—a simple study, comparatively speaking, pursued in the lower schools. How many changes have come about, even here—in modes of study and of teaching—together with equally important changes in all maps which portray the earth.

These numerous changes in the depicting and description of Mother Earth come, in many cases, from more exact knowledge of her, as from better measurements of height on her mountains, of depth in her seas. In others, they spring from new explorations of her less frequented countries. The fabulous Mountains of the Moon have disappeared from inland Africa, for instance, giving place to realities born of knowledge. Political changes, brought about by wars or domestic uprisings or else by peace-

able arrangements of purchase, have altered the boundaries of nations, transferring the territory of one, or portions of it, to another near-by or perhaps far away.

In all these cases the maps, in their variations through the years, mark national epochs and national changes fraught with profound significance. What more grievous than the Partition of Poland? What more surprising and questionable than the expansion of the United States?

It may not be without interest to recall some of the stupendous changes which have modified our atlases within the last fifty years.

The three continents which show the greatest changes are those of Europe, Africa and North America. South America presents few modifications. Patagonia has been obliterated, and Chile and Argentine now extend respectively to the southernmost part of the continent. Bolivia has lost what sea coast she possessed (which was not much) to Chile, and Colombia has taken the place of the more familiar New Granada, although their territorial area is nearly the same. Brazil is no longer an empire, but a federal republic.

Colombia has lost the heart out of her, of late. The Isthmus of Panama, seceding from her confederation of States and setting up independently for itself under the protection of our own country, has wrought ruin to her in a money way, and its new Canal, now practically sure of completion, will do more than change the map of the world. It will turn the channels of commerce westward, alter the course of trade and fling open a new door to the Orient, the ancient land of the sunrising. Colombia had a glorious opportunity of being the beautiful introducer when the West should hold out its strong hand anew to the ancient East, but has only lost it. So Panama will stand by herself on future maps from this time forth, a single star and not one in Colombia's constellation; while the new Canal marks the strange disruption of one republic, the creation of another and above them both the overhanging and overshadowing greatness of a third.

Brazil, in her change from monarchy, to republic, lost in her Emperor, Don Pedro II, a noble ruler, distinguished for general culture and scientific tastes, and in so doing seems to have thrown away a share of her own greatness. Nor does the Re-

public, as at present established, show itself exceptionally prosperous.

The greatest enterprise in South America at present is the new Andean Railway, which will show on our maps of years to come a Through Line across that continent connecting Chile and the Argentine Republic. This road, now under construction, has been advancing from both termini until the mountains have been reached and the truly gigantic task of tunneling the Andes is solidly in hand. Immense capital stands behind the company undertaking it, labor is plentiful, and with the recent advance in engineering the great Andean Tunnel may be deemed a reality of the near future.

Mendoza, at the base of the Andes, is the metropolis of the western section of Argentina and the centre of a great vine-growing district. The piece of railway which leads from this city up into the mountains will connect with the Great Tunnel. At the present time it takes seven hours on mule-back to pass over the trail from the end of the railroad on the Argentina side to the railroad on the Chilean side. In the summer when this trail is free from snow the trip from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso may be made in less than three days, while at other seasons the trip by steamer around Cape Horn occupies nearly three weeks. The immense advantage, therefore, of the completed railway to travel and to commerce is obvious.

Australia has two new divisions from what characterized its map half a century ago. Alexandra Land is the central part of the continent, comprising a large portion of former Western Australia; and Queensland is the most eastern portion, North Australia being reduced to very small territory in the extreme north.

On the map of Asia fifty years ago, Independent Tartary occupied a large space; it is now incorporated in the Russian Empire under the name of Turkestan. Georgia, which lay south of the Caucasus, between the Black and Caspian seas, has also become a part of Russia. Little Thibet north of the Himalayas is now included in India, which is no longer Hindustan, and the empire of Burmah has become Farther British India. Anam has lost the northern portion of its territory to France, which is now known as Tonquin.

The geography of Thibet is at last no longer a thing of

mystery. Several travellers of late have entered and even traversed this unknown country, penetrating its recesses in disguise at the risk of their lives, enduring a thousand sufferings and returning broken-down men, but bringing back with them fairly clear charts of its general features. Its Forbidden City has been explored and our magazines enriched, in recent days, with accounts of its inhabitants and their rulers, together with pictures of its great monasteries—or lamaseries—where swarms of priests reside. More than this, a force of British soldiery under competent leadership has invaded Thibet and is rapidly approaching Lhassa. Despite the best resistance the indignant Thibetans can make—and there has been some lively fighting—it seems likely that the country will fall from its high and lone estate into a mere dependency of England.

The heights of the Himalayas have been scaled and measured by sundry British explorers—notably by Sir William Martin Conway—so that our geographical knowledge of those peaks and table-lands is far greater than was dreamed of as attainable ten years ago.

But no portion of Asia has altered more than Siberia. From being a mere desolation of waste country, peopled sparsely, its mines worked by political convicts who there dragged out a mere death in life, it is slowly becoming a valuable region. From recent advices we learn that its resources are now in process of development. Its arable lands are now finding a few settlers willing to remain upon them, and harvest the crops of the short but hot summers, when its rivers become channels of communication and the conditions of life grow more favorable.

Of still more import is the construction of the Russo-Siberian Railway, at enormous expense, by the Russian government. It threads the whole country, with the exception of a short gap at Lake Baikal, and is already proving its value in the transportation of troops. This wonderful enterprise will do much to uplift and unify the regions it traverses and must, henceforth, be a conspicuous feature on every map of Asiatic Russia. Port Arthur, its eastern terminus, is strongly fortified, and the gaze of the world riveted upon it; for, whatever be the issue of the present struggle between Russia and Japan, the great changes which civilization has brought to Europeanized Japan are sure to affect the future of Corea, Manchuria and all Northern China,

and to make Port Arthur, whoever it may fall to, a city of mark on future charts of our world.

The map of Africa has undergone numerous changes. The great Sahara has been reduced one-half, and is nearly covered with oases. In its southeastern part is the great country of the Soudan. The ancient Barca has disappeared, its territory being divided about equally between Egypt and Tripoli.

In 1841, the whole of central Africa was known as Ethiopia (land of darkness), a very appropriate name, as the most of it was unexplored. On the maps to-day the same territory is included in the Congo Free State, and in Damara Land and Bechuana Land. Zanguebar has been much reduced and is now known as Zanzibar.

The great lakes of the Nyanzas and Tonganyika, and the sources of the Nile and the Congo, which seemed so mysteriously hidden for ages, have all been discovered since 1840, thanks largely to the late Henry M. Stanley. The region north of Cape Colony and Natal were at that time occupied by savage tribes. The two extensive states of the South African Republic and the Orange Free State are of quite recent formation.

One of the most remarkable changes that Africa has seen is the regeneration of Egypt. When the British first took it in hand, everything looked hopeless. The masses of Egypt lay sunk in degradation, crouching beneath dire misgovernment and a fearful weight of taxation; the whole country being non-productive, with its government facing both an empty treasury and a paralyzing debt. This latter forced them, at last, to accept English domination. Then, the organizing genius of the Anglo-Saxon began to show its strange power of uplifting. Taxes grew lighter, the fellaheen were encouraged and set to raising cotton, a profitable crop, better implements appeared and more irrigation, schools were established, railways built—with better roads, making easier transportation—the Suez Canal, not on our maps of fifty years ago helping to solve the problem—until, presently, Egyptian Bonds, supposed to be worth little or nothing, took a rise in London markets.

This improvement has steadily continued and the high figures at which Egyptian securities are now held witness the revival of life in the home of the Pharaohs.

The control of the Nile and its inundations, however, remained

very imperfect for a long time; but, now that the Great Dam at Assuan is completed, the crops can be depended upon and irrigation reveals the wonderful richness of the soil. Never again shall we see "a famine in the land of Egypt."

The last coping-stone of the Great Dam was laid July 30, 1902. It marks a great victory of science and peace and a new era for an immense tract in the Nile valley, whose fertility will no longer hand on the changing seasons. The work was begun July 1, 1878, and has employed sixteen thousand persons. Sir Benjamin Baker was the chief engineer. The Dam creates a reservoir that will supply every year 1,000,000,000 cubic inches of water, enabling a vast tract to bear two crops instead of one and bringing a considerable region into cultivation for the first time. This dam is supplemented by another at Assouit. The cost of both together was over \$23,000,000.

The outcome of the Boer war in South Africa gives the English supremacy in that region also. As one result railroad development has been rapid in Rhodesia and Cape Colony. Already railroads run northward from the latter point about 1,500 miles and southward from Cairo about 1,200 miles, thus completing 2,700 miles of the proposed "Cape to Cairo" railroad. Late explorations, and particularly the discovery of the Wankie coal beds, led to the adoption of the present route crossing the Zambesi at Victoria Falls. The first section of this magnificent line runs north to Lake Tanganyika. One can now journey from London to Lake Victoria Nyanza, by way of Cape Colony, in six weeks.

Victoria Falls, the African cataract which rivals Niagara in its magnificent proportions, is now made accessible to the traveling public. It is on the Zambezi River nearly a thousand miles from its mouth. The "Cape to Cairo" Railway crosses the gorge within sight of its falling waters.

Nearly half a century has passed since David Livingstone, exploring the unknown interior of Africa, discovered this cataract and named it for the Queen of England. He lived for several months on an island just above the edge of the falls and thence explored and mapped the surrounding region.

"Above the Falls," says a writer in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, whose pleasant narrative is worth the quoting, "the Zambesi is a placid stream sometimes a mile in width, dotted with beautiful

islands clad in tropical verdure. Hippopotami and waterfowl make these islands their home, and the river is full of fish.

By some means a rift has been formed in the river bed, a hole more than four hundred feet deep, eighteen hundred yards long (across the river) and less than three hundred feet wide. Into this narrow chasm the river drops with an awful roar, sending up clouds of mist in which, wherever the spectator looks, he sees multiple rainbows.

The narrow rift has but a single outlet, two hundred yards wide, through which must rush all the waters of the mile-wide river. Coming from both ends of the chasm to the outlet, they form a whirlpool of wonderful grandeur. For thirty miles below the cataract the river, boiling and roaring, tears at tremendous speed through a gorge four hundred feet deep, out of which it flows again into a valley to become the same placid stream it is above the falls.

The gorge is one of the most peculiar features of the cataract, being extremely rugged and crooked. After flowing in one direction for more than a mile from the outlet of the chasm, the river suddenly turns sharply round to the left, almost paralleling that course for another mile, then as acutely turns to the right again. In all the thirty miles but two places have been found at which descent to the surface of the stream is possible.

The water falling into the chasm carries down with it a quantity of air, so that up the opposite side—called “Danger Point”—a tremendous draft always rushes, which has pruned sharply away the overhanging branches of the evergreens on the cliff.

From up-stream one can come at low water safely down in a skiff to Livingstone Island, from which excellent views of the Falls are to be obtained. The “Cape to Cairo” Railway crosses the gorge just below the outlet on a bridge four hundred and twenty feet above low water and six hundred and eighty feet long. The announcement of its ability to run passenger trains to this interior point is causing many travellers to announce their intention of going to view the grand spectacle.

Looking at the map of North America, the great territory of Alaska covers that portion known as the Russian Possessions. British America has undergone great changes. Lower Canada is now the province of Quebec and Upper Canada is Ontario. New Britain, which comprised three-fourths of old British Amer-

ica, and belonged to the Hudson Bay Company, has disappeared, and instead we find North West Territory and North East Territory. All that portion lying on the Pacific coast is now British Columbia.

Along the southern border are the provinces of Manitoba, Athabasca, Assinaboia, Alberta and Saskatchewan, all organized within the last twenty years. Labrador has been narrowed to a stretch of country along the Atlantic coast between the straits of Belle Isle and Hudson.

A modern map of Alaska gives us a world of new information in regard to it. Since the discovery of gold in the Klondyke, the wild rush thither of maddened gold-seekers has transformed the whole face of the country. Towns have sprung up as in the twinkling of an eye. Old settlements and mission stations, like Sitka, known to the Russians before they sold the Territory to us, have become small cities with shops, hospitals and churches. Bits of railway are replacing the ancient trails and the Alaskan is in sight of civilization. The country has been explored, its mountain ranges, bays and rivers, glaciers and volcanoes accurately charted; in fine, it is *terra incognita* no longer.

The whole marvel reminds one of the California "gold fever" of 1851.

Alaska proves to be a larger country than most of us imagined. Its area is about one-sixth of the whole territory of the United States; and it is larger by about three hundred millions of acres than the thirteen original states. The Eskimo remains the predominant race and they reside principally north of the Yukon River. Sitka is the capital; Juneau, the second town in importance, but first in size, having a population of 1,253. Circle City is a town on the Yukon, of very modern date, while Karluk is a place boasting over a thousand inhabitants.

The physical geography of Alaska is very interesting, and is naturally divided into three regions marked by the difference in climate and agriculture. These districts are: (1) The Yukon region; (2) the islands and peninsula; and (3) the Sitka district, comprising the rest of the territory of Alaska.

By the Yukon region is meant of course the district through which this great river flows—a distance of 2,000 miles. This mighty river is perhaps the principal feature of the mainland of Alaska. It rises in British Columbia, 200 miles northeast of

Sitka, and, describing a rough semi-circle, it almost bisects the mainland and empties its waters into Bering Sea. This river is a mile wide, nearly six hundred miles from its mouth, and freshens the water in Bering Sea, ten miles from the coast, so great is the volume it discharges. It is said to discharge a third more water than the Mississippi. The northern ranges of the Rocky Mountains pass through the Sitka district, and bordering on the coast of the mainland, and nearly all of the islands compose a scene of natural beauty and grandeur which is hardly, if at all, excelled in Switzerland or Norway. Mt. St. Elias is 19,500 feet high, this being 1,000 feet higher than the highest mountain on the continent of Europe. The coast is cut by numerous bays and fiords, which are navigable for large vessels, and it will not be long, we predict, before sight-seeing and pleasure expeditions will be as common in Alaska as they are now in Norway. Alaska is especially rich—if such a word can be used—in glaciers. There is nothing in Europe to compare with the great Muir Glacier. It covers an area between Mt. St. Elias and the White Mountains of 1,200 square miles; and discharges its ice through an opening two miles wide. Its depth where it breaks off into the water is nearly one thousand feet. Another glacier is forty miles long, and from four to five miles wide. Evidences of volcanic action are everywhere present, and there are several active or dormant volcanoes still to be seen. When one thinks of all this grandeur of glacier, mountain and fiord, bathed in the wonderful light of the aurora borealis, which is seen here as nowhere else, the sublime beauty of the picture may possibly be imagined—it cannot, certainly, be expressed.

The word Alaska means "great country." It was discovered by the celebrated Russian explorer, "Behring," in the year 1741, and belonged to Russia by virtue of this discovery, till March 30, 1867, when it was ceded to the United States for the sum of \$7,200,000 in gold.

As a good specimen of the unheard-of ways by which new places receive their names the following is not without interest, in connection with Alaska.

Dr. George Davidson, of the University of California, says E. S. Martin in *Harper's Weekly*, has been wondering for four years past how Cape Nome got its name. Geography is his special field, and it is his professional concern to know the wherefore

of geographical names. But "Nome" beat him. He set to work to trace it back to its origin, and the earliest appearance he could find for it was in a British Admiralty chart of 1853. That led him to surmise that the cape was named by officers of the English frigates "Herald" and "Clover" during an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. So he wrote to the Admiralty Office in London to inquire if there were any "Nomes" on the list of men who sailed in those vessels. The reply, recently communicated by Dr. Davidson to the *National Geographic Magazine*, was that when the chart in question was first made, aboard the "Herald," attention was called to this point by the mark (? Name). The chart was sent home in a hurry, and the draughtsman who inked it made the mark read "C. Name." But he did not make his "a" distinctly, and the Admiralty hydrographer made it "C. Nome." And so Cape Nome the point has been ever since, and is likely to remain so until it gets rich enough to support a board of aldermen. Then its name will be changed, for that is one of the mischiefs that aldermen can be trusted to do.

The extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway across the Continent to its terminus at Vancouver has been followed by a swift development of the country it traverses. The wilder regions of British America, as one approaches the Pacific, are now dotted with small new stations and settlements. Manitoba, in particular, has grown into an important province—unmarked on the maps of fifty years ago—and Winnipeg, its capital, is a thriving city.

The United States fifty-five years ago numbered twenty-six and there were six territories. The latter included Florida, admitted as a state in 1845; the Indian which included beside its present area, Kansas and Colorado; Wisconsin, admitted as a state in 1848; Iowa, which included also Minnesota and a portion of the Dakotahs; Missouri, which lay west of Iowa and extended to the Rocky Mountains, beyond which stretched the vast territory of Oregon. The Old Dominion was then compact and undivided, for West Virginia was not made a state until 1862.

Mexico in 1841, included all that territory now embraced in Nevada, Utah, California, Arizona and New Mexico. This large extent of country was detached from Mexico in 1846, and was organized as a part in 1850.

From 1835 to 1845 Texas was an independent state, but at the latter date was annexed to the United States.

Other new states added within late years are Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Washington and Oklahoma, which was once the Indian Territory. The unification of all these has been effected by five great railway lines crossing the Rocky Mountains, thus binding the new West to the older states East and the Mississippi Valley. First came the Union Pacific, the earliest "through line"; then followed the Northern Pacific and Great Northern, the Southern Pacific, or "Sunset Route;" and last of all, the line recently opened, running from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles in Southern California, crossing what was once known as the Great American Desert and opening up much silver and gold country.

Any adequate account of the growth of these United States within the last fifty years, its increase in population and material prosperity, would transcendent the limits of this article. Its great cities, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and St. Louis—not to mention San Francisco—tell their own story, and the development of the newer States above mentioned is the history of wonderful crops, mines and commerce both on the Great Lakes and the Pacific. The internal development of the country, even in its older portions, has been marvelous and marvelously assisted by electricity and other modern scientific discoveries.

"It was not many years ago," says *Country Life in America*, "that people lived in the suburbs as a matter of economy. Now they live in these parts because higher ideals may often be attained here. From reports personally obtained from twenty-eight of the largest cities in America, North, South, East and West, it was shown that during two recent years over \$420,000,000 had been incorporated and spent in private purchases and the development of lands adjacent to large cities, for suburban operations. Over \$60,000,000 have been voted and spent by trolley and railroad companies to extend their service beyond the limits of these cities. Nearly half a billion of dollars have, therefore, been invested within two years in the proposed development of suburban properties, in addition to the millions of dollars already so invested."

Co-incident with this internal development is the advance of the United States as a world-power. The maps of the future must show this, also.

At the close of her short war with Spain this country found

herself mistress of the Philippines and Porto Rico, with the fate of Cuba in her hands and the Sandwich Islands indisputably hers, as a half-way house, so to speak,—a naval station and coaling-place for her fleets in crossing the Pacific.

Moreover, her prestige is now recognized by the great nations of the world; she is taken into account as one of the forces to be reckoned with. This involves the maintenance of a larger navy and a keener diplomacy than has been hers during the many years of her aloofness. How she will carry herself under the new dispensation, with how much grace and power she will clasp hands in the circle of the nations, the coming years alone can decide.

The present international map of Europe bears little resemblance to that of 1841. At that date the last vestige of Poland existed under the name of the Republic of Cracow, which was suppressed and incorporated with Austria in 1846. In 1848 the principality of Neuchatel, which had been given up to Russia in 1814, declared its independence and became a canton of Switzerland.

After the Crimean war Russia surrendered a portion of its territory along the banks of the Danube to Moldavia. In Italy many changes were effected about the same time. In 1859, after Solferino, Austria surrendered Lombardy to Napoleon the Third of France, who presented it to the king of Sardinia. The next year that king came in possession of Parma, Tuscany, Romagna, Naples and Sicily, which had been a separate kingdom under a line of Bourbon princes.

Thanks to the consummate statesmanship of Count Cavour United Italy has prospered. Its unification was effected by the opening of many railway lines, so that all the above-mentioned provinces became closely welded by ties of commerce and trade. The great popularity of King Victor Emanuel was also a factor in this new growth of patriotism. Differences were laid aside and all Italy now frankly supports the present king, who has made Rome his capital.

An important change was effected in the year 1861 by the union of Moldavia and Wallachia under the name of Roumania. The Ionian Islands, which had formed a parliamentary republic under the protection of Great Britain since 1827, were ceded to Greece in 1864.

In consequence of the battle of Sadowa in 1866, Prussia was enlarged by the annexation of the kingdom of Hanover, the Hesse electorate, Schleswig and Holstein, and the free city of Frankfort. Another consequence of that battle was that Austria abandoned Venetia to Victor Emanuel of Sardinia, who at the same time obtained the States of the Church, and was declared king of Italy. The foundation of the New German Empire gave the leadership to Prussia which had been enjoyed by Austria for several hundred years.

The Frankfort treaty of 1870 robbed France of the two large provinces of Alsace and Lorraine which were ceded to the new German Empire.

The present government of France is republican and appears to be stable. The peasant proprietors in the provinces find lower taxes and more privileges for themselves than ever before and are, therefore, content with the Republic. Paris is more uneasy; yet, on the whole, willing to support things as they are.

The Russo-Turkish war of 1878 changed the boundaries of several European states. Serbia was enlarged and constituted an independent kingdom. Roumania was also made a kingdom. Bulgaria became a mere tributary province of the Turkish empire, and Russia exchanged the Dobroudia district for southern Bessarabia. Montenegro was given an increase of territory, and Bosnia and Herzegovina were surrendered to Austria.

The last important change on the map of Europe was the enlargement of Bulgaria by eastern Rumelia, snatched from Turkey in 1885.

The phenomenal growth of Russia and the internal development of that immense empire are largely the work of the last fifty years. Of the Siberian Railway we have already spoken, while the issue of the Russo-Japanese war now in progress remains to be seen.

The independence of Cuba, as guaranteed by the United States, is a result of the American-Spanish war, while the late development of Mexico, industrially aided by railways opened by American capital, is a pleasant thing to contemplate. The credit for much of it belongs to President Diaz, whose policy in the separation of church and state seems to have worked well in quieting a restless nation.

That the maps of the world will soon indicate further changes

goes without saying. There is much space still for the study of geography. A new book by Mr. Geo. Hogarth bears a title full of significance, "The Penetration of Arabia." Strangely enough, though Arabia has been relatively accessible for two thousand years, there are parts of it still wholly unexplored, and Mr. Hogarth tells us that there is no assurance that even a native has ever crossed the heart of the Southern Sand Desert, a name of terror throughout all Arabia. It is a surprise to most of us to be told that even to-day not one hundredth part of Arabia has been mathematically surveyed and the altitude of not a single point, even on the coast, exactly fixed. This, despite the acknowledged fascination of that ancient land.

Similar experiences occur elsewhere. Every now and then we hear of the discovery in some well-known land, of a new lake, or a canon, or a natural bridge.

The numerous expeditions of late have added immensely to our knowledge of the Arctic and Antarctic regions. Any recent map gives us new lands, new capes and islands, with names which prove their modern discovery. To furnish the details of these additions, with their dates and names of their discoverers, would be to write a whole history of Arctic research. But though impossible to do this, it should be said, in general, that we know more and more, as the years go by, of the Polar spaces and their wonders. The picture magazines give us splendid colored plates of their bergs and Auroras, their skies and sunsets, till these great results of recent heroic adventure pursue us everywhere and haunt our day-dreams.

Sure we are that the Poles themselves will be conquered ere long, becoming the great and final prize of all geography.

C. D. SWAN.

VERSIONS OF THE BIBLE.

We have clipped the following editorial, one of a series, from a recent issue of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, and we republish it here for the purpose of showing to the GLOBE's intelligent and critical readers, both Protestant and Catholic, the immense superiority of Catholic scholarship when closely con-

trusted with the best that Protestantism has to say in favor of its one great idol—the Bible.

I suppose that this article was written by Rev. Father Lambert, who, for his scholarship and his piety ought long ago to have been made Cardinal Archbishop Lambert, as his archdiocese already covers the continent of America. The Mr. Jones quoted by the *Freeman's Journal* speaks for himself.

Mr. Jones: "With respect to your inquiry of the 'official' recognition of the American Revised Version, we don't recognize any official authority to foist on us a book—even the Bible—except by consent of a majority of the denomination, or the local church to which we belong."

Then you do, after all, recognize an "official authority to foist on you a book," that authority being "the consent of the majority of the denomination or of the local church to which we belong."

Here you recognize the Catholic principle of authority—some authority outside of yourself. In doing this you sacrifice your Protestant principle of private judgment. But while recognizing the principle you err in accepting a fallible authority that is no more competent to determine what books are inspired than you or we are. You yield your fallible judgment to another fallible judgment.

The Catholic is more exacting than you are on what books are inspired and what are not. He will not yield his fallible judgment to any other fallible judgment, or fallible authority, on a matter that can be determined only by an authority holding a divine commission and guaranteed divine protection from error in its utterances. Such authority is the Church which our Lord established and commissioned to teach for all time all things whatsoever He commanded.

No modern sect or denomination claims to be that teaching corporation established by Christ nearly two thousand years ago. They were born too far out of time to make such claim with any hope of making any one believe it.

You reject this divinely-established Church and all her great historical councils of the past. You do this in the name of enlightened reason, and after doing it you—if we hold you strictly to what you say—bow down before and sacrifice your judgment to some little sectarian crossroads majority, and accept its consent as to what is and what is not the word of God! If this be

not degeneracy of reason and theology, we know not what name to give it. The only analogous case we can call to mind is that of the heathens who, turning from the true God, never stopped in their descent until they got down to worshipping sticks and stones.

Mr. Jones: "We always want the best, and the Bible that proves itself the best edition comes to the top spontaneously."

You stated some time ago that the American Revised Version was the best and was so accepted by American Protestants. We asked you your authority for this statement, What denomination had officially approved it? It appears now that none has. Have Protestants approved of it individually? It appears from the following correspondence in the *Brooklyn Eagle* that they have not:

"The great revulsion on the part of the public in the case of the revised version is remarkable and forms food for thought, especially when one recollects the intense interest which was manifested when the first edition was placed on the market.

"Book-shelves groaned under its weight. The eagerness to buy it was phenomenal. The sales were immense. Street fakirs peddled it in New York from pushcarts for a few cents a copy. The chief and only thing about it was novelty. It was then, as now, looked upon as a curiosity. Its existence was ephemeral. Public opinion quickly consigned it to oblivion, and the efforts of all the literary cranks 'from Dan even unto Beersheba' will not be able to resurrect it from the realm of 'innocuous desuetude.' And is it any wonder? The sacred text was torn limb from limb and mutilated in such a degree as to be unrecognizable."

Commenting on this, the *Literary Digest* says:

"In this connection it is interesting to note that the American Bible Society has decided to publish an 'American Standard Edition' of the revised Bible, embodying the ideas of many eminent American scholars. At the time of the revision, in 1885, the suggestions of the American committee were added as an appendix to the revised version, but were not incorporated in the text. These suggestions, as well as others subsequently made, are to be embodied in the new edition, which, it is claimed, will reach a higher level than that attained by any previous version of the Bible."

This decision of the American Bible Society is so far as we or

you know, the only formal utterance that we have from the American Protestants, and it condemns your favorite version as unfit to survive, and, therefore, they will get out another version. Your favorite American Revised has not "come to the top spontaneously." We hope the proposed new version will imitate the American Revised in its approach to the text of the Vulgate, and go still further.

Mr. Jones: "I asked you about the proof of the Roman Catholic Church of to-day being similar to the early Christian Church."

We did not claim that the Catholic Church is "similar to the early Christian Church." To say that a thing is similar to another thing is to say that it is not that other thing. Thus you see that to claim similarity is to deny identity. To say that Mr. Jones is similar to the boy Jones of many years ago is to say that the boy Jones and the man Jones are two different persons—in other words, it denies your identity and affirms that that boy was not you, but somebody else. In order to give you a boyhood we must assert that the boy and you are not two similar persons, but one and the same person under two different aspects, that of youth and that of age.

A counterfeit is similar to a genuine note, and the greater the similarity the greater the likelihood of deception through mistaking the imitation for the genuine. If this be the kind of similarity to the early Church which you claim for your sect we could not in conscience object.

These illustrations will show you why we did not and do not claim for the Catholic Church similarity to the early Church.

What we claim is not similarity, but identity; that the Catholic Church is the early Church, just as we claim that you are now the same person you were when you were many years younger. As years did not cause you to lose your identity, neither did centuries cause the Church established by Christ to lose her identity. She is a divine corporation, holding a charter and commission that must run to the end of the world. Imitations may have greater or less similarity to her, but the similarity is itself a bar sinister of illegitimacy, for it proves they are not she or of her.

What would be thought of a corporation, or the sanity of its members, that would claim the property of the Central Pennsylvania Railroad on the plea that it was similar to the corporation of that road; that it held the same principles as the original

corporation. What would be the standing of such a claim in a court? Would not the court be justified in issuing a writ de lunatico inquirendo?

That is precisely the attitude of the modern sects. Having no historical or organic connection with the divine corporation, the Church, established nearly two thousand years ago, they endeavor to associate themselves with it by claiming that they teach the same principles and doctrines. Even if it were granted—which it is not—their sameness of teaching would not confer on them the authority to teach which was conferred on the original corporation by its divine founder; and on that corporation only. Their efforts in that direction are as futile as would be those of a foreigner who would teach the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the constitution with the hope that by doing so he would ipso facto acquire the rights of citizenship, or the authority to legislate for the citizens of the republic. He would be disillusionized by being told that to become a citizen he must be incorporated into the body politic—naturalized. The equivalent is to be told to the would-be imitators of the primitive Church. They must be incorporated into that Church, which still exists; super-naturalized by being born into her. Until then they are outsiders, foreigners to the House, Hagarites.

Mr. Jones: "It is evident that your conception of the Church of Christ is un-Scriptural, unreasonable and absurd."

It is evident that you are suffering from a severe attack of private judgment. What brought it on?

Mr. Jones: "It was never built on Peter, as a foundation. When Christ said the words: 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church,' he did not mean Peter to be a rock."

He certainly did not mean that he—Peter—was a large mass of concrete or stoney matter, such as is placed under a material building as a corner stone or foundation. If you think that is our conception of the Church of Christ, it is you, not we, that is unreasonable and absurd.

Mr. Jones: "For the Greek word Petros means a stone, entirely different from the second word *petra*, which means a rock."

Oh, now we see your meaning. It is a difference between Petros and *petra*, between stone and rock. But what would you have to say if our Lord used neither of these words? He spoke

in Syro-Chaldaic and used the word "cephas." And if you look in Kitto's Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature you will find the following definition: "Cephas; in later Hebrew or Syriac, a surname which Christ bestowed upon Simon (John 1-42), and which the Greeks rendered by Petros and the Latins by Petrus, both works meaning a 'rock,' which is the signification of the original."

