

THE
Anglo-American Magazine

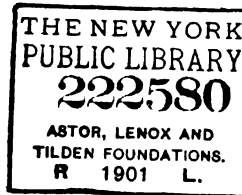
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JULY-DECEMBER, 1900

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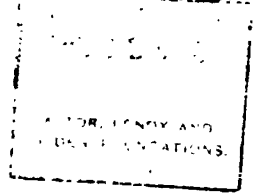
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THE
ANGLO-AMERICAN
MAGAZINE.

July, 1900.

HAD BRITAIN THE RIGHT TO INTERFERE
IN THE INTERNAL AFFAIRS OF
THE TRANSVAAL?

By JOHN STUART BUCHAN, Q. C.

All Europe is united in condemning the attack made by the English Government upon the independence of the South African Republic, in violation of the clearest treaty rights solemnly guaranteed in London in 1884.—*Karl Blind, North American Review, Dec., 1899, p. 760.*

Under the Convention of 1884, which fixed the relations of Britain and the South African Republic, the latter had the most complete control of its internal affairs, and Britain possessed no more general right of interfering with those affairs than with the affairs of Belgium or Portugal.—*Rt. Hon. James Bryce, M. P., North American Review, Dec., 1899, p. 757.*

THESSE extracts may be taken as fairly illustrating the assertions made, and the general line of argument adopted, by the opponents of Britain as to the course which she has followed in connection with the South African question. Coming as they do from sources regarded as being more or less authoritative on public questions, they

have without doubt had a strong influence in creating a tendency to accept such statements, both as correct in fact and sound in conclusion, without either verifying the fact or questioning the conclusion.

In some cases, however, the reason why these statements have been so accepted may be owing to the fact that but few have access to the text of the conventions between Britain and the Transvaal and are consequently obliged to take their impressions of the conventions and their conditions from secondary sources, which are usually more or less colored by the personal feelings of the individual by whom the assertions are made. This frequently results in most mistaken opinions as to the merits of the dispute.

The issues involved in the present war are not limited in their interest or effect to the two peoples immediately concerned. It is no mere dispute over a few gold mines or a struggle for territory. It is the old battle between liberty and privilege, which sooner or later must be fought wherever the common rights which belong to all men equally are ignored or taken away; and this fact alone is sufficient to account for the hostility of continental nations, whose whole policy is diametrically opposed to the spread of such principles. That time will vindicate Britain's course in the matter, when the passion and feeling which now obscure the vision and warp the judgment shall have passed away, is certain; and in many whose sympathies are now with the Boers, a clear and correct understanding of the facts as they are, not as they are represented to be by Boer sympathizers, would at once bring about a complete change of sentiment.

In this discussion we shall deal with the question only as it is affected by the Convention of 1884, not because it is settled that the Convention of 1881 was superseded by that of 1884, but because the position taken by pro-Boer writers generally has been that the Convention of 1881 was revoked by that of 1884. We shall thus give them the full benefit of the contention, and meet them on ground of their own choosing.

Before dealing with the articles of the convention it will be of advantage and assist in our understanding of the case to notice the question of Britain's "suzerainty," which, President Krüger and his supporters have vigorously contended, disappeared when the Convention of 1884 was signed, because the term is not specifically mentioned in that instrument.

The exact meaning and force of the word "suzerainty," as used in the Convention of 1881, have been much discussed and debated, and many, even among those who have strongly defended Britain's course, have practically taken the view that the "suzerainty" was abandoned.

One point, which seems to have been overlooked by those who have discussed the scope and meaning of the term, is that in the negotiations which preceded the Convention of 1881 an interpretation was given to the word "suzerainty" which shows the extent of the meaning given it by Britain; and after the full and exhaustive discussion of the terms and conditions of the proposed convention with the Boer Commissioners, Messrs. Krüger, Pretorius and Joubert, it is not to be supposed that men of the ability and shrewdness which they have been shown to possess did not understand the full scope and meaning of the term as used in that convention.

In a dispatch dated March 31st, 1881, from the Earl of Kimberley to Sir Hercules Robinson, containing instructions to the latter respecting the convention to be signed at Pretoria, which instructions were afterward embodied in the various articles of the convention, the following words are used: "The term 'suzerainty' has been chosen as most conveniently describing superiority over a State possessing independent rights of government, subject to reservations with reference to certain specified matters."

Mr. Bryce, in the article referred to, makes this statement: "The suzerainty * * * related solely to the power of making treaties, and did not touch any domestic matter." Like many others who have discussed the subject, he must surely be unaware of the meaning given to the

"suzerainty" by those who framed the Convention of 1881, and whose statements, made at the time, as to the meaning to be given the term, should be conclusive.

In the instructions already referred to, the Earl of Kimberley, after referring to the term "suzerainty" as used to describe the superiority of Britain over the Transvaal, arising out of the reservations in the convention as to "certain specified matters," goes on to say: "The most material of these reserved rights is the control of the external relations of the future Transvaal State," and so forth.

After next referring to relations with native tribes beyond the border, and the powers of the Resident respecting them, he proceeds to deal with the provisions for the protection of natives dwelling *within the Transvaal*. His language on this point is most important. Referring to the suggestion that certain parts inhabited almost exclusively by natives should be retained as British territory, he says:

It should be remembered, however, that the severance of the districts principally inhabited by natives would have the effect of lessening the necessity for interference for the protection of the natives within the territories of the Transvaal State, and such a measure might therefore recommend itself to the Boers, as diminishing the occasion for action on the part of the British Government *with regard to their internal affairs*.

Besides this, the instructions, still referring to these "reserved rights," provide that the conditions of the Sand River Convention respecting slavery should be applied, and he suggests "that the suzerain power should have a veto upon any new legislation." Amnesty was also stipulated for all those who had been faithful to the British cause during the late war, and the right of all those who had been loyal to her Majesty to reside in the country, "with enjoyment of all civil rights, and protection for their persons and property;" and, further, that all denominations should have the right to the unrestricted exercise of their religion.

All these matters, and others of the same nature as well, were included in the instructions as being among the "reservations" referred to.

It will thus be seen that the Earl of Kimberley clearly

understood and stated that the "suzerainty" applied to the "internal" as well as the "external" affairs of the Transvaal, and his opinion on the point should be worth at least as much as that of Mr. Bryce in stating what was the meaning to be given the term.

A comparison of the articles of the two conventions, 1881 and 1884, will show that the "reservations" contained in them are in almost identical terms. If, then, these reservations constituted a "suzerainty" when found in the Convention of 1881, it follows that they must equally have done so when included in that of 1884, and that the "suzerainty" applied to the reservations concerning the "internal" as well as the "external" affairs of the Transvaal.

The objection that the "suzerainty" was abandoned because it was not mentioned in the latter agreement is at best a technicality, which will be found to be of doubtful advantage to President Krüger and his friends. In the Convention of 1881, although the word is referred to in Arts. 2, 18, and the acceptance of self-government by the Boer Commissioners at the end of the convention, the statement that the right of self-government is subject to the "suzerainty" of her Majesty, is made only in the preliminary article; but the grant of self-government to the Transvaal is also mentioned in the preliminary article alone, and there being no corresponding article in the Convention of 1884, if the latter revoked that of 1881, and the "suzerainty" can be said to have been abandoned because it was not mentioned in that of 1884, for the same reason the right of self-government granted in 1881 must be held to have also been abandoned.

President Krüger and his friends have throughout endeavored to take advantage of technicalities and mere matters of form. They may be left to choose which horn of the dilemma they prefer on the question of "suzerainty," but the rights of the parties are not to be decided on considerations of this nature. The questions of right and justice which are at the foundation of the dispute must be met and dealt with on their merits, and according to the intention

of the parties as expressed in the agreement between them, which, for the purposes of this discussion, as previously noted, we will assume to be contained in the Convention of 1884.

The articles of the Convention of 1884 to which reference may be made are the following, the text of which is given, so that the reader may have the means of judging whether the conclusions of Karl Blind and Mr. Bryce are sound or otherwise :

Art. 4 The South African Republic will conclude no treaty or engagement with any State or nation other than the Orange Free State, nor with any native tribe to the eastward or westward of the Republic, until the same has been approved by her Majesty the Queen.

Art. 14. All persons, other than natives, conforming themselves to the laws of the South African Republic (a) will have full liberty with their families to enter, travel or reside in any part of the South African Republic ; (b) they will be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops and premises ; (c) they may carry on their commerce either in person or by any agents whom they may think fit to employ ; (d) they will not be subject in respect of their persons or property, or in respect of their commerce or industry, to any taxes, whether general or local, other than those which are or may be imposed upon citizens of the said Republic.

Art. 19. The Government of the South African Republic will engage faithfully to fulfill the assurances given in accordance with the laws of the South African Republic, to the natives at the Pretoria Pitso by the Royal Commission, in the presence of the Triumvirate (Krüger, Pretorius and Joubert), and with their entire assent, (1) as to the freedom of the natives to buy or otherwise acquire land under certain conditions ; (2) as to the appointment of a commission to mark out native locations ; (3) as to the access of the natives to the courts of law, and (4) as to their being allowed to move freely within the country, or to leave it for any legal purpose, under a pass system.

For the purposes of this discussion, Art. 4 may be passed over, as the subject, the right of making treaties, relates to the "external" rather than to the "internal" affairs of the Transvaal.

Art. 14 cannot be claimed to apply to "external" affairs. On the contrary, subsection "d" has reference to a matter which, almost above all others, belongs to the "internal" affairs of a country, the right to levy taxes, a right which throughout Anglo-Saxondom, at least, has been asserted and maintained, even by force of arms, as being exclusively

within the jurisdiction and control of the government of the country.

In a case where one State accepts a measure of self-government from another State, to which the former was subject, and the charter granted contains a condition that strangers settling, or merely doing business in the country, shall not be subject to any taxes other than those which are or may be imposed on citizens of the country, if such State violates this condition, and proceeds to levy other taxes on such strangers, the State which granted the rights subject to the condition, has the most absolute right to interfere and insist that such taxes shall not be levied, notwithstanding the fact that taxation is one of the "internal" affairs of the subject State. Otherwise, if the principle is admitted that in such a case the State granting the rights subject to the condition has no right to interfere if the condition is violated, then no condition in any contract would have any force or value.

Can this rule be applied to the present case? Undoubtedly it can. By Art. 14, the South African Republic bound and obliged itself to levy no taxes on Outlanders "other than those which are or may be imposed upon citizens of the said Republic." If such "other" taxes were levied or imposed on the Outlanders, Britain's right to interfere was absolute, since the condition binding the Transvaal not to impose such taxes was, in part, the consideration of the convention.

Art. 19 makes certain stipulations respecting the rights of the natives residing within the limits of the Transvaal.

The Pretoria Pitso referred to was held at the time of the retrocession in 1881. The native chiefs, who had assembled at the request of the Commissioners appointed to represent the British Government in the settlement of their difficulties with the Transvaal, were addressed by Sir Owen Lanyon, speaking on behalf of the British Government, who, after stating that the country was about to be handed back to the Transvaal Commissioners, spoke as follows :

In the conditions to which they (Krüger, Pretorius and Joubert), as I have said, agree, your interests have not been overlooked. All existing

laws will be enforced, and no future laws which more particularly affect your interests will be put in force until the Queen has approved of them. I desire that you shall to-day distinctly understand that, although an alteration will take place in the form of government, your rights, as well as your duties, will not undergo any alteration. * * * The different law courts will always be open to hear your grievances, and to restore your rights, and I trust that you will never have any reason to complain to the Resident that the portals of justice had been closed to you.

These were, in part at least, the "assurances" which the Transvaal, by Art. 19, "engaged" itself "faithfully to fulfill;" and any violation of that engagement, either in letter or spirit, gave Britain the right to interfere and insist on the faithful performance of the obligation. But this was again one of the "internal" affairs of the Transvaal. Regulations affecting the inhabitants, or a certain class of the inhabitants of a country, are unquestionably among the "internal affairs" of that country, but that fact does not in any way lessen the right of another State to interfere in such affairs when that right has been reserved to such State in an agreement accepted by the former country.

The right of Britain to interfere in the "internal" affairs of the Transvaal appears to have been involved in much confusion in the minds of writers, even friendly to her, some of whom have urged in justification of her course, the principles of international law and the general right of one State to protect its subjects when their rights are violated by another State in which they may for the time be found; but, while both these contentions may to a certain extent be urged in Britain's favor, her right to interfere in the "internal affairs" of the Transvaal is primarily that of a contracting party which has granted another certain rights, subject to certain conditions which the latter is bound to observe as the consideration, in part at least, of the agreement under which such rights are enjoyed. In other words, the common and well-understood principles of contract apply with all their force to the present case.

But Britain's right to interfere would obtain only in the event of these conditions being violated by the South African Republic; and it may further be conceded, for the purposes of this discussion, that a merely technical or trivial

violation would not be sufficient to justify more than perhaps a formal protest to prevent the unimportant violation from being urged as a precedent for a greater transgression of the conditions, should such occur later.

Was there such a violation of Articles 14 and 19 of the convention as justified Britain's interference? This is a question of fact, but seldom, if ever, has any fact been established by more indisputable evidence than this, that these articles, both in letter and spirit, were violated in a most flagrant manner by the South African Republic; that every interest which the conditions of the convention were designed to protect, was trampled upon; and every right guaranteed under them disregarded and refused, with the result that the difficulties and disturbances, clearly foreseen by Britain, and against which the conditions of the conventions were stipulated with the object of preventing them, arose on every hand, threatening the peace of all South Africa, and for all of which, even that wholly indefensible and crowning act of folly, the Jameson Raid, President Krüger must be held responsible.

Merely to enumerate the statements which are of record in support of this charge against the Boers, would fill volumes, and no one has shown, or even attempted to show, that these statements are unfounded or untrue.

It has been contended by President Krüger and his supporters that the terms and conditions of the convention were unjust and unreasonable, and by inference, at least, that they should not be considered as binding or to be observed literally. Even had they been unjust or unreasonable, it would be no sufficient answer to the charge of having violated them, to plead that fact, inasmuch as they were accepted by the Transvaal as part of the convention, and as such, it was bound by them.

But Britain's course in imposing the conditions of these articles was fully justified by the circumstances and by the conduct of the Boers themselves. Originally, to a large extent, at least, British subjects in Cape Colony, they had migrated northward with two objects in view:

First, to escape taxation, and

Second, to free themselves from all restraint on their dealings with the natives.

Nor can it be pretended that they had any real grievance, or were driven away from their homes by unfair or unjust measures on the part of Britain. On the contrary, although Britain had captured the Cape during the Napoleonic wars, in 1806, and might have held it by right of conquest, at the conclusion of the war she paid the Dutch £6,000,000 for their rights in the country.

The population, then only about 27,000 whites, were for the first time given individual liberty and the enjoyment of those common rights which had been absolutely denied them by the Dutch. The settlers were given titles to their lands; a judicial, a school and a postal system were established, and the crowning horror of Dutch rule, the barbarous punishment, for even trivial offences, of death by the rack, the wheel, and even by crucifixion, was abolished. In 1834, Britain gave freedom to the slaves in the Colony, and voted £1,247,000 as indemnity to the slave-owners. In a word, the British Government at once adopted a policy of justice and fairness to all, both whites and natives alike.

These measures did not suit a certain lawless and turbulent element which has always existed in South Africa, the same element which, during the whole tenure of Dutch rule, had doubtless been responsible for the absolute denial of liberty and justice to the settlers, which had been guilty of the most fiendish cruelty to both Dutch and natives, and which was utterly opposed to law and order, or any restraint on its own actions.

Thus occurred the migration, or "trekking," to the northward, out of which, in time, grew the colonies of Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. Of these, Natal remained British, and the Orange Free State, composed of the better class of Boers, has always enjoyed a measure of quiet and prosperity.

But not so with the Transvaal. It would seem that the worst and most lawless elements of these "trekkers" gradually withdrew from the other settlements and fixed them-

selves in the Transvaal, where they remained true to the worst of their traditions. Constant difficulties arose between themselves and with the native tribes, many of the latter exceedingly warlike and powerful, and in this way Britain, through these unwarranted and lawless acts of nominal British subjects, became involved in almost the only disputes which she had with the natives.

In 1852, by the Sand River Convention, and in 1854, by another convention signed at Bloemfontein, the two republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal State were given the right to manage their own affairs, it being, however, stipulated in the Sand River Convention that no slavery should be permitted or practiced by the Boers.

Left to themselves, the people of the Transvaal remained unchanged in their policy and practice. Slavery in effect existed, and they continued to treat the natives with such cruelty and injustice that, in 1877, the Boers found themselves threatened with extermination by both Kaffirs and Zulus. But this was not all. The farmers had absolutely refused to pay taxes. The Transvaal had consequently no means of providing for the expenses of government, and the State was bankrupt. In these circumstances nothing remained but to appeal for outside assistance. A petition, signed by a large number of the burghers, was addressed to Britain, and as a result of the negotiations the Transvaal was annexed to Britain in 1877 by Sir Theophilus Shepstone, who entered the country accompanied by his staff of twelve gentlemen, with an escort of only twenty-five Natal policemen.

This act has been so often described as one of violence and spoliation that an extract from the report of Sir T. Shepstone on the annexation is of special interest. The report is dated Pretoria, April 17th, 1877. In paragraph 13 he uses the following words :

I entered this territory with my personal staff only, and an escort of twenty-five Natal mounted policemen, on 4th January, and after slow progress reached Pretoria, the capital, on 22d January last. I have never hesitated during these three months and more to explain to both the Government and the people the condition of the State, and the only remedy that appeared to me capable of saving it from immediate ruin ; and I have again and again expressed my willingness to at once with-

draw if any plan of action or latent power in the country could be shown me by which its independence could be maintained and the danger to its neighbors be averted, but without result.

That this was a correct statement, the facts of record, both officially and otherwise, abundantly show. That the annexation was for the advantage of the Transvaal is equally indisputable. The danger of invasion by the natives disappeared, law and order were restored, and the country began at once to enjoy a large measure of prosperity. But when the danger was removed the agitation began for the reconveyance of the country to the Boers, resulting in the Convention of 1881, followed by that of 1884.

I have referred at length to these facts to show the necessity that existed for the conditions and restrictions insisted upon by Britain, and which remained in full force and effect in the Convention of 1884. The Boers had shown themselves so persistently unscrupulous in their dealings, and regardless of the rights of others, that their conduct had already resulted in most serious complications for surrounding States, and especially for Britain herself, including the necessity for annexing the country in 1877, as the only means by which they could be saved from the retribution they had earned at the hands of the natives. In reconveying, then, the country to the Boers, Britain would have fallen far short of her duty, not only to herself, but to the whole of South Africa, had she done so without stipulating and imposing conditions that there should be no repetition of the acts by which such grave difficulties had been occasioned. The conditions and stipulations were made in the convention, and solemnly agreed to by the Transvaal. They were intended to guarantee equal rights and fair treatment to all, white and black alike. That they were flagrantly and persistently ignored and violated by President Krüger and his Government is not seriously denied by even the most prejudiced among Boer sympathizers.

The natives, whose power had been broken by Britain after the annexation in 1877, and who were thus unable to offer any effective resistance to the Boers, were oppressed

and despoiled to even a greater degree than before 1877, notwithstanding Sir Owen Lanyon's "assurances" to the contrary at the Pretoria Pitso, which were made in President Krüger's presence.

The Outlanders, a most important body, to whom the country owed its prosperity, were burdened with taxation of the most oppressive nature ; they were treated by the Boers with such harshness and injustice generally as to recall the days of Dutch tyranny at the Cape, and to show that the Boers possessed all the barbarous instincts which moved their ancestors to refuse the commonest rights to the colonists of that day. When remonstrated with because of his treatment of the Outlanders, President Krüger replied that if they were not satisfied with their treatment they could leave the country, as they had not been invited to come there.

This statement was untrue, as President Krüger, in 1884, had a letter published in the London newspapers inviting capitalists, miners, and merchants to settle in the Transvaal. Many in consequence had done so, and had made large investments in the country which would be practically lost to them, if they were forced to leave it. Besides this, by Art. 14 of the Convention of 1884, agreed to by Krüger himself, justice and fair treatment were formally guaranteed to all who should settle in the country. But Britain was a party to the agreement by which justice and fair treatment were guaranteed to settlers in the Transvaal, and it is not too much to say that this stipulation on Britain's part was doubtless taken into account by those who settled and invested their capital in the country.

When, therefore, a formal petition, signed, it is said, by 40,000 Outlanders, was presented to the Queen, complaining of the violation by the Boers of this guaranty it is difficult to imagine what possible argument could be advanced to show that Britain, the other party to the convention, the party who had stipulated for the guaranty, had no right to interfere and insist that it should be respected.

Another reference to Mr. Bryce may be permitted. At page 758 in the article referred to, after stating what, in his

opinion, might have been considered a proper *casus belli*, he says :

That which caused the war was the discussion of another matter altogether, which was admittedly not a grievance for the redress of which Britain had any right to interfere, and which, therefore, could not possibly amount to a *casus belli*. This matter was the length of time which should elapse before the new immigrants into the Transvaal could be admitted to citizenship, a matter which was entirely within the discretion of the Transvaal Legislature.

This is neither a fair nor a complete statement of the case. The "franchise" question was not the cause of the war; it was merely an incident of the discussion to which the Boers' violation of the convention gave rise. The cause of the war was the oppression of the Outlanders, in contravention of Art. 14, and to say that the discussion of the terms of one of the remedies proposed, by which the violation complained of would be ended, was the cause of the war, is to beg the question and attempt an evasion of the real issue.

Arguments of this nature, in the present day, meet with but scant acceptance either in courts of justice or before the court of public opinion, and deservedly so. The rights of the parties, the merits of the case, and not some technical "red herring" drawn across the track, are the grounds on which the settlement of the dispute must rest.

In the present case, the rights of the parties and the merits of the question have been persistently misrepresented and befogged by President Krüger and his associates, and it would seem that some, even among those friendly to Britain, have adopted the views of the cunning Boer President, without having verified the facts for themselves.

Mr. Chamberlain's so called "clumsy" diplomacy has been put forward by Boer sympathizers as the immediate cause of the war, which they aver might have been avoided, had he not followed a course which showed plainly Britain's determination to take away the independence of the Transvaal. The facts of record show these statements to be wholly untrue.

After the failure of the Bloemfontein conference between

Sir Alfred Milner and President Krüger, the latter of whom positively refused either to accept any of the many plans proposed by the former or to offer any adequate remedy himself by which the cause of existing difficulties would be removed, which Sir Alfred repeatedly stated was the sole reason for Britain's interference, Mr. Chamberlain's note of May 10, 1899, was forwarded to President Krüger. In it he refers to the petition of the Outlanders asking for redress, and details some of the grievances complained of, which he sums up as follows :

These complaints may be summarized in the statement that under present conditions, all of which have arisen since the Convention of 1884 was signed, the Uitlanders are now denied that equality of treatment which that instrument was designed to secure for them.

After referring to the circumstances of the case at length, and pointing out in a fair and straightforward manner the efforts that Britain had made to bring about a settlement of the difficulty, which she had been unable to accomplish because of the absolute indifference with which the Transvaal Government had treated the friendly representations made to them on the subject, he continues :

They still cherish the hope that the publicity given to the present representations of the Uitlander population, and the fact, of which the Government of the South African Republic must be aware, that they are losing the sympathy of those other States which, like Great Britain, are deeply interested in the prosperity of the Transvaal, may induce them to reconsider their policy, and, by redressing the most serious of the grievances now complained of, to remove a standing danger to the peace and prosperity, not only of the Republic itself, but also of South Africa generally.

Her Majesty's Government earnestly desire the prosperity of the South African Republic. They have been anxious to avoid any intervention in its internal concerns, and they may point out in this connection that if they really entertained the design of destroying its independence, which has been attributed to them, no policy could be better calculated to defeat their object than that which, in all friendship and sincerity, they now urge upon the Government of the South African Republic, and which would remove any pretext for interference by relieving British subjects of all just cause of complaint.

Nothing in the correspondence or negotiations between the parties contradicts this statement that Britain's only interest in the matter was to see the grievances complained

of removed, yet she has been charged by President Krüger and his friends with having intervened for the sole purpose of taking away the independence of the Transvaal. It was in the face of these representations, when he could no longer evade the plain issue, that President Krüger, relying on the armament paid for out of the taxes levied on the Outlanders, threw off the mask and invaded British territory.

It may be that President Krüger himself is so addicted to duplicity in his diplomacy that he cannot imagine a plain, straightforward statement to mean what it says, but fair-minded readers will find little to support his pretensions in the correspondence between the parties. On the contrary, Britain could scarcely have made any greater concession than she did, short of abandoning all her rights in the matter, and with them the interests of both Outlanders and natives, which she had stipulated should be respected.

We may then conclude, that a study of the Convention of 1884 shows that, under it, the South African Republic did *not* possess "the most complete control of its internal affairs." It was rather in the position of an offender, given a measure of freedom under a ticket of leave, the continuance of which freedom depended on his good behavior. The Boers saw fit to violate the conditions on which they were given their liberty. They persisted in this violation, notwithstanding the most solemn warnings; and when they could no longer avoid the plain issue, namely, the demand that they should respect the rights of the Outlanders, which they had, by the Convention of 1884, bound themselves to respect, they declared war against Britain, and invaded her territory.

In view of the facts disclosed by the extracts from official papers given herein, which show the causes of the dispute and the circumstances connected with it, the contention of President Krüger and his supporters that Britain had no right to interfere in the "internal" affairs of the Transvaal can be considered only as the exact opposite of the facts, and further, Britain, so far from having dealt harshly or hastily with the question, must be given credit for extraordinary patience in the face of great provocation.

A PROBLEM IN GRAVITATION.

BY EVAN MCLENNAN.

[The philosopher should be a man willing to hear every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself. He should not be biased by appearances, have no favorite hypothesis, be of no school, and in doctrine have no master. He should not be a respecter of persons, but of things. Truth should be his primary object. If to these qualities he adds industry, he may indeed hope to walk within the veil of the temple of Nature.—FARADAY.]

THE problem here to be discussed may be introduced by endeavoring to answer the question, Does the Mississippi River flow uphill? The practical way of answering this question is that, since the elevation of the river-bed with respect to the ocean level continually decreases southward until it finally reaches the Gulf of Mexico, and since water naturally flows from a higher to a lower level, therefore the Mississippi River flows *downhill*, and *not uphill*.

But this is only a superficial way of looking at the problem; and to get at the very bottom of it, we must examine the causes which, in accordance with the theory of gravitation—universally admitted as governing the case—have determined the present shape of the Earth's surface, and made it vary from the standard spherical form which it would have in the absence of those causes.

Let us proceed, then, carefully to examine the facts of the case in the light of this theory.

According to the theory, we are taught that the greater the distance from the Earth's center at which the Earth's attraction acts, the less will be the effect of that attraction: from which it follows that, in the absence of other intervening causes, it would be an impossibility for water

to flow from any place relatively near to the Earth's center, where the attraction is relatively great, to a place more remote from the Earth's center, where the attraction would be relatively less. But this is precisely what the Mississippi River does, because, owing to the greater equatorial than polar diameter of the Earth, the mouth of the river is much farther from the Earth's center—more than two miles, in fact—than its source. Let us inquire, then, what other intervening causes have a bearing on the case.

In any recent work on astronomy we may find that the equatorial diameter of the Earth is about 7,926 miles, while the polar diameter is nearly $26\frac{1}{2}$ miles less. This makes the Equator more than thirteen miles farther from the Earth's center than the Pole. And since the given diameters of the Earth involve a meridional circumference of 24,900 miles, and the distance from the Pole to the Equator is one-fourth of this, or 6,225 miles, then there is, with respect to the Earth's center, an average rising gradient from the Pole to the Equator of 13 miles to 6,225 miles, or 11 feet to the mile; while, for the last 200 miles of the river's course, the falling gradient, with respect to the ocean level, is only one-eighth foot to the mile (according to the standard authority of Captain Humphrey's Report to Congress in 1861; from which also all other data relative to the river used in this problem are borrowed).

In other words, the height of the river above sea level 200 miles from its mouth, or seven miles above Donaldsonville, is only about 25 feet, while, on the supposition that the said point of the river is on a parallel of latitude 75 miles due north of its mouth, that point would be 75×11 , or 825 feet, nearer the Earth's center than the river's mouth; so that, with respect to the Earth's center, the river in the last 200 miles of its course actually flows uphill a distance of 800 feet, or $10\frac{2}{3}$ feet to the mile, if the course of the river were directly south from the said point.

Now, starting from rest and if not obstructed by any other cause, a body will fall toward the Earth's center a distance of 16.1 feet in one second of time by the Earth's at-

traction. But, if the path of the falling body becomes more and more inclined from the vertical, the distance which the body will traverse in one second of time becomes less and less than 16.1 feet, until, when the degree of inclination arrives at the horizontal, it becomes nothing. In fact, the distance through which the body will move in one second at different inclinations varies from 16.1 feet as the cosine of the angle which the inclined path makes with the vertical, or as the sine of the angle which it makes with the horizontal. (Compare P. G. Tait's *Mechanics*, § 130, *Ency. Brit.* 9th Ed.) The uphill inclination of 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ feet to the meridional mile, just found for the river, is equivalent to nearly seven minutes of arc from the horizontal; and the sine of this arc multiplied by 16.1 feet equals about .39 inch. So that, subject to the variation of level, with respect both to the ocean surface and the Earth's center, and excluding the effect of friction, the Mississippi River should flow northward in the last 200 miles of its course a distance of .39 inch in one second, starting from rest.

Now there is one, and apparently only one, factor that tends to prevent this result, namely, the centrifugal tendency generated by the Earth's axial rotation; which causes the water to flow toward the Equator much in the same manner that it is caused to flow toward the rim of a revolving grindstone. Let us determine, then, the amount of this centrifugal tendency and see if it is sufficient to overcome the tendency of the river to flow northward owing to the variation of level.

The equatorial radius of the Earth is about 3,963 miles, and this, in connection with the Earth's axial revolution in a period of 24 hours, involves a velocity at the Equator of about .288 mile per second. At latitude 30°, however, about where the portion in question of the river is situated, the radius of revolution is less than at the Equator—varies, in fact, as the cosine of the latitude, which makes the radius of revolution and the velocity per second at latitude 30°, 3,432 miles and .25 mile, respectively. And to determine the centrifugal tendency generated by this radius and

velocity, we have the following application of the old, familiar theorem—

$$((3432)^2 + (25)^2)^{\frac{1}{2}} - 3432, \text{ or, practically, } \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{25}{3432} \right)^2,$$

or nearly .000009 mile, or .0472 foot, or .57 inch. But this centrifugal tendency is in a direction vertical to the Earth's axis; which vertical forms an angle with the horizontal on the side next to the Equator, at latitude 30° , of 120 degrees; and, therefore, the horizontal component of this centrifugal tendency, which alone would be available to urge the water toward the Equator, would be, according to the theory of the resolution of forces, .57 inch multiplied by the cosine of 120 degrees, or .294 inch. And thus we find that the centrifugal tendency generated by the Earth's rotation would urge the waters of the Mississippi River toward the Equator a distance of only .294 inch in the first second, starting from rest, and excluding friction, as before; while, as we have just seen, the variation of level, according to theory, would urge the water .39 inch in the opposite direction in the same time.

Therefore the answer which the theory of gravitation, in conjunction with the centrifugal force of rotation and variation of level, furnishes to the question with which we started is that the river should flow northward, and, consequently, that it does actually flow uphill.

The question does not seem at all difficult, and it is hard to see wherein the foregoing is not a fair solution of it. It is true that the centrifugal tendency generated by the Earth's rotation at latitude 30° is .57 inch and therefore in excess of the .39 inch which the deviation from the level, with respect to the Earth's center, would urge the water horizontally northward. But it is also very plain that this centrifugal tendency of .57 inch is directed vertically from the Earth's axis of rotation and therefore that all of it could not be available to urge a body horizontally southward. In fact, Prof. P. G. Tait (*Art. Mechanics, Ency. Brit.*, 9th Ed., §108) tells us precisely the portion which would be thus available, namely, that represented by the cosine of the angle

which the centrifugal force makes with the horizon in that direction; that is, cosine $120 \times .57$ inch, or .294 inch, as before stated. The other portion of the centrifugal tendency would be vertical to the horizon and would therefore be directly counteracted and canceled by the Earth's direct attraction.

Moreover, according to the present theory, it is obviously undeniable that, if the Earth's rotation did not exist, the river could not possibly flow southward, for the reason that, by doing so, it would be moving away from the Earth's center, where the Earth's attraction is theoretically located; for it would be simply a contradiction in terms to hold that, in obedience to the Earth's *attraction*, the water should move *away* from the source of that attraction. And yet it seems to require but a very simple calculation to demonstrate that the effect of the Earth's rotation is wholly insufficient to overcome the known southward gradient of the Earth's surface away from its center.

And even if, instead of the last 200 miles of its course, we take its entire course from source to mouth, the river should, according to theory and the known facts, still flow northward. For, the source of the river being 1,680 feet higher than its mouth with respect to the ocean level and also on a parallel some 1,300 miles directly north of its mouth, there would be an average ocean-level fall of 1.3 feet for each meridional mile; and deducting this fall from the rise from the Earth's center of 11 feet per meridional mile leaves 9.7 feet to the mile of a rising gradient of the river's course with respect to the Earth's center. This gradient involves an angle with the spherical horizon of some $6\frac{1}{4}$ minutes of arc, the sine of which multiplied by 16.1 feet gives a northward horizontal flow of .355 inch in one second. But, as will subsequently appear, the average horizontal southward component of the centrifugal tendency between latitudes 28° and 48° , where the river lies, is about .318 inch in one second; thus leaving a comfortable margin for the northward direction of flow of the entire river.

Theoretically, therefore, it seems that all of the Mississippi Valley slopes rapidly to the north, and all the rivers

of that valley should flow in the direction opposite to that in which they now flow. And not only this, but the Gulf of Mexico should also follow the rivers, and all of the United States of America, except possibly the tops of the mountain ranges, should be buried under the ocean. For if, instead of any single river, we consider the case of the ocean itself, we shall find that this conclusion, instead of being confined to a single locality, is of world-wide application.

As before stated, the average rising gradient from the Pole to the Equator, with respect to the Earth's center, is 11 feet to the mile, which would form with the spherical horizon an angle whose sine is .00208; and this multiplied by 16.1 feet makes .4 inch, which is the distance that a body would be urged horizontally away from the Equator all over the Earth's surface in one second from rest in consequence of this gradient, if the Earth had no axial rotation. Then calculating the effect of rotation, we find that, at the Equator, a centrifugal tendency is generated of

$$((3,963 \text{ miles})^2 + (.288 \text{ mile})^2)^{1/2} - 3,963 \text{ miles},$$

or .664 inch, in each second. But of this centrifugal tendency, the whole of it being vertical to the horizon, no portion whatever resolves into a horizontal component, and all of it is, therefore, counteracted and canceled by the direct action of gravity. Denoting the equatorial radius by R , the radius of rotation by r , the centrifugal tendency by F , and the equatorward horizontal component of the centrifugal tendency by H , then we have—

	r	F	H
At latitude 0	$R = 3,963 \text{ miles.}$.664 inch.	0
" " 10	$\text{Cos } 10 \text{ } R = 3,903 \text{ "}$.654 "	.102 inch.
" " 20	$\text{Cos } 20 \text{ } R = 3,724 \text{ "}$.624 "	.213 "
" " 30	$\text{Cos } 30 \text{ } R = 3,432 \text{ "}$.575 "	.288 "
" " 40	$\text{Cos } 40 \text{ } R = 3,036 \text{ "}$.509 "	.327 "
" " 45	$\text{Cos } 45 \text{ } R = 2,802 \text{ "}$.470 "	.332 "
" " 50	$\text{Cos } 50 \text{ } R = 2,547 \text{ "}$.427 "	.327 "
" " 60	$\text{Cos } 60 \text{ } R = 1,982 \text{ "}$.332 "	.288 "
" " 70	$\text{Cos } 70 \text{ } R = 1,355 \text{ "}$.227 "	.213 "
" " 80	$\text{Cos } 80 \text{ } R = 688 \text{ "}$.115 "	.102 "
" " 90	$\text{Cos } 90 \text{ } R = 0$	0	0

We see from this table that the maximum horizontal component of the centrifugal tendency caused by the Earth's rotation is .332 inch in one second from rest. This maximum is situated in latitude 45° , from which it uniformly decreases to 0 both at the Poles and at the Equator. The average over the Earth's whole surface is only about .202 inch. But even the maximum of .332 inch toward the Equator is inadequate to contend with the .4 inch away from the Equator, which arises from the variation of level, and is general over the Earth's entire surface. The remaining component of the centrifugal tendency in the foregoing table (that is, the complement of the horizontal component) is in every case vertical to the horizon, and therefore, as already stated, counteracted and accounted for by the directly opposed attraction of gravity; for that action is relatively less at all places where the vertical component of the centrifugal force is relatively great by fully the amount of the latter. In fact, in the words of Prof. R. S. Ball, the value of the Earth's attraction at any point of its surface "is really the excess of gravitation over the centrifugal force arising from the Earth's rotation." (*Ency. Brit.*, vol. xi, p. 68.)

So far as can be seen, there does not appear to be any other factor of considerable importance having a bearing on the case. And so it follows, that the present figure of the Earth is entirely different from the spheroid of revolution deducible from the present theory. For, according to the foregoing interpretation of that theory, the ocean, to the depth of some six or seven miles, should flow away from the Equator at once, and spread out over the higher latitudes until the horizontal components of rotation and those of the variation of level were at an equilibrium. And certainly, in the absence of any other considerable factor relevant to the problem—which, as already stated, is not apparent—the mobile waters of the ocean should conform exactly to the theoretic operation of the three factors here considered, if the theory according to which they are said to operate is true.

Let us turn now to the solution of this problem given by recognized scientific authorities and accepted without question for the past fifty years.

We find that many mathematicians have discussed the question (see both Pratt and Todhunter on "The Figure of the Earth"), and that about all the authoritative discussions of it are clothed in the highest and most intricate mathematical language, that of the differential and integral calculus.

Several other factors also, besides those mentioned in the preceding pages, are considered as affecting the result; among which are the variations of the vertical components of the centrifugal force, the variation of the Earth's density with depth, the variations of the Earth's shape from the spheroidal form, the local variations of the force of gravity, etc.

With regard to the Earth's variation of form, it is true that it very materially affects the results in particular places, although on the whole the average result remains unchanged by it. Thus, for example, about latitude 45° , the north and south curvature of the Earth's surface is much greater than at the Equator, or the Pole; so that the distance from the Earth's center of the mouth of the Mississippi River over that of its source from the same point is more than a mile greater than that given in the foregoing discussion of the problem—which, of course, it will easily be seen, does not by any means weaken the foregoing argument with respect to the river, but strengthens it still more. Since, however, a general eye was had more upon the surface of the hydrosphere as a whole than upon that of any particular locality, the average gradient of 11 feet to the mile was adhered to.

A great deal of elegant mathematics appears to be wholly wasted on the attempt to prove that the effect of the vertical components of the centrifugal force in diminishing the amount of gravity thereby increases the Earth's radius; a result which the simplest principles of mechanics show to be an impossibility. For if we denote the maximum strength

of the vertical component by unity, then the strength of the Earth's gravity should be denoted by about 290. How, then, is it possible that a particle at the Earth's surface should be actually pulled away to a greater distance from the Earth's center by the one unit of power when 290 equal units of power are pulling it in the opposite direction? And if the particle is not thus pulled away, the Earth's radius very obviously is not increased.

The sole and sufficient effect of the one unit of power is simply to counteract one of the 290 units of the Earth's gravity, so that there would remain only 289 units of the latter force when it is directly opposed by the maximum vertical component, an effect which is amply proved by actual observation.

With respect to the other alleged factors, it may be said that the local variations of gravity are comparatively so very rare and minute as to be entirely negligible; and that the law of the variation of the Earth's density with depth—even if that factor were properly applicable to the case, which is denied—is still wholly unknown.

Besides, what is the use of determining the effects of these factors on the amount of gravity by intricate mathematical processes when we *know from actual observation* the exact amount of that gravity at almost every portion of the Earth's surface? From any work on gravitation we may find that g , or the value of gravity, continually increases from the Equator to the Pole, the difference of g at the two places being one unit in about 194. The difference between gravity at the Pole and at the Equator being thus about $\frac{1}{194}$ of the average surface gravity of the Earth, it will be seen that the centrifugal tendency of the Earth's rotation accounts for only about two-thirds of that difference, or $\frac{2}{3} \times \frac{1}{194}$ of the Earth's surface gravity, the remainder being supposedly due to the comparative nearness of the polar surface to the Earth's center, as evidenced by the fact that at any particular place, aside from the small irregular variations alluded to, the value of g depends upon the cosine of the latitude and the elevation with respect to

sea level. It seems worse than a waste of time, therefore, to puzzle our brains with the possible or imaginary effects of partially unknown, or even any factors, to modify the value of gravity when that value at any particular place is already known from actual observation.

In fact, the problem, reduced to its simplest terms, consists of only four elements: A rigid plane fixed parallel to the ocean level of any place (that is, at a poleward slope, or inclination, of 11 feet in the mile to the plane tangent to the concentric spherical surface at the place), a perfectly round ball placed upon the plane, the actual attraction of gravity at that place (as determined by accepted observation) pulling the ball toward the Earth's center (and therefore indirectly poleward), and the centrifugal tendency generated by the Earth's rotation at that place urging the ball indirectly equatorward; to find the direction in which, according to the theory of gravitation, the ball should roll upon the plane.

The fact that gravity does not everywhere pull the ball directly toward the Earth's center, which is mathematically magnified by many geodesists, is entirely irrelevant to the problem. To ask how the ball upon the given plane could be urged in any direction by gravity when the action of gravity is everywhere vertical to the plane, is simply to beg the question. For the question is, How is it that, according to theory, the given plane came into its present inclination with respect to the Earth's center? The center of the Earth is also its center of gravity, and therefore should be its gravitative center. Indeed, it is so at those points of the Earth's surface where gravity is not laterally interfered with by the centrifugal tendency of rotation. It is this tendency which inclines the ocean level from the spherical surface. And it is generally admitted that, if this tendency were absent, the ocean level would everywhere be a spherical surface. This is clearly indicated, if not indeed proved, by the observed fact that, aside from occasional and comparatively insignificant variations of gravity (chiefly at oceanic islands), the values of gravity and of the centrifugal tendency both vary at the sea level as the cosine of the

latitude alone—the first inversely and the other directly, because their actions are directly opposed to each other.

Therefore, the problem may be still more briefly and simply stated as follows: Find the effect of the present rotation of the Earth upon the surface of its hydrosphere, which, if that rotation were absent, would have a spherical form.

But, as we have just seen, the rotation of the Earth accounts for little more than half of the present variation of the Earth's surface from the spherical form; the average effect of rotation being 202, while the actual oblateness of the Earth, considered as due to that effect, is such as requires it to be 400.

It would seem, therefore, that since the mobile waters of the ocean do not conform to the requirements of the theory of gravitation and the effects of rotation, something must be wrong with the theory. If, not only the Mississippi River, but also the whole hydrosphere of the Earth, runs counter to it, it is quite evident the theory will not hold water!

And it seems just as obvious also that it is not a sufficient answer to this, to say (as one or two eminent authorities have recently endeavored to impress upon the writer) that this problem has been settled for the past half century by the ablest mathematicians; one reason for its insufficiency being that these mathematicians, to obtain their results, have employed several factors the relevancy of which is questionable, and one at least even the value of which is still wholly unknown.

This problem is surely of sufficient importance to deserve the attention of both the teacher and the student of nature. It is also tolerably obvious that the rational solution of it is not so entirely in accordance with present views as most of the teachers of the subject suppose. This paper is written in the hope that the intelligent reader, whether teacher or student, in whose hands it may be placed, will take up the discussion of the problem, without prejudice from previous authority or prestige, and so keep it up until

finally settled in the interest of truth and intellectual progress alone.

In the words of Faraday, with which we began, "The philosopher should be a man willing to hear every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself. He should not be biased by appearances, have no favorite hypothesis, be of no school, and in doctrine have no master. He should not be a respecter of persons, but of things. Truth should be his primary object." For verily it is only through the possession of these characteristics, together with a zealously active industry favoring them, that the human race may ever hope to walk within the veil of the temple of Nature.

JOSEPH ARCH.

THE ENGLISH LABOR LEADER.

BY S. J. MACKNIGHT.

AMONG the social and economic movements of the last thirty years, few are of greater interest than the uprising of English rural labor under the leadership of Joseph Arch. This great movement is not a thing of our own day, but is already historic. To study it the student has only to open the pages of Mr. Arch's autobiography, published two years ago—a narrative simple, graphic, and full of the vigor and directness of a strong though perhaps not very highly cultivated mind. Even in the last particular there may be some reservation, for Mr. Arch's reading, though not extensive, is remarkably well digested. It is a grand Anglo-Saxon book, throwing a strong light on the social conditions of England and on the forces which trained this Moses, and enabled him to lead the agricultural laborer out of the Egypt of bondage. Arch was a great personal force; he was a Moses, a Luther. He accomplished a great revolution with remarkable suddenness. He appears to have breathed into the rustics, first of Warwickshire and then of all England, a spirit of determination and resistance. In this movement, as in many similar movements, it is difficult to say how much of the outcome was due to the initiative of the leader, and how much to general causes and conditions, such as the ripeness of the time; but a very large share of the credit in this case must be given to the leader. After the rise of wages was effected, the extension of the franchise to the rural laborer took place, the Home Rule controversy arose, the period of deep agricultural depression set in, other questions occupied the public mind, other influences operated on the agricultural laborer, and Mr. Arch's work

was done. It was done never to be undone, and few if any popular movements have ever been so successful.

Mr. Arch is the son of a small freeholder who belonged, nevertheless, strictly to the laboring class, as he owned only his cottage and a small garden. The parents of the agitator were both of them persons of great strength of character, especially his mother. His father was a regular attendant at the parish church (of Barford, near Warwick), and regularly took the communion with the laborers in proper sequence, after their "betters" had preceded them in the sacred rite. This ceremony the boy once witnessed through the key-hole of the church door, and it made an impression of indignation on his mind which was never effaced. He was early sent into a farmer's field to scare away crows, a work which had to be done in all states of weather, and which ruined the health of weaker children. He next became a plough-boy, then a stable-boy, mower, and the "Champion Hedge-cutter of England." He took mowing contracts, often left his native parish, and traveled through the Midlands and South Wales. He traveled also with his eyes open. "I read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested," he says, "all that I could lay my hands or ears or eyes on. At the same time I was taking in a supply of facts which would not be digested—tough facts about the land and the laborer, that accumulated and lay within my mind, heavy as a lump of lead, and hard as a stone."

His memory went back to the specially bitter year of 1835. There was a great scarcity of food, and famine prices. His father had offended the farmers by his politics, and was eighteen weeks without a job. His father's normal rate of wages varied from eight to ten shillings a week. Corn was at a prohibitive price, fresh meat was hardly ever within the reach of the laborers, and what potatoes there were, were hoarded up by the farmers. In this state of things it was a matter of congratulation that the Arch family, unlike many of their neighbors, were able to get along without stealing.

"At the sight of the squire the people trembled. He lorded it right feudally over his tenants, the farmers; the farmers in

their turn tyrannized over the laborers ; the laborers were no better than toads under a harrow. Most of the farmers were oppressors of the poor ; they put on the iron wage-screw, and screwed the laborer's wages down, down below living point ; they stretched him on the rack of life-long, abject poverty." The poor man with a family of any great size " accepted the sop of parish help, which was cast to him as a bone to a dog. And so it was that men born to be free, and willing to be independent, were turned into parasites. I observed, and listened, and remembered, and stored it all up for future use."

By his own energy and endurance, and with the aid of his patrimony, Mr. Arch maintained a position slightly above that of the common laborer. Speaking of his travels he says, " Hard work, good wages, rough quarters, strange companions, long journeys and long absences—such was the programme. Like my good mother before me, I was a Nonconformist by nature and by conviction. When in Wales I would preach in chapels among the mountains, and more than once I have 'held forth' in my everyday clothes. The Welsh cotters gave me a warm welcome and the right hand of fellowship wherever I went."

The position of the Welsh laborer he found to be noticeably better than that of the Englishman, owing to certain local customs. Everywhere he saw strong proofs of the advantage he himself possessed in owning a freehold property. Everywhere he saw " men living with their families in cottages which, if bigger, were hardly better than the sty they kept their pigs in. These hovels, for such they were with their outside trimmings of ivy and climbing roses, were garnished without, but they were undrained and unclean within, so that the seven devils of disease and vice had possession, and flourished like weeds in a dunghill or toadstools in a cellar. And these precious hovels would be the property of a farmer or a squire, or some other Dives of the neighborhood. Even if a laborer did scrape enough money together to buy the roof over his head, he very soon found out that the roof was not for sale."

The condition of the laborers was extremely bad in the years 1870 and 1871. The men were in a desperate state, verging on starvation. Arch had often spoken among them in favor of organization, but had purposely avoided taking the initiative, or attempting to force a movement before the time was ripe. The first strike took place at Wellesbourne, not far from Barford. The men invited him to address them, and he did so in the open air beneath the branches of a chestnut tree, urging them to resolution and union, and showing them the serious nature of the step they had taken. Many had collected at short notice from a great distance, and the concourse was large. At the second meeting, a fortnight later, the crowd was still greater, and though a force of policemen was present in anticipation of a riot, everything was quiet and orderly. Sixteen shillings a week was demanded, a rise of four shillings upon the average rate of wages of the neighborhood at the time. Notices were served on the farmers, and a regular enrollment and organization of the strikers were begun. Men who for forty or fifty years had been constantly at work now found themselves idle for the first time.

The following is a description of the condition of the laborers at the time of the inception of the movement: "Take the case of a man getting what was at that time considered a good wage for the laborer in most places, thirteen shillings a week. A Barford man would have to pay for rent one shilling and sixpence, if he had something of a family and lived in a decent cottage. He would spend nine shillings on bread, loaves being sevenpence-halfpenny each; potatoes were at the rate of four shillings and sixpence for eight gallons, flour about twelve shillings a bushel. In nine cases out of ten the bread bill had to wait for clearance till harvest bounty, when for about a month the man would earn about one pound a week. What chance had that family of being strong and healthy? Low living made poor blood, and poor bones, and poor flesh. I knew of men and their wives, who had worked early and late, toiling and moiling, and patching and contriving, who had

reared a large family of sons and daughters, who had kept themselves to themselves, and showed a brave front to misfortune, and had never had a farthing of parish relief the whole time, and yet who, in their honorable old age, were driven to go on the parish when they began to fail. * * * The cottage accommodation was a disgrace to civilization, and this not only in Somersetshire, but all over the country. As many as thirteen people would sleep all huddled up together in one small cottage bedroom."

The movement rapidly spread through the length and breadth of England. The country was aroused. Archibald Forbes, the celebrated war correspondent, was sent down by the *Daily News* and wrote up the movement in a strongly sympathetic spirit. Mr. Jesse Collings, the Hon. Auberon Herbert, Mr. E. Jenkins, and other prominent public men gave the movement their active support. Funds were raised to assist the laborers who had been evicted. Wages were soon advanced in various localities. The farmers, the landlords, and even the clergy, were wild with rage, but found themselves impotent to lay this spectre which had so suddenly sprung up from the soil. A considerable number of the evicted men emigrated. Mr. Arch often tried to conciliate the farmers, and to unite the farmer and laborer together against the landlord, but in this he was unsuccessful.

Many amusing incidents occurred with regard to the right of meeting in public places. Early in 1873 some laborers had held a meeting at Littleworth, near Farringdon, in Berkshire, and were summoned before the bench for obstruction of the Queen's highway. This led Mr. Arch, and the leaders of the National Agricultural Laborers' Union, to hold a test meeting in the Farringdon market-place. For participation in this Farringdon meeting Mr. Arch and two others had summonses served on them. They were defended by Fitzjames Stephen, Q. C. Care had been taken to keep the crowd compact, and to preserve free space around it. The defendants claimed the protection of the Bill of Rights, as they were assembled partly for the purpose of

petitioning the House of Commons. The decision of the magistrates was, "We have decided not to convict you this time, but you will be bound down to hold no more meetings in Berkshire."

"I shall not accept that decision," replied Mr. Arch. "I am going to hold a meeting to-night about three miles away." The magistrates dismissed the case, and the evening meeting was held.

On another occasion Mr. Arch went to Pillinghurst, in Sussex, to test the right of public meeting. The meeting assembled on the village green, Mr. Arch got on a stool, and a representative of the police ordered him to "move on." He protested, as usual, that he had a petition for the House of Commons with him, and was thus privileged. This silenced the farmers and policemen. A butcher alone continued to abuse him; and while the butcher was absent from his shop, which stood near the village green, some of his meat was stolen. This turned the laugh against him.

Mr. Arch visited Canada in 1873 in the interests of emigration. He was elected to the British House of Commons in 1885 and again in 1892.

Joseph Arch still lives, an honored personage, and one who will live in the history of his country as the Cromwell of the fields. He still occupies his ancestral cottage at Barford, and his autobiography appears with a preface by his neighbor, the Countess of Warwick.

MODERN JAPAN.

(LETTER FROM DAVID GLASS, Q. C., AND EX-M. P. OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA, DATED YOKOHAMA, MAY 9, 1900.)

I.

I AM much pleased with this country. It is now fairly on the way to a great future.

If any one is doubtful of the place Japan is destined to take in the world, I would advise a study of the close analogy that exists between that country and England. Though not of necessity infallibly prophetic of a greatness comparable with England's, the fact that those very conditions are present in Japan that have been most responsible for England's greatness, is, to say the least, suggestive. In my opinion England has been made great, first, because of her insular position, whereby she was compelled to build ships; secondly, because of her commercial position, created by the use of these ships; but more than all else, because of her geographical position, standing nearest to America in front of the continent of Europe, and between the Mediterranean and the Baltic, whereby she was enabled to exact tribute from the trade of Europe.

These three conditions are working together for the good of Japan as much as they have ever worked for England's good. The sea power of Japan will some day give her the key to the continental nations of Asia, as England's has given England the key to the continental nations of Europe. Stretching along the coast of Asia down through the temperate zone, Japan will for all time be the front door through which the continent of America, and, after the building of the Nicaragua Canal, three-quarters of the world will have ingress and egress to and from the continent of Asia.

The Emperor of Japan and his advisers are fully alive to the situation and ready to make full use of these advan-

tages. The whole nation seems to possess the qualities necessary for success. It is this fact that the "personal equation" of Japan is a favorable factor in our calculations which gives confidence that the analogy between England and Japan will be close in achievements as well as in conditions.

In a paper prepared by me for THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE during last year, the following observations were made, which I think in treating of Japan may be repeated here :

"Japan has been able manfully to seize the modern lines of progress ; has been able to realize that nations or individuals who cease to compete are lost ; has been able to realize that there is no middle line. It must be advancement or retrogression. Witness her fine display at the World's Fair at Philadelphia in 1876, and again in Paris in 1889, both of which I examined carefully and with deepest attention ; and then the great variety of the Japanese display at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, which challenged the admiration of all. Japan is the only nation on that half of the globe prepared to cope with the nations on the other half. She is like a bright pillar in the eastern seas, visible to all men and shrinking from none, but inviting all to share her progress and investigate her warm heart and strong arm for love or war. Japan is frank and earnest in her approval of the mission of Lord Beresford and an Anglo-American-Japanese alliance, for the open-door and the maintenance of stable government in China. Japan has well earned for herself an honored place in the highest family of nations, and wherever she is not so acknowledged, it is only for want of true information in regard to the real merits of the empire."

The narrow paths of bygone ages were rejected, and almost by a single bound Japan stood firmly rooted in the broad highway of eastern advancement. With rare nobleness of purpose, she made the effort. Then isolation, darkness, groveling, self-esteem and ignorance fell, never to rise again ; not before a conquering army, nor before the enforced march of religious bigotry, but before the voice of a

great homogeneous race rising to the situation with a common design. The sun broke forth at midnight; the whole nation, Mikado and people, declared an unalterable purpose (in temporal matters) to live for the living, not for the dead; that the ashes of the fathers would be more revered and honored in seizing upon the enlightenment of this age than in adhering to feudalism, fit only for an age of isolation and exclusiveness.

The bold announcement that the imperial family and nobles were to make the great sacrifice of establishing parliamentary government fell like a thunder-bolt on the staid, old Empire of China. China, the schoolmaster of Japan, was horrified. Such a vulgar departure from customs closely followed for thousands of years had never been dreamed of in the great Orient. China, Corea, Siam and Japan had always shown to the Western world how supremely they despised the interference of any but a favored few in the affairs of state. But, alas, the door was open; Japan had launched upon the great sea of competition. She had taken the step with that modest deliberation never absent from firmness and nobility of purpose. From that moment Russia was an enemy, China was an enemy, and Corea stood like an apple of discord, awaiting the inordinate greed of the former and being, as China thought, the legitimate prey of the latter. Japan stood alone. Ulterior motives were attributed to her; it was intimated that she had vain-glorious intentions of usurping the leadership of the East. Lord Curzon, an acknowledged Eastern authority, thought "Japan was playing to the galleries." But Japan, with a patriotism unrivaled in history, shut her ears to all these taunts, and with an even, steady hand, guided by wisdom and forbearance, pursued her way with a deliberation and unanimity seldom found in older countries, while the wise and prudent framers of the constitution sent their statesmen to other lands to seek out every point of advantage which centuries of experience had brought into operation. Such a commission visited Washington, Ottawa, and London.

I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of

these commissioners on my way to attend the Paris Exposition of 1889. Their frankness at once made it quite clear what a fund of information they had obtained, and how speedily they were able to appropriate that information to their own use. What was set before them as the result of the successful prosecution of parliamentary government in other countries, they were not too proud to accept, and did so with an open, lavish hand. They were following the example of the Romans of two thousand years before. "From the Samnites they borrowed their arms, offensive and defensive; from the Etruscans, the greater part of the insignia of their magistrates; in short, all that amongst their allies or their enemies appeared useful to themselves they appropriated with the utmost eagerness, preferring to imitate good examples than to be envious of them."

After a very agreeable voyage, when parting with the commissioners, I said: "Now, through your kindness I have received useful information about Japan. There is, however, one other question I wish to ask: What are your views in regard to a future state; do men live after the death of the body?" There was silence for a moment; then one said: "We really do not consider this subject, and have no opinions. So far as we know, men do not understand why they are in this world, where they see all about them, nor do they understand the things of this world. How then can they understand about some other world they have never seen?" We then parted. They gave me a cordial invitation to visit them if my wanderings should lead me to their beautiful country. Their cordial but incisive manner quite enlisted my attention and admiration. They taught me many things about Oriental life and gave me a lasting interest in the welfare of their home.

The first session of the Japanese Parliament took place, as I remember it, in March, 1890. A full-fledged system of what is known as parliamentary government was then launched and carried out with as much accuracy and ease as though it had been done in England or America.

(To be continued.)

THE BRIDGE OF OPPORTUNITY IN MINING.

BY WILLIAM HENRY LYNCH.

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted.

—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

MINING is popularly regarded as something purely speculative, not as a business; many think of it as a mere gamble. It is recognized as a form of speculation that carries at once large risks and extraordinary possibilities of profits; but the risks are regarded as always present, while the promise of profits is exceedingly dubious.

This estimate is not an unreasonable one; it is the natural outcome of the ordinary experience of investors. But is it a fair estimate of what mining ought to be—of what it might be?