St. Jerome in his commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians says: "We know not the name of any other so-called Cephas; except his who is also in the Gospel, and in the other epistles of St. Paul, and this very epistle, too; it is one time written Cephas and at another Peter. Not that Peter means one thing and Cephas another; but what we in the Latin and Greek languages call Petra (a rock), this the Hebrews and Syrians, because of the affinity of their two languages, call Cephas."

According to this, Christ's words to Simon would be: "Thou art Cephas (a rock) and on this Cephas (rock) I will build My Church."

Wilberforce says: "In Syriac, as appears at present from the Peschito version, the term in each member of the sentence is identical."

This identity of terms appears to the eye in the Syriac version thus: "Anath chipha, vehall hada chipha."

From all of which we must conclude against you, that Petros and petra mean one and the same rock, the rock on which Christ said, "I will build My Church."

Mr. Jones: "If Christ meant Peter, the rock, why did He change the object and go from a Greek word meaning stone, of the masculine gender, to a word meaning rock, of the feminine gender?"

As we have seen, He did not go from one Greek word to another. He spoke in Syro-Chaldaic and used the same word for rock in both cases.

Why, then, the difference of determination in Petros and petra in Greek? you will ask. To this Kenrick says: "Peter is called Petros because the Greeks never apply a feminine noun to a man, except in derision; the rock is called petra because this term more appropriately designates a rock, although the other term is equivalent. The relative plainly identifies the subject and excludes all distinction, as the language in which our Saviour spoke has

the same word in both places." To the Greek mind it would be as improper to call Petros *petra* as it would be to the Latin mind to call Julius *Julia*, or to the Anglo-Saxon mind to call Louis *Louisa*."

We have sometimes complained that the Cardinalships were given too exclusively to Italians, not that we have an overwhelmingly exalted conception of the extravagant ability of the Anglo-American or other national hierarchies. We think, that as a whole, they compare favorably, however, with the best the Church has ever had, a little too pompous, all of them, and if the Church ever expects the clear mind and heart of the world to admit its claim to universality the Church simply must be more *universal* in the bestowal of its exalted honors. Some of my best friends these many years, have been among the American Italian priesthood. We admire their enthusiasm, their general integrity, and if we have found one rare sneak in the grass among them, we do not blame all Italy or Pius X for that poor fellow. We consider the present newspaper arraignment of Italian emigrants, as more criminal than the men of other races, as simply indicating the blinded and windy prejudices of the average American newspaper scribbler, and when we remember what the Italy of the past has done for all the world, in the lines of culture, piety and statesmanship, we feel inclined to wish that the church was truly united with the nation, and quite willing that Italy, thus united, were mistress of the world. But that is a large subject. We want to see more American Cardinals and some of them chosen from the simple priesthood—first of all, Father Lambert, the stainless priest and the incomparable writer, and editor of *The New York Freeman's Journal*. We do not agree with the Augustinian priest who once assured us that bishops constitute the Church.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

THE TSAR AND HIS GOVERNMENT.

The Emperor Nicholas II has already reigned for nearly two years, and ruled for fully eight; yet the concrete man, his individual character, and the order of motives to which it is sensible,

are nearly all as legendary as those of Numa Pompilius. Clouds of journalistic myths, mainly of German origin, enwrap his figure, hiding it from the vulgar gaze as thoroughly as though he were the Dalai Lama; and the fanciful portrait which we are asked to accept is as abstract and as colorless as that of our legendary Russian princes. Beyond the precincts of the palace his person is transfigured, his most trivial deeds are glorified, and his least disinterested motives are twisted and pulled into line with the fundamental principles of ethics. The result is a caricature closely bordering on the grotesque. Nikolai Alexandrovitch is depicted as a prince of peace, a Slav Messiah sent for the salvation, not of his own people only, but of all the world. The most precious porcelain of human clay was lavished in the making of this unique ruler, who stands upon a much higher level than that of the common run of mortals or of kings, in virtue, not only of the dread responsibilities laid upon him by the Most High, but also by reason of his own passionate love of humanity and his selfless devotion to the true and the good. In short, he is an "Übermensch" whose innate goodness of heart exceeds even his irresponsible power.

But no newspaper hero is a prophet in his own country for long; and Nicholas II did not play the part in Russia for more than a twelve-month. His father's reign had ended in utter moral exhaustion, in the blasting of hopes, the killing of enthusiasm, the blackness of despair. Better things were confidently expected of the son, because worse were rashly held to be impossible. But the credulous masses were again mistaken, and soon became conscious of their error. All Europe will know it soon.

Nicholas II began his reign in 1894 as a highly sensitive, retiring young man, who shrank instinctively from the fierce light that beats upon the throne. In spite of his camp experience, he was still his mother's child, passivity his predominant trait, and diffidence one of its temporary symptoms. But that phase of his existence was short, and the change from the chrysalis to the butterfly very rapid.

Men still call vividly to mind the Emperor's first meeting with one of the historic institutions of the Empire. It was a raw November day in 1894. The members of the State Council, many of them veteran officials, who had served the Tsar's great-grand-

father, were convened to do homage to the new monarch, and long before the time fixed were gathered together at the appointed place, their bodies covered with gorgeous costumes and their faces hidden with courtly masks expressive of awe and admiration. But he came and went like a whiff of wind in a sandy waste, leaving them rubbing their eyes. They had expected imperial majesty, but were confronted with childish constraint, a shambling gait, a furtive glance, and spasmodic movements. An undersized, pithless lad sidled into the apartment in which these hoary dignitaries were respectfully awaiting him. With downcast eyes, and in a shrill falsetto voice, he hastily spoke a single sentence: "Gentlemen, in the name of my late father, I thank you for your services," hesitated for a second and then, turning on his heels he was gone. They looked at each other, some in amazement, others in pain, many uttering a mental prayer for the weal of the nation; and after an awkward pause they dispersed to their homes.

The nation's next meeting with his Majesty took place a few days later, upon an occasion as solemn as the first; but in the interval he had been hypnotized by M. Pobedonostseff, the lay-bishop of autocracy, who has the secret of spiritually anointing and intellectually equipping the chosen of the Lord. The keynote of the Emperor's second appearance was dignity—inaccessible, almost superhuman dignity.

All Russia had been gathered together in the persons of the representatives of the Zemstvos or local boards—we may call them embryonic county councils—to do homage to his Majesty on his accession to the throne. Loyal addresses without number, drawn up in the flowery language of oriental servility, had been presented from all those institutions. One of these documents—and only one—had seemed to M. Pobedonostseff to smack of Liberalism. No less loyal in form or spirit than those of the other boards, the address drawn up by the council of Tver vaguely expressed the modest hope that his Majesty's confidence might not be wholly restricted to the bureaucracy, but would likewise be shared by the Russian people and by the Zemstvos, whose devotion to the throne was proverbial. This was a reasonable wish; it could not seriously be dubbed a crime; and, even if it bespoke a certain spirit of mild independence, it was after all the act of a single Zemstvo, whereas the men who had come

to do homage to the Emperor were the spokesmen, not of one Zemstvo, but of all Russia. Yet the autocrat strode majestically into the brilliantly lighted hall, and with knitted brows and tightly drawn lips turned wrathfully upon the chosen men of the nation and, stamping his little foot, ordered them to put away such chimerical notions, which he would never entertain. Such was the Tsar's first imperious assertion of his divine vicereignty; and even staunch partisans of the autocracy blamed it as harsh and ill-advised.

Between those two public appearances of Nicholas II lay that short period of suggestion during which the impressionable youth had been made not so much to believe as to feel that he was God's lieutenant, the earthly counterpart of his divine Master. From that time forward his Majesty has been filled with a spirit of self-exaltation which has gone on gaining strength, in accordance with the psychological law that pride usurps as much space as servility ready to yield. Nikolai Alexandrovitch soon began to look upon himself as the centre of the world, the peacemaker of mankind, the torch-bearer of civilization among the "yellow" and other "barbarous" races, and the dispenser of almost every blessing to his own happy people. Taking seriously this his imaginary mission, he has meddled continuously and directly in every affair of State, domestic and foreign, thwarting the course of justice, undermining legality, impoverishing his subjects, boasting his fervent love of peace, and yet plunging his tax-burdened people into the horrors of a sanguinary and needless war.

Before setting forth a few of the many facts known personally to most of those who live in the shadow of the throne—facts which justify the foregoing estimate of his Majesty's mental state and character—it should be clearly understood that we are supporters of monarchy and opposed to nihilism, to socialism, and to every kind of revolutionary agitation. We do not wish even for a paper constitution, which, conditions being what they now are, would but serve as a trap for liberal-minded men, gathering them together for imprisonment or exile. Our sole desire, as it is that of most broadminded men in Russia, is to see the spirit of administration made to harmonize with the needs of the time and of the people, and the institution known as the Council of Ministers—created by a ukase of Alexander II which has re-

mained a dead letter—summoned and set to work; for, the people having outgrown the ancient form of government, the fact should be openly admitted, and the practical conclusions drawn.

The only government suited to Russia is a strong monarchy; but between this and a wild oriental despotism there is a difference. Nicholas II, although not guided by his official advisers, has never been a free and independent ruler. During the first part of his reign he was kept in leading-strings by his mother, who, as soon as he ascended the throne, impressed upon him the necessity of imitating in all things his "never-to-be-forgotten father." That phrase was engraven upon the tablets of his memory, and is ever at the top of his tongue and the point of his pen. For long it was the "open sesame" to his heart and mind, because he strives conscientiously to be a perfected copy of Alexander III, and believes that he has already attained the end. In reality the two men are as far asunder as the positive and negative poles. The father, sincere, gloomy and narrow-minded, at least instinctively felt his limitations, and steadily kept within them. He strove with indomitable perseverance and occasional success to secure within the narrow circle of his acquaintances the best men, and, having once chosen an adviser, always asked his counsel, and usually followed it. Again, breach of faith was an abomination to him, and his word was regarded as better than any bond, in spite of his mistaken attitude towards the Finns, and his broken promise in regard to Batoum. But in all these characteristics the son is the very opposite to his father. Unsteady, half-hearted, self-complacent, and fickle, he changes his favorites with his fitful moods, allowing a band of casual, obscure, and dangerous men to usurp the functions of his responsible ministers, whose recommendations are ignored, whose warnings are disregarded, and whose measures for the defence of the State are not only baffled, but resented as symptoms of disobedience.

The sway wielded by his mother over Nicholas II soon came to an end, owing chiefly to differences between herself and her daughter-in-law on the subject of the Emperor's children. In the course of that rivalry the strenuous opposition of the young wife checked the influence of the mother over the son. One of the consequences of this domestic struggle for the mastery was that the Emperor freed himself partially, and for a time, from

unofficial control; and his first spontaneous act, in the second year of his reign, was to appoint M. Goremykin, a man devoid of qualifications, to the post of Minister of the Interior (1896). This official remained in power for three years, and was then translated to the presidency of the Committee of Ministers—a sort of respectable refuge for ex-statesmen. His successor, M. Sipyaghin, chosen by the influence of the Dowager Empress, who pointed out that he had been favorably noticed by “your never-to-be-forgotten father,” deserves a few words of mention. For, next to a man’s acts examined in the light of his avowed motives, there can be no safer guide to his moral character and mental vigor than his choice of associates and fellow-workers; and some monarchs’ claims to the gratitude of their subjects are founded, like those of old Kaiser Wilhelm, entirely upon the wise selections which they made, and the tenacity with which they clung to their ministers through thick and thin. Judged by this standard, Nicholas II will be ranked amongst the most unfortunate rulers of the Russian people.

His second choice, M. Sipyaghin, was nicknamed “the Boyarin,” from his extreme love of ancient Russian customs and traditions, and the childish ways in which he manifested them. Intellectually Bœotian, but socially agreeable, he was a welcome guest in the houses of our nobility, where tea-table gossip is at a high premium. His political force lay in the thoroughness with which he threw himself into the part of courtier, and the skill with which he acted it. Ever blithe, his face wreathed in smiles, his words sweetened with the honey of adulation, he infected his master and many of his own equals with the optimism of *Candide*. All was for the best in that best of states, Russia, thanks to the greatest and best of monarchs, Nicholas II. That was the faith of Sipyaghin, who loved his sovereign sincerely, and mistook that love for patriotic duty. In return the Emperor warmed to him, making him not his friend only, but his comrade, and singling him out for special marks of favor, for instance, although his Majesty, as a rule, never dines or sups at the house of a minister, he made an exception for M. Sipyaghin.

M. Sipyaghin’s ascendancy over Nicholas II reached a point at which the jealousy of M. Pobedonostseff was aroused: it touched even religion. For the Minister of the Interior, en-

croaching in his light, off-hand manner upon the domain of the Chief Procurator of the Most Holy Synod, induced the Tsar to visit Moscow and spend Passion week there; and the trip was successful beyond expectation. On this pilgrimage M. Sipyaghin treated the Emperor as Potyemkin dealt with Catherine II; he enveloped him in an atmosphere of popular affection, surrounded him with signal proofs of his subjects' prosperity, intoxicated him with the wine of self-satisfaction. But while his Majesty was thanking heaven that his people were happier than foreigners, millions of his best subjects were being despoiled of their hard-earned money, and many were being imprisoned or banished, some for obeying the commands of God, others for infringing the unjust laws of the Government. M. Sipyaghin, who was not a cruel man at heart, was hated as the champion and inspirer of this misrule. Friends warned him to be on his guard; but, replying that he would continue to do his duty, he went light-heartedly on his way.

On Monday, April 14, 1901, he invited his Majesty to dinner for the following Thursday; and the Emperor graciously consented. In the domestic circle and the State department preparations were at once made for the repast. Officials of the ministry were dispatched in search of a special kind of big strawberries, larger than those which were to be found at Yeliseyeff's in the Nevsky Prospekt. Fiery gipsies were engaged to sing before royalty; telegrams were dispatched to Paris for prize chickens, piping hot pancakes were ordered *a la Russe* to be eaten with cold caviare; despatches were sent to the caterer Prospere, of Kharkoff, for dainties for the imperial palate; and many officials of the ministry scoured the capital for piquant delicacies. But on the Thursday fixed for the imperial repast, Sipyaghin's body was carried to its last resting-place. The minister had been assassinated by a youth named Balmashoff, not twenty-one years old, as a warning and a protest.

His Majesty now had another opportunity for showing his judgment and gratifying his predictions. Amenable chiefly to tangible and visible influences, his choice fell upon M. de Plehve, who speedily developed into the formidable Dictator of All the Russias. This official is tolerably instructed, possesses an intricate acquaintance with the seamy side of human nature, knows how to touch deftly the right cords of sentiment, prejudice, or

passion, and can keep his head in the most alarming crisis. When state dignitaries and officials lost their nerve on the tragic death of Alexander II, M. de Plehve, then public prosecutor, was cool, self-possessed, resourceful. These qualifications were duly noted, and his promotion was rapid; he became successively Director of the Police Department, and Secretary of the Council of the Empire, where he helped to ruin the Finnish nation before the destinies of 150,000,000 Russians were finally placed in his hands.

M. de Plehve cannot be classified by nationality, genealogy, church, or party. Of obscure parentage, of German blood with a Jewish strain, of uncertain religious denomination, his ethical worth was gauged aright years ago by his colleagues in the Ministry of Justice, and recently again in the Council of Ministers. Aware of their hostile judgment, his first acts were calculated to modify it. He set out for the sacred shrine near Moscow, the Troitsko-Serghieffsky Monastery, where he devoutly received Holy Communion at the hands of an orthodox priest. While he was thus displaying his piety in view of his subordinates, the peasants in Kharkoff and Poltava were being cruelly flogged by his orders for showing signs of disaffection. Visiting those provinces in person, M. de Plehve promptly awarded the governor of Kharkoff for flogging the malcontents at once, and punished the governor of Poltava for flogging them only as an afterthought.

That revolt of the peasants, which was repeated in Saratoff and elsewhere, marks an era in Russian history, for it resulted in M. de Witte's commission of inquiry into the condition of the agricultural classes in Russia, and in that minister's fall. The marshals of the nobility were empowered to summon members of the Zemstvo, landed proprietors, and anybody else who could enlighten them in their investigations. Peasants too were asked to give their views; and all were encouraged to speak out freely. And this was the question asked: If the peasantry are materially impoverished and physically degenerating, if their live-stock is dwindling to nothing, and if the food they eat is less in quantity and worse in quality than ever before, is Nature to blame or man? And if man, what man? The results of the enquiry were convincing; for, without previous consultation, those spokesmen of various social classes throughout Russia, whose interests con-

flict in many ways, were practically at one in their opinion. Partial to euphemisms, they condemned the system of administration. Dotting their i's and crossing their t's, M. de Plehve called that system by the name of autocracy; and no Russian can honestly say that he was wrong.

The reform inaugurated by Alexander II, when he struck off the fetters of serfdom, ought, so these commissioners held, to be further developed. The peasants should be freed from the shackles of special penal legislation. They should be taught to read, to keep themselves clean in body and in soul, to cope with the horrible diseases which in their ignorance they now communicate to each other, to shake off the network of superstition which is eating away their spiritual nature as the poison of infection is undermining their physique, and to fit themselves for trade and industry. That was the opinion of all Russia's representatives—noblemen, landed proprietors, doctors, lawyers, tradesmen and peasants. Yet the men who uttered it were punished for their audacity. M. de Witte had exhorted them to speak their minds; the Tsar punished them for obeying his minister; and M. de Plehve encouraged the Tsar.

That Land Commission was the turning point in the career of M. de Witte, whose services the Emperor had inherited from his "never-to-be-forgotten father." The ease with which the minister fell into disfavor, and the irrelevant grounds on which he was dismissed, are characteristic of the Tsar's arbitrary ways of thinking and acting. M. de Witte is a statesman of high powers—and great limitations—a financier whose earlier policy did, I believe, much harm, as his mature acts did much good, to the nation. As minister, he came eventually to understand the needs of his time and country, and sought with alternating success and failure to satisfy them; his work was a mixture of promise, achievement and failure. If the one-eyed man is necessarily the leader in the kingdom of the blind, M. de Witte deserved to be the head of the Government in contemporary Russia. But the members of the camarilla refused to have him, and, with the monarch's support, they proved more powerful than he. For they already had brought things to such a pass that none can now serve Russia as ministers but such as are skilful in flattering the Tsar; and M. de Witte was not one of these. He not only spoke freely to Nicholas II, but refused to

change his opinion in accordance with the Emperor's desires. He also declined to dupe the foreign Powers. "Your Majesty pledged your word to evacuate Manchuria, and the world believed you. Russia will now lose all credit, and perhaps not even gain Manchuria, if it pleases your Majesty to break that pledge. War also will follow, and we sorely need peace. Besides, Manchuria is useless to us. Therefore I cannot be a party to this policy." Thus plainly spoke the Finance Minister, heedless of courtly phraseology. "Witte is a haughty dictator, who gives himself the air of an Emperor." So spoke the courtiers among themselves and to his Majesty through the Grand Dukes. And the autocrat, wrathful that a subject should oppose his wishes and refuse to co-operate with him in professing to work for peace while provoking war, dismissed him. To the Russian nation that loss meant great bloodshed, vast expense, wide-spread misery: what else it involves we cannot yet say.

M. de Plehve is now the most influential personage in the Russian Empire—a Muscovite Grand Vizier, who wields absolute power over what we may be pardoned for calling the greatest nation on the globe; and he holds his position at the pleasure of his imperial master. Whether he remains in office or is dismissed to-morrow depends, not on the good or the evil that may result from his arbitrary administration, but on the success which attends his endeavors to keep the Tsar in countenance and to persuade the wayward monarch that autocracy is safe in his hands. The massacres of Jews, the banishment of Finns, the spoliation of Armenians, the persecution of Poles, the exile of Russian nobles, the flogging of peasants, the imprisonment and butchery of Russian working men, the establishment of a wide-spread system of espionage, and the abolition of law, are all measures which the minister suggests and the Tsar heartily sanctions. M. de Plehve, like his colleagues, would not be minister if his regime were really helpful to the country. That is the unpalatable truth which must be told about the government of Nicholas II.

Another of the Tsar's well-beloved advisers is M. Muravieff, the Minister of Justice, who has cheerfully and steadily subordinated all justice to the personal vagaries of his sovereign. He is one of those plastic public men, of the type of Bertrand Barère, whom one finds in all countries in a state of social and

political chaos. To-day there is no limit to his subserviency to the Emperor; to-morrow no man would be surprised to see him vote with Russian Jacobins for the suppression of the autocracy. Through him the law courts receive timely hints about the wishes of the Crown in those cases which interest the rulers of Russia.

It is a mistake, therefore, to imagine that the Emperor is a tool in the hands of his ministers; it is they who are his instruments, merely suggesting measures palatable to the monarch and formulating his will. They make him feel that what he thinks is correct, what he says is true, what he does is right. This Hobbesian view of his position has been carefully engrafted upon his mind by the two theorists of autocracy, M. Pobedonostseff and Prince Meshtshersky. The Procurator of the Holy Synod, a cold-blooded fanatic of the Torquemada type, is the champion of oriental despotism in its final stage, equipped with railways, telegraphs, telephones, and rifles, and hallowed with canonizations, incense, and holy oil; the feats of Ivan the Terrible achieved with the blessings of St. Seraphim. Of Prince Meshtshersky, the editor of the "Grashdanin" and the private counselor of the Tsar, it would be difficult to convey an adequate picture without introducing scenes which would offend the taste of the non-Russian public. His political ideas are those of the Dahomey of fifty years ago or the Bokhara of to-day, modified in two important points. According to him, every governor of a province, every peasant-prefect, should share the irresponsible power of the autocrat, and when dealing with the peasantry need observe no law.

"Questions of the Zemstvo have no more to do with the law courts," he writes, "than questions of family life. If a father may chastise his son severely without invoking the help of the courts, the authorities—local, provincial, and central—should be invested with a similar power to imprison, flog, and otherwise overawe or punish the people.

The Tsar, then, is what inherited tendencies and the doctrines of Pobedonostseff and Meshtshersky have made him. Between humanity and divinity he is a *tertium quid*. Such is the doctrine of the two theorists of autocracy; such the conviction of their pupil. He is the one essence in the Empire; they are his organs. Hence they strive to please him, to carry out his behests, to anticipate his wishes, to suggest plans in harmony with his fixed

ideas or passing moods. Necessarily also they color and distort facts, events, and consequences; for, while he can appreciate effects, his faculty of discerning their relations to causes is almost atrophied. He is ever struggling with phantoms, fighting with windmills, conversing with saints, or consulting the spirits of the dead. But of the means at hand for helping his people or letting them help themselves he never avails himself. Books he has long ago ceased to read, and sound advice he is incapable of listening to. His ministers he receives with great formality and dismisses with haughty condescension. They are often kept in the dark about matters which it behooves them to know thoroughly and early. Thus, shortly after the present war had begun, a number of dignitaries and officials gathered round General Kuropatkin one day and asked him how things were going on. With a malicious twinkle in his eye the War Minister replied: "Like yourselves, I know only what is published. The war is Alexieff's business, not mine." When three ministers implored the Tsar to evacuate Manchuria and safeguard the peace of the world, he answered: "I shall keep the peace and my own counsel as well." To one of the Grand Dukes, who, on the day before the rupture with Japan, vaguely hinted at the possibility of war, the Emperor said: "Leave that to me. Japan will never fight. My reign will be an era of peace to the end." With such little wisdom are the affairs of great nations directed.

The pity of it is that there is no intermediary between the isolated sovereign and the disaffected nation, no one who has free access to the monarch for the purpose of telling him the truth. Our history records the deeds of emperors whose authority was as absolute as is his; but they were not inaccessible to public opinion, indifferent to public needs, or deprived of the counsel of strong men. Alexander I was wont to spend whole nights in talking freely and frankly to individuals who told him what they knew and thought. Nicholas I profited by the services of Benckendorff, to whom Russians could speak plainly, and who had the courage to tell his master what was needed. Alexander II was served by Count Adlerberg, who played a similar part with tolerable success. General Richter was the mentor of Alexander III, and his influence was powerful and beneficent. But Nicholas II stands alone on his dizzy pedestal, a Simon Stylites among monarchs. His adjutant, Hesse, who is privileged to

see him at all times, is an officer who can scarcely write his name. The Tsar has created a gulf between the autocracy and the people, between himself and his fellow mortals, which is nearly as deep and as broad as that which separates the deity from mankind.

Many educated Russians are wont to compare their present Emperor with Feodor Ivanovits, the weak-willed, feeble-minded son of Ivan IV. But there were points even in that monarch's favor which we miss in the life of Nicholas II. He was at least conscious of his weaknesses. "I am the Tsar of executioners!" his artistic biographer makes him exclaim, on an historic occasion. And, after all, his own weakness was more than outweighed by the strength of will of his prompter, the great statesman Boris Godunoff. The sad conviction is now rapidly gaining ground that Nicholas II is getting to resemble in certain ways the unfortunate Paul I. He is eminently unfit to control personally the destinies of a great people; and he is, unfortunately, ignorant of his unfitness. That is the danger which hangs over Russia at home, and over Russia's peaceful neighbors abroad. Deep-rooted faith in his own ability prompts him to shun men whose statesmanship might shield his people from the consequences of his faults, and to choose officials who will serve merely as tools in his unsteady hands. Consequently his choice of favorites and of ministers is deplorable. Thus the idea that he should have offered the post of Minister of Public Instruction to a man so entirely and deservedly discredited as Prince Messtshersky embitters those of his subjects who are aware of the facts as much as would the appointment in England of such a man as Jabez Balfour to the archiepiscopal see of Canterbury.

A great deal has been written about the Tsar's love of peace, his clemency, his benevolence, and his fairness; but the Russian authors of these eulogies belong to the category of flatterers, who, when his Majesty sleeps, are busy quoting profound passages from his snoring. His reputation as a staunch friend of peace is but the reflex of the views laboriously impressed upon him by M. de Witte, whose whole policy, good and evil, was based upon peace. But, owing to the defective condition of that faculty by which the mind traces effects to causes and calculate results, all he does contributes to bring about the very ends which he abhors.

In the conduct of state affairs the Tsar is reserved and formal. Like his father, when presiding over a committee or council he listens in silence to the opinions of others, almost always withholding his own. He sometimes departs from this rule when he wishes to give a certain direction to the discussion. It was thus when M. de Plehve brought in the bill to enlarge the arbitrary powers of provincial governors, proposing that these officials should be the representatives not only of the government but also of the autocrat, and should therefore share his powers. The Emperor then opened the sitting with a few words to the effect that he concurred in that view. In his study he is generally busy signing replies to addresses of loyalty, or writing comments on the various reports presented by ministers, governors, and other officials. He is encouraged by his courtiers to believe that all these replies and comments are priceless; for even such trivial remarks as, "I am very glad," "God grant it may be so," are published in large type in the newspaper, glazed over in the manuscript, and carefully preserved in the archives like the relics of a saint. But the most interesting are never published; and of these there is a choice collection. Here is one. A report of the negotiations respecting the warship "Manchur" was recently laid before him by Count Lamsdorff. The tenor of it was that the Chinese authorities had summoned the "Manchur" to quit the neutral harbor of Shanghai at the repeated and urgent request of the Japanese consul there. On the margin of that report his Majesty penned the memorable words: "The Japanese consul is a scoundrel."

The Emperor imagines it to be the right and the duty of the Autocrat of All the Russias to intervene personally in every affair that interests himself or has any bearing on his mission. The instances of this uncalled-for personal action are nearly as numerous as his official acts; and the consequences of several are written in blood and fire in the history of his reign. They have undermined the sense of legality; and the end of legality is always the beginning of the reign of violence. The saddest part of the story is that, the more unsteady he becomes, the more vigorously he sweeps away the last weak barriers which stand between the autocracy and folly or injustice, such as the Council of the Empire, the Committee of Ministers, and the Senate. A few examples will enable the reader to judge for himself. The late

Minister of Public Instruction, Sanger, who was not an enemy to instruction like so many of his predecessors, brought in a bill changing a preparatory grammar school in Lutzk, supported by voluntary subscriptions, into a complete one. It was a useful measure; and the Council of the Empire, having taken cognizance of it, passed it unanimously. On the report, as presented to the Tsar, his Majesty wrote: "No, I disagree entirely with the Council of the Empire. I hold that we must encourage technical and not classical education." The bill was killed, and Sanger resigned; but neither technical nor classical education is encouraged.

The Senate, being a judicial and also an administrative institution, can pass resolutions which, if approved by the majority and not opposed by the Minister of Justice, have the force of law. But neither the Council of the Empire nor the Committee of Ministers can enact a law, because their decisions have to be referred to the Tsar, who may agree with the proposal of the majority or the protest of the minority, or ignore both and act on his own initiative. Alexander III usually took the side of the minority; and his son and successor has followed his example religiously. He has also established a practice of first approving the bill in principle and then allowing the minister to send it before the Council or the Committee, so that all the members know beforehand the opinion of the monarch. But if the majority is bold or honest enough to throw it out, the Tsar always adopts the view of the minority.

Here is an amusing case which characterises our government and our rulers. A bill was introduced to indemnify landed proprietors in the Baltic provinces for the losses they had incurred through the government monopoly of alcohol. M. de Witte held that the sum of several millions should be paid over to them in the course of a number of years; the majority maintained that it ought to be paid at once. M. de Witte first informed the Tsar of this divergence; and his Majesty promised to confirm the view of the minority. The minister then wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Council, M. de Plehve, telling him that the Emperor had promised to confirm the decision of the minority so soon as the documents were placed before him. M. de Plehve freely communicated this announcement to all the members. Then many officials, seeing that opposition would be fruitless, changed

their views, or their votes, so that the minority unexpectedly became the majority. In the course of time the documents were laid before the Tsar, who remembered only that he had pledged himself to M. de Witte to reject the proposal of the majority. Accordingly, without reading the papers or taking further thought, he redeemed his promise; and the wrong bill became law.

The course of justice, civil and criminal, is liable to be impeded in the same way. Here is an example. A certain person incurred large debts in St. Petersburg, and was declared bankrupt. In the ordinary course of law his estates were to be sold and the creditors satisfied. The Tula Bank was charged with the sale of the estates; but the Tsar, having meanwhile been asked to interfere, issued an order stopping the sale and suspending the operation of the law. An action was brought against Princess Imere-tinsky by her late husband's heirs. The Princess, who had powerful friends, privately petitioned his Majesty to intervene on her behalf, and her prayer was granted. The Tsar ordered the plaintiffs to be nonsuited and the action quashed; and his will was duly executed. In the third case, some noblemen sold their estates to merchants; the transactions were properly carried out and legally ratified. But the Tsar, by his own power, cancelled the deed of sale and ordered the money and the estates to be returned to their previous owners. Such instances of interference with the course of justice might easily be multiplied.

Of the course of justice in political trials little need be said. The prosecution of the murderers of the Kishineff Jews is fresh in the memory of all. An incident unparalleled in our history before the present reign rendered that trial celebrated for all time; the counsel for the prosecution in the civil case threw up their briefs and left the court because of the systematic denial of justice to their clients. When the flogging cases were heard in the Government of Poltava last year a similar course was taken by the lawyers. The rights which our laws bestow upon prisoners were so persistently denied them that the advocates of the accused peasants had no choice but to throw up their briefs and leave the court. In every political trial the Minister of Justice closes the doors; and he is prepared to do the same in any civil lawsuits if either of the parties has influence at Court. Peasant malcontents are flogged without trial or accusation,

working men are shot down when parading the streets. In all this M. Muravieff, the human embodiment of Russian law, the Minister of Justice, is the executioner of justice and the executor of unrighteousness.

Yet, undoubtedly, the power of the autocracy could be employed to further the cause of humanity, enlightenment, and justice, if such were the will of him who wields it. A single word from the Tsar would cause a profound change to come over the condition of the country and the sentiments of his people. The responsibility for his acts cannot be laid upon the shoulders of his ministers, whose advice he refrains from seeking in the most dangerous crises of his reign. It was not his ministers who prompted him to break the promise he had given to evacuate Manchuria; they entreated him to keep it. It was not they who proposed that he should curtail the power for good still left to such institutions as the Council of the Empire, the Committee of Ministers, and the governing Senate. It was not they who impelled him to make the monarchy ridiculous by seeking wisdom in the evocation of spirits and strength in the canonization of saints. It was not they who urged him to break up the Finnish nation by a series of iniquitous measures worthy of an oriental despot of ancient Babylon or Persia; on the contrary, they assured him in clear and not always courtly phraseology that justice and statesmanship required him to stay his hand. It was not his official advisers who suggested that he should despoil the Armenian Church of its property and endowments, while leaving all other religious communities in the possession of theirs, and should punish with bullets and cold steel the zealous members of that Church who protested in the name of their religion and conscience. Almost all his ministers united for once in warning him that this was an act of wanton spoliation, and in conjuring him to abandon or modify his scheme. But, deaf to their arguments, he insisted on having his own way.

The Tsar's reign has therefore brought everything into a state of flux; nothing is stable with us as in other countries. No traditions, no rights, no laws are respected, there are only ever-increasing burdens, severer punishments, and never dwindling misery and suffering. The Tsar's meddling unsettles the whole nation and disquiets even the obscure individual, because nobody is sure that his turn will not come to-morrow. Thus, on the

one hand, a whole county council in Tver, with its members, its officials, its schools, doctors, teachers, and statisticians, was lately annihilated by a stroke of the imperial pen; while, on the other hand, a general here, a journalist there, lawyers, physicians, officials, have been seized in various parts of the country and imprisoned or banished. Under Paul I only those who were in the neighborhood of the Emperor had reason to apprehend his outbursts of eccentricity; but Nicholas II has sent genuine pashas like Prince Galitzin and General Bobrikoff to govern the provinces; and these men are as arbitrary as himself.

What strange and unpleasant mishaps may befall private persons can be inferred from a few examples. A short time ago a journalist of the capital, who writes with considerable verve, was packed off to Siberia—not in a day or an hour, but in a twinkling. His crime? The Tsar's imagination worked upon by an over-zealous priest. One day early in 1902 M. Amphitheatroff published a moderately interesting article describing the home circle of a landed proprietor, whom he depicted as very firm and strict with his family, and so scrupulous in his dealings with the other sex that he boiled with indignation if his wife's chamber-maid flirted with any male relative or stranger. He had a sympathetic son, with eyes like a gazelle's—a well-meaning youth who wished everybody to be happy, but possessed no ideas on practical matters. The kind-hearted mother sat between father and son, tenderly loving both. It was an idyllic picture of Russian life at its best—and nothing more. The censor read it and saw nothing wrong. The minister, Sipyaghin, glanced at it and passed on cheerfully to his hot pancakes and cold caviare. The Tsar himself perused it and liked it, it was "such a pleasing picture of the serene life of a Russian squire." But the Emperor's chaplain, Yanisheff, descried high treason between the lines. According to him, the landed proprietor, who struck the table with his fist whenever he heard of a little flirtation on the part of his wife's maid, was no other than the Emperor Alexander III; the son with the sympathetic eyes and vacillating character was Nicholas II. As the portrait, if intended as such, was not flattering, it needed audacity on the part of the priest to say, "Sire, the ingenuous youth of limited ideas is obviously your Majesty"; and the Tsar must be credited with a large dose of naïvetè to have been persuaded that the cap fitted the imperial

head. He at once summoned and questioned Sipyaghin. "Yes, I read the feuilleton, your Majesty, but noticed nothing offensive in it." "Well," replied the Emperor, "you may take it from me that it is a treasonable skit on my never-to-be-forgotten father and myself. Send the scoundrel to Siberia." And to Siberia he was whisked away, without a chance to buy warm clothing for the journey or to get money for his needs. It was not much consolation to M. Amphitheatroff that he was subsequently pardoned for a crime of which he was innocent, and then banished to Vologda, where he is now undergoing his punishment.

Under Nicholas I, when serfdom still prevailed in Russia, such arbitrary acts were not unknown. But even that autocrat treated the persons whom he exiled with a certain paternal kindness foreign to his namesake. Thus, in 1826, the poet Poleshayeff, who had written some verses to which the police took exception, was dispatched to the army as a common soldier. But the stern autocrat gave him an audience on the eve of his departure, spoke kindly to him, kissed him on the forehead, and said, "Go and mend your ways." And in those days of absolutism no Russian general was ever packed off to the Far East by way of punishment for taking broad-minded views of the people's needs, as General Kuzmin-Karavayeff, professor at the Military Judicial Academy of St. Petersburg, was a few weeks ago, by the express orders of the Tsar. MM. Falberg and Pereverzoff, two gentlemen who, at the Congress of Technical Education held in St. Petersburg last January, hissed the instigators of the Kishineff massacres, were also seized by the police, and, without trial or question, without even time to put on warm clothing, were hurried off to Yakutsk, the very coldest part of the inhabited globe. "Severity, served up cold, is the only way with empire-wreckers," as M. de Plehve remarked. In like manner M. Annensky, an old man who lived at peace with all the world, was suddenly expelled by the police from his home and city because a spy accused him in error of having pronounced a speech a few days before at the funeral of Mikhailovsky, the editor of a review. Everybody knew and knows that Annensky did not utter a word on that occasion. But a spy made a blunder; Annensky suffered for it; and there was no redress.

In all these measures, in their most trivial details, the Tsar takes an eager and personal interest, because he treats them as

part of the defence of autocracy. He knows, therefore, what is being done in his name; he expressly, and in writing, approves coercion and the many novel forms of it brought into vogue by the *âme damnée* of autocracy, M. de Plehve. Thus he conferred a star upon Prince Obolensky for his energy in flogging the peasants of the Government of Kharkoff until some of them died; he even raised this zealous official to the unique rank of Lieutenant-general of the Admiralty—a post of which the Russian public had never heard before. He appointed M. Kleighels, one of the most corrupt of police officials, to be his general adjutant. At this the nation, and even the Court, murmured audibly, for no police officer had ever received this rank. But the Tsar set their dissatisfaction at naught, and made Kleighels Governor-general of Kieff. A minister timidly hinted to his Majesty that all Russia hated Kleighels, and that so unpopular an official would hardly succeed in administering so difficult a province as Kieff. But Nikolai Alexandrovitch answered, "I care nothing for what they say. I know what I am doing."

So far, one of the most salient results of his Majesty's return towards the epoch of serfdom has been the estrangement of almost every class from the dynasty and its chief. For a nation like Russia, which cannot yet dispense with the monarchical form of government, this is a calamity. The nobles are generally on the side of the people, which, unfortunately, is not that of their ruler. An example of this attitude was given by an ex-minister, Prince Vyazemsky, who publicly condemned the conduct of the police in flogging the students in the Nevsky Prospekt. The nobles of Tver have not only spoken but suffered for the popular cause, which the Tsar spurns as impious and punishes as treasonable. In order to extinguish this resistance, the Emperor has lately signified his wish to confer such powers upon every governor of a province as will enable him to deport any person, without trial or accusation, not only for a political offence, but for disagreeing with the views of his Excellency the Governor on any local question. Arbitrary regulations have lately been issued by the Chief of the Police in St. Petersburg, by the Governor-general of Moscow, and by the governors of other provinces, which supersede the laws of the Empire; and any infringement of them is visited with fines of R. 3000—and larger sums in Poland—and three months' imprisonment besides. Governors

upon whom special powers have been conferred can now oblige a landed proprietor to do anything which they hold to be requisite for what they call public order. If such a governor wishes to fine and imprison the owner of an estate whom he dislikes he has but to send a policeman to seek and find a rubbish heap or a pool of water in the courtyard, and the end is attained.

The English reader, for whose admiration many fancy portraits of the Autocrat of All the Russias have been drawn, may ask how these things can be reconciled with the manifesto promulgated by his Majesty on March 11, 1903, which promised certain reforms to his people. The answer is that the manifesto was a mere display of fireworks. That document, which made a stir in Russia and abroad, was drawn up by M. de Plehve and altered again and again by the Tsar himself, until he elaborated a statement of which the form was solemn and the contents trivial. Setting aside its mere frothy phraseology, the only tangible reforms it foreshadowed were the abolition of the joint responsibility of the peasants for taxation and the maintenance of religious tolerance. As foreigners understand religious tolerance better than the incidence of taxation, let us briefly compare the imperial promise touching religion with the imperial achievement.

Since he issued the manifesto, Nicholas II has done nothing for religious tolerance and very much against it. The Jews have been persecuted even more cruelly and more extensively than before his welcome words were uttered. The Emperor's uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, who is Governor-general of Moscow, has made it a sort of sport to hunt out the Jews and drive them from the city. Anti-semites who go further are safe from punishment, and would find many imitators if the pastime were less obnoxious to the people of the United States. Jewish surgeons and doctors have been gathered in large numbers and sent to meet danger or death in the Far East. Roman Catholics are ceaselessly worried in their work, insulted in their religious sentiments, and almost forcibly driven into Orthodoxy by spiteful orders unworthy of a Christian government. To belong to the Armenian Church is to be branded with the mark of Cain; and it is sometimes worse to be a Russian non-conformist than to worship idols or to poison one's neighbor.

A golden opportunity arose for the fulfilment of the Tsar's

promise shortly after it had been made. The new Russian penal code was then being drawn up; and the section dealing with crimes against faith was under discussion. Here the Emperor's mild and tolerant spirit was expected to bring about great and desirable changes. But the hope was disappointed. One change was made for the better, but only one. An Orthodox believer who wishes to leave his denomination may henceforward go abroad and there change his religion without fear of punishment, whereas formerly he was liable to pains and penalties. That is all. But, even now, if such a man, being unable to go abroad, should ask a Russian Lutheran or Roman Catholic priest to receive him into his Church, the minister in question must refuse. To comply with the request would entail severe punishment.

There can be no mistake about the Emperor's personal action in hindering his subjects from serving God in their own way, for it was vigorous, personal, and direct. Whenever the existing institutions of the responsible ministers were inclined to loosen the grip of the law on the conscience of the individual, the Tsar's veto formed an insuperable impediment. Examples are numerous. The following is instructive. The laws dealing with religious misdemeanors being under discussion, a minority of the Council of the Empire steadily advocated toleration; but at every turn his Majesty sided with the majority. Once, and only once, the bulk of the members favored a clause which was reasonable and humane; and then the Emperor quashed their decision without hesitation. The question was: If a Russian who is Orthodox only in name, and something else—say Lutheran—in reality, asks a clergyman of his adopted Church to administer the sacrament to him on his deathbed, should the minister be punishable if he complied? The Council of the Empire, by a considerable majority, answered "no"; and their arguments were clear and forcible. So plain was the case that even the Grand Dukes took the side of the majority. But the Tsar, putting down his foot, said, "A clergyman who shall administer the sacraments of his Church to such a man shall be treated as a law-breaker; it is a crime"; and his decision has received the force of law. As this declaration of the imperial will was made after the manifesto, to speak of the Emperor's tolerant views would be satirical.

Another instance took place, also after the promulgation of that "*Magna Charta*" of Russian liberty. Baron Uexkull von

Gildenband proposed that certain sections of the population, who had been forced several years ago to join the Orthodox Church, all of them against their will and some even without their knowledge, should now be permitted to return to their respective Churches if they chose. Some of these people had been Lutherans of the Baltic provinces; others had been Uniates of western Russia, *i.e.* Catholics who, with the liturgy of the Greek Church, hold the beliefs of the Latin, and are in communion with Rome. It was an act not of magnanimity, but of common justice that was here suggested. But, when the general debate was about to begin, the Grand Duke Michael, acting in harmony with his Majesty's known disposition, withdrew from the Baron his right to speak in favor of the proposal, which therefore dropped. By these and other like fruits the tree may be known.

What is most astonishing is that the head of Orthodoxy should cause the members of an important branch of his own Church to be harried as if they were public enemies. Here are a few specimens of the methods employed against the Old Believers in the present reign. One of their monasteries—the *Nikolsky Skeet* in the Kuban Government—was seized by an archimandrite named Kolokoloff, who, at the head of fifty Cossacks, drove out the monks and took possession of their dwelling. One of their bishops, Siluan, protested and was thrown into prison. Yet the archimandrite who had won this easy victory, not satisfied with his violence against the living, also wrecked his spite on the dead. Two Old Believers who had departed this life in the odor of sanctity, Bishop Job and Gregory the priest, were reputed to be in heaven; and their bodies were said to be immune from decomposition, a fact which pointed to their saintship. But the Old Believers cannot be permitted to have miracles or saints. The Orthodox archimandrite, therefore, violated the tombs and dug up the bodies. He found the latter really intact, and, breaking their coffins, he saturated the boards with petroleum and then burned the mortal remains of the holy men to ashes.

To affirm that positive laws are broken in order to render religious persecution possible is but to assert a truism. The proofs are of frequent occurrence. The Senate, by one of its legislative decrees, authorized the Old Believers to open a chapel in Uralsk. This permission had already been given by

the ministry, so that it could not lawfully be called in question. Yet the governor of the province cancelled it; and there was no redress. On another occasion three children in the village of Simonoska, in the Government of Smolensk, were forcibly taken from the custody of their father, one Rodionoff, because he was a Dissenter, and were placed in charge of a complete stranger, who was a member of the Established Church. In many districts of the interior priests of the sect of the Old Believers are arrested and imprisoned because they let their hair grow long like the clergy of the State Church. This punishment is administered in violation of the decrees of the Senate and the circulars of the Minister of the Interior, which have laid it down over and over again that long-haired clergymen are not punishable for neglecting to use the scissors. The Tsar has been told of all these grievances, but he has made no sign.

A tragic story, the hero of which was Bishop Methodius, one of the pillars of the Old Believers, will bring home the cruelty of the system to the minds of humane readers. It has lately been brought to the notice of his Majesty without eliciting even an expression of regret. Born in Cheliabinsk, Methodius was ordained a priest, and zealously discharged the duties of his office for fifteen years before he was raised to the episcopal see of Tomsk. One day the Bishop administered the sacraments to a man who, born in the State Church, had joined the community of Old Believers. This was precisely a case of the type discussed in the Council of the Empire, and so harshly provided for by the Emperor himself. Methodius was denounced, arrested, tried, found guilty, and condemned to banishment in Siberia; and the sentence was carried out with needless brutality. With irons on his feet, penned up together with murderers and other criminals of the worst type, he was sent by *étape* from prison to prison, to the Government of Yakutsk. Through the intercession of an influential co-religionist he was allowed to stay in the capital of that province; but soon afterwards, at the instigation of a dignitary of the State Church, Methodius was banished to Vilyuisk, in north-eastern Siberia, a place inhabited by savages. The aged Bishop—he was seventy-eight years old—was then set astride a horse and tied down to the animal, and told that he must ride thus to his place of exile, about seven hundred miles distant. "This sentence is death by torture," said Methodius's

flock. And they were not mistaken. The old man gave up the ghost on the road (1898); but when, where, and how he died and was buried has never been made known.

If the repressive measures to which the Tsar thus attaches his name have little in common with true religion, his constructive action appears to be inspired by thinly-disguised superstition. In miracles and marvels he takes a childish delight, and is as ready to believe the messages from the invisible world which the spirits send through a M. Phillippe in the Crimea as in the wonders wrought by the relics of Orthodox monks whose names he himself adds to the roll of Russian saints. His predecessors were more chary of peopling heaven than of colonizing Siberia. Nicholas I assented to the canonization of Mitrophan of Voronesh (1832), whose body was found intact after it had lain over a century in its coffin; but that was the only beatification made during the reign. Alexander II allowed the Holy Synod to enrich the Church with one saint—Tikhom, Bishop of Voronesh (1861); the teeth is a sufficient qualification for saintship; and he has not only canonized two, but he personally ordered one of the candidates, Seraphim of Saroff, to be proclaimed a saint, in spite of the disconcerting fact that his body, although buried for only seventy years, was decomposed. The Orthodox Bishop Dmitry of Tamboff protested on this ground against the beatification as contrary to Church traditions; but he was deprived of his see and sent to Vyatka for venturing to disagree with the Tsar. His Majesty holds that the preservation of the bones, the hair, and the teeth is a sufficient qualification for saintship; and he has been assured by prophetic monks that God will soon work a miracle and restore Seraphim's dead body in full.

But it would occupy too much space to enter fully into these details, or into the grounds of his Majesty's belief that an heir will soon be born to him through the mediation of his favorite saints, with whose image he lately blessed the Siberian and South Russian troops. The main point is that upon Church affairs, as upon every other branch of administration, the Emperor has brought his personal influence to bear, and made it prevail over the objections, the protests, and the sound advice of those who were best able to guide him.

Who then, it may be asked, influences the autocrat whose personal rule is thus absolute? If his ministers are but his organs

and even his women-folk are powerless to move him, whose is the spirit that animates him? The answer lies on the surface. In the sweeping theories of autocracy, which he has made his own, M. Pobedonostseff and Prince Meshtshersky, the Torquemada and Cagliostro of contemporary Russia, were his teachers. Their abstract aphorisms and personal appeals engendered a faith and fervor in the spirit of their plastic pupil which have become second nature; and he now measures every new idea by its bearing upon autocracy. The teaching of these masters is backed by certain Grand Dukes, who form a sort of secret council like that which regulates the life of the great Lama of Tibet. Under Alexander III they had no part to play, for that monarch kept them in their places. Nicholas II, on the contrary, is easily swayed by these self-seeking members of his family. They paint their plans in the hues of his own dreams, present him with motives which appeal to his prejudices, and always open their attack by gross flattery. They are consequently more than a match for poor "Nickie," as they call him; and their influence over him is pernicious. One of them, who was for years the manager of the vast funds supplied by loyal Russia to build a church to the memory of Alexander II, has yet to account for enormous sums of money which disappeared mysteriously under his administration.

The Grand Duke Sergius, Governor-general of Moscow, a man addicted to Jew-baiting and other unworthy sports, is the Tsar's mentor in question of religion, whether abstruse or practical. It was he who proposed to abolish the Juridical Society of Moscow, which he suspected of liberal tendencies; and, when it was objected that the members were scrupulously observant of every law and regulation, he answered: "That's my point—they are for this very reason all the more dangerous to the State!" The Grand Duke Constantine offers brilliant suggestions on questions of public instruction and military affairs. The Grand Duke Alexis, whose foreign mistress, a French actress, causes ministers to tremble, is the great palace oracle on the navy, of which, however, he expresses a very poor opinion in private. Perhaps the most influential of all is the Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovitch, who has for a considerable time been the *alter ego* of his Majesty.

This grand-ducal ring is the Russian governing syndicate un-

limited; and no minister could withstand it for a month. It is able to thwart his plans in their primary stage, to discredit them in the Tsar's eyes during the discussion, or to have them cancelled after the Emperor has sanctioned them. Obviously Russia has more autocrats than one.

Always in want or in debt, the Grand Dukes flock together wherever there is money to be had, like vultures over a battle-field; and, if they stand to win in any undertaking, they care little about the nationality of the losers, and less about the ethics of the game. Their latest venture was the Lumber Concession on the Yalu river in Corea, which had no little share in plunging our unfortunate country into the present sanguinary war. The scheme had been proposed on the strength of M. Bezobrazoff's assurances that it would bring millions to the pockets of the lucky investors, and add a kingdom to Russia's far-eastern possessions. At first his Majesty, dissuaded by his ministers, shrank from the thought of mixing shady speculations with imperial politics. Accordingly he issued a strict command to the Grand Dukes to keep aloof from the discreditable business. The ducal ring then sent M. Bezobrazoff to knead the imperial will; and so ingeniously was this done that the Tsar not only withdrew the prohibition, but himself joined the investors, and put some millions of his own into the concessions. The Grand Dukes reasoned correctly that, if the Emperor had money in the undertaking, everything possible would be done to make it increase and multiply—and with it their own investments. And that is what happened.

Upon the mind of their simple relative the Grand Dukes worked with consummate skill. Every candidate for imperial favor whom they present is a specialist who promises to realize the momentary desires of the Tsar. Thus Mr. Philippe, the spiritualist who appeared during the Emperor's illness in Yalta, promised him a son and heir, and was therefore received with open arms. As time passed, and the hopes which this adventurer raised were not fulfilled, the canonization of St. Seraphim was suggested by a pious Grand Duke and a sceptical abbot, because among the feats said to have been achieved by this holy man was the miraculous bestowal of children upon barren women.

Another of the Tsar's passing favorites was an eccentric idealist named Khlopoff, who occupied a small post in the Ministry of Ways and Communications. Through the Grand Duke Alex-

ander Mikhailovitch, to whose children he gave lessons, he was brought to the notice of the Emperor, who conceived a liking for the honest, disinterested reformer. Khlopoff idealized the Russian people, enlarged poetically on their qualities, dramatized their actions, and prophesied the marvels they would accomplish after certain reforms had been effected. His Majesty hung upon his eloquent recitals of the peasant's hopefulness in sufferings, and asked his new friend to travel through the country and to report on the grievances of the people. But after a twelvemonth of Khlopoff's irresponsible activity the ministers grew restive; Pobedonostseff requested the Tsar to give his favorite a responsible position or else dismiss him; and, the novelty of his rhapsodies having worn off, his Majesty ceased to receive the reformer. As he continued, however, to read his reports, M. Pobedonostseff spoke earnestly to the Grand Duke; and Khlopoff was dismissed with a pension.

But the most dangerous of all the imperial favorites is M. Bezobrazoff, a cross between a clever company-promoter and an eccentric. This gentleman, who in his lucid intervals gives proofs of extraordinary shrewdness, began his career as an officer in the cavalry of the Guard, passed on to the post of Master of the Hounds, and in this capacity made the acquaintance of the members of the grand-ducal ring. In time he resigned, and, hoping to do a brilliant stroke of business *à l'Americaine*, went to the Far East, where he was to look after the financial interests of the Grand Dukes. The Yalu forests seemed to promise well as a speculation, and he returned with a proposal for exploiting them. The sharp criticism with which the project was received by M. de Witte, Count Lamsdorff, and others, at first alarmed the Tsar. But M. Bezobrazoff, who was received by his Majesty at the request of the Grand Dukes, had no difficulty in winning over the wavering young monarch; and the Tsar, as has already been stated, himself became an investor. From that moment M. Bezobrazoff's ascendancy began. He returned to the Far East with plenipotentiary power such as no minister ever possessed. General Kuropatkin, Baron Rosen, Count Lamsdorff were subordinated to him; and his report on the Manchurian railway accelerated M. de Witte's fall. He caused Admiral Alexieff, a man of narrow outlook and vast ambitions, to be appointed viceroy;

and between them they lured the unsteady monarch, and with him all the nation, into the present costly and disastrous war.

Thus the whole Russian Empire, with its peasantry, army, navy, clergy, universities, and ministries, is but the servant of an inexperienced prince who is not only deficient in the qualities requisite to a ruler, but even devoid of the tact necessary to enable him to keep up appearances. At home the nation is suppressed; it cannot make its voice heard on the subject of war or peace, of taxation or education, of industry or finance; it cannot even save its soul in its own way. Abroad the policy of Russia is a policy of expansion without end, planned by officials without scruples, and executed by a Government without responsibility. It has brought things to such a pass that assurances given by ambassadors are not binding on the Foreign Minister; promises made by the Foreign Minister are disregarded by the heads of other departments and dishonored by the Tsar; treaties ratified by the Tsar are not binding on the Government, which may plead a change of circumstances as a justification for breaking them. This theory, which to our shame is become as specifically Russian as the Monroe Doctrine is American, has been firmly established by Nicholas II, who may truly say that the Empire is himself and that his ways are inscrutable.

It is no exaggeration to state that the domestic consequences of this system—if system it can be called—are calamitous. Two ministers have already been murdered; several governors and officials have been shot at and killed or wounded; numerous country-houses have been set on fire and burned to ashes; peasants are being flogged, noblemen banished, lawyers, schoolmasters and officials imprisoned, working men fired upon by troops; while the whole nation is kept in ignorance and superstition in order that one man should be free to realize his ideals of autocracy. All that broad-minded monarchists like the present writer desire is to save our people without injuring our Tsar. Against monarchical institutions, without which our nation could not work out its high destinies, we have nothing to urge. Even the dynasty we accept as a fact. But we strongly hold that the affairs of the nation, which are not identical with the changing caprices of an individual or the insatiable greed of a ring, should be conducted by competent and moderately honest men independ-

ently of Court influence and on ordinary business principles.—*The Quarterly Review*.

P. S.—When this article was written M. Plehve was still alive. His recent assassination is a commentary on the article.—EDITOR.

A DOWN-EAST FOOL CRITIC.

THE FOOL'S WORDS.

“Egotism Vying with Scurrility.”—We have in mind a publication that bears the title of *THE GLOBE QUARTERLY REVIEW*, claiming its home, as per announcement in red ink on the outside front cover, at the “new address, 1727 Aberdeen street, Philadelphia, Pa.” One William Henry Thorne is the editor, manager also as we infer. In fact, if we may trust our judgment in the matter, the chief fugleman as associated with “*THE GLOBE QUARTERLY REVIEW*, and his own estimate, something more than *primus inter pares* in the literary world generally. Several numbers of *THE GLOBE REVIEW*, written for the most part by Mr. Thorne, printed on excellent quality of paper and bearing rather an aristocratic appearance, as we look with a mechanical eye on the periodical literature of the day, have come to our desk, and in some measure have been accorded our attentive perusal.

Our favorable predilection toward the publication has, on each occasion, met with woeful discouragement in the egotistical crudity and the coarsely erratic modes of expression we have encountered between its covers. But not until we dipped into the treasures of the June number were we brought to realize the full amplitude of egotism run mad and criticism degenerated to bald and vulgar abuse. Out of a total of eight original contributions in this particular number, just four are from the pen of Editor Thorne. This speaks well for the gentleman's industry, but, we regret to say, that regard for truth cuts the complimentary notice short at this point.

The first, according to our shrewdest guess, purports to be the beginning of a series of articles on the philosophy of literature, such, it is modestly asserted, as it has not been within the capabilities of other of the world's savants to produce. In the initial

effort there is rapid-fire generalization that has to do with philosophy, with theology, with art, with politics—but touching the realm of literature there is naught save a quotation from the Master Bard, designated in suspiciously irreverent phraseology as “an old saying” and rendered incorrectly both literally and in character.

But it is not what this gentleman has to say in the philosophical vein so much as what he contributes in the form of political criticism and while indulging in discursive essay, that attracts and holds the attention. He is “forninst” the Administration in this country broadly and brutally, and he wishes to have it so understood. He is a wielder of the bludgeon, not the stiletto. Discussing Mr. Roosevelt’s action in the Panama affair, here is the manner in which he beats the earth with his terrible weapon: “In vain did the best National and international sentiment of morality cry out against the outrage, but committed it was in broad daylight, uncovered even by the decency of darkness, a piece of cold-blooded rascality, only to be compared with in modern history with the partition of Poland, and yet Theodore Roosevelt has had the unmitigated effrontery to defend his nefarious steal by column upon column of blatant sophistry and arguments that have deceived nobody but himself and those who were only too willing to consent to a high-handed international immoral atrocity.” The quotation is letter perfect, punctuation and all. “Uncovered even by the decency of darkness” is good; and another gem is the “high-handed international immoral atrocity.” What could we have said had the atrocity been one of moral character? As to the “rascality” and “steal,” the author is clearly interpreted by another hysterical exclamation in the context. This time President Roosevelt is directly addressed: “It is of no moment to us whether you justly consider that we are endeavoring to secure an invaluable National asset for a mere fifty millions of dollars, of which you are to have a mere ten millions and a little annually besides.” In another instance, the public is informed, in the elegant diction of this eminent literator, that the President is “giving us the double cross.”

The discursive essay alluded to is entitled, “Women, Cats and Dogs,” in which the edifying proposition is laid down that in feminine regard, the cat and the dog is mawkishly and vulgarly pre-eminent. Quotation is unnecessary. Scurrility is the keynote

in this as in the other contribution. The writer of a philosophy of literature, forsooth! Ye gods that once did reign on the classic heights of Parnassus! Whenever such labor shall be clothed with authority the literary world may well be likened to the

. . . . "six men
Who wept and gnashed their teeth, and laid their palms
Upon their mouths, walking disconsolate."

OTHER VIEWS OF THE GLOBE.

By way of contrast here are a few very brief utterances of what certain well-known men and able newspapers said of the *GLOBE* and its editor within a year or two after I founded the magazine:

"One of the ablest reviews in the English language, and we cheerfully commend it to all intelligent readers."—*MT. REV.* P. J. RYAN, *Archbishop of Philadelphia*. HON. A. K. MCCLURE, *Editor Philadelphia Times*.

"The spiciest and most thought-provoking magazine that comes to this office."—*The Boston Herald*.

"Will certainly catch the public ear, and has set itself a hard task to keep equal with itself."—*Prof. J. H. Allen, in the Unitarian Review, Boston*.

"Chaste, pure, original, and reliable in every sense."—*The True Witness, Montreal*.

"Mr. Thorne is a brilliant essayist, and he has made the *GLOBE* an organ of opinion on social, literary, religious and political matters, quite unique in contemporary letters."—*The Boston Times*.

"We strongly recommend the *GLOBE* as deserving a place on the library shelf of every family."—*Abbey Student, Atchison, Kansas*.

"It is always a pleasure to welcome a new number of the *GLOBE*. It is the most refreshing and thought-provoking reading imaginable."—*The Journal, Milwaukee, Wis.*

"A publication of much more than usual force and of unusual sprightliness."—*The Chicago Israelite, Chicago*.