A careful reading of these pages will demonstrate that while mining indeed gives exceptional promise of profits, it does not necessarily carry the risks of loss that are supposed to be peculiar to it. All classes of business investment carry some measure of risk, as well as a supposed chance of profits more or less considerable. Mining has differed from ordinary business mainly in degree; the risks have been greater, while the possible profits are away and beyond anything offered perhaps by any other kind of investment.

There is in mining one element which does not appear yet to have been taken advantage of in the measure that is possible. It lies in the possibility of exceptional profits—possibilities of profits not known in any other kind of investment. When a mining enterprise is a success at all, it often carries profits great enough to cover failures of a number of less happy ventures and yet leave a margin of gain, on the whole. This fact will be generally conceded, and without argument it will be recognized as practically

true of no other class of investment, in the same degree. It is in this fact that lies the opportunity of which full advantage seems never yet to have been taken. It makes possible the application to mining of the *principle of insurance*, and in a manner not true of ordinary enterprises.

This application of the insurance principle to mining is very simple. If a single mining investment can be made to cover several failures or disappointments, what is demanded in order to insure against any loss in any one of several individual ventures? Simply this, that the several individual propositions* shall have been so grouped together that an investment in any one of these propositions shall share in the profits of all of them.

Assuming that a sufficient number of individual mining propositions may be so grouped that in the aggregate the losses due to any of them which prove to be failures will be *more than offset by the profits realized from the successes*, what would follow? An absolute assurance not only against loss, but of actual profits!

The fact may be mathematically demonstrated. For instance, let us suppose a mining proposition in which the chances of success are so low as only three chances out of five. In grouping together a number of such individual propositions, there would be a point where, according to the law of averages, even so large a risk as this one, of three out of five, would be eliminated. Exactly where that point would be reached in a specific instance in actual experience cannot, of course, be absolutely indicated, but it would not be difficult to find a point of practical safety, nor would that be very distant from the point of starting. Given five propositions of this character, for instance, there would be a practical assurance that one or more of them would be a success. In such a case, the element of risk might not be absolutely eliminated, but it would be reduced to so slight proportions that the investment would challenge comparison with any other class of investment

* NOTE.—A term of frequent use in mining circles to indicate a mining enterprise or opportunity.

open to the average small investor. Out of five such propositions, there would be a practical certainty that one or more of them would be a success, with quite as strong a probability that there would be four successes out of five. If we take a higher grade of proposition in which the chances of success would be four out of five instead of only three out of five, and if also we increase the number of the propositions from five to ten, our aggregate propositions would be just so much strengthened, and the risk practically would be wholly eliminated; it would be replaced by an almost absolute assurance of profits!

It will be seen from the above that we can conceive of a mining enterprise where the risk supposed to be inevitably associated with mining not only need not be greater than in other business, but it may be completely eliminated, and an actual profit assured, in a manner and degree not possible in ordinary business.

To such a desirable end, two main conditions are essential, namely, (a) That the mining propositions which are grouped together shall be each individually of a reasonably safe character, with the chances of success, say, three out of five, or, better, four out of five; (b) and, even more important, that there be a sufficient number of individual propositions in a given group; let us say five or upwards.

Is such a grouping of mining propositions practicable?

In the mining fields open to the investor to-day are propositions numbering into thousands. If, conservatively, we select only the cream of these available propositions, there are scores of them to be had, each and all of which would fill the standard as to guarantee against loss and promise of success.

In the past most of our mining investments have been made in single, ungrouped propositions. For the sake of the extraordinary profits that were always possible, we have been willing to face the risk of the complete loss of our investment. What we need to do is to *eliminate the risk* while *holding to the opportunity*; even to increase the opportunity or chances of profit.

As outlined in the foregoing, all this is fairly simple, and at least theoretically practicable. What are the practical conditions involved?

Not only do we need, for the sake of the insurance feature, to adopt the plan of grouping as set forth; but for the best results it is demanded that the *individual propositions shall all be of the best grade possible.*

Thus two distinct requirements are involved. First, the measure of risk must in each individual proposition be reduced to the minimum. We must not be satisfied with individual propositions wherein the chances of success are only one out of five, or, worse, only one out of ten, if it be possible to have them with chances of four out of five, or, better, nine out of ten. Second, it is necessary to look well to the standard as bearing on prospective profits. It is not enough for our purpose that a mining proposition shall give promise only of a moderate dividend. In such a case it might not in our grouping help to cover the risks involved by the law of averages. If mining propositions are available which give promise of increase at percentages running into hundreds, we are not to be satisfied with anything which at the best offers only such profits as are to be found in ordinary ventures. Consistent with a due regard for the risks, we need for our purpose such propositions as offer the highest promise as to the extent or largeness of the profits.

In the foregoing we have an outline analysis which offers success in mining enterprise in a degree, perhaps, not conceived of, and certainly not yet realized. But there is need of further and detailed analysis in a consideration of some of the *many factors which make for failure or success in any given individual proposition* which would go to make up our aggregated group. Our subject at this point naturally divides itself under two heads, namely:

What are the faults common to past experience in mining and in mine promotion?

Wherein may past mistakes be averted in our future operations?

In past experience, the risk involved has been excessive

—has been greater than it need have been. We have willingly conceded here that in any individual mining proposition in which the promise of profits is good enough for our purpose, there lies an element of risk. But there are two classes of risks—one is normal to the enterprise, and therefore legitimate; the other is not normal, and therefore is not necessarily to be borne. The inability of even experts to determine what may occur in the unexplored underground, is a normal risk. On the other hand, the risks that lie in the peculiar and questionable methods too often employed by men who obtain money for mining investment, are neither normal nor legitimate, and must be considered in our plan as avoidable. One's mining experience must have been limited, indeed, not to have learned that the mining risks that have been normal and therefore unavoidable, can bear no comparison in extent to the actual losses due to what is neither normal, legitimate nor to be tolerated.

In promotion circles it is almost a rule for the middlemen to draw profits from the *pockets of the investors*, leaving the latter to take their chances upon the meager results of the slight proportion of their money that filters at last into actual, legitimate mine development. The conservative investor has himself to blame if he does not give the cold shoulder to any proposition which fails to offer a reasonable guarantee of assurance against what is not legitimately inevitable to the enterprise.

Another class of risk lies in the frittering away of a large portion of the money invested, through bad management, excessive and wasteful office expenses, as well as incompetent general service. The prevailing practices of mine organization have too often made for irresponsible and reckless mismanagement, and this feature alone would account for more failures in mining investments than have come of normal and unpreventable risks.

The cure of all this, in general terms, is very simple. It lies in making all who are interested in the promotion or management, dependent for remuneration or profits, like

the investor himself, upon the actual success of the venture. This precaution would pretty effectually guard against irresponsibility and lack of real interest on the part of those upon whom success most necessarily depends to a large degree.

But while in the past the risks have been excessive, the profits, on the other hand, that were legitimately due, have too often been inadequate, if not wholly lacking.

Let us illustrate. In a conversation on this subject between the writer and a banker, the latter made the statement that he did not care how much money the promoters made, so long as he himself drew out with profits! Herein is an attitude toward the promoters so faulty that it invites and often results in rank injustice to the investor himself. To illustrate. Mr. Jones buys mining stock at 25 cents on the dollar. The venture proves a success, and Mr. Jones realizes in three years at par, or at an advance of 300 per cent. This proves to be a profitable investment, but does it follow that the purchase was a wise one, or that the stock at the time of purchase was a fair value? Let us see. We will assume, for purpose of illustration, that this stock, which was bought at 25 cents a share, was fairly worth only 5 cents at the time of purchase. This is a reasonable assumption, in fact, for such a circumstance is not of infrequent occurrence. Now in what way, in the instance given, could the investor suffer by paying 25 cents for stock that pays him several hundred per cent. profit? The answer lies in the following comparisons:

At 5 cents, \$100 would buy - 2,000 shares.

At 25 cents, \$100 would buy only 400 shares.

And

2,000 shares at \$1.00 would yield - \$2,000.

400 shares at \$1.00 would yield only \$400.

In the one case, upon an investment of \$100, the investor makes a profit of \$1,900; in the other case, only \$300. In the latter case, the investor is simply short of \$1,600 which was rightfully due to his investment. Having assumed the risks involved, he was justly entitled to all the profits to be credited to the investment.

Again :

At 5 cents, 1,000 shares can be bought for only \$50.

At 25 cents, 1,000 shares would cost - - \$250.

And

At 5 cents, only \$50 invested yields a profit of \$950.

At 25 cents, \$250 invested yields a profit of only \$750.

So much for a comparison as to profits. But the foregoing is not the full showing. At the time the investment was made there was a risk involved. For a given opportunity as to profits, one has a right to ask that his risk be minimized. From the standpoint of risk, therefore, the account stands as follows :

At a risk of only \$50, the profit was \$950.

At a risk of \$250, the profit was only \$750.

And yet our banker friend did not care how much the promoter made out of him, if only he himself happened to realize some share of profits! This is not unlike the attitude of the investor who looks upon all mining investments as a "gamble." To both of them all these investments are of the same measure and class, as like as peas in a pod. It is a somewhat superficial analysis that does not show different mining investments to be more unlike than peas and pumpkins.

As bearing upon our *grouping system* and the possibility of affording an assurance against failure and disappointment, the following will show how important is this feature in the system :

\$250 at 5 cents buys 1,000 shares in each of *five* propositions.

\$250 at 25 cents buys 1,000 shares in - only *one* proposition.

In the foregoing there is enough involved to allow of taking advantage in the one case of a plan of investment which would practically eliminate the risk and guarantee in its place a profit on the investment.

Here it may be well to repeat the statement already made in the foregoing pages: "We must not be satisfied with individual propositions, wherein the chances are only one out of five, or, worse, only one out of ten, if it be possible to have them with chances four out of five, or, better, nine out of ten."

Another fault in mining investment has been the fact, sometimes, of insufficient funds to insure carrying on the development to the point of success.

Let us suppose the case of a mining property developed to a certain point, and requiring \$25,000 to carry it forward to the dividend-paying stage. It is capitalized, say, at \$500,000. The stock sells at, say, 10 cents a share. It might easily follow that after the expenditure of the \$25,000 needed the stock, then dividend-paying, would be worth upward of 50 cents or, possibly, \$1 a share, while, on the other hand the expenditure of only \$5,000—one-fifth the needed amount—would leave the stock still at 10 cents! It might happen, indeed, especially if considerable time should elapse before continuing the development, that the stock, by dragging along, would actually fall lower in value, and cause a loss to the investors who contributed the \$5,000, a loss which would have been a splendid profit if only \$25,000 had been invested and laid out upon the property. So far as possible, therefore, it is most important, in putting money into mining, to have a reasonable assurance that the project will be carried to completion.

Another need that strikes at the evils of current practices, and one of prime importance, is this: That *a due proportion of the money invested* find its way into *effective mine operations*. Were it possible here to present actual statistics of the character of the total aggregate expenditure of money put up by investors in mining projects, the showing would doubtless be a surprise to us all, and it would shed a flood of light upon the causes of failures and disappointments experienced in the history of mining. Here lies the rock upon which perhaps the largest proportion of mining ventures have been wrecked. Allusion has been made already to some of the ways in which this wasteful leakage runs. They are mainly as follows: Allowing the promoters to realize profits out of the funds contributed by investors, instead of requiring that the former wait and take equal chances with the latter. Several elements of failure are involved here. The investor's money, when

diverted into side channels, does not, of course, carry as far as it ought toward the point of successful development, thus injecting an element of risk that is not fair to the investor. And one of the bad phases of this faulty practice is the fact that promoters, having nothing to lose by failure and nothing to gain by success, cannot be depended upon to feel a strong sense of responsibility. All this evil is prevented by the simple demand that there be no unnecessary leakage of money that should go into actual mine development.

Another and a greater evil under consideration lies in the excessive cost of *connecting the investor with the opportunity for investment*. Even where every one concerned is acting in good faith toward investors, it is still true that the cost is excessive. This is partly due to existing conditions, and partly due to the methods in vogue. It is a faulty condition not confined to mining alone, and touches the hem of one of the great present-day problems—that of distribution. We have seen bicycles selling at retail for one hundred dollars which cost only twenty-five or thirty dollars to produce. Sheet music, that costs but from three to five cents to publish and that pays only from three to five cents for royalty, costs the purchaser from 25 to 50 cents!

Improvement of this state of affairs will perhaps be slow; it will come partly by improving the conditions and partly by the employment of what the Patent Office people call new and improved methods. Any system that will lessen the cost of bringing the thing wanted to the buyer who wants it, will be a distinct gain to the buyer himself. In so far as the present undue cost lies in the attitude and ways of the buyer himself, he has an opportunity to make financial gain by self-correction. In mining investments, there is undoubtedly a wide field here for gain to the investor by self-improvement.

Another mistake in mining lies in the choice of the proposition, as to its character. Choice should be made only of such propositions as are best adapted to the need of the particular class of investors who are to provide the funds to be

expended. Mining propositions may be placed under two general heads:

(a) Dividend-paying properties. These are supposed to be the most conservative class of mining investments, and therefore the safest. Under the practices in vogue this may be the case. It would hardly be so under a true system, such as outlined in these pages. In dividend-paying properties the exceptional profits of mining are likely to be already largely discounted by a rise in the value of the stock. There is seldom such a margin for profit as lies in properties in an earlier stage of development. For such reasons this class of mines would not so easily fit into a system like the one here suggested. The margin of possible profits, in many cases, might not be large enough to meet fully the requirements of our insurance plan. There might be in some cases, however, some compensation in the lesser risks involved; and, for the sake of spreading the risk, it might be well to include in the grouping something of this class of investment.

(b) Mines not yet developed to the point of profitable output of ore. This class of mining propositions may be said to afford two distinct lines of investment. The common plan is the purchase outright of a given property, the capitalization thereof, the organization of a company, and the development—or at least a show of development—by a staff of men under salary and wage. This plan opens the door, at its widest perhaps, to the evils of mismanagement. This sort of mine operation, therefore, falls far short of an ideal basis for our improved practice.

There is still another plan of operations and one more inviting for our purpose. It often happens in a mining field that a syndicate or company of men have developed a mining "prospect" up to a certain point, enough to prove it to be a very promising prospect, but not enough to carry it to the point of profit-production, or even to demonstrate that it will be an actual success. The owners of such a property require more money; a certain amount is needed to bring this specific property up to the point of profit-pro-

duction. To obtain this amount of money, the owners are ready to give a liberal share of their holdings. This is a wise thing to do, for the judicious expenditure of such an amount would make their reduced holdings far more valuable than were their original holdings. There are some peculiar advantages in this plan, which the reader will note. First, the management which has brought the property to its present stage, which has all the advantages of experience, and so forth, is retained. Second, there is the highest guarantee of responsibility as to management, or the best of all guarantees in mining—that of self-interest. The owners who control the development are, equally with the investors, dependent for returns upon the *success of the enterprise*.

All this is in striking contrast to the too common practice of buying the properties outright, removing every person previously connected with the management, thereby losing much valuable experience, gained perhaps at great cost, and placing in charge new and irresponsible and inexperienced men, men appointed, perhaps, because of their influence with an amateur directorate rather than for personal fitness!

The former particular plan of mining development fits into an improved system in a way almost ideal. It adapts itself for grouping so as to form a sufficient number of individual propositions, and yet to allow for all necessary and adequate responsible supervision, in the interest of the new investors. A hundred or more may safely be grouped together; the more the better. Moreover, it may be stated, from the experience and knowledge of the writer, that hundreds are available, even though admitting only the cream of them.

Another mistake in investment lies in placing dependence upon a single class of risk. Every kind of mineral has its own contingencies of production and value; and every mining field has possibilities and contingencies peculiar to itself. A fall in value may occur in a particular mineral, for instance, silver, and not affect unfavorably the value of other minerals. As to the mining field itself, all property

values may be affected in a day by a mere strike, and yet not affect values of the very same class of mining in other mining camps.

In our plan of insurance, therefore, it will not be enough to make the grouping all of one kind of mineral, or in one mining field. All conceivable contingencies should be provided against. When silver falls, we have compensation in gold, copper, zinc, lead. When a strike occurs in our Slocan or Cœur d'Alene mines, we draw our dividends from mines in other camps, in British Columbia and Idaho, in Montana, Colorado and Washington, in Ontario and the booming mines of Southwest Missouri. While the war is on in South Africa we are prospering in the Yukon, at Cape Nome, Atlin, and elsewhere.

Shakespeare well understood this insurance principle as applied to all business ventures ; and he has well illustrated the need to widen the application. *Antonio* was not made sad by any fear of his ventures :

“ Believe me, no; I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor in one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortunes of this present year;
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.”

Antonio's forethought was well justified in the end ; not all his ships went down :

“ And I have better news in store
Than you expect; unseal this letter soon;
There you will find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.”

But even *Antonio* had sailed perilously near to disaster. He had done well when he trusted not to one bottom ; he erred in trusting only and all to sea-bottoms :

“ But is it true, Salario ?
Have all his ventures failed ? What, not one hit ?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary and India ?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks ? ”

“ Not one, my lord ! ”

Had some of his ventures been on land and free from risk of rocks, not all of them would have been in danger of going down in storms at sea ; and the bond of the Jew had not been forfeited.

Our safeguard against disappointment lies in a wider spreading of risks ; in grouping our ventures in variety as well as in numbers.

Perhaps one of the worst faults of modern mining investment is the fact that so much of the promotion, the direction, and the management is amateurish. Mining is a business, and, like any other business, should be carried on upon business principles. Yet, more than any other business perhaps, it is carried on by amateurs—by men who are serving their apprenticeship, as it were, and gaining their experience at the expense of the investors whose money they expend often with off-hand and irresponsible freedom. The remedy lies in giving preference to men who have had experience and who themselves have something at stake in their own self-confidence.

Other elements of weakness lie in the distance between the field of operations and the *locale* of the investors, and in the want of any personal knowledge by investors of the scene of operations or the problems involved. The average mining investor will question his own ability to make any feint at all at an analysis of a mining proposition. One must plunge blindly, or let the venture alone.

This state of things has given rise to a practice of depending upon proxies—upon other men who are supposed to be capable of determining the safety or promise of a given enterprise. And this habit has degenerated into dependence upon mere figureheads, who not only may themselves be wholly lacking in the needed experience, but who also have nothing at stake, and most likely are under remuneration for the loan of their names and the pose of their persons. Such as these are worse than mere irresponsibles. A visitor fresh from Mars would not credit

the weakness of investors who lean so blindly upon broken reeds.

No direct remedy seems possible for this lack of personal acquaintance with the situation and the conditions of success. One reasonable safeguard in sight, however, is some plan or system which would provide for a sense of responsibility on the part of every one to be depended upon, and every possible guarantee of good faith, of experience and fitness, and consequent wise management. •

Closely allied with the foregoing, is the absurdly illogical attitude toward mining of the average investor. To him mining is a "gamble"; it is in no sense a business investment. He will take a shy at it, and more than half expects to lose; if he should be lucky enough to make a hit, he is so much to the good. It is this attitude, combined with the glittering allurements of the chance of big gains, which, perhaps more than all else, is responsible for the open door for practices that are not legitimate. This attitude is the very making of the irresponsible and reckless class of promoters; the investor lends himself an easy prey to the peculiar methods of the least scrupulous of their kind. A premium is thus placed upon fraudulent methods, rather than upon the intrinsic merit of the project. It follows that unless the well-meaning promoter also lends himself to questionable methods, he stands liable to fail in his efforts to secure funds for legitimate exploitation, however promising his offerings may be; he is liable to be distanced in the race by the promoter who is less scrupulous, but more shrewd as to method. As a result, the investor passes by the promising and legitimate offerings, and throws his money at the very feet of the shrewd and diplomatic, but irresponsible and reckless schemer.

After years of observation and a wide experience, the writer has come to the conclusion that most of the disappointments in mining investments have been due not to failure of legitimate prospects but to maldirection in the placing of the investments; and not the least of this is due

to the mistake of looking upon all mining investment as necessarily a mere "gamble."

What is the remedy for all this? It lies mainly with the investor himself. So long as he looks upon mining as only a "gamble," he deserves no sympathy for his losses. Investors who desire to take advantage of the *real opportunity* in mining should take it up as they would make any other kind of investment. Such an attitude would *encourage a presentation of propositions on a business basis, and in terms within the understanding of the investor.*

To those who are willing to adopt a more logical attitude toward a growing industry and an expanding opportunity, these pages are addressed, and in the confident belief that they will prove helpful in enabling investors more intelligently to analyze any proposition submitted.

Incidentally, it may be noted that the main principle advocated here—that of insurance—is shown by Shakespeare to have been applied long before what we may call modern insurance was known. There were no Lloyds in the time of *Antonio*, and *Antonio* wisely insured himself by spreading his risks. Until some one will underwrite for the mining investor, he must do as did *Antonio*. Some day there will be presented to the investor a proposition which will be of a nature to underwrite him against loss and to assure him of legitimate gains, and then his way will be clear.

Any one familiar with the mining field, knows it to be simply crammed with opportunity, and of the most inviting character; in circles outside of the mining field there are savings on savings seeking such opportunity, but vainly. What keeps the two apart? The question is easily answered. The chasm between opportunity and seeker has yet to be bridged. As a whole it is wide, deep, rocky, intricate, full of blind trails and pitfalls. Connection between the two banks has indeed been made, many times and often, sometimes happily, many more times disastrously. All the crossings have been individual and independent, as it were;

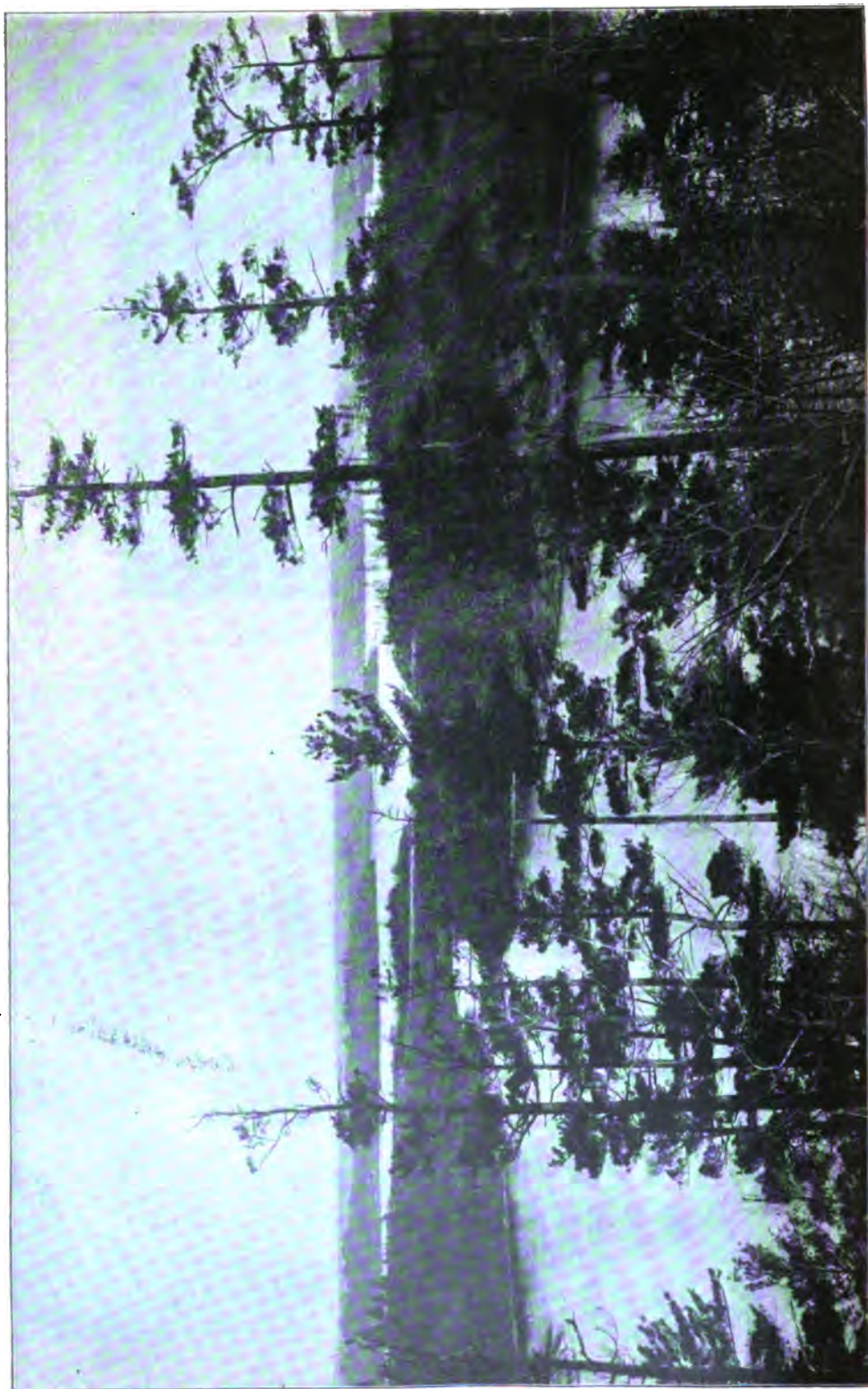
sometimes by crawlings over, sometimes by shootings across. But for a bridge, strong, wide and safe, easy of finding and open to all—this has yet to be built. It has been the object of this writing to provide as much as might be of the needed material for the building of this bridge.



A TROUT STREAM IN THE HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.



NEAR WINDERMERE, LAKE ROSSEAU.



NEAR SANS BOUCI, GEORGIAN BAY ARCHIPELAGO.

ROMANTIC MUSKOKA.

BY W. R. BRADSHAW.

IT is a journey of only twenty-four hours by rail from New York to that region of wonderful beauty, the Highlands of Ontario, which, in the opinion of thousands of tourists, is the climax of summer holiday resorts on the North American continent.

The most attractive section is Muskoka, a labyrinth of lakes, hills, forests, islands and flowing streams, yet, to the untraveled imagination of the ordinary American, Muskoka seems as far away as Manitoba or Labrador.

Toronto is the natural gateway of this region of health, pleasure, sport, social gayety and Elysian charm. Whether one reaches Toronto by way of Niagara Falls, or by way of Montreal, the route from the East is equally charming. From Toronto, tourist travel proceeds due north, the journey being made by the Grand Trunk Railway system to Muskoka wharf for the Muskoka Lakes, and to Huntsville for the Lake of Bays and the wilderness beyond.

Leaving Toronto at 9 A. M., the train mounts the gradual ascent to Muskoka, literally ascending into the blue dome of heaven. The climate improves with each mile of the journey, and no one can approach this summer paradise without feeling the exhilaration that is bestowed by the crisp, dry, cool atmosphere. The sky is cloudless and serene, for the word Muskoka, in the Indian tongue, means unclouded sky.

The train rolls through a vast expanse of cleared territory, interspersed with patches of timber, groves of pines and hemlocks, and willows and poplars, that diversify the scene. There are many evidences of strenuous labor in the

line of well-kept fences and well-tilled fields. The fields of corn and wheat alternate with pasture lands between the towns, whose principal buildings are churches and schools.

The cars are crowded with farmers returning home from having visited the Annual Exposition of Agricultural Implements and Products, in Toronto. A grizzled farmer, with a patriarchal goatee of gray hair, is excitedly discussing with a smooth-faced neighbor an alleged trick put upon the Canadian exhibitors of milch cows by their Yankee rivals at the Exposition.

"It was a durned Yankee trick," said the bearded man, "and it served them right that their cows died."

"How do you account for it?" asked the smooth-faced man, with great interest.

"Well, you see it was this way," replied the first speaker. "The Yankees got a force pump and sneaked in at night and pumped several gallons of milk into their cows' udders. The cows got the inflammation and died in consequence. The Yankees wanted to carry away all the prizes in the show, but got left."

"Well, I swear," exclaimed the smooth-faced man, "if that don't beat the band!"

"You bet it was a dirty trick," continued the patriarch; "but, tell me, did you see them exhibits from Tasmania and Algeria where the signs were hung up?"

"I did not," answered his friend, "but I saw a pig killed by being mixed up with a steam roller. It was a shame to let the pigs run around people's legs in that manner."

"You're right," said the patriarch, "but I know something worse than that, and that was the dirty stuff I filled up on, called Canadian cider. It was only vinegar and molasses, and was a libel on the name of Canada. I felt like smashin' the face of the fellow I paid me money to. But, say, did ye see the picture gallery?"

"Oh, now you're shoutin'," replied the smooth-faced man; "it was the finest thing in the whole show."

"An' did ye see that big picture of the St. Bernard dog, ten feet wide, and then the wee landscape six inches square,

showing thirty miles of country right under the dog's tail? Say, it was immense!"

"Well, I didn't see them pictures, but I saw them big photographs of the Muskoky country, that was exhibited at the entrance. If them photographs is true, it must be the finest place in the world for scenery. Wos ye ever up in Muskoky?"

"I went up there one summer to look at a farm I thought of buying, and, by jingo, I had to sail over fifty miles of water to get there. Talk about scenery! There was no end to it, an' there was hotels everywhere, an' people sailin' on boats from mornin' till night. My, but it's a sightly place! Them photographs is all right, and don't you forget it!"

"You don't say so! Well, I've never been there myself, but I feel like making the trip some of these days. It does a man good to look around the country once in a while, even if he is goin' to settle somewhere else."

It is only at Allandale that the tourist completely makes the acquaintance of the crisp, dry, cool, exhilarating atmosphere of the highland region, and the scene from the railroad station is splendid beyond expression. Kempenfelt Bay is an immense arm of Lake Simcoe (known to the Indians as Lake Wentaron), that reaches to Allandale and Barrie. It is a sheet of turquoise blue water surrounded by forest-clad shores. The town of Barrie, in full view on the north, rises in terraces from the bay, making a splendid picture. The impression of purity given by the absolutely dustless and vaporless air and its invigorating ozone, is a charming sensation. The sky is of deep blue in the zenith, which changes to pale turquoise in the horizon. The brilliant sun lights up the fine amphitheater of the city and the virgin shores of the bay with surpassing splendor.

The railway in thus far penetrating Simcoe enters the ancient territory of the Hurons, stretching west to Georgian Bay and north to the river Severn, the outlet of Lake Simcoe. The sad history of this ill-fated nation is depicted in the "relations," or writings, of the Jesuit missionaries,

Brébeuf and his associates, who lived and labored in the Huron Confederacy in the middle of the seventeenth century, until its destruction by the Iroquois, culminating in the massacres of the missions of St. Joseph, St. Louis and St. Ignace, the missionaries themselves dying the death of martyrs and heroes.

The railroad track runs along the western shore of Lake Simcoe. Between the track and the water lies a continuous strip of park-like territory, beautifully timbered, with open glades of forest, affording glimpses of the blue water beyond.

At Orillia the train makes an eastward turn, following the shore line of Lake Couchiching, a beautiful sheet of water that extends in a northerly direction a distance of fifteen miles. The scenery at this point of the journey is supremely beautiful. The eye is caressed with the splendid gloom of forests, the flashing of ineffable streams, and the glory of landscapes as fine as earth affords. The orchestral symphony of Nature in her sweetest mood comes to an end too suddenly. The train follows the northward trend of the lake, and, leaving it behind, plunges through twenty miles of forest, and finally draws up at Muskoka wharf on gleaming Lake Muskoka.

The Muskoka lakes lie upon a plateau of gneissoid rocks rising from 800 feet to 1,000 feet above sea level. Although crystalline in texture, the frequent layers of different beds of rock testify to a stratified origin, being probably the first sedimentary beds made by the ocean from the wearing down of the original crust of the earth. These, while possibly still in a plastic state, were uplifted and folded at every conceivable angle, but the strike, or line of cleavage, usually runs from northwest to southeast, at right angles to the disturbing force. These rocks belong to the azoic age, during which there was neither vegetable nor animal life on the hot but cooling planet; and, being primarily of igneous origin, they retain the hardness of the original granite from which they were derived.

This extreme hardness of rock makes it impossible for water to cut channels deep enough to drain off the innume-

rable lakes that fill the hollows of the undulating surface; hence primeval conditions prevail in the endless labyrinths of lakes and rivers that characterize this region, and will for ages to come lend an unimaginable charm to the landscape.

Everywhere the scene is glorified with crystal openings of water held in deep, sharply defined basins of rock. Water in the form of rivers and sinuous canals penetrates the recesses of the hills, and connects vast lakes with horizons of infinite distance, whose placid surfaces resemble pavements of sapphire on this rocky soil. There are no swamps, consequently no malaria and but few mosquitoes. None of the latter survive the 15th of July. Land and water, although so greatly interwoven, are at the same time rigidly kept apart, a prime condition of health and pleasure. The enormous extent of land in Canada, extending to the polar regions, insures a crisp, ozonic air, cool enough in summer to be a delight to humanity.

Although there are thousands of lakes in the highlands of Ontario, the Muskoka lakes proper are those contained in Muskoka County. The most famed of these are Lake Muskoka, Lake Rosseau, and Lake Joseph, together about fifty miles in length and ranging from channels a few hundred yards wide to open stretches of water six miles in width. These are connected by the Muskoka River with Lake Vernon, Fairy Lake, Peninsular Lake, the Lake of Bays, and Lake Kawajamog (or Hollow Lake), all of which lie two hundred and fifty feet higher than Lake Muskoka.

Muskoka, Rosseau, and Joseph are the lakes most visited by tourists. One must study a map of these waters to obtain an adequate idea of the extraordinary sinuosity of the shore line, where ledges and swales of crystalline rock, of varying dimensions, create outlines of the most fantastic character.

The superficial configuration is equally complicated, akin to the peristaltic flow of molten lava. But the surface is wonderfully smooth, being rounded by glacial action, so that it is possible to climb every ledge without danger or great effort. The pockets of rich soil that obtain every-

where between the bosses of rock, support a luxurious vegetation that adds its glory to the scene.

It is this rare combination and great picturesqueness of formation, this fine alternation of dip and swell of surface, this accessibility, these dry and inviting forests, and these beaches of polished stone, or of hard, smooth sand, dipping into the clearest of profound water, that make Muskoka a perennial joy to the traveler.

A fleet of six steamers is needed to carry the tourists that come every year to the Muskoka lakes from Toronto, Hamilton, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Kingston, and remoter cities, in search of sport, health and pleasure.

As the vessel moves northward from Muskoka wharf we pass a sanitarium for consumptives, two miles from the end of the lake, whose location testifies to the healing quality of the climate. It is said that 75 per cent. of the inmates regain perfect health, a wonderful result. The dense forests of pine, hemlock, cedar, balsam and juniper that prevail everywhere fill the air with a healing fragrance that invigorates and prolongs life. The air of Muskoka is not only a specific for consumption in its earlier stages, but it is also beneficial for hay fever and malaria. The absence of weeds of the hay-fever breeding variety makes the climate an absolute specific for this membranous trouble.

Leaving Muskoka Bay the lake suddenly attains its full width, the islands of the South Bay archipelago being passed on the right and the Glen Echo cluster on the left. In the center of the lake lies the largest group, dominated by Browning's Island, over 700 acres in extent.

The serene expanse of water floods a thousand recesses of bays and beaches, and encircles the islands, which are studded with summer cottages and camps. The northwest trend of the rock formation causes the strike of the islands and promontories to lie in this direction, a peculiarity that is well observed in Rankin's and Miller's Islands, and also in Grand Island, where the American Canoe Association camps this year.

Gibraltar Island rises boldly from the water opposite Beaumaris, a colony of cottages and hotels on Tondern Island, sixteen miles from Muskoka wharf. Beaumaris is the center of social life and the focus of steamboat travel on Muskoka Lake. Here connection is made with steamers for Bracebridge in the east, and for Bala and the Moon River in the west.

West of this point, beyond the Narrows of Cooper's Point, the lake spreads out into three most picturesque bays, namely, North Bay, East Bay, and Bala Bay, each about four miles in length by two or more wide, studded with islands, a paradise for the canoeist, for in addition to the islands the shore line, like that of all other parts of the lake, possesses endless convolutions inclosing bays and promontories of great beauty. The river at Bala is the outlet of the lakes forming the Moon and Muskosh rivers that flow into Georgian Bay.

Indian River, the communication between Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau, is a natural gorge of rocks, surmounted by a wilderness of pines, and is about two miles in length, terminating at Port Carlin, the gate to Lakes Rosseau and Joseph. Port Carlin is a settlement of several hotels, a church, and stores. Lake Rosseau, being five feet higher than Lake Muskoka, makes a lock necessary for raising vessels to the level of the former lake. The scenery here is most beautiful. Immediately north of Port Carlin is the promontory of Lake View Park, appropriated by cottagers, whose chalet-like houses are overshadowed by the thick vegetation that everywhere prevails. But it is only when the vessel reaches the open water of Lake Rosseau that the full charm of Muskoka, this land of unclouded sky, bursts upon the entranced sight. Fairy islands swim upon the surface of the water, and the soul seems transported to another world than ours. Bays succeed bays among the labyrinth of islands, and as the vessel proceeds on its steady course, fresh reaches of sun-glorified water are discovered, studded with islands reaching into dim distance.

It is the spell of an ideal land that one discovers and

enjoys. In the mind are aroused haunting memories of other regions inexpressibly beautiful that one has known or read about, to still further glorify the environment; memories of the blue Ægean, with its temple-crowned islets, or of palm-shaded coral islands in the solitudes of the South Pacific, or of remote lands where the wave washes the distant headlands and rolls on slumbrous shores.

The vessel is continually going out of her way to penetrate the recesses of various bays where landings are to be made, disturbing the profound serenity of the landscape. The sky and the utter silence of nature are the more sweet because man, elsewhere wrangling with his fellows, here finds perfect rest.

This quest of beauty terminates, so far as Lake Rosseau is concerned, in Shadow River, a wonderful stream that mirrors in its perfectly still surface every detail of the scene reflected thereon. Every leaf is duplicated with startling reality, and one apparently floats in the center of a world of space, with the earth and heavens below as glorious as those above the stream.

At the southwestern extremity of Lake Rosseau lies Port Sandfield, the narrow entrance to Lake Joseph. These lakes, in fact, may be considered as a single sheet of water divided into two sections of about equal area, and of equal attractiveness, by a vast irregular peninsula of azoic rock, whose shore line is amazingly irregular and contains within itself several minor lakes studded with islands.

Port Sandfield is a second center of tourist life on the lakes. There are hotels, a church and schools. Here the annual regatta takes place, bringing together every form of lake craft, from steamboats to rowboats, and the good-natured throng of luxurious idlers that meet from within a radius of fifty miles.

The outlines of Lake Joseph are even more irregular than those of its sister lakes. No two islands encountered by the traveler are alike in the splendid archipelago. No two promontories are equally striking, and no two bays have the same curve of shore.

In the retirement of such scenes nothing disturbs contemplation, save the crackling flight of the grasshopper, the soft murmur of the pines, and the low lappings of the tideless wave.

Should the tourist be traveling on an afternoon steamer he will have an opportunity to see Lake Joseph by moonlight. The silvery light lends a spectral beauty to every island and promontory. Shadows are deepened, and the foliage of the pine is sharply drawn in washes of deep black upon the softly illumined sky. The novel environment excites and soothes the spirit, and the pathway of intense white light upon the water follows the vessel like a benediction.

In addition to the seductions of scenery there are also the attractions of sport. The lakes abound in fish, such as lake trout, speckled trout, salmon trout, fresh-water herring, bass, pickerel, perch, catfish and sunfish. The record for the lakes is a giant trout 3 feet 3 inches in length and weighing 33 pounds. Maskinonge are caught in the Moon River, the outlet of the lakes to Georgian Bay. Some of these weigh 40 pounds. All the lakes and streams in the district abound in fish. The game laws of Ontario stipulate that bass may be taken by hook and line only, and not more than twelve may be caught in any one day by any tourist. All bass under 10 inches in length must be returned to the water. Speckled and other trout also may be taken by hook and line only, and not over 50 may be caught in any one day. Trout 5 inches in length or under must be returned to the water.

As to game, the forests abound with deer, moose, bear, and porcupine, and, occasionally, fox, beaver, lynx, wild-cat and other animals. Grouse, pheasant, partridge, goose, duck, woodcock, plover, snipe, turkey and prairie fowl are plentiful.

The laws of Ontario prescribe special seasons for hunting and fishing. Residents of the Province pay two dollars for the season's license, and non-residents twenty-five dollars. During the season of 1898 more than 6,000 hunters went into the Muskoka district for deer shooting, and the results were highly satisfactory.

Muskoka wharf is frequently crowded with trophies of the chase, brought by the steamers for transportation by rail to the sportsmen's homes. Deer are increasing in this region, owing to the protection furnished by the new dense underwood that has covered the cleared tracts and the further protection given to the animals by law, which compels recognition of the close and open seasons.

THE LAKE OF BAYS DISTRICT.

Having explored the three principal lakes of Muskoka, the tourist will make a profound mistake should he fail to visit the Lake of Bays and intervening lagoons, which, from a scenic standpoint, are even more attractive than those we have already described. The steamer from Bracebridge to Beaumaris sails for half the distance up the romantic Muskoka River. Bracebridge is located at the North Falls, about five miles from the mouth of the river, and is on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway running north to Scotia Junction on the Canada Atlantic Railway and beyond.

The Great Falls of the Muskoka River are situated on the east branch of the river, about three miles south of Bracebridge, and are 175 feet in height.

Bracebridge is the county town for Muskoka, and contains 2,400 inhabitants. In 1860 there were only a few log huts at the Falls, but it is now an incorporated town with seven churches, five hotels, tannery, woolen mill, and five sawmills. Every variety of store is represented, and there are also a court house, Crown land office, registry office, jail, Orange Hall, two newspapers, postoffice, money-order office, and postoffice savings bank.

The town park is situated in the newer section of the town, which is built on a lower level than the older section that stands on a rocky elevation overlooking the North Falls, over which a vast volume of water descends in a roaring cascade, having a fall of fifty feet. A strongly-built chute, over a furlong in length, has been erected to carry logs over the cascade, down which they fly with inconceivable rapidity.

The soil of Muskoka will, in extent, average about fifty

per cent. of the entire surface, the rest being outcroppings of the fundamental rock. Large beds of clay are found in many places, but the soil is mostly of a loamy nature. All kinds of crops are raised, and the yield is good.

Huntsville is the starting point for the Lake of Bays district, and is reached by rail from Bracebridge. The journey thither is delightfully picturesque, well-cultivated farms alternating with sections of unbroken forest of pine, maple, basswood, beach, and elm.

Running along the shore of Vernon Lake, giving a fine view of its majestic islands, the train stops at Huntsville, right beside the steamboat dock, where the steamer lies awaiting her passengers. We have ascended some 200 feet from Bracebridge and are about to explore the highest plateau of Ontario.

The vessel makes a semicircle to the east and enters Fairy Lake, which lies like a heliograph in the sunlight, with beautifully irregular, bold shores and possessing several important islands. Here and there on the less precipitous shores are the clearings of settlers that emphasize the primeval conditions around them. Man, with his Dome Book and his endorsements, his natty arabesques and drawing-room graces, is not a factor in the landscape, whose dominant note is iron health and the solaces of nature. Here is a landscape that knows no artificial limits; there is invigoration in every feature of the scene as well as in every breath of air. Rounded heights, thickly tufted with trees, prevail, and over all is a canopy of fleecy clouds floating in the deep blue sky.

A canal connects Fairy Lake with Peninsular Lake, through which the steamer slowly moves, brushed by the branches of the trees on the margin of the water. The Lydian measure of the landscape becomes more impressive as the tourist proceeds on his journey. The hills have a bolder elevation, the islands are more ideally beautiful as they repose on the dreaming wave. The passengers give token of this by the more concentrated attention given to the environment. The bold peninsulas, from which the lake

takes its name, are desirable estates covered with wild forest gardens, whose airs waft an infection of health across the water.

In due time the vessel arrives at Portage, on the extreme east end of the lake. From this point, looking westward, is the best view of the lake, which is not unlike Windermere, but which has a wildness all its own.

It is but a mile from Portage to the steamboat landing on the Lake of Bays, an ideal piece of roadway. The journey is a gentle upward climb, for the lake lies in a deep, rocky basin ninety feet higher than Peninsular Lake.

The prospect is an imposing one, when once fairly launched on the bosom of this grandest of all waters in this region, for boldness of scenery. The clear water, the primitive wild shores, and the virile atmosphere form an environment of royal content. There are desirable gulfs of splendor in cloudland, whose fantastic cloud formations rival the bold and extraordinary windings of the precipitous shores. What vast recesses of water here penetrate the all-surrounding forest! The lake resembles a huge octopus that spreads its tentacles in all directions. The shore in most places is almost perpendicular rock, but there are sandy beaches whose smooth floors are strewn with the whitened trunks of trees uprooted by wind and wave, and compacted in dense masses thereon. The water is dark because it is deep, but it is also clear and cool.

At Dwight, on the North Bay, the ground gently declines to the water, permitting the location of the village. Here the clearings of the settlers are, in part, covered with a new growth of young pine, cedar, spruce, and hemlock, which gives a most attractive park-like aspect to the scene.

For perfect seclusion in the finest of scenery, with the best of fishing in the lake and hunting in the forest, and good accommodation at absurdly cheap rates, Dwight is one of the prize localities in all Canada. The Ox Tongue River, which here enters the lake, permits a canoe voyage to unknown distances.

A mile up the river is the celebrated Marsh Falls, a fine cataract with a perpendicular fall of over thirty feet.

A good road leads from Dwight over Marsh Falls to Ten Mile Bay, a remote section of the lake, where lake and wildwood possess every charm the imagination can attribute to them.

Dorset is a good base of supplies for *voyageurs en route* to Lake Kawajamog, which is noted for its rugged grandeur and its shoals of fish.

The Lake of Bays is being rapidly surrounded by a cordon of hotels to accommodate the increasing stream of tourists that every summer penetrates this glorious region in search of health and sport; and in a few years the five lakes of the Lake of Bays district will be as popular and as much frequented as the larger Muskoka lakes are to-day.

MODERN FICTION.

PART VII.

BY EDWIN RIDLEY.

Hotspur: I cannot choose : sometimes he angers me
With telling of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-winged griffin and a moulted raven,
A crouching lion, and a romping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-scamble stuff
As puts me from my faith.
Last night he held me, at least nine hours,
In reckoning up the several devils' names,
that were his lackeys.
Oh, he is as tedious as a railing wife ;
Worse than a smoky house :
I'd rather live with cheese and garlic in a
windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.

—KING HENRY IV.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS is an agreeable and entertaining author, who does not confine her literary aspirations to purely fictional channels. Novels she has written, and we understand that they are regarded as quite clever and diverting, especially "Barbara's History." But Miss Edwards's most praiseworthy literary work was accomplished otherwise than in the composition of pretty romances. Such books as "Untrodden Peaks," "One Thousand Miles up the Nile," and "A Midsummer Ramble in the Dolomites," are this lady's chief and most laudable literary works.

E. Werner is a novelist of considerable pretensions, and of much seeming popularity—whose "Judgments of God" and "Beacon Lights" are about as comprehensible and reliable as Egyptian mummy or Hindu sanscrit. Nevertheless,

this author is not invariably so erratic and incongruous. Some of his books are quite interesting, if not otherwise entertaining, and suggestive of purpose. There are many less capable novelists than the author of "Vineta" and "The Fairy of the Alps."

Mary Cecil Hay's books are to be classed along with those of many another writer of fictional matter, of the "Airy Fairy Lilian" variety. But candidly, let us admit that Mary Cecil Hay has written at least one or two really pretty stories. "Old Myddelton's Money" and "The Arundel Motto" may be allowed to pass as such. They are, at least, harmless, and some minds may even profit by reading them.

But of authors of the merely sentimental turn we have said more than enough. It seems but a waste of time and energy to meander any longer in *their* wake, or to explore such sterile pathways. Let us hasten, then, to more pleasant channels, and in them renew our investigations of what is more worthy of note in fictional production—let us proceed to the open meadows, where we shall at least get air and sunshine. In such association, the first name that occurs to our mind is that of Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel"), who, by the way, is one of the best and most improving of current romancers. Who that has read "My Farm at Edgewood," or "Reveries of a Bachelor," or "The Mayflower to Rip Van Winkle," has not been charmed and edified by the grace of style and fluent diction, as well as positively "improved," or morally "braced," by the genuine literary worth and exalted tone and purpose of those books? "Ik Marvel" is a writer of whom this country should feel proud. He is thoughtful, original and sincere. His is a cultivated mind, and his heart is as sound as his intellect is superior to that of the common type of novelist of this generation.

Another composer of modern fiction, in its more restricted sense, is Edward W. Townsend, the author, as every one knows, of "Chimmie Fadden," "Major Max," and other popular sketchy stories. Mr. Townsend is a clever writer. His books are always "catchy," as well as "sketchy," and

they have a very liberal patronage. And, of course, such as have read "Chimmie Fadden" and "Major Max" have hastened to give ear to the former's "explanations" and the latter's "expoundings," or, in other words, to read how "Chimmie Fadden Explains," and "Major Max Expounds." This author's books are decidedly amusing, no matter what his literary eccentricities.

There is another author, whose books, though scarcely of the distinctively novel kind, are exceedingly agreeable and diverting imaginative compositions. The writer to whom we refer is Ella Wheeler Wilcox, author, among other exceptionally worthy poetical, imaginative productions, of "An Erring Woman's Love," a book, despite its sentimental title, of uncommon worth and account. It is a book that is likely to set its readers thinking, and on right lines. It is therefore to be commended. For that matter, almost anything written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, may be perused with profit and pleasure by the intelligent and discerning reader.

Charles G. D. Roberts, author of "The Forge in the Forest," "A Tragedy of the Tides," and other stories, has more recently contributed a book bearing the title of "By the Marshes of Midas," a story which is by no means an inferior fictional production. Mr. Roberts is somewhat given to attaching imposing titles to his stories. Nor is he to be forthwith condemned, or denounced, on such account, for he is, pretty generally, quite an entertaining author. He writes to some purpose, at all events, for his books invariably treat of interesting subjects, and they are neither dull nor silly, while always well chosen and consistently sustained. "By the Marshes of Midas," is a collection of stories—not a continuous whole one. "The Forge in the Forest" is possibly this author's most creditable fictional product.

Miss Margaret Roberts, better known as the author of "A Child of the Revolution," is a clever and accomplished Welsh author, whose well-stored mind has been exceptionally cultivated by travel and literary application. Many capital books has Miss Roberts written—novels, to be sure, but novels of more than customary worth—novels which are

really polished literary productions. Notable among these, and second only to "A Child of the Revolution," are "The Atelier Du Lys," "In the Olden Time" and "The Fiddler of Luga"—books which attest to the extent and culture of this lady's mind and foreign acquaintance.

From Miss Roberts to T. S. Arthur, or from "A Child of the Revolution" to "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," is quite a descent. At any rate, there is a considerable divergence between the intellectual, or educational, standards of these two authors! Yet it is certain that nothing written by Miss Roberts ever occasioned half the flurry in novel-reading circles that "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" elicited some years ago! But whatever the practical worth, or sheer worthlessness, of Mr. Arthur's "bar-room" production, it must be admitted that he has written at least one or two fairly good novels. "Stories for Young Housekeepers," "Seed-time and Harvest," and "Woman's Trials," are at any rate tolerably representative and commendable fictional efforts and products, of the modern classification. But as for "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room"—who, in the name of goodness, can have the patience to so much as abide the thought of such an infiction? *One* night should be surely more than enough to suffice the morbid cravings of even the more robust among the hankering crowd of sentimentalists who profess to entertain "literary" inclinations—let alone *ten*!

To lovers of Irish romances, or to Hibernially-inclined ears and minds, the stories of William Carleton must necessarily prove attractive and congenial reading and diversion. For this author has written a number of capital romances. Moreover, his books are almost invariably the intensely sympathetic and finished productions of an ardent, humorous and depictive mind and nature. These traits and characteristics are more distinctively observable in such among his books, as "The Midnight Mass," "An Irish Oath," "Dominick, the Poor Scholar," and "The Party Fight and Funeral." But "Dominick, the Poor Scholar," is decidedly Mr. Carleton's best novel.

Maarten Maartens is an arrant sensationalist. His books are either exceedingly pretentious, or else perniciously morbid and trashy. Yet it is to be observed that they are to a certain extent popular among the generality of novel readers. And Maarten Maartens is commonly regarded as "the most famous of Dutch novelists."

Winston Spencer Churchill is not to be confounded with Winston Churchill, the author of "Richard Carvel;" nor is his book, "Savrola," of any appreciable worth. It is not to be at all compared with his namesake's chief story. Nevertheless, "Savrola" is by no means destitute of interest, despite its somewhat pretentious nature and title. Moreover, this Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill would appear to be a young man of considerable energetic parts and resources. Like Richard Harding Davis, he is, or has been, a war correspondent, as well as a novel writer. His career, up to the present, however, in the former rôle, has been a little checkered and unfortunate—he it was who was captured by the Boers, and who somewhat dubiously effected his escape from burgher trammels! Since that time we have heard but little of Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill! But, assuredly, we may expect a good deal in the none too distant future! Of "Savrola," sufficè it to be observed that it is a passable story—compounded in the main of love and adventure. It is at all events neither better nor worse than the common run of present-day novels; and, however questionable its literary worth, it will not be apt to appreciably affect current thought and sentiment at all harmfully. In a word, "Savrola" is a book of no special interest. Its scene is supposed to be laid in some indefinite section of Southeastern Europe; and its most prominent characters are of the cast of embryo republican politicians and magnates, whose heads, if not their hearts, are turned, in more than one instance, and their fortunes hazarded, by woman's wiles and blandishments! But all "ends" charmingly—which should surely redound to the considerate author's credit, and to his reader's satisfaction!

(To be continued.)

IN DISTRICT No. I.

(An Economic Novel.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT."

CHAPTER XXVII.—*(Continued.)*

AND, now, a curious thing happened. He had not used the whole of the two lilac precipitates in his electrolytic experiment, but had retained some for exhibition to Lydia on her return. He put these portions in a platinum dish to dry, and had just placed a Bunsen gas-burner underneath, when he was suddenly summoned away to the hospital to attend an urgent case. In his hurry he forgot to extinguish the gas-flame, and when he returned to the laboratory after an absence of some two hours he found the platinum dishes at a bright red heat, and their contents transformed into a fine, dingy-brown powder. Desiring to ascertain whether this change of appearance indicated any change of chemical character he dissolved the powders in acid, added a little bromine, and then some baric carbonate. A fine black precipitate immediately resulted, which, on being tested, was found to be cobaltic sesquioxide, while the residual liquid was found to be a solution of nickel. Hence it was evident that the dingy-brown precipitate was a mixture of nickel and cobalt oxides.

On ascertaining this beyond all peradventure, Boreen immediately rushed to the remnants of his two electrolytic metallic films, dissolved them in acid, and then made the solutions alkaline with potassic hydrate.

Down came the bulky, abundant lilac precipitate !

In another minute Boreen had dashed out into the hospital courtyard, then into the road on the Green, then, with a single bound, up on the veranda of the Vagrants' Home, and into Westeron's office.

"Eurayka! me bhoy, Eurayka!" he shouted. "Did ye ivver hear of the alchemists, Dick?"

"The fellows who tried to change base metals into gold, I suppose you mean," returned the Destinator, looking at Boreen in amazement.

"I've done it, Dick; I've done it. Congratchulate me, Destiny!"

Seizing Westeron's hand, he wrung it vigorously.

"Let go, you lunatic; let go! You've got the grip of a blacksmith," roared Destiny, releasing himself from Tom's grasp. "What are you making such a fuss about? D'ye mean to say you've changed lead or iron into gold?"

"'Tisn't quite that," replied Boreen, sobering down somewhat, as he placed himself a-straddle on a chair, with his arms folded on the back and his chin resting on them. "But it's the biggest thing that has been done in chimistry this cintury. I've discovered an intirely new mittle, and I've found out how to divide it into two other mittles that all the world knows."

"A kind of brass, I suppose?" returned Westeron. "I don't know very much about such things; but I've understood that a chemist can take a bit of brass and change it into copper and zinc."

"You're thinking of *alloys*, Dick. Alloys are made by milting mittles together, and, of course, you can divide them back again. But what I've discovered to-day is a true, single mittle."

"How did you discover it?"

"Why, barring a little copper and iron, which are accidental impurities, it's the mittle that your infernal machine and spike are made of."

"How about the other fellow, Tom?"

"What the divvle are you driving at?"

"Well, if the things are made of the new metal, it strikes me the other fellow was a little ahead of you."

"Begorra, and so he was. There's a dhirty thief, for you, Destiny, to stale my discovery, and years ago, too, for anything I can tell."

Westeron laughed.

"I'll give you a suggestion," said he.

"What is it, now?"

"Ask L. B. to umpire the dispute."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PEACH AND THE CARPENTER BEE.

The Sabbath morn was calm and still, save for the joyous caroling of the birds as they sat perched on the topmost sprays of the trees in Hodeslea Grove, waiting for their noble Sunday repast to be scattered from the nose-bags and feeding troughs of the patient horses in the shade below.

Hodeslea Grove crowned the summit of a hill on the west side of Pigeon River, a little north of the road leading down to the ford. The view from the porch of the old stone church, built in the style of a Dorsetshire edifice, dating from the days of Queen Bess, ranged far and wide. Away to the right could be seen the outskirts of the Burgh of Clyde, merging into the stately park, with its picturesque avenues and glades. Then came the College and Mote-house, the terraced walk by the river, the woods and fields, the quiet ford, the embowered farmhouse and the hills beyond, the white tents of the camp, the seeming confusion of the bridge, the long, curving sweep of the stream below, disappearing in a softly blended succession of farm and wood, the blue mountain range rising as a background to it all.

Merritt and Simms stood leaning against the church wall, a little way from the porch, watching the arrival of the congregation. Simms had suggested that it would look

well on their part to attend divine service, and Merritt had gladly assented, seeing that he would at least secure some "copy," even if he should miss salvation.

Hodeslea church drew a concourse larger than that of any other in the township. Many of the best people in the Burgh itself drove out to say their prayers within its walls, and it was the favorite place of worship of the collegians and students. Each farm and group of cottages, for many a mile around, also contributed a quota to the throng. But I need not descant upon the vogue it enjoyed, if I add that the organist of Hodeslea church was our incomparable Eddie.

"How's *that*, Warner? Was *that* worth coming for, do you think?" asked Simms, pointing to a little group of persons who had arrived on foot and were approaching the porch.

The central person of the group was an old gentleman, tall and dignified, dressed in black cloth garments of antiquated cut, gloved and hatted most precisely, and giving his arm to an old lady who, in her way, was just as stately and old-fashioned as himself. The couple looked as though they had stepped out of some painting of the aristocratic classes in the days before the great Civil War.

On the other side of the old gentleman walked, or, rather, glided, a young lady, in attire of faultless elegance and newest mode. She was studied by every eye as she passed. The women drank in deep draughts of taste and perfection in dress. The men drank even deeper draughts of sheer lunacy.

I need hardly say that the three individuals in question were Timothy Drax, his wife and daughter.

Merritt stood motionless and stupefied, until the Drax family had disappeared within the porch.

"She's more beautiful even than Dr. Lydia Blauenfeld," he gasped.

"How do you know?" said Simms. "You've never seen Dr. Lydia."

"No, but I saw her portrait in Washington."

"Oho! Mr. Warner," thought Simms, "I must find out whereabouts in Washington you could have seen a portrait of the fair medico."