"Mr. Thorne is a brilliant man, and his magazine is the organ of an audacious, aggressive, many-sided intellect."—*The Standard, Syracuse, N. Y.*

"Brimming over with 'good things,' and will be greatly enjoyed by readers who appreciate the best in composition and

the noblest thought of the human mind."—*Commercial List and Price Current, Philadelphia.*

"Nothing so original, so fearless, so scornful of shams, so strong in intellectual integrity as your articles in the GLOBE have ever come under my eye."—COL. THOMAS FITCH, *New York City.*

"Nothing extant of which I know anything in the way of thought can compare with your living words.—RT. REV. THOMAS A. BECKER, *Late Bishop of Savannah.*

Here is one quotation from the June GLOBE which appeared in italics at the head of the first column of the editorial page in the *Troy, New York Press* of August 3, 1904.

"The age is trivial; cares little for the higher morality, thinks itself smart in talking now and then of what it calls the higher criticism, forgetting this one eternal truth, that no man has ever been able, and that no man ever will be able to understand the Church, the Scriptures or the higher criticism who does not practice the highest morality. Only the saints are true seers. It is easy to find fault with the flowers, the stars, and to find or imagine spots on the sun. Errors in the Scriptures! Certainly. My friends, they have gone through too many human handlings to escape that, but God Almighty still reigns supreme in the Scriptures, still shines in the dawns of nature, and wins true hearts with the beauty of the flowers."—William Henry Thorne.

In the eyes of ignorant fools how egotistic this must seem and how full of scurrility.

Here is a brief editorial clipping from the same able and conservative Journal under date of August 10:

"Eloquent Faces.—A virile and learned writer on literary, religious, political, social and miscellaneous topics—we refer to William Henry Thorne, editor of THE GLOBE-REVIEW, from which we republished an elaborate and attractive article on 'Physiognomy' about a year ago—contends that a man's character, his very soul, is infallibly expressed in his face. With this conclusion we do not dissent; but the accuracy of the translation depends upon the talent or psychical gift of the translator. Physiognomy, phrenology, palmistry, graphology, clairvoyance, astrology and psychology all emanate from the infinite Fountain of Truth—a fact dimmed to the perception of superficial minds because there are so many professed physiognomists, phrenol-

ogists, palmists, graphologists, clairvoyants, astrologists and psychologists who are very crude students or mercenary pretenders. Eliminating incompetents and impostors, however, there remain enough exponents and demonstrators of the arts or gifts named to justify our claim. God is order-loving, and He rules in the minutest as well as the mightiest things by immutable principles. Hence He never places the benignant face of a Lincoln upon a Nero, nor the well-moulded hand of a Herbert Spencer upon a Jack the Ripper. But all this is aside from the principal purpose of this article.

"Mr. Thorne has made a specialty of physiognomical lines, and those who read the paper referred to will scarcely deny his superiority as an investigator in this entrancing field of observation."

The writer in each case is unknown to me, but that the one is a low-born, ill-bred and ignorant beast and the other a thoughtful gentleman, who will question or deny.

Here is a criticism of the June *GLOBE REVIEW* clipped from the *St. John's, N. B., Globe* of July 15. The same issue that moved the Portland clown to his ignorant brutalisms.

"THE *GLOBE QUARTERLY REVIEW* of Literature, Society, Religion, Art and Politics for June opens with an article by the editor on the 'Philosophy of Literature.' Mr. Thorne states that for more than twenty years he has had the idea of writing a work on this theme, intending to commence it when he had the leisure. But leisure he has ceased to hope for, and now thinks it best to begin the undertaking with such opportunities as are at his command. This particular paper is a general introduction to his theme. His leading idea was to reproduce in limited quotations 'the highest literary expressions of the poetic, historic, dramatic and religious or so-called inspired literature of all nations and peoples of the earth up to this hour,' and thus show that the highest utterances of Christian writers from the days of St. Paul 'are superior to the best Pagan utterances, and so prove that there is a sure, though slow advance in and towards the realms of God and truth and honor of the finest and supremest kind,' but now he cannot attempt so massive a work. However much or little Mr. Thorne may accomplish it will be of value, for he is an earnest thinker and fearless in the expression of his opinions. Other articles which he contributes to this number

of THE GLOBE QUARTERLY are 'A Visit to Carlyle' and 'Women, Cats and Dogs,' the latter a strong satire on certain conditions of women; the former a warm appreciation of Carlyle: 'I have known personally,' he says, 'many of the famous men of the present and the preceding generation, both in the literary and clerical fields of labor, and . . . I put Carlyle first; ablest, strongest, most upright, sincere and fascinating of all the men of the nineteenth century, not excepting Hugo or Goethe, Bobbie Burns or the great Leo XIII.' Caroline D. Swan contributes a paper on 'Modern Secularism,' practically an essay on the general condition and tendency of the time. R. L. Schmitt, who writes on 'Life's Happiest State,' concludes that if a man cannot find happiness in the United States he cannot find it at all on earth, but the suggestion is that happiness is a state of mind, with which reflection, judgment, good conduct have much to do. Other articles include 'Roosevelt and the Canal Steal,' 'Archæological Movements in Rome,' 'Shall Civil Courts Recognize and Enforce the Sacred Canons?' 'Bismarck's Second Death,' and a number of notes by the editor on current matters. THE GLOBE QUARTERLY, William Henry Thorne, editor, 1727 Aberdeen street, Philadelphia, Pa."

There are many others. There have been thousands and thousands of them, these many years. I seldom read or notice them any more, especially of late, when I have feared that I might have to quit work altogether, but these contrasts have moved me to these few words.

I do not write for money or for applause, but for the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. When a viper attacks me I call him or her a viper, as the Master did, and I call a spade a spade. This was my announcement in the first issue, fourteen years ago. I did not expect to be heard at all. I am thankful alike to friends and foes for their patience with me and their praise and their abuse of me. I have tried to deserve well of my fellow men who care for truth and righteousness. If I have failed I ask their forgiveness, as I have had to forgive many things and as I hope to be forgiven. As to the Portland fool-critic I pity and despise him or her.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

POOR GOLDSMITH.

An opinion pretty widely circulated, even among the learned, is that the author of "Sweet Auburn" was a man of letters much abused and neglected, by his contemporaries. This opinion has been undoubtedly spread and strengthened by Mr. Foster, who, having imbibed the silly idea that literary persons are the particular objects of the world's cruel persecutions, has done his utmost, in his life of Goldsmith, to paint the dark side of his picture in colors the most gloomy. The following extract is a fair sample of how the biographer of Goldsmith draws on his imagination: "There has been a Christian religion extant for seventeen hundred and fifty-seven years," he writes, "the world having been acquainted for even so long, with its spiritual necessities and responsibilities; yet here, in the middle of the eighteenth century, was the eminence ordinarily conceded to a spiritual teacher, to one of those men who come upon the earth to lift their fellow-men above its miry ways. He is up in a garret, writing for bread he cannot get, and dunned for a milk score he cannot pay." Now the effect of such opinions has not only misled many as to the truth in Goldsmith's case, but has done much in attaching to authorship the bad name of "Beggar's Art"; and this, in turn, has been the cause of frightening many young men of ability and genius from pursuing a literary life. With more cheerful views of the subject before them, they might have been induced to persevere in their art until they had won a well-merited success, alike beneficial to themselves and to their fellow-beings. Of course, every scribbler cannot hope for literary success any more than every clerk in a down-town office (who is not cut out for it) can ever hope to make a successful merchant. But where there is sufficient ability, it will never go unrequited either by honors or money, provided the person shows that, beside talent, he possesses perseverance, patience, and a fair amount of ordinary every-day common sense. A few facts therefore, to place Goldsmith's case in its true light, may not only prove interesting in themselves, but may possibly tend to draw aside the dark curtain which, for so long a time, has hung over authorship, while at the same time they point out to the young literary aspirant the rocks upon which Goldsmith's vessel split.

In 1760, when Oliver Goldsmith was in his thirty-second year, and after having done a considerable amount of hack-writing, he was engaged by Mr. Newbery to write two letters per week for the *Public Ledger*. For each of these letters he received a guinea a-piece. From this time on till about 1764 he received steadily, according to Foster's account, an annual sum of £200 equivalent to about \$1,000 of American money. While this in itself was not a fortune, it was certainly more than sufficient, if economically handled to keep want from his door. But Goldsmith and Economy, as we shall presently see, were total strangers. In 1704, "The Vicar of Wakefield" (not published till 1766), brought him, through Johnson's good offices, \$300. This was not much for that excellent work, but a fair sum for a MS. in which the publisher put little faith. About the same time "The Vicar of Wakefield" was purchased Goldsmith's publishers gave him \$100 for a selection made and published from his best essays. In 1768, he received for "The Good-natured Man," which was then put upon the stage, the round sum of \$2,000; and subsequently an additional sum of \$500 for the printed publication of the play. One year after the publication of "The Good-natured Man," in 1769, Griffin offered him \$4,000 to write his "History of Animated Nature." Of this sum, \$2,500 was paid to him in advance; the rest subsequently. His "History of England" netted him \$2,500, and his "History of Greece," \$1,250. In 1773, for "She Stoops to Conquer," he received the fair sum of \$2,500. This completes the list of payments he received for his more prominent writings, but does not include those many smaller remunerations he received, from time to time, for hack-writing, an employment in which he seems to have been constantly engaged. By adding up the foregoing items, we discover that he received from 1760 to 1774, one year before his death, the sum total of \$17,050. Macaulay, in his Biographical Essays, makes a calculation of the receipts obtained by Goldsmith for his writings. He tells us that he received during the last seven years of his life a sum equivalent to 800 guineas per summer, or about \$4,000 in American money. Consequently for the entire seven years he must have received the sum total of 5,600 guineas, or \$28,000. Add to this the money he received from Mr. Newbery before 1768, and we have a grand total of about \$32,400, which he received for his entire writing

from 1760 to the time of his death, a period of fourteen years. This, assuredly, is a sum not to be sneezed at by an author even to-day. But the truth of the matter is that Goldsmith would have been no better off had he possessed ten times this sum. As far then as money is concerned, and this is just the point where most people stickle, we cannot concede with the world that Goldsmith's lot was such a hard one.

Besides the foregoing amounts, of which Goldsmith was actually the recipient, he had many good opportunities placed within his reach by which he might have improved his fortunes. If he threw them away, if he refused them as beneath his dignity, who but Goldsmith is to blame? If money is a man's object, he cannot be over-delicate and fastidious in obtaining it; least of all refuse opportunities which do not just please his fancy. If money is not his object, and he will not accept that put into his hands, he must not grumble at finding his pockets empty. Goldsmith did not hesitate to lie and trick to obtain money from his uncle, as every one knows who has read his life. Why then was he over-delicate in refusing to write for a party? A man who strains at a gnat and swallows a camel, if not just a hypocrite, is certainly acting on the side of affectation. When then, Mr. Scott, Chaplain of Lord Sandwich, once applied to Goldsmith in order to engage his services as a writer on the behalf of the government, he foolishly threw away a good opportunity. The interview that took place is given by Mr. Scott in these words: "I found him in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority; I told him I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions; and, would you believe it! he was so absurd as to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me.' And I left him in his garret." What else could be done? Here he refused a golden opportunity, simply because he affected that he could not stomach writing for a party. And yet he flew into a violent passion when his landlady demanded her just rent, did not hesitate to spend other people's money, made his creditors suffer by his unpaid debts, nor shrunk from writing his Uncle Contarine tricky letters for money, which he squandered without ever a thought of returning. That a man, in affluent circumstances, may have scruples against writing for a party, we admit; but such scruples,

especially when they are affected as in Goldsmith's case, are too delicate for a man starving in a garret. Beggars cannot be choosers. Besides, nothing dishonorable was required of him. The whole political world has ever been split into parties, and no man who adheres to this or that side need act dishonestly. Goldsmith, however, chose to be an independent, and as such received an independent's reward—nothing. We can admire him for his independence, but we cannot censure the world for leaving him in his garret. For first, he chose it, when it was in his power to better his circumstances. Secondly, he tells us that he earned enough to supply his wants. How then was his lot a hard one?

Goldsmith not only threw away many golden opportunities, but was a spendthrift, ever living from hand to mouth, and as far as economy and frugality are concerned was little better than a dunce. This is the common opinion of all his biographers. In his early days, his Uncle Contarine repeatedly furnished him with funds which he squandered as soon as in his possession. Even the good-natured uncle ceased, at last, his remittances, and Goldsmith's letters home were left unanswered. Every one knows the story of the bottle of Madeira purchased with the guinea Johnson sent him to stay the arrest for unpaid rent that was staring him in the face. Long before he completed his "History of Animated Nature" the 800 guineas which he received from the same were all spent. Thus, he not only squandered his funds as soon as they came into his possession, but accumulated upon his hands work from which he could hope for no future remuneration. This was actually drawing the cart before the horse with all its increased difficulties. Scott is another instance of this pernicious and altogether too common habit among men of letters; and the great pity is that Scott, in this respect, learnt nothing by the example of Goldsmith. But example is least heeded where most needed.

We have already stated that for "The Good-natured Man" Goldsmith received \$500. Of this, \$400 was immediately laid out in spacious apartments; \$100 was held in reserve on which to frolic. The story, as related by one of his biographers, is put in the following words: "The appearance of "The Good-natured Man" ushered in a halcyon period of Goldsmith's life. The "Traveller" and "The Vicar" had gained for him only

reputation; this new comedy put \$500 in his pocket. Of course that was too large a sum for Goldsmith to have about him long. Four-fifths of it he immediately expended on the purchase and decoration of a chamber in Brick Court Middle Temple; with the remainder he appears to have begun a series of entertainments in this new abode, which were, perhaps, more remarkable for their mirth than their decorum. There was no sort of frolic to which Goldsmith would not indulge for the amusement of his guests; he would sing them songs; he would throw his wig to the ceiling; he would dance a minuet. And then they had cards forfeits, blind man's buff, until Mr. Blackstone, then engaged on his Commentaries in the room below, was driven nearly mad by the uproar."

When a man of genius and talent is unfortunate, when, after doing all that human foresight and prudence can dictate, his best thought out plans miscarry, as they often do in this life of unceasing vicissitudes, the world pronounces justly that that man's lot is a hard one. But when a man's misfortunes are the inevitable results of his own follies, weaknesses, and short sightedness, the world, when aware of the true causes, places the blame of that man's misfortunes where it rightly belongs—upon that man's own shoulders. If then Goldsmith before his death was in debt to the amount of \$10,000 who but Goldsmith was to blame? Can we blame his creditors for demanding their just due? Can we blame the world for his own weaknesses and folly? Why did he live beyond his means? Why did he spend his money foolishly? Why did he throw away the golden opportunities that might have mended his fortune? And if he died in a garret it was of his own choosing; he preferred to do so rather than to write for a party. The world, therefore, cannot be accused of neglecting Goldsmith, and we cannot say, with justice to the world, that the lot of Goldsmith was a hard one. It was of his own choosing, due to his own follies and weaknesses, brought about by his own improvidence. We can pity Goldsmith with all our heart, but we cannot place the responsibility of his lot upon other shoulders than his own.

F. L. SCHMITT,

GLOBE NOTES.

The JUNE GLOBE was no sooner out than I received two scolding communications from two representatives of a certain order of Fathers because of what I had said in the GLOBE NOTES of that issue touching, what I had called, the mistakes of Pius X in his entire dealing with the then burning FRENCH QUESTION.

I am totally and very earnestly opposed to all interference on the part of the State—of any and all States—with the dogmas and discipline of the Church. I would as soon think of selling myself into old time, absolute slavery, as suffer any Prince, King or President of any nation to dictate to me what I should believe or think. I hold that all the infernal acts of the French Republic looking to the expulsion of Bishops, priests or Nuns from France, like similar acts in England centuries ago, and in Germany during the last century, as beneath the contempt of modern civilization, and I have been sorry that Leo XIII did not from the start of the latest French movement treat that movement with more prompt and severe judgment, but there are some things that the Church cannot do and there are other things that it ought not to try to do, even when in some sense it can do them; and I look upon the whole action of the Church touching the visit of the President of the French Republic to the city of Rome and the King of Italy as pretty childish, foolish, and hence very impolitic.

I do not expect Roman Prelates, trained in the fading school of the Temporal power to see such matters as I see them. They are spiritually blinded by the vanity of their own princedoms, which never existed and never will exist, but I do expect American Catholics to be free of such nonsense, and to understand the simple principles of right and wrong, as expounded by Christ, before such nonsense of the Temporal power invaded and crumbled the Church, and I am annoyed to find such narrow heads among our free and wiser men. I am perfectly familiar with the habit of Catholic writers never to criticise or find any fault with the actions and words of the Hierarchy, from the Pope down, but I have never accepted or pretended to accept that habit as a guide for myself, and in fact, I greatly deplore the habit. I think that if good Catholics with sufficient learning

and intelligence would express their views freely on the important movements in the Church there would be far less need for the piquant and severe criticism of Protestant writers on the same measures. A good deal of Catholic bigotry is very close to idolatry.

All the light of the son of God is not founded by the brain of any Pope that has ever lived, and if some of them in the old days, and some of the hierarchy in our days, would be more willing to accept God's true light or the light of God's truth when hurled into their faces by their brethren who dare to do so instead of answering with large assumption of self-confidence and authority that God's light of truth is "all wrong," it would be better for the Church of the future. The entire Church cannot make one falsehood a truth or any truth a falsehood.

We select the face of Pius X as one of the very best among all the faces from which the Pope was to be chosen, but to treat him and all his words as holy and infallible is simply the weakness and folly of superstition, and I would as soon criticise his words and acts as the words and acts of John Wanamaker or Theodore Roosevelt.

When the Pope speaks *ex cathedra* on doctrine or morals, and for the whole Church, with authority, that is another matter. But his opinions on a question of diplomacy, authority, the Temporal power, or on church music are to be examined and judged fairly, but clearly, as the opinions of other able men, no matter how exalted or humble their sphere. Exalted position has not, as a rule, originated or defended truth. We have always treated the Popes in this way and we propose still to do so. Idolatry is not a part of our creed or of our makeup in any sense. We hope the scolding Fathers may take a thought and mend. People without character and ignorant people may need figure heads of authority, but we do not belong to the classes of children or fools. What the editor of THE GLOBE says on any subject is worthy of a respectful hearing. Think it out, my friends.

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Of late there has been a good deal of foolish talk in certain Catholic and other, so-called religious journals, on the subject of marriage and divorce and remarriage. Mere fool Catholics undertake to publish what they call the Catholic law on the

subject. I here quote word for word from Baart's Legal Formular, page 214, the Catholic law on the subject.

"The defect of liberty or the *bond of a prior marriage* is a diriment impediment to a subsequent marriage; but it is required that the prior marriage be validly contracted and that it still exist. A marriage once validly contracted ceases to exist by the death of one or the other party. Among baptized persons, a marriage which is validly contracted, indeed, but not yet consummated, also ceases by papal dispensation *a matrimonio rato et non consummato*, and by the solemn vows made by one of the spouses in a religious order. Among unbaptized persons, when marriage has been validly contracted and even consummated, and one party becomes converted to the Catholic faith and the other refuses to live with the converted party without contumely of the Creator, the convert, using the Pauline privilege, may contract marriage with a Catholic and the former marriage becomes dissolved by the latter. To prevent complications a civil divorce should be obtained under direction of the ordinary. The interpellation of the infidel spouse should be made in regular form whenever possible. When not possible an apostolic dispensation may be granted, for which some bishops have an indult; but in such cases a summary of the facts showing the impossibility of interpellation should previously be made and preserved, and a minute thereof entered in the marriage record."

There are blunders enough, of principle and philosophy, in this, but it is Catholic law, any cardinal, archbishop or priest to the contrary notwithstanding.

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Since the issue of the June GLOBE various friends of mine have expressed their regrets that I had attacked Bishop O'Connell of Portland, Maine. I have never attacked the gentleman named and I never wish to attack him or any other bishop of the Catholic Church.

Rev. Father Tuohy, of St. Louis, two or three years ago, wrote an article for the GLOBE in which he made mention of a rumor to the effect that his Lordship, then of Rome, had offered to equip a ship to help the Spanish fight the Americans. I took no notice of the rumor or of the article. Had I said anything about it or the Bishop at that time, I should have applauded O'Connell's action as the most heroic I had heard of during the

war, and should have praised him for making the offer. All readers of THE GLOBE know that such action would have been in perfect accord with the entire course of THE GLOBE during the incipency and the prosecution of the American-Spanish war. I have not changed a particle in my estimate of that whole episode. But some foolish person, from Portland, under pretense of not knowing who the person was that started the rumor in THE GLOBE, committed Bishop O'Connell to some very silly abuse of the editor and writer, as "irresponsible liars," etc. So Father Tuohy, over his own name, offered to prove the truth of his statements, and the editor of THE GLOBE called upon the Bishop to apologize for his offensive words. Up to this date, August 31st, he has not done so. That is the whole story, as far as I am concerned. But if any bishop calls me a liar openly, I demand one of two things openly, a manly apology or a fair fight and to a finish.

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On August 30th I found the following very small editorial in the *Catholic Columbian*:

"Mr. Charles M. Schwab has made public this statement: 'I am a Roman Catholic, but I am a strong believer in the public schools.' Mr. Schwab as a Catholic who has built a Protestant church, recalls the answer of a little girl, who was asked if her father was a wheelwright. 'No,' she replied, 'he's a Methodist, but he's not working at it much these days.'"

I don't believe in the public schools and I believe in the Parochial schools, and for reasons given clearly enough in THE GLOBE REVIEW many years ago, but I do believe in treating honest, thinking Catholics who differ with me with proper respect, and I believe that the bigoted spirit of this paragraph, so frequently found in so-called Catholic journals, is doing more harm to Catholic journalism, the Catholic Church and to public morality than the Church with its splendid record of faith and sainthood can undo in a great many years. Take up the work of fighting the devil in earnest, Mr. Editor, beginning at home, and let other good Catholics alone.

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In this issue I am publishing an article by a doctor of the Church on the mission of Satolli to this country. It was written for the June GLOBE, but came too late for insertion in that issue.

It gives an entirely different view from that of my GLOBE note on the subject in the June GLOBE, and I find that this view is the one usually held by the American priesthood, especially by those of them who have had trouble of various kinds with their bishops. Such priests are usually of the impression that the tendency of American bishops is to be tyrannical and overbearing toward their priests, and that the correction and, as is assumed, the more constitutional power of Roman Cardinals is necessary at times to keep the American bishops in order. There have been numerous cases of late years that seem to favor this view of the case. At the time I wrote my GLOBE note on the subject I was inclined to take the part of the American hierarchy as against the Roman Cardinals, but there are two sides to this, as to every question. A little more of the spirit of Christ and less of the spirit of authority would help all the parties concerned immensely.

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We think that the following showing of the Tsar's benevolences is a fair comment on the article relating to the Tsar and Russia, elsewhere published in this issue; and it will not make any difference if the baby boy is only a substitute. Sometimes a substitute does better than might have been expected of the original.

Heir Brings Blessings to the Russian People.—To commemorate the christening of his son, the Czarevitch Alexis Nicholaevitch, Czar Nicholas II yesterday issued a manesfesto, bestowing various benefits upon the Russian people. The benefits are:—

1. The entire abolition of corporal punishment among the rural classes and its curtailment in the army and navy.

2. Fines imposed upon the Jewish communes in the cases of Jews avoiding military service are remitted.

3. All fines imposed on villages, towns or communes of Finland for failure to elect representatives or to serve on the military recruiting boards during 1902 and 1903 remitted.

4. Permission granted to Finns who have left their country without sanction of the authorities to return within a year. Those returning who are liable to military service must immediately present themselves for service, but Finns who have evaded military service will not be punished, provided they present themselves within three months of the birth of the Czarevitch.

5. The Governor General of Finland to alleviate the lot of those forbidden to live in the grand duchy.

6. The remission of land purchase arrears through Poland as well as in the Empire proper.

7. The education of children of officers and soldiers killed or disabled in the war.

8. One million five hundred thousand dollars donated for the benefit of the landless people of Finland.

9. General amnesty for political offenders, save in cases of murder.

10. Political prisoners who have distinguished themselves by good conduct may, on the interposition of the Minister of Justice, obtain the restitution of their civil rights at the expiration of their sentences.

11. Persons guilty of political offenses committed within the last fifteen years who have remained unidentified will no longer be subject to prosecution.

12. Political offenders now fugitives may apply to the Minister of the Interior for permission to return to Russia.

13. Persons arrested for offenses punishable by fines, imprisonment or confinement in a fortress without loss of civil rights and who were still awaiting sentence at the time of the birth of the Czarevitch are pardoned.

14. Reduction in sentences for common law offenses.

15. Offenders, excluding thieves, robbers, murderers and embezzlers, are pardoned.

How many of these blessings may prove real, and how many of them painful dreams, may depend largely on how the war between Japan and Russia finally ends. But some swollen heads will be broken and through the cracks a few rays of light, justice and truth may creep in.

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At this date, September 2d, dispatches from Tokio indicate that the great battle of Liaoyang, one of the greatest in all history, most skilfully generated and fiercely fought on both sides, had ended in the retreat of the Russians, pursued by the victorious Japanese.

The Tsar of Russia and the incompetent and rascally favorites placed in positions of trust and honor by him led the great empire into the position from which the Japanese have driven

them. Kuropatkin was called too late to retrieve the blunders of figureheads and fools, but he proved himself one of the ablest generals of a century. Kuroki and his fellow-generals proved too much for him, and the Japanese troops fought from the start with an intelligence and heroism never surpassed in all human history.

In this succession of victories for the Japanese—a quiet, practical, polite and unassuming people—I see far more than the defeat of Kuropatkin and the Tsar of Russia. I see, or seem to see, the beginning of a world-defeat for every form and manifestation of big headism, pretension, overfed and richly clothed purple and crimson painted put-on-ism throughout the military, political, naval and ecclesiastical domination of the world.

I am a very white man, but it is of no consequence to me what color rules the world. It only matters to me that men of clear minds and good hearts rule the world. It is time for superstition and all signs of it, the froth of rhetoric and all shams of power to go to the rear. Let falsehood down; easily, if you will, and let all true men stand together in the name of God, for truth, loyalty and honor.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

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PRIMITIVE AND MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

I assume and take for granted the simple truth that in every age, nation and community the actions, rulings, measures and systems originated and executed even by superior men in all callings and professions have been, as they are to-day, full of errors, faults and imperfections, in a word that the works of men, their temples of art, their forms of government, their systems of art, their rulings as judges, their executions as rulers, their codes of morals, their creeds, their modes of worship and their theologies have simply been and always must be the imperfect products of their own imperfect and faulty natures and understandings; and if this is true of the masterpieces of handicraft, art, law, worship and belief, the products of men of intellectual and moral genius, of saints and scholars, what can be expected of the works of the rough riders, the trades unions, the common and vicious fools and thieves in power in our day? All are imperfect, whether by reason of the "fall of man," or by reason of his half civilized nature.

It is the nature and habit of some men to view with more favor the work and characteristics of past ages and it is the nature and habit of others to prefer and advocate the work and characteristics of their own age, while many, perhaps, most of us, show our comparative insincerity by professing to believe in and practice ideals which to the mere observers of our lives may seem never to have entered our heads. In such a strange mixture of imperfection and contradiction is our whole human life cast; and therefore, how blessed, how perfect, superhuman and how divine is that charity lived to perfection by Jesus of Nazareth and taught with supreme eloquence by His apostle, St. Paul.

My nature and the habit of my life has always been partial to the past. I have always cared mainly for the most perfect flowers for the masterpieces of art, almost exclusively for the very beautiful among women, for the selected supreme notes of song, and for the true saints of God, no matter what their creed. The mediocre, the commonplace in life and thought and action has never interested me to any great extent; never fascinated me, and having loved my own mother with an exquisiteness and an intensity, as if there were no other mothers in the world, I have always very naturally taken to and approved the people who revere their ancestors; have favored the past rather than the present, or to put it in modern phrase, I am a believer and a worshiper rather than what is called a scientist. I am speaking of the prevailing tendencies of men and of nations, including my own, and perhaps as coloring the general thought that may be found in this article. We are none of us above our natures, we always partake of our parentage, have imbibed, inherited and cannot help expressing in some way the shape of the hovels or palaces in which we were born and reared, the civilization or savageness out of which we came. Every creed formed and uttered is a true expression of the average length of the noses of the men who sat and wrangled in the council or convention out of which it came, and reveals the average contour of their brows, the scowl on their faces or the radiant light and outlook of their eyes.

Infallibility! Look into the heavens! Orthodoxy and the hatreds thereof! Look into the flames of hell.

Some men will glory in the display of robes, in the punctillia of minutest dogmas; a procession of ecclesiastics in New York, clothed in crimson, purple and fine linen, marching through the crowded streets of fashion and lowest vice, to the worship of God in the eucharist, or another procession of would-be famous ecclesiastists, clothed in the more modest robes of episcopacy, marching through the narrow lanes of the Hub of contracted Puritanism, vice and deadly immorality to the unmelodious tune of the "American Church" with J. P. Morgan as head piece, carrying as a banner the stolen cope of a monastic of the church of Rome, either, or both processions may much impress the sense of wonder in our modern savages and scientists. To me both are an exhibition of modern conceit and folly, and I most care to

remember a silent and modest procession of old, when, after they had sung a hymn, O, the hallowed glory of that dear hymn! they went out to the Mount of Olives, and waited, with the stars for a glory unseen of science, savagery or creeds.

I make this simple contrast wholly and solely to illustrate the pertinence of the text of this poor sermon; not that I expect modern civilization to express its religious worship with the same simplicity as it was expressed, that great and wonderful night, by the Son of God and His followers; nor do I mean to assert that the modern method is utterly insincere, but mainly to assert that the earlier and simpler method impresses my soul divinely while the modern and more showy method impresses me with questioning, if not with contempt.

I am fully aware that modern civilization, so called, in all forms, political and religious, claims and seems to enjoy, if it does not depend upon great and showy ceremonial. I am frankly more in sympathy with the simplest forms of Quakerism, and above all I say, assert and command in the language of the apostle when the foolish formalists and idolators of his day would worship himself—"worship God"—and again in the words of Jesus "God is a spirit" or "God is spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship in spirit and in truth."

I am a Christian and a Catholic. I believe in the worship of the Highest; I love the Catholic church among many other things for this, that while its whole ceremony makes first and last for the worship of Almighty God in His dear Son, it also advocates the holiest of reverence for the Blessed Virgin Mary, and because of her admitted piety and holiness; and inculcates reverence for all the saints of God. If it only stopped there.

In a word, I believe in and practice all the worship and reverence advocated by the True Church, while I fear that many of her modern forms and tendencies incline to mere formalities of devotion and often tend to mislead the spirits of learned and ignorant alike to false notions of faith and pitiable forms of devotion, and I am certain thousands of intelligent priests feel much in the same way.

During the month of November the Philadelphia daily papers gave extended reviews of certain recent utterances of Robert Collyer, known as the Yorkshire blacksmith Unitarian minister, and of all the self-glorification I have ever heard or

read of, Collyer out Herod's Herod. Of course he is old and always was garrulous, but God pity the parson who has to preach himself in perpetual self-glorification. Any form of Catholic relic worship is better than that.

Quite recently Edward Everett Hale, the Unitarian Chaplain of the United States Senate, declared that a hundred years from now no existing form of church worship or theology would be extant. So little do the best of modern socinians know of the person and power of Christ, or of the real worship of Almighty God. They simply cannot worship any being or thing but themselves. There are forms and forms of worship.

During the early part of last October the daily newspapers were full of graphic accounts of an "imposing display" of ecclesiastics, richly garmented parading on Madison avenue, New York, on their way to the Catholic Cathedral to unite in a very impressive ceremony on the occasion of a sort of national meeting of what has been called "The Eucharistic Council," or Congress—especially to worship Almighty God by every form of display of wealth—as supposed to be embodied in a little white wafer previously consecrated by priestly ceremony, and believed in henceforth by the faithful as, henceforth, not merely in a beautiful and pious way to represent the body and blood of Christ, but as actually being by a subtle law of transubstantiation, the actual and very body and blood of Christ, for consubstantiation will not do; it must be transubstantiation; not as typical of the divine King who died to redeem the priest-ridden and devil-ridden world of His day and of all days, but as being really and truly His body and blood by a supernatural mixture, a transformation of the simplest elements of nature into the divine and supernatural as by magic of the spiritual touch of the priestly conjuror. So resolved are highest ecclesiastics even upon the very common human folly of worshipping the work of their own hands.

Some years ago, while still young in the Catholic faith, but always having an inquiring mind, I once asked a priest in whom I then had and still have unbounded confidence, at just what point or moment in the act of consecration of the elements of the Eucharist father, does the church hold that the actual transubstantiation occurs or takes place or becomes real, so that the elements were no longer simply bread and water, mixed, but the

actual and marvelous and supernatural body and blood of Christ? In a moment I noticed that my friend, the priest, became confused and did not answer straight and lucid as the true saint I had believed him to be, but faltered, hesitated, and in fact, gave me a very unsatisfactory answer. I loved the priest as a man and as a priest, and, as I unhesitatingly believed then and believe now the Catholic dogma of transubstantiation, I regretted that I had asked the simple question, and did what in me lay to relieve the confusion consequent upon my question.

Perhaps I ought never to have asked the question, but I had for many years been a preacher of the gospel of Christ, had often publicly expounded what seemed to me to be the truth at the bottom of the controversies of the first and second general councils of Nice and Constantinople, which defined the dogma of the Incarnation; had dwelt time and again upon the persistence with which Martin Luther, even after declared an heretic and excommunicated, still asserted and reasserted the Catholic dogma, founded on the words "This is my body broken for many for the remission of sins"—the stalwart Martin simply repeating the words of his Master—"This is my body" and pounding them into the desk before him, not having faith or reason or unfaith enough to see any but the bald and literal meaning of the text; and in view of these facts I felt then as I still feel, as seriously a student of theology as any priest that has ever lived or will live. Still, for my friend's sake, I was sorry that I had asked the question, and went on with my own cogitations and prayers, resolved never again to ask any priest or larger ecclesiastic a question which the faithful were supposed to believe; yet it is but just and honest to assert here that I know myself capable of understanding and comprehending whatever fact or thought has ever possessed the mind of any, the most gifted ecclesiastic, apostle or prophet that has ever lived, and as the dogma is simply a dogma of faith, and incomprehensible, I wanted to find a priest straight and clean-souled enough to answer my query and say just that he simply did not know the point or moment of the act of transubstantiation, but he believes the fact as a dogma of faith, and I am just as capable of believing the dogma as the wisest or most stupid priest ever born. But admitting the fact, I am moved to say here that when I see a great and growing company of distinguished ecclesiastics—Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and

Priests marching through the streets of New York in flaming colors, and with the imposing and supposed dignity of their robes of office as if to inspire the modern newspaper world, or the modern commercial world, or the flaunting or sneaking world of poor prostitutes, newsboys and gutter gamins, with the sublimity of their worship of God in a thin white tablet of mixed bread and water—admitting all that the dogma claims, I cannot help saying that the heads and members of the procession seem to me to be hard up for a real God to worship in a universe flaming with His presence in every star and sun a flower and heroic deed of love that circles the world and that have circled it with divine glory these thousands and thousands of years. It is not with the dogma, but with the flaunting display of their faith in it—as if the Almighty Creator and Saviour of our race, existed exclusively in the Eucharistic wafer, as if we and our immortal souls were not His offspring; as if we, every human soul that breathes, did not live and move in Him, and were not every moment of our lives, inbreathing and exhaling the infinite and exquisite ineffable beauties of His boundless and changeless love and Being. In a word, I am inclined to contrast the habit and attitude of mind and life of a modern ecclesiastical congress of the Roman Catholic Church with the simpler congress of the few apostles waiting and suffering with the Master before He entered upon the heroic and bloody footpath that led to Calvary and to His infamous and judicial murder—I am a Catholic, but also something of a Quaker.

The High priests and the rulers of the people murdered Him then, and I fear that were this same Christ of God to come among us as He once came, poor and despised, the priests and rulers of our day and of our nation, would treat Him to-day as the same classes treated Him nearly two thousand years ago. The churches seem to glory in dogma and despise moral principles and character.

In a word, the clothed and flaming glories of wealth and temporal power have not, in my judgment, added a hair's breadth or shadow of the real power of the real Christ of God to the modern church, much less to the modern government under which we live to-day. Yes, put it plain, I do not believe in the display in New York, or that the Congress meeting there would, under real pressure or principle of truth and loyalty to truth,

prove itself more loyal to the real Christ than the tramping and purple clothed priests and rulers that shouted "crucify Him, crucify Him" in the dreadful days of old. I believe and fear that the great and boastful Catholic Church and the churches of to-day have strained at and toward false ideals while neglecting the weightier matters of the law and the quenchless love of Christ our Lord. But we live in the glitter of dogma and forget the true Son of God.

Now while I regretted having asked the priest the question referred to, I believe it is best to bring every dogma to the test of reason and to watch carefully its definitions upon the average minds of the hour in which we live. There are powers and powers of ruling, but no king or Pope dare to say to the soul of man, believe this or be damned.

During the past autumn a faithful priest in responding kindly to a little testimonial some friends inaugurated in my behalf, used these words, "I hope that in using your talents you will be careful to keep within the bounds of Catholic teaching, for surely you are nothing but a Catholic in belief!"

So I feel and believe, but as when I was a Protestant minister, I never had any of the hatred for, or prejudice against Catholicism that characterized many Protestants, so now I find it impossible to feel toward tens of thousands of Protestants as certain Catholic teachings, so-called, would oblige me to feel were the so-called Catholic teachings true; and as to the points of which we are speaking, I feel that in regard to the Catholic *practice* in question, there is the same tendency toward gorgeous display of superstition that has marked all the idolatrous nations of all ages of the world.

You cannot make the person and character of Christ more noble, imposing or glorious by magnifying the glories of the priests, bishops, archbishops, cardinals or the Pope of the Catholic Church. Imbibe His spirit in your life, your face your conduct, and do not mistake it for some whim of your own poor untutored soul, and though you may die in shame, rejected and despised as he died, all the world will rise up and call you blessed. All ecclesiastical display leads toward idolatry, and though you robe the Pope with garments of gold, you leave him simply a man with such graces of character as God may have given him.

One of the brightest and purest sisters of the church, in

writing to me years ago touching certain exalted ideas of the priests, said "for they are really the creators of God," having reference to their consecration of the Eucharistic elements of which we are now writing. The only God Almighty possible for any sane man to believe in, in these days, has existed perfect, absolute and infinite from all eternity, and does exist to all eternity, and yet here was a dear sister of the Church who had so imbibed the Eucharistic idea as to speak of the priests as creators or makers of God. I would rather be a heretic than a fool. There are tens of thousands of Protestants whose heaven I hope to share. And as for the Divine Being where is He not and to what element of nature does not His presence give a dignity and a glory?

In every blade of grass that grows,
 In every tidal wave that flows,
 There is a silent, deathless power,
 That lives beyond the passing hour,
 And throbs throughout life's shoreless sea,
 Unto the last eternity.

In every ray of light that shines,
 In every human heart that pines
 For deathless wisdom while it stands
 Amid the wrecks of seas and lands,
 That once were populous and free,
 Is life that lives eternally.

In every darkness that doth spread
 Around our loved and buried dead,
 Throughout the countless years of time,
 There shines a rainbow hue divine,
 Whose soul, in every land and sea,
 Is part, Immortal God, of Thee.

At this, some poor unpoetic dogma crammed critic may say, as has often been said—but this is pantheism. I do not define the poem. It is not up for criticism just here; I tell you it is the truth of God, as every poet has seen God from the dawning of the world's first day, till the Eucharistic Congress met in New York. I am not denying the Catholic dogma, I believe it as every poet must believe it, or play the hypocrite for show or gain.

I am not discussing the philosophy of my faith or another

man's faith. Dogmatists the most orthodox are not the only believers in God nor the only followers of Christ, not His only servants. My experience these last fifty years has taught me that in every religious company of men, in every church, the hyper-orthodox, the men who are always more orthodox than the Pope, who carry their hair-splitting dogmatism to the finest points of force and stab their fellows with said stilettos with the rounded nomenclature of it on their foreheads and ever have it at their tongue's end, calling their creed the Holy Catholic creed and calling all other beliefs heretical or some less worthy name, are as a rule the unholyest, narrowest, least lovable, least Christ-like, in word and in spirit, and really the least religious creatures in the world. And I fancy many a hide-bound eucharistic and other dogmatist will be startled in the Day of Judgment, which even now may be right at his ear responding to his, "Lord, Lord, have we not believed in Thee and in Thy name cast out devils, and in Thy name paraded all the public streets of the world, despising the doubting and the lowly, and in Thy name worn purple and scarlet and done many wonderful displays of faith, responding to all this, saying, "Depart from me. I never knew you. Go to purgatory for a change of heart, and perhaps some day in the everlasting future I may use you to scrub the pathways of saints whom you have despised."

I am well aware that Christianity by the right of private interpretation of modern Protestantism leads to all sorts of creeds and all sorts of false judgments of morals, leads in a word to infidelity, atheism, Americanism and conceit of infamy, calling black white and white black, and still winning the approval of mankind by reason of the wealth and power of its commercial success. On the other hand the average conduct of Protestantism surpasses the average conduct of Catholicism. The nations that have been fed on Catholicism and ruled by the Church have grown stupid or feeble or corrupt and mainly useless in the struggle of civilization. But even if they were wise and strong to-day, as true virtue brings wisdom and strength, I should still denounce the narrow bigotries of the Church, its puerilities, its palpable tendency towards idolatries, and its many misleading pretensions toward power and the exclusive right to and possession of the abiding and eternal truth of God in His eternal Son. It is not any dogma of the Church that I am combating, but the

overweening ardor of most churches to depend too exclusively upon exact definitions of dogmas that no church or man understands or can understand, too much dependence upon wealth and the signs of wealth in all ceremonies and church displays, too much dependence upon magnificent church and university buildings, and not enough recognition of the divine law of charity or in the power of truth and poverty. The Catholic University at Washington is the latest and largest illustration of the utter foolishness of this sort of depending upon wealth and the show of it, when as a matter of fact and in spite of the recommends of popes and archbishops, and where in face of piles of costly buildings the total power of the Church and its enormous wealth have never been able to get enough students into the university to pay a proper tuition fee for one competent professor of anything worth professing or teaching in this deluded and hyper-scientific age. The university had wealth without brains, and so flung it all to the winds of foolish extravagance. Again, as to the Church's stringency of dogma, does any sane man believe that the Athanasians were the only Christians or followers of Christ on earth during the years of the controversy with Arius ages ago? A little more of Christ's love and charity might have softened the controversy and halted the anathemas that made the air red hot in those days and have cursed many millions of saints throughout the ages. Again a church that claims solarity, unity and infallibility should at least be logical. The Council of Trent, often quoted against liberals of various grades in these days, only applies here and there throughout the world. Missionary countries, among which certain parts of the United States are included and some excluded, as if sauce for goose were not gander sauce, as if there was not one law and one gospel for all men, but one for Rome and another for Chicago. In God's name, if the Roman is the only church of Christ, is justified in its claims to be universal and a unit for all men and all all nations, why does it not simplify its creeds, drop out a thousand puerilities, adhere to the one gospel of Christ for all men, which in fact few if any civilized men object to or deny? I am not an Arian, a Unitarian, an Episcopalian, a Russian, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Methodist, or a Dowieite, but I know that thousands of men and women in all these communions are as sure of heaven as Pious X or Archbishop Ryan. Don't try to exclude whom you

simply cannot exclude, and don't try to damn the already saved. Again, if the Catholic Church is all that it claims, why is it not consistent as well as logical. The Vatican Council declared and re-declared the dogma that there is no salvation outside of the Church of Rome, and more than ninety per cent. of the faithful in the United States believe it to-day, but no priest or bishop among us will dare preach it from his pulpit, no priest or bishop among us will defend it. He will everywhere try to whittle it down and down till it means simply nothing more or less than all Christians believe, and what was the use of Pious IX's hair-splitting anathemas and denunciations of all Catholics who opposed or wrote against the temporal power of the popes or of the Church? Those anathemas have been printed in vast Latin folios and have been resorted to by many heresy hunters as laws of condemnation for any Catholic with freedom and intelligence enough to see the plain facts of Christian philosophy or the plain facts of Christian history, and all the storming controversy, all the wasted verbiage, all the extravagant self-assertion of said pope and his Vatican council might have been spared to the world, and all the endless controversy that has succeeded it might well have never been uttered or thought of, much to the advantage of an exasperated and dogma-disgusted world. It is all a part of the same scheme of the autocratic worship of self-made dogmas, starched titles, fine buildings and a show or parade of power that exists only in the deluded heads of poor ignorant fools.

While the late eucharistic display of the Almighty was going on in New York, the daily newspapers were full of blazing headed accounts of another ecclesiastical display of conceited and church-robed folly in the great and crooked city of Boston. "The Primate of all England" and his wife were visiting this country, and the visit of the Primate and his wife ostensibly to advance the so-called social and political union of England and America, was seized upon by the Protestant Episcopal Church of America to rope the Primate into their scheme of making the American Church out of a dwindled one-tenth of diluted Protestantism in America, and so by the same august display of ecclesiastical dignity in Boston of all places for such folly to advance the principles of American civilization so-called, the special object of the united display being to place the American

Protestant Episcopal Church on record as opposed to marrying couples any one of whom might have been unfortunate enough to have been forced against his or her will to submit to a divorce by the civil and so-called civilized courts of the land, and after debating for weeks under the glare of newspaper reported discussion to find that the common sense of the convention was opposed to such infamous and stupid folly. I am bringing this reference to episcopacy in at this place to point out the simple fact that stiff and starched and hide-bound ecclesiastical conventions are as wide of the truth of Christ in Boston, as in Rome or New York, in this the twentieth century of Christ's Christianity. Bishop Doane made a good suggestion of advances towards Rome by recognizing the primacy of the Roman bishop. To remind the reader however of how little respect the Roman Church of Christ has for the would-be American or other Protestant ministry touching this very matter of marrying divorced or undivorced persons, it is a well known law of the Catholic Church that, while acknowledging the force and the legality of a civil marriage, that is a marriage solemnized by a justice of the United States courts or by any judge of the United States courts, it holds as final the law that any Catholic, though marrying a Protestant who chooses or allows himself for whatever reasons satisfactory to his own conscience to be married by a Protestant clergyman, Episcopal or other, commits a mortal sin and is *de facto* thereby excommunicated from the Church of Rome. Any old justice, but never a Protestant clergyman. Now, first of all, I hold this law on a par with many other stupid utterances by Catholic councils from the days of Constantine till now, and as being in itself as unchristian and presumptuous, unreasonable and unjust, as any human law could well be, and as far removed from infallibility as was the devil's first rebellion in heaven and for which he was cast down to hell. Any law which makes any single act of a human soul everywhere Christian at heart and of life self-excommunicating from the church of his choice is worse than the worst of all the Puritanical blue laws that curse many of our statute books to this hour. We are all citizens of the United States. Any opposition of or organized opposition to the laws of our country is treason against the government. The laws of the States authorize certain persons, above named justices, par-

sons and what-not, to perform the marriage ceremony. The Quakers act more reasonably and recognize the simple truth that neither priest nor parson nor justice is necessary to marry a couple having a lawful right to marry, that the couple marry themselves or choose, as they have a right to choose, whether the act of marriage shall be done before a justice or a parson, a Protestant Episcopal, or a priest of the Roman Church, and for any council of any church to declare that marriage by or in the presence of any clergyman save a Catholic priest is a mortal sin and an act of personal excommunication *de facto* is a crime against justice, against human liberty, and against every principle of Christianity worthy the name.

Again, for a set of upstart Episcopal primates, bishops, *et cetera*, to sit for weeks trying to pass a law, an ecclesiastical law, that none of their ministers shall marry a divorced person regardless of whether he or she is to blame or not is the sublimity of arrogant ecclesiastical folly and treason. So much for the Roman and Episcopal law on this point. What divorced person wants a priest or a parson to marry him anyway? If he has chosen the law to separate him from his wife, will he not prefer a justice to do the re-marrying? Now as to the primate of all England and his wife and their visit to this land of Mammon and the devil we have to say, first, the so-called primate of all England was and is no such thing. As Archbishop of Canterbury he is the successor by old and settled stealing of his see from Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, a loyal and faithful follower of the see of Rome and a much better man than the present Primate of all England can ever dream of being. Second, that as all the world knows, the Episcopal Church of England is a state church set up on the wrecked and ruined character of Henry VIII of England, and not in any true sense a church in obedience first of all to the spirit and teachings of Christ at all. Primate of stuff and nonsense and wholesale robbery! I am not saying that the Church of Rome is in every particular the church of Christ. I have already argued to the contrary, but when it comes to stealing its church property, its titles, its honors, and after excluding its lawful priests and bishops and primates to dub ordinary state-appointed, state-ordained, and state social functionaries as primates of all England in the name of Christ and of Christianity, we have to say, to perdition with such, Anglo-Saxon or not!

Going back for a moment to the question of marrying divorced

people, we have to say that more than fourteen years ago we published in this *GLOBE REVIEW* an article on marriage and divorce which was intended to arouse the thought and conscience of the world on this great question. The arguments and conclusions of that article are pretty generally known. We held then and hold now that no state has a right to interfere with any religious act of a Christian person, especially no right to grant a divorce to any married people, that its presuming to do so was and is an act of usurpation and infamy; nevertheless that an innocent party to such an infamous divorce was as free, according to Saint Paul, to marry again as the freest man born. The Catholic Church plainly admits this principle when the person causing the divorce or deserting his or her duty as a married person was an infidel, that is, an unbaptized person who had deserted and proceeded against his or her spouse on religious grounds, the Church holding that in such case the deserted person had better, for property reasons, secure a divorce, and that such deserted and divorced person had and has a right to marry again, but to marry a Catholic, and further that the first marriage is annulled by the second. Even this is better than the wind blown ecclesiastical folly of our twentieth century episcopacy meeting in Boston. By better I simply mean to say that it is more moral and more reasonable. In previous issues of the *GLOBE* I have pointed out the folly of the Catholic law in saying that the first marriage is annulled by the second; if it had not been already annulled by the act of desertion and the act of divorce, the second marriage could never have been, but must always have remained simple bigamy. In a word, the law is kind and Christian in spirit, Scriptural and lawful, but it is foolish in its claim just mentioned. The separated couple, that is, at least the innocent party to the divorce, that is, the loyal member of the conjugal tie, was free or he or she dared not marry again by the law of any church or any state of this land. In short, I put it thus. Desertion persisted in by either party to the marriage bond breaks the bond in law as in fact, no matter how made, and the deserted man or woman is free to marry again anywhere and at any time, free by the law of God and free by the law of any state or nation which has assumed the right to divorce or to marry any people under the sun. The sin of divorce and its infamy are in the act of seeking divorce, and the sinner in every case is the person seek-

ing it. Let the parson cure that or shut his mouth forever. He is simply an upstart fool when he attempts to legislate against re-marriage. It has seemed to me of late needful to define what is meant by the innocent party to any case of divorce. I simply mean the one party of the two who for any, and especially for conscientious reason, has opposed the divorce or opposed the severing of the marriage bond, or at least has not sought it. No man and no woman, married or single, is innocent in the sight of the laws of God. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand of married people a state of absolute innocence is unexpected and unthought of, misunderstandings between husbands and wives are proverbial and universal. Absolute innocence is out of the question. Offences must come, married or single. In every quarrel, one or the other is more to blame than the other, but God only can decide such questions. No old maids or parsons can decide such questions, but it is the duty of every friend of the married people when appealed to, to advise patience and charity, and not to fan the flames of discord. Here is where the priest and parson and true friend are needed. If you wish to defend social morality, guard it at its roots. From the days of Eden until now absolute innocence among single or married people does not exist. Only fools imagine such a state. But a man or a woman may be so impressed with the sacredness of the marriage bond as to be loyal to it and never strive to break it, hence to oppose every form of divorce by church or state, and that person in any case is the person that we speak of as the innocent party in any case of divorce. He or she may not be innocent in the larger or absolute sense, but is innocent of the crime and folly of divorce. Now I hold that, according to Saint Paul, any priest or parson who refuses to marry such a person, man or woman, is unworthy the title of priest or parson; and if the Anglican or the Roman Church legislates and attempts to enforce such a law of refusal to marry such person, such Church in its official capacity deserves to die. The Church is here, any and every church, to save and not to damn souls.

Again, I have held for many years, in fact always since I began to study the matter, that when a church in council or a priest or parson in person begins to talk about saving society by refusing to marry the innocent among divorced people, they, said priests

and parsons, are beginning at the wrong end of the question. It is another form of fastening your stable door after your horse has been stolen. Your business is to save human souls from sin, and not to assert an authority which neither God nor man has ever given you; not to madden the already offended and innocent by asserting a false idea of morality and religion and yourselves as the priests of these false ideas. A priest is here to seek and to save the lost, not to be bumptious and offensive towards the innocent. Priests and parsons often assume that they alone are the innocent of the earth. The reverse of this is often the case. There is so much shifting and shuffling in all ecclesiastical matters, whether dogmatic or moral, that it is difficult for a priest to understand or believe in simple truth and straightforwardness. The whole trouble comes of trusting to certain dogmas of doctrine or of morals instead of trusting in God Almighty and the simple truth of things. Jesus was as simple and true as a star or a flower. Herein he manifested his own true divinity. The Church too often seems to think the greater the mystery believed in and asserted, the clearer the proof of its divinity. The contrast is enormous and fatal. Any child can fool a wise man by asking a question touching the heart of nature or religion. The work of a priest is to clear and simplify the universal enigma of life, not by tying but by freeing men's hands and enlightening the mind of the world. What have priests and parsons to do with legislating on any subject on God's earth? Make men and women better, sweeter, truer, holier, more charitable, beginning with yourselves, and the dogma will take care of itself. Not by authority but by penitence and the grace of God are all men and women saved. You damn them first of all by enslaving them. One in every ten marriages in this country results in divorce, and it is simple folly for cardinals, primates, priests or parsons to talk of ostracising or refusing to marry these people. The business of the Church of Christ in this world is to save and not to condemn. Don't talk of saving society, do your plain duty to the people and begin at home. The whole business of the Church of Christ in this matter of marrying is to guide by all good advice and influence the parties about to marry, younger or older, to use all its influence to guard against foolish or unwise marriages. Then to use its utmost endeavors as a moral and spiritual force to teach all people within its hearing the principles of

Christ's purity, charity, patience, forbearance, mutual indulgence, knowing that all have erred and do err and come short of the ideals of loyalty and love, and above all, to urge against every form of separation and divorce, regardless of the trifle of baptism or religion. Marriage and morality are older than the Church, and its power and its rights are wholly and solely as a moral and spiritual and advisory force to keep married people loyal to one another and away from divorce and all evil life, impurity, and impatience.

But again, if the devil has entered into a house, a home, and has caused irretrievable discord so that husband and wife cease to be husband and wife and either party takes the bit in his or her mouth, deserts, and causes the law to commit a divorce, the Church has only to investigate the facts quietly and carefully, and without any starched or false notions that it has any say outside the law referred to, simply and fairly to determine which is the innocent party in the sense named and to make him or her free. And any church that presumes to set itself above the state in a matter first of all involving legal and property issues or above a free human soul, and to say it will or will not marry or admit such soul to its communion, may defend and advance its own false notions of dignity but can never serve the true laws of God or a free and upright human soul. Mind your own business, gentlemen. Shut the stable door before the valuable animal known as a human soul has gone astray, and do not attempt to bind burdens upon men's shoulders that neither you nor they are anyway able to bear. Reform society by preventing the evils of life. Begin at home, and not strut and parade as if Almighty God had made you masters and tyrants of the human soul. Your duty is to save society by preventing its evils and sins, and not to damn and bind free men or women by your senseless, Christless, utterly stupid laws.

In what is supposed to be one of the most sacred and holy places on earth, though one of the dirtiest and foulest, in Lhasa, the capital of Thibet, in one of the farthest and darkest recesses of the Temple there is set up the Jo-kang, a massive image of the greatest Buddha, Guadama, once the self-sacrificing and princely but poor reformer of the Hindu faith. The image is of solid gold and larger than life size. It is sitting. Its countenance and person only dimly illuminated by twelve golden lamps

of burning oil, its neck and shoulder and bust are decorated and almost covered with necklaces of gold and precious stones and pearls, the solid gold and the priceless decorations are, and for many ages have been, the gifts of the faithful, and their great value was and is intended to express the utmost veneration and worship of the learned Hindus for the shining and beautiful and Christlike qualities of character that distinguished the man who died and was buried twenty-five centuries ago. That the Jo-kang thus adorned has become an idol in the minds of the ignorant, and is now perhaps itself adored instead of the great prophet, we only believe and admit. But what Catholic image is safe and exempt from the same idolatrous worship. Beware of Jo-kangism, O ye worshipers of the Eucharist. Is not the Son of God, Jesus the immortal, present enough in your hearts that ye have to worship his Jo-kang in one shape and another and in a thousand silly forms. Worship God in spirit and in truth. Worship God in the person and spirit of His eternal Son, but do not go in garish robes parading the streets to show your own importance, and all, as no doubt you mean it, to robe the mystic person of Christ in bands of gold. As I view it, your pompousness, your fine robes, your priest-made dogmas, as if you could improve on Christ's own words, all tend to Jo-kangism, or the plainest idolatry, and to certain superstition. No wonder that free masonry and the American and French republics laugh at your civilization and topple it down. For more than forty years I have opposed and fought divorce, and in every case when appealed to for advice I have urged and tried to help in the lines of loyalty on both sides but I will have no ecclesiastical presumption of audacious authority. I saw, and said when I wrote my article in the *Globe* more than fourteen years ago, that the evil of divorce had grown to fearful proportions, but I also saw and said that the matter was bound to grow worse, rather than better. It has done so till priests and parsons are now aroused at the enormity of the evil. I still tell you that until the old laws of the decalogue and the newer interpretations of Christ are more loyally lived up to daily, in church and in state, by men and women, among parents and children, and absolutely by men and women alike, the divorce evil and every other evil of public and private theft and debauchery and crime of every sort is bound to grow worse till it becomes unendurable and works its own destruction. Hundreds

and thousands of men and women who profess to be Christians, Catholic and Protestant, make no honest attempt to keep the laws of Christ. Poor sophists and infidels pretend to have outgrown such laws. This nation is so sunk in falsehood that it has lost the sight of truth and honor. Touching the very matter referred to here, I have known of my own experience cases upon cases in which when and where under the pressure of inevitable differences between husbands and wives, until such differences have led to threatened divorce, and one or the other of the parties has been foolish enough to fly to priest or parson or supposed mutual friend, instead of standing by the laws of Christ and doing their simple duty, the priest or parson or mutual friend has out of a false sympathy for the party appealing to him or her counseled desertion, divorce, and all its consequent evils, defaming the party likely as not the most innocent of the two and so leading the more guilty party to the last resort of evil and to the courts for divorce. Here is where the work of the servant of Christ tells. A priest or parson had better cut the tongue out of his head, or cut his rotten organ or false and untaught heart out of his body, than allow his sympathy to warp his mind till he advises contrary to the law of Christ and the laws of holiest charity. Mere rampant ecclesiasticalism is no better than party politics when its mountebank is on the defence of its own dignity rather than a defence of the laws of Christ. Stop worshipping idols and begin to serve the Master!

The almost universal atheism, silent but persistent, of modern secular literature, while pretending to present noble but really false ideals for men and women, is one of the deepest curses of the nineteenth and the twentieth centuries, and Catholic writers are presenting contemptible stories and worse dogmatic writers in the place of this same. The smashup of ecclesiasticism in Italy and France, with similar smashups threatened in Austria and Spain, are proofs beyond question, to my mind, that Romanism has missed its true and holy moral aim and errand, and has stood up for its own dignity and authority until it has very little dignity or authority left, except in its clothes and titles. The autocratic and holy pride of the Czar of Russia and his autocratic and holy Greek Church are in these last months proving how little their holiness and authority amount to when brought face to face with the little people that they have despised. One true man

with God is stronger than a whole convention of fools. I am not commending the Japanese for their fighting qualities. The great wrongs of usury that are deceiving and invading human rights and justice, and truth preceded the fighting. A nation deluged with the modern and holy church was the aggressive and guilty party in all these wrongs, and I tell you again and again that no church authority can take the place of Christ's truth and justice. The Church of Rome cannot by its authority make one wrong right or one falsehood true. I have all my life been so used to associating the words holy and holiness with saintly loyalty to the principles of Christ that I find it difficult to apply the terms "Holy Catholic Church" to an organization that I find to have been and still to be now and again utterly disloyal to the first principles of Christianity. Hence, to save my own consistency and to be loyal to the simple truth, I seldom use the expression, "the Holy Catholic Church," so again, "Holy Mother Church." As a matter of fact, the Church as a church is not holy. It is very wide of any such mark. And as for "Holy Mother Church," as if a man could not open his lips without assenting to a lie. My thought, my mind in its relation to my own mother is all so sacred that I feel as if committing a sacrilege when I attempt to apply such epithets to the Church of Rome or any other church. My feeling is wholly different when thinking or speaking of Jesus Christ Himself. I know Him to have been holy and divine. But when it comes to the Church, which in many things seems to expect honors that Jesus never claimed, I have to draw the line. And as for the holy barque of Peter, the Lord save me from such folly of words! Whether under Puritanism or Romanism in this land, the church in the upper hand at the hour has usurped and asserted to such an extent a false and too exalted an idea of its own divine prerogative and authority that I do not wonder that the men of the mental accuracy of Emerson have turned against all its shows till he and others have felt and said that Jesus Himself could not be to them as were their own brothers and sisters; and Emerson, as quoted in another article in this issue, has spoken, I think foolishly and wrongly, of the self-assertion of Jesus, evidently not recognizing the divinity and peculiar majesty of the Son of God. My discrimination and my contest, therefore, is that primitive Christianity dwelt almost entirely in and upon the simple and primal, universal truths of

God in Christ Jesus, and depended upon these as applied by the Holy Spirit for their prestige, their power, their authority, and beyond question they had some success, or we should not be here to-day defending their methods in preference to a church or churches whose changed methods are now put in the place of God and Christ himself, and almost worshiped as divine through the substitution of one dogma and another to the confusion of many instead of the person and teachings of the God-Man, Christ Jesus, whose simplicity and purity of person and life even modern infidels acknowledge to have been divine. Let us quit the multiplying of shibboleths and quit worrying about the temporal power or other authority of the Church, and hold to the essential ideal of Christ, God With Us, Emmanuel, the eternal Son of God. As for me, this is my choice, excommunication or no, and I pray heaven daily for guidance, and am sure of eventual victory.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

IN ROME.