Then, speaking aloud, he said :

"Wait till you see the original, and you'll sing a different song. Not but what this girl's almighty handsome, and quite good enough to commit murder for; but the other's worth hellfire."

"Aren't you putting it a little strongly, Simms, taking into consideration where we happen to be standing?"

"I'm only saying what you'll be thinking in a day or two. That's practical, ain't it? However, if you want me to moderate my language, I'll say that while you would die for Miss Drax, you'd far sooner be damned for Dr. Blauenfeld."

"'Sh! man, you'll be heard. Let's go into church."

It was with a beating heart that Inly took a seat in the anciently contrived, high-backed pew beside Simms, and looked about him. He saw what the glorious Legion of Labor could do. A gathering of happy, contented, prosperous, sober-minded, devout, and yet gay-hearted folk. There were no traces of hard work or hunger, of poverty or privation. Pain and sorrow even seemed to be absent; and, if wickedness knelt there, it was in pious seeming. I remember Cuyler once remarking that even the poor little foibles of human nature seemed to have been abandoned by common consent within those quiet walls, where the sunlight stole in through panes of ruby and turquoise, and where the tall columns of the vaulted roof were forever garlanded with green.

Inly saw a good many very smart young men and fine misses, mingled with sedate elders, flourishing matrons, sturdy legionaries of the humbler grades, and laughing children. He soon detected the pew in which were sitting white-haired Mr. and Mrs. Drax. But he looked in vain for his glorious young goddess of a few minutes ago, with her eyes of the mystical luminous night, and her radiance of the golden day; with her tresses of ruddy amber and her face

of living, glowing marble ; with her movements of Grace and her form of Joy.

Presently there came stealing through the trembling air a deep, tuneful, whisper of melody, ever growing louder, but rising and falling in cadences of rich harmony, and creeping into every heart with happy sobbing of sympathy. It swelled into wonderful waves of sound that floated upward to the softly echoing vault, and sped in subtle undulations through the aisles, cheering and soothing, and lifting souls from gloom into sunlight. Anon it pealed and rang with diapason of thunder and clear, angelic trumpeting, telling of a welcome for the mourning and the humble, and chanting the tidings of an everlasting joy. Louder and more triumphant grew the sweet strains. Eyes filled with tears ; hand pressed hand in trembling ecstasy ; hearts pulsed overcharged with soft emotion ; every lip seemed about to utter the cry of an ascending soul—when the rolling, reverberating sounds suddenly sank into soft sobbing as at first, and died away in an exquisite sigh.

Simms sat watching Inly Merritt's face. He smiled without kindness as he marked the rapt expression and long hair of the young man ; and when, at length, he noticed a gathering tear, he turned to his neighbor on the other side and asked a whispered question.

Inly, very naturally and instinctively, and without confusion, inasmuch as almost everybody was doing the same thing, was drying his eyes with his handkerchief, when his soul was recalled to earth by a voice in his ear.

"Do you know who the organist is ?" asked Simms.

"No ; but he's the divinest artist that ever touched a key."

"He isn't a he. He's a she. He's Miss Drax."

"I might have known it, Simms," responded Merritt, clapping his hand to the region of his watch-pocket, with quite a tragic little gesture.

"Would you like to be introduced to her, after church ?"

"Would I? I'd knock the stuffing out of Old Nick to get beside her. I'd——"

"Sh! don't talk so loud. Aren't *you* putting it a little

strongly, *now*, taking into consideration where we happen to be sitting?"

"Too strong! Why, Volapük itself wouldn't be strong enough. Who'll introduce me?"

"I will."

"You?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't I, you blue jay? I know the gal well enough."

It is unnecessary for me to say that poor Merritt paid very little attention to the remainder of the service, except when the melting and majestic music from time to time was heard. His little heart was beating so fast that a chronic blush pinkly illumined his face; and although the officiating clergyman preached an eloquent and sensible sermon on the subject of introducing religion into daily life, even in matters involving dollars, he addressed himself in vain to the idle ears of the *World* man.

Miss Drax played an improvised voluntary while the congregation was filing out. It was a wonderful arrangement of chords and passionate bursts of melody, having for its guiding theme a sweet song which took the public ear in 1906 and remained in vogue for more than a year. Probably my younger readers have never heard the tune; but many of their elders will vividly remember how distracted the ear became by the incessant iteration at every street corner and in every parlor of "Bella, Sweet, I Guess You'll Get Me." It was a catchy little trifle, and could hardly be quite murdered, even by the band of a country village; but what an anthem it made!

Merritt and Simms remained in their pew until after the very last note, expecting to intercept Eliza as she came down the aisle. But no Eliza appeared; and, at length, the verger, who was becoming impatient to close the church door and be off to his Sunday dinner, asked the strangers whether they were waiting for anything.

"We're waiting for Miss Drax, the organist," said Simms.

"She don't come out this way. She goes out by the vestry door with the parson," replied the verger.

"The dickens she does!" exclaimed Simms. "Come on, Warner, or she'll give us the slip."

He rushed down the aisle, followed by Merritt and, more slowly, by the verger, who afterward told his wife that he knew of one man who hadn't profited by the Rev. William Clark's sermon.

When the two comrades reached the Grove they descried Mr. and Mrs. Drax walking a long way off, followed by Eliza, in the midst of a numerous bevy of swains, who were eagerly hovering and evidently buzzing around her. Such, at least, must have been the thought of Mr. Simms, who turned to his gloomy little friend and said, pointing, as he spoke, to a distant group:

"Did you ever hear the fable of the Peach and the Carpenter Bee, Warner?"

"No," growled Merritt. "What's it got to do with Miss Drax?"

"Well, there was once a very ripe peach, very pink and red, and downy, and soft and sweet. The flies and wasps were all flying and buzzing about, trying to get at the luscious morsel; but they perpetually flew in each other's way and knocked each other out. A wise carpenter bee, who also was very much in love with the peach, saw this, and kept out of the crowd. He seated himself on the stalk, and, while all the rest were fooling, he busily bored and sawed. Presently down fell the peach, so suddenly that the flies and the wasps were all startled and darted away; and when they came back the peach had gone, and no one knew where to find it. The wise carpenter bee, though, noticed under what bush it had rolled; and he sat there, sucking away at the sweets and laughing in his sleeve at all the other insects."

There was something in Simms' tone which commanded Merritt's attention.

"What's the moral?" he asked.

"Wouldn't it be inconvenient to have one in this case?" asked Simms in return.

Merritt stood silent.

"Let's go to the camp and get dinner," added Simms. "Then we will make an afternoon call at Pigeon River Farm to see my dear young friend, Mr. Henry Wyndham, who ought to be able by this time to tell us what a peach is like."

"D—n him !" muttered Inly, as he followed Simms, who was smiling, though still not kindly.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE OBSERVER.

"I say, Simms, who and what is this Henry Wyndham?" asked Merritt, as he and his comrade arrived within sight of the old red brick house.

"How should I know?"

"Didn't you come to Clyde with him?"

"Yes; but then we had only met by chance in the Legion office at Asheville, and happened to get billeted together for this place."

"Didn't he tell you who he was, while you were on the cars together?"

"Not a bit. The ride's only a short one, and we were talking about women all the time. Wyndham's a bit of a peach in his way, too, you'll see."

Simms had not forgotten the interest evidently taken in Henry Wyndham by L. B., and he was by no means averse to painting the handsome young fellow in darker colors than were warranted by the actual facts of the case, if thereby he could arouse Warner's jealousy in aid and support of his own. The furious disgust expressed on Inly Merritt's face showed that he was succeeding.

The Draxes were well-to-do people, and the head of the house in each generation had paid more than one extended visit to his English relatives in their ancestral home, the splendid mansion of Charborough Park, in lovely, leafy, breezy Dorset. We have no such abodes in this country, the so-called mansions of the so-called Southern aristocracy

and even the storied luxury of the opulent Southern planters before the great Civil War having differed *toto celo* from the *real* thing. The words "plantation" and "ranch, no doubt, are far finer-sounding than "farm," and "mansion" than "farmhouse"; but words are words. In pre-Legion days I several times had occasion to travel through Virginia, the Carolinas, Alabama and Louisiana, and I was always vastly amused when I saw the wretched residences and surroundings of the great landowners, and contrasted them with the glowing pictures of many a novel of Southern life.

So the Draxes did *not* dub their residence a "mansion" or its adjacent gardens, pastures and orchards, a "park." To them, as to the world at large, the place was "Pigeon River Farm." But Cuyler and I always thought it was, in its way, a tolerably close approach to an old English country-house.

In response to Simms' vigorous ring, the hall-door was opened by pretty little Mary Morley, the parlor-maid, who ushered the callers into the drawing-room, where sat old Timothy Drax and his wife, more disposed to doze than to entertain visitors. They, however, received Simms and Merritt very ceremoniously and kindly. In some respects, social rank was an unknown quantity in District No. 1. The humblest laborer was received in the finest home of the greatest magnate with just as much deference and civility as though he were the Chief Legionary himself. Yet Nature had her way after all. Birds of a feather flocked together. The ignorant, the uncouth, the uncultivated found themselves uncomfortable in the society of the well-informed, the elegant, the refined; and, except at odd times, there was, in all proper ways, the very same division of the legionaries into higher, middle, and lower classes as that which had always been observable in the "effete monarchies of Europe," to say nothing of the present very unequal equalities that characterize society in the great French and Russian republics.

(To be continued.)

Editorial.

America's Attitude Toward China.

THE situation in China presents a problem of unknown dimensions. What has taken place, is taking place, and will take place, are, at this time of writing, matters of mere guesswork rather than of knowledge. Having few substantiated facts to base discussion upon, it is not possible to formulate any very accurate opinion regarding the problem and its outcome. Definite information of a reliable character is necessary before anything like a true plan of action for the nations concerned becomes apparent. The policy of the United States, however, would seem to be, as near as one may judge, to act heartily in concert with the other interested foreign powers just so far as is necessary to protect the lives and property of American citizens from mobs, Boxers, or Chinese troops. If to accomplish this the presence of United States soldiers is necessary, such soldiers should be sent to supplement the naval force. It is evident the existing Chinese Government is either unable or unwilling to protect foreigners within the limits where it should hold sway. In the interests of national necessity these foreign residents must now therefore be protected by foreign arms. It is the duty of the United States to assist the cause of humanity by active and effectual participation, if need be. But it is not essential that the United States act with the other powers a bit further than the interests of suffering humanity alone require. The United States desires no Chinese territory, nor should she permit herself to be drawn into any deal whereby the partitioning of the Chinese Empire among foreign powers would be effected. The interests of the United States in China are primarily trade interests. These should be protected, and in the possible event of a dismemberment of China actually occurring, the United States should see to it that proper provision for American commercial interests is guaranteed by the powers participating in the partition.

How Canada's Mineral Wealth is Growing.

In its issue of May, 1899, THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE said, editorially, (pp. 503-4) :

The report of the Canadian Geological Survey shows that the aggregate value of gold, silver, copper, nickel and lead produced in the Dominion during 1898 was about \$22,000,000. Of this sum nearly \$14,000,000 was in gold; \$10,000,000 of the total being the estimated output of Yukon Territory. Reliable information is to the effect that the gold production of the Klondike district for 1899 will exceed \$20,000,000. While the showing is of very great interest and importance, the success in Yukon Territory should not detract from the permanent development which is gradually going on in the Rossland and other districts in British Columbia. The mountains of that region are phenomenally rich in the precious metals, and time, money and determination will eventually make that mineral district one of the largest producers in gold, silver, copper and lead in all North America. Canadian capital may well afford to assist in the opening up of the richest portion of Canada's vast domain. Every inducement which may justly be offered prospectors under liberal laws and regulations, is the least any government should provide to encourage the hardy toilers who search out the hidden treasures of the earth.

Now comes the report of the Canadian Geological Survey for 1899, which shows the mineral output of Canada for last year to have been over \$47,000,000, or twice as much as in 1898. The gold output was valued at \$21,049,000, or half as much again as that of the previous year; the Yukon produced \$16,000,000—sixty per cent. more than in 1898, but less by \$4,000,000 than was estimated at that time to be the probable output of 1899. Strange to say, however, lead and silver fell off, and this notwithstanding better prices. Local causes in British Columbia, not dependent on the value of the deposits, are held to be responsible for this. The local causes, we presume, are mainly embodied in certain eight-hours-to-the-day mining regulations. It is doubtless true that this legislation has disturbed the British Columbian mineral output, but that the differences existing between the miners and the mine-owners will satisfactorily be adjusted in time, there is little doubt. It must be so. If the mineral is there it will be taken out.

Next to gold, coal was the chief mineral extracted from the soil in Canada in 1899, its value being over \$9,000,000 ;

nickel amounted to \$2,067,840; silver, \$1,834,371; lead, \$977,250; iron, \$248,372. This is a gratifying showing, and Canada's wealth increases just in proportion as she develops the resources Nature has lavished upon her.

Government Assistance to Private Interests.

Those who oppose all Government subsidies for private industrial enterprise should bear in mind that many countries other than the United States are subsidizing such industries. Government assistance to establish and carry on business of a private, or, at least, only semi-public nature is not confined alone to the United States, but is extended by other Governments to their respective subjects as well. England, Germany, and France, for instance, each lends financial assistance in some way to private enterprise along certain commercial lines that tend in their turn to build up, strengthen and preserve the nation. The great dependencies of the British Empire, too, are not backward about adopting like measures for their own benefit. Mr. Felix S. S. Johnson, Commercial Agent at Stanbridge, tells in a recent advance sheet of United States Consular Reports, how the fisheries of Canada are being helped by Government co-operation in the matter of bait refrigeration.

It seems that when bait is most urgently needed it is the most scarce, and to remedy this state of affairs it is proposed to refrigerate bait when it may be had in abundance, and so have a supply available to draw upon when it would otherwise be difficult to obtain. To this end the Canadian Department of Agriculture has been permitted by Parliamentary appropriation to spend \$25,000 toward building and operating bait refrigerators; the fishermen themselves, by forming associations, co-operating to the extent of fifty per cent. of the cost of the undertaking.

Canada's total expense on fisheries' account for the fiscal year amounted to \$417,601, of which sum nearly \$160,000 was distributed in the shape of fishing bounties. These bounties were shared by the crews of 784 schooners and by

23,500 boat fishermen, the total value of the Canadian fish catch for 1898 being nearly \$20,000,000.

Surely, if the Dominion of Canada can afford, and finds it profitable to expend, so much in support of its fishing interests alone, the United States need not choke at the idea of appropriating something like \$9,000,000 a year—or less than \$2,000,000 more than the Fifty-fifth Congress appropriated for the Agricultural Department—on behalf of American shipping interests !

Editorial Notes.

How WOULD American skilled laborers like to live in Germany? According to Consul John E. Kehl, for a week of sixty-six hours' work at Stettin carpenters receive \$5.28 ; blacksmiths, \$5 ; painters, \$4.52, and laborers, \$3.14. Heavy compensation, that ! And these same workmen have to pay for beef, per pound, 23 cents ; eggs (winter price) per sixteen, 60 cents ; butter, 28 cents per pound ; flour, 5 cents per pound, and for other articles of diet in proportion. Mr. Kehl says : " American labor is paid treble the wages paid German labor in the same calling, and the cost of food is from 10 to 50 per cent. cheaper in the United States than in Germany." Under conditions such as these, is it any wonder that Germans migrate to America—not only to escape compulsory military service, but to better their condition generally ?

SAYS Kaiser William :

My first hope now and always is the preservation of international peace, and my second the consolidation and maintenance of good relations between Germany and Great Britain. Between these two nations no essential cause of difference exists, nor should one arise between them. There should be no rivalry other than friendly competition in furthering the economic and social progress of their peoples.

This doesn't look as though there would be trouble right away between Germany and Britain over either Boer or Chinese issues.

THAT "English is altogether sufficient" in business relations with European merchants, United States Consul Mahin, at Reichenberg, denies. But he also says, "It is true that knowledge of the English language is spreading, and it is possible that in a generation or so it can be successfully used in doing business with any part of Europe." Which would indicate that even if the English language is not now "altogether sufficient," it is, at least, "getting there."

MR. BRYAN wants to turn out of power the party whose administration has been accompanied by very general, and equally un-Democratic, prosperity in the country. Why, even he himself has never been more prosperous. He paid this year taxes on the largest holding of personal property of any individual in his town. But then, industry brings reward, and the Colonel is undeniably industrious—in his way.

THE United States certainly has the biggest share of the commerce of Hawaii, for out of a total Hawaiian import trade in 1899 of \$19,000,000, the United States had \$15,000,000; and out of \$22,628,741 worth of exports from Hawaii the same year, our trade was \$22,517,758. Which goes to show that even if trade does not follow the flag, it is, at least, not injured by being accompanied by it.

As a simple indication of the growth of education in the United States, it may be noted that the ratio of increase in student attendance at Syracuse (N. Y.) University, for 1899 over 1898, was more than 24 per cent. And this institution of learning is only a single illustration of hundreds of such throughout the length and breadth of the land.

A LARGE navy is not always indicative of a correspondingly large merchant marine. Russia, for instance, possesses one of the finest navies in the world, but its merchant marine consists only of some 600 steam and 2,300 sailing vessels! Notice, too, the preponderance of sailing over steam vessels.

A BLEACHING trust, with a capital of from £10,000,000 to £12,000,000, is said to have been formed in England. So even the free trade countries have their trusts, and Protection is not wholly responsible for their existence in the United States, Mr. Havemeyer to the contrary, notwithstanding!

IT seems as if the Canadian wheat output should be considerably greater than it is. While the United States produced last year 547,303,000 bushels, Canada produced only 64,000,000 bushels, although it is said, the quality of Canadian wheat is higher.

IT was a gracious act on the part of her Majesty, Queen Victoria, when in bestowing Birthday Honors she granted Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal a patent of his title to his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Jared Bliss Howard, his only child.

THE first session of the Fifty-sixth Congress came to an end on June 7th, and members are now bestirring themselves and their constituents about matters more particularly personal than of general national concern.

ON the nation's birthday the great party of free trade and its companion-piece, the free lunch, will "get together" to condemn Republican prosperity. It was ever thus.

OOM PAUL took good care to have his moving capital well supplied with despised Outlander gold. But he took his printing-press along to assist in paying bills.

MISFORTUNES never come singly. South Africa, India, the African West Coast, and China—now, Britannia, all together!

WHO now can accuse the Boers of not being a progressive people? Even their capital moves!

MCKINLEY and Roosevelt! "Itsagood" ticket.

Personal and Incidental.

THE TOILER'S ANSWER

TO EDWIN W. MARKHAM'S "SONG OF THE NEW CENTURY."

We know the "purpose of the upper sphere,"
And knowing, dread the "century anear."
"Thunder and earthquake lurk beyond the gate;"
God help the hapless ones at war with Fate.
"And one shall come," thus oft have we been told.
The story is the same as that of old;
The same that woke the shepherds on the hills,
And echoing down the ages no more thrills
The sluggish pulse of those who blindly grope
In Stygian darkness without ray of hope.

The "leader" came, e'en as he was foretold.
Again he'll come as in the days of old,
With heart as warm for human grief and woe,
As was that other heart so long ago.
Thrilled with the "cosmic oneness" he will rise,
"Youth in his heart, and morning in his eyes."
History repeats: ere he his task achieves
His house is made the dwelling place of thieves;
And wealth, and power, and greed, and love of gain,
Will forge his fetters and will weld his chain;
E'en though he stood a god within the gate,
He must move on or there be immolate.

Beholding power, and opulence, unjust,
Will fill his soul with loathing and disgust.
With fettered hands can he alone
Build "Comrade Kingdom," or remove a stone?
The wheels of Juggernaut are on his breast;
There is for those who labor spoil nor rest.
Why "wait a leader" to espouse the cause
Of those oppressed by man's unrighteous laws?
Let each man rise, and in his wrath and might
Declare that *henceforth wrong shall be made right.*
Then will he come, though not with "song and lyre,"
But with the thund'rous tongue of blood and fire.

Long have we waited, long have we endured,
Long been to hardship, toil and pain inured;
From the rude cradle where at birth we lay,
To ruder coffin that contains our clay,
Burdened with taxes, hedged around by "trust,"
That ghouls may fatten, *even on our dust.*
'Tis well to say, "Fear not," in words of cheer
To those who are secure, with naught to fear;
But to the striving millions, who have oft before
Beheld the gaunt wolf snarling at the door,
'T were not an easy thing. *They* cannot trust to Fate,
Her help comes (if at all) too late.
God grant them "*nerves of steel,*"
And set His final seal
Upon a cause that brings
A *Toiler* race of Kings.

—ALICE D. O. GREENWOOD.

DR. VERMILYE PRAISED BY A CORRESPONDENT.

EDITOR OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE :

In connection with clergymen whose literary productions are referred to by Mr. Ridley in "Modern Fiction," I cannot refrain from paying a tribute to one of your own contributors, Rev. Ashbel D. Vermilye, whose paper on "The Palisades of the Hudson" in THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE of last October was so interesting.

Dr. Vermilye's excellent paper is admirably depictive and suggestive of romantic associations, and I cannot permit the opportunity to pass of saying a few words of comment upon it. "The Palisades" should be regarded by appreciative readers as something more than an incidental magazine article, for the author is clearly a writer of exceptional parts—a man of no mean literary capacity. There is a deal of edifying matter in his paper, and much sound sense and roundly suggestive historical and narrative interest. It has, moreover, a distinctively poetic, or romantic, savor and tenor. The author's comments and references in regard to the Hackensacks, "a tribe of Algonquin lineage," who were reputedly the "earliest known inhabitants of the region, and owners of the Palisades," favorably impress the mind of the reader, and attest to the qualifications and generous sympathetic nature of the writer; while his humorous sallies, in Dutch relationship, will be keenly relished by many. But the chief value of the contribution consists in the intelligent purpose evinced by its author, and in the light revealed upon the subject treated of. For the subject is really almost as serious as the treatment of it is interesting, and as the light shed upon it is surprising. There is indeed a pathos as well as a romantic interest attaching to Dr. Vermilye's depictive and narrative survey of the traditional charms and historical associations of the now desolated and wantonly defaced region of the Palisades. To be sure, in a harsh, soulless, commercial generation, such an appeal to the public conscience and intelligence as this writer's, will not be likely to prove of much, if any,

actual avail. The spirit of *our* age is a commercial spirit—a ravaging, exterminating, base, and mechanical spirit, which, oblivious of all romantic associations and traditions, and bent only on the pursuit of gain and gross material advantage, must needs go on despoiling and polluting every region and channel of human life and interest. Small wonder, then, that the evil work which this writer so indignantly denounces, still goes on, and that *evil workers* are still “blasting away at the Palisades with dynamite”!

LUCULLUS.

BROTHERS, BEHOLD!

Brothers of the Blood, behold
The mother, world-throned, named by these
Shunned sentries of the fleet-swept seas,
Known to the navies from of old!

Whose far-found legions, summoned oft,
Their shoreward gathering heard in awe,
Have compassed, and within the Law
Have kept, while idlers dreamed or scoffed.

Whose splendor, dazzling to the world,
And half-remembered by her sons,
Ends not the course the herald runs
Beneath her battle-flag unfurled.

Before that thin, heroic line;
Before that seething battery smoke
Fall tyrannies, the chain and yoke,
The walls that bar the better time.

And with the turmoil and the stress
See still that hand, in firm belief,
Turned to the spent, repentant chief
With lasting proof of kindness!

When her calm messenger replies,
“My sword with thine against the foes’—
Yet not the gaping meddler knows
Wherein her might of Empire lies,—

And trusting, him to knowledge brings,—
 “My strength with thine against the wrongs,”
 Until above his plunder-songs
 The anthem of his service rings.

That task of Nations, dark, unread,
 Ere now has loomed amid the glare,—
 The way avoiding veiled its snare,—
 Behold the ruins of their dead!

And, brothers, caught we not the cry,
 Borne o'er that narrowed sea to-day:
 “Be with us, *brothers*—’Tis the way!”
 And dare we leave the thought to die?

Give heed we must, and, reckoning,
 More justly labor as we learn,
 And bear, unchoosing in our turn,
 Our own poor quibbler’s caviling.

Answer we must, for our own good,
 Against the coming of that hour
 When all blind Hatred’s summoned power
 Calls to all Brothers of the Blood!

—J. E. STINSON.

EARLY ESSAYS OF WELL-KNOWN MEN.

Among the treasures which Andrew Freese, of Cleveland, O., clings to in his old age are two essays, says the *New York Times*, one written by John D. Rockefeller and the other by Marcus A. Hanna, when they were his pupils, nearly fifty years ago. Mr. Hanna’s essay is entitled, “England and the United States.” At eighteen he expressed his ideas as follows:

“’Tis true that England has been for many years the unrivaled nation of the earth, but the United States has been like a soaring eagle, gradually but rapidly mounting on their flight to fame, and now that she has reached an exalted position in the eyes of the world, she gazes with indifference upon her mighty rival.

"In England the land is held by wealthy lords and nobles, who spend their time and money to gratify their own selfish desires, while hundreds of the poorer classes are struggling hard to gain a living and enduring all the privations that poverty can inflict. Not so in a land of liberty. Here every man is free, and all enjoy equal rights and privileges, and every honest and industrious man can gain a comfortable livelihood."

Mr. Rockefeller's essay tells of the life of St. Patrick. Characteristic sentences in the essay are :

"From a poor shepherd boy he had become a Bishop, which was in those days a very high office. History gives instances of the power of a Bishop being equal to and greater than that of a King.

"St. Patrick was far superior to his countrymen in knowledge, and had a great sway over their minds. They even thought him to be a saint."

St. George's Society Notes.

From now till October matters in the Society will be decidedly quiet, as is usual during the summer months, and there will be no meeting held till that month.

At a meeting held on the 14th of June sixteen new members were admitted, and it is expected that there will be a decided increase in the membership this year.

Many of the members are away on their vacations, and, of course, those who could go have gone to the old country, and incidentally will take in the Paris Exposition.

Book Notes.

Charles Scribner's Sons' new books include "Unleavened Bread," by Robert Grant, a capital novel, introducing us to some familiar types; "Red Blood and Blue," an interesting story which is selling well, and "The Grip of Honor," by Cyrus Townsend Brady. This work has been dramatized for fall production.

Nothing could better reveal the personality of Cyrus T. Brady



CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

(Courtesy of *Chas. Scribner's Sons.*)

than the stirring titles he has given to his books. "For Love of Country," "For the Freedom of the Sea," "The Grip of Honor," all of them give a truer conception of the writer than could be given in columns of description. Two years ago his first novel, "For Love of Country," was a favorite book with the officers of Admiral Dewey's flagship. Its author at that time was chaplain of the First Pennsylvania Volunteer Regiment. When war was declared he lost no time in trying to re-enter the naval service which he had left some fifteen years before. As there was some delay in considering his application, he joined the First Pennsylvania Regiment as chaplain and served through the war in that capacity.

"Nooks and Corners of Old New York," by Charles Hemstreet, is an exceedingly interesting and valuable work. Carefully accurate, profusely illustrated, and printed in large type, it is a

welcome addition to our list of historic literature. "Enoch Willoughby,"

by James A. Wickersham, deals with the Middle West, and is an interesting character study. "How to Know the Ferns" is another work, by Frances Theodora Parsons, well worthy of attention.

The *Funk & Wagnalls Company* will issue the following new publications during the coming summer and fall: "Cuba Libre," by John R. Musick (who has written a number of very interesting books); "The Jeffersonian Cyclopaedia," by Foley; and "Wilkinson's Course of Foreign Classics in Greek, Latin, French and German," six volumes in all. This set will be issued in September, as will also the following: "The Hexaglot Bible," six volumes; "Seed Thoughts for Public Speakers," by Pierson; "The Royal Houses of Israel and Judah," Little; "Forward Movements of the Last Half Century," Pierson; "Morals in Poetry and Story," Banks.

The *Macmillan Company*. Many new works of this house are ready: "The Banker and the Bear," by Henry Kitchel Webster; "A Friend of Cæsar," by William Starns Davis; "As the Light Led," by James Newton Basket; "The Distribution of Wealth" (now in its third edition), by Henry Wallace; "European Travel for Women," by Mary C. Jones; "An Outline of Political Growth in the Nineteenth Century," by Edw. Hamilton Sears.

Longmans, Green & Co.'s new book, "Sophia," by Stanley Weyman, is having a good sale. It is one of the most interesting works of this popular writer. "Parson Kelly," by A. E. W. Mason, is a charming love story, with dramatic situations. "London to Ladysmith" is by Winston Spencer Churchill, the well-known war correspondent of the *London Morning Post*.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have just published two volumes on "South Africa and the Transvaal War," by Louis Cresincke; "Love Letters of a Musician," by Myrtle Reed—a charming attractive little work; "The Angel of Clay," by William Ordway Partridge—a story of sentiment, which has already had a large sale; "The Story of the People of England in the Nineteenth Century," by Justin McCarthy, M. P.; "The Story of Austria," and "Modern Spain," by A. S. Hume, and "Modern Italy," by Pietro Orsi.

Henry Holt & Co. have issued "Henderson's Side-Lights on English History," with 80 full-page illustrations; Dudney's "Folly Corners," a cleverly written book, powerful and interesting; "His Lordship's Leopard," funny as the funniest; "The Memoirs of Baroness De Courtot," which deal with France during the Reign of Terror, and Napoleon I. It is a good historical novel.

Harper & Brothers. "The Conspirators," a beautiful love story, by Robert W. Chambers; "The Jimmyjohn Boss, and other stories," written in the delightfully breezy style of the best author of our times on ranch life, Mr. Owen Wister; Mark Twain's new book, "The Man That

Corrupted Hadleyberg,"—a good story by this well-known and popular author—the first edition was largely oversold; "The Princess Sophia," by E. F. Benson—a story full of life, and interesting from start to finish.

Dodd, Mead & Co.'s special list of new books embraces "Resurrection," by Count Tolstoy, a great work by a great author; "Three Men on Wheels," by Jerome K. Jerome, delightfully written, and interesting to all bicycle riders; "Ivan of the Sword Hand," by S. R. Crockett, full of romantic life and passion; "The Strength of Gideon," by Paul Laurence Dunbar.

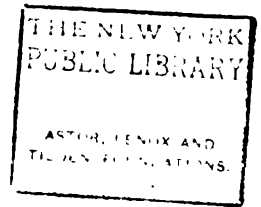
R. H. Russell. This well-known publisher announces a set of Platinum Prints, 24 x 36, from original oil paintings of War and Western Scenes, by Frederic Remington; also "The Crow Scout," "Missing," and "A Questionable Companionship."

John Lane's books for summer reading are "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," by Henry Harland—a delightful romance; "A Second Coming," by Richard Marsh; "Travels in England," by Richard Le Gallienne—well written, and valuable as a guide to England's historic scenes.

G. A. S. Wieners is comparatively new in the field as a publisher, but his little work, entitled "Two Summer Girls and I," by Mr. Burt Sayre, is very cleverly written, and has had a good sale.

The summer numbers of the *Century Magazine* are full of interesting articles, not the least of which is the Hon. John Morley's "Life of Cromwell." Recent book publications by the *Century Company* are "The Sword of the King," by Ronald MacDonald—a charming romance of the seventeenth century, and full of exciting adventures; "Problems of Expansion," by Hon. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the *New York Tribune*; "The Practice of Typography," by Theodore L. De Vinne, the well-known founder of the De Vinne Press—of value to any one interested in plain printing types; "Deacon Bradbury"—one of the best books of the season, now in its fourth edition; and "Arden Massiter"—which bids fair to have a good sale.

A new patriotic song, "The Flag of England," has made its appearance. The music is by Marjorie Dawson, of 509 Fifth Avenue, New York, and the words by Stephen O. Sherman, a resident of Brookline, Mass. Loyal Britons will appreciate this song wherever "The Flag of England" flies.



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THE NEW PATRIOTISM.

BY ARTHUR ERNEST DAVIES, PH. D.

THAT a great change has been coming over public opinion during the last decade no one who has been a student of events and at pains to notice the more silent and less obtrusive forces which have been at work modifying current thought, will care to deny. Not only along the broader avenues of life, in the political and commercial worlds, but likewise along the more restricted paths of social intercourse, and in private life as well, are there evidences of the fact to which attention is directed. Sometimes with complacency, sometimes with concern, but always with profound interest, do we regard departures from well-established custom and the assumption of new habits of thought and life. What this change may ultimately mean for the nation and for the world we may not at present be able to say; but whether it will work out

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some final good will depend in large measure upon the attitude assumed by the more reflecting toward the process, and whether or not they may be able to exert some directive oversight and determinative influence so that the better day may not be a speculative but an assured result.

There are two remarks, *apropos* the subject of patriotism, that need to be emphasized. The first is that its generality seems to preclude any definite description of its content. It is regarded as the most general virtue of a people, with boundaries unfixed and scope undefined. In this regard it is peculiarly responsive to the changing moral atmosphere which is so characteristic of the present time. Shifting of emphasis upon the imperative of the lesser virtues is not without effect on our conception of the place of patriotism in modern life. But, in the second place, it were not to do justice to the nature of patriotism to overlook its causal character in the progressive development of the moral life. If there is ground for concern in respect of the tendency of modern life, and difficulty is sometimes felt with regard to the necessary adjustments on account of the unsettled state of opinion, the obligation is the more imperative that the citizen exercise his prerogative as a member of the state. There are times in the national life when questions can get answer only by saying what *shall* be, instead of waiting upon the future to find out what *will* be. Only upon the supposition of the independence of patriotism from subordinate inquiries is that interference with the stream of tendency which is carrying us thither warranted: from this point of vantage alone can control be assumed of the disintegrating forces of modern life.

If, therefore, we are to live as good citizens, the duty is imperative that some consideration be given the subject of patriotism as the higher point of view from which to determine our lesser obligations, but it must be a consideration which abides by the suggestion of passing events while seeking to define patriotism's permanent characteristics. To this task attention is now directed.

I. The new patriotism will include as one of its leading features a permanent attachment to the soil.

This is the original meaning of the word. In every age the sentiment of fatherland has been the foundation of patriotism. Patriotism, therefore, implies a fixed habitat as a precondition of its existence. For this reason it does not make its appearance in the moral development of the race until the unsettled habits of nomadic life have given place to permanent occupancy of the soil. The stages by which this has come about are an interesting anthropological inquiry throwing considerable light upon some vexed problems of social philosophy, but they concern our present purpose only so far as pointing the suggestion that, whenever they may be shown to occur, they mark a decided advance in the moral life of the tribe, which then may be regarded as having a rudimentary patriotism within the original meaning of the word. In this connection it is pertinent to remark that it is by this principle we discriminate between civilized and uncivilized races; only when the latter become nations with permanent or relatively permanent abodes do they cease to belong to the one class and begin to have a place, if only a humble one, in the other.

It is important to note that patriotism, in its original meaning, is dependent upon a certain permanency of relation to the soil as providing a *home* for the quondam tribe. But this does not mean that their economic relation to the soil has permanently altered and that they do not look further afield for a living. However, we should be inclined to say that the habitat, which is the condition of patriotic virtue, must be allowed to have a profoundly modifying effect upon every other relation to the soil previously held by the developing race. Hence, all predatory habits under stress of hunger will be seen to have become circumscribed; and, with a smaller area upon which to rely for food, and with growing numbers, cultivation of the soil will assume relatively larger importance. The need for this is enforced also from the necessity of defence; it soon becomes evident, if

the advantages of a permanent home are not to be lost, its attendant disadvantages must be overcome. Nor can this be without reactive influence upon the morality of the people, and especially upon their patriotic attachment to the land, to which they are bound by multiplied difficulties. Hence patriotism, in its original conception, is not and never can be in its true exercise a mere bread-and-butter sentiment; it is only a perversion of the patriotic spirit, a reversion rather to the original barbarism of the race, if any one affirm: "Where my living is, there is my country."

If we bring to the test of these formative ideas present opinion on the subject, some interesting differences are immediately apparent. Perhaps the most striking feature is the absence of uniformity in popular sentiment. To discern this, one need only converse with citizens from different sections of the country and with members of different classes in the same section. In general, there is a more intelligent appreciation of the basal fact of patriotism among inhabitants of the older States, and among these the commercial classes are most conspicuous for their love of country. That the professional and the agricultural classes do not display the same virtue to a like extent is due, in the former case, to the fact that from their ranks the politicians are largely recruited; in the latter, that their connection with the soil is so intimately associated with their means of livelihood that the more domestic relation is to a great extent obscured. Upon the farmer there is also a secondary influence at work which is not unimportant. Whatever has been in the past, only the minor offices in the state are now available for the agriculturalist, and he has come to look upon political "place" as a means of supplementing a diminishing income. With a larger number, in the Eastern States, it is lack of opportunity in other directions that keeps them bound to their present occupation; and this gives a fictitious permanency to the class and makes it appear as if there were a greater appreciation of the fixed habits which mark a high stage of civilization. Without this attachment

to definite localities, for which the conditions are most favorable in the case of farming, there is afforded no material out of which constructively to erect for one's self the conception of country as the home of the nation. Unsettled habits and changing ideals are likely to be the precursors of a retrograde step unless they help to lead us to the settled and permanent facts which are at the roots of our Western civilization. And if we have read aright the history of that advance, progress has always been accompanied by soil occupancy, not merely as a means of living, but more fundamentally as a delimitation of geographical areas.

The same point may be emphasized from the standpoint of the West. The accuracy of Ian Maclaren's impressions will not be questioned by any who has personal knowledge of existing conditions. Materialism is the dominant factor, which so far from tending to settled habits is productive of wider unrest; and, relative to the population, a greater number of changes are made than in any other part of the country. Nor has this been a matter of concern; rather it is in terms of movement the Western American has defined his mission to the country. Much, of course, has been gained from this restless spirit, which has led to the peopling of unoccupied territories; but it is not an unmixed good, and it has been particularly unfortunate in its influence upon the population of the West. This is so because mere restlessness of spirit is not a secure psychological foundation for the development of patriotism, for he who has no permanent home has no country. Or as Southey has put it: "Whatever strengthens our local attachments is favorable both to individual and national character. Our home, our birthplace, our native land—think for awhile what the virtues are which arise out of the feelings connected with these words, and if you have any intellectual eye you will then perceive the connection between topography and patriotism. Show me a man who cares no more for one place than another, and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who are homeless by choice:

you have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a tap-root."

In the sense now intended, the conscious exercise of patriotism demands of the citizen a broad æsthetic culture. Utilitarian views of life and its opportunities practically confine the efforts of life to provision of food, clothing, and shelter. Beyond, however, there is a wide-lying territory undreamed of by the matter-of-fact man. "The life is more than meat and the body than raiment." We are more than breathing machines which it is our duty to feed, clothe, and house. We are, besides, persons whose duties cannot be performed unless very much else that is not duty enters into their discharge. That "extra," of which the current popular materialism takes no account, is the true home and storehouse of the soul, in which we must become domesticated if we are to surmount the dangers of the present situation. This is only to say that that comprehensive view of country (*patria*) which is the primary object of patriotism, cannot be conceived except by the cultured man. Much less can it be exercised without some degree of spiritual refinement. Now, those means for the cultivation of the finer perceptions may be termed æsthetic, and hence it is true that æsthetic culture is a *sine qua non* of the patriotic spirit. From this love of country, wherever it has existed, the great masterpieces of literature, music, and the fine arts have sprung. The most intensely national products are those appropriately called classical. The periods of classical production are those in which the patriotic sentiment has been most keenly alive. Hence when a recent contributor to *Self Culture** says, "That we have no great painters is due to the fact that art is not appreciated in our country," this is tantamount to saying that the national spirit has not come to birth and the patriotism which is its outcome has not yet found its opportunity. Yet it is significant that there are signs of improvement in the department of landscape-painting, and we may place

*Eugene Parsons, *American Landscape-Painters*, *Self Culture*, vol. ix, p. 501.

the leading artists among the best educators of the people in an intelligent and pure love of country. The true patriot is a domestic product.

II. Patriotism and Politics.

A stable government is as necessary to the existence and exercise of patriotism as a permanent home. These two aspects of the subject are mutually limiting. Political association is possible only under settled habits of life. Other forms of association, of course, have to be recognized, all of which are determined by the ultimate relation to the soil of the tribe or nation. The Semite tribes, for example, out of which the Jewish nation was formed, were capable of only a temporary organization during the years that elapsed between their escape from Egypt and their arrival at Mount Sinai. This case is instructive also as showing that the relation between politics and patriotism is so intimate that while there were living those whose attachment to the land of Egypt was stronger than their expectancy of the land of Canaan, no progress could be made toward realizing the sentiment of nationality which was the leading motive of the leadership of Moses. From this point of view many events of the wandering can be understood, for you have to deal with different interests which had not yet come under one mastering idea. The possibility of subordinating minor ends is first seen when common interests in a common country could be appealed to as a motive to harmonious co-operation.

That patriotism should have assumed more and more a political quality as national boundaries came to be marked and recognized is, perhaps, natural. The patriotic spirit always conducts to the weakest spot in the commonwealth. When the enemy is a foreign foe, the fighting is done for hearth and home; when the conflict is domestic, it is over political differences. Up to within recent times, it is with the latter kind that our acquaintance was most intimate, and we have heard appeals to the flag, not as a symbol of the country, but of distinctively American institutions. Thus

experience has forced us to emphasize in our thoughts of patriotism its political rather than its domestic significance, and this has issued in a one-sided cultivation of the national virtue. The extent to which this is true may be seen by consideration of such a proposition as the following: It is the people who give expression to their patriotism in political institutions, and not political institutions which determine the character of the patriotic sentiment. If the second part of this statement is true at all, all the truth it has comes from its connection with what immediately precedes. No people more strenuously than the American insist upon "the consent of the governed" as essential to political authority, yet no people are so ready to take the cue from political leaders as to their duties as citizens. This is the standing paradox of the American nature. The essence of it consists in the substitution of secondary effects for primary causes. And it is disregard of the domestic nature of patriotism that has led to the extension over the whole field of its political quality. If, however, the national virtue is to maintain a just equilibrium, the patriotism of the future must not forget the proper relation between itself and politics.

What that relation is may be made clear by considering the two a little more closely. Politics, in general, may be said to be concerned in the making of laws and regulations for government. It, therefore, presupposes certain social conditions as already obtaining; its function is, consequently, regulative, not constitutive. This circumscribed sphere is what gives definiteness to its tasks. In the nature of the case, politics must be characterized by more or less change, and the politician must be more or less of an opportunist. If a people are socially progressive, politically they must be less stable. This must be so in order that adjustment to new conditions may be made without revolution. But whether such a progressive movement on the political side take place without rupture will depend not upon politics, but upon the spirit which makes politics effective. That is, patriotism is always a conservative force in the state. From

this point of view Bolingbroke* was correct, when he said: "Patriotism must be founded in great principles, and supported by great virtues." For the stability of a nation depends upon the intelligence of its people to such a degree that patriotism itself is but a "blind and irrational impulse unless it is founded on a knowledge of the blessings we are called to secure, and the privileges we propose to defend."† The method of doing this belongs to politics to determine; hence politics is a secondary instrument for the preservation and perpetuation of the national ideal. The national ideal, however, is the special object of the patriotic sentiment.

To emphasize this view we may look at the general position in which we find party politics. When "parties" express legitimate differences of opinion they are perhaps necessary for the practical determination of national policy. We may say that party organization, historically, has been the way along which Occidental civilization has become a realized fact; and, so far, no more modern and reliable highway has been laid by which to travel to the larger good of the future. But if any meaning to the many criticisms of party politics is to be had, it may be ascertained as a reply to the question, What are the limits of party organization? That this inquiry would receive scant courtesy at the hands of the politicians themselves, there can be little doubt. For them, it is wholly a question of organization for party success. Instead of finding their purpose and methods defined and regulated by the common weal, the public good for the time being is identified with the private good of the manipulators of a certain sort of political machine. Hence the opprobrious term "machine" politician. Here, however, we must not lose sight of the fact, emphasized already, that to a certain extent this is a legitimate rôle of the politician. He *is* an opportunist. But when it becomes a matter of more or less "grease" to reduce internal friction to a minimum, we are surely face to face with our Nemesis in party politics.

*Idea of a Patriot King.

†Robert Hall, Review of Cushman on the Constitution.

The danger and needs of the present emphasize the importance of that view of the relation of patriotism and politics outlined herein. With a true conception and wise exercise of patriotism, politics will perform its salutary function and become in a vital way the adequate expression of the national feeling and will. This can be only when the policy of the country is under the influence of its more permanent national ideals. By cutting ourselves off from the more idealistic standpoint of the patriot, we have deprived politics of what philosophers call its "immanent ideas." The position we emphasize is that politics separated from patriotism can serve no liberal purpose. The foundations of a nation must not be ignored in raising to itself an imposing superstructure; all progress must be according to historical precedent. Such convictions are, in fact, the reason why large sections of the people are unable to give unqualified assent to what they consider the *new* policy of the Executive in the Philippine group. It is the suspicion that party necessity has dictated national policy that explains the division in opinion on foreign affairs. However each may decide the point in dispute, no doubt exists that the whole question is lifted onto higher ground and may be discussed in a purer atmosphere if the wrangling of the sects for the time being is hushed in the ascent of the mount of vision accessible to every patriotic soul. To such an one, out of the confusion and mists of the present the better spirit is coming to birth. In it we discover the promise and potency of the future.

III. Patriotism and Morals.

We have referred to the dependence of patriotism on morals as a reason why, when moral standards and ideals are undergoing change, abundant modifications in that broader national morality which is called patriotism are to be expected. One of the most significant movements of modern times is connected with our social relations. From being an organized effort to improve the condition of the laboring man, socialism has come to be a political theory of

the state, and patriotic feelings have been appealed to in its support. In other words, it has passed through the moral and has assumed the political stage, but one must remark that at the point where the attempt is made to appropriate the entire national area, failure to carry the consent of the majority of the people follows. This popular verdict upon the endeavor to become national in character indicates the distinction between patriotism and morals. Morals has to do with the manners of members of the state to one another in social life; as such, therefore, socialism is a particular division of general moral inquiry. Patriotism, however, calls forth some expression of loyalty or love toward fatherland as the embodiment of high national ideals. The impossibility of a social state developing a national feeling, without changing its character, is historically illustrated for us in the study of the causes of the Roman dominion in the Grecian peninsula. The contrast between Greece and Rome both in their conceptions and methods is suggestive on the point that for a truly national outlook something more is needed than a well-thought-out and practical theory of society.

If the spheres for the exercise of morals and patriotism are not the same, they are not so separate that they can be kept indefinitely apart. If Roman citizenship overcame Athenian socialism, in its turn it gave way because Roman patriotism was not coextensive with the Republic. "I am a Roman citizen," after all, only meant "I am a citizen of Rome," and Rome was a city as Athens was, and, except by a figure of speech, could not be considered coterminous with the state. Whatever social theories may be in vogue, they are necessarily partial and limited. But it is important to recognize their influence upon national sentiment. For we notice in those states where social freedom is under the dominance of moral ideals a marked stability in national affairs. On the contrary, social discontent, due largely to changing conceptions of social morality, is always productive of political unrest. The same truth, only not so immediately, emerges from a consideration of the moral life of the people

in its more personal and family aspects. Unless moral conditions are fairly steady, little reliance can be placed upon the support of the people in any matter of national importance. In fact, a relatively permanent morality is what distinguishes a nation from a mere political aggregate. Only in the former case is patriotism a possible virtue.

A French writer* has recently attributed "Anglo-Saxon Supremacy" to the conception and training of the home, and has exhorted his countrymen to take the lesson to heart. The national decadence of France, no doubt, has been accompanied by a surprising moral incapacity in all that affects the family relation. Against this modern example may be placed the Roman when the fires of patriotism were lighted on the domestic hearth. What is the state of the case in this country may be difficult to say, especially as it is so easy to mistake the importance of the few "domestic tragedies" which are given prominence in the daily press on account of the social position of the parties concerned. But it were better to ignore "divorce in high life" than to overlook the constancy of many a humble home. However, we do not wish to blink the fact that the character of the home and of its individual members is undergoing somewhat rapid modification. We question, for example, whether the decadence of parental authority is a good thing, and have our doubts if the absence of discipline here is a fit training of the growing generation for the duties of citizenship. If we have never been trained to loyal obedience to the home which is so close to our life, we shall find it hard to exercise that virtue in relation to the home which our country is, only in not so intimate a way. The home is the nursery of patriotism, and if we do not learn the morality of family life, or learn it only imperfectly, it is not surprising if into the broader relations of social and state life we carry the defects of our early training.

That there are in the commercial world signs of social disintegration all will agree. It is not our purpose, however,

*Demolins.

to discuss the subject of trusts and other monopolistic tendencies, only briefly to suggest the way they affect the national feeling through altered conceptions of business morality. On the surface of the social question in its broadest aspect we notice a striking paradox, namely, that while the *doctrinaire* apostles of modern socialism have been applying to social conditions the political theory of equality in the Constitution, the actual tendency among all classes of the community has been toward individualism, both social and commercial. In the one case, the dogma of social equality is a deduction from the theory of political rights in which the people have been trained; in the other, these political rights so applied have destroyed the doctrine of *noblesse oblige*, and led to an indiscriminate scramble for the prizes of life. If anything can enlighten the public as to the fundamental error of the popular conception of socialism, namely, that it must be a state of society among equals, the extreme inequalities which have been becoming more and more pronounced during the past ten years ought to have this result. There is, it is true, a practical and practicable theory of society which may conserve all that is best in socialism, but it must not be blind to fundamental inequalities in the life and character of men if it would not compel them to assert their personal rights over and above their social obligations to those who are less favorably endowed. Something of this has actually happened, and it is not without concern, from the moral point of view, that the "survival of the fittest" has not given place in the dealings of men to some more humane principle of conduct.

Two more statements may be added. The first is that the line of merit is not to be drawn through any one or more classes of the community. Hence the need of some scheme for providing an "equality of opportunity" to attain the "prizes" of life. The second is, that a social state in which there is not a frank acknowledgment of the duties of life is impossible. That is to say, personal inequalities form the permanent conditions of any scheme of prac-

tical socialism. That matters are far from satisfactory in both these respects, hinders the emergence of that new patriotism which is to be the life of a new oneness among the citizens of the country. But existing evils are amenable to no quack remedies; the brighter future will never come in response to insincere wooing. What we need is not the "political" woman or the "domesticated" man to lead us from the teachings of experience, but only that old-fashioned "righteousness" among all the people in all their relations "which exalteth a nation."

MODERN FICTION.

PART VIII.

BY EDWIN RIDLEY.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary.

—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend more than cool reason
ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, are of imagination all
compact :

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold,—
That is the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.

—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

HENRY G. Wells is a writer of modern fiction of more than ordinary worth, and of much evident sincerity of purpose. Properly regarded and classified, Mr. Wells belongs, and is an ornament, to the elect among authors who strive to give voice to an awakened human conscience. Briefly, he is a social reformer—or seeks to serve as one; is eager to cast some distinct ray of light on a world of human darkness. He sees clearly and feels strongly; and manfully endeavors to make others see and feel that all is not gold which merely glitters, and that a very great deal of the glamour and tinsel of modern civilization is really no better (but much worse) than so much barbarian camp-light and paint and feathers, while he as plainly reveals the infatuate perversity and moral obliquity of those among our modern vaunters of what is proclaimed from the housetops as “our unparalleled civilization!” Alack and alas! A fine civilization, indeed, must be ours, which permits, and directly promotes and involves, the enforced idleness of many tens of

thousands of able-bodied, honest-hearted, and industriously-inclined sons of toil and free-born citizens of a great Republic, and which rivets the chains of bondage upon, and brands as paupers and vagrants, vast numbers of human brothers and natural producers, who, by reason of the most accursed of commercial systems, and arbitrary industrial laws, are condemned to involuntary idleness, and are then stigmatized as "vags," or are otherwise driven to madness, crime, or utter impotency—a civilization which abrogates individual efforts, violates individual rights, prostitutes the public mind, debases and disorganizes industrial interests and conditions, pollutes the political atmosphere, and shocks and outrages the human conscience; a civilization, forsooth, which fosters and promotes political and commercial jobbery and rapacity, which frowns down and contemptuously derides honest toil and manful independence, which subordinates merit and efficiency to mere sharp practice and self-sufficiency, which stifles virtue and panders to vice; which, while professing a huge regard for forms and semblances, is utterly devoid of fear of God, or human love; which, like the dog in the fable, grasps and catches at shadows, and avoids realities, and whose highest ideals and most typical virtues are only to be characterized as superficial and chimerical. When, therefore, such thinkers and writers as Mr. Wells, Edward Bellamy, Richard Whiting, P. L. Ford, George Macdonald, Rev. James Adderley, "Ik Marvel," and men of like insight and broad human sympathies, undertake to expose the horrid, grinning "skeleton in the cupboard" of our commercial civilization, it should be no matter of surprise that benighted critics and reviewers should hasten to denounce and ridicule their strictures and investigations as the emanations and extravagances of "visionaries" and "social disturbers." It would be surprising if they did not. But it is one of the blesseddest of omens that we *have* such thinkers and writers as these; that there *are* men who are not only capable of seeing things in their true light, but of distinguishing between the false and the real, and who

are able, moreover, to proffer practical, logical, saving methods, in such relation. The author of "When the Sleeper Wakes" is manifestly a man of discernment and resources; and the earnest student of social and industrial problems will do well to read his books, along with Whiting's, Adderley's, Bellamy's, and Paul Ford's "Hon. Peter Stirling." They will help to clarify his views, to regulate his mind, and to fortify his conclusions. Nor can he do better than to include in his course of reading of this nature Charles Kingsley's and John Ruskin's more serious works.

It is a little late in the day to revert to the name and books of Miss Mary Johnston, of whose "Prisoners of Hope" sufficient mention has already been made. But since the publication of our first paper (in the December issue of *THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE*), another book has appeared fresh from the hands and fertile brain of that fair Virginian. "To Have and To Hold" is the title of this book, and a very suitable title it is. "To Have and To Hold," then, be it affirmed, is a very pretty and attractive romance, which really surpasses its predecessor in literary excellence and practical worth. It is a book abounding in native charm and interest. It treats of a time and of historical events which are necessarily fascinating to all cultured and patriotic American minds. And Miss Johnston has written exceedingly well of both times and events. Her depictions and associative chroniclings are vivid and impressive, while her thread of narrative and romantic blendings are more consistently maintained and sustained than can be avowed of the lady's earlier "historical romance." "To Have and To Hold" is clearly a book of some worth and of much interest; and Miss Mary Johnston is as clearly an author of peculiar charms and of considerable ingenuity.

Nor must the pleasant writer of New England stories and tales of colonial life and times, Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, be forgotten. For Mrs. Earle has written a number of creditable novels. Her books are invariably wholesome and interesting, and in a manner elevating and instructive; they are

profitable reading, all told. She writes particularly of a period in American history, and of certain historical traditions and associations, which must always be inspiring to an American author of any worth and gifts. Hence the deserved public favor in which this lady's books are held.

F. Warden's books are sufficiently sensational to suit the most exacting stickler for that kind of mental confection. Yet it must be candidly allowed that, despite their sensational nature, this author's novels are the productions of a clever and original mind. There is a vast divergence between mawkish sentiment and vigorous sensation—in fact, they are distinct opposites—and the author of "The House on the Marsh," and "A Witch of the Hills," has a decidedly vivid imagination, and is always vigorously sensational.

Ernest Seton Thompson is an author of some immediate account. His books are deservedly popular; though scarcely, perhaps, worthy of all the encomiums that have been showered upon them by the reviewers. But Mr. Thompson writes well. "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," and "Wild Animals I Have Known," are especially commendable books. His descriptive powers are more than ordinary, and he is a pleasing writer withal. There is nothing stilted or pretentious in his style and tone. He writes like a man of sense and taste. His books are rendered additionally attractive by their admirable illustrative features.

Egerton Castle has written too many books to be entirely neglected in any embrasive review of current fiction. Yet we must needs have but little to say in regard to this gentleman's qualifications as an author. He writes agreeably, but to little purpose. There is nothing positively improving in anything that he has produced, to the best of our recollection. "The Light of Scarthey," written several years ago, would appear to be attracting the reviewers' attention once again. Possibly, such a revival of interest in this book may *not* prove ominous and illusive, like the spark of a

tallow-wick! Candidly, however, Mr. Castle is by no means a despicable novelist. His stories are at all events a little above the common level. Perhaps he may do better.

It is at least creditable to modern literary pretensions that there should be such an apparent revival of interest in the name and fame of "Lewis Carroll," the author of that beautiful child's romance, "Alice in Wonderland." To be sure, much of this interest is to be attributed to recently published biographical productions, which have, of course, occasioned considerable review notice in the like association. But it is none the less gratifying that the public attention should be thus attracted to the rare worth and sterling virtues and literary qualifications of this author. For he was not only a man of considerable intellectual endowments; but, still better, he was a man of intense human sympathies and of great personal magnetism. His was a composite mind and nature, and his a diversified and versatile imagination and intellectuality. How we despise that abused adjective—"versatile"! It is the stock-word of every canting stump-speaker and dunce-scribbler—applied quite recklessly to every strutting dandy, or cackling gander, who makes any pretense to capture the public ear, or who at all succeeds in adding to public confusion, or in darkening human counsels: a term, however, rightfully to be employed in characterization of Mr. Dodgson's attainments and personality. By profession, a clergyman, and a mathematical lecturer, withal; by nature, a kindly humanitarian, and an earnest student, to boot; by culture, a man of letters, and a gentleman of the old school—his was, indeed, a singular characteristic blending, and his life one of rare human service. Seldom has the mathematical mind much in common with human purpose; and rarely are such mental qualifications found blended with romantic creative talents and fervent child love, in a single personality. Yet "Lewis Carroll" was at once a mathematician, a student, and a romancer; and "Alice in Wonderland" is one of the most beautiful conceptions of an intensely creative and poetical mind and

nature. It is a book which, to be once read, is to be forever remembered and cherished, as a child-treasure, and a delightful dream. No child-library should be without it.

The author of "Vice Versa" is not to be forgotten in modern fictional review and association. The book is Mr. Anstey's most notable novel production—if, as a "novel," it is to be properly regarded. In any event, "Vice Versa" is an odd and characteristic modern fictional production; and, to most minds, an exceedingly amusing and diverting one at that. Written years ago, it is still found as interesting as ever. Other books, and in plenty, Mr. Anstey has written, but none nearly equal to the book which established his hold on the public fancy. "A Fallen Idol" is, perhaps, to be regarded as this author's next best fictional production. "Love Among the Lions" is his latest "novel."

It is only a matter of two or three years gone by since a book of Mrs. Flora Steele's attracted a good deal of passing notice in review circles—when "On the Face of the Waters," a story of the Indian Mutiny, was in considerable public demand. This novel was a fairly well-written one, and is still sufficiently interesting reading; yet very little is heard of it now. Such is the common drift of fictional notoriety: a book appears which, for the moment, creates a stir in so-called literary circles; but, unless its author is dexterous enough to inflict his or her personality and importance upon the public ear, to immediate advantage, the chances are that both author and book will be speedily relegated to oblivion. There are altogether too many stars in the literary firmament!

Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady's books are no doubt found interesting by exceedingly patriotic American novel-readers. "The Grip of Honor," "For Love of Country," and "For the Freedom of the Sea," admirably serve the purpose of this author in thus catering to the popular sentiment and fancy. All of Mr. Brady's books are very well in their way.

"A Circle in the Sand" is the rather peculiar, but not over-suggestive, title of a recent novel written by Kate

Jordan. It is a work profusely depictive of the woes and tribulations of a newspaper man—David Temple—a character portrayed in “heroic” guise and coloring. But the author has needlessly expanded and elaborated the scope and virtues of both subject and character specially treated of and delineated. Indeed, grave exception might be justly taken to her deviative purpose in associating the assumed heroic attributes of this particular character with the virtues and graces of a woman, other than his wife. Anne Garrick’s implied virtues are depicted in direct contradistinction to the inferred vices and palpable foibles of Olga, David Temple’s actual wife. There was really no occasion for such sentimental flights and departures. That is to say, it was not necessary, in order to dignify and emphasize the praiseworthy qualities of this newspaper hero, to resort to such questionable expedients and character renderings. There is altogether too much aptitude on the part of the public to license in this direction, or proneness to indulgence in much sentiment and lingering over social irregularities and domestic departures of the nature described; and it should be the object and incentive of the worthy novelist to check, not to pander to, this pernicious tendency. The story could have been made just as attractive, and the virtues of the leading characters even more clearly manifest and exalting, had Olga been made the heroine, and Anne Garrick the discredited one! But the story will pass. “A Circle in the Sand” is, of its kind, quite an interesting romance.

It may be a little out of place to introduce the name of Mrs. Helen C. Candee in a review of this nature, since we are not aware that this excellent lady has ever written anything in the way of fiction. But in consideration of the likelihood that there may be at least a few among our readers who are directly interested in whatever pertains to the Woman Question, we cannot refrain from mention of a most timely and interesting book written by Mrs. Candee (recently published by the Macmillan Company), entitled “How Women May Earn a Living.” To be sure, it is little more

than a handbook of occupations for women ; but it is an invaluable contribution to the stock of common knowledge and human advantage. Hence our object and desire in thus calling attention to its publication.

And again, by way of an "aside," we would direct passing attention to another quite useful and available source of information, in special woman relation, of a kindred nature to Mrs. Candee's book, and also recently issued by the Macmillan Company, in the form of a book, entitled "Domestic Science in Elementary Schools," written by Ellen H. Richards, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It will, or should, be found a valuable source of information to housewives, as well as to teachers.

"Folly Corner" is the title of Mrs. H. Dudeney's latest novel, and a very appropriate title it is. It is true that the author has drawn not a few striking and artistically designed characters and situations, in the course of her deviative composition. But her "heroine" is an exaggerated and perverted type of feminine frailty and a practically dissolute character. In effect, "Folly Corner" is not to be rightfully regarded as a worthy product of the author of "The Maternity of Harriet Wicken."

Nor is the author of "The First Violin" to be forgotten. For Jessie Fothergill has written a few capital stories, and we are not so sure that "The First Violin" is the best of them, despite the dictum of the critics. "The Lasses of Leverhouse" and "Kith and Kin" are, at all events, very good seconds. But, of course, "The First Violin" is more recent, and has, accordingly, the advantage of novelty.

M. Betham Edwards has also contributed a few pretty conceits to the common stock of current fiction. "The Parting of the Ways" and "Next of Kin" are, perhaps, to be classed among the more pretentious products of this fictional compounder. Nevertheless, it is but the toss of a penny between the respective merits of any of them.

(To be continued.)

ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN THE ORIENT.

BY HAYES ROBBINS.

THE early years of the twentieth century are to witness the extension of civilization, or at least the authority of civilization, over every spot of savagery or barbarism that anywhere stills blocks or retards the march of progress.

Six centuries ago there was scarcely anything in the world entitled to be called civilization. Europe was little better than Asia; America was not yet on the map. The differences between nations were chiefly differences in the degree of barbarism. However brilliant the occasional achievements of this nation or that, in art or war or chivalry, these were but fitful flashes in the general darkness. The great masses of the people were sunk in poverty, ignorance and serfdom; and civilization is to be gauged by the average welfare of these, not by the masterpieces of a few painters, or the extravagant splendors of a royal court, or the bloody conquests of ambitious princes.

With the sixteenth century modern civilization really began, and from then until now the growth has been constant—first upward and next outward. No sooner had the revival of learning and the Protestant Reformation raised the level of Europe above the general flat degradation than the results began to flow out and abroad, as irresistibly as lava from a crater. Da Gama found a new route to India around the Cape. Columbus, the Cabots, Balboa, Ponce de Leon, Magellan, gave us the American continents. Travelers and priests had already made their way into the Far East and opened up some communication with the wonder-

ful empire of the Chinese. Civilization could not stay at home.

To-day, after a lapse of four centuries, what do we find? Instead of a little center of enlightenment springing up in a corner of Europe, the rest of the earth an unexplored, unknown mass of barbarism and worse, that little center of civilization has nearly overspread the globe. India, although still many centuries in the rear, is under the rule and guidance of the English people. Other vast sections of Asia and the adjoining islands are under English, French, and Dutch control. Australia, a new continent, is a self-governing English colony—practically a modern republic. Japan has emerged from barbarism and is fast taking her place among the advanced nations. Africa, most of it an unknown mystery until within a generation, is to day being pierced from end to end by a vast railway system, and steamboats are plying upon some of its once most inaccessible lakes. England, France, Germany, Portugal and Italy, by exploration and discovery, have opened up and laid claim to practically every foot of the dark continent. The ancient civilization (barbarism) of Egypt is under the masterful hand of the Anglo-Saxon. Turkey remains on sufferance and good behavior only. North America, another new continent, is already the home of the most progressive and powerful branch of the Anglo-Saxon race, the first great and successful republic in history. The northern part of the continent is a self-governing English colony, the southern part a cluster of promising republics. South America is also a group of republics, less advanced, to be sure, but distinctly inside the limits of modern civilization.

Very recently several new movements have taken place in this world-wide expansion of civilization. Some of these are still in progress.

Spain, the most backward of all European powers, has been deprived of all further voice in the destinies of any part of the globe outside of her own borders. She has been forced back upon a policy of home development and im-

provement, as the condition of remaining an independent nation. This has left the entire western hemisphere in the hands of modern civilization, and started a great group in the Orient, the Philippines, on the road of progress, however mistaken some of the steps in the policy of the United States toward them may have been.

In Africa the one remaining power that held out longest and most doggedly against free institutions and modern methods, within a year took the supreme risk of war, and has already practically paid the supreme penalty—loss of national existence. A liberal policy at home might have saved the Boer republics indefinitely, but an arbitrary and narrow oligarchy, setting itself grimly in the path of education, free government, and fair industrial opportunities, could not but go down at last before the irresistible tide of progress. Whether the policy of England has been guided by selfish and mercenary motives or not, the present result could only have been postponed; it could not have been prevented by anything except a radical change in the Boer government itself. It was as certain as the overthrow of an independent slave power in our own South.

In the long history of colony-making, by which this vast world expansion of civilization has chiefly come about, there is many a dark page, stained with injustice and marred by blunders. England was a century learning wisdom in the administration of India. She did not learn it at all in America until she had lost the best and largest part of her possessions. But the law of progress is such that every epoch acts only in accord with its own state of enlightenment, not by the higher wisdom and humanity of later and better times. The injustices and mistakes of colonialism in the past were the results of a crude and imperfect civilization contending with barbarism and relying on brute force (which it understood) far more than on discretion or practical knowledge of the needs and peculiarities of conquered races.

To-day, the principle upon which civilization is extending itself over the rest of the earth is of an entirely different

character. It used to be militarism and plunder first, then crude efforts to govern, and a slow growth of trade and industry. Now it is, first, the largely peaceful invasion of industrial, commercial and Christian influences, with militarism only when necessary to protect what these influences create. This has been the case throughout the larger part of Africa, particularly in the Congo region; it is the case in nearly all the savage islands of the Pacific where civilization has gained any foothold at all; it is precisely the case in the Transvaal; it was the case in Cuba and Puerto Rico. The whole attitude of the powers toward China to-day is based upon exactly this principle of protecting centers of civilization already formed rather than merely grabbing weak countries and forcing them to accept modern institutions before they are ready or fit for them.

It must be confessed that at some points our own attitude in the Philippines seems to answer to this last description. Still, since nobody knows exactly what *would* have happened, it may be fairly urged that our military authority was needed to protect what civilization there was from the plunder and despotism of contending native tribes. If we had at the outset declared to the Filipinos that we purposed to give them independence, after forming a stable government, just as in the case of Cuba, we could probably have escaped the costly and discouraging warfare now going on, and justified ourselves wholly in the moral judgment of the world. Perhaps we shall yet have to make this change of attitude before we can overcome the natives' opposition and persuade them to take any honest and hearty share in the government we hope to set up. The whole situation there is still too complex, and our knowledge of the native character too vague, to warrant any very positive judgment on all of the possibilities and duties of the case. One thing is assured, that no disposition of the problem will ever be permitted which allows the Philippine Islands to pass from under the influence of civilization and relapse into barbarism.

What, then, is left? With Europe as the starting point

of civilization, America its most advanced type, Australia and Japan its leading pupils, India, Africa and the great islands of Australasia under its rule and guidance, the only important remaining part of the globe not under modern influences is the Chinese empire; and this, at last, is on the verge of dissolution. To-day we are witnessing the final stages of a movement that has long been working, silently, slowly and surely, to break up this last great block of barbarism (by courtesy—"ancient civilization"!) which stands in the way of progress.

China, as an independent nation, is doomed. Enough has happened already to make certain that hereafter her government will be administered either by or under the control of the modern nations, jointly or in territorial sections. The problem now to be faced is, whether the controlling influence in the future of China shall be Slavic or Teutonic. Of the nations which are entitled to be called civilized, the Teutonic, chiefly England and the United States and Germany, stand at the uppermost end of the scale, while Russia, the Slavic, is nearly at the bottom. Russia is still acting on the principle of military rather than industrial expansion—the outgrown brutal policy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. By the standards that are to prevail in the twentieth century, Russian militarism, for the sake only of imperial vastness, means not progress but rockbound stagnation. Better that China continue an independent empire, under conditions that will guarantee safety of life and property, than that her vast plains and teeming population pass under the jealous despotism of the Czar, and be moulded by him into a tremendous military machine to menace the more advanced outposts of civilization throughout the Orient.

The Teutonic nations, with perhaps the addition of Japan, are the only powers in that quarter of the globe to-day that represent the industrial rather than the military idea. They stand for the use of force only to protect civilization already established, not for arbitrary aggression in

search of power and plunder. On these the hope and future of civilization in the East depend. It is the beginning of the last great step in the freeing of humanity from the deadening blight of barbarism. The progressive opportunities of uncounted millions, for perhaps a century to come, depend upon whether this step is rightly taken. If China passes into the hands of Russia, or under her control, the step will be wrongly taken. A narrow, exclusive, backward type of government, little better than what they now have, will be imposed upon the Chinese. Christian missions will be dominated by the Greek Church type, working with special privileges, and the spirit of the nation will be shaped to military and despotic rather than industrial and liberal ideals.

Such alarms may be thought groundless; but, if Russia is not to succeed in dominating China it will be only because the opposition is too powerful for her. If that opposition is not strong enough or forehanded enough, why should not the Czar's government snatch an opportunity coveted so long? France might not aid Russia, but neither would she actively oppose. England and Germany are the two nations of the Teutonic race most largely interested in China, but between these the harmony is none too close. The present government of Germany could not be trusted to stand for the best and broadest disposition of China's future if some selfish special advantage should be temptingly offered at a critical moment. Japan, however useful in an emergency, is not powerful enough and is too bitterly hated by the Chinese race ever to succeed as a governing agent placed over them.

The truth is, England at this moment stands almost single-handed in really effective opposition to a threatened overlapping of the Mongolian race by the Slavic.

In such a crisis the United States ought not to shirk what may soon become, by the logic of events, a duty. By origin, institutions, religion, interests, language, and ideals, we of all nations are most nearly akin to the English, and we ought to

stand with them, if developments shall require it, for the upholding of Anglo-Saxon civilization in the East. Not that we ought to take a hand in the partition of China, or even insist on being counted equally with the powers in any scheme of joint control. But, when the final settlement comes, and England demands such an arrangement of Chinese affairs as will guarantee the equal rights of all nations, for industry, for trade, for travel, for extension of educational and religious influences, for personal rights and protection, for liberal institutions and opportunities of progress, to the Chinese, we ought to be ready to back up these demands, announce our position, and if necessary throw our fleets and armies into the scale with England's in their support. A country like ours cannot say that it owes no duty to world civilization. Our duty in this case would be the same if we had no citizens in peril of their lives at Peking, or if we had never entered Manila Bay or thought of annexing the Philippines. It is a broader and graver issue that is at stake. China is probably the last great section of the earth whose future threatens to demand any important appeal to arms for its settlement, and if the claims of Russia are met point for point by the united front of the great Anglo-Saxon nations that appeal may never have to be brought to the test. A narrow, selfish arrangement, dictated by Russia, would only postpone China's problem and prepare for a more terrible struggle in Asia at some later time. To the United States is presented the possible opportunity of filling up the balance of power on the side of progress, liberty and enlightenment. If the call comes and the opportunity is taken, these welcome results can probably be gained without conflict; but, even if finally reached through the terrible alternative of war, they are the only sure basis of world-wide peace.

THE INDIAN FAMINE PROBLEM.

BY ROSCOE WILLIAMS GRANT.

WE read much about the famine-stricken parts of India ; we hear haters of everything English charge the British Government with criminal misconduct in failing to provide adequate succor for those in need, the starving wards of the British Empire. Suggestions are made that Great Britain had better assist with her wealth the people of her Indian Empire rather than to so lavishly disburse that wealth in the subjugation of the Dutch farmers of South Africa. These and other expressions of anti-British tenor are common.

But, after all, how much truth, what weight, is there to these charges of British governmental incompetency and unwisdom, these charges of imperial maladministration and misadministration ? That parts of India are terribly stricken by dread famine is unfortunately true ; that victims of want are to be numbered by thousands is also a sad fact. But what cause for all this is assigned—even by the most diligent anti-Englishman ? We quote : “ The direct cause of the Indian famine, as is well known, is the failure in a year, or in successive years, of the southern monsoon to blow from the Indian Ocean, giving moisture for the crops.” Is there anything in this for which the British Government is responsible, or which any government on earth could prevent by official

action? Joshua and Moses are gathered unto their fathers. King Canute failed to stem the ocean's tide by royal decree. We have not yet discovered how to circumvent nature by the exercise of governmental machinery. It must then be admitted that nothing the British Government could have done would have prevented the famine.

Has the British Government been guilty of criminal misconduct in failing to provide adequate succor for the unfortunate Indian victims? England has already sent, in subscriptions, over £125,000 to aid the Indian treasury, and over 5,000,000 men, it is reported, are now being helped to employment by the Indian Government. Efforts also are being made to place a supply of food in every famine-stricken province. The *Literary Digest* notes that an appeal sent out recently by a committee of missionaries to India contains the following:

It is right we should bear our witness that the British Government in India is doing all that any government on earth could do to save the lives of its distressed subjects, in relieving 5,500,000 of persons by direct government aid. It is achieving a greater work of rescue than any government has ever in the world's history undertaken before. With a skill derived from the carefully garnered experience of previous famine campaigns, with an unstinted expenditure of money and a heroic outlay of British energies and lives, it is doing all that an administration can do.

The United States by popular subscription has also raised more than \$150,000 for India, and another large sum will be sent later. In the New York *Evening Post*, a gentleman who should be familiar with Indian conditions attributes much of the want there in time of famine to the improvidence of the natives themselves, who, he says, work hard but are always in debt. He continues: "The peasant not only cannot save, but he will not. When times are prosperous, he lives as easily as he can; when bad times come, he is unprepared, now as always." This same gentleman also points out that India has not been subject to famine only since the British came there, for "famines lasting for years prevailed

under Hindu and Mohammedan rule. Now the measures, both of prevention and relief, are vastly greater than they were then, and the burdens of taxation are very much lighter."

On the subject of Indian taxation there is apparently, however, some divergence of opinion, for the *Outlook* notes some statements by Romesh Dutt, a native Indian, who, in the *Manchester Guardian*, "asserts positively that when the settlement of the land question in the Central Provinces was made by Lord Canning, after the Mutiny, he, with characteristic clemency, tried his best to benefit the agricultural population, but, notwithstanding, the rents payable by cultivators to the landlords, and the taxes payable by landlords to the Government, were fixed unduly high, and that thus the impoverishment of the Provinces has gone on from early times to the present day. It follows, he says, that 'the population of the Central Provinces is to-day more resourceless and indebted, more subject to famine after every bad harvest, than they were under the Mahratta rule.'" If this be the case, it ought not to be difficult to remedy matters somewhat by a simple reduction in taxation, which the British Government doubtless would be willing to make if the assertion of over-taxation were proven. It is evident, though, from quotations made that it is at least open to doubt that taxes are more burdensome than they should be. At any rate, too, even reduction of taxation would not reform native improvidence; neither would it cause the life-giving monsoon to blow.

In certain districts on the East Side of New York City, according to Jacob Riis's work, "How the Other Half Lives," there are packed into the tenement houses people at the rate of 290,000 to the square mile.

According to the New York *Herald* this crowding of population is even greater, for it states that as nearly as could be ascertained by the New York Tenement House Committee of 1894, the ratio of population, figuring on the most highly populated districts, was: New York, 986.40 to the acre; Bombay, 759.66 to the acre.

Old London's greatest crowding, according to Mr. Riis, is at the rate of 175,816 to the square mile. The whole of India, including Burmah, has an area of 1,800,258 square miles, and a population of 287,223,431, or at the rate of 160 to the square mile. The Russian empire, with an area of 8,660,395 square miles, has a population of 128,932,173, or at the rate of 15 to the square mile.

Yet we read, quoting *in extenso* from a current newspaper account :

Russia is now face to face with the most terrible and extensive famine in her history.. The official reports admit that no less than nineteen provinces, with a population of 40,000,000, are affected by it, and it is worthy of note that the sufferers comprise not merely the peasantry, but likewise the landed gentry and territorial nobility, who in many instances are seeking and obtaining Government and even private relief. The very thatch from the roofs has been consumed in food for the cattle, which have to such an extent succumbed to hunger that even in the agricultural districts least affected by the famine 80 per cent. of the rural population are without horses and cattle, and therefore without means to plough their land. Hunger typhus has broken out among the people, with its usual accompaniment of bovine typhus among the cattle, and Russia may, therefore, look for another visitation of the cholera, since this pestilence usually follows in the wake of famine.

In some districts the starving populations have attacked and severely injured the veterinary surgeons and Government officials sent to destroy the carcasses of the cattle which had succumbed to bovine typhus, the meat, though black with disease and putrefaction, being ravenously devoured by the rioters. The loaves sold as "famine bread" are composed of the goose-foot plant, which is catalogued in the Russian pharmacopœia as an emetic, and animal dung. These ingredients are baked into a hard, black mass, like stone, and it is for the sake of obtaining one of these loaves that every form of murder and robbery is being committed. A sample of this bread, which, according to official reports, forms the sole sustenance of 30,000,000 men, women and children, is exhibited in the great cathedral at Kazan, with the object of stimulating private charity. But charity stands paralyzed and powerless in the presence of a famine of such magnitude.

The responsibility for this famine, as for that of 1892, lies at the doors of the Russian Government far more than at the gates of Providence. The complete failure of the crops last year in almost every

latitude and longitude of European Russia, except Finland and the Baltic provinces, was due mainly to the fact that the fields had not been tilled or sowed by the peasantry. The Government, in order to provide money for its standing army, had confiscated and sold for non-payment of taxes the agricultural implements, as well as the horses, the cattle, the sheep, the pigs and the poultry—in one village, according to the St. Petersburg *Novoe Vremya*, the tax-gatherers seized every chicken in the place, about 600 in all. Formerly the peasants were able to raise the cash requisite for the purchase of seed and implements by pledging a portion of the crop to be grown, but since the Muscovite Government resorted to the policy of persecution and expulsion of Germans and Hebrews, who were the only persons in Russia possessing the means of loaning money to the agricultural population, the practice of mortgaging and discounting the harvest in advance has necessarily ceased. The Government has endeavored to take the place of the Jewish and German money-lenders by establishing agricultural credit banks for the landed gentry as well as for the peasantry. But in this, as in all Russian Government enterprises of the same kind, the dishonesty and corruption of the Russian officials, high and low, serve to deprive these praiseworthy projects of their usefulness, and render them not a blessing, but a curse.

It is estimated that the sum of \$200,000,000 will have to be disbursed by the Government for the relief of the starving peasantry.

Surely Great Britain's way of dealing with the Indian famine problem compares favorably with Russian treatment of similar troubles.

Bishop Potter, of New York, in a speech made not long ago, noted the fact that the Indian famine is in a sense the result of good government. English rule, by preventing all the wars and many of the pestilences that formerly devastated the Indian Peninsula year after year, has tended to increase the population close to the limit of the country's food resources in good seasons, and beyond it in bad ones. Commenting upon the Bishop's observations, the *New York Times*, however, says editorially :

There were famines in India in the old days when the native rulers by robbery and battle so effectively helped disease to keep down the population. Naturally, there were not so many to die of starvation in any given region, but probably the proportion of deaths to

survivals was considerably greater than now with every failure of the rains. Throughout historic times, at least, the people of India have always lived on the verge of famine, and that any of them were ever protected against hunger by the slaughter of the most vigorous and intelligent portion of the producing classes is hardly a reasonable supposition. It may fairly be doubted, too, whether the population of India is to-day any greater, in proportion to the available food supply, than it has been for unnumbered centuries past. Vast tracts of land are now in cultivation that formerly were desert or jungle, but there are still other vast tracts susceptible of cultivation, and now there is knowledge as well as need to push the work of reclaiming them.

So, it would seem, that upon the whole, England is not so much to blame for the pitiful conditions prevailing in the famine-stricken portions of India as some of her enemies try to make out. England is powerless, as any other country would be, to prevent famine when certain naturally recurrent conditions arise over which man has no control. All she can do is to ameliorate its hardships as much as possible when it comes, and this she is doing.

BRITONS AND BLACKS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By A. R. ABBOTT, M. D.

RACES, like actors, come upon the stage of action, perform their respective parts in the drama of life, then disappear. Victor and vanquished alike are subject to this inexorable law of displacement and succession. The permanence of each depends upon the ability to utilize those local advantages which tend to foster the characteristics by which the races are differentiated. The Jews possess this faculty in an eminent degree. It is by such means that they have been able to preserve their racial identity through all their wanderings and mutations of time and place. But modern civilization, whatever good it may have accomplished for mankind in general, has not been conducive to the preservation of racial integrity. Where it plants itself, it either transforms, degrades, or exterminates the indigenous race. History is but a record of the survival of the fittest, and this expression may be applied to races as well as to species. The Mongoloid Syrians, who now occupy the land of the Pharaohs, do not trace their ancestors to the ancient Egyptians; the Caribs of the Antilles have become as extinct as the dodo; the home of the once powerful Aztecs is now dominated by the proud Castilian, and the New World civilization travels westward over the graves of the red man's progenitors.

In view of the events transpiring in South Africa, we ask ourselves the question: Will the black man follow in the wake of vanishing races, or, like the aborigine of this country, linger a helpless outcast and stranger upon the threshold

of his heritage? If there is any justification for predicating results upon historical facts, the presumption is in favor of the persistence of the black race. The two races now meet under conditions quite different from those which obtained during the three preceding centuries. Instead of the black man being dragged from his home and deported thousands of miles to a strange country, there to be subjected to conditions, physical and social, unlike any he had before experienced, the conditions are now quite reversed. The white man has gone to the home of the black, carrying with him the wisdom and experience of centuries of civilization. Instead of finding the black man's mind brutalized by slavery, he finds it a comparatively blank page, and one upon which he can write what he pleases; so that in whatever aspect we view the situation conditions seem favorable to the joint occupation of South Africa by the two races, with reciprocal benefits to each.

Whether races in their evolution, growth or development follow or do not follow the great law of the survival of the fittest, it is a significant fact that the negro seems to be one of the few uncivilized races capable of successfully withstanding the impact of the white man's civilization. In America, where the race has been in contact with civilization for the past three centuries, it has not only been able to hold its own, but has also increased in numbers to a marvelous extent. In the United States it has passed through a school of discipline of uncommon severity, one from which it is now emerging, slowly but surely, qualified in mind, character and purpose for higher achievements. In the British, French, and what were formerly the Spanish West Indies, in Brazil and in other parts of South America, to which it has been deported, it has shown remarkable powers of assimilation and procreation, with a capacity for adapting itself to new conditions. In 1690 there were 40,000 negroes in Jamaica, British West Indies, and 60,000 under Spanish dominion. In 1791 the number of negroes in the settlements

of Britain and France in the West Indies exceeded a million; in the Spanish dominion and North America, another million. In 1792 the negro population in Cuba was 84,000; in 1867 it had increased to over half a million. In 1835 the negroes of Brazil numbered 2,100,000; in 1884 they had increased to 3,000,000. In 1800 the negro population of the United States was 1,000,000; it is now over 9,000,000. It would be no exaggeration to say that there are between fifteen and twenty millions of persons of African descent on the American continent. This extraordinary increase has taken place notwithstanding that during the prevalence of the slave trade it required the importation from abroad of 84,000 negroes annually to make good the losses caused by the horrors of the middle passage and the exhausting labor of the plantations.

The question as to the ability of the Anglo-Saxon race to retain its virility under the enervating effects of a tropical climate suggests itself in this connection. God grant that it may. But it has been asserted by close observers that the Aryan races have almost reached the limit of their conquests in the temperate zone. It is an open question whether they will be able to withstand the forces of nature in the tropics and retain their vigor. All past experience indicates that when thus situated they become dependent upon races indigenous to the soil for the performance of the more arduous class of labor. On the other hand, the physical conformation of South Africa adapts itself to a variety of climates, some of them so moderate as to be conducive to the longevity of white men, and therefore capable of supporting large European settlements. Hence, whatever misgivings we may have entertained as to the ability of the Anglo-Saxon race to maintain its vigor in intertropical countries, these misgivings do not apply to South Africa. Having regard, then, to historical precedents, it is evident that the Briton has entered South Africa to stay; and the question as to whether these two races, the black and the

white, the antitheses of human kind, are so constituted that they can work together in a spirit of mutual helpfulness, becomes one of paramount importance.

It may seem premature to discuss the future relations of the two races at this stage of the South African crisis. The policy to be adopted in the government of the Colony and the fact that the British Government will have to deal with a vast native population, numbering twelve to one of the whites, are considerations which cannot be ignored. This is a matter in comparison with which the war with the Boers pales into insignificance. The negro problem in the United States is a mere bagatelle compared with the one that confronts Great Britain. The latter has one advantage, however, inasmuch as England is credited with having suppressed the slave trade; she has done no overt act to encourage slavery; subject races that have come under her control have been dealt with in a liberal spirit, and through this means she has gained the confidence of her subjects, and therefore their loyalty may be accepted without question.

It is said that the struggle in South Africa is for equal rights for white men; that the interests of the black man are not involved in that war. If England, in the pacification of South Africa, makes any race discrimination out of deference to the Boer's prejudices, with a view to the possible contingency of making him an ally, it is to be feared that she has counted without her host. The Boer will always be a thorn in her side. It would be better to arm the Zulus, Basutos, Matabeles, Swazis and Mashonas, than to trust the treacherous Boer. Sir Sidney Shippard, formerly Judge of the Supreme Court at Cape Town, says:

The attitude of the natives throughout South Africa has hitherto been loyal to her Majesty. Except in isolated cases, or under compulsion, they have generally shown a marked preference for British rule. The great chiefs and their councillors, who sway the destinies of vast tribes, would only be too delighted to take up arms in the

Queen's service, if allowed to do so. As scouts they would be invaluable. They know the country even better than the Boers do and the rapidity with which they can transmit intelligence is marvelous. The Boers have spared no effort to induce the natives to take up arms against the British, yet the natives have stood firm in their allegiance.

The Boers can never be induced to treat the natives as human beings. And as the black population increases in overwhelming numbers, the bitter hatred and memory of past injustice and outrage will correspondingly increase. The result will be no end of civil strife, which the British Government will be compelled to suppress with great sacrifice of life and treasure. It would be more in accordance with the dictates of reason and conscience to begin the new order of things upon the basis of equal and exact justice to all men. Enfranchisement based upon an educational and property qualification, which will apply alike to all classes, will create an electorate capable of exercising an intelligent discrimination among those who aspire to the highest functions of government.

Pro-Boer sympathizers claim that the South African war has been brought on by the machinations of capitalists because the Boer Government was not sufficiently subservient in carrying out their purposes to cheapen and degrade labor. Mr. Hayes Hammond, engineer of the Gold Fields Company of South Africa, addressing the shareholders, is quoted as saying: "With good government there should be an abundance of labor, and with an abundance of labor there will be no difficulty in cutting down wages. The Kaffir would be quite as well satisfied—in fact he would work longer—if you gave him half the amount." It is also said that the system of compulsory labor which prevails at Kimberley and Johannesburg approaches as near slavery as can be permitted under British rule. While it is to the best interests of the native to compel him to work or starve, the British Government should see to it that he is not forced to work under condi-

tions which shorten life to its briefest span. He should be paid full value for his labor, and if his wages are more than is required for his daily necessities, a portion should be retained and expended in establishing those religious, educational, and eleemosynary institutions which he is too ignorant and shiftless to provide for himself. There is neither justice nor equity in a wealthy corporation robbing the Kaffir in order to increase the dividends of its shareholders. Doubtless the vast majority of the natives will be content with drudgery, but there will always be among them, as among other races, individuals who show exceptional aptitude for the higher classes of labor; and if intelligent labor is required in the more skillful operations of the mine, field or factory, nothing but an ignorant and unreasoning prejudice would debar the native from opportunities of becoming fitted for such employment.

The black man, although a silent spectator of the drama unfolding before him in South Africa, is not insensible to the changes that will affect the future of his race. In contemplating the widening area of his possibilities and opportunities, he is naturally concerned as to the part he is to play. It is obvious that in the present stage of his development there are only two departments of activity in which his services can be made available, namely, the military and the industrial. The writer advocates the arming of the natives for two reasons. In the first place, he believes it to be the best method of civilizing and disciplining savage peoples. Military life is compatible with their warlike instincts. A three or five years' course of military training would correct some of the grosser evils inherent in their character. Fifty or a hundred thousand native soldiers discharged from service after such a course of training, and settled each upon a grant of land, would prove an effective civilizing agency. The arming of the natives in the interest of both races is to be most earnestly advocated. Until civil government is permanently established in South Africa there will be occasional uprisings

among the wild tribes of the interior. These will necessitate the maintenance of an adequate military force to preserve law and order as well as to police the more turbulent districts.

In the industrial sphere the black man will find his most useful, congenial and profitable employment. Africa contains millions of acres of cultivable soil that has never been exploited, capable of producing all the staple articles of commerce, together with minerals of fabulous value. All these factors will be sources of wealth when railroads span the continent and Africa becomes again the emporium of the world's commerce, as it was in the days of the Roman Empire. In due time schools and colleges will prepare the native to take his place in the higher walks of skilled labor; but this is a contingency too remote for the native mind at present to anticipate. The masses must perforce, for many generations, be content to occupy the humbler planes of industrial life.

We fain would believe that the solution of the problem of turning this vast tide of human activity into channels of productive industry will be the crowning achievement of the Anglo-Saxon race. And it is earnestly to be hoped that British supremacy will be speedily and successfully established in South Africa. A nation like Great Britain, endowed with the power of transmuting everything it touches into gold, of quickening the dormant energies of decadent races, of disseminating the blessings of life, liberty, justice, stable government and beneficent rule to all within the sphere of its influence, cannot fail to bring happiness, peace and prosperity to the benighted millions of the dark continent.

MODERN JAPAN:

(LETTER FROM DAVID GLASS, Q. C., AND EX-M. P. OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA, DATED YOKOHAMA, MAY 9, 1900.)

II.

FOR the last ten years the history of Japan has been the history of the Orient. The Japanese have enacted in a decade the work of centuries in other lands. From comparative obscurity they have seized upon the advancement of other nations, not in a spirit of indiscriminating imitation, but because of special adaptability. Last year witnessed the fruition of treaties entered into with the leading powers of the world, five years before, the result of which is to place Japan in the front rank of the empires, and to enable her, with a free hand, judicially and diplomatically, to control her internal and external affairs, a privilege only accorded to empires of highest civilization.

To this point, as to all their other victories, the Japanese have, single-handed and alone, fought their way in the face of enemies on every hand. China, their next-door neighbor, was prepared to ignore them, to ridicule their pretensions, and she sought, notwithstanding the clear rights of Japan, to take Corea under her wing, to be a godmother to that kingdom. This insolence Japan boldly resented. She knew her neighbor, although large, rich, and powerful, "was steeped to the lips in corruption," that she had no cohesive action or effective mobility. These facts, owing to the profound privacy of China's affairs, were little known outside the Orient, but one morning the startling news sped round the globe that Japan had declared war against China. "All the world wondered."

Before the venerable, old, oriental colossus was awakened to the situation, Japan was raking the seas looking for celestial water craft.

China had been for several years collecting military stores, building fortifications, and making other preparations, but when the time for action came each man seemed to have an elephant on his back. There was no rapid transportation, no means of proper mobilization on sea or land, while the opposite was the case with the active, alert, intelligent Japanese. They carried victory on their banners by sea and land. The world discovered that "a great nation had been born in a day," that Japan was standing ready to take her place on the lines of modern civilization.

Russia, lying quietly by, was watching events, and when the critical moment came she intervened and deprived Japan of the just fruits of the brave prosecution of the war. But the empire of the Mikado was not only valiant; it was wise, and allowed Russia for the time being to have her way. Russia has made a great many mistakes since the time of Peter the Great, but none more apparent, in my opinion, than this one. She is large and powerful, but at present comparatively poor and ill-managed. She seems to have exhausted European credit, and is now borrowing money on Wall Street. The whole affairs of church and state are in the hands of an oligarchy, almost as narrow-minded and short-sighted as the government at Peking. The Japanese, being the weaker nation, were foiled temporarily and deprived of their just reward, but they are a great people, rich, and growing in power every day. This growth is going on now at a far quicker pace than Russia can keep step with. Even when the latter has spent her \$300,000,000 and has got her transcontinental railway system, the commerce that she will pour into the Japanese Sea will give a flood of trade to the Japanese empire and an impetus to commerce in that country—perhaps far beyond all it will do for Russia. If, in addition to increasing her own strength,

Japan can retain the friendship and perhaps, as seems likely, secure the active support of Great Britain and the United States, Russia will be wise not to cross her pathway again. Even now, having, with unusual prescience, comprehended that the fights of the world hereafter are to be sea fights, and, having built herself, in consequence, a large fleet of the most modern type, she would go into the war that seems well-nigh inevitable strong enough to cope with Russia single-handed.

In view of the geographical position of Japan, the homogeneous nature of her fifty millions of people, her great advancement in manufactures, the richness of her productions, the ingenuity and industry of her people, with their self-sacrifices from the Emperor to the lowest subject, success seems assured. There seems to be but one danger—a political one. Is parliamentary government adapted to Japan and its people?

England, as far back as 1688, established this form of government. Many have been the changes in practice, but the great principles remain practically unchanged. The sovereign has extensive powers, but such powers are only put in practice under the advice of responsible ministers. One of the prerogatives of the crown is to veto any obnoxious laws, but so harmoniously is the system worked that for nearly two hundred years the veto has never been employed by any monarch. While the head of the English nation has this power, the houses of Parliament have even a greater power. They can refuse to grant supplies for carrying on the affairs of state. Of all powers this is the greatest; this is the most effective. It was said by Alexander the Great that brave as were his soldiers, skilled as his officers were, there was something more powerful than either; that he had never met a stone wall so strong as to prevent him driving a jack-ass laden with gold through it or over it. This may have been an exaggeration of the great soldier's, but, no doubt, the power to withhold the money needful for moving the wheels

of state is greater than all others. Notwithstanding this power now held by the Commons of England, so smoothly has parliamentary government worked that never in a single instance have these supplies been withheld for 225 years.

There can be no doubt that this system is a most perfect one, and as now operated is in some respects much more perfect than the Constitution of the Republic of the United States of America. For example, the President of the United States calls to his counsel distinguished statesmen to be ministers, or advisers. They go into office and receive their salaries during the presidential term, without regard to the will of the people. However defective these ministers may be they remain in office, never in any way being approved by the people. This is not the case in England. There the sovereign can call on any subject to act as Prime Minister, intrusting him with power to form a government. It is not needful that the Premier or the members of his government should be members of the House of Lords or the House of Commons, but they usually are. If the Premier calls from the Commons the needful members to form his colleagues in the government and they accept office, from that hour they are unable to return to their seats in the Commons until their appointment has been sanctioned by re-election ; and if this approval be not obtained, or if the members of the government are not approved by some constituency within a reasonable time, then some other subject of her Majesty must be selected for the position. This is what is known as responsible government. If a reform of this nature were introduced into the Constitution of the American republic it would ease off the immense load now borne by the President alone. There could be drawn other comparisons of a like nature showing the great freedom existing under a limited monarchy. The government of the United States is a magnificent example of what can be done under a written constitution, but before many years it may have an elective cabinet and elective senators, while judges

may occupy their offices for life, and such other reforms be made as will secure certainty in the execution of the laws.

The safety of the people of Japan lies in the facts that they do not expect too much and that they are not prone to rebellious conditions, and in their great kindness and moderation in exercising forbearance to those in authority over them. This apparent wisdom, however, has been marred by violent party strife. Rapid changes of government have followed, leaving in their wake deep-rooted political hatred. While the system is partly in an experimental stage, this should, if possible, be avoided, for, while the sprouts are tender and rapidly growing on the stalwart old trunk, they may be easily broken or so wounded as to quickly wither and die.

The Japanese should not think that Great Britain and the United States are in all respects good examples. They are not. They have much to learn and much to unlearn. The true genius of parliamentary government is that the governing party in power shall have the whole nation, including all parties, at its back for the support and integrity of the empire; that power should not be sought for the sake of power; that members represent a loyal people, and should be as one man in upholding the empire and the people in their loyalty; that from this cardinal underlying principle no section or class has any right to depart; that while all the members are of right unrestrained in their public utterances in parliament, yet these utterances should be such as become loyal men, not frenzied declamations upon which to found a record on some particular subject or in some particular section. In other words, parliaments are not created for individuals, but for the nation, and the moment a member enters the door of parliament he is no longer an individual but a component part of the empire, even to the sacrificing of his own interests to the public good. In Britain and the United States open treason is talked with apparent impunity under the mistaken garb of the shield of parliamentary freedom of speech. In

theory, the laws being made by the representatives of the people are made by the people, but if a vote of the whole people were taken upon these treasonable utterances, condemnation and the extreme penalty of the law would quickly follow. In this regard the real purposes of parliamentary government are being abused, for which some remedy will be worked out in the future, but while this is in progress the Japanese should search for the good and try to discard all that may be objectionable.

If I were permitted to give advice, I would say: "Do not force too many laws upon your statute books. Take plenty of time to consider before the adoption of any law, but when it is finally enacted, enforce it to the letter upon rich and poor alike, so that respect, reverence and implicit obedience may be given to it. Hasty legislation is fraught with danger to the people and the state."

The blue laws of Massachusetts, enacted by the Pilgrim Fathers and their descendants while that State was still a British colony, were most severe, cruel and unnatural. They were unsuitable to a civilized community, and were marked with bigotry so rank that men and women were banished or lost their lives because of their religion and many were publicly executed for the crime of witchcraft. At Salem they will show you the witch-house, and also the hill upon which these executions took place. Some fanatical idiot, no doubt, instigated the passage of these laws, some of which have been copied into the constitutions of other States and to this day stand there unenforced, a reproach upon the intelligence of the age. It is wise for the people of Japan, now that they have well founded the great principles of parliamentary government, to "go slow." A law enacted becomes a great fact, hard to remedy and often impossible to execute.

Some laws in force to-day in Japan are better than any in England and America. The labor laws in America are such as to imperil the future well-being of the Republic. The question is, Should work be done at a fair competitive

price, or should the owner of labor or goods have the power to keep other labor or goods out of the country in order that he may sell his labor or goods at whatever price he may fix upon them? If the latter, the conclusion is not an evidence of civilization, but, on the contrary, is a turning back two thousand years to the old sumptuary laws, when food, clothing, and dwellings of men were regulated by law. Prices should be regulated by legitimate supply and demand. In 1896 a horse could have been purchased in the Northwestern States for one dollar. In 1902, from present appearances, to purchase a like horse fifty dollars will have to be paid, all caused by the supply being diminished and the demand increased.

The invention and application of labor-saving machinery in the harvest field and on the farm reduce the cost of wheat-raising. One man can do the work of ten. So in typesetting and a thousand other like inventions, from the introduction of steam railways in 1830 onward. Although fought against, these innovations have been triumphant during the nineteenth century. These labor-saving machines have no votes, and therefore could not be retarded, but men who have labor to sell have votes, and under universal suffrage they are the most numerous class and have the power to make laws to prevent competition in the price of labor and to exclude all competitors from the countries.

It was very amusing to read the report of a commercial dinner lately given in the City of New York, where several orators had exhausted their eloquence as to the trade of the United States being extended into Chinese markets. The Chinese Ambassador was called upon to reply to a toast. He was very modest. After standing an instant he said: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: The Chinese nation and the Chinese people will be friendly to the nation that will be friendly to them." He then sat down, and silence pervaded every part of the room. The Chinaman had said as much in a minute as his entertainers had said or could say

in hours. In his remark are embodied the laws of nature as well as of reason, and whoever violates them must in the end pay the penalty. At this moment there are more than 50,000 men in the United States manufacturing steel rails, steam engines, cars, and appliances in the way of labor-saving machines for the Chinese and Eastern railway alone, extending from Port Arthur northeast through China, thereby taking from the Mongolian the labor of his own country, while at the same time he is excluded from employment in the United States. This is not part of the civilization of the English-speaking people, but is only the civilization of mob law, and such a mistaken civilization as will cure itself. The very men who fix the price of their own labor cry out against combinations of capital, not halting to consider that America could not be a manufacturing country for one hour were it not for such combinations, which in turn fix the price of their commodities at rates to enable them to pay the price at which labor is forced upon them. The one gross violation of natural laws makes the other unavoidable. It is not in the United States alone, but also in British Columbia, in Canada, where a Chinaman is charged a fee upon entering the country, and after he gets there laws are made excluding him from many kinds of labor. The whole affair is wicked and wrong from the standpoint of civilization, and should be abolished before more serious consequences follow. An open door and open competition in manufactures and labor are alone consonant with enlightenment, as well as civil, religious, and commercial development round the world.

Japan has within the last year launched upon such extensive treaty rights with the leading European and American nations as to make her co-operation in these civilizing methods a foregone conclusion.

DAVID GLASS.

SOME SCENIC BEAUTIES OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

BY W. R. BRADSHAW.

FOR our journey from the seaboard to the Great Lakes we chose the Lehigh Valley as being the most picturesque and direct line of travel. The scenic interest begins to be significant at the Delaware River, and, rising in an ever-increasing crescendo of attractiveness, culminates in the grandeur of Niagara Falls. The valley of the Lehigh River, the valley of the Susquehanna, the lake region and Niagara, are the four great acts in this splendid drama of travel.

From the observation car at the rear of the train, the elevated section of the road between the Hudson and the Delaware is seen to perfection. The elevations on either hand that guard the route of travel fly past with amazing speed, the perspective of the continually changing scene diminishing with the speed of the train, dissolving like a phantasmal apparition. A sudden curve swings the scene out of view, and introducing new and strange features, creates, in a moment, with dramatic effect, a new environment. The flying rails, issuing from beneath the cars, twist to right and left like a writhing serpent.

At Pattenburg, ninety-three miles from New York, we pass through the Musconetcong tunnel, nearly a mile in length, and enter the valley of the Delaware River.

At Phillipsburg the train crosses the Delaware, and enters the State of Pennsylvania, at Easton, on the opposite bank of the river. The Lehigh River here joins the Delaware, and the track traverses the Lehigh Valley, from which the road takes its name. The Lehigh Valley is the great coal and iron region of Pennsylvania, and the numerous towns and cities on the route are indebted to these useful minerals for their prosperity.

At Bethlehem are located the great forge and ordnance works of the Bethlehem Steel Company, which supplies armor-plate for the navy of the United States, and also for the navies of Russia and Japan. Guns of all sizes and descriptions are also manufactured, from the 4-inch rapid-fire gun to the 13-inch breech-loading army rifle for coast defence. The company's plant is equal to those of the largest English and German firms, and is contained in buildings that extend for over a mile along the Lehigh River.

Bethlehem, Allentown, Catasauqua, Slatington, and Mauch Chunk are important centers of the coal and iron industries, and are interspersed with numerous agricultural settlements, where fields and gardens bloom in the greatest luxuriance.

The scenery at Mauch Chunk is grandly impressive, the mountains rising above the track with great boldness and being wooded to the crests. The Lehigh River curves gracefully through the valley, bisecting the city and adding its beauty to the wonderfully charming landscape. Mount Pisgah and the Switchback are prominent features, and Bear Mountain lifts its head proudly into the blue sky.

The Switchback Railroad from Mauch Chunk to the top of Mount Pisgah is a marvel of engineering, and affords pleasure to thousands of tourists every season. The trains are drawn by cable to the top of the mountain, a height of 900 feet above the river, and 1,500 feet above sea level. They are then run by gravity down a decline to Mount Jefferson. They are again taken to the top of the mountain by cable and released to run from there by gravity to the starting point at Mauch Chunk, the entire distance being eighteen miles of enchanting mountain scenery.

At Mauch Chunk the track, which from Easton hither has run along the west bank of the river, crosses to the right bank and follows the ascending curves of the Lehigh until Glen Summit is reached, the highest point on the track, 1,723 feet above sea level.

The panting locomotive in ascending the highest curves of the mountains can be seen engaged at its steadfast labor as if endowed with intelligence as well as enormous strength. This climbing of mountains by the agency of steam is luxurious and fascinating. The tumultuous congeries of hills open before us and disclose endless transformation scenes. At times the train skirts a precipice on the one side, with the river and a rolling champaign on the other. The steely blue stream, abounding in shallows, and spanned at intervals by light iron bridges, goes on meandering down the endless gorge of hills all densely clothed with vegetation.

As we ascend the mountains a thunderstorm gathers around the train, and in a few minutes the hills are covered with the mist of driving rain. The air grows suddenly cool, and from the observation car are seen violent gusts of blinding vapor that completely hide the flying track from view. Soon the storm passes, leaving the air pure and cool, and the train draws up at Glen Summit on the crest of the mountain.

Glen Summit consists of a large and comfortable hotel and a colony of summer cottages owned by business men in New York, Philadelphia, and Wilkesbarre. The view of the mountain ranges from this point is an inspiring sight. After leaving Glen Summit the train traverses the high verge of the historic Vale of Wyoming.

Here is one of the grandest scenes in the United States. Before us lies a wide and deep valley, traversed by the noble Susquehanna, the scene of a massacre of the settlers by the British and their Indian allies in 1778. The memory of that far-off butchery lends a sacred feeling to the scene, which, with the impression of majestic peace that now fills the landscape, makes the Vale of Wyoming a most imposing prospect. The valley is twenty-one miles in length and three miles wide, and its metropolis is Wilkesbarre, with a population of 60,000, which is seen in the frequent glimpses of the valley given the traveler as the train descends the mountain heights.

The railroad follows the curve of the river to Pittston, and thence continues its northwesterly course along the highest reach of the Susquehanna. There is a roar of wheels beside the calmly flowing stream, and the cars are swiftly run through delightful landscapes succulent with every green thing that grows in a temperate climate. Here, beyond the mouths of coal-pits and the smoke of furnaces, man, with a stubborn fortitude, tills the bountiful glebe. The river in places widens and deepens into lake-like reaches embosomed in the richest foliage. Earth and sky assume a golden mood, and the country seems a paradise of peace and plenty. This union of river and railroad, so prevalent everywhere, for reasons of economic construction, adds immensely to the joy of railroad travel. The stately procession of infinitely varied scenes connected by the endlessly winding stream, whose curves everywhere parallel the shining metals, gives a continuous interest to the journey.

We pass in rapid succession Tunkhannock, Towanda, Athens, Sayre, and Van Etten, prosperous centers of industrial enterprise, and arrive at Ithaca, 307 miles from the city of New York, the center of the beautiful lake region of Western New York. That portion of the State lying between Canada and Rochester has for its most conspicuous feature a series of elongated lakes lying on lines radiating from a point in Lake Ontario. These are Lake Canandaigua, Keuka Lake, Seneca Lake, Cayuga Lake, Owasco Lake, Skaneateles Lake, Onondaga Lake, and Oneida Lake, with smaller lakes lying between. The overflow of the entire group forms the Oswego River, that flows into Lake Ontario. The deep depressions filled by these lakes were first formed by outlying spurs of the mighty glacier that scooped out the bed of Lake Ontario.

Cayuga Lake is typical of the series. It is over eighty miles in length, with an average width of over four miles, embosomed in a region of orchards and vineyards, and of agricultural wealth. Half a hundred streams rush down the

declivities of the hills, to mingle their waters with those of the lake, whose surface reflects one of the fairest of pastoral landscapes.

Ithaca is an ideal summer resting-place, filled with beautiful gardens and the handsome homes of a contented and prosperous people. It is the seat of Cornell University, whose fine buildings tower above city and lake in imposing grandeur. The surrounding region is a land of hills and streams, whose wealth and beauty are expressed in artistic homes and sylvan surroundings.

On the way to Oneida Lake, we pass the Chittenango Falls, where the creek plunges one hundred and sixty feet over a limestone ridge into a wildly beautiful dell.

From Ithaca we proceed by rail along the western shore of Cayuga Lake, passing Toughannock Falls, two hundred feet high, and shaded by hemlock trees, making a scene of wondrous beauty. The road here follows the lake at a high elevation, giving magnificent views of the great region that was formerly the home of the warlike Iroquois.

The road at Romulus crosses the divide between Cayuga and Seneca Lakes, and arrives at Geneva, splendidly situated at the head of Seneca's waters, the second largest lake in the entire region.

Geneva is an ideal city of homes, a center where fishing, rowing, sailing, riding, and driving can be indulged in amid scenes of restful beauty. Peach orchards and vineyards abound everywhere. The valley of Seneca Lake is another Avalon.

Buffalo, with its busy harbor crowded with ships that carry millions upon millions of tons of wheat, corn, and other produce from the West for transshipment to the East, its wide and handsome business streets, its hundreds of miles of residential avenues covered with foliage and laid in asphalt, its beautiful situation on Lake Erie, and its proximity to Niagara, its forthcoming Pan-American Exposition, in 1901, is a center of commanding interest to every traveler.

IN DISTRICT No. I.

(An Economic Novel.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT."

CHAPTER XXIX.—*(Continued.)*

"MY name is John Simms," said that gentleman, hat in hand, "and this young legionary is Charles Warner. We have come here to see my friend, Henry Wyndham, who, I understand, is enjoying your hospitable care."

"Pray be seated, Mr. Simms. And you, too, Mr. Warner," said Mrs. Drax.

"Thank you, madam. I was about to add that we, each of us, have a second object in calling this afternoon. I have heard of your inventions, Mr. Drax, and, being a bit of an inventor myself, I have desired to make your acquaintance. The young legionary here, Mr. Warner, was at church this morning, and heard the wonderful performance of your daughter, and, being something of a musician himself—he's shaking his head, but that's only his modesty—he is desirous of making the acquaintance of Miss Drax. I can warrant his being quite harmless, and I know that Mr. Drax will not object to taking the word of an inventor."

By this time Timothy Drax and Mrs. Drax no longer thought of dozing. Mr. Simms had seated himself in a chair near a table, on which he placed both his hat and his right arm, while his left arm was held akimbo, with his

hand on his hip, in an attitude of graceful negligence. He spoke in a very precise, mincing manner, pronouncing each syllable very distinctly and accurately, and he maintained a dignified, benign smile. Merritt shared the amazement of the old couple. Why, here was Simms, the Pittsburg mechanic, holding his own with a typical "fine old English gentleman," and as easy as you please—speaking like an exquisite, and posturing like the late lamented Sir Henry Irving! Merritt's surprise got the better of his vanity, and he listened unmoved to his own description as a "young legionary" in search of Miss Drax.

Old Timothy Drax had risen when the men entered the room. He remained standing while Simms was speaking.

"I thank you, sir," said he, with a stately but unmistakably stiff bow to Simms, "for your polite allusion to my daughter's talents and my own humble mechanical efforts. Your friend, Mr. Wyndham, is, I am glad to say, making steady progress."

He touched a bell-knob as he spoke.

"Fine young fellow, Wyndham," observed Simms.

"In him, Mr. Simms, you certainly have a gentleman for a friend. Ah! here is the maid. Mary, show these gentlemen to Mr. Wyndham's room. I wish you good-day."

Another stately, stiff bow from Timothy, and a semi-demi rise and courtesy from Mrs. Drax. The interview was at an end.

"It strikes me that cursed, infernal pride of his will have a fall before long, eh! Mr. Carpenter Bee?" whispered Simms to Merritt, as they followed Mary Morley down the long corridor to the door of Wyndham's room.

Inly was too much agitated by contending emotions to make any reply.

"Mr. Simms and Mr. Warner," announced Mary, opening Wyndham's door in response to his cry of "Come in!" after a discreet little knock and a sound of rustling inside the room, which did not escape the ears of the two visitors.

On the sill of the window sat Miss Drax, daintily grace-

ful in spite of her commanding beauty. She was apparently very busily engaged in tightening the strings of a guitar.

Wyndham was propped up by pillows in a half-recumbent position, and seemed to have just been turning over and examining some sheets of music that lay on the bed before him. His finely-chiseled features, brown, curling hair, ample brow, bright, eloquent eyes, trim mustache, beard and whiskers, and frank, honest, open-hearted, good-tempered expression sent an uncomfortable chill through Merritt.

"Miss Drax, you'll remember me," said Simms, advancing with outstretched hand. "John Simms, *alias* Topsy, you know."

In spite of all her efforts, Eliza could not help smiling as she recalled Destiny's face when he told Simms to "take the d——d thing down"; and the smile constrained her, in all consistency, to touch Simms' hand with the tips of her own delicate fingers.

"My friend, Mr. Charles Warner, who has just joined the Legion, and whose merits as a tip-top of education and good breeding have caused Colonel Birnie to give him the soft snap of time-keeper and clerk-of-the-works. Warner, this lady is Miss Eliza Drax, Township Reporter, and County Director, and—anything else, Miss Drax?"

"An observer, I trust," rejoined Eliza, still smiling, but now with an expression that puzzled even John Simms. "Mr. Warner," she added, making Merritt a slight bow, "after such an introduction I presume we shall be able correctly to estimate each other."

"Honored—delighted—Miss Drax—to make your acquaintance," stammered Inly, blushing, bowing, and mentally cursing both his own perturbation and Eliza's *hauteur*.

"And now, Wyndham, my boy," exclaimed Simms, cheerily turning to the bed, "it's your turn. Ladies first, you know. What's that your eyes are saying? 'First, last and all the time!' eh? Gently! Don't get mad with *me*. Give me your hand, and let me see if there's any grip left

after your run over the green, and your being run away with, that all the camp has been talking about."

Henry, partly vexed, partly embarrassed, and partly amused, held out his hand.

"Here, Warner, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Henry Wyndham, who's a good deal more practical than I am."

"How's that, Simms?" asked Henry, shaking Merritt's hand and resigning himself good-humoredly to the infliction of the visit.

"Haven't you managed to get a softer snap than I have?" replied Simms.

Eliza, at this moment, had to turn her head toward a most refractory guitar string, but Inly Merritt saw a sudden glow of deeper red beneath the ruddy tresses that lay in harmonious, clustering masses on that entrancingly-curved neck. He would have liked to relieve his feelings by a good broadside of wholesome expletives.

"Some people might reckon a damaged rib a hard snap, rather than a soft one," returned Henry.

It was an innocent remark, and was really called for by Simms' question, and yet Merritt noticed an instant recrudescence of the red glow.

"Hanged if I don't think she blushes at everything he says," was his mental comment.

"I hear you're from New York," he observed, turning to Wyndham. "I'm from New York, too, so we're almost comrades already. The Destinator billeted me on Colonel Birnie's camp near here. Are you coming to the camp too?"

"No. I'm billeted on Mr. Drax, here; but, owing to my accident I haven't any orders as yet. In fact, I don't quite know what kind of a legionary I am. Say, Ed—hum!—Miss Drax—what am I supposed to be, please?"

Once more the creamy neck was suffused by a warm tint, and once more an obstinate guitar string required the very closest attention.

"Ask me something a little easier, Mr. Wyndham," she replied, without looking around.

It was Henry's turn to blush now.

"Simms says I'm a soft-snapper," he rejoined, forcing a little laugh; "but I doubt whether the Legion recognizes the office. The nearest I can get to what I really am is that Mr. Drax said something about my acting as his steward."

"That'll be a pretty strange-feeling post for a New Yorker," said Merritt. "I suppose you've hardly ever seen the country?"

"Oh! I'm not such a tenderfoot as all that! I've seen the country, times enough."

"There's some pretty nice country around New York."

"You bet! What's the matter with that picturesque stretch between Mamaroneck and White Plains? What's the matter with Harri—I mean Port Chester and Greenwich, and Rye Beach? And lots of places?"

Merritt was watching Wyndham. Simms was watching Wyndham and Merritt. Eliza was watching Wyndham, Merritt and Simms.

"I'm glad you know that district, Mr. Wyndham," cried Merritt in an excellently bright natural manner. "It's been quite a happy hunting ground of mine. I've been a literary man, you must know—stories for magazines and newspapers—country life a specialty. Funny how we city men *will* write about the country—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*, I guess. I'm supposed to have rather a pretty touch for idyllic little love scenes in the woods, and all that sort of thing; and I used to work up the details by taking long walks about Mamaroneck and Harrison. There was one favorite spot of mine—that perfectly lovely by-path leading from the White Plains road, near the St. Vincent's Home, across some wooded hills and dells to the back road from Harrison to Mamaroneck. Were you ever there? If so, I think you will agree with me it's hard to beat."

"There are so many pretty woodland paths in that neighborhood that I may not have seen the particular one you are

alluding to," replied Wyndham, who was transparently ill at ease.

"Oh! it's clear enough you never were there, or your memory would have retained an indelible picture of the path I mean," returned Merritt in a tone, the airy trifling of which passed current for good coin with Henry, but rang doubtfully in the ears of Simms and the "observer."

"How do you like this locality, Mr. Warner?" asked a sweet, deep, musical voice, coming to Wyndham's rescue.

"Up to this morning I thought it a very charming corner of North Carolina. Since this morning I have deemed it a portion of Paradise."

"And what caused the change, pray?"

"I was at Hodeslea Church," were the words of the simple reply. My pen is unequal to the task of describing the look that accompanied them.

"Yes?" said E. D. in an expectant tone; and the delicious dark eyes gazed widely and steadily at poor Inly without a gleam or tremor to show that his soul-shattering emotion was so much as perceived.

"And he's been looking for a snake ever since, to make the resemblance more perfect," said Simms, coming to the rescue of *his* comrade.

"Where does the apple come in?" asked Henry, laughing.

"He says it's too early for apples, and so he'll have to put up with a peach instead," replied Simms, in his very meekest tone.

Merritt and Wyndham turned scarlet; but Eliza was not familiar with New York slang, and was therefore able to maintain the air of cool composure with which she had received Inly's look of admiration.