On every side are crumbling walls,
 Huge monuments of former power,
 And birds inhabit banquet halls,
 And sing away the hour.

The climbing Ivy with its green,
 Struggles to hide the scars of time,
 And e'en a Rose the stones between
 Graces the place with smile sublime.

And I--a traveler of the way--
 Am seated at an Emperor's door;
 'Tis strange to think how short the day
 E'er hearthstones know their Lords no more.

To-morrow 'tis another's hand
 To rule, to lead, to point the way;
 The friendly Ivy 'tis to hide
 The broken things of yesterday.

They loved your golden head, O King!
 And e'en forgot the feet of clay.
 The Ivy whispers o'er the walls,
 Forgive the faults of yesterday.

You built a nesting place for birds,
 O Ruler of an age before,
 And you built well—for here's a Rose
 To greet a traveler at your door.

St. Paul, Minn.

HOWARD P. SANDERS.

MODERN INTERNATIONALISM.

Three thousand years ago the notions of internationalism as they exist or are supposed to exist to-day were hardly dreamed of. Egypt had developed a well defined civilization of its own which modern scholarship is still trying to understand. From all appearances it was as autocratic as modern Russia, but plainly in many respects, as to science, religion, and literature, it was superior to what is called the Christian autocracy of the vast belongings of the Czar. It stood or seems to have stood alone in its greatness and held the neighboring peoples of the region of the Mediterranean, not as fellow peoples, but as smaller affairs to be preyed upon or enslaved, if occasion offered. About the same period there were distinct centers of civilization in what we now call China, India, and Assyria, with scores of unknown and comparatively unimportant peoples in all the sections of country intervening between the larger centers mentioned, and while modern scholarship talks wisely in reference to all of these centers of territory and their various forms of culture, modern scholarship is really in no measure clear in its definitions of the actual manner of men then existing, and it is still less lucid as to the differences of men and differences of ancient culture. That Egypt from the earliest times however inclined to and developed in its own way a species of civilization similar in many respects or closely akin to what we in these days call European civilization seems clear, and that all the Asiatic peoples in general developed forms of culture akin to what we now find among

Asiatic peoples, and that their general type of civilization differed from the Egyptian type seems clear. Whether this difference came naturally from the radical difference, that is from a difference of nature, color, and race, or from difference of climate and geographical contour, and to what extent these varying conditions and origins produced the dissimilar conditions of the nations and peoples, their forms of government, et cetera, we really do not know to-day, and in my opinion we are not likely to know from the present methods of oriental study pursued by modern research. Twenty-five centuries ago the conditions were largely changed. The old civilization of Egypt seems to have been born again, but into new centers of the earth; the various Mediterranean peoples known as Greeks had already developed a culture in art and in literature which still dazzles the world. Very nearly contemporary with David and Solomon and Isaiah, the famous kings, poets, and prophets of the Hebrew people, there flourished Socrates, Plato, Sophocles, Demosthenes, and Phidias, the greatest thinkers, philosophers, poets, orators and architects of ancient times. And while Asiatic civilization of the same period, either from our general ignorance concerning it or mayhap in the radical difference in the relative forms of Asiatic and European civilization, it seems clear in general that individualism never developed along the same splendid lines of human culture in Asia as they existed in the centers of Greece and Palestine. There may have been in China, in Persia, India and Assyria men as able and brilliant as the Greeks and Hebrews named, but as far as our knowledge goes Asiatic culture seems always to have developed much as it exists to-day, only in more limited form along the meditative lines of Zoroastrianism and Buddhism and in the autocratic lines of such gentlemen as Cyrus and the Babylonian kings; and as far back as history takes us there was an Asiatic civilization and a European civilization not only different from each other but in the old days even more than at present opposed to each other, and this continued acute and bitter in various opposition until the Greek mastered the Asiatic and gave an almost exclusive start to European culture down to our own times. Later all European civilization centered in Rome, whose autocratic emperors, generals and politicians finished the victories that Greece had begun and made Asia subject to Roman imperial power.

Into this state of world affairs came the Christ child, and began by his simple death the foundation of a spiritual power wholly different in conception, character and law from any power that had hitherto existed, and won its way through all the nations, conquering and to conquer by the simple force of individual consecration to truth, to God, and to charity, conquering by love and death, and not at all at any time or in any place by what has been known as the temporal or princely power of the Church of Rome, but always conquering and always bound to conquer in the exact proportion, by exact law, as men become saints and not dictators or rulers according to notions derived from the most corrupt and autocratic days of imperial Roman rule. Through all the conflicts between Greece and Asia, through all the conflicts between Rome and Asia, and even long after the days of Constantine and his abortive efforts to nationalize Christianity, such a phase of life as we now call internationalism never existed, and of course it was not known in the days of ancient Egypt. Whatever has come of the conception and working of the idea of internationalism has come first of all from the insertion of the human principles of Christianity into the various peoples and their rulers of modern ages, and how little, if not contemptible, are the advances of any and every phase of justice, truth, and Christian Brotherhood into the internationalism of these last hours may be gathered from a brief glance at some of the facts in the case. Men and kings and presidents of nations still seem to be as savage and bloody and divided in their plans and purposes and acts as they were three thousand years ago, but as the populations of the newer centers of civilization are larger, more numerous, and more democratic, more imbued with the false and silly notions of human equality, and as newspaper civilization is taking the place of ancient intellectual, moral, and religious civilization, the semblance and the language of internationalism has become the popular language of our time. Every editor of the vilest newspaper uses the language and treats as a fact the universal semblance of modern internationalism. What is there in it? Does it exist in any real and true sense, or are we as ever the vilest of savages, lapping each other's blood in war, and in lying deceptive conflicts of commerce, rascality and pernicious hell fire? There are many ways of viewing the case and of answering the question. I have often said in the pages

of this magazine that there is a poetic as well as a dogmatic way and method of stating theology, and that I have always preferred the poetic way. Dante stated it his way; the councils of the Church in their way. There is also a poetic way of stating modern internationalism. There is also a newspaper way, the parson's way, the politician's way, and the philosopher's way; perhaps we may as well state the case as here mentioned. Here is the way a poet recently stated the international problem:

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES.

The cry of the Little Peoples went up to God in vain;
 The Czech and the Pole, and the Finn and the Schleswig Dane.
 We ask but a little portion of the green and ancient Earth;
 Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.
 We ask not coaling stations, nor ports in the China seas;
 We leave to the big child nations such rivalries as these.
 We have learned the lesson of time, and we know three things of worth;
 Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.

Oh, leave us our little margins, waste ends of land and sea,
 A little grass and a hill or two, and a shadowing tree.
 Oh, leave us our little rivers that sweetly catch the sky,
 To drive our mills and to carry our wood and to ripple by.
 Once long ago, like you, with hollow pursuit of fame,
 We filled all the shaking world with the sound of our name;
 But now we are glad to rest, our battles and boasting done,
 Glad just to sow and sing and reap in our share of the sun.

And what shall you gain if you take us, and bind us and beat us with
 thongs,

And drive us to sing underground in a whisper our sad little songs?
 Forbid us the use of our heart's own nursery tongue;
 Is this to be strong, you nations; is this to be strong?
 Your vulgar battles to fight and your shopman conquests to keep;
 For this shall we break our hearts, for this shall our old men weep?
 What gain in the day of battle, to the Russ, to the German, what gain
 The Czech and the Pole, and the Finn and the Schleswig Dane?

The cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God in vain,
 For the world is given over to the cruel sons of Cain.
 The hand that would bless us is weak, and the hand that would break
 us is strong;
 And the power of pity is naught but the power of a song.

The dreams that our fathers dreamed to-day are laughter and dust,
 And nothing at all in the world is left for a man to trust.
 Let us hope no more, or dream, or prophesy, or pray;
 For the iron world no less will crash on its iron way.
 And nothing is left but to watch, with a helpless, pitying eye,
 The kind old aims for the world and the kind old fashions die.

—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE, in *London Chronicle*.

I do not say that Mr. Gallienne states the whole question justly or fully. Mr. Kipling in varying measure and power states the converse of all this in his song of "The White Man's Burden," which has been much parodied and imitated and ridiculed, especially by the Irish-American newspapers of the present time. These latter, forgetting the rights and wrongs of all other nations and peoples, except the vastly and constantly exaggerated wrongs of a handful of Irish peasants who were always too one-sided to appreciate their own heroes or any good their conquerors have ever done them, and who are now represented by a few incompetent Irish politicians who travel in great style now and again across the ocean to appeal to their well to do fellows, the Irish-American ecclesiastics and cheap politicians in the United States, always aiming to stir said prosperous Irish Americans in this country to engage in some plotting or rebellion against the British nation.

Quitting the eternal Irish wail for a moment, the intelligent reader of public events may tell of the advancing strides and the settled deceivings of the Christian Russian Bear in all his crawlings and usurpations in Manchuria, and of Uncle Sam in striped petticoat, pantaloons, dragging his American army and navy behind him and prowling like a savage Puritan over the erstwhile and long civilized provinces of Spain in the Philippines, Cuba and Porto Rico, in tampering with French adventurers in order to secure Panama, one of the states of a sister republic, and holding Panama by the throat till the North American politician is safely in possession. Mr. Kipling and his weak kneed British admirers may call all this a legitimate part of the white man's burden, while the infallibly moral and utterly stupid Irish-American Catholic editor sees little or nothing to complain of in it, and keeps up his perpetual howlings against the English because Cromwell proved himself a better man than O'Neill some hundreds of years ago.

When I see what utter and inconsistent blockheads, what unchristian and vituperative bigotry this Irish hatred of the English turns all things into, I wonder what any editor or priest or man of the kind named means by pretending to be a Christian, and can only laugh at the term Catholic as used by such people. Again when I see that the Catholic Church presumes to deny the Italian citizen the right to vote on purely civil matters, I marvel at the patience of the Italian citizen no less than at the overbearing presumption of the Pope and many of his advisors. The Pope cannot make such absurd tyranny, rational, just, or even tolerable. The same great and glaring inconsistencies are manifest in the modern papal treatment of France, as if the Church ever needed the Concordat or as if such an agreement forced by the great Napoleon on a weak and vacillating pope ever could have been anything but a grandiose declaration of a politico-ecclesiastical agreement that was never worth the paper it was written on, much less worth the noise that has been made over it for nearly a hundred years. Here we touch on the religious relationship as affecting modern internationalism. But let us return to the political question pure and simple, beginning always at home.

The flighty and weak-headed editor of the *New World*, a Catholic weekly published in Chicago, seems to be one of the craziest anti-English Irish-American maniacs in the country, and of late he has taken a fearful dislike to Secretary Hay because of a presumed mutual understanding between the American Secretary of State and the British Government, which is presumed to amount to a virtual alliance between America and England. Instead of welcoming such an alliance as one of the greatest securities for the peace of the world, as a practical healing of a very old family quarrel, breach of an old peace, and in wars that never should have been fought, and as an instance of incipient and true internationalism, this crazy Irish-American editor, perhaps only in obedience to a crude and half-idiotic Irish constituency, for the editor is a man of some real, at least, poetic genius, this flighty and foolish person undertakes to abuse Secretary Hay and to demand his dismissal, giving as special reasons therefor the fact that the Secretary of State is not himself another crazy Irish-American Catholic.

All the old States, tribes, and peoples were openly and avowedly opposed to each other, each tribe or nation seeking an ally

or allies now and then solely and wholly for the purposes of warfare. Spite of the splendid culture of many of the Greeks and Romans, they were as peoples at heart, and in habit the veriest beasts and savages. I do not say that Roosevelt, Root, Taft and Company are any less savage, or that the ultimate aim of an alliance between Great Britain and the United States is any more or less than a cowardly and brutal attempt, under the disguise of diplomacy and internationalism, to bring matters to such a shape that in case of a war, a great world war, such as must come, Secretary Hay, as directed by the President, is not aiming, as all savage tribes have ever aimed, to get two to one in their own favor in the fight that is sure to come. Neither do I charge this crime of savagery upon Hay and Roosevelt; but whatever the ultimate aim of such an alliance may be, it must be plain to every intelligent student that one of the immediate results of such an alliance will be to ensure or foster the peace of the world, rather than to aggravate or provoke any world-wide catastrophe. No Irishman of these days, however, seems to have any conception of or care for the peace of the world or the truth of Almighty God in general, but only to howl over the exaggerated wrongs of a few narrow-headed Irish. The first, last, and deepest aim of their souls seems to be to avenge some fancied wrongs done their ancestors; and I say here that the total Irish-American effort in this direction is worthy only of the darkest days of pagan savagery, and is utterly unworthy of the thought and effort of the poorest or richest Christian man; nor can any Catholic or other church, claiming to be divine or otherwise, by any possibility put even a glamour of Christian principle into such devilish motives of life. I am not preaching for the English, but for God's justice and truth, and no matter upon whose head the truth may fall. The English nation, like every other strong and aggressive nation of modern times, in executing its designs has done many dastardly and damnable things. Among others, its conquest of Ireland may have had aspects of devilry, but for my part, cosmopolitan and Christian as I try to be, it seems clear as daylight to me that the British Isles, including Ireland, of course, had to be under one government, and I thank God that Oliver Cromwell had the good sense as well as the strong arm to bring the matter to pass. The Irish never could rule themselves, were always fighting among themselves, were more vin-

dictive and of more hateful action toward one another than England has ever been toward Ireland as a whole. If you do not believe this, and if you wish to hang me for saying so, read the history of Ireland over and over again, as I have done, and submit to truth, and stop your Irish brogue conventions of folly and vengeance. Do not misunderstand me, and do not rise in your magniloquent orator fashion to denounce me. I have fought for Irish liberty, even for home rule, as late as Gladstone and Parnell, mouthed over it, but the one was a traitor to British instincts, and the other was a traitor to the simplest principles of loyalty to his friends. The Gladstone Home Rule Bill was an abortion, and died still-born, as it ought to have died. I frankly and repeatedly assert that in this great land, if men are seeking money and temporal prosperity, they must be fools not to find their gratification. I as frankly admit thousands of Irishmen in this country are true men and gentlemen, and deserve the success they have won. 'It must also be plain that many of the ablest sons of Ireland have fought bravely and won distinction under British rule in the British army and navy and in British literature, while many of the so-called Irish patriots, so much lauded by modern Irish-Americanism, from Robert Emmet to the present hour, had much of English blood in their veins, and like Emmet deserved the stupid deaths that fell to their lot.

That the genuine, dyed in the wool Irish Catholic ecclesiastic even hates and despises his brother Irish now as of old may be gathered from a recent utterance of Archbishop O'Dwyer, published in the New York *Freeman's Journal* in display type in November 9th, of last year :

"BISHOP O'DWYER'S OPINION.—We Irish Catholics Must Submit Our Claims to the Judgment of the Orange Opposition, and Until that Opposition is Appeased Irish Educational Reform in Every Branch Must be Postponed. They are a Handful, We are the Nation; You Count Them by Thousands, We are Millions; Yet in the Councils of Mr. Wyndham This Handful of Fanatics Counts for More than the Claims and Needs of the Whole Nation."—Most Rev. Edward T. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick.

Here is hatred and disparagement of all Protestant Irish, a contempt for Mr. Wyndham and all good impulses of English generosity toward Ireland, as evinced in the now practically rejected Irish Land Bill, and a silly magnifying of a handful of

Irish Catholics, as if they were the whole nation or the whole universe. In view of such language is there, can there be any wonder that Ireland is down trodden? Let its leaders, and above all, its religious leaders, its self-assumed infallible leaders and directors of the lives and consciences of mankind, let these at least show some reason, truth and charity, manhood and righteousness, some real civilization before Ireland can expect to be free. Every nation under the sun to-day has reason upon reason for falling into the same growling dog-in-the-mangerism that Ireland has. The English, made up of various countries, though with some homogeneity of blood, fought among themselves, as all the world knows, and blundered enough in all their selections of kingly dynasties, but there ever was a sense of right in their leaders, and when they were weary of battles, they settled down a peaceful nation, now become the greatest empire of the world. But the Irish, and it seems especially the Irish Catholics, snarl and growl and plot every kind of treachery and murder, under one guise and another.

England under her incompetent Georges was whipped by the brother English under George Washington, but the English do not hate the Americans to-day. France in Canada was whipped by the English, but Frenchmen do not hate all England on that account. Dry your eyes, O ye sons and daughters of Ireland, and seek newer fields to conquer by your genius and your undoubted bravery. A few years ago, so intelligent a man as the late Archbishop Hennessey, of Dubuque, spoke and wrote of the United States as a new Ireland. God forbid! This land is made up of very numerous representatives of all the white nations of the world. Its language is English, not a dead Irish brogue, that some green as grass young Irish poets are pretending to advocate as a substitute for the masterful, though complicated English tongue, and it is often intimated that the Knights of Columbus having nothing better to do with their spare cash, have in mind, after they have reformed all the Catholic editors to the tune of Archbishop O'Dwyer's Gregorian and solemn humbuggery, to re-establish the old Irish language in place of the English. It is a good deal like that crazy Irishman, Ignatius Donnelly's attempt to substitute Lord Bacon for William Shakespeare, only even more unutterably silly and impossible. Of all fools, the unpracticed Irish literary fool is the fool of fools.

There are a few things as good as settled in this world, and among them one would think is the wide-spread supremacy of the English language; but every Irishman hates everything English, and his hatred and his yearning for vengeance makes fools of Ireland's wisest men, that is, of the clique that follow the savagery of the craving for vengeance, while forgetting the eternal and divine law and utterance, "Avenge not yourselves. Vengeance is mine. I will repay," saith the Eternal. But this is a long digression, and I may pay dearly for trying to teach justice and truth to hosts of avenging and infallible Irish. A very large number of my subscribers are and have been for years Irish priests, so there must be a center of God's truth in their hearts, or they would have murdered me long ago. This all came from our beginning at home as to internationalism as exhibited in the Anglo-American friendly understanding, if not alliance, for the peace of the world. In the same line, I here quote a Chicago dispatch of November 19th, which appeared in the Philadelphia *Ledger* of Sunday, November 20th, of last year:

IRISH PARTY DISRUPTED—SECESSION FROM LEADERSHIP OF REDMOND THREATENED.

Chicago, Nov. 19.—The Irish Nationalist party is on the verge of a serious split within its own ranks. Unless some amicable arrangement can quickly be arrived at, Messrs. Dillon and Sexton, with their personal following, will secede from the leadership of John Redmond. In this event Mr. Redmond will have the aggressive support of William O'Brien, over whom a dispute has arisen.

In recent speeches in Ireland, Mr. Redmond is held to have openly sided with Mr. O'Brien regarding the differences of opinion which have long existed between Mr. O'Brien and the Dillon-Sexton-Davitt faction. It is stated on good authority that Mr. Redmond has been told that unless he withdraws his support from Mr. O'Brien secession will result. No definite conclusion has been reached, but it is understood that Mr. Redmond prefers to throw in his lot with Mr. O'Brien.

In the event of the breach becoming definite it is thought that the factions would at the moment be fairly evenly divided, Mr. O'Brien's tremendous popularity in the south being offset by the influence of Mr. Sexton's powerful organ, "The Freeman's Journal," and the more radical following of Messrs. Davitt and Dillon. Such a division probably would leave the followers of Mr. Healy with what might become the balance of power, and this, according to present indications, would be thrown in favor of Messrs. Redmond and O'Brien.

The present internal crisis is the result of the gradually increasing disagreement over the action instigated by Mr. O'Brien and carried out by Mr. Redmond in their famous land purchase conference with the Irish landlords.

Without presuming to understand or define the difference among the members of the Irish Parliamentary party, and doubting utterly if they understand themselves, their aims, or their differences, and having, we admit, only the poorest opinion of the entire membership, we are moved to state that this last so-called disruption is what has been constantly occurring in Ireland for more than a thousand years. The Irish never could agree among themselves, and hence they unavoidably and inevitably became a prey to the stronger and more united English people, and that tells the whole story.

Now for more than one hundred years little selfish cliques of Irish politicians have been trying to unite the traitor elements of Ireland on some measure of revenge. To this end, the average poverty of the Irish, their oppression by the English, and their eloquent rhetorical yap-yap, have been magnified and glorified, and appeals have constantly been made to the prosperous American Irish to aid the home-made politicians, not only to exert their lawful rights as a part of the British Empire, but to aid in every sort of unlawful and murderous assertion of their assumed rights, and to use the growing powers of the American nation to avenge the supposed and magnified wrongs of Ireland. Anything to circumvent and take vengeance upon England for a piece of work well done hundreds of years ago. I say it is vile. It is unmanly, unworthy the name of patriotism, and beneath the dignity, honor and faithfulness of any Christian that breathes on earth. If Catholics can do this and still claim to be Christians, so much the worse for the Catholic, whoever or whatever their exalted or their humble station may be; wherever a genuine political Irishman is, he thinks that the total nation is there in his single boots and in his poor cranium. I think that any Irish-American archbishop, priest, or politician, who cannot see the clear mission of the Irish in Ireland or America is unfit to be a teacher or a ruler of men as a common fox or wolf is unfit to protect the hen roost. And if the prosperous American-Irish of any profession or calling are bent upon freeing old Ireland and making it independent of England, a separate and a united nation, let them, every man jack of them quit their archbishoprics, their priesthood, the politician his snug berth, and all the car conductors and policemen, saloon-keepers, cab drivers, etc., etc., let them all quit their easy gotten wealth in this land and

band themselves together, charter a hundred ships of war of their own, and go over like real men, not like a lot of spouting water buckets; let them go over and shoot England into the sea or get themselves shot to death, which, of course, would happen, and so the world would be relieved of such palaverous brogue for perhaps a thousand, or at least for a hundred years, till the dawn of the millennium.

The Scotch and English fought as hard as the English and Irish, but the Scotch have seized the laws of nature and have applied them, not without much suffering and humiliation, till they have, hundreds of them, yea, thousands of them, have long ago become leading factors in the British Empire. I was born in England, but I never knew a feeling of hatred toward the Northmen who conquered what has always seemed to me a more beautiful civilization than the Northmen brought with them. I think it was an angel who whispered to Saint Paul not to kick against the goads, or, one might say, against Almighty God. But the Irish Catholic and the Italian Pope seem to think that the Catholic Church sanctifies any sort of treachery and makes it holy. Gentlemen, it will not do! I once knew an Irish priest so full of the heresy of temperance that he taught his people that they were under no obligation to pay a bill contracted at a tavern, and he thought himself in the right. The mischief of it all is that his people thought him right. No man who understands a single law of God or man, however, can think such infamy right, no matter how many priests sing it or preach it in so-called holiest places of the world. What is needed is deeper and simpler principles, and less froth and sham of all kind. Truth and justice underlie all nations and churches worth revering. Every liar and every deceiver, no matter how pious, deserves to be hung and fed to carrion crows.

During these very hours and days, more than a half million men, armed to the teeth like hellish savages, are facing each other on various battlefields in Manchuria, ready still to murder, as they have been murdering each other for nearly a year. It is a hell-breeding, heaven appalling sight. It is the infamy of hellish cruelty. No tongue nor pen can ever describe the awfulness of anguish wrung from the heart of the world by this cruelty of the Russo-Japanese War, and yet groping, successful editors write about it coolly and pretend to weigh nation with nation

and compare the two, which is all an infernal wrong, perpetrated by the stronger nation, Russia, upon a supposed weaker nation, Japan, and the entire infamous perpetration of the Russian wrong was done and persisted in under the banners of the Orthodox Church of Christ. I wonder God Almighty does not spit on and destroy the lying flauntings of such commerce wherever they are floated. Russia simply cannot whip Japan, and all the world ought to fall on the Bear in death if there should seem to be any danger of Russian victory.

Just fifteen years ago, believing then as now that the warlike, aggressive, selfish, infernal action of what is called Western civilization was and is unchristian, self-destructive and damnable, I noticed in the first issue of the GLOBE, page sixteen, the following: "Among other signs of the times, and what with newspaper reports that Japan and China are rapidly acquiring the ways of European and American civilization, there are not wanting indications that some sort of a millennium is at hand, and any man of serious thought finds more signs of the times than he can readily understand." It has always been the way of the GLOBE to suggest rather than define and prophesy the infamies that said western civilization has held and still holds like the black shadow of death hanging over the fair face of the world. As bearing upon the general question of modern internationalism, and especially on the point just noted, a recent writer in the London *Spectator* made the following pregnant and very pertinent and comprehensive remarks, entitled "The New Power":

"The political results of this war must be great, whatever its immediate fortunes. It is improbable that Russia will escape grave political changes; but even if she does, the fear of Russia, which for half a century has weighed upon the nations of Europe, must be materially lightened. The soldiers of Russia are numerous, and have shown throughout this campaign all their traditional devotion; but it is obvious that her military organization, considered as a scientific one intended for conquest, is not so strong as it has been believed to be. She has no right to the claim, which the autocracy has made for so long, of being always ready for battle, and her officers, though splendidly brave, are probably inferior in resources and energy to those of Central Europe or the Western Powers, or of the Japanese. The initiative is crushed out of them by the very strength of the machine

which they are compelled to obey, and which in crushing individual thought and hopefulness drives them to seek in pleasure a refuge from despondency. Russia, it is clear, can be beaten when once her armies are off their own ground; and formidable as she always must remain while her soldiers obey, the charm of invincibility, which takes the heart out of enemies, has for the moment passed away. Moreover, the task before her must for some years to come constitute a preoccupation. Looking at the position, not like the 'dreamers of the West,' but as any sane Russian must look, it is obvious that if the war continues, her whole strength must be employed for years to secure what at the best can be only a partial victory. If, on the other hand, she makes peace, the energy of her governing bureaucracy must be devoted to reorganization. A new fleet has to be built, manned, and taught by experience the lessons which cannot be learned at Kronstadt, or even in the Black Sea. The army must be provided with better officers, must be made more mobile, and must be trained to think a little, as well as to obey. All these operations take time, a process of education, and a supply of money which, though Russia is richer than the world imagines, can only be created by financial ability of a kind which 'the system' is not well fitted to develop. Quarreling with all the Jews in the world, for instance, is not wholesome work for a great Treasury. To say, as has been said, that Russia will for the next generation be a negligible quantity is, in the absence of revolution, mere foolishness; but that she will weigh less in the politics of the world is, we venture to believe, quite certain. The spell which has paralyzed diplomatists even more than the people for the moment has snapped, and we shall find that the relations of all States to each other have been perceptibly modified. This will be the case even if there is no internal outbreak; while if there is, and its result is any permanent diminution of Russian force, the external politics of Europe will of necessity all be rearranged. Think, to take only one small example, what it would mean to all the Baltic Powers to feel that they had no longer a potential master in St. Petersburg.

"This change, however, great as it is, is not the greatest. There is no longer any doubt that a new Power of the first magnitude has arisen on the edge of Eastern Asia. Its rise has been almost miraculously rapid, for though everybody is recalling pre-

monitions which might have taught us all something, a truth in politics is not a truth until it has been realized and acknowledged. Japan has sprung to the front in less than half a generation. The experts of the Continent, political, military and diplomatic, who have for months refused to believe what to them all was most unwelcome, now accept the evidence, and in a tone of resignation, which would be comic if it did not mean so much, admit that they have been lacking in knowledge as well as imagination. The Power which can place half a million of men upon a mainland separated from it by the sea, which can maintain successfully a siege like that of Sebastopol, and defeat great European armies in battles which rival in magnitude and in slaughter those of Napoleon with the Russians, or of the Germans with the French, cannot be characterized even by the stupidest of Courts as either an inferior or a braggart State. Success on the battlefield appeals to the statesmen of the Continent as it can appeal only to those who control conscript armies, while the soldiers around them regard one quality which the war has revealed in the Japanese with an admiration not untinged with fear. The Japanese officer can call on his men *after* a bloody battle with a confidence which even conquerors like Napoleon only secured after a long career of victory. Whether their courage is inherent in their race—which has a thread in it other than Mongolian—or whether it arises from the absence in them of any creed which makes death alarming, or whether their love for Japan has risen in the course of centuries into a furious passion, or whether all these peculiarities act together, the fact remains that the Japanese Army is composed of the kind of men who in other armies volunteer for forlorn hopes. The Russian officers, themselves commanding men of singular courage and endurance, profess themselves amazed by the daring of the Japanese, and sometimes give utterance to the half-treasonable doubt whether such men can be defeated by any troops in the world. The new Power is, in fact, acknowledged to be one of the first class, far-seeing, resolute, and possessed of immense resources for battle, and with that acknowledgment the bottom falls out of many of the data of European diplomacy. In a very short time the Japanese fleet may be made, its advantages of position being considered, the strongest on the Pacific; and even as it is, the current action of European Powers towards the States on the North Pacific will

be abruptly arrested. Who is to seize the Eastern Archipelago, now the object of so many ambitions, if Japan remarks: 'No! that is part of my reversionary heritage?' Who is to dictate to China if Japan prohibits? The Frenchmen who say that Indo-China is in danger from Tokio may be talking nonsense, but it is certain that if Japan claims Siam as an ally, Siam will not be invaded, and the grand idea of the French colonizing party, which is, to speak plainly, the absorption of Siam and Yunnan, will not be realized. Japan may not be able to rule China, as those who believe in the 'yellow peril' think that she will, for the pride of an ancient Empire may forbid, and the Chinese governing classes may have gone too rotten to be regenerated; but the protection of China from disintegration has already become a Japanese interest of the fundamental kind, for though her first necessity is room to expand, and China cannot find her that room, her second necessity is economic prosperity, and her own idea is that prosperity will come from a virtual, though not official, monopoly of the Chinese market. She will have no necessity to close ports while she can undersell competitors. Japan, once left at peace, will be an energetic trading Power, will produce a great merchant fleet, if only to feed her navy, and will regard the Pacific as we think of the Atlantic, as her own waterway. That in such circumstances she should regard a contemptuous exclusion from the American Pacific States, from British Columbia, and from Australia with anything but angry annoyance seems to us impossible; and an annoyed Japan will be a weighty factor in the arrangements of the Eastern World. Japan, no doubt, may honestly intend to make her civilization solidly Western, and to be admitted in all respects, benevolence included, as one of the Western Powers; but to claim the privileges of a corporation, if you sacrifice yourself for its interests, is only human. The meekest Christians are impatient of insult, and the last of the Christian virtues which Japan will display will be humility."