"Ah!" rejoined Henry, with a desperate effort to seem unconcerned and to put a different point on the "practical" man's remark, "you mean that peaches in the North Carolina form of 'jack,' often lead to snakes. Capital! Ha! Ha!"

"Likewise Ho! Ho! Won't Miss Drax and my friend Warner join in the laugh, too?" said Simms, still meekly, but screwing his countenance into such an atrocious grin that E. D. *had* to smile.

"Well, gentlemen," said she, "I suppose you're amusing yourselves with some game of repartee. If I could only understand it I've no doubt I should laugh very much."

"With them, or at them?" asked Simms, pointing expansively to Merritt and Wyndham.

Eliza struck a few chords on the guitar.

"Perhaps both," she replied.

And the dark eyes looked straight into the watery, pale blue ones.

"Don't shoot, Colonel; we'll all come down," said Simms, laughing in a sarcastic manner, but shifting his gaze.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, as he noticed Henry's clothes hanging up. "Do you mean to say, Wyndham, you've really stuck to your mania, and have not yet requisitioned some nice, brand-new Legion clothing?"

"I think there's life enough left in my old friends there to last another month or so, by which time I hope to have earned sufficient money to be able to replace them."

Simms eyed the veterans with the close attention he paid to everything, however trifling; and he saw the ends of some formal-looking papers projecting from the inside breast-pocket of the coat.

Inly had risen from his seat, and was standing at the window beside Miss Drax, looking out into the garden.

"How peaceful and pretty everything appears in the quiet sunshine," he said.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Warner, I think the view from this window is perfectly charming."

"If I were outside I also should say that the view of this window is perfectly charming." And Inly once more tried the effect of a look such as had never failed with any New York peach.

"Yes, I often think that, too, when I am standing over there and looking back here where the roses and passion-flowers make such a superb frame for the old-fashioned case-ment."

"How old are you, Miss Drax?"

Eliza laughed heartily.

"Fancy, Hen—Mr. Wyndham—Mr. Simms. Here's Mr. Warner asking me how old I am!"

"That's practical, ain't it?" observed Simms, grimly.

"Not if it isn't his business," retorted Henry, looking unamiably at Merritt.

"Every man, I guess, is the best judge of his own business," was Inly's rejoinder, as he returned Wyndham's look with compound interest.

"Exactly so," said E. D., cheerfully chiming in to avert a quarrel. "And I think I can guess Mr. Warner's interest in the matter. Every literary man, I believe, looks forward to being appointed as a census enumerator. Why, then, shouldn't Mr. Warner practice a little? Mr. Warner, I was twenty-two years of age on the 16th of February last. Do you believe me?"

Inly was so taken aback, and so confused by the glance he encountered, that he hesitated for a reply.

"Do you mean to say you doubt Miss Drax's word, sir?" asked Wyndham, hotly.

"Gently, pard, gently?" said Simms. "Ladies don't expect to be believed when they're talking about their ages; do they, Miss Drax?"

"What's your belief in the present case, Mr. Simms?" asked Eliza, as she lightly, and smilingly, played a bar or two.

"I think you are a little older than your teeth, and—and then I'm kind o' puzzled."

"Gracious! Mr. Simms! You don't mean to say you doubt my being as old as my tongue?"

"It's so difficult to judge between age and experience?" replied Simms slowly and reflectively.

"A fair hit, Miss Drax!" cried Wyndham, laughing, as was also Eliza. Even the wounded Merritt had to grin.

"I should like to change the subject," said E. D. with a pretty pout; "but my feminine curiosity gets the better of me. What *did* you mean, Mr. Warner, by asking my age?"

"I was simply trying to estimate the dullness of the young men of Clyde."

"Say, Warner," interposed Simms, "it's about time we were starting, or we shall disappoint Colonel Birnie."

Merritt took the hint, and after exchanging a cordial adieu with Eliza and bidding Wyndham good-day, the two left Pigeon River Farm.

They walked down to the river, crossed by means of the stepping stones, and then made their way to the summit of the ascending road. Here Simms threw himself down on a grassy bank and lighted a cigar. Merritt followed his example, and sat looking at the fair picture below.

"When," said Simms, "the peach answered 'both' to my question of whether she would laugh with or at Warner and Wyndham, did the carpenter bee understand the reply?"

"No, he didn't."

"It mean't that she would laugh with Wyndham and at Warner."

"D—n him!"

"Can you?"

"Yes."

Simms was more than surprised at this reply to his mere sneer. He made no movement or sign of astonishment, however, but just glanced from the corner of his eye at Merritt, who sat dreamily gazing at the old farm-house in the valley.

"How can you do it, Warner?"

"That's my business, as he would say."

"Does the carpenter bee want the peach very much?"

"He won't stop short at very much to get her."

"Will he insist on going it alone, or will he let a friend help him?"

Inly turned and looked into the face of his companion.

"D'ye mean it, Simms?"

"There's my hand on it!" said the other, giving Merritt's hand a hearty grip. "I wouldn't intrude, but I hate to see my partner circumvented; and if you're not d——d quick, you're going to be left. Did you notice that they're already at the given-name stage?"

Inly looked black as thunder.

"So *you* noticed it, too? I'll 'Henry' him before I've done with him, the cut-throat! Listen!"

I have before remarked that Inly Merritt was no fool, even if his mental balance was always disturbed by a pretty face. So on the present occasion, in the midst of his furious jealousy and wild desire, he did not entirely forget wisdom and caution. Indeed, he even considered that, by allowing Simms to help him against Wyndham, he would be likely enough to increase his own opportunities of getting at Simms' knowledge with respect to the Pittsburg matters. Accordingly, he told a very careful story to Simms. He narrated how Michael Smith, whom nobody knew anything about, had drawn \$1,000,000 in gold and International notes from the Legion Bank; how Smith had then been discovered lying insensible, and, to all seeming, robbed; how a young man, corresponding to Wyndham's appearance, had been seen loitering about the vicinity; how he (Warner), as a writer of stories, had heard of the affair and, being acquainted with the police-inspector in charge of the case, had volunteered to help in its elucidation so as to get the material for a thrilling tale; how the inspector had advised him to visit Captain Westeron and consult; how he had therefore come to Clyde and, as luck would have it, had dropped right on the trail of the supposed criminal; and how he had arranged to be sent to Colonel Birnie's camp in order to be able to make the acquaintance of Wyndham, and thus pave the way for proving his guilt. He said nothing about his visits to Newport News, Washington and Pittsburg, or about Boreen.

"Now you can see," he continued, "why I made such par-

ticular mention of the woodland path near Smith's house, and why I asked Wyndham if he had ever been there."

"You did it splendidly, Warner, my boy," said Simms. "I don't believe there's any detective living could have done it half as well."

"Yes, Simms," replied Merritt, with the vocal strut from which his agitation had for so long debarred him, "I flatter myself it wasn't so very bad. But that Wyndham's a caution! Did you notice how he evaded any question?"

"Did I? Well, I should smile! And I noticed how he suddenly checked himself when he was about to speak of Harrison as a place he was acquainted with."

"That's funny!"

"How so?"

"Why, that *you* should have noticed it. Of course *I* twigged it fast enough; but then *I* was on the Harrison trail, and you weren't."

There was a momentary hesitation on the part of Simms, who replied:

"Telepathy!"

"H'm! You must be a bit of a student as well as a mechanic!"

"Is that a crime, Mr. Literary Detective?"

"Don't get hot like that infernal coxcomb Wyndham, or I won't show you where that julep is when we get into Clyde."

"Up go my hands!" cried Simms, suiting the action to the word.

"I'll forgive you this time," said Merritt, laughing. "But, really now, *are* you anything of a thought-reader?"

"Not that I know of. At the same time I have occasionally caught myself following a conversation and understanding all about it, and then, all of a sudden, coming to my senses, as it were, and seeing that the persons were strangers, talking of things quite outside my knowledge. On the railroad cars that has happened to me more than once. I dare say it occurs to everybody, more or less. I

shouldn't wonder if you, yourself, have had experiences of the same kind."

"Now you mention it I remember that I have; and I've tried to explain it by the existence of some as yet unrecognized and uncultivated sense, operating by impulses the subtle mode of force that we term 'thought.'"

"I'm sufficient of a student to follow that really brilliant idea," said Simms gravely, though with lips that trembled slightly.

"One of these days I intend to write a book on the subject," added Merritt, in a large manner.

"I'll buy a copy, my boy, even if I have to hock my shirt. Still, coming back to the peach, or, rather, to the wasp that's getting a little too near its cheek, I don't see that you've got anything very strong against him. In the first place, how do you know there's been any murder at all, if the doctors say the old man—what was his name? Oh! yes—Smith—sounds a little familiar to me, funnily enough."

"Don't fool, Simms. Go ahead."

"Thank you! I won't fool Simms. Not if I know it."

"Do you want that julep, or not?"

"I'll be serious. Well, as I was saying, if old Smith only had apoplexy, he may be well again by this time and may have told your inspector what he did with his money. And so your whole murder-and-robbery story may be busted, and Mr. Wasp may be free to eat his way into the peach. Don't throw your cigar away like that, and don't use language that's bluer than its smoke. Just put the shoulder of that powerful mind of yours to the problem I'm proposing, and then, perhaps, it'll give way."

Inly had jumped up and was pacing up and down the road in front of the bank where Simms was reclining.

"I *won't* believe there's nothing in it!" he exclaimed. "Why should that beast evade my question? Why should he tell *you* nothing about himself? Why should he admit to the Destinator that his name isn't really Wyndham? Why should he decline to give any account of his past life

or what he has recently been doing? Why should he decline to part with his old clothes? However, Captain Westeron has sent on to Inspector Perkins to find out about old Smith's condition and we shall soon know."

"When will you get the news?" asked Simms, a little eagerly.

"I rather expect to hear something about it to-morrow evening, when I have to meet Captain Westeron in the park."

"Well, suppose old Smith *is* dead. That won't say he was murdered, and it won't prove any robbery."

"He may have recovered consciousness, and——"

"Not he!" ejaculated Simms hastily, and, as it were, instinctively rather than designedly.

"What makes *you* so positive, when you've not seen his condition?"

"Eh? Oh! My opinion is that a man who was found lying insensible, and remained so for two days—I think you said you didn't start for two days after the discovery?—is about as likely to recover consciousness as you are to miss unraveling any complication you take in hand."

"Telepathy again," returned Inly, with a pleased and strutting smile. "Exactly my own thought."

"I can't see, though, how you are going to prove any robbery," pursued Simms.

"Nor I, just yet. The gold can't be traced, and although we know the numbers of the International notes——"

"You know the numbers, eh?" interrupted Simms, speaking very thoughtfully.

"Yes. The bank had kept a record of them. Well, as I was saying, although we know the numbers, we may have to wait months, perhaps years, before any of them are presented for redemption at the bank."

"There's one test you might try, and, if it happened to be successful, it would capture the jack-pot in short order."

"What's that? Speak, man!"

"This fellow Wyndham wasn't searched when he came here?"

"No."

"And he kept his old clothes?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice them hanging up on the wall at the foot of his bed to-day, near the open window?"

"No."

"I did. And I saw some papers sticking out of the inside breast pocket."

"Yes?"

"Suppose those papers are some of the International notes you want? Or suppose there's only one of the notes amongst them?"

"Gad! What a clear case it'd be! I never thought of that! But it isn't likely he'd be such a fool as to carry such evidence about with him."

"I'm not so sure of that. These crooks do d—d stupid tricks. At any rate, the experiment is worth trying. Those clothes ought to be searched. It wasn't for nothing that he refused to part with them. If you don't find any notes you may find a new eagle, or a letter, or a paper, or *something* to give him away."

"Gad! you're right! I'll suggest that to Captain Western to-morrow evening." And then, striking a dramatic and minatory attitude, Inly Merritt extended his little fist in the direction of Pigeon River Farm, and exclaimed in tragic accents:

"Henry Wyndham, look out for your neck!"

Simms, who had risen to his feet, passed his arm through that of Merritt, and said, softly:

"Let's liquor! I in the famous julep, and you in peach brandy."

CHAPTER XXX.

THE NEW HENRY WYNDHAM.

Eliza sat on the window sill and watched Simms and Merritt until they had crossed the river. Then she turned and reddened as she met the ardent gaze of young Wyndham,

who lay regarding her as though she were some ethereal, ecstatic vision, instead of a very substantial and well set-up young maiden.

"Mr. Wyndham—" she began.

"Stop right there, if you please, Eddie! I thought it was distinctly understood that you were to call me Henry?"

"We did say something about it, after you had explained to mamma that you were a cousin ever so many times removed; but, then, I've only known you such a few days."

"Those few days have seemed a lifetime to me, Eddie."

"Oh! Mr. Wyndham—well—Henry, if you really *insist*. I'm under orders from Dr. Blauenfeld—I wish Lyddie were back; I do so long to have a good talk with her—to respect your nervous system; and I suppose I must humor you."

"Aren't you getting a little mixed, Eddie?"

"That is unkind! You're almost as sarcastic as that Mr. Simms. What do you think of him?"

"I can't make him out. I feel an antipathy for him. He gives me the impression of a man who is playing a part, and playing it well. His companion, Warner, is simply an impudent little cad."

"And now you're unjust, Mr.—Henry."

"Oh! of course, you'll champion *him!*"

"And why, pray?" asked Eliza, her color rising, her dark eyes brightening, and her glorious voice deepening.

"Because he admired you. That's why!" replied Henry, whose color was also rising, whose eyes were also lightening, and whose voice was also betraying emotion.

"With your permission, Mr. Wyndham, I will not reply to that remark just yet, but will speak about something else. In the meantime you yourself may possibly see fit to withdraw it."

A passionate, pleading cry trembled on Wyndham's lips as he saw the look of soft trouble and noted the moistening of the glance that had accompanied the quiet, musical words; but he violently restrained himself and nodded in assent.

"My object in asking you about Mr. Simms—and,

naturally, about Mr. Warner, too—was to see if you noticed anything particular in their manner or words to you.”

“All that I noticed was the sneering tone of Simms and the insolence of the other fellow.”

“It seemed to me that both were your enemies.”

“That is impossible. I never saw Simms until I met him at Asheville; and a few hours afterward I parted from him on good terms, as you know. And as for the little tale-writer, I never saw him before to-day.”

“I think, for all that, they are seeking to do you harm. Mr. Simms was *studying* you.”

“And whom was Warner studying?”

“He was studying *me*, Mr. Wyndham.” As she said this, Eliza sat very bolt upright and looked down upon Henry with greater majesty and beauty than are displayed in any of the many famous paintings of her celebrated ancestor, Lady Dorothy. Then she instantly added:

“Would you have me say that the scholar deserved a fool’s cap?”

Their eyes met and away sped every cloud. But, during the peal of genuine, hearty laughter that followed, I rather think that E. D.’s handkerchief *did* wipe away a tear or two, and Henry afterward confessed that his own heart was full to overflowing.

“Eddie,” said Henry, “you were very good and patient just now. And I *was* unjust. I withdraw my remark about Warner. I can guess your thoughts about the remark, too.”

“Please don’t. I’m not a newspaper conundrum.”

“I wonder whether you are as good a guesser as I am?”

“I’m afraid I’m not very good at anything. When brains were being distributed, my share went somewhere else—to Lyddie, I suspect.”

“Let me put *your* brains to the test, Eddie. Come and sit down here, and I will put a problem before you quite seriously.”

Eliza did as she was asked. She took the chair near Henry’s pillow.

"Now, Mr. Mysterious-and-ever-so-far-removed cousin, I am all attention," said she, professing to settle herself in a position of the most nonchalant ease, leaning back with her hands clasped behind her head and her crossed Phidias-curved feet extended at full length.

Wyndham looked at the lovely face and form, and for a moment he could not speak. Then, summoning all his energies, he began in a low, soft tone :

"I said just now that the last few days have seemed to me a lifetime. You know the old story, Eddie, of the king who, at the suggestion of a magician, dipped his head into a tub of water and straightway found himself a fugitive deprived of throne and wealth. He passed long years in distresses and adventures of all kinds, and finally, just as he had been cast overboard from a ship and rose to the surface, he saw the old familiar scenes once more about him and discovered that he was raising his head from the tub. All those years and adventures had occurred in the second of time during which his head was under water."

"I've heard the story, and I've always considered it a weak 'invention of the inimy,' as Tom Boreen would say."

"Don't laugh, Eddie. Listen with your kind heart, as well as with that soberly-judging, cute, quick little brain of yours."

"You're exaggerating ; but I'll listen quite seriously," said Eliza. And she demurely folded her hands in her lap.

"Eddie, I believe the story I have just referred to. I have lived the greater part of a lifetime during the last few days. I am not he who arrived at the railroad depot in Clyde. *He* died then and there. A new Henry Wyndham sprang into being when, in the soft light of the sunbeams, he saw that which convinced him the earth still was fair and life worth living. Once before, Eddie, there had been a Henry Wyndham to whom the world and life had seemed bright and good. But the brightness had died away, and the good had become evil."

Divine pity and sympathy had replaced the smile upon Eliza's countenance. Her bosom was heaving.

"That former life, Eddie, that failed of success," continued Wyndham, after a pause, "had, even in its happiest moments, been deprived of the most exquisite of all joys. The Henry Wyndham that stepped out of the cars into the sunbeam-tinted railroad depot of Clyde, died there as he had previously lived—heart-whole."

Eliza's tender, perfectly beautiful face was as though she had just ceased playing some noble anthem and was listening to the responsive voices of seraphs in a near heaven.

"The new Henry Wyndham," resumed the young man, after another pause and a glance at the carven face and graceful, softly-glowing head beside him, "has met with kindness and generosity. He has found welcome, consideration, friendship and sympathy. He has lived amid freedom, peace and beauty. In this world, so new to him, he has, as I have said, lived already much of a lifetime. He has stood as a little child before his instructor, learning sweet lessons of reverence—reverence for goodness and tenderness of soul. He has, growing ever, attended the school of life presided over by the same instructor, and the teachings have interwoven themselves with the thread of his existence. His ears have been opened to music. His eyes have been opened to beauty. His mind has been opened to nobility of character. His youth has passed on into manhood; but he has still his one and only instructor. In speech by day, in dreams by night, he has continued to hang upon the words of gentle wisdom and kind counsel. He has learned that the world is very, very beautiful, Eddie. He has seen a new divine blue in the sky, new magical rainbow tints in the flowers. He has heard strange sweet sighings in the breeze, and the birds have sung fresh songs. He has listened to the musical plashing of fountains that have never played before. He has inspired the pure fragrance of an unwonted balmy air."

(To be continued.)



Editorial.

The American Political Situation.

THE present political atmosphere of the United States is not healthful. The great questions which have split up this nation into great parties used to be those as to which a sound and unprejudiced mind could admit the legitimacy of a difference of opinion. Those parties now differ upon questions to which even such a mind would deny the existence of two sides. A political situation which involves so unequal a distribution of wisdom and righteousness that, for a member of one party to have little respect for a member of another is not altogether caddish conceit, for the substantial part of the community to hang the security of its substance upon the success of one party is not mere unreasoning panic, for a non-partisan publication to come out strongly for one candidate is not rank inconsistency, for the pulpit to be turned into a platform for political harangue and the church into a place of political conversion is not arrant sacrilege—that situation is abominable. It is bad, *prima facie*, for the party whose defeat it makes us pray for. It is bad, too, for the party it helps into office. Individually, the latter falls into a state of mind that is not to its best mental or moral interests, and collectively it is apt to abuse its power, made reckless by piled-up majorities, and unrestrained by a vigorous opposition. The co-existence of two strong parties having legitimate differences of opinion is essential to a healthy body politic.

It may be that this present atmosphere is one that the United States is doomed to breathe so long as it lives. There

has been much evidence presented of late that political lines are to be drawn more nearly parallel with moral ones, that the good are to be arrayed politically against the bad, the wise against the foolish, those that have against those that want. It would be a sorry day for the United States and for popular government everywhere on which this evidence should become so strong as to force such a conviction.

It remains for every man, be he, by habit, Republican or Democrat, to do his utmost for the defeat of Mr. Byran ; the Republican, not only because of a normal desire for partisan success, but from the more patriotic motive of the political rehabilitation of his country ; the Democrat, not only because of such patriotic motives, but from the more partisan motive of the rehabilitation of his party. Only by the overwhelming defeat of Mr. Bryan and his consequent eradication from politics can the United States be brought back to normal and healthy political conditions, or the Democratic party become once more the dignified and honorable party it once was, whose ticket no honest man need be ashamed to vote.

That Democrat who votes for Mr. Bryan is voting against the best interests of his party ; and that Democrat is wasting the ammunition that is his to use against the folly and viciousness his party now stands for, who does not vote for Mr. McKinley.

China.

No man at this writing, not even the most astute diplomat of Europe, knows the truth concerning China. The very representatives of that country, it would seem, are little more enlightened than the rest of us. There is a narrow line of coast, as to which, by the grace of the sea, not even so good a raiser of barriers as China can keep us ignorant ; but back of it, even so near as Pekin, that on the map seems itself almost a seaport, is that vast impenetrability which answers no questions, which defies even the efficient inquisi-

tiveness of modern journalism. There are few secrets that this latest development of civilization cannot fathom, but achievement has given it such a reputation to maintain and has so whetted public appetite for news that there is now no scene removed from reportorial vision that it will not picture, nothing that in the reportorial imagination might have happened that it will not cable as having happened. Add to the possibilities in the way of mendacity that have been recently developed in the yellow newspaper correspondent those that are inherent in the moral constitution of the yellow Mongolian, and you have a combination for the manufacture of lies that defies competition. There is small wonder that the civilized world has been see-sawing for weeks between hope and despair.

Such a situation precludes any confident expression of opinion. The evidence before us, however, does not lead to optimism. That a great crime has been committed, as to which civilization must pass and execute sentence, is probable. That it is not certain is all that holds back the expression of a horror and indignation that go so to the very roots of a man's nature that only for a certainty will he let himself give them vent. The very things which make us hope cause also the most misgivings. It is not reassuring to contemplate that phase of the situation which may prove a case of the most barefaced diplomatic mendacity on record.

That which does give us some satisfaction, however, is the position of the United States. That nation at least comes into the affair with clean hands. Its past relations with China have been such as to prove its sincerity in the declaration of an absence of territorial covetousness. It has never, in its accounts with that empire, balanced a loss in missionaries against a gain in Celestial territory. It is conducting the present matter with rare caution and wisdom. By its failure to join in the bombardment at Taku, by its decision that, upon the evidence at hand, no state of war exists, by its appointment of a special civil commissioner to

China, by its courteous treatment of the Chinese Minister, by its refusal to give the lie direct to the Chinese Government, the United States has placed itself in a most enviable position, for which accomplishment the Administration is to be congratulated.

Political Prognostications.

William Jennings Bryan in 1896 carried 22 States, and from two others, California and Kentucky, received one electoral vote each, making his total electoral vote 176 out of 447 in the aggregate. In the coming election he must have at least 48 votes more than he received in 1896 to be elected. But of the States he carried four years ago some are, if not certainly Republican, at least to be classed now as doubtful, and he must therefore offset losses in this direction by gains from the Republican column. Can he do it?

To forecast at the beginning of a Presidential campaign how States will vote at the campaign's close is extremely hazardous and involves in truth more guesswork than foresight. States have sometimes veered from one political column to the other for reasons unanticipated at the outset of a campaign, and some States remain in doubt up to the moment the final returns are made known. Still, it is interesting to make a few calculations.

Giving Mr. Bryan Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, and Virginia; and Mr. McKinley California, Connecticut, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Hampshire, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Vermont, there are left as doubtful the States of Kentucky, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Maryland, South Dakota, Minnesota, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wy-

oming. Of these doubtful States it is reasonable to believe that Mr. Bryan stands a good show of carrying Kentucky, Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, South Dakota, and West Virginia. These six States have 33 votes, which, added to the votes of the States enumerated as admittedly Democratic, make a total for Mr. Bryan of 179, or 45 short of election.

If, for the sake of argument, we admit that the Democrats have a fighting chance or more in Indiana, Kansas, Maryland and Wyoming, with their 36 votes, we make the chances of Democratic success just so much greater. But it does not now appear that Bryan can carry these States. Only twice since the Civil War has Indiana gone anything but Republican, and there is no reason to believe it will go Democratic this year. Kansas is erratic. Up to 1892 it always was Republican. In that year it was Populistic, and in 1896 Bryan carried it by some 12,000 plurality. Prosperity in Kansas means Republican success, and Kansas to-day is prospering. It would not surprise us, therefore, to see Kansas in the Republican column this fall. In Maryland Gorman and other leading Democrats are disgruntled and disgusted with their party and are not inclined to work for the success of its ticket. Maryland in 1896 gave McKinley a good plurality. It is likely to do so again. Chances of Republican success in Wyoming this year are excellent. The Rough Rider end of the Republican ticket, if nothing else, will help to pull it through. In 1896 Bryan's plurality in Wyoming was only 583. This year it is likely to be wiped out altogether.

Illinois, Washington, New Jersey and New York are about as safely Republican as could be wished, and there is a first-class chance of North Dakota again casting its electoral vote for McKinley, as probably will Minnesota also. Republicans, too, have a chance in Delaware and West Virginia and more than a chance in Wisconsin. If the Democrats carry the last-named State they will have to overcome a plurality for McKinley four years ago of

102,612. Tabulated, we should not be surprised to see the result this fall look something as follows :

M'KINLEY. BRYAN.		M'KINLEY. BRYAN.	
Alabama, . . .	11	Nebraska, . . .	8
Arkansas, . . .	8	Nevada, . . .	3
California, . . . 9		New Hampshire, . . .	4
Colorado, . . .	4	New Jersey, . . .	10
Connecticut, . . . 6		New York, . . .	36
Delaware, . . .	3	North Carolina, . . .	11
Florida, . . .	4	North Dakota, . . .	3
Georgia, . . .	13	Ohio, . . .	23
Idaho, . . .	3	Oregon, . . .	4
Illinois, . . . 24		Pennsylvania, . . .	32
Indiana, . . . 15		Rhode Island, . . .	4
Iowa, . . . 13		South Carolina, . . .	9
Kansas, . . . 10		South Dakota, . . .	4
Kentucky, . . .	13	Tennessee, . . .	12
Louisiana, . . .	8	Texas, . . .	15
Maine, . . . 6		Utah, . . .	3
Maryland, . . . 8		Vermont, . . .	4
Massachusetts, . . . 15		Virginia, . . .	12
Michigan, . . . 14		Washington, . . .	4
Minnesota, . . . 9		West Virginia, . . .	6
Mississippi, . . .	9	Wisconsin, . . .	12
Missouri, . . .	17	Wyoming, . . .	3
Montana, . . .	3		
		268	179

Britain and Her Colonies.

In the May issue of THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE editorial comment was made on the British imperial federation idea. The South African war and colonial connection therewith have infused vigor into the discussion and brought out numerous arguments on the subject now so important in the thoughts of those who have a strong pride in the empire of which the colonies are a part. But while enthusiastic expressions of patriotism are quite generally aroused there are, of course, perplexing problems that arise to embarrass the situation until they shall be eventually solved, and these are

the subjects of discussion that occupy the public mind, rather than the central idea itself.

The preferential tariff question, for instance, interests Canadians. Already an increase of the Dominion's tariff from 25 per cent. to 33 1-3 per cent., in the mother country's favor, has been announced. There yet remains the question: Shall there be arranged a preferential tariff by which each country within the British empire shall give to the products of other countries of the empire an advantage over the products of foreign countries? In other words, shall being an integral part of the empire mean something in trade; shall the scattered members of Greater Britain stick together in peace as well as in times of war; shall mutual reciprocity of interests prevail? This proposition of mutual concessions has both supporters and opponents. Whose arguments will prevail it is not yet safe to predict.

How different, though, it may be observed in passing, is the situation to-day from that which occupied the British and colonial minds of the middle part of the eighteenth century! Then it was not the colonies at all who made and unmade, fixed, modified or removed, tariffs and taxes. This function of government was not within the power of colonial legislatures to attend to, but was then held to be within the province of the British Parliament alone—a legislative body very loath to divide honors and labors with its colonial brethren. Since that time several pages of history have been written, and with the triumph of more liberal ideas have come more far-reaching and independent local autonomy and consequent colonial aggrandizement. This, too, has been done not at the expense of the empire nor yet of the dignity of the British Parliament. Colonial loyalty has asserted its strength, even though bound by political ties that are to-day far less exacting than the mother country at one time thought necessary to demand.

But while Canada is concerning itself largely with tariffs and trade questions, another great dependency of Great

Britain, Australia, is more absorbed about an aspect of imperial federation that presents still a different problem. Australia has been drawing itself together in an endeavor to confederate its various states into a sort of commonwealth. All that remained to make the arrangement binding was the consent and approval of the British Parliament. Then arose the question: Is it best that an appeal should be from the decision of the highest court of the proposed commonwealth to a court of appeals in the mother country? Here, again, the imperial federation idea encountered a snag to be first removed ere further progress could be made. The Australian delegates argued that the decisions of their own proposed highest judicial tribunal should be final. Parliamentary opposition to this developed.

One solution offered involves the admission of colonial judges to the bench of the court of appeals. But, if colonials be admitted to the judicial branch of the imperial government, why not to the legislative branch as well? Why not to the imperial parliament? In regard to this Mr. Joseph Chamberlain thinks: "It is absurd to suppose that self-governing colonies would sacrifice independence for the sake of a single vote in the House of Commons. We are not going to interfere in the domestic affairs of the colonies, nor are they going to interfere in ours."

Editorial Notes.

CONGRESSMAN SULZER, of New York, whose hopes for Vice-Presidential honors were so high before Mr. Croker told him to step down and out, entered the Convention Hall and pushed his way to his seat. Nobody seemed to recognize him, although the town has been filled with lithographs and photographs of him for a week. He did not get a cheer.—*New York Times.*

Alas for poor Sulzer! The gratitude of bosses and political parties for faithful service is too often like the unfortunate New York Congressman's own little boom—a mere bubble. But it was B. and S., anyway—only the S. doesn't stand for Sulzer.

ENTHUSIASTS for the Boers succeeded in collecting \$1,134.38 in Washington for the relief of Boer widows and orphans. After deducting expenses and assisting the three Boer delegates recently in this country, it is ascertained that the proceeds to be sent to South Africa will amount to exactly \$18!

IN the Amateur Athletic Association championship games held at Stamford Bridge, England, there were thirteen contests. American athletes competed in twelve, and of these twelve won eight events. This Anglo-American phase of athletics is gratifying—particularly to Americans.

A PECULIAR skin discoloration has made its appearance and become quite prevalent among a certain class of literary seekers after light. Investigation has disclosed the fact that it attacks only those who are addicted to red-headed extras and "colored" supplements.

WHAT are said to be the only copies of the Venezuela boundary commission's report sent to the United States are those donated to the Philadelphia Law Library by Lord Salisbury. The report consists of twenty-three unbound volumes.

TSZEHI TONAYU KANGI CHAOYU CHUANGCHENG SHOKUNG CHINHIEH CHUNGSIH, Dowager Empress of China, is said to have been compelled to take poison. Should we blame the Chinese so much?

FROM the high standard of early Democratic traditions the history of that party has been one of descent. Incidentally—and always, of late years—one of dissent.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN has what may be termed a speaking countenance.

"For ways that are dark, * * *
The heathen Chinese is peculiar."

Personal and Incidental.

THE PRICE OF DOMINION.

The Bells of Time shall ring their changes ;
Types and Thought and man-marked zones
From moulds discarded shall evolve
To wider realms, and deeper sense of truth,
And from the azure heights The Voice shall speak.
The segregations vast, erstwhile fear-bound
Or in deep slumber wrapt, shall slip
The bonds that hold them ; and in forms
God-thought shall stand the nations of the yet-to-be.

Shall these, the new-called, dominate at length
And mark the future boundaries of domain,
Or shall the present-great to greater realms resolve
And rule the Future as they do the Now ?
They tell us Britain fails ; the Empire, centuries fed,
Hath risen but to fall ; hath grown, to die !
What count the victories won by sires
If those begotten have not power to hold
The scepters they have wrested ? What
The stemming of red streams
If pallid scions quake on the shores blood-drunken,
Nor dare to charge the bastioned hills to clinch
The bolt the sledging Past hath driven ?

Where is the seer whose ken can sense
The gnawing of the worm,
The length'ning core-rot that bespeaks decay,
Base greed and lust that eat a Nation's heart ?
Who these can see, yet hath not eye to mark
The strength'ning limb ascending yet to higher planes
And freer air, nor ear to catch the call

That bids who will to share the inspiration of the larger
 view,
 And in fields won to sow the germs of honest toil?
 Is she decadent, whose sails fleck the world-wide seas,
 Stern guardian o'er the myriad hordes that bear
 The reapings of God's foot-stool?
 Costly the freights port-shifted, yet as pelf
 To that bright Emblem that from lofty mast-head flies!

Think you the victors, who have borne the brunt of centu-
 ries' battles,
 Have no soul-sense, no deeper, higher aim
 Than shekel-gaining in the busy marts?
 Think you they worship gods—huge floating forts—
 Which their own hands have builded?
 Or that their hope leans only on steel-lines
 Whose shimmering leers reflect the glare of sun?
 Nay! There is something deeper in the souls of men
 Whose past has marked them heroes;
 A character time-rooted, a motive more sublime.
 Fight they to make men serfs, or conquer to subdue?
 For this doth titled lord on sodden field expire;
 For this the blood of widow's son a draught for parching
 sand?
 For this a nation bowed in grief, yet strong?
 Nay! Not for this; they answer Freedom's call!

The God-like cannot fail! By law inherent
 Justice needs not plume nor bier;
 Proud Envy shall at length due homage pay to Worth!
 How shall we know who dies, or who survives?
 There is one law for Nations and for Men,
 "The Strong to Live Must Serve."
 The Bells of Time shall ring their changes,
 And adown the awful years, before, behind,
 Reverberations breaking on the far, far shore,
 Repeat the truth the Master spake of old,
 "THE SERVANT SHALL BE LORD."

—WILLIAM H. BAILEY.

THE BOERS AND SLAVERY.

A correspondent of the *Outlook* calls attention to statements made by Livingstone, who wrote in his journal, anent the great Boer trek :

“The great objection the Boers have to English law is that it makes no distinction between black and white. They felt aggrieved by their supposed losses in the emancipation of their Hottentot slaves, and determined to erect themselves into a *republic*, in which they might pursue without molestation the ‘proper treatment of the blacks.’ It is needless to add that the ‘proper treatment’ has always contained in it the essential element of slavery, namely, compulsory, unpaid labor. It is difficult for a person in a civilized country to conceive that any body of men possessing the common attributes of humanity (and these Boers are by no means destitute of the better feelings of our nature) should, after loading their own wives and children with caresses, with one accord set out and proceed to shoot down in cold blood men and women, of a different color it is true, but possessed of domestic feelings and affections equal to their own. The plan pursued is this: One or two friendly tribes of natives are forced to accompany a party of mounted Boers. When they reach the tribe to be attacked, the friendly natives are ranged in front, to form, as they say, a ‘shield ;’ the Boers then coolly fire over their heads, till the devoted people flee and leave cattle, wives, and children to the captors. . . . The Boers know from experience that adult captives may as well be let alone, for escape into the wild country is easy ; they therefore adopt the system of seizing only the youngest children, in order that they may forget their parents and remain in perpetual bondage. I have seen mere infants in their houses repeatedly. . . . I took down the names of some scores of boys and girls, many of whom I knew as our scholars ; but I could not comfort the weeping mothers by any hope of their ever returning from slavery. The Boers assert that they are the best of masters, and that, if the English had possessed the Hottentot slaves, they would have received much worse treatment than they did ; what that would have been it is difficult to imagine.”

SOLILOQUIES IN 'FRISCO.

"Down with England! Robber nation! Traitress of the Northern seas!"

These the words with jibes and taunting, daily, hourly flung at me.

"Thief and robber! With her gleaming sword of conquest ever bare!

Let the nations stay her scheming—rouse them from their idle dreaming—

Set the torch of freedom beaming where her tyrant fires now glare."

And the words of hate fall glibly from the rough untutored lips;
Lips that curse the loins that bore them, curse her armies and her ships.

"Soon will end her empire gory." Hear the poor, deluded jeers.

"Reached the zenith of her glory!" Aye! the tale is old and hoary—

Briton's sons have heard that story ringing through a thousand years.

Wait! ye yelpers, till 'tis ended. Wait! till silent are the guns.

Wait! and see the fraternizing of the Boer and Britain's sons.

What if here and there a blunder? Human-kind is prone to err.

Britain's war is not for plunder—"Equal rights!" her cannon thunder.

Scattered, she—but not asunder. Never yet she played the cur.

Comes behind her guns the ploughshare; fluent speech to lips once dumb.

Those she chastised in the morning kiss her hand ere night hath come.

And she holds in grand devotion sons who never saw her face—

World-wide spread on land and ocean—thrilling to her every motion—

Holds them with the magic lotion of her own beneficent grace.

Ye who sprang from Pilgrim Fathers! Ye whose lips are never still!

Lose the hate that soils your manhood—hate that springs from Bunker Hill.

Learn for once the ties that bind us; recognize some saving grace

In the parent hand behind us; know that kindred blood affines us;

Let no minds fanatic blind us to our purpose and our place.

—A BRITISHER.

IRON PRODUCTION IN JAPAN.

Under date of March 9, 1900, Consul Lyon, of Hiogo, transmits to the State Department a clipping from the *Kobe Chronicle*, showing a nearly steady increase in the production of iron in Japan during the ten years ended December 31, 1897, the gain during that period having been 83 per cent. The article reads :

The *Osaka Asahi* observes that the production of iron in Japan, though as yet very small, continues to increase a little every year. The output during the past eleven years is as follows :

YEAR.	OUTPUT.	
	<i>Catties.</i>	<i>Pounds.</i>
1887.....	25,447,163	33,335,784
1888.....	30,324,069	39,724,530
1889.....	33,424,569	43,786,185
1890.....	35,021,756	45,878,500
1891.....	28,854,906	37,799,927
1892.....	31,446,663	41,197,128
1893.....	28,345,663	37,132,819
1894.....	32,390,394	42,431,416
1895.....	42,995,663	56,324,319
1896.....	45,622,369	59,765,303
1897.....	46,652,275	61,114,480

Since 1897 several new iron mines have been opened, and the production has increased in proportion. On the other hand, the importation of iron also continues to increase, though it is true that last year a heavy falling off was observed, more especially in bar and rod iron, rails, iron nails, and steel, to say nothing of machinery and locomotive engines. The quantity and value of iron and steel imported last year, compared with the preceding year, is as follows :

YEAR.	QUANTITY.		VALUE.	
	<i>Catties.</i>	<i>Pounds.</i>	<i>Yen.</i>	
1898.....	446,860,700	585,387,511	13,002,591	\$6,475,290
1899.....	234,686,001	307,438,661	11,329,011	5,641,847

The falling off in the importation of iron and steel last year was not due to increased production of the metals in Japan, but is to be accounted for by the depression in the manufacturing industry.

ENGLAND'S RESPONSIBILITY.

O Peace, the hope of Nations once!
 Where now are gone thy budding charms?
 Canst thou not hold
 The greed of empire, greed of gold
 That lures the Nations on to war?

Sweet words no longer can avail
 To stay these bloodhounds in excited rage;
 Then let them speed
 To early contest, reeking deed,
 The ruthless Briton and the stubborn Boer.

The dogged patriot recks not,
 In warfare trained, for awful fray
 Or freedom sought;
 A leader's word, a leader's thought—
 'Tis done, a Nation sinks within its grave.

O Peace, thou messenger of God,
 If might is right, then haste to hide
 The grewsome scene,
 And with thy flowing robes to screen
 From the world's gaze the march to doom.

Let War close in, perform its midnight task;
 Let not delay the sickening deal prolong;
 Draw close the shroud
 And point the victor to the darkened cloud
 Whose tints display the light of day.

Let Victory in all her glory gained
 For bloody sacrifice atone;
 If might *is* right,
 Then must she, show before the Nations' sight
 The truest freedom of mankind.

—H. S. PRINGLE.

 AN ANGLO-AMERICAN TABLET.

One Anglo-American incident growing out of the late Spanish war touches the mutual feelings of Britons and Americans in a way that tends to permanently strengthen our common sympathies. Secretary of the Navy Long will

have a bronze tablet cast at the Washington Navy Yard and erected in Santiago de Cuba, at a point to be designated by Governor-General Wood, in commemoration of the services of the late Frederick W. Ramsden, who, while British Consul at Santiago, during the Spanish-American war, rendered valuable services to the United States in protecting American interests there during the siege, and who died while at his post of duty. The tablet will bear an artistic inscription, recounting the services of the deceased.

FAIR LAND OF PROMISE.

America ! America !
Where sparkling stars and colors fly,
And brightly blend through all the sky
The light of Hope—true Liberty !
Fair Land of Promise, Freedom's home,
Great Washington thy corner-stone ;
Shine on ! Shine on ! hope of the free.
Lead on ! Lead on ! in majesty.

United States America !
While God's great hand and Destiny
Point to thy crown—Humanity !
Thy standard—holy Liberty !
While 'neath the eagle's mighty wing
"Old Glory's" faithful colors swing ;
Shine on ! Shine on ! hope of the free.
Lead on ! Lead on ! in majesty.

—WILLIAM S. BROCKWAY.

PARTISANSHIP VERSUS TRUTH.

It may not be quite true to say : "If you see it in the Boston *Herald* it isn't so," but it is pretty safe to say : "It needs verifying." In a recent editorial, exposing the extravagance of Republican administrations, the *Herald* compared three years of the Harrison administration, four years of Cleveland's, and three years of McKinley's. By this showing it makes the expenditure under Harrison average

\$361,291,323 per year, and the average under Cleveland only \$360,418,546. Just why only three years of the Harrison term should be taken is not clear, except it be to toy with the figures so as to make the Cleveland average seem the smaller. In 1890, the omitted year of the Harrison administration, the expenditure was only \$318,040,711, or \$34,000,000 less than Mr. Cleveland's smallest year. Had the *Herald* frankly taken the four years of the Harrison term it would have found an average annual expenditure of \$350,478,670, or \$9,939,876 per year less than the Cleveland average. The *Herald* then comes to the McKinley administration and points out that the average expenditure for the three years has been \$512,963,798, or "\$152,545,252 higher than the Cleveland average;" as if there had been no war and this increased expenditure was all due to the pure extravagance of the administration. Isn't it about time Boston started a "reform movement" in the interest of higher editorial ethics?—*Gunton's Magazine*.

THE JAPANESE QUESTION IN CANADA.

In its issue of May 19th, the Japanese *Times* of Tokyo, speaking editorially, has the following: "The Hon. David Glass, of British Columbia, who is now in Japan on his way to the Paris Exposition, attributes the anti-Japanese agitation in British Columbia to the influence of demagogues who want labor votes for their own political ends. The sentiments of the general public in the Dominion, he tells us, are quite friendly to the Japanese. He is not only sure that the Government at Ottawa will disallow the anti-Japanese laws in the event of their re-enactment in British Columbia, but he thinks that Sir W. Laurier may possibly do something to forestall the British Columbian agitators by introducing into the Dominion Parliament a general law on the subject of foreign immigration in which the Japanese will be favorably discriminated from other Asiatic peoples. Such action on the part of the Dominion authorities would

be warmly appreciated by the Japanese and would materially help to draw closer the bonds of union, commercial and political, between this nation and the great branch of the English people on the other side of the water. In any case, we are glad to be informed that the attitude of the general public in the Dominion is favorable to Japanese immigration. But on the other hand, it would be well for this country to see that the number of its sons in Canada is not swollen suddenly and in a conspicuous manner, for such an increase will be sure to embitter still more the antipathy of the native laborers toward the Japanese and to stimulate the activity of political agitators. And however well-intentioned the Government of Ottawa may be, it must be remembered that in a country like Canada, where the popular element is a growing power in politics, there is a limit to the restraining power of the rulers. The urgent necessity of restraining undue Japanese emigration to Canada and the United States has recently been pointed out by our consuls in those countries, and we believe that the suggestion will be acted upon by the Imperial Government."

The *Times* elsewhere in reporting an interview with Mr. Glass says: "The Hon. Mr. Glass is a well-known public man in Canada, having sat in the Dominion Parliament and served as speaker of the Provincial Legislature of Manitoba. Our Japanese readers will be interested to learn that he is one of those prominent men of Canada—they are many—who not only entertain friendly sentiments toward this country, but have proved the genuineness of their friendship by using their influence in our favor in connection with the chronic agitations against Japanese immigration. He has spent but a brief time in this city, but he has made a wonderfully good use of his time, having gone through some of the principal educational and industrial institutions besides meeting a number of our leading officials and business men. He expresses himself highly pleased with everything that he has seen in Tokyo. In particular he seems to have been favorably impressed by the success of our educational efforts."

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The following letter, received by the press-clipping bureau of Henry Romeike & Co., indicates something of the field covered by THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE :

CONSULAR SERVICE, U. S. A.

BARRANQUILLA, COLOMBIA,

June 6, 1900.

MR. HENRY ROMEIKE,
110 Fifth Avenue, New York,
U. S. A.

SIR:—I have seen an article in reference to my consular work, the title of which is "More About Our Consuls," published in THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE of May, 1900. As I have not received a clipping of this article, please forward same to me.

Very respectfully yours,

Dictated.

W. IRVIN SHAW, U. S. Consul.

St. George's Society Notes.

No meetings of the Society are held in July, August, or September, and there is at this time nothing of importance to note.

At the last meeting, held in June, there were fifteen new applications for membership. This will bring the total membership up to four hundred and thirty.

Among the members that are abroad are President Ward, Mr. Oswald Sanderson, and Mr. George Coppell.

The next meeting of the Society will be held in October.

Book Notes.

Charles Scribner's Sons are putting out a new edition of "The Rough Riders" (handsomely illustrated), written in Col. Roosevelt's best vein. The sentiment among those who support Col. Roosevelt for Vice-President is one of enthusiasm. The *New York Sun* says:



Copyright, 1908, by Rockwood, N. Y.

"The admiration, the feeling of almost personal affection, which many millions of Americans have for Theodore Roosevelt ought to make him, and undoubtedly do make him, at once very proud and very humble."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s new publications are exceedingly interesting. In the lead is Miss Johnston's "To Have and To Hold"—a remarkable historical novel, which is having an enormous sale. "Prisoners of Hope," by the same author, is well worth reading, and its sale will, undoubtedly, be increased by the success of her later work. "Robert Tournay," by William Sage, is

a thrilling romance of the French Revolution—full of life, and intensely interesting. "Love in a Cloud," by Mrs. Arlo Bates, is one of those cleverly written stories which must be read to be appreciated. F. Hopkinson Smith's books—both stories and travels—are excellent summer reading, and some are being dramatized for production next season. "The Arts of Life," by Mr. R. R. Bowker, is an interesting work, full of practical suggestions, dealing with the questions of the day—social, political, and business. "The Son of the Wolf," by Jack London, is a fine story of the far North. Mr. Chas. Dudley Warner's illustrated works, "My Summer in a Garden," and "In the Wilderness," are appropriate for the season.

Fleming H. Revell Company. Ralph Connor's two books, "Black Rock" and "Sky Pilot," are having a ready sale. They are full of humor and tender feeling, and charm the reader by the simplicity of the story and its application. "Village Life in China" (illustrated).

by Arthur H. Smith, gives interesting information regarding that nation. It is an exceedingly valuable work.

Doubleday, Page & Co's. new book, "The Heart's Highway," by Mary E. Wilkins, is one of the best works of this popular author. Her other works, "The Jamesons" and "The People of Our Neighborhood," are also issued by this firm. "The Isle of the Winds" is a new story of S. R. Crockett's. "The Voice of the People," by Ellen Glasgow, and Booth Tarkington's "Gentleman from Indiana," are also in good demand.



ROBERT GRANT.

The *Macmillan Company* have scored a hit with the latest work of Mr. James Lane Allen, "The Reign of Law." It is spoken of as "rare, fine, and interestingly human." "The Web of Life," by Robt. Herrick, is another popular work issued by the *Macmillans*. This house has issued the largest number of successful works of fiction of any at home or abroad. "Richard Carvel" is in its 340th thousand; "The Choir Invisible," in its 198th thousand; "Forest Lovers," 100th thousand; "Via Crucis," 75th thousand.

D. Appleton & Co. have issued a new work, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, whose last book, "The Harringdons," was extensively read. Her new book is pronounced witty and a remarkable study of human nature. "Brown of Lost River," by May E. Stickney, will delight the lovers of ranch life. "Pine Knot" is a quaint story of Kentucky life, by William E. Barton.



EDGERTON R. YOUNG.

Among *McClure, Phillips & Co's* new books is "Monsieur Beaucaire," by Booth Tarkington, beautifully illustrated by C. E. Hooper and C. D. Williams. This is the latest work of this brilliant young author, and is written in the dashing, romantic style of the eighteenth century. "The Green Flag," by A. Conan Doyle, is a very entertaining story of war and sport. "The Trust Problem," by J. W. Jenks, Ph.D., of Cornell University, is interesting to lovers

of political literature. "The Fugitives," a new novel by Morley Roberts, will shortly be issued by *McClure, Phillips & Co.*

Brentano's have issued "The Unsocial Socialist," by G. Bernard Shaw, whose writings have a brilliant tinge. This is an odd but exceedingly clever book. "Queer Luck," contains some interesting poker stories by Mr. David A. Curtis. "The Toy of Capt. Ribot," by Valdes, is a beautiful story of Spanish life.

Harper & Brothers are issuing a new edition of Beatrice Whitby's "Bequeathed," a work which has been very highly criticised. "The Conspirators," by Robt. W. Chambers, is now in its eighth edition. "The Breakup of China," by Lord Charles Beresford, is a valuable addition to our literature on the East. "The Unknown," by Camille Flammarion, is provoking considerable discussion among the critics. It deals in supernatural communications of all kinds.

G. P. Putnam's Sons' new book, "Hilda Wade," by Grant Allen, is an unusual, exciting story by an exceedingly clever writer, whose death unfortunately cut short a brilliant future. "Miss Cayley's Adventures," by the same author, is a delightful, entertaining work. "The Secret of the Crater," by Duffield Osborne, is an interesting and exciting romance. "The Things That Count" and "Talks with Barbara," by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, are both clever works.



JULIAN RALPH.

The Century Company have issued "The Sword of the King," by Ronald McDonald, a romance of the seventeenth century, well written and full of adventure. "The Biography of a Grizzly," by Ernest Seton Thompson, is a charming story. Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Circle of a Century" is a popular book.

The New Amsterdam Book Company have issued "Linnet," a new work by Grant Allen, full of interesting descriptions of the Tyrol Mountains, and "Vengeance is Mine," by Andrew Balfour. The new edition of fiction, "The Red Letter Novels," published in paper, embraces some of the best known authors of the day. "A Dash for a Throne" and "By Right of Sword," by A. W. Marchmont, and "Under Sealed Orders," by Grant Allen, are other works issued by this company.

Eaton & Mains have issued an interesting book of travel and adventure in Canada, by Edgerton R. Young, who as a missionary and close observer of life in the great Northwest has made the most of his knowledge.

Henry Holt & Co. "Henderson's Side Lights on English History," with 80 full page illustrations, is an exceedingly valuable and interesting work, and should have a place in every library. It is expensively gotten up, containing fac-similes from the rare, original engravings of England's historical characters. Godfrey's "Harp of Life" and Dudnay's "Folly Corners" are sympathetic, enjoyable books. "The Fortunes of War," by Elizabeth Barrow, is a clever book.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company. "Toward Pretoria," a record of the war between Briton and Boer, telling of the relief of Kimberley, by Julian Ralph, is an authentic narrative by this well-known war correspondent, who nearly lost his life in this memorable campaign.

Rand, McNally & Co.'s new books. "Dorothy Marlow," by Arthur W. Marchmont, author of "By Right of Sword," "A Dash for a Throne," etc., will commend itself to many readers. It is well written, has a good plot, and is a clean and impressive book. "Bishop Pendle," by Fergus Hume, is another attractive work, exciting, and with dramatic situations.

"Americans in the East" is the title of a new and very handsomely illustrated work by W. Elliot Griffis. Published by *A. S. Barnes & Co.*

The London *Daily Express* has made a special arrangement with Mr. Rudyard Kipling for the exclusive publication of a series of war stories, dealing with the movements of Lord Roberts.

Hutchison & Co., of London, have brought out "The Second Lady Delcombe," by Mrs. Arthur Kennard. The heroine is an American girl, Rita Frost, and the plot is very cleverly developed.

Truslove, Hanson & Comba (Ltd.) have issued a little work entitled "Some Fruits of Solitude," by William Penn, a reprint of the edition of 1718, which was probably revised by Penn himself. This work was a great favorite of the late R. L. Stevenson's.

Rhode & Haskins have just published an exceedingly interesting book entitled "Tim, Tom and Tam," which gives a workingman's views on the tariff and other political questions of the hour.

"The Purple Robe," by Joseph Hocking, is the title of a religious novel (dealing with a Non-Conformist minister and a crafty Jesuit). Published by *Ward, Lock & Co.*

"Marcelle of the Latin Quarter," is a work of the "Trilby" order, written by Clive Hollard. Published by *C. Arthur Pearson.*

THE
ANGLO-AMERICAN
MAGAZINE.

September, 1900

WHAT THE RUSSIANS WANT.

NOTES OF AN OLD TRAVELER IN RUSSIA.

BY WILLIAM DURBAN.

AT frequent intervals the nations are alarmed by an awakening of the Russian Bear. The bear is a hibernating animal. Most of us vividly recollect the little sentence we learned by heart at school in our early Latin exercises, *Hieme ursus in antro dormit*. At seasons a political frost seems to send the Muscovite diplomacy into complete abeyance; but then occurs an abrupt recrudescence. There is then a flutter in the many bureaucratic dove-cotes of the Continent. The London *Times* squirms uneasily; the *Novoe Vremya*, *Viedomosti*, *Listok*, and other inspired journals of St. Petersburg and Moscow throw out threatening insinuations of British machinations; the gutter press of Paris grins and chatters at the prospect of trouble between the "Bear and Whale"; and nervous publicists pen hasty articles about the "Central Asian Peril."

It is not to be doubted that Russophobia in Britain and Anglophobia in Russia are two of the most ominous elements in international emotion. The majority of the British people are profoundly convinced that it is the keynote of Muscovite policy to wait warily and vigilantly for the psychological moment for the next move, and to act with decision when that moment arrives. Thus, in a few years we have seen Manchuria virtually annexed just at the juncture most propitious for that proceeding. Korea is regarded by every Russian patriot as simply a potential appanage of the Tsar, to be appropriated at any time when Japan may be unable to interfere with the reversion. Precisely at the most favorable instant the Shah has been constrained to grant concessions which put Persia in pawn to the anything but "honest broker," Count Muravieff,* who is the Tsar's almost omnipotent counselor as Foreign Minister. Finally, the reported concentration of 20,000 Russian troops at Kushk, within striking distance of Herat, is commonly interpreted as an ugly menace to the position of Britain's subsidized ally, the Ameer of Afghanistan.

This is by no means all. By far the most important enterprise prosecuted by Russia in our generation is the very one which has been most strangely ignored. I do not refer to the building of the great Siberian railroad, for that is not likely to be completed for several years, though when it is finished the world will experience a wonderful awakening to new realities. What I would point out is the extraordinary, incessant, but secret and gradual, conversion of the Holy Land into a Russian province.

My opportunities of intercourse with intelligent Russians, both in their own country and in other lands, where I have met many of them, have convinced me that the most

* This paper was, of course, prepared before the decease of the late Russian Foreign Minister.

impassioned determination of the average Muscovite mind is to secure possession of the Holy places at Jerusalem. Russia is *par excellence* the land where to-day the State Church theory survives in its integrity. The Church is truly the Nation. The Russian clergy and laity alike have no patience with the notions of Anglicans about the reunion of Christendom. Some of the best representatives of modern Russian opinion have devoutly and earnestly assured me that the only possible solution of the problem of reunion is the absorption of the rest of Christendom by the great Greek Church (which, of course, now means the Russian Church). The doctrine is absurd. It is based on fanaticism. But Russia is the home of the most colossal bigotry now ascendant anywhere on earth.

One object of the Russian Government is to prevent the quiet transfer of Palestine to Germany. That transfer is the most cherished dream of the German Kaiser. Germany now covets Syria, as France at one time did; but no Russian Government will ever permit Germany to make the acquisition, and the latter country will never risk a war for the sake of this object. Since the conclusion of the French alliance Russia has immensely strengthened the claims of the Orthodox Church in the Holy Land, through her consuls, schools, and monasteries. Russian pilgrims are everywhere, and show a reverence and desire for the Holy places far more intense than any other people. And the people who fanatically covet things and are fiercely determined that they shall pass to no others, usually succeed in securing them at last.

Jerusalem, then, is certainly the goal of popular ambition in Russia, which is a religious country, moved by the springs of religious rather than political aspiration. There is no such thing in the political sense as public opinion in Russia. This is one thing that the Russians want. When

the time comes for definite action every true Russian will be ready for war, suffering, and death in order to gain this end.

But what is the second subject of Muscovite determination? We now come to consider the aim of the bureaucracy, that is to say, of the whole of the vast official class called the *tchinn*. The all-absorbing desire of this ruling section is access to the sea. And access to the ocean is not sought merely as some deluded English people imagine. Many of us simply fancy that Russia would be content with an outlet in some one quarter of her far-reaching territories. If we had opened the Bosphorus, that might have quieted the soul of the Colossus. Or, when Russia acquired Port Arthur, she might have rested in philosophic complacency. But is such reasoning as sound as it is plausible? The truth is that our great antagonist among the nations needs free outlets on every side, and she is quietly but patiently resolved to obtain them. On the Persian Gulf, on the Pacific, and in the Black Sea she covets avenues to the maritime highway. How are we going to thwart permanently the fixed determination of 130,000,000 people?

The destiny of Russia is to become the great rival of Britain as representing the confederated Anglo-Saxon race. But there are two methods of pursuing the policy of rivalry. One is the method of commercial and scientific competition, like that which already subsists between England and Germany. Why should not Russia and Britain mutually enter upon a policy of live and let live, in pursuance of Lord Beaconsfield's famous declaration that there was room for both in Asia? The other method is that which the ordinary Russian firmly believes England intends to adopt. It is the cultivation of suspicion of all the designs of Russia, with constant efforts to frustrate all her aims.

THE CANADIAN ROYALTY IN THE YUKON.

BY WILLIAM HENRY LYNCH.

[Being a portion of a Report prepared officially (in 1899) for the Dominion Government, but for certain reasons not submitted, and for the first time here published.—Ed.]

THE cry against the royalty has been a focus of almost all the complaints of the Klondike mining camp.

This has been true even in Administration circles; and an echo of it has come outside, even among those whose personal interests are not involved. Newspaper correspondents have taken on the local color, and have put in their plea for the abolition of the obnoxious royalty.

In the discussion of this subject there has been much confusion of thought—not confined to the miners. Gold fields do not seem to be regarded as controllable assets of the Crown but rather as what is expressed vaguely as “the property of the people,” to be theirs in common, as, for instance, the fishing grounds off a seacoast are common. Somewhat inconsistently, the same school of thought demands that these fields be parceled out to individuals, who are to be given practical ownership until all values are exhausted! Meanwhile, the people—the true owners—are expected, at whatever cost, to maintain these individual rights, and to refrain from enjoying any share in the holdings, even though these holdings be phenomenal!

Individuals on the ground, assuming these inalienable rights as a matter of course, make the question to hinge upon one's past individual experience in other mining fields. To the Australian, the rationale of the royalty is tested by its coincidence with Australian practice, especially where

the latter seems to be more favorable to the mine-owner. So of all other miners; each has ready to hand a standard of his own by which the Canadian regulations are tested; and the latter are good or bad accordingly!

With rare exceptions, however, the Yukon miners were amenable to a more logical view of the matter, and they admitted the force of all fair argument. In the treatment of this question, I will follow mainly the line of argument used convincingly in discussing with the miners, on the spot, as to the mining regulations.

The whole of the Yukon belongs to the people of Canada. As custodians of the interests of the people, the Government has it in its power to dispose at any time of part or all of the territory and for whatever consideration would be justified by values. The whole Yukon could be disposed of as Alaska was sold to the United States; or a portion could be given for a railroad, or smaller portions sold or given to individuals. In a word, the disposal of the Yukon areas in any particular way was not a matter obligatory upon the Government; it was merely a question of policy. The conditions, therefore, upon which the mining fields should be offered to the individual was a matter to be settled at Ottawa.

It was within the right of the Government, in making a voluntary concession of privilege to the individual, to concede as little or to withhold as much as was deemed expedient. In a word, the royalty is not as generally believed a tax; it is a modification of a concession, a reserve, or *withhold*, in a grant. That reserve may be 10, 50, or 99 per cent., and the individual can have no cause for complaint. He is always free to leave the Canadian for the Alaskan or British Columbian or Californian or Australian gold fields.

All this was elementary, but the practical needs of the

situation, in view of the current of misconception with which one had to deal, demanded a going back to first principles.

When our friends, the miners, were willing to concede that with the Government the question was one of policy, then and then only the coast became clear, and we were able to make progress in the discussion toward a common standing ground. Was it then a policy of the Government to secure for Canada a revenue from the Yukon gold fields? Certainly, all the revenue possible, consistent with essential obligations to the miners. That was my answer, and I asked the miners to remember that, of the people of Canada, who own the gold fields, those who had no individual holdings in the Klondike were many, while the mine-owners were few, and the Government had no choice but to heed the demand of the many that their interests be conserved. I assured them, however, that reciprocally the people are ready to concede to the miners all that is due them for their energy, their risks, and their hardships. The true relationship was one of mutual interest and should be of the most cordial character.

One of the most persistent of the objections against the royalty was the claim that it delayed development of the mining field. By "development" here is meant the working of the mines and taking out the gold. From the Government standpoint, a delay in this sort of development so far has been something very much to the interest of the country, not a thing to be deplored. Any advantage in an increased output was an advantage to the individual mine-owners, rather than to the country. What the country is concerned about is not to see the mining fields rapidly exhausted, but to get the maximum of good out of the exploitation when it takes place.

In the initial period of a mining field like that in the Klondike, it would necessarily be the Canadian people who would derive the least benefit of all concerned. The benefit

to the country as a whole would be larger as the conditions would become controllable. That which above all else has characterized the Yukon mining field has been the *excessive cost of production*. The onerous conditions of the past have been such as to place a most extraordinary tax on mining. Such a situation does not suggest the remedy of stimulation of the output; it suggests rather delay and an effort to reduce this cost of production. It is a situation where, as to actual gold-digging, the most economic action would be inaction. This is true not only as to the interests of the country but to some extent of those of the miner himself. The cost of mining may be reduced, perhaps more than 50 per cent. A large reduction is actually in sight, nor is it far distant. To dig one's gold to-day at a cost of, say, 60 per cent. of the output when by waiting one or two years it could be done for 40 per cent. or less, would be a most uneconomic policy; except for one whose interest it is to make a large discount of values for present needs.

As to the whole country and its interests, every day will make the situation clearer and lessen the leaks of national values that naturally are incident only to the early period. If there be need for any haste, it is to stop these leaks, not to put a pressure on the wasteful outflow.

One of the objections made against the royalty is the unwillingness of miners to "wash their dumps." This supposed argument has already been answered. Delay here, too, will relieve the situation. It will be but a short time before the cost of mining will be reduced, it may be to twice or thrice the amount of the royalty, and then will disappear the last shadow of a semblance of an excuse for letting the dumps lie unwashed, or even the mines unworked.

Even if the Government were at all concerned as to a delay in the washing of the dumps or the development of the mines, it is a matter duly provided for already. The mining ground is held not as a freehold but by lease from

year to year, and the conditions of possession provide against the mine being held too long undeveloped. These conditions are controllable, and if the regulations advised in this Report be adopted, the longer the delay in the development of the mines, or in the washing of dumps, the larger will be the public revenue.

The very use of this argument against the royalty has indicated a weakness either in logic or intention. It is used by the owners not of the poorer claims on which the royalty might be supposed to be more burdensome, but of the richest claims. It is not on the poorest claims, at this stage, that the gravel has been already dug and is lying in dumps on the surface, awaiting only the mere cost of sluicing. Says Reuter's London correspondent, in an elaborate argument against the royalty:

Along Bonanza and Eldorado there are many dumps of exceedingly rich dirt which will not be washed at all until the royalty is removed or greatly reduced, so the owners declare.

I can vouch for the fact that these dumps are "exceedingly rich"; but the argument is more like an intention of evasion than a plea for a right. It is an awkward declaration by owners that there is so much gold in the dumps that these owners are determined to lie low in the hope of retaining all of it, and losing to the people their rightful share, moderate as it is.

Lest we mistake the intention, let me quote further: "If it were not for the royalty, a great many claims that are now lying untouched would be producing gold in this manner. Nearly every miner who has washed is doing his best to conceal as much as possible, in order to escape paying the royalty on it; and millions of dollars' worth of dust will leave the country without any record of it having been obtained. Thus the immediate effect of the royalty will be to reduce the officially recorded output of gold for the season so largely that the outside world will be utterly

misled as to the actual capacity of this wonderfully rich district."

The above, analyzed, means only that the mine-owners intend to evade the royalty by concealing the output where it is possible to do so, and where that is impossible, by not washing their dumps; and it is true not of the poorer claims that are yet to be developed, but of the richest and most developed properties of the Klondike—of the very claims that have made that "wonderfully rich district" famous.

In all this there is not the barest suggestion of any proof that the royalty is too severe a burden upon these mines; but there is full evidence of a sorry sort of disposition to unfairly and illegally evade the reasonable conditions upon which the miners have any right at all to dig this Canadian gold.

The colonial editor of the *London Times*—Miss Flora Shaw—also has something to say on the royalty. This able journalist writes as follows:

The direct result of the law has been to arrest the development of the country, by putting a stop to the working of any but the richest claims and by driving away investors willing to buy and work newly prospected claims. The conviction is, however, widespread that the law will be withdrawn, and mine-owners of the *richer mines* are in the meantime in many cases washing only as much gold as is necessary to meet current expenses. Some have gone out of the country, leaving their dumps of pay dirt unwashed, thinking it a better investment for their gold to remain in the ground than to be taken out to pay 10 per cent. to the Dominion Government. Next year they hope to take it out either free or with a greatly reduced rate of taxation.

In neither case is a true analysis given of the situation—there is nothing more than an echo of the local atmosphere. In a word, the interested parties coolly propose to lose the interest on their output for one year, as a speculation in which they hope to make good this interest with an additional profit, and make it good at the expense of the Canadian taxpayer. When the frozen gravel has been dug

up and thrown into "dumps," the larger part of the cost of mining, and all the risk, has been covered, for there remains only the work of "washing." At Dawson rates of interest on money it does not seem a business-like transaction for miners to hold over these dumps a whole year, on the unwarranted expectation of saving 10 per cent., or the royalty; particularly so where it could be saved in part by "smuggling."

The transaction is open to the suspicion that the royalty is only a scapegoat for the other and real reason—that it is an excuse for not working the mines while meantime offering them on the outside market. At the best, there appears to be concerted action for some specific purpose, and it smacks of the game of "corners," like that of limiting the output of a coal mine or of a manufactory, having in view simply an increase in profits.

Owners of rich pay dirt who can afford to wait a whole year for returns on investment already made, with a hope of making a good speculation at the expense of the Government, can hardly make that very act a grievance that will demand the serious attention of the Government and people. The best incentive to the washing of those dumps will be the knowledge that the royalty has been made the settled policy of the Government.

At the worst, all that has happened is delay, and a delay favorable rather than otherwise to Canadian interests. Any gold that would have been mined this season if the royalty had been removed, will certainly be mined later under the more favorable conditions which will come about in any case, and which may be helped on by the Government, but in ways more advantageous to the country than by the removal of the royalty.

A few words more from Miss Flora Shaw:

The royalty of 10 per cent. to be collected on the gross output of the mines without sufficient consideration for the expenses

incurred in the extraction of the output, has only to be seen in operation to be condemned. There is no industry in the world which could maintain itself under the imposition of such a tax. On the Bonanza and Eldorado creeks I have made a note of the labor bills of four mines of various sizes. Of these, two were \$100,000 a year; one was \$50,000 for eight months; another was \$20,000 for a similar period. To meet these sums paid away in wages, gold must be taken out of the mine before any profit can be made, but on \$100,000 worth of gold a royalty of \$10,000 must be paid. If after taking out the amount necessary to meet expenses no more gold should be found, the royalty must be paid out of pocket. In some of the poorer claims this case has actually occurred. One came to my notice of which the total output for a given period was \$21,000, but the cost of working during the same period was \$26,000. The owner, under the law, was not only the loser of \$5,000; he remained the debtor of the Government for \$2,000. Specially hard cases are taken into consideration, but this in existing circumstances is but to open another channel for irregular procedure.

In this Report I have indicated a way in which exceptional cases will be provided for so that there may not be any individual hardship, and without opening the "channel for irregular procedure." I have therefore admitted some force in this part of the criticism.

But even here no essential injustice is involved. The case of the miner must not be judged upon the basis of an ordinary industry. He accepts contingencies that are peculiar to mining. In the case above laid before us the miner lost \$5,000, *independently of the royalty*. He knew that there was this contingency of loss when he began to dig; it was always present. Why does he accept such a contingency? Because he finds compensation in the *chances of exceptional profits*. It is not for a moderate percentage on his investment that the miner takes the risk of his outlay; it is with the expectation of a profit that possibly may be more than the whole amount of his investment many times over.

To whom does the miner owe the privilege of his exceptional chance of profit? To the Government from whom he obtains his lease. And the miner obtains that lease conditionally—one of the conditions being a withhold of ten per cent. of the output. The opportunity, therefore, involves a risk of the loss of every dollar invested, and as an offset the chance of all the gold he may find, less this withhold of ten per cent. This withhold being a part of the conditions is also a part of the miner's contingency. If so understood when the miner locates his claim, it is simply a part of his contract, and any after-complaint is illogical. If a miner chances to dig a phenomenal quantity of gold, he is not required to pay more than the ten per cent. called for by his contract, nor does he ever think of doing so. Though he meet with loss, he is legally and morally bound to pay the full amount of the withhold as a part of that loss, or contingency, and as provided for by the regulations under which he secured his claim.

Our correspondent has given us four illustrations of the risk involved—of the outlay. Nothing is said as to the offset—the realization of the profits—of the output. It is significant that the miners furnished only one side of the account, and that the correspondent had to go afield in her illustration to show a loss in mining.

It is the habit of critics to speak of "development" and "production" in the Klondike as if the terms were the equivalents of their application elsewhere, as, for instance, in Manitoba. Reuter's London correspondent—Mr. White—indicates this conception beyond doubt when he proceeds to illustrate his thought. He says:

To the farmer or tradesman of Ontario or Quebec the tangible results of securing these few hundreds of thousands of dollars of revenue may commend itself because neither the farmer nor the tradesman knows anything of mining; but let them imagine a parallel case which they can understand. The farmer of Manitoba

is given his land free on even more liberal terms than the miner is given his claim, and, on exactly similar principles, a tithe of the wheat that he produces might be claimed by the Government.

How would he like that?

Could he make farming pay under these conditions?

He may claim that he pays his share of the expense of government in other ways — in customs, and so on. But so also does the Yukon miner.

The farmer knows that under such conditions the land would remain uncultivated; and that is exactly what is going to happen in the gold deposits of the Yukon.

First of all, I take exception to the last statement, that the gold deposits of the Yukon are going to remain unworked if the royalty be not removed. The writer himself claims that the output is remarkable, considering the handicap of such matters as scarcity and cost of supplies. The royalty has been an inconsiderable factor; the other handicap is so much heavier that there is a possibility of reducing it and so saving an amount greater than the whole amount of royalty. If the output of gold has been so large under such a handicap, what may it not be when that handicap will be lessened perhaps 20 or even 50 per cent., or to an amount greater than the royalty several times over?

Now, to the real misconception. Mr. White presents the two cases of the miner and farmer as being under "exactly similar principles." There are two essential points of difference that both "the farmer and the tradesman" may understand, whether or not they have ever "seen a mine." Agricultural land is sold to the farmer outright; it becomes his own property. But the miner does not become the actual owner of placer lands; he is granted the right only of exclusive entry upon the ground for the sole purpose of mining. It has been the policy of the Government to sell the land to the farmer for a nominal price, sometimes to give it to him. But it is the policy of the Government to give only the privileges of working the

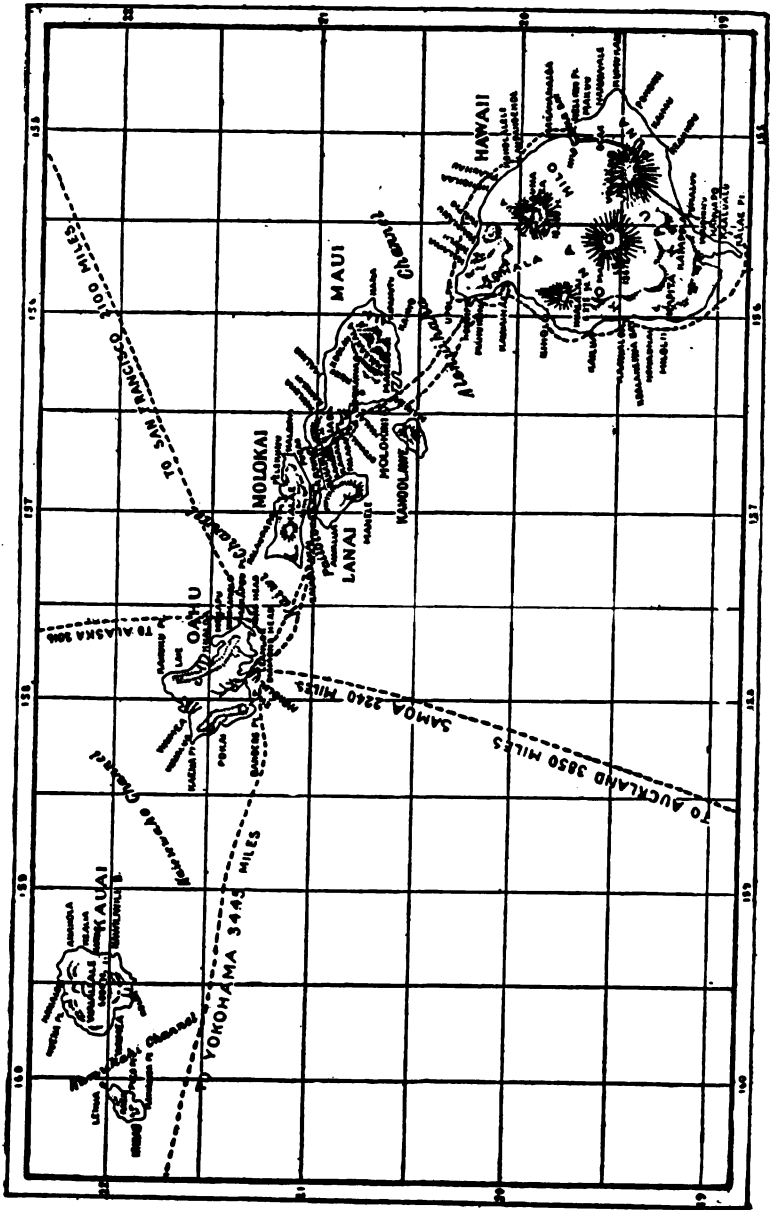
mining claims, and only on certain conditions, one of which conditions is a withhold of this very "tithe" of the mineral product. The farmer perhaps would not accept agricultural lands on the principle of a lease and with a reserve of a tithe of his wheat; but many farmers would readily pass by free agricultural lands in Manitoba and brave the hardships of the Klondike to take off the hands of the Klondike miners, on the Government terms, some of the poorer mining claims that are so terribly burdened with the restriction of a tithe. Mr. White himself understands this conditional possession of a mining claim, for he speaks of it as a "lease" and of the "conditions" under which it is held requiring periodically to be "represented."

Do I need to touch upon the other point of difference — the fact of permanency of agricultural lands and territory as contrasted with the short-lived resources of the mines, or of the permanent citizenship of Manitoba as against the floating, more than half-foreign, population of the Yukon? The two cases are more nearly opposite than they are "exactly similar."

Let us not mistake: it is the royalty and similar returns from the mining fields that will be the goose which will lay the golden eggs for the Dominion treasury; and it is not the royalty policy but the one advised by Mr. White and others of the same school which would kill the goose and lose the golden eggs of the people of all Canada.

With the changes that it is in the power of the Government to bring about, the miners will be content with the situation and continue loyal (as I believe they always have been) to the authority under which they are maintained in their privileges and titles. As to the taxpayers of the Dominion, they will approve of such a policy with a sense of satisfaction that only taxpayers can appreciate.

(To be concluded.)



HAWAII FIRST. 1

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME DOINGS OF THE KAUAI
KODAK KLUB IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

By E. S. GOODHUE, M. D.,

Author of "Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars," "Verses from the
Valley," Etc.

I.

BY THE RED LAMP.

I do own a kodak. — *Olive Thorne Miller.*

Three years ago, while packing for Europe, I became kodakless. For two years previous I had been a kodak fiend, snapshotting the neighbors, and developing my family, my pet horse and dogs, and my cavalry propensity for cuss words to an extent that proved alarming. We reached Switzerland in safety, but some other kind of fiend had lifted my kodak, and left me lamenting. — *Charles King.*

My portraits have to be done by a more tedious, and I fear, a less accurate process. — *Anthony Hope Hawkins.*

Say to the comrades of the society that I appreciate the honor. *** I am, as you know, an out-of-door man, although I am largely given to making my pictures with words. But now I will cultivate a kamera. — *Robert J. Burdette.*

Later on I should like to send you some views of this part of the country to which I shall be glad to introduce the members individually. — *James Lane Allen.*

I wish that I could go to the meetings out under the "monkey-pods." — *Ednah Procter Clarke.*

For a long time it has been with me a real longing to see Hawaii, and yet the years pass and I do not get there, neither to Hawaii nor to Japan. — *Charles Dudley Warner.*

IT began with four enthusiastic members that came from across the sea and planted their flag upon the rocky shores of Kauai.

In body we were four: President, Secretary, Doctor, and the Desideratum; in spirit, legion. We had stolen im-

pressions all the way from Boston to San Francisco, and here we were housed by ourselves in a tropical land thousands of miles away from anywhere, but in the midst of the most beautiful scenery. Our kodaks took on great importance, and at all hours the Red Lamp shone in the Dark Room.

After we had looked about us, arranged our furniture, and eaten the *poi* of allegiance, we called a meeting. Here, under the monkey-pods in Locus Farleii, we organized our local Klub.

But the story is better told by our Secretary:

“We found no trouble in organizing this extension Klub, for the conception of the quartette had only to be carried out. Everything was ready for it and had been ready for years. A standing invitation to visit them came from a hundred different places on eight different islands — mountain, forest, canyon, water-fall, river, valley, hamlet, and grass hut, to say nothing of such attractions as Kilauea, Halemaumau, Iao, Haleakala, and the Barking Sands. All of these places could show the right persons things not seen by any one.

“And we could enjoy the hospitality of these charming hosts without being obliged to return conversational favors. It is one thing to be a guest, and another to be placed on tap for every member of the house, just because you have accepted house-room and meals. Bed and lodging were cheaper than that out in the valley or on the top of a mountain.

“Then, the necessary physical constituents of the Klub were at hand, and several persons stood ready for enrollment. They were persons with a sense of humor. They were men and women whose perceptions had not been so dulled by the rub of practical affairs that they could not grasp the pure subtlety of the objects of the Klub. They

had lived on Kauai for some time. Their magazines came with every mail, and life slipped by within walls, not unprofitably, perhaps, but depressingly very often.

“ So, one day a quorum met under the monkey-pod trees, in Monkey-pod Hall—four persons who believed that the arching skies above the trees looked better than frescoes, that the soft, green grass beneath their feet was to be preferred even to velvet carpet. The air came scented with the odors of gardenia and coffee bloom. It is true, the sun shone steadily, but none the less constant was the breeze not an hour from the sea. Under such happy influences the Kauai Kodak Klub breathed the breath of life at four o'clock in the afternoon, Friday, September 29th, 1895.

“ It was established on the basis, not of Equality but of Ideality, being purely a society of minds. While the attendance of physical members was encouraged at our meetings under the monkey-pods, we preferred an assembly of Idealities, who had been received into the privileges of the organization by a vote of our bodily absent but spiritually present associates. Elections by means of this consensus made themselves felt at a great distance, no doubt, but each member was at once notified by letter, and his answer came as a much appreciated exchange. After the tremendous applause that followed the election of Dr. Weir Mitchell, the Secretary sat down and sent him a notice of membership. In his answer the Doctor wrote that our letter had shadowed him to Florence, where he was. ‘ It touches me with the nearness and apartness of things,’ he said. W. O. Stoddard felt the influence and wrote from his New England home: ‘ There is a curious speculation in my mind as to the methods of telepathy. Has the keen interest with which I have watched the course of events in the islands had anything to do with this?’ Of course it had. So, with this sympathy, our meetings have been the pleasantest kind of association,

because there is always perfect harmony, a unity of sentiment with a diversity of ideas.

“ No one ever comes to the Klub with dyspepsia and suspicions.

“ We desire to cultivate something besides sugar cane.

“ Being an out-of-door Klub, devoted to all that is air-exposed and sky-roofed in this land of isles, we shall meet here as need be, to compare snap-shots, plan excursions, on foot or otherwise, to every nook and corner of our realm. When it rains, those that object to such trivial matters may retire to Monkey-pod Hall, study the works of our honorary members, or discuss other pleasant and profitable subjects. Nor shall we require the excuse of a Trivial Necessity. So we are glad to have Charles Dudley Warner for an associate, although, when he accepted membership in the Klub, he hadn't a kodak and couldn't ride a bicycle.

“ We sign ourselves agreeable to any reasonable, ozonized scheme, whether it be mountain climbing or sea diving, holding ourselves the ready servants of nature. We fish, hunt, yacht, swim, walk, ride, drive, climb, and fly — from the depression of four walls. In short, we cultivate a sincere love of nature for its own sake, and encourage a social optimism very much needed in Hawaii.

“ Then, it is our wish to share our pleasure; therefore we invite to Hawaii pleasant men and women, receive and entertain them when they come, and send them home with a good opinion of every island in the group and with no political prejudices.

“ If, because of our enforced residence on islands, we are unable to keep from growing insular, we may at least brighten our faculties by first-hand contact with nature, and save ourselves from rust, which, in this country, is a most common and destructive agent. Nothing is impossible to us. We scour the Universe. We call upon the

great of all nations, without letters of introduction, and get the best that each can give without answering questions about the use we wish to put it to. We are brought close to the qualities of them all, without so much as being subjected to the smell of garlic or perspiration. We see them smile and hear them laugh, but leave them before they cavil or begin to talk about themselves. At our Telepathic Bureau we are warned of approaching moods, and know how to escape them, never being taken unawares by a nervous headache, or a fit of the blues.

“From week to week the Klub has grown as such things will in a tropical country, modified, improved, enlarged by its successive stages of growth. As it expanded, we thought that the kodak would be the best semblance of a ‘Trivial Necessity’ that we could find. It is associated with the study of æsthetic subjects and calls for out-of-door action. The kodak seemed better than the bicycle, especially in Hawaii, yet both could be used together.

“It was decided to issue a record of the doings of the Kodak Klub, because outside members would like to know what matters held us. We called this record ‘*Hawaii First*,’ because our Klub was born here, and because Hawaii was *first* in the hearts of us all. And while we eschewed politics, we felt a natural pride in suggesting ourselves as the *first* foreign territory to be united to the land in which our most loved associates dwelt. We knew too, that the admission would be the *first* step of the New Policy, so we clung to the triple intimation.

“Besides, two reports of proceedings sent to the *Inspid Weekly*, were refused.

“Acting upon the suggestion of Charles Warren Stoddard, we decided to hold an occasional Hawaiian *luau*, timed for the arrival of some particular guest.

“Perhaps such an organization would not thrive so well out of these latitudes of leisure. One thing was certain,

no place could suffer from a movement which took no fees, and which worshipped the force that 'answers to a moral power.'

"If everything was ready, everybody was not ready for the organization. Many were too busy to engage in the pursuit of mere nothings. They were men who cared more for money than for real values. They were ashamed of tears, of natural impulse, of enthusiasm; gone mad with the spirit of utilitarianism. This intensely practical man is to be found everywhere. He has a distaste for anything in the abstract. If you go into ecstasies over a view, he looks coldly on, thinking you affected, because he is not stirred into sympathy by what appeals to you. He says that you wear your heart on your sleeve. What grows out of his observation never has a long tap-root. He is to Nature what Boswell was to Johnson. His fancy is not earth-free, airy, light; it rests below the mountain tops, and is sweetened by cane-juice. It is hard to tell in words the lack we find, but it is of some mysterious quality that gives to writing, to pictures, and to character their original tang. Some one said of 'Mirror Lake: 'Lackin' only a frame to make a mighty fine lookin'-glass outen it, fer it does some tolerable good reflectin',' which is more than could be said of the beholder. I remember once when I was in one of the Southern states, I came home with a bunch of plants, and, on showing them to my landlady, she exclaimed disgustedly, 'Law, them ain't good for greens.' Our Klub will not disturb this busy man. It demands a man with a temperament that has a dash and a splash and a bit of foam, one who has an aerated mind.

"We are all Bohemians, then, but not in the vulgar sense; our members are authors, artists, and actors, and they live in all parts of the world. We hold to law and order because nature does, and the best art; and we never have understood why liberty to pursue legitimate pleasures should

be made to mean indulgence in undesirable ones. Naturally we were criticised, and suspected of ulterior designs. We must be after political, pecuniary, or literary boodle. Was it books, autographs, pictures, or money that we wanted? Perhaps we were a sect of spiritualists or theosophists! But we kept on like a running brook in the open meadow, reflecting what appeared, but never stopping to explain how many pebbles we washed. It was amusing to be misunderstood in such an appalling way. We knew that most men were chunks of muddy dullness. We could wait a year, or ten, for recognition. Even that Boston admirer of Omar published an account of us, and inferentially compared us to the Trinity Historical Society of Texas, which consisted *unus et solus* of the President who wanted books and autographs. This made the following resolution necessary:

“While we appreciate the kindness of authors and artists in sending us books and sketches, hereafter we cannot accept such gifts from any person. This need not deter members from making gifts to the Klub. In writing letters of acceptance, authors will confer a favor by either printing their signatures or signing with a mark. We trust that any person that has suffered from the fear that he might send us his autograph, or possibly something of value, and thus be drawn into a horrible trap, will take courage, and believe that the Klub is what it claims to be, and not an article used for pounding things into a man’s head.

“Some local wag who thought that he had discovered in this Klub the germ of a joke which he evidently could not work up, sent a fancy sketch of it to Mark Twain. We disclaim the distinction of being the Klub so well described in ‘Following the Equator’; we were never so fortunate as to have any correspondence with the genial author.

“Last week a special committee reported as follows:

“We recommend that at such time as may be considered best this Klub secure a yacht large enough to accommodate all of our

members, and fitted up with the conveniences of the modern yacht, having library, studio, and stage.

“That this yacht be manned by officers and a reliable crew, and that it be called *The Kodak*.”

“That the time for a cruise, either to Guam, Manila, Porto Rico, or Cuba, be limited to six months of the best portion of the year for the latitude in which we are to sail.

“The members of the committee are under obligation to Frank R. Stockton for the idea, and for his promise that he will see Mrs. Cliff, and, if possible, persuade her to let us have her yacht.

“The offer of any millionaire to fit us out will be carefully considered.

“Furthermore, the committee recommends that Musick, of Missouri, be thanked for his suggestion that the air plant (*Bryophyllum Calycinum*) appear in gold letters upon the Klub badge.

“Resolved, that after January, 1900, none but authors, artists, and actors be eligible to membership.

“Having given you the history of the Klub to date, I thank you for your attention.”

There was great cheering when the Secretary sat down, and before the echoes had died away, alligator pear was passed around in souvenir *koa* plates, on which were placed spoons made of sandal-wood, bearing on their handles a monogram of the letters “K. K. K.”

The Klub adopted for its flower the *lehua*, and recommended that we petition the Legislature to make this blossom the State-Flower.

The following sentiment by Capt. Twain was selected as a motto for the *Kodak* table service: “No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so lovingly and so beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking, through half a life time as that has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same.”

The Secretary now handed around copies of the names of officers, crew, and first passengers of the *Kodak*:

OFFICERS:

William McKinley, Admiral.
S. L. Clemens, Captain.
Frank R. Stockton, First Mate.
Edward W. Emerson, Second Mate.
Lew Wallace, Third Mate.
J. K. Bangs, Steward.
Edith M. Thomas, Poet.
Robert J. Burdette, Historian.
S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., Physician.
Charles King, Chaplain.
Thomas Nast, Artist.
H. Rider Haggard, Scientist.
Joe Jefferson, Pilot.
Theodore Roosevelt, Boatswain.

KREW:

Benjamin Harrison, J. T. Morgan, T. B. Aldrich, Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, F. M. Crane, L. P. Morton, W. O. Smith, James Whitcomb Riley.

KABIN PASSENGERS:

C. F. Lummis, Olive Thorne Miller, Irving M. Scott, Countess Wachmeister, "Eli Perkins," "Ik. Marvel," Ednah Procter Clarke, J. R. Musick, E. S. P. Ward, Maurice Thompson, Brander Matthews, Sir Walter Besant, C. W. Stoddard, Mary Anderson de Navarro, E. P. Dole, Julian Ralph, Julian Hawthorne, C. C. Abbott, E. E. Hale, G. H. Dole, Anthony Hope Hawkins, Albion W. Tourgee, Margaret Deland, C. A. Stoddard, W. O. Stoddard, Bradford Torrey, Titus M. Coan, W. F. Goodhue, James Lane Allen, Lilian Whiting, A. K. McLure, J. B. Grant, G. W. Cable, C. F. Holder, Mary Krout, Walter Kittridge, Helen Mather, Nelson A. Miles, J. A. Poisson, N. H. Dole, R. Wildman, Delight Sweetzer, Ad H. Gibson, Moses Gage Shirley.

STEERAGE PASSENGERS:*

Grover Cleveland, Par. Blount, Charles Nordhoff, Joaquin Miller, W. J. Bryan, T. B. Reed, Carl Schurz.

* It is only right to state that these passengers will not take the trip, as Hawaiian waters make them sick and the climate does not agree with them.

The following poem by Edith M. Thomas, Poet of the Klub, was read at a general meeting :

In olden days I owned a fair estate
 Betwixt the Pyrenees and Calpe's strait.
 Indefinite — and broad — its latitude;
 I only know that never zephyr rude
 And never frost my purpling vineyards smote;
 From trespass sacred and from blight remote,
 My orange and my olive orchards grew.
 A fair demesne I had, — a castle too,
 That never siege might know; nor fear, nor care,
 Nor all the host of griefs invaded there.

In olden days of youth this realm was mine,
 In far Hispania, sun-loved and divine!
 (Ye all have had a freehold there, I ween,
 And revenues from fields ye have not seen)
 'Tis long ago since I was dispossessed;
 With heritage in any fairy land
 By hill, or vale, or silver ocean strand!
 So, when mine eyes beheld your deed of hand,
 That made me heir of south-sea isles remote,
 At once I launched brave Fancy's shallop boat,
 And set its rainbow-tinted gossamer sail
 That feareth not the force of straining gale,
 The sea is bland; the halcyons wheel about;
 My little craft will reach her port, no doubt,
 And there triumphal entry I expect,
 An arch and canopy with strange flowers decked.

But if upon your reefs *I should be wrecked*,
 I shall not fear but rescue will arrive,
 And Fancy with her crew be saved alive!
 There must be dolphins in those fairy seas,
 And tritons and dusk triades;
 And at your bidding they would breast your wave,
 And, snatching me from out a billowy grave,
 Some magic draught would give me to imbibe.
 Meanwhile a grateful debtor, I subscribe,
 And greet ye, members of the Kodak all,
 Sitting like gods within your "sky-roofed" hall!

(To be continued.)

WHAT SHALL BE THE STATUS OF THE NATIVES OF OUR INSULAR TERRI- TORIAL POSSESSIONS?

BY HON. EDWARD A. BELCHER,
Judge of the Superior Court, San Francisco.

APPARENTLY there is a great desire in some quarters to make the native inhabitants of the Philippines, Hawaii, and Puerto Rico full-fledged citizens of the United States. Some of our papers have given columns to the advocacy of the idea, insisting that the provisions of the Federal Constitution extend to our insular territorial possessions, that the native inhabitants thereof are entitled to citizenship, and that Congress should at once grant it. The purpose of this paper is to show that the Constitution does not extend to our insular territorial possessions; that the natives of our insular territorial possessions have no rights under the Constitution; that, apart from treaty stipulation, Congress is not bound to any particular policy concerning all or any of the inhabitants of any of our outlying territorial possessions, and, as a corollary, that the Federal Constitution will become operative in these new acquisitions only when an organic Territorial act, containing its own limitations, has become effective; and finally that it is highly inexpedient that the native races of our insular territorial possessions should ever be admitted to United States citizenship. Reference will be had, so far as the legal question is involved, directly to judicial opinions upon the subject.

The leading case upon the question and one of the first in point of time, is *Benner et al., v. Porter*, 9 Howard (U. S.) 242. That was an appeal from the District Court of the United States for Florida to the Supreme Court of the United States. A libel in admiralty, commenced in the Territorial court, had merged in a decree, but prior to the decree the Territory of Florida had been admitted as a State. In the Supreme Court objection was made that there was no jurisdiction to render the decree, for the reason that the jurisdiction acquired under the Territorial authority, in the instance, did not continue under the State or Federal authority—the entity of the Territorial courts created by Congress and of the Federal courts created by the Constitution being distinct and dissimilar. The objection was sustained and the cause remanded with directions to dismiss it. In that case it was squarely held that the constitutional provisions are not applicable to the Territories. Upon that point, the very question under discussion here, Mr. Justice Nelson, speaking for the Court, said: “The distinction between the Federal and State jurisdictions under the Constitution of the United States, has no foundation in these Territorial governments; and, consequently, no such distinction exists, either in respect to the jurisdiction of their courts or the subjects submitted to their cognizance. They [the Territories] are *legislative governments* and their courts legislative courts, Congress, in the exercise of its powers in the organization and government of the Territories, *combining the powers of both the Federal and State authorities. There is but one system of government, or of laws operating within their limits, as neither is subject to the constitutional provisions in respect to State and Federal jurisdiction. They [the Territories] are not organized under the Constitution, nor subject to its complex distribution of the powers of the government, as the organic law; but are the creations, exclusively, of the legislative department and subject to its supervision and control.*”

In *National Bank v. County of Yankton*, 101 U. S. 133,

Chief Justice Waite announced the same rule: "The Territories are but political subdivisions of the outlying dominion of the United States. Their relation to the general government is much the same as that which counties bear to the respective States, and Congress may legislate for them as a State does for its municipal organizations. * * * * Congress is supreme, and for the purpose of this department of its governmental authority, has all the powers of the people of the United States."

Again, in *Mormon Church v. United States*, 136 U. S. 1, Mr. Justice Bradley said: "The power of Congress over the Territories is *general and plenary*."

McAllister v. United States, 141 U. S. 174, affirms the same rule.

The same doctrine was lately re-stated and re-affirmed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit, in *Endelman v. United States*, 57 C. C. A. 1, wherein a motion based upon constitutional grounds to quash a criminal indictment found in the Territory of Alaska, was denied for the reason that the government of the Territories is, exclusively, a matter for Congress, and that the provisions of the Constitution do not apply.

There are other decisions on the same lines, but these are sufficient and conclusive. By them it appears that the Constitution does not extend over our insular territorial possessions but that, as outlying dominion of the United States, they are under the exclusive control of Congress.

Apart from the legal reasons stated, there are ethical reasons of the highest importance for keeping the admixture of United States citizenship as pure as possible. The welfare of the laboring class, of the great middle section of the people—the bone and sinew of the land—indeed, of all the people, most powerfully invokes this barrier. The stability of our institutions in the centuries to come must rest upon the conservatism of the people, and the conservatism of the people, in the future as in the past, must depend upon blood and temperament. Already the strikes and the consequent

wanton, wholesale and criminal destruction of property on every hand, cast ominous shadows upon the wall! Blind lawlessness seems reaching out for the pillars that uphold society! The lesson of conservatism in government is being learned too slowly. Too loth seem the gates of legislation to close upon a flood of alien and unassimilative immigration! Too slow seem the law-making powers in remedying an ill-balanced and ultra-liberal system of naturalization and franchise! The result is that year by year it is becoming more and more plain—scarcely requiring the supine example of an Altgeld, a Waite, or a Pennoyer, to accentuate the fact—that a stronger central government will become an imperative necessity unless both immigration and citizen-making are materially restricted.

Of late years, more particularly in the West, we have had unhappy experience with respect to Chinese and Japanese immigration. We know what a pest these people can become. Shall we, still smarting from the experience, go still further and admit the native races of the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, Alaska, Samoa—Indians, Malays, Chinese, Japanese, and their admixtures, alien in every sense—into full citizenship and equal voice in the affairs of this free country?

While it is freely admitted—indeed the writer has many times strongly urged that mercantile and strategic considerations make it imperatively necessary—that we should hold and fortify these island possessions and fight to retain them, it is nevertheless urged that they should be kept perpetually as Territories. Nothing should make against that save the remote possibility that the native races may be supplanted by the Caucasian race. Upon none, in the writer's estimation, save the intelligent people of the Caucasian race should the inestimable privilege of United States citizenship be conferred.

A CRUISE IN CANADIAN GULF WATERS.

BY T. C. EVANS.

ON the Strait of Canso, about midway of its course, stand Port Mulgrave, on the Nova Scotia side, and Hawkesbury, on the side of Cape Breton. The latter place wears a certain look of historic pretension as if it might be the harbor from which Evangeline departed when the Acadians were driven forth from their peaceful homes into exile. But in reality that was from another though not very remote shore. Hawkesbury is now a port and town, exhibiting an aspect of some thrift, and a little marine activity, as the fishing fleets stop here on their way to and from the gulf, and once a week a steamer from Boston arrives and departs. Except for this pulse of activity the town is sleepy, bleak and provincial. Its sharp-roofed houses are painted white, and the two or three steeples that rise among them tell the tale of its religious hope and aspiration. Port Mulgrave, on the other shore, is now a mere waterside village, small and of old date, with a token here and there that it was once of some importance. It has only a single street, following the bend of a little cape that reaches a quarter of a mile into the channel, and ends in a low headland with clinging grass and heather, and a few sheep and geese dotted over it. It has a post office and two or three shops; and there are some waterside taverns which wear the look of having been built for sentimental reasons,

as they seem of no use, or almost none, and have had few visible utilities since anybody can remember. Nobody ever seeks their hospitality or quotes Shenstone within their walls; the spider weaves his web across their narrow windows, and over the door of one of them I noted a sparrow's nest, the open beaks of its young showing above its rim.

In one of the decayed hostelries, however, was a pulse of life. Two sailor-men sat by a window, with grog and pipes, and the stout Welsh landlady was somewhere, and came when you pounded on the bar. It was rather a spacious interior, long and low and wide, and there was a round table in the middle, with some newspapers on it. These were of manifestly remote date, and no attention was ever paid to them except by the flies, which spread a revised system of punctuation along their yellowing pages. For the rest, the apartment was vacant, showing a scant run of custom, though who knows what it may have been in old times, when the mackerel fleets came in, or what it might become again with a turn of luck?

Near the northern end of the strait, in St. George's Bay, is Bear Island, a harbor much used in spring when the channel is choked with ice, and little at any other time. We cast anchor there toward sunset, and saw the white bolts of light shoot out of the lenses of the Sand's Point lighthouse, to be ready for night and darkness, when they came. A boy came off in a boat from the shore and ran alongside, clamoring for grog. Had we got any? He did not compass any of the fluid toward which his tender youth expanded with such mature ardor, but he got some tobacco from a sailor, and this, in the absence of the more penetrating agent of consolation, appeared to give him some contentment.

I went ashore, following his lead, in company with the artist of our expedition, and found there a few cabins, in one of which lived Richard Mackay, who was born, he said, in

1798, and had been there sixty-six years. He had a stiff brogue, not perceptibly mitigated by his long exile, and in this he rehearsed high tales of what the Mackays had been in old time, and told of his own ventures and achievements when he was young. His son-in-law, Michael Morgan by name, was with him. They met us hospitably at the paling which surrounded the hand-breadth of garden in the midst of which their cottage stood. Morgan had been a sailor seventeen years; was wrecked once and adrift fifteen days on a raft. He was born in Nova Scotia, but was of Irish ancestry and bringing up. Mackay was a Tipperary man, he said, and in spite of his years had the agility of a fiddler-crab, and if necessary could still twirl a shillelah with the best of them. His old wife was tall and thin, hardy-looking enough, but with a timid manner as of one not much accustomed to visitors. The rooms of the cottage were small, and on the walls were religious pictures of saints and Virgins and the like, with robes of blue and red and halos resembling lemons. The furniture was rude and scanty, but comfortable, and they were thrifty, forehanded people, getting their living from the fisheries and keeping all taut and snug about them. Not far away were a few abandoned cabins with broken windows and roofs falling in, and with old scraggy orchards about them, giving token in their ruin that the place had long been settled. The fishing boats were drawn up on the shelving beach, and to one of them was attached a Dutch killick, or wooden anchor, weighted with a stone. Near-by a very old fisherman, with a face so thin that the sunset seemed to shine through it, was turning over the codfish which were laid out on cedar twigs, spread upon a frame-work, to dry. Separated from the harbor by a narrow rim of sand and gravel beach was a stretch of inland water of some furlongs in extent, with floating islands of moss and reeds upon it, the sunset falling across it in a trail of fire and blood. Not far away inland was Lake le Bras d'Or, of some magnitude, it was said, and famous for fish.

Two wooded points reach seaward from Bear Island like the cusps of a crescent moon, the beach sloping gently up from the water. All is naked, austere and forbidding on the shore, but summer and sunset and the night fires make their own pictures glowing or dim upon the stretching seas, and the look oceanward, always of majesty, is at times of radiance and glory. The painter came back from exploring one of the points, with some curious pebbles, a crinoid shell, fir-boughs, a cluster of wild flowers, and a single fleur de lis.

Dead Man's Island is celebrated in the verses of Thomas Moore, who sailed in these waters and left in his works many lyrical notes of the scenery and legendary lore of the region, among them the Canadian boat-song with its familiar and melodious refrain. The island is a solitary crag of green serpentine and red sandstone rising out of the waters and assuming various outlines as we approach and recede from it. One of them is that of a hearsed funeral figure, stretched vast and solemn along the waves, as if it were the king of desolation whose throne this lonely space had been, lying there between the waters and the arching sky, awaiting burial. The crag may have taken its name from this shadowy and dim sepulchral figure, which changed form as the ship moved and took on other outlines, all grim, haggard and repellent as beseemed an eyot bearing so funereal a name. The old map-makers, Ortelius, Ramusio, Thevet, and the rest, plumed these solitary crags with pictures of devils, numerous as the flying sea-birds, and no wonder! Man had no place or refuge there, and they were fit abodes of his enemy, to be confirmed and certified as such by the wandering geographer for the warning of the mariner and the guidance of the missionary who came after him. The lonely rock, amid its drear encompassing seas, presents a picture of solitude which oppresses the imagination and of gloom which the sunshine can hardly gild. It stands in duration with the Andes and with Ararat, nature, whether gladly or not, giving it in its buttressed strength the bond of a like perpetuity.

At Point De Mons, on the north shore above Anticosti, came on board the lighthouse keeper, Mr. Ferdinand Fafard, nimble, vivacious, and welcoming. He had been fourteen years the keeper of this lonely pharos, living there with his wife and daughters, who were, except for an occasional visitor, his only companions. He told us stories of some of the frontier heroes of this wild region, particularly of one Alexander Napoleon Comean, who after his measure of adventures was full, died in Montreal, aged ninety-four. He was at first in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, which prized his valor and had use for it, and rescued him from various legal perils. He had slain a good many men, first and last, but was not vain and kept an indifferent tally of them, so that to this day his history is at somewhat loose ends and a part of his legitimate claim to renown uncertified. In some local revolution which he instigated and headed, he hanged eleven men at once, explaining afterward, by way of softening the apparent rigor of the exploit, that they were only Canadians. He had better fortune than either of the great conquerors whose names he wore, and his days were longer in the land.

Mr. Fafard told us many tales of that part of the world, talking with the rapid manner of one who had much to relate, and who did not always have an audience. Among these rehearsals was one concerning a ruin not far away, of quite imposing extent, with stone walls and chimneys and surrounding erections of like material, which, it was thought, was that of a structure built by the early Basque adventurers here. It had been a ruin as long as it had been known to recent generations, and may have dated back to the earliest days of discovery. The Basques frequented these waters among the first, and their descendants are yet here.

Guérin and Estancelin, the famous chroniclers of old Norman maritime achievements, claim for one Cousin of Dieppe, that, being blown hither by a tempest, he discovered these lands and waters before Columbus saw the light beam forth

on the tropic night from the shores of Watling Island—a memorable ray flying like a fire arrow through all after-history; and, while these old French annalists do not make out their case, there is nothing intrinsically improbable in it. Cabral was blown within sight of the coast of South America, thus effecting his great discovery by accident and the coercion of the elements, and a like fortune may have befallen the mariner of Dieppe. Martin Pinzon was on his ship, mutinous, it was said, and on the return was cashiered. He then went to Spain and told Columbus of the discovery, giving him the hint which led to the making of the name of Columbus famous. The evidence of this may have satisfied the old Norman maritime recorders, but it has not been accepted by historiographers at large.

It was, however, not long after that when the Breton and Basque people, with their Portuguese and Spanish neighbors, were authentically here. There are some dim signs of them before Cabot, who came in 1497, three years after Columbus' discovery; and they are vaguely heard of from the year 1500 on till 1527, when in Purchas' "Pilgrims" a definite fleet may be seen floating at anchor in the Bay of St. John's, consisting of eleven Norman, one Breton, and two Portuguese vessels. The ruined old house, or fortress, in the wilderness has thus a possible depth of antiquity behind it, and might out-date the deepest foundations of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or even the Spanish cities of Florida or Mexico, the Spanish part of them now in its withered period, like Spain herself, which is, historically speaking, only a cloud against the background of her glowing annals, reaching their meridian splendor when the foundations of these cities were planted, but now fallen dim with little prospect of being again rekindled.

I should like to have seen this old ruin, lying there in the wilderness, as if it were a fragment of the lost Norumbega city of dreams, which hovers and flickers in the historic imagination, now here, now there, in Nova Scotia, in Maine,

in New Brunswick, and why not in this northern wild, companion and neighbor of the authentic ones of Stadacone and Hochelaga?

There are about seventy small houses at the Bay of Seven Islands. These are inhabited by fishermen and their families. Geographically, the situation at the bay may be defined as an indentation of the north coast of the gulf, about two hundred miles east of the Saguenay River, and seventy-five miles west of West Cape, Anticosti. It is a station of the Hudson's Bay Company, the warehouse and residence being the largest buildings. The former is full of furs and merchandise, and in size and form resembles a large New England barn, oblong rectangular, with a sloping, shingled roof, and the sides covered with boards. Over the residence floats the company's flag, a red banner with the Union Jack and a star burning like a fire-cloud high up in the clear mid-summer air.

In the afternoon Mr. Wilson, the agent of the company, came on board, and several members of the expedition accompanied him to his home, about a mile up the shore; a comfortable, small house, with low doors and ceilings, and small windows. There are outhouses in which he keeps a horse and a cow. The warehouse is a few steps away, connected with the residence by a plank walk. In the lower story are kept ammunition, cord for nets, cloth, tobacco, and medicines, flour, lard, pork, sugar, and molasses; upstairs are blankets, guns, handkerchiefs, and so forth, with the furs which the Indians bring in as the harvest of their winter trapping in the wilderness to the northward—otter, bear, marten, silver gray and yellow foxes, lynx, wolverine, beaver, all beautifully prepared. Some obscure portion of the interior apparatus of the beaver is medicinal, and is used in troubles incident to childbirth by the Indians and the native residents, and finds a market in the West Indies and South America. Some of the Indians remain during the summer near the station, living in rude wig-

wams, and being protected and, in part, maintained by the company.

Mr. Wilson's residence is very snug and comfortable, containing guns, fishing rods, books, and all domestic conveniences, including a stove of great size, giving token of the severity of the winter there. Against the wall hangs an immense engraving of the city of London, issued long ago (I think by the *Illustrated London News*). I trace out on it my itinerary there, twenty years before, Piccadilly, St. James's street, Pall Mall, Hyde Park, Kensington Gate, Westminster, Chelsea, Temple Bar, and the Strand—they are all there, quite legible and familiar. There is also on the wall a large photographic group of the commissioned officers of the Hudson's Bay Company; and the field-marshal of Napoleon could not compose a more dignified and imposing convocation.

Except his wife, Mr. Wilson is the only educated person in the place, and so is the repository of all local authority—magistrate, doctor, apothecary, port warden, constable, catchpoll, and everything else which is executive or judicial or paternal in character.

Near the residence is a little Catholic church, with a window in front in the form of a square cross, and a small belfry containing a bell about the size of a water bucket. The front of this church is painted a dull red, but the unpainted sides are browned with the weather. No priest is resident here, but one comes occasionally to minister to the little flock of which the Indians compose a part, and whose habits have been much improved by religious instruction.

In the winter time Mr. Wilson makes journeys on snowshoes to the various trading posts, of which his own at Seven Island Bay is the center. Sometimes he travels forty miles a day. He takes with him tea, tobacco, a little prepared meat, and a small pan with detachable handle, for cooking; a weight in all of about thirty-six pounds. He is very rugged and hardy, and these qualities are indispensable in the

agents whom the company selects. He was early apprenticed to its service, and has come up step by step. Both himself and wife are contented here, notwithstanding the social sterility of the place. They read aloud to each other every evening—Scott, Dickens, Francis Parkman, all books, together with magazines and periodicals, which the government boat, *The Otter*, brings down on each voyage. In the daytime they are occupied with their various duties. After a certain period of service they can retire on their savings and a pension, and go home to the old country and live happy ever after.

I looked around among the wigwams—fighting mosquitoes without intermission—and thought the Indians rather a low type. They were dirty and seemed ill-fed, though it could not be so, as in summer time there is abundance to eat hereabout. Little fires burned at the entrance to wigwams, visible only in the volumes of smoke which proceeded from them. These were intended as a protection from the insect swarms. I saw several papooses, some at the backs of their mothers, all having bright black bead-like eyes, and looking rather pretty, as all young creatures are apt to do. No beauty was apparent in the tribe, except in their infants, and a trace of it among the younger women, with whom, however, it is a brief possession. They become mothers early, and in a few years turn into withered and attenuated old squaws like the one whom I saw sitting beside an unfinished bark canoe which she was sewing together with sinews of the deer. She was of witch-like aspect, with ropes of hair hanging beside her rigid and furrowed countenance; and her eyes, lighted with the red fire of the sunset, had a fixed eager glow, neither of memory nor of hope, but as if in her age she stood at arms against the beleaguered hours, that they should not trample her down. Beside her, with an infant at her back was a younger woman, one indeed just out of childhood; and in her countenance, against the brown of which the descending day hung its transitory rose, was a

sign that the joy of life was not yet exhausted, that love yet blossomed for her somewhere in the waste, and that maternity had brought to her a new pulse of rapture, brightening for a season the desert ways in which her life was set.

Over this stern and sterile region, abutting upon the Arctic solitudes and almost forsaken by man, the midsummer mosquito hangs in dense clouds and operates with a virulence surpassing its kind elsewhere. To the newcomer the plague seems appalling, but the native sustains this burden with fortitude, if not indifference. Some of our expedition, who came bravely enough on shore, found their courage soon exhausted. The botanist held out, disappearing in the edge of the thicket along the shore and coming back before night with specimens of the *phegopteris polypodioides* and cowberry, and the artist maintained his ground long enough to produce the sketch of a wigwam with two Indian girls and an upturned bark canoe beside it; but most of the adventurers returned early on board and looked up the article on mosquitoes in the captain's Manual of Universal Knowledge. There were one or two, however, who were determined to investigate the sociological and spectacular conditions of the place without indolence or evasion, and it was not in a mere concatenation of insects to arrest them. But it was an experience of oppression and terror, and one could but feel that with only a little thickening of the poisonous cloud its malign pervasive hum would deepen into a knell, and all life sink and perish beneath it.

The sun was falling westward as the time came for our departure, a white, hot globe in an enveloping mist of fire which flooded the sky and the waters beneath, and in which the outlines of the mountains behind it floated dimly, like the pictures seen in flame. Its glow caught and burned red in the ripples which broke along the shore of sand and shingle where the wigwams were and where groups of men and half-grown boys, clad partly in native gear and partly in the cast-off garments of the civilized dwellers there, skulked and hovered,

surrounded by an evil type of dog of hunger-bitten aspect, lean and vicious, which came forth with barking fury toward any who passed, but fled at a gesture. While the men and boys were idle, according to all aboriginal precedent or prospect, the women were mostly occupied in some useful task. They brought the wood and water and dressed the fish, cooked the repasts over little fires hardly larger than a man's palm; and one of withered aspect, like a Hecate of the woods, sat a little apart in the red glow of the afternoon, muttering spells and making gestures of incantation, perhaps in memory of the old chief who died there a few days before. All had been done for the old brave that was possible to the rude pharmacy of the tribe and station, but there was for him in this world neither balm nor remedy. He had fought his battle with time and destiny and these dread allies were victorious; and it could have been but small comfort to his perishing consciousness had the priest been there to instruct him that he was not alone in his overthrow, but was one with the universal race of man and of things living under and beyond the sun. There was the wigwam in which he had died—the withered sibyl seated beside it with her gestures and mutterings—as rude a structure as any in which authority had ever taken refuge, and the hovel of Lear upon the heath would have taken on proportions of dignity in the comparison. Its outer covering was made up of scraps and tatters, a bit of old canvas stripped from some wreck cast on the reefs of the outer island, and sections of bark and boards and pieces of blanket of various colors—anything that would serve to shelter its inmates from the sun and the occasional storms of the summer days. Its door was a low aperture which could be entered only in a kneeling posture, and within was the bed of boughs and the sordid heap of blankets amid which the aged chief had yielded up his breath.

At Esquimaux Point resides Monsignor Bosse, Apostolic Prefect of the North Shore, whose see extends from the

Saguenay to the Atlantic, little less than a thousand miles. It is, however, of scanty settlement, and the number of churches and people in his diocese is limited. Monsignor Bosse is in appearance a very striking prelate, six feet four, and stalwart, of equal stature with Bismarck or Gen. Winfield Scott. He has a pleasant, dignified face and speaks English well, although his nativity is French Canadian. He may be Cardinal some time, and his stalwart shoulders might even bear with dignity the weight of the Pontificate. We went into his residence, where there were flowers in the windows and a general look of decorum and neatness, and held a polite conference with him, his young clerical auxiliaries being present. He is of noble courtesy, but not too formal, and a fine winning bonhomie pervades his manner. The residence was comfortably but not ostentatiously furnished, had one rocking chair, with others of firm basis, wooden, painted a dark color, and offering no temptation to indolence. On the walls of the room in which we were received, and which was the Bishop's study, were a large engraving presenting the portraits of a great number of prelates and a map of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, showing the Catholic stations on the North Shore and the islands. There were also some stuffed birds and animals of the region, but nothing further of notable sort in the way of ornament. His working bureau was spacious and was covered with books and papers and had a look of officialism and authority.

Before we came away he presented us to his mother, a plain, simple, neat-looking matron, with manifest pride in her amicable and majestic son, and in the evidence of his work which was around her. They were Canadian farmer people, but manifestly of the better sort, and honors would have come to them anywhere.

Inside the church the decorations were of the ordinary pattern. The altar had numerous candles and gilt pinnacles and other ecclesiastical furniture. Behind, on the wall, was a large picture of the crucified Christ, painted in the manner

of Murillo, and there were other paintings along the side walls illustrating events in the Saviour's life.

An acolyte in ordinary clothing came in to remove books of the service, early mass having just been celebrated, and the worshippers were coming out of the church, all, young and old, neat and polite, attesting the benefits of the teaching there administered to them.

The Meccatina Islands formed the eastern boundary of our exploration, a weird land and haven, desolate and grim, without habitation, a naked waste of cliffs and water, but a safe harbor, where the fishing smacks from all parts of the gulf found secure shelter and good fishing in the season. Joliet had here a sealing station, the remains of which are still shown.

Samuel Gomot and his family are the only residents on any of the islands here. His home is at Great Meccatina Harbor, and he came on board with greetings of welcome soon after our arrival. He catches seals for a living, and is rich. He was born here forty years ago, partly of Scotch and partly of French Canadian ancestry. He is a good-natured giant, with an immense flowing beard of a lightish color, and his face wore an expression of rejoicing at our visit. No wonder! In his loneliness the countenance of a fellow man must be as balm and spikenard. His wife and a relative or two live with him. Last year he killed over 2,000 seals, which he called a good average catch. He is Fisheries Commissioner here of the Canadian Government, but can neither write nor read, and probably has little occasion for these accomplishments. The government boat comes periodically, and there are trading boats that visit all the stations along the shore, carrying such supplies as the natives are likely to want.

Mr. Gomot has a large, comfortable house with an ample, well-stocked cellar, and he thinks it a reproach on his hospitality if any guest goes away sober, an incident which occasionally happens, nevertheless, but is generally ascribed to

some personal eccentricity of character on the part of his visitor.

Off our anchorage is a small bleak cabin with a smaller outhouse or two, built, it was said, by an old Englishman, who with his wife once found a transitory shelter here. It must have been a cruel destiny from which they fled to a refuge like this. The foundation of the structure was composed mainly of the bones of whales which had been cast upon the shore here in some old blown-out tempest; and within its rotting, mildewed interior were pasted fragments of newspapers which the refugees had apparently brought with them out of the region from which they had been exiled, a hyssop of bitter memories upon their walls. The fragments of news they presented had a ghastly look, as if they were the annals of some wizard world other than that of time and ordinary human experience. Around were some handbreadths of garden space, long untilled, and a scant growth of sordid weeds shook above them their tatters in the sun.