What sort of a millennium was and is now at hand the half a million brown and white men now facing each other in deadly warfare plainly enough indicates. It is well to bring in arbitration to settle the stupid blunders of the Baltic fleet, or the deep laid worse than blunders, aided and connived at, as I believe, by William Hohenzollern; It is well for Roosevelt, Hay and Company, having violated every principle of the American

Constitution and every international right known to modern nations, and having fought bloody but unequal battles to add to the territory of a country already too enormous to manage in any decent way of government, to call for a peace congress at The Hague or elsewhere. Consistency is a sham in the grasping advance of modern international imperialism. But I tell you that neither by the subterfuges of arbitration nor by an international congress of peace can the Emperor William, President Roosevelt, the Czar of Russia, or the Emperor of Austria-Hungary, nor all combined, stop the natural results of their own grasping infamy, or long prevent the deadliest world war the earth has ever known. Whatsoever men and nations sow that shall they reap, and the hours of darkest, bloodiest infamy are at hand.

The latest realization of this Christian infamy, or rather the momentary ending of one of the bloodiest instances of it in all history, is announced the day of this writing (January 3, 1905) in the final fall of Port Arthur, showing the Japanese the masters of the praying and posing priest-ridden Russians, as if priests and prayers had any right and power in such inhuman conflicts, and one of the most striking illustrations of the beautiful internationalism of our day may be found in the account of an interview between Count Von Buelow and J. L. Bashford, republished in the *Living Age* for December 31, 1904, from the *Nineteenth Century and After*, of a previous date. This interview, while it calmly denies the absurd view of Germany's hatred of England, made prominent a year or two ago by the foolish poetic howlings of Kipling, and preach the Anglo-German attitude as one of friendly rivalry, at the same time is lucidly explicit in its coolly and calmly brutal commercialism, and has not in it from beginning to end a single hint that modern nations or modern internationalism have or has anything in mind higher than the commercial success of each nation on its own account. Nothing is said of national shrinking from war because of its inhuman and unchristian butchery. Nothing is dreamed of higher than cold blooded calculations leading to commercial success. It is all in seeming kindness and all as hellish as Roosevelt and Hay's internationalism in freeing Cuba and enslaving the Philippines and coaxing Panama to secede from the Republic of Colombia, in order to facilitate the American ownership and control of the

Panama Canal; and it is all just about as humane and dignified as Roosevelt's prosecution of the infamous postal stealing of the last eight years in order to damn a few insignificant underlings and allow the master thieves, living and dead, to go unstained of the blinded justice of our own day and nation. On the whole, I prefer the cool and deliberate unemotional methods of Count Von Buelow and Company by far to the sickening and pious posing methods of the Richelieus and their most Christian monarchs, or those of the praying and God-conceited, infallible Czars, not to speak of our own insufferable and would-be Puritan methods of robbing and enslaving nations and peoples in the name of God and for the sake of His holy Sabbath Day.

Let officials of all grades work in their own line and mind their own business. Let archbishops preach Christ, and let robber Presidents do their appointed work without praise of the consecrated. As the world grows a little older, things will have to come to this. The people will not always be bulldozed and fooled, and one of these days, when a few more Christs have suffered for the truth, the shining face of eternal justice and mercy will be seen again at the sunrise and the sunset and men, having found the infamy and uselessness of lying and war, will be ready and glad to dwell in peace, and a real culture will envelop the world. But moral stamina fled the life of this nation during our Civil War, as really as the prophetic power fled the Hebrew race after the crucifixion of Jesus.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

To Mrs. Watson's new volume of poems, "After Sunset," the London *Academy* awards the first place in the output of feminine verse in Great Britain in 1903. Among the women who are writing poetry to-day she ranks deservedly high, perhaps the

highest, among British poetesses. Alice Meynell has written graceful poems; Michael Field, thoughtful poems; Edith Nesbit, noble poems; and Katharine Tynan, fascinating poems. How to characterize Mrs. Marriott Watson's work is not easy, except to say that her poetry is like a breath from Arcady. Her poems have all the above-mentioned characteristics belonging to the writings of her sister-poets.

If it be the mission of poetry to give delight, then this volume of Mrs. Watson's fulfills its mission. Her earlier books, "A Summer Night" (1891) and "Vespertilia" (1895), were remarkable for their artistic excellence. Mr. William Archer praises the correctness of her rhymes and meters. In the later poems, some of which have appeared in the *Athenaeum* and other periodicals, there is the same striving after faultless expression, usually with success, as in the limpid, melodious verses of her other books. If there be any change in form, it is toward further elaboration. A slight grammatical error disfigures a line in "Chanson Briton."

"And he I love. . . . Thou art not he."

In "The White Way," a lyric that exhibits to good advantage her skill and charm, the thought is at times subtle and obscure.

The prevailing note of the poems in "After Sunset" is seriousness, but not sadness.

The motto opposite the table of contents is suggestive:

"Le seul reve interesse,
Voire sans reve, qu' est-ce?"

Of the fifty-two pieces in the volume all are short. A number of the lyrics are addressed to friends; those at the end, "Songs of Childhood," to her child.

In some of Mrs. Watson's earlier poems were reminiscences of Tennyson and other English poets. Of late years she has evidently been reading foreign authors, if one may judge from the numerous titles in French and German. At times she makes effective use of Scripture.

In "After Sunset" there is but little suggestion of other

poets—the verse is her own; and yet the imagery of “Children of the Mist” strangely reminds one of Poe:

“There is no sound ’twixt stream and sky,
 But white mists walk the strand,
 Waifs of the night that wander by,
 Wraiths from the river-land—
 While here, beneath the dripping trees,
 Stray other souls most lost than these.

“Voiceless and visionless they fare,
 Known all too well to me—
 Ghosts of the years that never were,
 The years that could not be—
 And still, beneath eternal skies,
 The old blind river gropes and sighs.”

Although original, the following lines from “A Ruined Altar” almost sound like an echo of Edward Rowland Lill:

“Here, long ago, were toil, and thought, and laughter,
 Poor schemes for pleasures, piteous plans for gain,
 Love, fear, and strife—for men were born and died here—
 Strange human passion, bitter human pain.”

Similarly a line in “D’Outremer,”

“And if ’tis silence, then so best, my dear:
 All will be with me,”

recalls Huxley’s tribute to Tennyson.

Of the reflective poems one, “The Coup de Grace,” is especially happy:

“Pain and the years press hard upon our track,
 Sleuth-hounds of Time and his grey huntsman, Death;
 And now we hide—and now would double back—
 And now we stand and halt awhile for breath.

“Most green and goodly is the hunting-ground,
 With pleasant shade and golden glints of sun,
 Yet still we hear the baying of the hounds,
 Or far, or near, until the chase be done.

"The gaunt grey Huntsman stalks behind the trees
 Until the laboring heart is spent and broke,
 Till the doomed quarry stumbles to its knees
 And he may stoop to deal the mercy-stroke."

It is a genuine delight in nature that breathes through "Wanderlied" and "Die Zauberflote." One hardly knows which of these two lyrics to admire most. The latter is quoted in full:

"A thrush is singing on the walnut tree—
 The leafless walnut-tree with silver boughs,
 He sings old dreams long distant back to me—
 He sings me back to childhoods' happy house."

"O to be you, triumphant Voice-of-Gold,
 Red rose of song above the empty bowers,
 Turning the faded leaves, the hopes grown cold,
 To Springtide's good green world of growing flowers:

"Might the great change that turns the old to new
 Remould this clay to better blossoming,
 I would be you, Great-Heart, I would be you,
 And sing like you of Love and Death and Spring."

There is a felicitous touch in "Zigeunerlied :"

"Dim are the stars though the moon rose bright;
 My chamber is full of the sweet Spring night."

"After Sunset" is a book to be grateful for, although nothing in it be so memorable as "Vespertilia," whose keynote is in the powerful line,

"Love will be life . . . ah Love is Life! she cried."

So far Mrs. Watson has attempted nothing beyond short flights of song. It remains to be seen how she would succeed in the drama or extended narrative. Her work would then invite comparison with the plays of Miss Bradley and Miss Cooper, the two ladies who write under the pseudonym of Michael Field.

Mrs. Watson is a woman of attractive personality. She is the wife of a literary man, Henry B. M. Watson, author of "The Adventurers," "Alarms and Excursions," and other books.

EUGENE PARSONS.

GLOBE NOTES.

During the month of October, 1904, while mentioning to a friend the fact that the Fall of 1904 marked the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the GLOBE REVIEW, it was suggested that many of its subscribers might be glad to contribute some slight testimonial in appreciation of the work of its founder and present editor; and as this was talked over I finally went through the subscription book, and after marking off some hundreds of names of persons to whom for various reasons I did not wish to have any appeal made, I turned the books over to my friends and said they might do what seemed proper to do under the circumstances named. In consequence, a very modest note was sent to those who might be glad to avail themselves of the opportunity indicated.

If any persons received such note who, for any reason, thought that their names should not have been included, I sincerely ask their pardon for any momentary inconvenience of thought that might have been caused them. I sincerely hope that they may survive the shock. Those whose letters of kindness, accompanied by larger or smaller remittances, of appreciation of my work came to me as sunbeams out of a cloudy sky of toil and sickness, I can but return my sincerest and grateful thanks. I did not assume or presume that every person sending to the testimonial agreed with all of my utterances in the GLOBE REVIEW. In fact, I knew to the contrary, and all the more appreciated their generous kindness. The remittances so sent enabled me to meet certain pressing obligations, and if my health will permit, to continue the work which for many years has received its full share of praise and blame. I am writing this on Christmas Eve, 1904. I founded the GLOBE REVIEW in order to bring the teachings of the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount, as understood by me, to bear upon all the literary, political, financial, and social phenomena of this day and generation, and in the light of said teachings to call a spade a spade, whether used by kings, presidents, popes, and archbishops, or by any hack politician or labor reformer, and without dreaming of fear or favor from any man or organization of men under the sun. All that I can say is that I have been loyal through these fifteen years to the purpose I had upper-

most in founding this magazine. I sincerely regret any offence that I have given, but I have set nothing down in malice, or vindictiveness, and the severest things I have ever written of any man I would have said to the face of such a man had he presented himself to me at any time. I have been called a good hater, but I have never hated any human being. I have forgiven more insults than usually fall to the lot of any one, and I still believe and try to practice the doctrine that it is better to forgive than to avenge. I still try to pray for those that despitefully use and abuse me, trying in all things to shape my life to the teachings of the divine Master, Whose life and Whose words I believe with all my heart and soul to be the master words and the master teachings and the master forces of all the ages and the eternity. I have no apology to make for any teachings or words of mine. My only regret is that, having had so many cares and such poor health, especially these last eight or ten years, I have not always been able to express my thoughts with the clearness and power that at times God seems to have given me. And with these explanations, I bid my friends and by enemies a Christian and a happy New Year.

Many times during the past fifteen years it has time and again been a question with me whether I should have the financial or physical strength to issue the succeeding and expected number of the *GLOBE REVIEW*. Never has this anxiety been more perplexing than during the two or three months preceding the present issue, and similar experiences may occur again. Friends that I have trusted in have once and again failed me utterly, but I have determined at every hour that the *GLOBE REVIEW*, if it came out at all, should stand for the simple truth of Christ, and that no cardinal, archbishop, priest, parson, politician, or any simpler and more untaught figurehead should dare to interfere with the simple truth of God as it has been given me to utter it. And if the *GLOBE* still lives, it shall live on these lines, though all hell yawns to suppress it. I am not anxious about its life or my own life.

* * * * *

The last three months of the year 1904 were unusually prolific of events that called for intelligent and fearless review. I was well enough to read and see all the facts and to note the op-

portunities, but was not well enough to do the needed work. Roosevelt was elected by a total majority amounting to millions. The party organs placarded the fact by geographical charts, showing how the Democratic vote had been cut down to the old slave section south of Mason and Dixon's line, and in large figures crowed and crowed over the unprecedented victory. The toothpick organs, like the *New York Times*, the *New York Sun*, and the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, tried to apologize for the errors of their so-called "independent" utterances, and concluded practically that they had all been blind and kicking and senseless asses; proclaimed Theodore Roosevelt as the one representative, modern American man, upright, straightforward, clear headed, courageous, and true to all the leading questions and principles of government and of humanity; and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, in the Catholic Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul, confirmed the infamous falsehood.

Of course, the leading Catholic journals throughout the country repeated the archbishop's laudatory palaver in praise of Roosevelt. Whether as an act of pious devotion to the prelate or in loyalty to supposed Catholic faith, I know not; but it is a custom of the "faithful" to begin always with lauding the Church in all its papal words and works; to laud and defend any members of the hierarchy in any and all of his utterances, right or wrong; in fact, it seems to be an understanding among Catholics to worship and defend their local priest, first, next their local bishop, next their local archbishop, next and highest, the Pope and the Church, whatever the attitude toward any question, domestic, social, political, personal, philosophic, national or international, as the case may be. How does it work in the present instance?

Of all the public men in the United States, President Roosevelt, from the time he was Assistant Secretary of War under Long, during McKinley's first term, and all through McKinley's second term, while Theodore was Vice-President, and then acting President, Roosevelt was first and foremost in agitating in favor of the infamous war with Spain, playing the humanitarian demagogue, as if for the sake of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and since the war has been constantly persistent, whether violating all the known usages of war, as in the advancement of General Wood, as in his defence of all the tyranny of Taft, and

up to the latest hour, one of the most persistent in decrying Spanish rule in all the old Spanish provinces, now American so-called, and in persecuting and slaying the natives, no matter how intelligent, religious and patriotic they have been, and all this from the first day to the last goaded by Catholic hating Free Masonry, or by his own hatred of the Church, and yet, because he has in the last few months appointed two or three Catholics to secondary positions, and of course for political and selfish reasons, even Archbishop Ryan had to slop over, and on Christmas Day, as a part of the holiest and divinest service known to the world, had to glorify and profane the occasion, not by magnifying the quenchless glories of the love and victory of Jesus Christ, but by daubing with untempered mortar the grinning cracks in the character of Roosevelt, and proclaiming him as the typical Christian man of our generation.

Spain has for centuries been one of the foremost Catholic nations of the world; Spanish priests and bishops of heroic, human mould came to this continent when it was a wild and howling wilderness, and taught the very savages the glories of the Cross and the Christ; Spanish monks of various orders spent their lives in civilizing and Christianizing the Philippines, while the ancestors of the Roosevelts and the Ryans were Dutch traders or beggars nearly three hundred years ago. At all events the Spanish missionaries to the Philippines were civilized and devoted God-fearing Christians and Catholic men and scholars, and some of them martyrs, Catholic at all events, and Theodore by one subterfuge of casuistry or infamy and another has crushed out their work and set up the Dutch and Taft Puritan business instead. For what part of all this infernal infamy does the Archbishop now dare to praise him?

If, as has been asserted over and over again, to me personally, and in the public press, the Spanish friars in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines were an immoral, brutal, tyrannical, unjust and unchristian set of Catholic saints, or if the Archbishop of Philadelphia believes them to have been such, and that they deserved the brutal conduct of our government toward them, let the Archbishop come out openly and say so. Then may he find some reason or some thin excuse for his laudation of Theodore Roosevelt. But Catholic magazines of repute, edited by American Catholic gentlemen of repute, have held and taught the con-

trary, defending the bright and saintly character of the friars of the Philippines, and expatiating on the noble and beautiful civilizing work they did among the natives for nearly three hundred years; and if Archbishop Ryan is a true Catholic, believes in the work of such Catholic heroes and believes in the representations of said Catholic writers and publishers, then he has no more right to laud Roosevelt as a representative Christian than he has to laud the devil in hell.

By nature, birth and early training, I incline to the Roosevelt and Root type of men and service far more than I ever hope to incline toward the archbishops and friars of America, Ireland or Spain, but in later years I have learned the glories and consistency of Catholic truth, and from the inception of the American-Spanish war I have allowed my preferences for the Catholic religion to color my utterances touching that war; not that I have ever allowed adherence to any creed to warp my sense of truth or to blind my hatred of war as the sum of all so-called Christian villainy.

A thing or a man is not right or good or true because an archbishop says so, and Ryan had better begin again to study the first principles of right and wrong, and he had better make less pretention and pray more seriously and sincerely from his soul to Almighty God to aid and inspire him.

* * * * *

Here, from the *Literary Digest* of December 31, 1904, is a peep into another vexed question the GLOBE has noted from time to time:—

THE VATICAN AND QUIRINAL.

“For the first time since the origin of the long and sullen discord between the Vatican and Quirinal, Roman Catholics have openly borne a conspicuous part in an Italian national election with something resembling a display of approval by ecclesiastical authorities of the highest position. Now that all the votes have been counted and the Prime Minister, Signor Giolitti, is seen to have come off in triumphant style, the result is claimed in Italian clerical organs as a victory for the ‘forces of order,’ supported in many constituencies by church influence. ‘But,’ declares the *Paris Figaro*, ‘Pius X has taken no step and made no declaration regarding the maintenance or the withdrawal of the

prohibition formulated by Pious IX. and confirmed on various occasions by Leo XIII.' This refers to the 'non expedit,' as the prohibition referred to is officially designated. The French daily adds:

'The Pope simply let matters take their course, and Italian Catholics understood that they had the tacit acquiescence of the Pope. They went to the voting-booths and where there were no clerical candidates they voted for monarchists and for members of moderate parties. Signor Giolitti thus owes his success largely to Pius X. and the Vatican prelates who gave the word.

"At Rome the parish priests took a direct part in the election. Their campaign was particularly disastrous to the socialists. The same thing may be said of all parts of Italy. This first attempt is the prelude to full participation by Catholics in the parliamentary elections."

Our position on all this has been, is and will remain, first that Pius IX. in presenting a hard, proud, and unrelenting face toward the forces that tended to unite all Italy, and in not recognizing the de facto government of Italy, with its headquarters at Rome as its capital, and especially in attempting to dictate to all Italian Catholics as to their rights as citizens and to forbid them to act or take part in the government, acted, it is true, with the high conceit of authority so characteristic of a mediaeval Churchman, whether you find him in St. Petersburg, Philadelphia or Rome, but acted, nevertheless, with childish lack of common sense, without any sign of diplomacy; acted, in a word, like a spoiled, mistaught and pampered child, and no infallibility about it at all; second, I have all along attributed this action and the later action of Pious X. and his many-tongued secretary of state, to the cross-grained, contradictory and silly error of adherence to the dream of papal temporal power, and the vitiating effect of this radical error of Catholic teaching and philosophy upon the vital service of the entire Catholic hierarchy. Moreover it was just like the dogged and proud persistency of Pius IX. to agitate in favor of and finally to enact the troublesome and only half-defined and only half-true dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, which dogma has already caused more hypocrisy and more needless and utterly useless debate and discussion, and more suspicion of and charges of heresy than all the profound and beautiful and spiritual words that Jesus Christ ever uttered. Third, not only is

it perfectly clear to me that the error of the claim of temporal power is at the root of the Catholic opposition to the Italian government, but that it is at the root of nine-tenths of all the absurd pretensions and foibles of the Catholic hierarchy in all parts of the world. Pius IX. himself tried to surround the dogma of the temporal power with such a halo of sacred scare and sham that only the bravest and most spiritual of the faithful have dared to openly question its truthfulness, and only the utterly faithful to abstract truth and justice have dared, as I have dared, to refute and ridicule the notion. In fact, within the last six years a deep-laid scheme was started by certain pliable, obsequious and self-seeking prelates, some in Rome and some in the United States, to press the dogma of the temporal power as a moral dogma, binding upon all the faithful, to be believed under ban of excommunication, whereas the total promulgation is as contrary to the spirit and teaching of Christ as it is inimical to the true spirit of any properly constituted and inspired priest teaching and representing the simple and sincere religion of the divine founder of Christianity.

The garish and foolish article of the temporal power is at the heart of all the recent silly conduct of Pious X. toward the French Government. Secretary Merry del Val is a subtle, earnest and clever hater of the House of Savoy, a narrow offspring of the most recent vaticanism of the Catholic Church. Like various of the acts of the Council of Trent in relation to the Reformation, the Vatican Council was born of intense hatred of the upheavals of the nineteenth century, and all the hide-bound disciples of vaticanism are a conceited company of gentlemen, overcharged with the consciousness of temporal powerism, as applied to all their acts and conduct, as if it were possible to browbeat Christ into the heart of the human race by means of a pretentious and unreal authority. Teach Christ, live Christ, be ready at need to die for Christ, as thousands and tens of thousands of Christians of all creeds have been before you, and the world will respect and honor you. Accept your salary from a French president or king, and pretend to oppose his visits to an Italian Catholic king, and the world will laugh at and despise you. To perdition with such religion!

The sharp and repulsive features of much of this temporal powerism were held in abeyance during the pontificate of Leo

XIII., and the question of the infallibility of the utterances of the Pope was veiled. Leo XIII. was a supreme diplomat and an experienced gentleman; brave-minded for a modern Italian, and though he reaffirmed the vaticanism of Pius IX. regarding the temporal power, the attitude of the Church toward the Italian Government and the dogma of infallibility, his defence of all this was not as a dogmatist, nor as an imperial ruler, but as a Christian gentleman, as a diplomatist, and as a philosopher, and his final and greatest act was to establish a tribunal on the Scriptures, which placed him side by side with all advanced Biblical scholars; that is, he acted as a brother and as a friend of mankind, and not as a tyrant or butcher; not as an inexperienced, insular and many-tongued butcher, determined to jam even his duplicity into the heart of the world under the pretence of infallibility and authority, backed by the folly of papal temporal power.

Several good Catholic subscribers and friends have written me in mild and kindly rebuke of my assumed censoriousness of the Pope and the Catholic hierarchy, and I appreciate their kind utterances. But is it not rather their own sensitiveness about hearing any criticisms of their teachers and so-called rulers? For my friends' sake I would rather never again write any criticism of any pope or prelate whatever, but as long as my own mission in this world is to bear witness to God's truth in the light of my own intelligence, I cannot deny the light that is clear to me or deny my own duty to truth in any case. Pius X. is a good man unexpectedly exalted to the highest, the most difficult position in the world. For advisor he has a young man of scholastic learning, but of very limited cast of vision. The greatest questions that have ever vexed the mind of man are now vexing their minds, and their actions prove of how little use mere stilted dogmas are in the settlement of such questions. The world is not full of children, and there still are some able men.

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Here, from the *New York Sun*, as copied by the *New York Freeman's Journal*, is the latest piece of journalistic high and mighty tumbling clownism that has adorned the circus business of the twentieth century. We give it word for word, as the tom-fool journals printed it and repeated it:

"WHY NOT LET IRELAND GO?"

"The best thing that England could do to-day would be to set Ireland at liberty. There is nothing else that would so much conduce to English happiness, prosperity and security.

"Give Ireland, not Home Rule, but complete separation and liberty. Let her be a race, a people and a nation apart. Tie no string to her freedom, impose no restriction but the sea between, and let her go free as the air, like a bird from its prison.

"There is no way, and there never will be any way, of turning Irishmen into Welshmen or Scotchmen. They are impossible of absorption. To govern them is in vain. They might be all shot, or they might be all drowned, but they can never be domesticated while Ireland remains an island.

"Since England became civilized—about a century ago—all her attempts at governing instead of murdering Ireland have been the derision of attentive nations. Her injustice has been hard to bear, but her conciliation has been more intolerable yet. The more she placates, the more she bears gifts with both hands, the more exasperating and utterly without hope the situation becomes.

"There was once a man that did languish seventeen dreadful years in a darksome dungeon foul, when a bright thought struck him and he opened the window and got out! There is the very idea. Put away the futility of ages, open the window and let Ireland go.

"Captain Mahan, who is really an Irishman in a heavy disguise, says England cannot afford to set Ireland free, because of the fatal weakness that would then be hers when she went to war with one of the powers, by reason of having a hostile nation, however small, in her rear. We do not believe a word of it.

"Ireland, given her liberty without condition, agreement, treaty or stipulation, could never be an enemy in the rear. The Irish are not built that way. To make such a thing possible, Ireland would have to be removed to the furthest spot on the globe. Contiguity for an Irishman, other things being equal, is fatal to hostility. If Ireland were set free, as an act of spontaneous nobility, generosity and justice, and the Continent of Europe were to set upon England, the Irish would swim across the Channel, if they couldn't get boats, to be in the fight from the start.

“No matter what the row was about, the Irish would have to be in it; and nowhere else in the whole world would they fight so congenially, heartily and naturally as on the side of the Sassenach for the cause of Albion, Albion perfidious never more. Human nature is more potent than all the ties that statesmen can fashion or impose, and human nature is much the same all over the world, but nowhere else is it of a warmer quality than it is in Ireland.

“What would the whole world say if England were to proclaim today: ‘Next Christmas Day as ever is the soil of Ireland and all the people that inhabit Ireland shall be quit of Britain forever. On that gracious and hallowed day it shall be theirs, without let, hint or hindrance, to shape Fate to their own liking; and may a beneficent Deity smile upon the time!’

“It would take a year to withdraw all the paraphernalia, whitewash the Pigeon House, get the Castle fit for a gentleman to live in, prepare the Bank of Ireland for the Senate and the House, and otherwise get everything ready.

“What would the world say? The world would say that England had not done so good or so grand a thing since her people took her rulers by the neck and extorted from them the Great Charter. The world would say, too, and truly, that never at all had England done an act so wise.”

For the sake of deliberate honesty and seriousness, though, and notwithstanding the fact that the *Sun* has long been charged with Irish and Catholic tendencies, we suspect that the sole meaning of this editorial is a huge joke. Let us briefly go over some of its points and indicate its weakness and folly. I agree, however, with the first paragraph, and hold that, were it possible, the thing proclaimed would be the best thing that England could do. But, in all the past centuries Ireland never has been and never can be a people and a nation apart. For two thousand years, at least, Ireland and her people have intermingled with and never have been apart from, but part of, the British Isles. The migration has never all been one way, is not now and never will be. Many of the best and bravest men of Irish birth have become integral parts of the army, the navy, the law, and the literature of Britain. It is only, or very largely, the unreasonable Irish politician and beggar that is forever abusing England and the English. Above all it is the Irish politician, come to

America for begging purposes, that is awfully, awfully wild in his antipathy to England. The enthusiasm of the Irish as a whole for the Catholic religion often augments the Irish politician, and some of its prelates in this country will go to strange irrational lengths in their partiality for what is called the Irish cause. Let them, and let the prosperous Irish-American politicians quit their fat positions, raise an army, and cross the sea and free Ireland, if their hearts are really bent on it. But were Ireland free, cut adrift, free as a bird, how long would the dove of peace accompany the starling of Irish peace?

Where the fool writer of this editorial speaks of when England became civilized "about a century ago," he shows his ignorance of history or his purposed misrepresentation of it, but he admits rather frankly that England's kindnesses to the subject people are utterly unappreciated. Let him compare the history of Ireland previous to the English possession with the history of Ireland since Cromwell's time. Ireland has been better and more peacefully governed these last three hundred years than ever before. As Irishmen at home show any capacity for government and peace, positions are open to them; but as long as they show especial aptitude for deception, trickery and treachery, they will probably find the traitor's grave, and whether on land or on sea, that has never been the most enviable sort of resting place for any man.

No matter how England might act in any conceivable method of cutting Ireland adrift and ignoring her existence, Ireland would not be ignored, and she could not organize and fight her own way out were all the Irish wealth in the United States to go over to help her. It would only be a new attempt to bridge the air with the brogue of barbarism. Irishmen are not unlike other men in this, that they want the universe for their portion, and untrammelled freedom as their own. But to aim for this is to fight in some dire way and perhaps to die, as many Irish ecclesiastics known to us little dream of. Let them try.

* * * * *

And even Philadelphia has got a wiggle on. What is worse, it is an ecclesiastical wiggle, with ramifications and male and female wiggings extending into the prominent and pious circles of several States of the Union; hence we notice it, supposing that

the circle of GLOBE readers may have heard or felt its interstate wigglements in one shape or another. The warlike spirit of the twentieth century calls it all a fight, of course, and here from a copy of the Philadelphia *Press* of last December, is a characteristic statement of the case:

The Talbot-Irvine controversy had its inception in 1899 in Huntingdon, when Mrs. Emma D. Elliott, the most generous contributor to St. John's Church, quarreled with Dr. Irvine over a \$30 contribution she said had been diverted from its purpose. Knowing that the woman had been divorced on grounds not recognized by the Church, Dr. Irvine sought to have her excommunicated, asking Bishop Talbot's opinion without mentioning Mrs. Elliott's name. The bishop decided that the woman should be excommunicated. Following is a synopsis of the developments from that time on:—

February 8, 1899—Dr. Irvine refused to administer communion to Mrs. Elliott.

February 9—Mrs. Elliott wrote to Bishop Talbot explaining the situation, and making charges against Irvine.

February 10—Bishop Talbot wrote to Irvine, saying a mistake had been made in Mrs. Elliott's case, as she was the innocent party in a divorce, and asking the rector to make up his quarrel with the woman.

February 11—Irvine refused to restore Mrs. Elliott as a communicant, and Bishop Talbot ordered him to resign.

February 12, or thereabouts—Dr. Irvine resigned. A week or two later the vestry elected him to the rectorship again, angering the bishop.

March 7, or thereabouts—Irvine was arrested, accused of forgery, Mrs. Elliott being the accuser.

March 17—At the hearing in the forgery case the famous letter written by Bishop Talbot to Mrs. Elliott, in which the bishop suggested that if the woman could convict Irvine in a court of record he (the bishop) would "unfrock the slimy fellow."

May 2—The forgery indictment against Irvine was quashed for lack of evidence.