The Isle of Demons, not far off, could not anywhere have presented a picture of sterner desolation. On that isle the *Sieur de Roberval*, adventurer, following *Cartier* and *Les-carbot*, landed his niece and her gallant, who on the voyage had loved not wisely but too well, and a skinny old Norman female who had been the accomplice of their amours; and left them there in the society of the devils, which the sailors saw and heard, as they went by, mopping and mowing and gibbering in the air and making noises around the masthead. The old woman died first, and then the lover, and *Marguerite*—that was the name of the damsel—saw her child born and perish; and then, nothing daunted, she fronted the demons alone till rescued two years and a month thereafter by a passing ship. *Thevet*, the old cosmographer, friend of *Cartier* and *Roberval* and *Rabelais*, saw her in her age in *Perigord* and heard her story, to which she added that, besides the demons she had battled with, she had slain three bears

“all as white as an egg.” Thevet had no doubt of the bears and little of the demons, for they appear in clouds on his maps, with wings, hoofs, and tail, after the demonic type of the period, and he had heard much about them when he lived among the Indians.

Note must be made here, before departing from these wild waters and islets, of the row of huge round boulders marking the low-water line, which have been rolled shoreward by the tempests of all ages; the dip of the rock strata of the giant mountain headland; the huge cavernous seam cloven through them in some volcanic upbreak of the primal time; the wondrous colors of moss and slight clinging growths, tapestrying the stony rampart; the little flowers blooming amidst the waste, and the beryl-tinted coralline, and variegated color of the field of shore boulders, enormous in extent, as some of them are in dimensions, which have been rolled and ground, and tumbled and rocked, to and fro, by the hammering seas for uncounted ages, and during æons when the saurian weltered here and the beam of ocean's star was new in heaven.

After a month of its watery guidance, its slanting silver beam lights our returning track, and we leave the terrible gulf, asleep in its midsummer cradle of wide engirdling crags, calm as a forest fountain in the wilderness, overhung with myrtle and jasmine, mirroring the blue of the poised dragon-fly and the crimson of the oriole's wing. Its stormy aspects were hidden from us; we had sailed amidst midsummer calm and glory over the seas cloven of old by the keels of Philip of Cortereal and Verrazzano and old Denis of Honfleur, of Cabot and Cartier and Gosnold, bringing back in place of their tales of peril and adventure only a slender sheaf of northland memories gathered here and there along those iron shores. It is a waste, sterile land, flinging back the foam and echo of the angriest of seas, but it has a brief summer aspect of repose and gentleness, and it was that alone which it presented to us.

In the records of its early visitors it appeared as a gulf of terror, beside which the rage was stilled of the blown Baltic and fell Charybdis, and the plunge of the dark Euxine upon the blue Symplegades. It possesses yet the power to resume these aspects and to uplift the wind-shaken surge, that, "with high and monstrous mane, seems to cast water on the burning Bear;" but the summer journeyer there may reasonably expect the same benignant welcoming of the elements which awaited us and accompanied all the steps of our progress.

QUIVERA.

THE HISTORY AND LEGENDS OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN KINGDOM.

BY E. E. BLACKMAN.

EVERY country has its folklore, and as time moves on, leaving this folklore farther and farther in the past, it crystallizes into a myth.

That every myth has a foundation, has at least a starting-point and in it a well-defined germ of truth, is scarcely to be doubted; how much real truth still exists in the myth depends partly upon the age of the myth and partly upon the powers of imagination found in the people who perpetuated it.

The State of Nebraska has a folklore separate and distinct from any other, more interesting than the story of Io, more authentic and more remote than that of Captain John Smith's escapade in the Indian village.

The very name Nebraska has its origin in this story, and when we bring the discriminating telescope of common sense to bear upon it and shade out the color which we know to be false, when we study the character of the people who handed down the story, we can see much of grandeur and sublimity in the unvarnished recital of proved facts.

Much of the story as told three hundred years ago still remains unproved; much is still left which we must doubt; but a great part of the important details stands to-day upon as firm a basis as does one-half of our so-called authentic history.

The country northeast of Mexico was formerly a kingdom called Quivera. Its capital, which was a large city, was called by the same name. The king who ruled this vast dominion bore the illustrious name of Tatarrax. This much is truth, attested to by at least six authorities, and no writer past or present doubts it.

After the Spaniards had found such an empire as the Montezumas ruled, they may be pardoned for weaving around the name of Quivera such fanciful stories as were attributed to a Texas Indian, who claimed he had been in this wonderful city when he was a boy. According to this account, the people wore gaudy clothes made from cloth finer and more beautiful than the Spaniards possessed; they ate from plates of solid gold, and from goblets of solid silver drank wines of most delicious flavor. On either side of the streets in this wonderful city every other house was a silversmith's shop where ornaments were beaten from the precious metals and where gems were cut and set even in ordinary drinking-cups and plates. In that city every one wore costly jewels and held them in light esteem.

This Indian also fired the religious zeal of the priests by telling how these people worshipped the holy virgin and said mass; how the limbs of the trees in the gardens were hung with golden and silver bells so that every breeze made sweet music, and thus worshipped the image of the virgin before which the priests counted beads.

These tales were repeated and embellished, told and retold, until, probably, the Indian himself believed them — if, indeed, an Indian really did tell them. We may suspect him of it, however, for he was a slave, and no doubt studious of his master's weaknesses; and, being possessed of a lively imagination, as these people were wont to be, he doubtless added a pound of fiction to an ounce of truth and instead of a slave became an oracle.

It is doubtful if these stories would ever have stimu-

lated activity, had they not been substantiated, at least in part, by a man noted more or less for his good character and devout faith in the holy Church.

This is the first glimpse we get of *Quivera*, the first time the name of *Quivera* was ever written or preserved; and were this all the light given us from the dim and musty archives of Spanish adventure in the new world, we would surely have to class *Quivera* as a myth.

When we studied history in our school days this fact found lodgment in our budding intellects: "In 1528, De Narvaez explored Florida." By following this daring explorer farther we learn that the expedition was a failure and all the company perished except five. Four of these, after eight years of wandering, reached the settlements in Mexico. The leader of this band of survivors from the ill-fated Narvaez expedition was Cabeza de Vaca. Alonzo del Castillo Maldonado, Andros Dorantes, and a negro slave belonging to Dorantes made up the remainder of the party. The other survivor was found some years later by De Soto. He was held as a slave by a tribe of Indians in the country north of the Tennessee River.

After their arrival in Mexico, these survivors created quite a stir by their accounts of the rich and populous cities which they had seen. The Government listened to these stories, and even the King in Old Spain gave them credence, in so much that the after-life of these heroes were days of comparative ease. Cabeza de Vaca was given an important appointment in the country lying adjacent to the Rio de la Plata, but was incompetent and soon returned to his native land, where he lived at Seville for twenty years. Maldonado lived comfortably in Salamanca for a number of years, while Dorantes remained in New Spain, from which the Viceroy tried to send him on an expedition into the country through which he had traveled, but for some reason which the Viceroy could never find out

he did not go. However, he sold his negro slave Steven, (or Estevan), to Mendoza, the Viceroy of New Spain, and in course of time the slave plays an important part in the exploring expeditions fitted out.

A more or less perfect account of their wanderings has been published, but this, like many other old Spanish writings, has attracted little attention. The authenticity of the manuscript, however, has never been questioned, and none of our writers on these subjects seems to doubt that these four travelers made the toilsome journey on foot from Florida to Mexico. Upon their arrival in Mexico, they told of many Indian cities where they had been hospitably entertained; among these is mentioned a city which resembles Quivera.

However, the Seven Cities of Cibola, being nearer to Mexico, claimed the most prominent place in their account. In describing the cities which they saw they gave such an accurate description of Quivera that later explorations convinced writers of that day that Cabeza de Vaca and his three companions really visited that city.

The cities which Coronado and other Spanish explorers visited and conquered later had pleasant memories of this pious monk, Cabeza de Vaca, who, it seems, taught the docile natives the story of the Cross and led them to see the beauties of his religion by example as well as by precept. He blessed the robes and blankets which they brought to him as gifts, and then returned them; likewise, the gifts of gold and precious stones. He even healed the sick and said masses for the souls of the dead and dying. No wonder the natives held kindly memories of such a man! How different their treatment at the hands of the ruthless conqueror who followed with the sword the path of this godly man! We can but pause to contemplate the glorious results that might have been attained had Coronado been another De Vaca.

How much of the seed sown thus in good ground by the pious monks bore fruit in the religion of the native tribes found later, we can never tell. One thing we do know: much of the nature worship of the aborigines on this great central plain is too near the Christian religion to be a mere coincidence. We are compelled to take one of two grounds: either that they embraced much of the teachings of the wandering monks like Cabeza de Vaca, or that they are descended from a people who knew the Christian religion or at least were familiar with the sources from which this religion has been evolved. However, more on this subject later, when we discuss the customs, traditions, and so forth, of the Pawnee people. It does not seem possible for these tribes, which were in a high state of civilization at the time these pious monks visited them, to have suddenly abandoned their own faith and so un-animously embraced all the salient points in the faith of their teachers, leaving out the points considered in the light of the nineteenth century as objectionable. When we see in our own day how difficult it is to root out an established religion, and how slowly a new idea takes root, even in highly civilized communities, we must believe that the seed was sown many years prior to the coming of these pious teachers.

We do know something of the condition of the people visited by Cabeza de Vaca, not only from his own account of them but also from the numerous ruined Zuni cities in New Mexico. We know that they were a peaceable, docile people, that they made pottery, wove cloth, and cut precious stones, that they built walled cities of solid masonry and fortified them in a very ingenious manner. This they did in a country where rock was abundant, and the ruins have so resisted the ravages of time that we can study the people by means of these ancient walls of solid masonry. But farther in the interior, where

no such permanent materials were at hand, time has played sad havoc with the remains of the older civilization. The searcher after truth must have a keen eye to find the metes and bounds of past civilizations. Their pottery, however, remains, and the impressions of their cloth on the pottery, as do also their stone and bronze implements and their legends as told in the secret councils.

If we find the account as recorded by this pious monk true with regard to the Zuni cities where the permanent nature of the ruins still furnish proof of his story, why should we doubt the part which tells of the less permanent cities in the interior; especially when such abundant evidences are still to be traced?

The people proved their faith in the stories by sending out a number of expeditions to conquer these cities. We need mention but one of these to fill the scope of this chapter. This one is the Coronado expedition, of which many volumes have been written and with which we are all more or less familiar.

In the year 1534, Mendoza was appointed Viceroy of New Spain in place of Cortez, who had incurred the displeasure of Spain's ruling monarch and the jealousy of many leaders in the new world. Mendoza came out the next year and set about converting this new land into a home for the adventurers who had helped to conquer it, as well as for the immigrants he brought over from Spain. He was the wise ruler which the new land needed, and soon the country began to prosper. The land was allotted according to the needs of the husbandmen. Young women were brought out as wives for the battle-scarred adventurers, and many settled down to a peaceful life. But there were still a number of adventurers, who were a protection in time of strife but a menace to the domestic peace of the country so long as there were no wars to wage. This class consisted largely of gentlemen and sons of gentle-

men, of loose morals and with little to recommend them save the blood and standing of their ancestors. True, they were reckless in adventure and brave in war, and this class alone made the great conquests possible; but now that the people were learning to herd and to farm—to resume the more quiet vocations of other days—the Spanish cavalier was a detriment and a menace to the state. No family ties were respected by him. He came and went as he pleased; his birth and bravado protected him alike from personal violence and the law. Mendoza realized the danger menacing the nation from this source and began to cast about for some avenue through which their activities might be utilized and fresh conquests made for the Crown, and at the same time the domestic settlements be freed from their presence, no longer needed for protection.

Cabeza de Vaca and his companions were telling of their discoveries in the Northeast, which substantiated, in part, the stories told by the Texas Indian, and the adventurous Spanish blood was already fired.

Influential Spaniards were contending before the Crown for rights to explore and conquer this new region. Even Cortez himself not only contended for the right but actually fitted out an expedition, which came to grief, as did its luckless champion.

The advisers of the King, who investigated these various petitions, reported that as each petition proved that none of the others had any rights nor should have any rights, they would advise that all the petitions be granted in so much; and as De Soto, who had a right of exploration under the old Narvaez patent, was then exploring the country under litigation, no one but the Crown should be allowed to interfere. So Mendoza selected Marcos de Niza, a pious monk of the Order of St. Francis, to lead a small company on an exploring expedition. They started in March, 1539, with Steven the Moor, the same negro slave

purchased from Dorantes, as guide. Marcos sent Steven with a small advance party to find the best route for the main body. As the advance party moved on, Steven sent back such favorable reports of precious stones, cloth, and rich presents given him, especially turquoises, which were abundant, that the army became impatient to push on. At every small village the cupidity of Steven caused him to accept not only the presents of precious stones and other valuables, but also the women offered him. Instead of waiting, as he was ordered to do, until the whole army came up before entering the city, he boldly advanced and held audience with the king, or ruler.

The city Steven entered was one of the many Zuni cities now in ruins. These cities were built of solid masonry and surrounded by a heavy stone wall. The only entrance in many cases was by means of ladders placed outside and others placed inside; they were well fortified when the ladders were removed from the outside, and proved a strong prison when the ladders were taken from the inside. The houses were in some cases four stories high, with flat roofs, and were entered through holes in the roof by means of a ladder. The roof being flat formed the playground for children and served much as our streets do now. Here was the place of congregating for social gossip; here the Zuni maiden brushed the hair of her lover, thus proclaiming their courtship to the world; here the basket makers, cloth weavers, and pottery molders worked in the shadow of the higher buildings. The walls of the buildings helped to form the outer walls of the city, and as the houses were placed close together they formed a strong barrier of defense, as Coronado learned later when he conquered this self-same city that Steven first entered. The Zunis standing on top of the walls rained their arrows upon the unprotected Spaniards, who could scarcely have withstood the storm had it not been for their visors and coats of mail.

From these same house-tops the heroic Zuni woman hurled a huge boulder upon the head of Coronado, so bending the metal of his helmet that he was seriously wounded.

I do not pause here to describe these cities further, as later explorations revealed the location and strength of the many Zuni cities, now in ruins, scattered throughout New Mexico and Arizona. Suffice it to say that Steven was in one of these cities, then in its full strength and beauty.

The natives were, doubtless, superior in every way to the negro. They could not understand how this man, being black, could bring tidings of men who were white, and traditions of these people at a later date say Steven liked too well the gifts and women they offered, so they killed him.

News of the death of Steven reached Marcos, who immediately returned to New Spain, not, however, until he secretly inspected some very rich cities lying in a beautiful valley some leagues east of his direct route going home. These cities he viewed from the surrounding hill-tops, and carried the report of their wealth and power back to the Viceroy. Whatever may have proved false in Marcos' account was doubtless due to his misunderstanding the natives. He afterward suffered for his misconception most acutely, as he joined the expedition sent out by the Viceroy under the leadership of Coronado. He stood the taunts and jeers not only of the common soldiers but of the officers also, and even Coronado abused him as the cause of all their disappointments and failures. He was wounded in an action, and became so melancholy that Coronado, fearing he would die, sent him in disgrace back to the Viceroy. He himself believed every word he told and staked his life and fortune on the truth of his report, so we must believe he was honest. In those days "a rich city" to the Spaniards meant another Mexico or Cusco, "a king" meant another Montezuma or Atahualpa. But explorations have since proved that Marcos did see cities worthy of being

called great, and the disappointment of the Spaniards was due only to their conception of what great means.

Mendoza began to plan an expedition after he heard Marcos' report, as we know, for a double purpose. This expedition was planned on behalf of the Crown, although much private capital was involved. Licenses were granted sparingly and only to cavaliers of good family. A certain equipment was necessary, and many who remained at home mortgaged everything they possessed to equip some poor cavalier so that they might participate in the profits and glory of the enterprise. Scarcely a man in New Spain but was interested in some way. Mendoza personally conducted the enterprise until time to start; he then selected Vaques de Coronado to lead it.

This bold Spanish adventurer was born and educated in Salamanca, Spain. He was of gentle birth and lacked not in pleasing manners and adventuresome spirit, but his life was burdened and biased by a superstitious belief in evil omens. An eminent astrologer told him that he was to become lord of a great and distant country, but that a fall from a horse would endanger his life. And it is a fact of history that, because of this same fall from his horse, he returned from his adventurous expedition of conquest, and Quivera was left to other and later explorers. So we see that the predictions of an astrologer assisted in retarding the exploration of Nebraska.

Coronado married the daughter of the royal treasurer of New Spain, Beatrix d'Estrada. He remained passionately fond of his lovely girl-wife through all his adventurous career and thoughts of her awaiting his return doubtless influenced his decision to leave Quivera unexplored. Her station and wealth assisted in elevating Coronado above the position to which his own qualities entitled him.

In the spring of 1540, this bold Spaniard, who had been made Governor of Nueva Galicia, a province in the west

of Mexico, assumed command of a force of three hundred Spaniards and eight hundred natives. A goodly number of horses, mules, and sheep (the latter for a meat supply for the army), brought up the rear of the expedition.

It must have been a grand sight when this gaily equipped army started from Compostela, a city on the Pacific coast nearly due west of the city of Mexico. "Every cavalier rode a picked horse covered with a gay blanket which trailed the ground; all carried their lances erect, with their swords and other weapons in place at their side. Some were arrayed in coats of mail polished to shine like that of their leader, whose gilded armor, with its brilliant trappings, was to bring him many hard blows a few months later. Others wore iron helmets or visored headpieces of tough bull-hide. The footmen carried cross-bows, while some of them were armed with swords and shields. Looking on at these white men with their weapons of European warfare were the crowd of native allies, with their paint and holiday attire, armed with the club and bow of an Indian warrior. When these started off next morning in duly ordered companies, with their banners flying, upward of a thousand servants and followers, black men and red men, went with them, leading the spare horses, driving the pack-animals bearing the extra baggage of their masters, or herding the large droves of 'big and little cattle,' of oxen and cows, sheep, and, may be, swine. There were more than a thousand horses in the train and half a dozen pieces of light artillery." *

Undoubtedly all the horses found wild on the western plains descended from this stock, as many of them were lost from time to time.

(To be continued.)

*The above description of the start of the expedition is from the pen of George Parker Winship, and may be found in the Fourteenth Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., Ethnological Department.

MODERN FICTION.

PART IX.

BY EDWIN RIDLEY.

Cade: Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? That parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?

Clerk: Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All: He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade: Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

—KING HENRY VI.

If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

—TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

IT is not so very long since "The Greater Inclination," by Edith Wharton, raised quite a dust-hurricane amid novel-reading circles, or when the paragraphing fraternity became quite excited, for the moment, over the declared wondrous charms and originality of that book. And, really, "The Greater Inclination" is a good deal more deserving of public patronage than can be avouched of a considerable number of much more loudly proclaimed and lauded novels and romantic conceits that have since, apparently, superseded it in popular esteem. At that let *it*, and its author, pass.

George Ebers, the author of "Serapis," "Uarda," "Homo Sum," "Gred of Nuremberg," and a number of romances of like high-sounding titles, is pretty generally known, as one who has contributed quite freely to the stock of modern fiction. Mr. Ebers is clearly one of those dreamy, unctuous

German romancers, whose books are much more pretentious than they are intelligible, or of practical avail. They are, quite frequently, comprehensive, but *not* always comprehensible; they are intended to convey great inner meanings, but are singularly devoid of humor and of actual insight and human discernment. Moreover, this particular author impresses one as a strangely affected writer. He may, or may not, have been a positive egotist, but to judge by his prefaces to the various editions of his books, his *Sum* is quite pronounced!

Charlotte Dunning is another writer of creditable current fiction. "Upon a Cast" is a story of American social life, and by no means a despicable one. It is depictive and romantic enough to serve its purpose, and has apparently excited a good deal of amiable critical interest.

The Rev. Thomas James has, in like manner to Sidney Lanier, conferred a distinct boon, in public relation, by his publication of a new edition of *Æsop's Fables*, revised especially for young people, with the praiseworthy object of so modifying and adapting those admirable fables as to render them more attractive, familiar, and comprehensible to the modern juvenile mind. Mr. James's edition is an excellent one—the selections are most apt and comprehensive, while the illustrative features of his book are so admirable as to doubly enhance its value in the estimation of its readers. He was fortunate in procuring the services of such an artist as John Tenniel, whose hundred or more illustrations are most excellent in design and purpose. In view of such services as clergymen of the class of Mr. James and Mr. Hare have rendered, the public may well congratulate itself on account of the conditions which permit of and encourage the devotion of so much talent to such worthy purpose.

W. O. Stoddard's books are quite good reading for young people—for boys—American boys—especially. They are of the historical-narrative and adventurous-depictive variety, and are always interesting and stimulating. And that is say-

ing a good deal; for it is more than can be truly averred of the work of a considerable number of writers for young people.

Ada Cambridge has written several pretty romances; yet she is not at all a widely-known novelist. There is no affectation noticeable about this author. Her books bear no fanciful titles, and are singularly unpretentious: "Fidelis," "The Three Miss Kings," "A Little Minx," and "A Marriage Ceremony" do not bear the ear-marks of a sensational fictionist. This author is an Australian—her marriage name, Mrs. G. F. Cross.

Another agreeable antipodean writer and author is Mrs. Campbell Praed, whose first noticeable novel appeared some years ago under the title of "An Australian Heroine." Mrs. Praed is a native of Queenstown, Australia, and is proudly regarded there as a shining literary light. At least, we gather as much from an interesting paragraph in the *Literary Digest*. "Zero; A Story of Monte-Carlo," is, perhaps, Mrs. Praed's most ambitious and praiseworthy fictional product. But to our thinking, "Affinities" and "An Australian Heroine" are this lady's worthiest literary achievements.

And now, just a few words of comment upon Samuel Smiles' priceless worth as an author—not of *fiction*, to be sure, but of right useful and informatory books for young folks of both sexes, who have the making of their lives before them. It may seem hardly consistent to introduce the name of this veteran thinker and author in a review like this, any more than may have appeared certain other innovations in the course of these investigations and reflections. But, to be candid, these papers have been prepared with a more worthy purpose than that of a merely superficial and pretentious desire to score and berate the extravagances, deviations and shortcomings of the common herd of modern novelists. For they are really intended to prove helpful to those among our readers, who, while always attracted by the subject of fiction, are yet capable of entertaining seri-

ously anything that is intelligibly related to the practical concerns of their own lives and future spheres of usefulness and individual development. And the author of "Self-Helps," and of so many other valuable and interesting books for young people, is one whose life has been a constant source of human beneficence and inspiration, and whose books have done more, perhaps, than any contemporaneous author's to direct and develop the minds and characters of their readers, and to regulate and promote sound thinking and right-doing. By all means, let every young man, and young woman, too, for that matter, get into touch, as soon as he, or she, can, with this fine old Scotch writer's practical philosophy.

Another writer who has striven worthily to prove helpful to others, and to contribute her mite to the common treasury of human advantage, is "Octave Thanet" (Alice French), whose books, while of the fictional variety, have always an important and instructive bearing upon the great social and industrial questions of the hour. They are, moreover, always agreeable and interesting stories. Alice French belongs to a good New England family. Her first literary essay was of the nature of socialistic romance—"The Communist's Wife"—a book which affords ample evidence of a considerable degree of forethought and honest preparation and purpose on the author's part, prior to its actual rendition and publication. "Octave Thanet" does not write merely for "amusement" and sensational effect.

Samuel Warren, the author of that notable novel, "Ten Thousand a Year," wrote better than the generality of fictional composers of his day; perhaps, because more conscientiously. His books are few in number, but excellent of their kind. "The Diary of a Late Physician," and "A Lawyer in Search of a Practice," are clever and original, and sufficiently amusing stories. Yet Samuel Warren never made a profession of writing—was never a professional author. Nevertheless, few of his contemporaries acquitted themselves more creditably or so serviceably in their rela-

tive capacities as authors. "Ten Thousand a Year" is a genuine fictional masterpiece; it is a book that will always be enjoyed by ordinarily intelligent and normally organized readers of sound fiction. Its author had a deep insight into human character, and was a graphic depicter of the foibles and vanities of human nature, as well as of its virtues and redeeming features. Samuel Warren wrote few books, but he wrote well.

William Morris, the great English social reformer, poet, people's advocate, and man of letters of the nineteenth century, wrote and wrought worthily; and such was the quality of his literary service, and such his amiable character and sterling manhood, that his name and works should be universally cherished and esteemed by the great English-speaking race and world. True, he was not a novelist, but a poet; yet his books are, we think, to be classed and regarded rather as rhythmical romances than as actual poems—such books at all events, as "The Story of the Glittering Plain," "News From Nowhere," "The Dream of John Ball," and "The Wall at the World's End." These are really grand moral romances, which appeal effectually to the imaginations and consciences of their readers. But, alas, the light of this author has been quenched; in so far as the space of life accorded to human purpose and effort, in his particular instance, has been cut short by the remorseless sickle of the grim harvester, Death! Happily, however, William Morris—poet, author, artist in the highest sense, social reformer, and high-priest, in the chosen vocation of man of letters and human endeavor—lived and wrought long enough to accomplish much in public behalf. Though he is dead, his books still live and will long continue to fortify and renew the lives and consciences of those who read and cherish them. For William Morris also lived an exemplary life; and one which afforded no possible pretext for quibble or cavil on the part of any cynical and sceptical reviewer or professional literary watch-dog and snapping-cur, forever on the alert to traduce

and depreciate the lives and works of those whose theories and professions do not accord with his own mean standards. And this, inasmuch as William Morris, while really a man who entertained ideal views and one who consecrated his life to the promulgation of exalted principles, yet so adapted himself to actual conditions and so practically conformed his life and conducted his worldly affairs as to have avoided to a remarkable degree the many snares and stumbling-blocks which so commonly beset and impair the usefulness and embitter the careers of exalted minds and natures. Consequently, he so ordered his life and governed his affairs as to enable him to successfully overcome every obstacle in the way of practical human service. His was a *disciplined* mind, and, consequently, an *efficient* one; and his a cultivated and matured understanding. The reproach of "visionary" could never attach to *his* personality. He saw clearly and wrought signally. We have already referred to a number of William Morris's prose works, but have reserved mention of one of the grandest of them all, to wit—"Roots of the Mountains." It is needful to put restraint upon one's self when fresh from the last reading of that great book, in order to speak in sufficiently moderate terms of the impression which it leaves upon the mind. For we regard it as one of the most eloquent and beautiful of human conceptions—as a literary masterpiece. It is a book which exalts the imaginations of its readers, and powerfully appeals to their humanities and innate virtues. It is, indeed, a beautiful picture which the author draws and unfolds before our inward vision, in "Roots of the Mountains." In brief, this book is a subtle and most beautifully conceived allegorical production. In chastity of tone and purity of diction, as well as in its rare and original imaginative qualities and conceptiveness, it ranks among the highest classics. But *all* of this author's books are of exceptional literary worth and interest, and they must needs long exercise a potent and beneficent effect upon the hearts and minds of their more thoughtful and

appreciative readers. In them he voices the hopes and yearnings of the human heart and conscience, and their effects must always be salutary.

Mrs. Kate Tannatt-Woods has written a few fairly good novels. "A Fair Maid of Marblehead" is perhaps one of the best, as it is one of the latest, among them. It is a story the plot of which is laid in Massachusetts. The reviews have said many pleasant things about this lady's books, and perhaps not altogether without reason. "The Fair Maid" seems to have been a very "proper" young lady, at any rate, and that is to the credit of the "Fair Maid's" author.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler is the author of at least one or two "clever" novels—novels of the "bright and sparkling" kind—novels of a distinctively epigrammatic and didactic savor and tincture, one might aver, if not overscrupulous concerning rightful terms and definitions of things and subjects. But, candidly, this author has delivered herself of quite a number of trite and recondite sayings and passages, in the course of her writings, and has so cleverly contrived as to effectually impose upon the amazing want of intelligence of her critics and reviewers, for the most part! Such cleverness, at all events, by no means redounds to the author's professional discredit. And really, her ability to so successfully rehash stale platitudes and trite maxims as to make them amount to a degree and aspect of originality and freshness, attests at least to her resourceful capacities. "A Double Thread," is one of this lady's latest and most imposing fictional works. It is not devoid of interest, either; but is a book which may be read with tolerable advantage and relish by almost any one addicted to the "novel habit."

Miss Mary Mapes Dodge is a bright and accomplished American, who has not only written one or two capital stories, but who is, withal, an exceptionally gifted and qualified journalist. As an author, possibly, Miss Dodge hardly ranks so high as she does in the journalistic field. Nor is this at

all surprising; for, despite the too general impression that there is much in common in the two professions of journalism and literature, there is, in truth, but little or none at all. Indeed, so far from there being any actual affinity, there is a wide and distinct divergence between them, the journalistic mind, rightly regarded, partaking essentially of the mechanical nature, while the genuine literary mind, or the intellect of the author, must needs be creative or imaginative. In fine, the imagination of the author must be constantly kindled and replenished, while that of the journalist stands in constant requirement of discipline and restraint. The imagination of the author, or novelist, would starve on the mental diet which nourishes and fortifies the mind of the professional journalist—what is the one's "food" must be the other's "famine," if not its actual poison! But that is not to infer that the author's imagination is to be allowed to run absolutely wild nor yet that the journalist's is to be unqualifiedly and harshly suppressed. None the less true is it, however, that it is a mischievous delusion of the vulgar mind that the genuinely creative genius is a man, or woman, of marked eccentricity and irregularity of mind and character; that he, or she, may wantonly violate and despise the established and commonly accepted canons and proprieties of life and conduct, with which such minds and spirits, it is assumed, have neither patience nor accord! Now, of course, this is only a vulgar error. Yet it is a most unfortunate and infatuate one, since it conduces to a vast amount of willful and extravagant indulgence on the part of ambitious authors and would-be celebrities, who vainly imagine, on the strength of such an unwarranted assumption, that in order to properly impress the public mind with an adequate conception of *their* intellectual preëminence, they must at least *appear* erratic and bizarre in their every act and mode of demeanor! Hence the vast amount of buffoonery and downright tomfoolery which too frequently attend and discredit literary effort—that straining for effect, and the

sensational resorts of the unholy increment and excrement. And what a shameful aspersion it is to cast upon genius, or misconception of genius, to assume that it is, or can be, inconsistent with, or in any legitimate sense violative of, those Divine laws which govern, regulate and harmonize the conditions and circumstances of human life and conduct! For all genius *must of necessity* accord with and be symbolical of the Divine intent, and manifestive of the Divine purpose—else it is not genius at all, but *mock* genius and pure deviltry. Can any one suppose for a moment that Shakespeare's was an "erratic genius"? or Goethe's? or, to hie back to the far-distant, bygone ages, for a supreme example, Homer's? NO! Never could those grand exemplars and exalted types of the human intellectual powers and range of compass have been aught else than in the most perfect accord with the Divine Spirit, and the governing principles of human life. Their immortal works attest to the serenity, harmony and completeness, as well as to the general grandeur of their souls and intellects. Theirs were the well-rounded, harmonized, minds and characters of men who had extensively *disciplined*, as well as *cultivated*, their minds, imaginations, characters and conduct—theirs the "seeing eyes," the penetrating and embracive insight, and the God-given and faithfully employed talents and endowments of the highest human order. But, "let us return to our muttons"!

We have already observed the comparative merits of one who comprises in her personality, and who unites in her sphere of human purpose and service the somewhat conflictive vocations of author and journalist. And perhaps we have unduly enlarged upon the apparent inconsistency of such attempted unification. However that may be, let it suffice, by way of extenuation, to avow that such indulgence was evoked rather by virtue of the promptings of the subject itself than animated by any special concern on Miss Dodge's account. That lady has neither written

nor attempted anything, to our knowledge, in either of her assumed spheres, of which she has any occasion to feel ashamed or perturbed in the slightest degree.

Professor Harry Thurston Peck is an all-around literary man and character, and his a versatile and virile mind and imagination. Though not a professional author, this gentleman is an accomplished writer of forceful and incisive English. He is, moreover, something of a poet, we believe—has occasionally composed a few graceful verses on various subjects. In fine, so general and frequent are Mr. Peck's literary outpourings and outreachings, that it does not seem out of place to include his name in a paper of this nature. It matters little whether or not he has already written an actual romance, since, such are his embracive compass and catholicity as a writer, it is a tolerably safe conjecture that he *will* commit himself to some such adventure, if spared long enough. In any event, this professor is a very clever man. Possibly some of our readers may have noticed among the various writings of Mr. Peck an able paper on the woman question which he recently contributed to the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*—a paper worth reading, and one which should afford his admirers a considerable degree of satisfaction, and his opponents some food for reflection!

(To be continued.)

IN DISTRICT No. 1.

(An Economic Novel.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT."

CHAPTER XXX.—*(Continued.)*

HENRY took one of Eliza's dainty, warm, soft, velvety hands in his. She trembled a little, but sat in stillness, as of a vision.

"Ah! Eddie, how the new Henry Wyndham has studied his instructor! How well he knows the high soul, the lofty spirit, the generous mind! How he reverences the noble intellect, the trained intelligence, the well-stored memory! How he admires the simple, self-oblivious modesty that makes little of all these great gifts! How he venerates and esteems the sweet temper that is never ruffled, and that cheers and soothes from morn to night, animating and rejoicing the hearts of all — father and mother, and servants, and friends, and visitors, down to the humble guest-patient! How, in the silent recesses of his being, he bows down in adoration, and thanks God that this new life is his! How he would fain kneel at the feet of his instructor and look up into that dear, noble, surpassing face, with eyes that would need no lips to tell their story! Can you guess what restrains him? There, Eddie, is the problem that you were to solve."

The music was hushed; the vision was troubled.

"Can you not say who the old Henry Wyndham was?"

asked Eliza, almost in a whisper. She was very pale, but still sat motionless.

"I knew you would guess correctly with your clear, good sense and your instinct of right, Eddie," replied Wyndham, sadly. "Yet is my new life so jealous of its own new happiness that it longs and yearns to be judged of as it is, without favor or disfavor as regards the past. Tell me, Eddie; do you believe that, as I recline here, I am in the very presence of God Himself?"

"Yes."

"I believe it, too, Eddie. My mother and my father taught me that belief when I was a child, and my own observations have but served to confirm my assurance that we are ever in the awful presence of a Being who is supremely Good, even if not supremely Powerful. I also believe that, here and there, wrapped in poor, frail, mortal envelopes, there are souls so pure and good as to be chosen by this glorious God as His angels to humanity. Believing all this, Eddie, I solemnly state, in the presence of God and of one of His angels, that there is no stain of falsehood, crime, dishonesty, disloyalty, or any other form of dishonor upon the record of the old Henry Wyndham. Do you accept that statement?"

The lovely bosom heaved more strongly. The lovely lips were still silent. But tears gathered in the dark eyes, and the soft, delicate hand pressed the one that was grasping it.

"Ah! how the heart of the new Henry Wyndham is beating, Eddie! He is kneeling to his dear instructor. His eyes are telling of that which passes all other joys. His lips are spelling the sweetest of all syllables. Will she permit him to pronounce it?"

A cry, ineffably musical, issued from that heaving bosom and those lovely lips.

"Henry!"

"Love! My love!"

* * * * *

That evening, at Wyndham's request, a family council was held in his room. Mr. and Mrs. Drax and Eliza were present. The coat was taken down from the hook on the wall, and the papers in his pocket were drawn forth, exhibited, inspected and explained. The situation was felt to be grave and serious, but Mr. and Mrs. Drax expressed a full approval of their daughter's choice. As for E. D., how she inwardly rejoiced that she had accepted her lover for himself alone, while she was still entirely ignorant of the old Henry Wyndham!

"May I express an opinion and give a piece of advice?" she asked.

"This is my answer, dear Wisdom," said Henry, as he kissed her hand.

"I allow we shall have to do as Eddie says," remarked Timothy Drax.

"She always does *my* thinking, dear heart," chimed in Mrs. Drax, looking with beaming eyes and high pride upon the handsome couple before her.

"Well, I think we ought all to be absolutely silent about Henry, until Lyddie returns; and then we ought to do just whatever she recommends."

CHAPTER XXXI.

LYDIA HITS A MARK.

The next day, when the 11 A. M. train arrived at Clyde, a passenger alighted who was immediately surrounded by every employé, to say nothing of every passenger who could make any pretence at all in the way of assistance. One and

all, however, were badly disconcerted by the speedy advent of a burly, brisk, cheery officer, in full Legion uniform, who shouldered his way through the throng with scant courtesy and seized the passenger's valise.

"You're just ahead of me, Captain," said Mr. Simms, the depot-master, hurrying up. And then, addressing the passenger, he added, warmly shaking hands: "We're all growing jealous of him. I did think I should be the first to welcome Missy Doc. back to her kingdom. And *how* do you feel? Have you had a pleasant journey?"

"You are all, by far, too good to me, Mr. Simms," answered Lydia, who could scarcely speak by reason of the nods and smiles she was forced to dispense in every direction. "Yes; I have had a pleasant journey. Everybody was *so* kind and attentive. And how are you all? *You* are looking splendidly. I shouldn't wonder but what you have been surprising the world again with some new invention. How is Mrs. Simms? And the dear little cherubs?"

It took many minutes for the popular young doctor to exchange salutations and a pleasant word or two with everybody; but at length Destiny managed to set her free and escort her from the depot.

"*Enfin!*" exclaimed Lydia, as they crossed the road and stepped on the green. "And now, how's my old friend, Destiny? I see he's looking quite one of the finest."

"He'd be n. g. if he wasn't," replied Destiny. "If a Blauenfeld tonic won't brace a man up, set him down as a back number."

"And so you, too, are joining in the conspiracy to spoil me?"

"Don't talk about spoiling, L. B.! I should like to know who's been spoiling poor Jim Perkins."

"What! Has he written to you already? Then you know ——?"

"All about it," Westeron broke in. "You are the very devil ——"

"Goodness!" cried Lydia. "What next, Captain Richard Westeron?"

"How the dickens *can* I know with those eyes looking at me?" rejoined Destiny, putting on an air of comic distress.

"I suppose that's a joke, but I don't see the point. It certainly doesn't explain why I'm the very black individual you assert."

"Pshaw! I was paying you a compliment, L. B., so you needn't get huffy."

"Huffy! Do I look it?"

Lydia suddenly stopped, and faced half round. The airiest and most graceful of Watteau's nymphs would have retired from a contest of comparison, notwithstanding certain advantages of revelation unpermitted by the bewitchingly neat costume of the little Legion physician. And then, when *such* ankles and *such* a figure were topped by the delicious neck peeping from between the corners of the trim collar, by the dimpled chin and fresh, red lips, by the transparent mockery of the pretty veil that shaded, without lessening the luster of the blue, blue eyes, and by the sheen of the tumultuous brown hair — well! it was no wonder that Westeron turned away with a groan and walked on.

Lydia knew him of old and quietly followed. When they arrived at the round point, she said, pointing to the seat:

"There's where we were sitting, Destiny, last Tuesday night. Let us sit down there again, and then you can tell me all about the situation before dinner."

Westeron had recovered his composure, and gladly assented.

First, he got Lydia to give her statement of the case

and of her discovery of the little spike imbedded in poor Smith's brain. He found that Perkins's letter had been a very accurate record of what had taken place.

Next, he told Lydia of Perkins having sent him the spike and of his having found that it tallied with an apparatus also sent him by Perkins — the two objects together forming a very terrible weapon, which sufficiently explained Smith's murder. He furthermore narrated how Boreen had made some great chemical discovery on examining the articles, though he (Westeron) couldn't pretend to explain what it consisted in, except that it was something about turning base metals into gold.

"I didn't tell Tom you were expected by this train——"

"Ah! *That* was why he wasn't at the depot," thought Lydia.

"Because," continued Westeron, "I wanted to explain all this to you first, as it needs to be kept as quiet as possible. So this afternoon I hope you'll be good enough to go over all Tom's work and then make a joint affidavit with him for me to send off by to-night's mail, with the infernal machine, for exhibition and use by Perkins at the inquest on Wednesday."

"It'll take all the afternoon and part of the evening, too," said Lydia. "*Must* you have the affidavit to-day, Destiny?"

"Yes; if we don't get it to New York in time for the inquest, I'm afraid the idiotic jurymen will return a verdict of death from cause unknown, instead of murder."

"Well, I'll attend to it, Destiny, though I must say I wanted ever so much to go over to Pigeon River Farm and see Eliza."

"And the interesting patient, too!"

"Don't sneer. It isn't pretty for your style of face. I *did* want to see how Mr. Wyndham is getting on."

"He'll be all-fired grateful for your attentions in the end."

"What do you mean? You're looking the reverse of amiable."

"I mean he'll find out you've done so much for him. I shouldn't wonder if he remembers it till he dies."

"How weakly jealous poor Destiny is growing!" thought Lydia. And then she added, aloud:

"Please let us change the subject. How's *your* man getting on? Have you had to arrest him yet?"

"Not much! He's proving to be the ablest mechanic in the township. Birnie's quite stuck on him. I wish I were as sure of everything I want as I am of winning the bet that stands between us, L. B."

"*Chi viverà vedrà.*"

"How's that?"

"It's only an Italian saying which means he who lives will see."

"And we'll see who'll live. You've hit a mark you little aimed at, Dr. Blue Eyes."

"What possesses you, Destiny? What *are* you alluding to?"

"Your Italian proverb, of course."

"I think what I have told you before is becoming plainer and plainer, Captain Dick. You are decidedly smoking more than is good for your nervous system. And now let us go to dinner. I am rather hungry, and I have a close afternoon's work before me."

CHAPTER XXXII.

PROTEUM.

They were in Boreen's laboratory. They had, together, repeated the microscopical examination of the scrapings from the infernal machine, and Lydia had confirmed Tom's determination. They had also looked at the lilac precipitate

and the electrolytic metal. They had freshly prepared some of the former, and, having then calcined it, had found themselves in face of a mixture of the oxides of ordinary nickel and cobalt.

"Well, what do you make of it, Lydia?"

"You've discovered proteum."

"Protayum? And what in the name of all the bothera-shuns is protayum?"

"I will show you some."

Lydia quitted the laboratory, and was absent for some minutes. When she returned she brought with her five small glass sample tubes, each of which contained a number of globules of white, shining metal.

"This is what I call proteum," said she. "The sample in this first tube I extracted from a piece of ordinary wrought iron. In this second tube is a sample produced from bichromate of potash. The third holds a sample obtained from black oxide of manganese. In the fourth, you see a metal obtained from the ordinary double sulphate of nickel and ammonium. And in the fifth is a sample prepared from oxide of cobalt. Now let us test them."

A globule of metal was taken from each tube, dissolved in acid and precipitated with potassic hydrate. The reactions proceeded in exactly the same manner in each of the five cases, and all gave what appeared to be the same lilac precipitate.

Boreen sat wearily down upon one of the laboratory stools.

"Who and what are ye?" said he.

Lydia looked at him enquiringly.

"Faith, I'm sayrious," he continued.

"Then I'll answer you seriously. I am a woman, twenty-six years of age, and an American citizen, as I was born in this country. My father was a German baron, the

descendant of a family always noted for its philosophical pursuits. Several of its members were burnt as wizards in the middle ages. My father was a great friend and ardent supporter of Lassalle; and after the death of that brilliant leader he sold his estates and came to this country, where he married my mother, an orphan, who had been rescued from the wreck of a Swedish vessel on the New Jersey coast, and who had then been adopted by some Philadelphian friends of my father. I lost my father when I was ten years of age, and my mother seven years afterward. I have relatives in Germany, but have never seen them. Of my mother's family I know nothing. My Philadelphia friends all tell me my father was considered the most learned and handsome man in that city, and my mother was the most accomplished and beautiful of women. So far as my memory will serve me I am of that opinion myself."

"And what do they say of you, Lydia?" asked Boreen with a quizzical look.

"They say I'm a crank," replied the young lady with the blue eyes, about which a provoking pucker had gathered.

"I'm thinking there'd be a mighty fine crop for the judges if the criminals were sure they'd be condemned to *that* crank," said Boreen, as he looked, wistfully this time, at his colleague in the long laboratory apron that hid her figure from neck to foot, but could not conceal its charming curves and light graces, to say nothing of the winsome radiant face and the exquisite head with the delicate little ears peeping from under the coils and bright masses of silky, splendent brown.

"Whisht, now! Dr. Boreen," said Lydia laughing; her remark making allusion to a song entitled "Whisht now, wid yure blarney!" which Tom was continually called upon to sing at all the evening parties given in the Burgh of Clyde.

"I thought you were really serious when you asked me who and what I am," she continued.

"So I was, L. B. I misdoubted for the moment that ye were a freak of his Ixcillincy himself."

"You men are patterns of politeness," rejoined Lydia, with a look of intense amusement. "This is the second time to-day that I have been told I'm the blue ribbon *par excellence*. Captain Westeron was one pattern, and you are the other."

"Dick's not risponsible for anything he says or does whin you're near or on the *tapis*, Missy Doc. So what *he* says doesn't go. But what *I* mint was that you must have some supernaytural power about ye. How, in the name of sinse and rayson, was it possible at all, at all, for ye to have anticipated my discovery and projuced your protayum as pat as a tip with a Donnybrook shillelah?"

"How about 'the other fellow,' Tom?"

"True for ye, L. B. I'll admit there's been somebody else at work, too. But that doesn't account for *your* work."

"And so," said Lydia, leaning over an evaporating dish and stirring its contents with a glass rod, "Thomas Boreen is really, really, really afraid of poor little, weak, foolish, Lydia Blauenfeld!"

What a flash lightened up Tom's eyes for a moment!

"May I speak out, mavourneen?" he said, very softly.

"Who and what are *you*?" replied Lydia, still stirring away.

"Is it a *conditio* that you're making?"

"I know of nothing about which I feel myself called upon to make any *conditiones*."

(To be continued.)



Editorial.

The Canadian Modus Vivendi Again.

“Much Ado About Nothing” would be a most appropriate title to designate the efforts of a certain clique of malcontents in the United States who are always parading around with a chip on the shoulder as if to challenge others to pick up a controversy with them. They are seemingly very jealous of their country’s welfare, and fearful lest any of its prestige be lost, yet if they succeeded in attracting the attention they wish, they would have the United States embroiled continually in disputes and bickerings. But, fortunately, not much time or thought is wasted upon these alarmists, and their frequent calls to arms pass innocuously. One of their latest failures to interest public opinion was a hasty and ignorant attack upon the State Department for its participation in carrying out the provisions of the Canadian *modus vivendi* entered into last October. This *modus vivendi* provided for a line to be fixed by an officer of the United States Coast Survey and a Canadian engineer at each of the points where the disputed territory could be entered. These provisional segments of boundary have now been agreed upon, in pursuance of the arrangement made last year.

Under the temporary arrangement, which worries these little alarmists so much, Skagway, Dyea, the Indian village of Khukwan, and other disputed points, are all placed within the United States territory. The United States has conceded practically *nothing* of any value. But, of course, this

provisional fixing of portions of the boundary line is only temporary at the most, and the permanent rights of the parties to the controversy remain as before. Yet this temporary fixing of a partial boundary in pursuance of an old agreement, this placing of a provisional line, which practically allows the United States everything and Canada nothing, has alarmingly disturbed the little minds of these chip-carriers, and they made their usual effort to exploit the discovery of a mare's nest. Our pyrotechnic friends had best subside. If there is to be any demonstration of disapproval over the latest phase of the Alaskan boundary dispute, it may with more reason be expected to emanate from the Canadians than from chronic kickers in the United States.

Anarchy and Its Deluded Votaries.

The assassination of King Humbert at the hands of an anarchist again brings to public attention the fact that there exist individuals and societies whose aim is disorder and whose weapons are conspiracy and violence. It is strange how inconsistent these anarchists are. They glory in anarchy, which is absence of organization, the triumph of individualism over collectivism; and yet to get rid of organized government they themselves organize. They thus unite to promote disunion. Anarchists are as firmly—even more firmly—bound to the rule of the majority in their anti-society societies as are the members of any society outside an anarchistic circles. In union there is strength, and anarchists recognize it while preaching the contrary. There is honor among thieves, and there are law, order, and the subordination of the individual to the will of the majority among anarchists.

But, because mentally aberrated in certain directions, they should not be held absolutely irresponsible, for there is method in their madness and a standing menace to good government and individual safety in their very existence. A man known to be dangerous, even though insane, is not

allowed at large. He is at least watched closely, and so should avowed anarchists be. Once caught in an act or an attempted act of violence summary punishment should follow. There should be as little chance as possible for newspaper notoriety. They love publicity to the extent of courting an opportunity to air their peculiar doctrines, and the greater publicity of trial and punishment you give an accused anarchist the better he likes it. He rejoices that he may exhibit himself in the light of a martyr.

It does seem, however, if the United States and some other countries are good-natured enough to decline to interfere with anarchists and anarchist societies in their midst unless such in some way openly violate the laws of the land, that advantage should not be taken of this leniency to the extent of having license substituted for liberty. Anarchy should be fairly warned that violence will not be tolerated. Somewhat humiliating must be the reflections, therefore, of decent, law-abiding citizens of Chicago, when they remember the Haymarket riot there in 1886, the killing of the policemen, the punishment of some of the anarchist leaders responsible for the outbreak, the raising of \$15,000 by popular subscriptions of a penny each for the erection of a monument on the spot where the riot occurred, a bronze statue bearing the inscription, "I command peace," and dedicated to law and order—humiliated truly must good citizens feel that, at a time when anarchy was plotting to do more of its deadly work, this same statue was removed to another part of the city—because it was in the way of business. Is business so ungrateful to its natural protectors, so avaricious of every inch of ground, that its sacred precincts may not be invaded by a simple metal monument, silent yet significant, a memorial of the past and a lasting warning to evil-doers of the present and to come? Personal security, personal liberty, and private property are the mainstays of business. The first and last of these are endangered wherever anarchy lifts its wretched head.

William J. Bryan's Indianapolis Speech.

Mr. Bryan, candidate for President of the United States, made a speech on August 8th, in which he accepted the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Among other things he said :

Republicans who used to boast that the Republican party was paying off the national debt are now looking for reasons to support a perpetual and increasing debt.

Adlai E. Stevenson, Mr. Bryan's running mate, in *his* speech of acceptance said :

The millions of surplus now accumulating in the Treasury should remain in the pockets of the people. To this end the Democratic party demands a reduction of war taxes to the actual needs of the Government.

In other words, Mr. Bryan says there is an increasing debt, while Mr. Stevenson asserts there is an increasing surplus. It might have been wise for the two gentlemen to have compared notes before delivering their contradictory addresses.

Mr. Bryan charges :

Instead of meeting the issue boldly and submitting a clear and positive plan for dealing with the Philippine question, the Republican convention adopted a platform the larger part of which was devoted to boasting and self-congratulation.

With regard to the latter part of this charge it was unfortunate the Democratic party had no record to congratulate itself upon, else it, too, might have fallen into the disgraceful error of being proud of its past. But with regard to meeting the Philippine issue boldly, and submitting a clear and positive plan of future action, the Republican platform contains the following :

[The Government's] course created our responsibility before the world and with the unorganized population whom our intervention had freed from Spain, to provide for the maintenance of law and order and for the establishment of good government, and for the performance of international obligations, our authority could not be less than our responsibility, and wherever sovereign rights were

extended it became the high duty of the Government to maintain its authority, to put down armed insurrection, and to confer the blessings of liberty and civilization upon all the rescued peoples. The largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and our duties shall be secured to them by law.

What more logical course than the one above outlined could there be? To enter into a detailed plan of proposed government for the Filipinos, when the condition of the islands and their inhabitants is vaguely and inaccurately known, would be the height of folly. To give absolute independence to a people of whom grave doubts exist as to their capacity to maintain stable self-government would be not only unwise but unsafe. Mr. McKinley's course will be to give the Filipinos "the largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare." When he comes to the river he will cross it, not before. Mr. Bryan, however, would immediately jump at the conclusion that the Philippines ought to be independent and be permitted to govern themselves thereafter as they see fit. If the preliminary stable government established by the United States be succeeded by a reign of chaos under the leadership of rival native chiefs, good and well. They are free and independent. The United States may watch the confusion and keep off outside interference, but must not extend its power in the least to disturb Filipino "independence."

Mr. Bryan asks:

Are we to bring into the body politic eight or ten million Asiatics, so different from us in race and history that amalgamation is impossible? Are they to share with us in making the laws and shaping the destiny of this nation? No Republican of prominence has been bold enough to advocate such a proposition. The McEnery resolution, adopted by the Senate immediately after the ratification of the treaty, expressly negatives this idea. The Democratic platform describes the situation when it says that the Filipinos cannot be citizens without endangering our civilization. Who will dispute it?

Mr. Bryan is truly eloquent. Read his ringing words; ponder their meaning; apprehend the contempt he feels for

the Filipinos as possible prospective citizens of the United States! How clearly he sees what miserable material these islanders are of which to make citizens of a republic! How he distrusts their capacity for self-government! Yet what would he do with them? He would not have them subjects of the United States; he would reject them as citizens. Independence is his solution to the dilemma. But if these Filipinos would make such wretched and incapable citizens of the United States, the broadest-minded republic in the world, what, by all that's reasonable, can he expect of them as independent, self-governing members under some native form of government? If they are unqualified to govern themselves as citizens of the United States, how are they better qualified to equitably and stably govern themselves at all? Mr. Bryan's reasoning reaches this *reductio ad absurdum*:

(1) The stable government he would first establish in the Philippines will be some form of a republic; (2) that form will be continued after independence has been granted the Filipinos; (3) the Filipinos are unqualified to be citizens of the most liberal republic in the world; (4) they will, therefore, make excellent citizens of the republican form of government he has put in operation.

Editorial Notes.

SWITZERLAND has long been held up as a model republic. Now it is proposed by a Swiss publication that Switzerland become a State of the American Union. We would take this as a high compliment to the republican form of government the United States enjoys today; but, alas! we are constrained to think differently. How can we be a model republic such as Switzerland might be proud to become a part of, and yet be so avariciously imperialistic and sadly undemocratic as our fellow citizens, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford *et al.*, insist we are? The two ideas are not consistent. No, we are a base, greedy nation, more ambitious than Cæsar ever dreamed of being

(according to the same G. B. and his friends), and Switzerland would be politically degraded by joining her fortunes with ours. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding the said G. B. *et al.*, we do feel complimented that the Swiss do not think us quite so unworthy republicans after all. Is it possible Mr. Bradford is mistaken?

A DISPATCH from John Stuart, Pretoria correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, reads:

The Boers say that President Krüger is contributing to the election expenses of Mr. Bryan between half and three-quarters of a million sterling. They also say that Webster Davis, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Interior of the United States, has received £25,000 toward the expenses of the American campaign.

We do not believe this. Mr. Davis, perhaps, is being paid by the Boer Government—what's left of it—but even the election of Mr. Bryan would not save the South African pseudo-republic.

IN early American colonial days there was considerable contempt shown by the belligerent colonists for the "red coats." There is a *Red Coat* to-day, however, that Americans have learned to respect, and that is the Canadian defender in the late international yacht races for the Seawanbaka Cup. In fact, for three times running the Canadian *Red Coat* succeeded in beating the American challenger *Minnesota*, and the best the American skipper, Griggs, could do was to issue a challenge for another year. Yet some people accuse the Canadians of being slow.

SOME Americans who try to arouse public sentiment against England appear to fear the financial power England wields. But somehow, when England negotiated her war loan during the past month, the United States was allotted over one-half of the £10,000,000 issue. Which goes to show that the United States is something of a financial center, too.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE'S cricket team went to England recently, and won a game from Rugby School by a score of 204 to 80. Three days afterward, however, the Americans played against a team from Cambridge University, and—well, the Haverfordians don't talk much about the second game. The score was not flattering to the cricket skill of the Yankees.

THE Nicaraguan Government appears to be of the opinion that the Mari-time Canal people have had time enough.

THE late Baron Russell, Lord Chief Justice of England, who died on August 10th, was probably more intimately acquainted with members of the American bar than any other lawyer in England. He is said to have boasted of having met 700 judges of the American bar, whose lady members, he said, appeared to make charming juniors.

A DISPATCH of August 2d announces the death of W. Irving Shaw, United States Consul at Barranquilla, Colombia. Mr. Shaw was an alert representative of his country, and his death will be a distinct loss to the consular service. The Vice-Consul at Barranquilla, however, Mr. E. P. Pellett, is also a very vigorous American.

AN Associated Press dispatch reports that riveters and other mechanics in British shipbuilding yards are making as much as \$125 a week. That's nothing. An American riveter (James Jeffries) not long ago made \$12,500 in one evening. He, too, did it under contract with a well-known ship-man, Mr. Sharkey by name.

IN the deciding Anglo-American tennis matches at Longwood for the Davis International Challenge Bowl the Americans won; so the bowl will remain in the United States another year. We seem to be determined to hang on to bowls, and cups, and such athletic trophies.

WELL, it was a decided Red Shirt victory in North Carolina after all. So it didn't take the spilling of gore by either Senator Butler or Congressman Bellamy to make the victory one of carmine tinge.

A MAN the other day offered for a dollar to name the next President. A friend took him up, and the man said—"William." Some people bet only on sure things.

MADE in Germany—the proposed commander-in-chief of the allied forces in China.

SOUND money—matrimony.

STRENUOUS TEDDY!

Personal and Incidental.

IT is with pleasure THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE presents in this number the first installment of a serial by Dr. E. S. Goodhue, entitled "Hawaii First." Dr. Goodhue is a Canadian by birth, but a residence as Government Physician in Hawaii qualifies him to treat his subject accurately as well as entertainingly. As the author of "Verses from the Valley," "Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars," and other works, he has already attracted attention as a writer; and "Hawaii First," we feel sure, will be appreciated for its pleasant humor, picturesqueness of description, and other qualities making it both entertaining and instructive. The installments will be illustrated by Thomas Nast, Robert J. Burdette, C. B. Andrews, and others, as well as by numerous photographs and maps.

Another series of papers beginning in this number will deal with the legends and history of "Quivera," an ancient Indian kingdom once occupying the territory now practically covered by the State of Nebraska. The author of "Quivera," Mr E. E. Blackman, has spent many years in collecting material for the subject upon which he writes.

LORD ROBERTS' REWARD.

Nothing is too good for the man of wisdom, patience, bravery. These virtues are all conspicuous in General Lord Roberts. He is the Marlborough of his time. He is the Wellington of the second half of this century. While he may not have a Blenheim, with rich surroundings, bestowed upon him, or, as in the case of Wellington, an Apsley House in the center of the great city of London, yet he should have the

very highest honors beneath those of the royal family placed at his disposal. Nothing short of a ducal coronet will ever satisfy the generous, the thankful British people. The writer while in India and other British countries this year, and later on shipboard, had opportunities of conversations with officers and soldiers, and never but in one instance was a doubt expressed as to what would be done for Roberts. A widespread sentiment prevailed that the British people always wanted a Wellington, a Nelson, or some prominent soldier or sailor first in the nation's eyes and heart—the one in whom the Crown and people joined their pride and affections.

Being a Canadian I have during the year met many of my countrymen as well as many from Australia and other British colonies. I can say without fear of contradiction that the whole colonial empire offers to stand in an unbroken line in favor of a dukedom for Roberts, and that anything short of this would result in the greatest disappointment.

It has been said by one man that any one with the same surroundings could have done quite as well, but the fact remains that nobody has done it. It was said by the same man that a less distinction would meet the present case quite well enough. The answer is that in the public eye and head this would not create that ideal which would crown the people's hopes and satisfy their pride and affection. By the same objector the suggestion was made that Downing Street must be satisfied; that the jealousy of other military men would so delay a proper reward to the hero as to prove that such rewards upon their merits would never be given again, that is, rewards commensurate with deeds demanding them; and that the voice of the people had ceased to be a power where red tape and plausible shifting about can thwart it. "And, therefore, for those reasons Roberts will never be made a duke." This was the open declaration of a British officer above the grade of captain. I may add that if one man or a thousand men could exert power enough to create a shambling, fast and loose policy

on this point, it would be a very great blow to British patriotism throughout the Empire.