May 9—Irvine was cited by the bishop to appear in Wilkes-Barre before the Church Standing Committee to show cause why he should not resign.

May 17—Court enjoined the bishop in this proceeding.

May 23—While Irvine was away the committee went to Huntingdon and heard testimony, most of it against Irvine, who says his friends were not welcome witnesses.

May 29—Bishop Talbot appointed a committee to investigate rumors said to have been set afloat about Irvine by the bishop himself and Mrs. Elliott.

September 14—The committee reported a presentment against Dr. Irvine, serious charges being made, but the presentment was defective, it is alleged by Irvine's friends.

September 27—The bishop signed the presentment.

January 25, 1900—An ecclesiastical court assembled, and Dr. Irvine refused to plead.

February 20—The court reassembled and overruled Dr. Irvine's demurrer to the presentment. Bishop Talbot had been summoned to this session, but ignored the summons.

March 27—The bishop again violated the canons by refusing to appear to give testimony regarding his letter to Mrs. Elliott.

April 7—The court reached a verdict, recommending that Irvine be deposed from the ministry.

April 25—Bishop Talbot unfrocked Dr. Irvine.

September 28, 1901—Dr. Irvine sent an appeal to the House of Bishops, in general convention in San Francisco, demanding reinstatement. A committee acting on his petition suggested that Irvine proceed in the church tribunals against the bishop, hoping thus to furnish a solution of the problem.

This Dr. Irvine did, and presenters made charges early in 1902 before a court of inquiry at Harrisburg. This court ignored the charges.

December 12-17, 1902—The suit of Dr. Irvine against Bishop Talbot, Mrs. Elliott and her husband, for \$25,000 damages for alleged conspiracy was tried at Huntingdon, and the judge instructed the jury to give a verdict for the defendants. The State Supreme Court dismissed an appeal.

December 24—The action taken in preparing a new presentment against Bishop Talbot was announced.

Throughout all this controversy, as far as I am able to judge of newspaper reports and private conversations, the Rev. Dr. Irvine suffers the disadvantage of seeming to be the under dog. An unfrocked or a deposed clergyman cuts a sorry figure in the eyes of the world, and himself is such an unfortunate person as

to command my sympathy at the start. As for a bishop, who is simply a priest or clergyman with a parish more or less extended, to unfrock or depose a clergyman is to my mind an act so vital, so deep, and so far reaching, alike in its effects on bishop and priest and the community at large, that a bishop had better hang himself than depose a clergyman, unless he is clear as heaven as to the clergyman's actual and serious crime, and as to his own absolute duty in the specific case.

I use the terms clergyman and priest here as synonymous, because they are so used in the common parlance of the day, not that I believe them so, but still further because in the note I have to make of the Talbot-Irvine case, will apply equally to certain well-known Roman Catholic instances of a similar character.

One of the charges laid at the door of Dr. Irvine, and one that sticks most closely in the popular mind is the charge of perjury noted. On this charge, as noted, the indictment was quashed for lack of evidence, and on that charge, therefore, Dr. Irvine stands forever free. The other knotty snarl in the case is that long ago when on occasion Dr. Irvine asked Bishop Talbot's advice or direction how to act in the case of a divorced woman, the bishop decided that said woman should be excommunicated, but when said bishop found that the woman in the case was one Mrs. Elliott, so-called, a woman who had worn purple in honor of his own visits to her house, the Bishop—God save the mark and pity the foolish soul, wrote to Irvine, saying a mistake had been made, etc., etc., and in due time charges were made against Irvine by the same so-called Mrs. Elliott, and in due time Irvine was unfrocked and deposed.

A very, very sorry case indeed, the latest thing out about it at this writing being that Mrs. Bishop Talbot—again God pity them both—is making a statement charging that sensations are coming; that Irvine is getting up presentments against Talbot and Talbot is seeing his lawyer to have the lawyer prove that the presentments are not genuine or regular, that there have been other forgeries, etc., etc., all easy for a lawyer to do, and in Pennsylvania, where the howling heroes of political warfare give nearly a half million majority toward making the cowboy hero of many political battles President of the United States, there is no telling what a Sunday-school picnic may be made out of this scandal in the long run.

Talbot himself may be deposed, get a divorce, become a convert and start on a Catholic mission to the lepers of Molokoi, and end as a saint, while Irvine—God pity him!—may become the first journalistic martyr under Pennsylvania's proposed new gag law for newspaper men. Many queer things occur in Pennsylvania. Nearly fifty years ago one James Buchanan, a so-called Democrat, was elected President of the United States, and while president did not know whether the Constitution gave him any right or power to put down by force the most gigantic rebellion of modern times, and when the lawyers and politicians of those days were debating over the problem, one "Abe Lincoln," a rail splitter, did the job and became immortal.

If we were a picture paper, it would be interesting to print the pictures of the ladies and clergymen involved in the Talbot-Irvine "warfare," with a running commentary on the physiognomy of the saints and angels involved, the primness, slyness, or trickery playing their little game beneath the bangs of the females and the pious robes of the clergymen. But we cannot do so now.

The case forcibly reminds us of certain famous, if not infamous, cases that have occurred in the American Roman Catholic Church during recent years and some of which made noise and mischief enough at the time.

The case of Bishop McQuaid and Father Lambert in Rochester, New York: But the somewhat tyrannical Bishop and the learned and able priest, the most able and the most famous Roman Catholic writer now in this country, are both still living to tell the story. The Bishop deposed the priest, who thereupon appealed his case to Rome, and the Bishop had to eat humble pie, had to reinstate the priest, and henceforth "rule his diocese" something more like a Christian teacher ought to conduct himself in all his affairs.

The case of Archbishop Corrigan and Father McGlyn of New York City, in which with needless tyranny and no lack of cruelty the Bishop deposed the Priest, and after prolonged and unutterable misery on both sides, and after the Priest had appealed to Rome, the Bishop again had to eat humble pie and reinstate the priest. Both the parties are now dead, and how the good God has disposed of their souls, you nor I nor nobody knows or cares. Still later in St. Louis, Missouri, in which case

the late Bishop showing no less tyranny and no more real Christianity proved himself quite willing to depose an able priest, but said priest was too much for him, and appealed his case to Rome before the fell deed was done, got an indefinite leave of absence, and while the slow and heavy and expensive Roman prelates were sitting on the case the Bishop died, but the priest, reinstated by the act of providence, still lives to point the moral for other bishops who may be tyrannously inclined. Still another case, recently explained in the *GLOBE REVIEW*, fought itself out in Lincoln, Nebraska, and their fellow cases—more or less severe are fighting themselves out all the time, and to talk of such actions in the Episcopal or Catholic Church as Christian teaching is simply absurd. Any half taught Irish or American Bishop can play the petty tyrant and write himself down a holy piece of humbuggery, but to rule one's own soul in justice and charity, or to rule a diocese or one's fellow man, priest or layman, is another story. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia assures the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* that said editor was "all wrong" in his review of the career of Archbishop Corrigan, who was a "holy man," et cetera. If Ryan had studied human character half as seriously as he has studied rhetoric, he would know better. If the editor of the *GLOBE* chose to tell one-tenth of the facts at his disposal, he might let enough daylight in through the Archbishop's eloquence to convince the *Churchman* that he and not the editor of the *GLOBE REVIEW* is the person who is moderately wrong. And in view of such an array of infallibility surely some prelates had better pursue their own sphere of ecclesiastical rhetoric and ruling and leave the intelligence of this age to seek the truth and express it and try to learn therefrom.

As for the Archbishop's eloquent tribute to President Roosevelt, if he had been a close student of the events of the past seven years, or were he an enlightened student of character or physiognomy, not to speak of consistency in his own high and holy calling, he would never have so uttered himself in such a place and at such a time, in fact, never, at any time; but officialism will praise and laud officialism as best it can. A man who occupies what is called a large position, socially or politically, naturally looks to men occupying corresponding positions as having gifts and abilities corresponding to their positions. Nothing could be farther from the truth. There are at least fifty men

among the priests of the archdiocese of Philadelphia abler and more consistently pious than Archbishop Ryan, and, taking in all the great leading commercial concerns in the United States, excepting the Roosevelt Cabinet, there are more than one hundred thousand Americans more capable of being President of the United States than Theodore Roosevelt is at this very hour.

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Archbishop Ryan's palaverous eulogy of our very ordinary President may serve as an introduction to our final GLOBE Note in this issue. We have already spoken of the Archbishop's lack of ability to act as judge in Roosevelt's case. In previous issues of the GLOBE we have given some pretty careful studies of the subject, studies that abler men than Roosevelt or Ryan have noted and praised. In this instance we have only to request our readers to refer to those notes, and to add that by all the facts of our political history and by all the facts of scientific physiognomy those characterizations are true. Roosevelt was well born and well educated. In entering public life he had exalted ideas of personal, social and political life, and especially of the people's duty. His father before him was one of the noblest and gentlest specimens of Christian charity I have ever known, not so exacting regarding other people's duty as regarding his own, not so prying a detective as our President, but far more earnest in doing missionary work among the poor and outcast of New York City; not so eager to cage the saloon keeper and disgrace him and the gambler as to lend a helping hand to help and save the victims of evil in all lines. Theodore's record is known. This record proves the lines of discrimination I have made. He was born in a less serious age, educated among a set of young men who all considered it smart to be rather wild, loud, and cowboyish, and Theodore always a leader in loudness and mischief as well as in reform of his kind; the kind noted, has had to crack from the start the most contradictory nut that we have described. Two or three years ago, possessed righteously with a sense of the enormous robbery and wrongs of the American tariff and the American trusts, he started on a tour of the continent to expose and check or catch the robbers. The late Senator Hanna, a man of more sense in a day than Roosevelt has ever had in a year, somehow got word to Theodore that he was hunting trouble and it might be well to

come home at once, Theodore's lame leg gave him trouble and he came home.

For the past two years at least the snarl in Theodore's character has been giving him a heap of trouble. The genuine ambition to reform things was strong within him and the record and the needs of the Republican party were strong above and around him. He wanted to do justice and to be a reformer. But justice and reform are made of sterner stuff than the Ryans or the Theodores. He also wanted very much to be President on his own account. Hanna and Quay, both of them and their party cronies, said to Theodore, "Shut your mouth on reform and the trusts, Mr. President, and don't make too much noise about postal frauds, Indian frauds, in fact about any frauds. All life is mostly a fraud, even your own. Keep a little, in fact a good deal quiet. Outrage the so-called honor of the nation in the Colombia and Panama deal if you will; that is in our line, only a little smarter, and puts you in our class. Now never mind the noise about broken national honor; never mind the absurdity of parading as the follower of Lincoln and the enemy of secession while all the time inveigling Panama and encouraging her to do the very same work that Lincoln and a million better and nobler men than you died to conquer. Lincoln was not a saint. The people do not reason, are in fact largely fools. Go ahead, push Wood ahead and push Root ahead and bring on Taft if you will and make the whole national tyranny a coterie of young, loud and unserious men. You are in all this a good Republican, in our class, and we will stand by you. Usurp in the acts of the executive the powers and rights of the judiciary and the legislative bodies of Congress and the Supreme Court. We are all usurpers and fool intriguers of a sort. Never mind all that, the people will get over their shock. The newspapers will help them. Never mind. Stand pat with us and we will stand pat with you, make you President, and Pat shall praise you."

Now perhaps his Grace the Archbishop of Philadelphia, with his usual essence of wisdom and with his usual on the fence suavity and rhetoric, may see in all this the consistency and courage of an upright and able man.

I do not claim or hold that Washington or Lincoln, "the father and saviour" of his country, were saints. The orthodoxy of both was of a questionable character, but I hold and claim

that either Washington or Lincoln would have chosen to be burnt at the stake as martyrs in the cause of Truth and Justice, Righteousness and Liberty and adherence to the primal principles of the American Republic before either one of them would have had his name fouled with such a record as the past three years have forced upon President Roosevelt, and that he has accepted, and that the nation has confirmed.

The President may now go on tours of eloquence. Truth and liberty alone have ever fired the tongues of orators, and as I have loved and tried to honor this man, for his father's sake as well as for his own, I would now rather that he would still keep quiet. There is enough work for him without speech making. It is a mockery for him to exult in such a victory. If the American millions voted for him out of human enthusiasm, God have mercy upon their stupid and blinded souls.

It is now January 5, 1905. This morning's *Philadelphia Press* publishes a handsome portrait of Attorney-General Moody, alert and wide awake, hardly yet in full middle life, arraigning the Beef Trust. I am not after the law in the case, though I believe that the total meddling of the government with trusts and corporations is as foolish as it is unlawful, the government itself thus putting a powerful restraint on trade and going out of its own line of business. I am interested here in the personnel of the Moody member of the Cabinet. His face and his pose and expression are all of the Roosevelt age and pattern. Root is the same. Taft is the same, with a little more reserve. Cortelyou is aping the same eye and expression, all showing that the nation is in the hands of youngsters, and though I was never an admirer of the ways of Hanna and Quay, I grieved when the two strong old men died. And though I have never been an admirer of Platt and Depew, Mr. Odell and Mr. Black are again of the Roosevelt and Moody type and generation, and nothing of late in politics has pleased me more than the recent so-called victory in New York of Platt over Odell and the easy return of Senator Depew to his old position.

I know that the old must give place to the young and to the new, but there are not many of us left. Quay and Hanna and Platt and Depew are the most prominent of the older generation living in politics. Old man Cannon does not count. He never was good for anything but to make money. We are of the gen-

eration that fought the civil war. We are few, I say, but I can pick out and count still alive at least five hundred men about or above the age of sixty any one of the five hundred of whom could give lessons in sterling manhood, with or without gloves, in scientific intelligence in all lines, in political sagacity, in statesmanship, in diplomacy, in art, in literature, in actual work of any kind, and in true religion and principle and truth and honor, as well as in deportment and true dignity of bearing and in all the essentials of the character of a gentleman, any one of the five hundred of whom could not only give lessons to the upstart, boisterous Roosevelt brood, but could single handed, man to man, outthink, outfight, outgeneral and outgovern them. You may think of this only as the envy of an old man, but nevertheless, gentlemen, of an old man who has won the crown for which he started in the race forty-four years ago.

Recent newspapers are discussing the question whether or not Congress may or may not be a mere side show, and hinting that the much abused so-called executive usurpation has come to stay. Late in December, the able and experienced editor of the *Philadelphia Press* published a very significant editorial on "the supremacy of the executive." Now while Professor Young of the University of Pennsylvania and Charles Emery Smith, being blazing high tariff Pennsylvania Republicans, and as such are lamentably astray in my estimation, they are both right on the question of the supremacy of the executive. I have hinted more than once that I had no opposition to Roosevelt for asserting the supremacy of the executive. Every ruler, every king or president that has ever lived has either attempted or accomplished this. It is the essential and fundamental law of all rule. "But in this land the people rule." Such folly is well enough for children. Washington ruled. Lincoln ruled. Roosevelt may now rule. I hope he will. It is the principle on which and the end for which kings and presidents rule that alone concerns me. But this too will fight itself out here as elsewhere as we shall see.

Late in December the *New York Herald* published a very bright dispatch giving an account of a short passage at arms in the Roosevelt Cabinet where and when Cabinet member Hitchcock, in urging the claims of a friend of his for an appointment, declared to the President that said friend was too good and too honest to hope for election to office, a queer slip revealing the

whole story of American politics. Roosevelt himself, too good and honest by nature to take offence, spoke of his recent overwhelming majority, simply laughed at Hitchcock's outbreak of candor, but when the other boys grew indignant over the remark and Hitchcock wanted to explain, his almighty, attenuated, stultified, starched, official nonentity, Secretary Hay, arose to the dignity of the occasion and demanded that Hitchcock should not be allowed to explain except as a "private person," not in the presence of the offended dignity of the Cabinet. But Hay, though oldish, does not count. When three years ago I congratulated the nation on the fact of having a new and younger and abler man for president, and suggested that he would doubtless gather abler and smarter men around him, I took it for granted that Hay would be one of the first to fall. But Hanna still lived and Hay had married into the family of wealth, and the starched and foolish stripling still holds on.

The editor of the GLOBE and his readers may or may not meet again. We cannot tell. But I am moved to close this issue with a little outlook into the future. But as this December GLOBE is very late, the March GLOBE will not be out till April certainly—the past is gone. The future is at hand. We can hardly halt to notice the dead. The Catholic Church seems to have trouble with her converts. My old friend, Dr. Da Costa was no sooner well into the priesthood than he started for heaven. May he reach his deserved reward and rest in peace. Archbishop Elder was a little too severe and absolute touching the parochial school problem toward the last, but the good Lord called him away to his well earned rest. Not that he was a convert. We are naming men and items that come in the natural range of memory. The Catholic universities are having their troubles. We have already noted the financial troubles of the Catholic University at Washington, and the long array of priests who, while forgetting weightier claims, had invested money with the long successful treasurer of the University and lost it in the main—is all very suggestive. His eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, has shown himself a hero in wreck, just such as would be expected of his unpretending and saintly life. The Augustinian University at Villa Nova, Pennsylvania, has also been in affliction, suffering from a swelled head professor who has been airing his honors and woes in the Philadelphia newspapers. John M. Reiner, sometimes called

Dr., was so afflicted with big head or big manners, that some of the simple minded, seeing the poor professor living like a prince, driving or rather getting himself driven by a darkey from his mansion to his class room, and showing a good deal of arrogant pride and conceit, by placing a portrait of himself with an awful protruding, hooked nose, I say, some of the honest students, feeling the weight of these protruding features and manners, deliberately trespassed upon the sanctity of Reiner's room and despoiled the gorgeous picture, whereupon Reiner, it seems, appealed to the newspapers, magnified the "honor" the college had thrust upon him before he assumed his great proportions that is, the College had sent him on errands that the priests did not want to do themselves, which seemed to the little man like honors, and the newspapers printed the trash. I read it while ill at Atlantic City and know no more than I then read in the newspapers; but I know Reiner, rather well, I thank you, and I know Villa Nova College. I know the man whose herculean and heroic toil collected the money and built the splendid edifice and was afterwards sot upon by some foreign, bumptious nobody who had more authority than sense or religion, as is too often the case among Catholic ecclesiastics. And so, when I saw that Reiner too had been sot upon and had his portrait damaged by students, I wept for the small man and the hero and concluded that in some way Providence was bringing things around to some sensible settlement. But let us to the future.

No matter how Archbishop Ryan may parade President Roosevelt as a sterling hero of action, and no matter how Maurice Egan in Men and Women for reasons may sound the glories of the President as a man of letters; better call it hack writing at once, Maurice; Roosevelt has never written a line that had or has genius or power in it, and you know it, having once had a touch of the divine flame yourself. And no matter how Mr. Sidney Lee in the Nineteenth Century and After may parade Roosevelt's greatness and his opportunities, I tell you that a man never rises higher than his own soul. Roosevelt has had the greatest opportunity of any living man of these two centuries, and he sold it for the mess of pottage known as an immense Republican majority. He can never regain that opportunity.

To the future we point.

The commanding intelligence of this age and nation is not

in politics but in commerce. I have said that there are a hundred thousand men in the United States any one of whom would make a better president than Roosevelt has made or can make. That is a general remark I would agree to pick from any one of the great railroad combinations of the country, from any one of the great manufacturing corporations of the country, from any one of the great financial combinations of the country; yes, from any one of the great wholesale or retail commercial firms of the country one dozen men who would take the entire legislative, judicial and executive departments of the United States and run the whole government, with a few clever assistants, in peace and prosperity, better than Roosevelt and Company in all the departments have ever done or will ever do it. And yet, gentlemen, these great concerns and the men that now manage them are the very people and interests that the government presumes to worry, harass and retard; and you call all this the evidence of Republican institutions. The whole thing would have gone to wreck long ago if a few strong men of commerce had not ruled the land. Again I point to the future. I could give the names of certain of the commanders I have hinted at, but let that pass. We only deal in public with the names of public men.

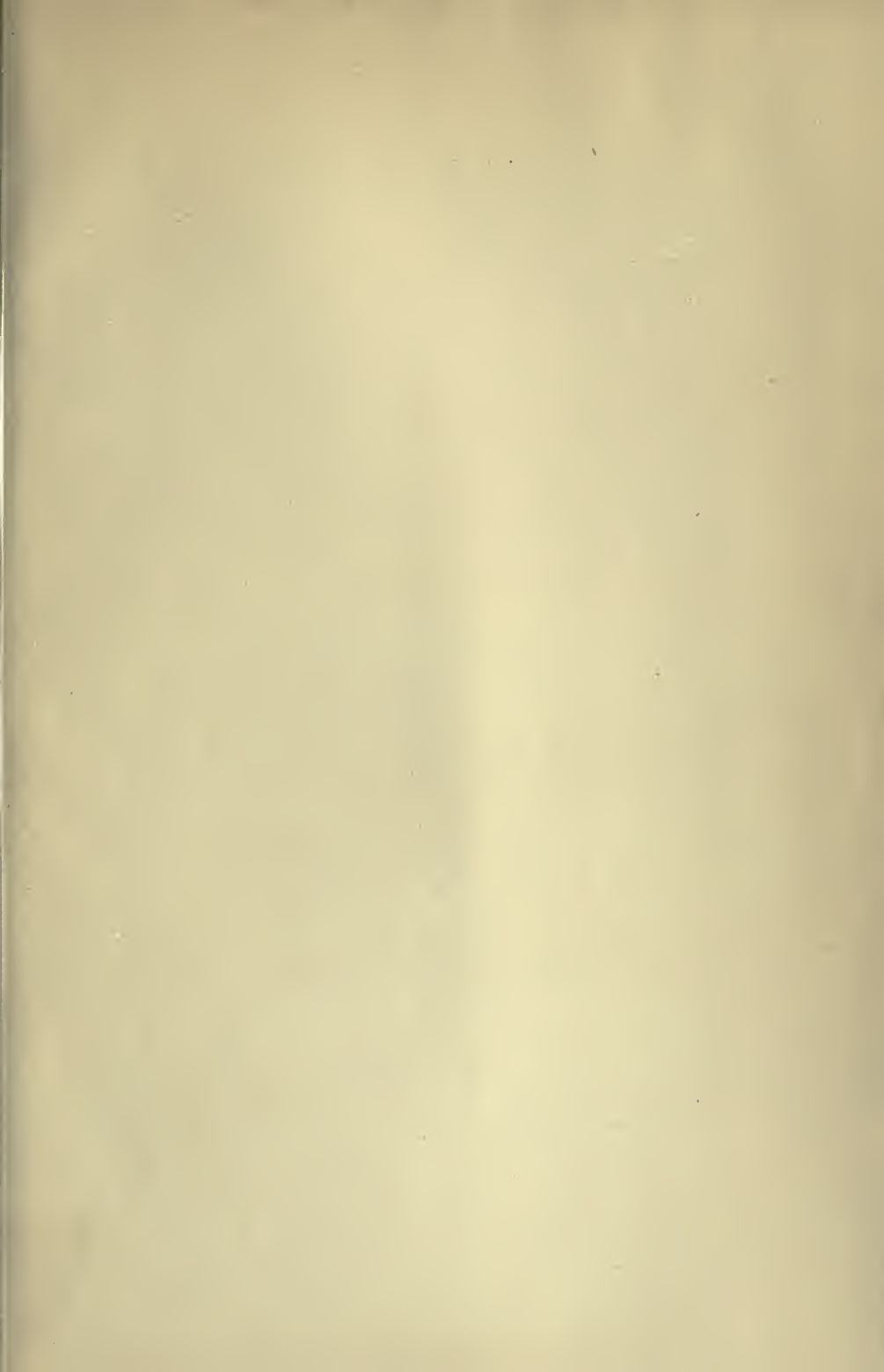
The politicians of middle age, that is, of the Roosevelt gang, are nearly everywhere in positions of trust. There are a few exceptions. For that reason alone I pointed to Platt and Depew among the few exceptions, but unless wisdom comes to Roosevelt through some other source than the hack newspaper men and fence riding ecclesiastics, his growth and his youth and his conceit will swamp him yet. There are a few strong men and able men now in politics. For the sake of brevity we will name them with hardly a word of comment, and so farewell for awhile. President Roosevelt has already named Elihu Root as, in his estimation, the ablest man in the country. I do not agree with him in this. In fact I know to the contrary, but Roosevelt is no better as a judge of men than as a writer. We are now speaking of the few able men in politics of the newer generation, never forgetting the older men and the commercial men that are infinitely their superior. In the last GLOBE REVIEW I spoke of Root as the ablest and likeliest man for Roosevelt's successor; and in all the essentials of shrewdness, smartness, greatness of intellect, he is far Roosevelt's superior. He has not more but

less moral insight, strength and moral courage and comprehensive grasp of things than Roosevelt, and our estimation of Theodore is well known. And he is Roosevelt's closest friend, and Theodore has pledged himself not to be a candidate for the presidency again, hence with all things in view and considering the state he hails from, I consider Root's chance four years hence as the best to be thought of; and he is and will be four years hence a singularly able man. But a new man has entered politics. I do not pretend to agree with him. I approve of his entry and consider him a vast gain to the statesmanship of this generation. Senator Quay was a very shrewd and capable man. Every wide awake man admits so much; but nobody could depend upon him. There was admittedly no basis of conduct but mammon. In the speeches of the new Senator Knox, from Pennsylvania, I notice a very different type of mind. I believe and repose in the fact that there was very little popular suffrage in his election, but of that I am not speaking. I do not agree with his proclivities regarding the tariff and some other matters. In some things a man is educated by and is bound to his state and his surroundings. But the way a man treats himself and his subject is his own, and in Senator Knox's treatment of his subjects, whether it be Roosevelt or the Senate, or his own career, I see the unquestionable capacity of statesmanship; the first statesman in sight for many years and simply and solely for this ability alone I would make him President of the United States four years from now; and of all the Republicans known to my intelligence, I cannot name another man, Knox of Pennsylvania or Root of New York, and of the two, spite of his faulty theory, I prefer the man from Pennsylvania. It is forty-five years since the Keystone State had a man in the White House, and he was an old woman, worse than all, an old maid.

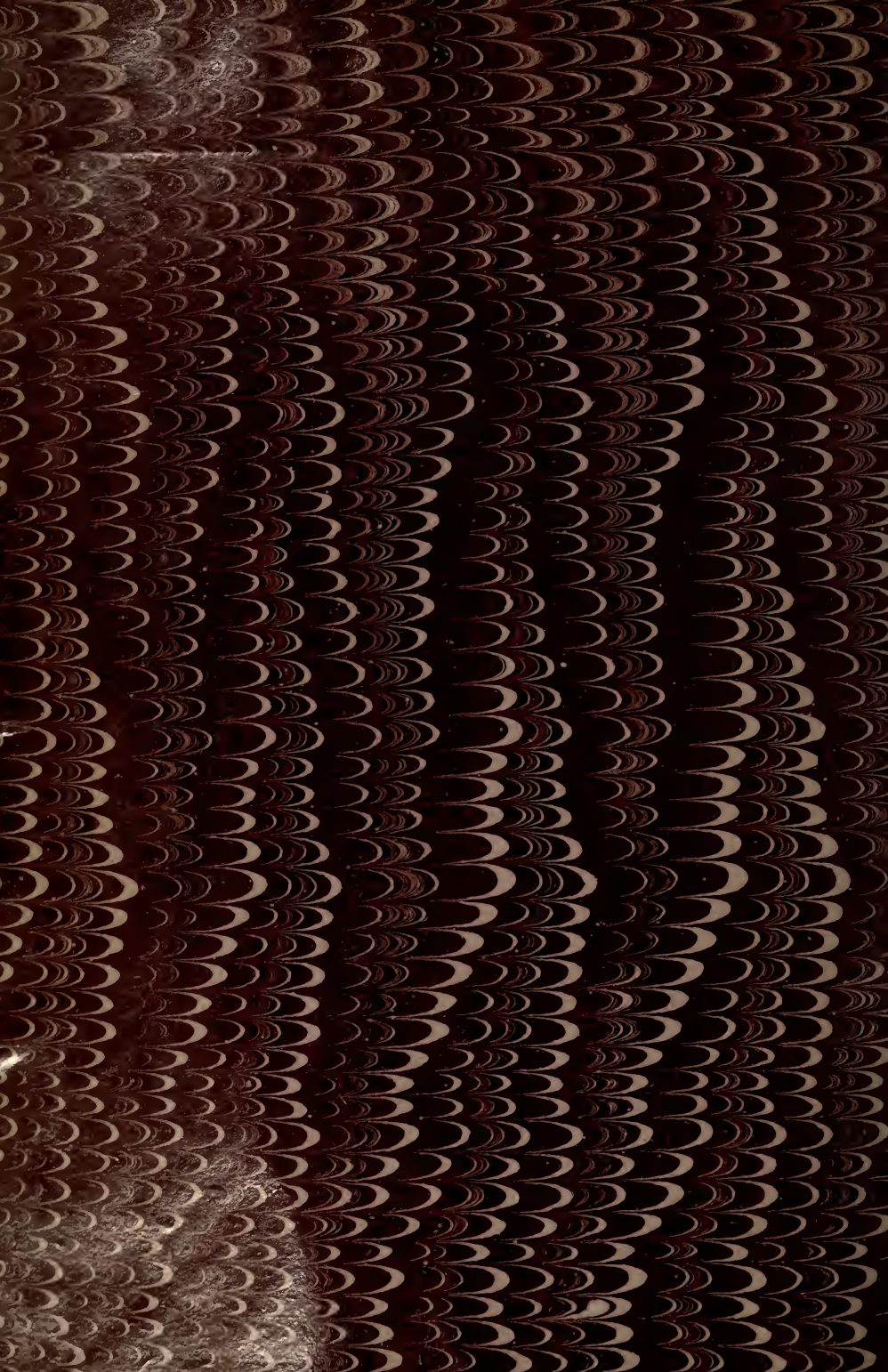
We all know what modern Republicanism has become and what it stands for, and as regards all its constitutional and executive sympathies I am and always have been a Republican. I should like to vote and work for Senator Knox's nomination and election to the presidency. A few words more and we must quit. If this country should grow tired of this executive imperialism during the next few years and should just ache to return to constitutionalism and Thomas Jefferson Democracy and live in peace, spite of the gold lenders, it cannot do better than

renominate and elect this time by an overwhelming majority William J. Bryan of Nebraska. Cleveland and Hill and the big rooster tom-fools of the party are dead. Let them never be heard from again. The inner facts of the first Bryan campaign are now leaking out. Men know what Hanna did when he tried to save the country from Bryan. Republican as I am I would to God the country had not been so saved. But the fight of the future is between Knox and Root and Bryan. There are thousands of small men for clerkships in either party, and with this we send our best thanks to our friends and wish them all the truth of soul that they can stand.

WILLIAM HENRY THORNE.







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