There is no really recognized military hero in the world to-day. Britain, the foremost of the powers, has such a hero. Will she have the common-sense to know this, and in the eyes of her people and of the world make the most of it? Or will she make good Burke's aphorism that the days of chivalry are over, and allow a lot of selfish place-hunters, the givers of blundering advice for months, to retain power enough to cheat the honest hero out of his just reward? It is openly said now that the delay is for the manifest purpose of making up some case against Roberts which may be twisted into a reason for withholding from him what the nation, and particularly the united voice of the colonies, demands for him at this moment.

DAVID GLASS.

S. S. *Arabia*,

Red Sea, July 23, 1900

LOVE COMES BACK.

"Love comes back to his old-time dwelling,
The old, old Love that we knew of yore."

A nation heard across the wave
The war-dogs howl—the sound of sighing—
Saw light in faces strong and brave,
And falling tears for heroes dying.

As mother lists to some old lay
Her daughter's voice is softly singing,
Till all the flowers of life's young May
Around the summer's path seem springing.

So, when Columbia proudly spoke,
"The captive shall not wear the chain,"
The past in England's heart awoke,
And she and we were one again.

One—to make weakness common cause—
To break the bond—to bear the light—
To draw the sword for freedom's laws,
And wrest from Wrong the crown of Right.

—FRANCES HODGES.

THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH'S FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

Queen Victoria has approved the selection of the Earl of Hopetoun, K. T., G. C. M. G., for the appointment of Governor-General for the Commonwealth of Australia. The Earl, who was born at Hopetoun House, September 25, 1860, is the eldest son of the sixth Earl, his mother being Ethelreid Anne, eldest daughter of C. T. S. Birch-Reynardson, of Lincolnshire. He was educated at Eton. In 1875 he succeeded his father. From June, 1885, to February, 1886, Lord Hopetoun was a Lord in waiting to the Queen, and was reappointed in August, 1886. He was Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1887-8-9. From 1889 to 1895 he was Governor of Victoria, and from 1895 to 1897, Paymaster-General. Since 1898 he has been Lord Chamberlain and Chancellor of the Royal Victorian Order. He has been President of the Institution of Naval Architects since 1895, is a Captain in the Lanarkshire Yeomanry Cavalry, and Honorable Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the Fourth Division Submarine Miners (Volunteers). He is also Brigadier-General of the Royal Company of Archers. Lord Hopetoun in 1886 married Hersey Alice, third daughter of the fourth Baron Ventry. His appointment as Knight of the Thistle in the place of the late Duke of Argyll was announced some time ago.

NO ANGLO-AMERICAN CRICKET THIS YEAR.

The secretary of the Associated Cricket Clubs of Philadelphia is in receipt of a communication from S. H. Wood, the captain of the Derbyshire Cricket Club, announcing the abandonment of the tour which a team under his captaincy was to have made here this autumn. Considerable disappointment has been expressed, says the *New York Times*, both in this city and in Philadelphia, over the fact that the trip has been declared off. The team was to have played in New York on Labor Day, and no doubt would have proved a great attraction for the votaries of the game in

this vicinity. It is understood that several of the best players of those who had originally promised to come backed out at the last moment, and that Mr. Wood did not think it wise to bring out any other than a first-class eleven.

In lieu of the matches with foreign teams which are annually played in Philadelphia the Associated Cricket Clubs are now endeavoring to arrange a game with the Canadians, to take place about the middle of September, and also to change the date of the inter-city game with New York, scheduled to be played on Labor Day, to a date later in the month. It is expected that these games would draw out considerable interest and that they would in a measure take the place of the annual international series.

GLASS IN CHINA.

The *North China Daily News* contains the following interview from Mr. David Glass, who is an occasional correspondent of THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Mr. Glass said :

"I came from Vancouver in the steamship *Empress of Japan* to Yokohama, and from Yokohama to Shanghai by the *Empress of China*. During April and May I went over Japan fairly well, when my good opinion of that country was fully confirmed. They are a united people, and have a high destiny. The Chinese, on the contrary, are not united, and, from what I can gather, are wholly wanting in patriotism. The formation of their governing power forces government by sections, while the language differs largely in different sections, whereby the homogeneous character of the people is greatly weakened, reducing their harmony, happiness, and strength. When first I came to Shanghai, the bright, beautiful surroundings greatly enhanced my good opinion of China. Soon after, I embarked on the steamship *Lienshing* for Tien-Tsin, about seven hundred miles to the north. It is estimated that Tien-Tsin has a population of about 700,000 inhabitants. While there, the Boxer rising took place ; the tumult and excitement were quite bewildering.

ing. The streets were jammed with Chinese soldiers and the blue-jackets of other nations, the latter endeavoring to reach Peking, to which place they had been ordered, to protect their respective legations. I was anxious to get forward to Peking to see the capital, the old wall, and other places round there.

"Mr. Drew, of Tien-Tsin, to whom I had letters, was very kind in showing me about the great city, but he advised me that it would be next to impossible to reach Peking, as the railway line had been torn up and some bridges burned.

"The railway station and ground at Tien-Tsin were crowded by Chinese infantry and cavalry, in all about 3,000, in the railway cars and out of them, going, as they said, to put down the Boxer rebellion; but a more lawless, undisciplined lot could not be found. Their conduct to Europeans, women and men, was simply disgusting.

"Apropos of the Boxer rising several have said to me that the British had not acted with sufficient vigor in China, and that it was very doubtful as to their intention of retaining Wei Hai Wei harbor. I am quite sure the latter statement is wholly and absolutely without foundation. On the contrary, on the 9th of June, 1899, when Mr. Walton, M. P., raised the question in the House of Commons, Mr. Broderick, on behalf of the Government, gave it a positive denial and stated that the suggestion was quite untrue. Again, on the 9th of March, the Right Hon. George J. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, said: 'Her Majesty's Government proposed to make Wei Hai Wei, on the north coast of Shantung, a second naval base,' pointing out that it would be a most advisable advantage and of the greatest importance in any operations in Chinese waters, and adding that it was proposed to expend £1,300,000 on Wei Hai Wei during the year, and £1,500,000 next year. Continuing, Mr. Goschen informed the House that the personnel of the navy for the coming year would be increased by 4,250, making a total of 110,640. The two amounts of expenditure proposed would aggregate \$14,000,000 gold. What estimate, if any, was finally passed by the House, I am not aware. The above is at this

moment drawn attention to in order to show the estimate placed upon the harbor by the British Government, and the untruthfulness of any contrary report. Beyond this I know nothing excepting that, while at Wei Hai Wei, I took an interest in the matter and saw some heavy steam-dredging going on in the harbor and earthworks on the land. I was also informed that a number of roads which were pointed out had lately been built within the old walled town, and I heard that a contract had been let for more work.

"I may add further that Captain Perks, of the steamship *Lienshing*, an exceedingly well-informed man, and also an officer of one of the foreign ships now near Tien-Tsin, informed me that this harbor is more commodious and better than Port Arthur.

"From all I know and have heard on the subject, I believe the above estimate of the harbor to be true; and further, that there is no place under British rule where an army of 50,000 soldiers and sailors could be kept more safely and economically than at Wei Hai Wei. And I may add that, in view of the position of Australasia and India, and considering the growing trade of China, it is high time the opinions and recommendations of Lord Charles Beresford were followed. He says: 'I consider it an immense acquisition to our naval strength in the China seas, as, with but a comparatively small expense, it could be made a most efficient and powerful naval base. The island could be fortified at small expense, and it would be unnecessary to fortify any point on the mainland, except, perhaps, one position which commands the western entrance. The old emplacements on the island and at the position referred to are in good order. All that is wanted is that the guns be placed in position. At this moment there is no place in Chinese waters where battleships can anchor so close to the shore. It is an easy place for shipping to make, and, with some dredging and wharfing, might become by far the finest and safest harbor in the north of China.'

"I may add to the above that the British have a sphere

of influence all round the harbor, and that Lord Charles Beresford declares that he gives the above opinion as a naval officer. It is, therefore, professional, and in that way is of more than usual value."

COMPLETE CHANGE.

"Speaking of Outlanders," began the Observant Boarder.

"Who said anything about the Outlanders?" asked the Cross-Eyed Boarder.

"I was about to say that the outs are now the ins."—
Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

St. George's Society Notes.

The benefactory side of St. George's Society is shown by *Charities* the official organ of the Charity Organization Society of New York. This publication says: "The St. George's Society of New York reports 44 pensioners on its roll during the last year. It paid 32 rents, aided 70 with sums of cash, loaned money to 32 persons, 17 of whom returned the loans. Twenty-four persons have been given passage to England; 26 have been aided to go to the country. The receipts for the year were \$6,099.10, about \$4,500 of which was disbursed in direct charity."

Book Reviews and Notes.

BENEATH HAWAIIAN PALMS AND STARS. By E. S. Goodhue, M. D. Published by The Editor Pub. Co., Cincinnati. 8¼ x 5¼ in. 248 pages. \$1.50.

The latest, as well as the most interesting book on Hawaii, is Dr. E. S. Goodhue's "Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars," brought out by The Editor Pub. Co., of Cincinnati. The work is illustrated from photographs and pen sketches by Robert J. Burdette, Jr., and C. B. Andrews, and contains an excellent map of the islands. Dr. Goodhue states in the first chapter that his work is not a history of Hawaii. It is more than a history, being wider in its scope and dealing with subjects of vital interest to an intelligent public. Dr. Goodhue has lived more than three years on the islands, serving as Government Physician, and has given careful thought to every theme of which he writes on our new possessions. There have been a number of books written on Hawaii, some of which have given us false ideas about our island acquisitions. Dr. Goodhue's work will appeal to those seeking the truth. The literary merit of "Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars" is high. It is written in clear, forcible English, the style being simple and charming.

AD H. GIBSON.



ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON.
(Courtesy of Chas. Scribner's Sons.)

Ernest Seton-Thompson, whose "Wild Animals I Have Known" is one of the most successful works of its kind ever published, has just returned with his wife, from a European trip. The charm of Mr. Thompson's books consists in their fidelity to nature, and the interest of the reader is held from start to finish by his masterly treatment of his subject. The "Trail of the Sandhill Stag," a smaller book, is a fine piece of literary work. These books are published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*. Mr. Thompson's latest work, "Biography of a Grizzly," issued by the *Century Company*, has had a very large sale.

Cyrus Townsend Brady, the well-known author of several stirring, patriotic sea tales, was once a missionary in the West. Mr. Brady recounts his experiences at that time in "Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West," just published by *Charles Scribner's Sons*. The book contains anecdotes and reminiscences, full of humor, and of other winning phases of human nature, which give a vivid picture of the daily life of a missionary when Mr. Brady was in the West ten or fifteen years ago.

A collection of patriotic poetry by Bertrand Shadwell, entitled "America and other Poems," has been issued by the *R. R. Donnelly & Sons Company*, of Chicago.

The "War for the Union," and "The Song of America and Columbus," is a book of verses by Kinahan Cornwallis, narrating much of the history of the United States in the form of a poetical panorama. It is published at the office of the *Wall Street Daily Investigator*, of which Mr. Cornwallis is editor and proprietor. The author includes in his work a poetic tribute to the Queen of England, among the stanzas of which are the following :

All hail ! America's proud Mother-land !
Both in religion, race, and language one,
Forever may they prosper, hand-in-hand,
In peace and friendship ever speeding on.

The giants of the Old World and the New,
Forgiving and forgetting what is gone,
Have, through the world, a holy work to do,
Linked in the van of progress, e'en as one.

Behold them civilize where'er they go !
Behold them bring more happiness to man,
And by the light of knowledge raise the low,
While wrong alone is crushed beneath their ban

Yes, may Columbia and Britannia be
In closer bond united evermore,—
United, still to be forever free,
And sway the world, for good, on sea and shore.

The new road map of the country around New York, issued by *Rand, McNally & Co.*, will prove handy to cyclists of the great metropolis.

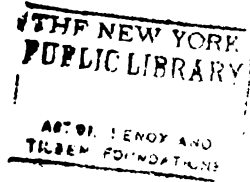
In these times, when politicians are quoting the opinions of earlier statesmen, "The Life of William H. Seward," by Frederic Bancroft; "Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration," by Lucius E. Chittenden, and "The Jacksonian Epoch," by

Charles H. Peck—all issued by *Harper & Brothers*—will be most opportune.

"A Danvis Pioneer," by Rowland E. Robinson, is a story of one of Ethan Allen's Green Mountain Boys. It is issued by *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

A particularly interesting work for travelers is "The Rockies of Canada," written by Walter Dwight Wilcox. This is a revised and enlarged edition of "Camping in the Canadian Rockies," and is finely illustrated. Published by *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

The *Funk & Wagnalls Company* have issued a timely work in "The Imperial Republic," which is a comprehensive discussion of the subjects of imperialism and expansion, by James C. Fernald, author of "The Spaniard in History."



THE
ANGLO-AMERICAN
MAGAZINE.

October, 1900

ROOSEVELT, THE REPRESENTATIVE
AMERICAN. ✓

BY GEORGE BRINTON CHANDLER.

“How beggarly appear arguments before a defiant deed.”

UNDoubtedly the most dramatic political event of the year in this country was the nomination of Theodore Roosevelt for Vice-President by the Republican National Convention at Philadelphia. The spontaneity of the action, the imperiousness with which it overbore his personal opposition, and the uniform and intelligent enthusiasm with which it has been received by the whole people combine to make the event a significant one in the history of American politics.

There are many who see under its spectacular exterior wholesome tendencies and large grounds for encouragement. Some discern in him the inspiring leader of a new school of younger American politicians; others see in the action of the Convention an added proof of the impotence of professional politicians before aroused public sentiment; still others may recognize in it the vindication of the more aggressive foreign policy of which he is popularly supposed to be the prime advocate and representative. There is doubtless reasonable basis for each of these assumptions.

Yet no one of them, nor all of them, will serve completely to explain his substantial hold upon the country as a whole. Neither will any of his pronounced personal traits or achievements serve to explain it. That he is honest, that he is a military hero, that he has been a courageous and efficient public servant in many positions, all unquestionably have contributed to the net result. But considered in his present capacity as a public man of national proportions, and studied with respect to his ancestry, personality, and experience, he reveals another characteristic, more fundamental and inclusive, which gives him a peculiar aptitude for popular leadership, and to which we believe he owes a large measure of his strength with the nation at large. This quality is his *representativeness*. He embraces more sides of American character than any other statesman who has arisen since Abraham Lincoln.

In order that the sense in which this not very common term is employed may be clearly understood, we take the liberty of quoting, by way of illustration, from Professor Woodrow Wilson's "Calendar of Great Americans," which is perhaps the most discriminating classification that has been made of the notable names in our national history. He assures us that "not every great man born and bred in America was a great 'American.' Some of the notable men born among us were simply great Englishmen; others had in all the habits of their thought and life the strong flavor of a peculiar region, and were great New Englanders, or great Southerners; others, masters in fields of science or of pure thought, showed nothing either distinctively national or characteristically provincial, and were simply great men; while a few displayed odd cross-strains of blood and breeding." So might he have added that not every great man who was distinctively American could be called thoroughly representative. For instance, Jackson, whom he has catalogued as a great American, is described as being "altogether of the West." Indeed, only three of the great names that find a place in Professor Wilson's calendar will stand

the test of representativeness. Franklin was a sort of "multiple American." The people of his generation could have found "no spokesman who represented more sides of their character." In Henry Clay, also, we have "an American of a most authentic pattern—his nature was of the West, blown through with the quick winds of ardor and aggression, a bit of the reckless and defiant; but his art was of the East, ready with soft and placating phrases, reminiscent of old and revered ideals, thoughtful of compromise and accommodation." But Lincoln was the "supreme American of our history." In Clay the elements were not fused; in Lincoln they were combined and harmonized. "The whole country is summed up in him; the rude Western strength, tempered with shrewdness and a broad humane wit; the Eastern conservatism, regardful of law and fixed standards of duty. He even understood the South, as no other man of his generation did." Each of these men had absorbed enough of the peculiar traits of the various sections of the country to stand for the whole Union. Each, too, had sufficient appreciation of the various business and social interests to weigh them justly and deal with them judiciously. Each was a great American, but each also was a representative American.

It would be unfortunate if, in associating Governor Roosevelt with these canonized characters in American history, we should seem to have inferred for him a substantial equality with them. No such inference was intended. Indeed, we can conceive of no one to whom such unwarranted association would be more obnoxious than to its distinguished object, whose writings and utterances are permeated with a reverential love for these same great personalities. They have been weighed in the balance of seasoned historical criticism and by common consent have been pronounced "great." This can happen to no living man, least of all to one with twenty-five years of political possibilities and pitfalls reaching before him. But certainly no one of them represented a wider range of our national traits or entered into a larger measure of the national spirit than doe

Theodore Roosevelt. This is our claim. It is in itself a high distinction. It becomes all the more marked when we reflect upon the extreme diversity of social and intellectual type and the wide extent of geographical area to be comprehended by a truly representative citizen of America.

Extending as we do over half a continent, there is displayed by the American people a variety of sectional type scarcely less picturesque than the natural features of the land it has occupied. The older portions have given us the New Englander, the New Yorker, and the Southerner; the middle West has a self-reliant, resolute type peculiarly its own; the Chicagoan is *sui generis*; beyond the Missouri, the coloring is stronger still, and the populist, the ranchman, the miner, and the mountaineer furnish classes that are clear and distinct in tone; the Californian, too, shows markings of keen individuality and strength. All the leading racial types of the Old World are found rooted to our soil. The Irishman and the German leave the clearest imprint upon our social and political life, but it is not difficult to find sections in which the Scandinavian, the Frenchman, the Austrian, the Italian, and the Pole may each hear his own tongue and abide with his own people. In analyzing the character of any public man we should keep these conditions in mind, and remember that until the different elements shall have been harmonized and tempered with an approximately uniform character, the really representative American is impossible.

The Roosevelts are of the sturdy, inflexible Holland-Dutch stock, and their forebears have lived and served in New York with distinction and efficiency for eight generations. They love America for what it is to them and what it has been to their forefathers, rather than for what it can bestow upon them as a largess. Governor Roosevelt is not an essentially wealthy man, according to the standards of New York society, but he understands the habits of thought of men who marshal great financial movements. He recognizes at their just worth the virtues and vices, social and economic, that attach to large capitalistic interests. He sees both sides of the gathering

controversy, and monopoly and populism come in for just shares of denunciation. "There is not," he tells us, "a more ignoble character in the world than the mere money-getting American, insensible to every duty, regardless of every principle, bent only on amassing a fortune, and putting his fortune only to the basest uses—whether these uses be to speculate in stocks and wreck railroads for himself, or to allow his son to lead a life of foolish and expensive idleness and gross debauchery, or to purchase some scoundrel of high social position, foreign or native, for his daughter." On the other hand, he shows us that "There are other men who have made their money exactly as the successful miner or farmer makes his—that is, by the exercise of shrewdness, business daring, energy, and thrift. But the populist draws no line of distinction between these classes. They have made money and that is enough. One may have built railroads and the other may have wrecked them, but they are both railroad men in his eyes, and that is all."

One of the determining currents of American character, outside his own State, with which Governor Roosevelt has enjoyed a most intimate and vital relationship is that of New England, the nation's inheritance from the Puritan. Its love of culture, its ripe and exact thought, its straightforward business methods, its legacy of association, its proper and colorless life, have all had an opportunity to operate upon his character at its most impressionable age. Educated as he was at Harvard University, and having been married to a Boston lady, his mind and heart must have been molded in a measurable degree by the thoughts and ideals of the extreme Northeast. This element of his education may have also contributed to that respect for philosophical truth, which, as will be shown, furnishes an ultimate standard for his public career. So completely has the New England habit of thought filtered through the national structure, that no man who has failed to apprehend and assimilate its main ingredients can lay claim to representative Americanism, and Governor Roosevelt may well count it among his great good

fortunes that he was thrown under its quickening influence in the period of his youth and young manhood.

Another primary section of American life which he has enjoyed rare opportunities for apprehending is that of the South. To one of his political affiliations, lineal descent from its people may well be esteemed a peculiar favor of fortune. In the mutations of political parties and public issues it may become, in the not distant future, of singular advantage to a Republican statesman to be able to understand and be understood by this loyal, but not over-discriminating, segment of American voters. It would seem to be a strange lack of foresight on the part of the aspiring leaders of the North and West that they should have given it so scant and unsympathetic attention. The irresistible compulsions of its social system, its ingrained loves and prejudices, its political bigotry and chivalric valor, its loyalty to caste and sex, are to the political leaders of the North merely interesting social and political phenomena, which it is their business to investigate much as they would look into the Philippine or any other "question." Governor Roosevelt's mother was a Georgian, a daughter of the old Scotch family of Bullochs, which has been distinguished in the civic, military, and social life of the South for generations. In his controversy, or, better, exchange of courtesies, with the Hon. Thomas Watson, late candidate for Vice-President on the Populist ticket, he refers with pardonable pride to the circumstance that "one of my forefathers was the first Revolutionary Governor of Georgia at the time when Mr. Watson's ancestors sat in the first Revolutionary Legislature of that State." Another of the Bullochs was Governor of Georgia from 1868 to 1871, and still another was builder and at one time commander of the Confederate privateer *Alabama*. If, therefore, the boy Theodore absorbed during the infectious times of the Civil War and Reconstruction as much of the mother's sentiment as the average boy of the period, the loves and sorrows and ideals of the Southern people mean far more to him, as a man, than abstract questions to be studied.

But the West, after all, is where his heart lies. His heroes are the "commonwealth-builders" and "wilderness-winners." He loves the crack of the rifle and the smell of new-cut chips. No man has absorbed so much of the legend of adventure or so caught the spirit of the picturesque Saxon frontiersmen who crossed the Alleghanies in the early years of the century and laid the corner-stones of mighty commonwealths. His four-volume work, "The Winning of the West," stands as the authority on the acquisition and subjugation of the vast empire which is now the heart of the nation. With the spirit of the historian and the instinct of the poet, he has examined old records and dug up tales of adventure that form an invaluable historical contribution and furnish the beginnings of what is some time to be our richest treasury of song and romance. His love for Lincoln, who is the supreme product of the frontier period of the Middle West, is passionate and profound. In his "Life of Thomas H. Benton," which appears in the "American Statesman Series," he has dealt with a Western politician. But Governor Roosevelt was born too late to form a part of that great westward movement of the English-speaking people. The fringe of civilization had extended across the Rocky Mountains when he entered upon the activities of manhood, and only in a few delinquent and inhospitable areas was there left the savor of pioneer life. Yet so keen was the fascination with which the frontier had laid hold upon him and so thorough was his appreciation of those unconscious founders of States, that even at that late day he turned his back on the luxurious path of a sybarite of New York clubs and penetrated the Bad Lands of Dakota to feel the thrill of their life and learn the secret of their power. He threw himself into his exile with all his well-tempered enthusiasm and practical good sense. No duty was too irksome nor was any danger too great to find with him a ready welcome. His career showed none of that diletanteism of roughing-it which travels with a retinue of guides and body-servants and touches nature with gloved hands. He carried lumber and

drove nails in the construction of his ranch and accepted the daily routine of a cowboy with democratic matter-of-factness. The summary feat of learning to "bust" a bronco cost him three broken ribs, and his participation in the "round-up" in nowise differed from that of the ordinary laborer receiving his monthly wage. Among a class of men with whom physical courage is the badge of superiority, he commanded obedience, loyalty, and respect. The men who saw him coolly empty the chambers of his rifle into the brain of a grizzly bear and spring aside to avoid his infuriated charge, recognized instantly a peer of the craft. He fought his successful fight with a typical "bad man" in the combined saloon and office of a hotel in which he was obliged to stay, and was made sheriff of his county by the suffrages of as brave and desperate men as ever carried forward the outposts of civilization. In all things he acquitted himself as an unchallenged frontiersman. Thus was he able to penetrate the shell of the taciturn herdsmen and to establish himself as their chronicler. The three volumes, "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," and "The Wilderness Hunters," occupy the same authoritative position in this department of American literature that "The Winning of the West" does in its own. We need not search for reasons why there was a stampede of ready-made heroes from the hither slopes of the Rocky Mountains to fill the ranks of the Rough Riders when the names of Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt appeared as sponsors for the regiment; nor is there cause for wonder that the giant cowboy, Henry Bardshaw, rushed to the personal service of his colonel at San Juan when his orderly had fallen, and, unmounted, charged up the hill by his side. He remained by Colonel Roosevelt in the same capacity to the close of the war. It was an instinctive act of devotion on the part of a brave man who had found a leader who loved and understood him. For

**"There is neither East nor West, Border nor Breed nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the
ends of the earth."**

We may say of Roosevelt as Professor Wilson says of Franklin: "He will stand the final and characteristic test of Americanism; he would unquestionably have made a successful frontiersman, capable at once of wielding the axe and of administering justice from the fallen trunk."

But by no means all of the elements of our national life and character to be assimilated by the representative American may be marked off by geographical sections. The congestion of masses of people of all races and conditions into urban districts has called into existence an entirely new set of questions, to which East, South, and West must apply themselves in common. To the statesmen of the older school these were an unknown quantity, and the leaders of national politics at the present day seem disinclined to give them more attention than is necessary for a successful manipulation of the colonels and captains who control the individual voters. They are willing to unload those unsavory problems upon theorists, reformers, clergymen, and political bosses and heelers. But Governor Roosevelt knows them at first hand. All the vice, crime, squalor, poverty, and filth of the "other half" are an open book to him. During his incumbency as Police Commissioner of the City of New York he and Jacob A. Riis worked side by side for the practical amelioration of the condition of this unfortunate segment of society. Few men have had his opportunities for an intelligent investigation of these questions.

The fearlessness with which he approaches problems that the leading politicians dignify only by dodging is characteristic of the man and of the real American in him. At a time when we occasionally see the scions of wealthy families in our larger cities relinquish their birthrights and turn their backs on the nation that gave them all they possess, it is refreshing to find this representative of an old and distinguished New York family exhibiting Americanism of the most virile type and speaking out the disgust that is in him. His utterances show him to have as little sympathy as any one with the demagogues and revolutionists

who inflame the passions of the people against foreign nations and nourish the embers of a worn-out grievance; and he doubtless shares the humiliation of many others of his fellow Americans that any international marriage that is prominent enough to excite their envy or cupidity should have its radiance smudged out by chauvinists and news-mongers. But for the tawdry ostentation that "cringing, begs a crumb of praise," Governor Roosevelt and all other wholesome Americans have nothing but denunciation and contempt. "The man," he tells us, "who becomes Europeanized, who loses his power of doing good work on this side of the water, and who loses his love for his native land, is not a traitor, but he is a silly and undesirable citizen. He is as emphatically a noxious element in our body politic as is the man who comes here from abroad and remains a foreigner. (Even if the weaklings who seek to be other than Americans were right in deeming other nations to be better than our own, the fact yet remains that to be a first-class American is fifty-fold better than to be a second-class imitation of a Frenchman or an Englishman.)" But it is easy enough to denounce that sort of thing. It is when he approaches the other phase of the problem that he encounters questions about which public men tread gingerly. It takes courage to say, "We welcome the German or the Irishman who becomes an American. We have no use for the German or Irishman who remains such. We do not wish German-Americans or Irish-Americans who figure as such in our social and political life; we want only Americans, and, provided they are such, we do not care whether they are of native, or of Irish, or of German ancestry. We have no room in any healthy American community for a German-American vote or an Irish-American vote, and it is contemptible demagoguery to put planks into any party platform with the purpose of catching such votes." Again he tells us: "It is an immense benefit to the European immigrant to change him into an American citizen. To bear the name of American is to bear the most honorable of titles; and whoever

does not so believe has no business to bear the name at all, and, if he comes from Europe, the sooner he goes back there the better." Again: "He must revere only our flag; not only must it come first, but no other flag should even come second." Speaking of the public school question, with its sensitive religious associations, he says: "We stand unalterably in favor of the public school system in its entirety. We believe that English, and no other language, is that in which all the school exercises should be conducted. We are against any division of the school fund, and against any appropriation of public money for sectarian purposes." On the other hand, he affirms that "when any secret society does what in some places the American Protective Association seems to have done, and tries to proscribe Catholics both politically and socially, the members of such society show that they themselves are as utterly un-American, as alien to our school of political thought, as the worst immigrants that land on our shores." We need not be surprised that the politician who has the hardihood to utter these bold truths was not dismayed by Spanish bullets at Santiago.

Another leavening current of national life is that of the doctrinaire. The ideas of this indispensable and much-misunderstood class of citizens he estimates with the seasoned judgment of a trained and practical mind. Politicians are disposed to dismiss them with a contemptuous sniff. Governor Roosevelt, too, in certain of his impatient passages may seem to have underrated their function in furnishing that "current of true and fresh ideas," that ideal and unapplied knowledge, which is at once the monitor and beacon of any stable and growing society. While he is engaged in giving and receiving body-blows in the hurly-burly of practical reform, it arouses his ire to see the mere critics, who never *do* anything, or those neutral souls whom he happily dubs the "timid good," draw off and sulk in their tents because the workers and fighters find it impracticable to revolutionize society at one stroke. In his indignation he says

some sharp and biting things about them. It is the same kind of indignation that he expresses at the spectacle of Abolitionists of Boston passing resolutions condemning that much-cumbered Lincoln because of his un-ideal conduct of the Civil War. Yet a fair reading of Governor Roosevelt's written and spoken utterances shows that he gives to the doctrinaire and the scholar far more attention and estimates their services at much higher utility than do most of the leaders in national politics. His essays on such works as Pearson's "National Life and Character," Kidd's "Social Evolution," and Brooks Adams' "Law of Civilization and Decay," show that, amid the sweat and stress of the battle with the concrete, he finds time to fellow with those more cloistered spirits who are aiming to give to the world standards of action based upon ultimate truth and right reason. As Matthew Arnold says of Burke in his generation, "Almost alone in England, he brings thought to bear upon politics, he saturates politics with thought."

It is by certain of these professional humanitarians that Governor Roosevelt has been criticised for giving countenance to the precept, "One's country, right or wrong." They are mildly scandalized that a man of his influence should give utterance to such un-moral doctrine. This point illustrates admirably a not uncommon difference in methods of reasoning between those who deal in theoretical truth and those who deal in practical truth. It gives emphasis to Frederick the Great's famous remark that, if he wished to punish a province he would let it be governed by its philosophers. Properly interpreted, Governor Roosevelt's position is absolutely right and eminently logical. As he affirms, "Love of country is one of the elemental virtues," like love of family. Of course, a man should do all in his power to induce his country to adopt that course which he thinks to be wise and honorable, but when once a policy has been adopted it becomes his duty to work for it and fight for it, whether he thinks it right or wrong. He has no license to set up a standard of action which he considers right, and then

adopt the policy of rule or ruin. Right and wrong are relative terms; what one set of men think to be right, another set of men think to be wrong. Of course, a man is not obliged to change his opinion because a majority of the people, or the authorities who, awaiting the expression of the people, shape the government's policy, are against him; for at all expedient times he may continue his efforts to put his country on what he believes to be the right track. But so long as his government preserves order, administers justice, educates his children, makes it possible for him to conduct his business and enjoy culture and refinement, protects him in his journeyings and business ventures in foreign lands, and, if necessary, goes to war for him, he, in turn, must render it his unconditional, positive, and whole-hearted support. If he is indifferent, he is disloyal; if he is hostile, he is a traitor; if he secretly exults at its embarrassments, he is contemptible. It will clarify our ideas on all these matters if we keep in mind that, as the world is at present organized and will continue to be organized until many generations after every man now living shall have ceased to speculate upon national obligations, the nation, not the world, is the political unit, and that the individuals, while in a sense its creators, are in another not less vital sense its servants. Governor Roosevelt has brought his strong sense to bear upon a very elementary principle of organized society, and his robust patriotism doubtless will serve to dissipate a great deal of mushy sentimentality. The note he strikes is a masculine one, and will vibrate to the heart-strings of every wholesome American. A misguided humanitarianism that evaporates from lack of political conductors is not less noxious than what he calls "that flaccid habit of mind that its possessors style cosmopolitanism."

Eminently representative of American character is his capacity for effective action. Kipling makes his "William the Conqueror" say, "I like men who do things." That is an Anglo-Saxon trait. Governor Roosevelt's political rule of action is summed up in the following sentence:

"It behooves us to remember that the work of the critic, important though it is, is altogether of secondary importance, and that, in the end, progress is accomplished by the man who does the thing and not by the man who talks about how it ought to be done." In his address to the Annapolis cadets the summer before the Spanish-American War occurred, he told them that "Popular sentiment is just when it selects as popular heroes men who have led in the struggle against malice domestic and foreign levy. No triumph of peace is quite so great as the supreme triumphs of war. The courage of the soldier, the courage of the statesman who has to meet storms which can be quelled only by soldierly qualities—this stands higher than any quality called out merely in times of peace." If this had been said after Santiago it would have sounded like a boast; now it sounds like prophecy. The author of twelve volumes at the age of forty; having served for three terms, once as Speaker of the lower house, in the New York Legislature; the ranchman and hunter in the far West; the Chairman of the National Civil Service Commission at a period when the position brought little honor and attracted the personal hostility and public opposition of every spoilsman in the two houses of Congress; the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, who is accredited with having been responsible for the appointment of Dewey as Admiral of the Asiatic Squadron and for the efficient target practice of the American gunners; the Colonel of the Rough Riders and the most chivalric and efficient figure in the campaign against Santiago; the inflexible Governor of New York, who defied the powerful machine that had threatened him with political death, and compelled the passage of the amended Ford Bill—these represent him in the characteristic rôle of an American who believes in the gospel of action, who puts his trust in the man that does the thing and not in the man who theorizes about it. When he preaches the doctrine of the "strenuous life" to young men, they have a profound sense that they are listening to one whose every word is shotted with an act.

In the life of each man there may come a crowded moment when all the stored-up potency of his past experience is called into action, and the outlines of his character are revealed as if by the unlooked-for play of a flashlight. Such a moment came to Colonel Roosevelt at Santiago. When the flower of the American army had been precipitated, without reconnoissance, into the jungle below San Juan hill, and he saw his young athletes and imperturbable rangers being massacred as they stood waiting for orders that failed to come, he turned to a disciplined officer of the regular army and said: "I don't believe we can take that hill by shooting at it. If you don't care to move, stand aside and let my men through;" and he passed on, followed by his grinning Rough Riders. It was the most representatively American act of the war; the spontaneous expression of pent-up national character—individual initiative, contempt for red-tape, common sense, courage, a delicious flavor of insubordination, a dash to victory—the supremely characteristic word and act of a thoroughbred American.

It is the refinement of historical retribution that a descendant of the doughty, God-fearing Hollanders, who in the sixteenth century held at bay the most powerful armaments that the greatest monarch of Europe could hurl against them and endured all the horrors of Alva and the Spanish Inquisition, should be found the most conspicuous figure in the campaign that banished Spain forever from the Western Hemisphere and reduced her to the pitiable position of a fourth-rate power. The long-drawn struggle between Teuto-Celt and Latin for the mastery of Europe and the possession of the American continent is coming to a close, and the composite Anglo-Saxon race turns to the Orient to face the Slav in a new contest, commercial or military, for the disposition of Asia. We are on the hinge of a great movement. Our brawny, wide-eyed young republic comes to its majority with heart hot for the fray and a face sobered by resolution and responsibility. It is the supreme glory and opportunity of Theodore Roosevelt and his gen-

eration of young Americans that they may be a determining force in shaping their country's policy and career during the first quarter of the twentieth century.

Those who believe in practical politics and party organization, who do not trust to a set of resolutions as the be-all and end-all of political activity, who are not squeamish about getting down and doing unpleasant work, who are willing to yield something to the opinions of others and who do not quit because they may fail to revolutionize politics in a single campaign; those who are not deceived by cries of "patriotism" and "reform" in the mouths of demagogues, who can feel wrath and indignation at corruption or cowardice in civic administration and who stand ready to hunt it to its lurking-places; those who recognize the rights and blessings of capital and labor, but refuse to be intimidated by either of them; those who do not conceive that it is necessary to hate other countries in order to love their own, and who set no limit to American destiny, either in area, in ideas, or in action—may find in Theodore Roosevelt a leader who, if he shall continue to resist the temptations of power for its own sake, will command their most approved public faith and their stanchest personal loyalty. The nation's paramount need is for men who shall be able to dignify politics according to its proper station and summon into requisition the idle forces of respectability. There are a million young men in America who believe in honest politics, who are intelligent, who are efficient, but who go on voting dumbly and accomplishing next to nothing because they cannot find a sure grip and a firm foothold for applying their strength. They need a wise leader who will give them safe issues, a daring leader who will appeal to the imagination, a strenuous leader who does not believe they can take a hill by shooting at it.

MODERN FICTION.

BY EDWIN RIDLEY.

(Concluded.)

Nath: Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.

Hol: This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish, extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion.

—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! All the argument is a cuckold. Now the dry serpigo on the subject!

—TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

H COCKTON'S two books, "Valentine Vox" and "Sylvester Sound," are hardly to be consistently classed as "modern fiction"—in the precise sense, that is to say, of immediate fictional production. Nevertheless, these clever and amusing works appeal so naturally and forcibly to one's interest, and in association with all fictional matter, that it may not be entirely out of place to include mention of them in this series of papers. To those who have not read them, if any there be who actually have *not*, let us promptly commend them to their attention and perusal. They are, indeed, capital novels.

Another writer to whom similar reference might be as suitably accorded is, or was, T. C. Haliburton—Judge Haliburton—whose famous and original book, "Sam Slick of

Slickville," or "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," is one of the brightest and most amusing fictional productions of the period which evolved it. It is a book that, once read, is forever remembered; and it is, moreover, one of the most graphic and incisive of depictions and glad humorous outpour and overflow conceivable of its kind. The author of this book was a Canadian, but a Canadian who was an adept portrayer and a shrewd depicter of human types and characterizations in peculiar American, or "Yankee," relation. He was as clearly a profound student of "human nature," collectively and individually; and this he especially evinced, not only in his "Slickville" emanation and production, but still more strikingly in "Nature and Human Nature."

There is still another Southern author, besides Miss Mary Johnston, who writes stories and romances which attract considerable attention. We refer to Miss Ellen Glasgow, whose recent book, "The Voice of the People," describes so graphically the social conditions and human relations of a despised and objurgated class of people—the "poor white trash," in broad colloquial terms, of the South. This would appear to be a new departure in modern fictional annals; and, accordingly, quite an adventurous one. But Miss Glasgow has acquitted herself creditably: her intense sympathies have apparently enabled her to amply atone, in mode of treatment and general effectiveness, for whatever she may lack of taste and refinement; and she is to be congratulated accordingly. One may differ ever so much with the sentiments and conclusions of this lady in regard to the propriety and professed solution of certain opinions and problems ventilated and treated of in this story, but it requires no great stretch of the imaginative powers to enable one to intelligently sympathize with the author's views and convictions. Furthermore, we are prone to profess a liking for the title of Miss Glasgow's Southern outpouring. "The Voice of the People" is indeed quite suggestive of racy virtue and de-

partiveness; and, no matter what question may be raised regarding the entire appropriateness of the title to a book which professes to describe and exalt the characters and virtues of so despised a class of the American ingredient as the degenerate Southern white conglomerate comprises, there can be no manner of doubt regarding the aptness and veracity of not a few of the author's findings and depictions. There are two distinct classes of white Southerners; and they differ as radically, and the dividing lines between them are as clearly drawn and defined, as ever differed and were drawn the lines of social demarcation between the patricians and plebeians of old times, and throughout the ages. In short, there is little or nothing in common between the wealthy and cultured and the poor and debased classes of Southern whites; and precious little of barely human sympathy, or recognition of mutual human obligations. But, happily, there are, apparently, at least a few, among the more cultured class, who *do* recognize some sort of moral obligation and mutual human relationship—and Miss Ellen Glasgow is one of them.

It is somewhat a "far cry," in immediate modern fictional relation, perhaps, to revert to W. H. Ainsworth's novels. Yet this author's books should always be familiar, and the highly-prized familiars, of all English-speaking peoples—to whom such stories must ever prove fascinating reading matter. For W. H. Ainsworth wrote of, and graphically depicted, such striking scenes and subjects as must always kindle and brighten the imaginations of all true lovers of historical narratives and annals. "The Tower of London," "Windsor Castle," "Old St. Paul's," and "Lancashire Witches" are admirable and improving stories. They are at once fascinating and instructive, and should be bought, and read, and treasured—not merely "drawn" and skimmed over—by all heads of families of the English-speaking race and Anglo-Saxon heritage. They will do the children good, and they will broaden and deepen the racial ties and

sympathies of the scattered and world-encircling nationality which now covers, and in great measure dominates, the four corners of the earth.

S. Baring-Gould's books are not entitled to much serious consideration. They are not, it is true, pronouncedly bad; nor, for that matter, utterly worthless, we suppose. But wherein consists their relative worth, if worth of any kind there is attaching to anything this author has ever written, we decline to so much as attempt to discover. "Little Tu'penny" is commonly regarded as a book of *some* distinctive merit; but wherein, or of what nature, we have not, to be quite frank, taken the trouble to ascertain. "Red Spider" proved more than sufficient to dispel any passing inclination on our part to cultivate farther acquaintance with S. Baring-Gould's writings.

And here once again, just a few words by way of comment upon Tolstoy's loudly acclaimed "Resurrection." Or, more properly speaking, "once again," in so far as reference to the author applies. For we are not quite at ease, on account of our prior references to Count Tolstoy; not that we have any reason to entertain misgivings regarding the correctness of our previous findings (*vide* January issue of THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE) in regard to this author's literary defects and objectionableness—for they are too self-evident—but on account, solely, of the seeming animus which our previous remarks might imply, in the estimation of some of our readers. Now, however *seeming* the animus of such comments and reflections as we may have passed upon this author, we desire to state most emphatically that, notwithstanding his foibles, extravagances, disjointed utterances and clumsiness of rendering and diction, there is much to laud and admire in Tolstoy's chiefest works and most fervent outpourings. That he is a man of some penetration of intellect and of deep human insight and sympathy, is beyond question; and he is to be honored for it. "Resurrection" is as indisputably his worthiest and


most mature production. Still, it is very far from being a genuine literary work; and it is extremely mortifying to readers who have any regard for established literary canons and standards to have their eyes and ears constantly offended and assailed by the senseless pæans and rhapsodies of newspaper paragraphers and critics-at-large, who are forever extolling this Russian count's crude and desultory works and effusions, and proclaiming them as masterpieces. But the chief offence of these mountebanks, and mere human parrots, actually consists in their shameful and infatuate presumption and moral obliquity; since it may be safely averred that not one in a dozen of the tribe has ever read a single book of Tolstoy's intelligently, and that by far the greater number of these eulogists have formed their estimates (or professed estimates) solely by hearsay, or at second-hand only. For Tolstoy can never be a diverting author, to the light reader—or to him who reads for mere diversion. To be read at all profitably his books require much closeness of attention and sympathy. To the intelligent and sympathetic mind, the *matter* they actually contain atones in great measure for their great unseemliness of *manner*, and general literary defectiveness. And, in truth, Tolstoy would appear to be a genuinely *good* man. His books and works all attest as much. His life and works are therefore to be consistently regarded as relatively worthy and as directly promotive of human advantage and conducive to the sum of human happiness. But Tolstoy's most genuine literary work is discernible in his religious writings only—in what he distinctively terms his “theological treatises,” for instance. One may gravely enough question the precise orthodoxy of the author of “The Christian Teaching,” but one discovers in it unmistakable evidences of the sincerity and amiable virtues of this apostle of modern righteousness; while the reader is as agreeably surprised by the plainer evidences this treatise affords of the writer's harmony and consistency of diction and rendition, than any of his novels evinces

semblance of. "The Christian Teaching" is well worth perusal, and will be found helpful to many.

Robert Grant is a writer of no mean quality. He is, in fact, a writer of exceptional capacities. His books are always interesting and inspiring; and they are, besides, quite varied in tone and quality. It is always pleasant to discover the man of letters amid the professional ranks and walks of life; and it is, indeed, a happy augury that at least a few among those who grace the judiciary of the country indicate a predisposition to literary pursuits and honorable attainments in that direction. Elsewhere we referred to Judge Haliburton's literary accomplishments; and it is gratifying to refer, in like manner, to Judge Grant's, in this paper. There is certainly a wide divergence between the writings of these two authors; and there is, as certainly, a considerable divergence in so far as subject matter and descriptive features are to be regarded, between this particular writer's own books. For instance, as between such stories as "Knave of Hearts" and "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," and "Opinions of a Philosopher" and his latest work, "Unleavened Bread." True, there would appear to be some kind of affinity of thought and intent, on the author's part, in so far as these last-mentioned two books, or their subjects, are concerned; but, considered broadly, there is very little in common to be discovered in Robert Grant's books. They are, however, mostly quite worthy, original and suggestive, in tone and purport. "Unleavened Bread" should be read by every one. It is a timely novel. Petticoated rhapsodists and mere wag-tail critics may not care much for it, but there may possibly be others who will seek and find something of uncommon worth and interest in this and in at least one or two more of Mr. Grant's novels. "Unleavened Bread" is the most notable and noteworthy of recent fictional productions.

David Lubin is *not* a well-known or a generally recognized writer; nor is his one book which has lately come under our

notice—"Let There Be Light"—to be distinctively regarded as a novel. Yet to classify it as a social treatise, or as a religious work, or as a literary production of any kind, would be nonsensical. The title of this book is decidedly objectionable, and we have hardly the patience to review it as we could wish. Why *should* so many men and women writers have resort for titles to scriptural sources? It is an irreverent and baneful practice, and should not be encouraged. Now David Lubin may, or may not, be a sincere and courageous advocate of the great human cause; but the bare title of his book evinces the ear-marks of the empiric and copyist, in so far as its author is concerned. Possibly he *has* read Sir Arthur Helps's "Friends in Council"; and, maybe, a few other books which profess to treat of and diagnose social questions and religious issues and influences. But we take it for granted that his researches have been exceedingly limited, and his investigations correspondingly superficial. Yet that is not to say that Mr. Lubin's findings and conclusions are altogether far astray, or utterly meaningless and illogical. For after all is said and done, there is a degree of truth in what he imagines himself to have discovered, in so far as genuine religious influences upon men's lives have to do with the actual final settlement of the great social problem which to-day confronts us—as it has throughout the ages confronted mankind in all the various stages and epochs of human civilization, or at distinct crises of such civilization. But the earnest and intelligent student and investigator of such problems and issues will not be apt to take writers and authors of Mr. Lubin's class quite seriously, since it is obvious to every intelligent mind that it is *not* to "new religions," nor to "new" religious schools and dogmas that we must look for saving help and for "light" that shall not fail; but to those innate, leavening, and gracious and fervent yearnings and promptings of the human heart and soul which are vouchsafed us by a beneficent Creator, and to the example and precepts manifested



and inculcated by the Saviour of men in His revealed Presence and Personality on earth. We stand in no need whatever of a "new religion," but in sore and dire need of a rightful apprehension of the one and only revealed one. In a word: we need Faith and Repentance!

And now a few words of comment upon Rudyard Kipling's vastly overestimated and strangely incongruous story under the title of "Stalky & Co."—a book which, assuredly, it was intended should serve the purpose of an "improved edition" of "Tom Brown's School Days," or, in vulgar parlance, as an "up-to-date" English schoolboy version, of that nature. We have this to say in regard thereto; to wit, that this author has never before so clearly afforded his readers a direct insight into his character and personality as he has done in this production. For who can fail to recognize in the strained and exaggerated depictions of schoolboy life and character in which "Stalky & Co." abounds, or in the singular and redundant slang and manners, and extravagantly veiled, though coarse, sentiment and general conduct of such boys as Stalky, Beetle and McTurk, all those more pronounced idiosyncrasies of fancy and expression which are in a special manner peculiar to the man and author? We should, perhaps, be thankful for this! But we cannot abide the novel itself; which we regard as one of the most vulgar and irrational productions of its kind which has ever violated the canons of good taste and common sense—that is to say, in so far as it pretends, or was intended, to convey a moral, or to inculcate a lesson of any practical nature or intelligible worth. For "Stalky & Co.," or the precious trio of young hoodlums and adventurers, already alluded to, are exceedingly coarse-grained and abnormal characters, whose implied virtues and heroic natures are so equivocal and perverse in their renderings and tendencies as to almost entirely preclude them from polite recognition; while their language and conduct are so objectionable and questionable as to render them well-nigh intolerable. In effect, these young

fellows—Stalky, Beetle, and McTurk—strike one as extremely objectionable, rather than agreeable and wholesome, “types” of British schoolboys; they may be brave, frank, and independent, but they are not gentlemen. The fact of the matter, as it seems to us, is, that Mr. Kipling confounds rudeness and offensive self-assertiveness with frankness and courage: in his desire to make his characters *strong* and *manly*, he wantonly ignores the governing principles and features of *strength* and *manliness*, the truest essence and most typical characteristics of which are *gentleness* and *magnanimity*. But that is not to infer that the healthful, vigorous, manly, school lad should be invariably meek and mild! So far from that, we would rather see him, as he is, almost invariably, full of animal life and spirit—genuine, free-hearted, with plenty of mettle and fight in him. But the well-bred boy, of whatever race or nationality, no matter what his animal spirit and manly nature, will always be found to preserve a certain decorum of manner and expression—he must necessarily be a gentleman, always. It is only because Mr. Kipling *does* actually violate elementary principles too commonly in his painful endeavors to appear original and in his sacrifices to his gross god, Realism, that we are stirred to animadvert upon such incongruous departures and to draw the line of demarcation between his strained conceptions of manliness and *its* more natural and genuine properties and qualities. Mr. Kipling has done much, has written much, to the purpose of tearing off the mask of modern cant and mock-sentiment; but his methods are altogether too violent and offensive, while there is distinct danger in his bare and brutal realistic tendencies and propaganda. In so far as “Stalky & Co.” may have been intended by him to prove an effectual rival, or to serve as an “improved version” of Thomas Hughes’ genuine fictional classic—“Tom Brown’s School Days”—it is certain that, so long as the English-speaking race preserves its original virile virtues and English *literature* survives,

there will be small danger of its proving anything of the kind. "Stalky & Co." can never measure up to "Tom Brown"; nor can the book be rightfully regarded as being at all creditable even to Mr. Kipling's peculiar literary capacities.

Another author, to at least two of whose books we would fain refer, is Mrs. J. F. Willing; and in this instance, likewise, it behooves us to tender an apology to our readers for plain abuse of privilege, in thus introducing so frequently the names and works of authors who are not novelists in the accepted sense and meaning of that term, in a professedly fictional review. But really, we cannot afford to let slip the opportunity to pay a tribute of respect and admiration to the name and worth of this particular writer. Furthermore, it would be a culpable omission, we take it, to thus let pass so excellent a chance to attract (or, at all events, to attempt to attract) the attention of parents and young people, among such as read these "Modern Fiction" papers, to the two chief works of Mrs. J. F. Willing. We refer to "The Potential Woman," a book for girls and young women; and "From Fifteen to Twenty-five," a book for boys. For these books are really admirable—"full of meat," as an egg is, and abounding in genuine information and sound counsel. All parents should have them on their shelves—well bound, withal, and as attractive in appearance as their means will permit. Nor should a girl's, or boy's, education be considered complete until he, or she, has read them intelligently. Such books do more to shape and form the character of the young person who reads them than can be readily calculated or estimated. Possibly the tone of these works may be regarded as somewhat too serious; but then, they treat of serious subjects, and cannot well be otherwise than earnest, didactic essays or treatises, to all intents and purposes.

We must now draw this series to a close. Other authors there are, and in plenty, no doubt, we might treat upon; but times presses, and occasion necessitates.

In another paper, under a title as yet to be considered, and in a future number of *THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE*, we purpose to draw a few direct comparisons between the relative and positive merits and characteristics of dead and living authors, and of their most noteworthy books and works. In short, we propose to apply the "deadly parallel," so to speak, in special regard thereto. Furthermore, it is our intention to group and classify suitably the names of those authors whose books and works are more especially adapted to the needs and advantage of (1) adults, (2) of young people, (3) of small children just capable of reading; and this with the at least well-intentioned view and purpose of correspondingly aiding the miscellaneous and indiscriminate novel-reading adult to an intelligent and advantageous selection and pursuit of good, wholesome fictional literature; and in like manner to relieve to some extent the care and worry of some parents, on account of their sense of responsibility, in regard to the selections of suitable reading for their children—the parents, it is assumed, not always being sufficiently versed in, or familiar with, current literature, whether by reason of want of sympathy or of inclination and opportunity.

This, then, may perhaps suffice as a passing notice of the close of this series of papers on "Modern Fiction." The writing of them has been a pleasant task on our part; and if they have proved in the least interesting and helpful to any, we are abundantly repaid for our labors, and are correspondingly thankful. With this, our "best bow" and most cordial adieu for the present.

THE END.

QUIVERA.

THE HISTORY AND LEGENDS OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN KINGDOM.

BY E. E. BLACKMAN.

II.

THUS the members of the Coronado expedition started on their long and toilsome march of disappointment against the seven cities of Cibola—disappointed because they found not the fabulously rich empire of their imagination, but only a quiet and highly civilized people who cared little for the gold and turquoises of which the Spaniards were so greedy.

Upon Coronado's arrival before the first of these cities the natives were inclined to receive him kindly. They offered presents of cloth and food, for they thought he had come to bless them as had Cabeza de Vaca, when, on his toilsome journey, he tarried with them and partook of their hospitality. But Coronado soon disabused their minds of such thoughts by demanding enough cloth to make every soldier a costume. In vain did the poor natives plead for time that the cloth might be woven. Every thread of their supply was forcibly taken, although wintry weather was coming on and the women and children would suffer from cold. If a Spaniard saw a native with a costume better than his own, he compelled an immediate exchange, regardless of the rank or station of the native.

The cruelty of the Spaniards soon changed the friendly feelings of the natives into hatred, but they did not offer open hostilities until their wives and daughters were molested. Then they barricaded the walled cities and fought until every man was killed. One after another of

these cities was reduced until *sixty-six* of them were subjugated, and the army became tired of fighting where no wealth of gold and precious stones was to be found. Whether there was none of these valuables or whether the natives had hid them, knowing Spanish cupidity, will never be known. The history of this very unequal warfare is rife with blood and rapine. It reflects no credit upon the bearers of the holy faith and was scarcely conducive to making converts. True, the two friars who accompanied the expedition were devout and enthusiastic, but they could do little to counteract the naturally evil tendencies of the Spaniards.

At last, when the natives could bear no more, a deliverer arose in the person of one of them bearing the unpoetical name of "the Turk." This man was a slave in one of the cities of Cibola. He told Coronado of a vast and wealthy empire far to the northeast called Quivera, where he claimed to have been born, and offered to guide the army thither. He said that gold and silver were abundant, that the people were civilized and worshiped the image of a woman by counting beads, and that they venerated the cross as the Spaniards did. (How much of this was suggested by the Spaniards themselves, you can imagine.) He told how the king, called Tatarrax, worked in a garden where the branches of the trees were hung with gold and silver bells which made music as the wind blew. In fact, the blood of Coronado was so fired that he immediately set out to conquer Quivera.

After many days of toilsome journeying over barren plains and through fertile valleys traversed by thousands of buffalo, the expedition halted on the banks of a considerable stream, which could have been none other than the Arkansas. But having seen nothing of a city, and having found no gold in the possession of the natives, the Spaniards began to distrust "the Turk." Against him, also, was the influence of another slave—he, too, a native of Quivera—who was in the company. His name was Yosopete. He insisted all the time that "the Turk" was lying, and that

Quivera was more toward the north; that there was some gold, but not so much as "the Turk" claimed. The wandering tribes seemed to know nothing about Quivera—unless "the Turk" saw them first.

The army, now well nigh exhausted, held a council. Coronado, with thirty mounted soldiers and six footmen, pushed on, and the rest of the army returned, after killing five hundred buffalo for meat.

Onward, over barren plains and through wooded valleys, Coronado continued until he reached the fortieth parallel of latitude. Here he found a very insignificant Indian village. The king was there, but, alas! no holy virgin, no rosary, no golden bells hanging from pendant branches to make sweet music. True, the king had a copper disk hanging from a string about his neck, by which he set great store, but not a sign of gold or silver and no precious jewels.

Coronado erected at this place a cross bearing an inscription and a date. He then hanged the luckless "Turk," who confessed he had deceived the Spaniards that he might get them away from his native city and lose them on the prairie so his people might be safe. He met his doom bravely, and his last words probably contained more truth than what he had told them before: "Still farther north is the great city of Quivera."

However, Coronado did not seek it. He retraced his steps, a disheartened and discouraged man, who never again did anything worthy of note, except, possibly, to become quite wealthy from the income of his vast estates in Western Mexico.

In stating the sources from which I have gleaned the foregoing brief account, I can do no better than to quote from the argument presented by Judge James W. Savage, of Omaha, to the State Historical Society of Nebraska in 1880, and published in Vol. I. of the society's reports. His argument there presented is based upon the source from which I get the foregoing, that is, Castaneda's account of Co-

ronado's expedition to Quivera, 1541, published in the Ethnological Reports, Smithsonian Institution. Following is Judge Savage's argument :

" * * * From Cicuye [the last one of the cities of Cibola visited by Coronado before he started on his march to Quivera] the main body marched about seven hundred miles northeasterly to a considerable river. As all the narratives of the expedition concur in bearing testimony to this fact, there is no escape from it except by the exercise of an unreasoning disbelief. After making all possible allowances for deviations from a direct route and the shortened steps of tired soldiers [every soldier was compelled to count his steps that the distance might be determined], it is impossible to believe that this stream could have been south of the Arkansas. The distance by rail from Pecos to Newton, Kansas, is five hundred and ninety-three miles. By the Santa Fé trail it is probably about the same. That the main body reached a point as far north as that, certainly cannot be a violent presumption.

" From the point where he left his army, Coronado must have proceeded in a direction east of north. 'They diverged too much toward Florida,' says Castaneda. The time occupied in the march by the detachment is uncertain. Castaneda gives it as forty-eight days, while Coronado says in one place that it was forty and in another forty-two days. Taking the lowest of these estimates, and conceding that it includes also the twenty-five days spent by the general in exploring Quivera, there was ample time to reach the Platte, or Republican, River.

" But, again, we have the positive declaration of Coronado that he gained the southern boundary of Nebraska. 'I have reached,' says he in his report to the Viceroy, Don Antonio de Mendoza, 'the fortieth parallel of latitude.'

" It is a fair rule for historical investigators to take as absolutely true the statements of eye-witnesses of a transaction, unless there should be something contradicting their testi-

mony or impeaching their veracity. In this instance not only is there nothing affecting the credibility of Coronado's assertion, but on the contrary it is sustained by numerous corroborating circumstances. Among the latter are the descriptions of the soil, the flora and the fauna of the land of Quivera, which might now serve for a report of the resources of Nebraska.

“ ‘The inhabitants,’ says Coronado, in his dispatch already alluded to, ‘are good hunters, cultivate corn, and exhibit a friendly disposition. They said that two months would not suffice to visit them entirely. In the whole extent of the province I have seen but twenty-five villages, and these are built of straw. The natives have recognized your Majesty, and are submissive to the puissance of their veritable lord. The men are large and the women are well formed. The soil is the best which it is possible to see for all kinds of Spanish fruits. Besides being strong and black it is very well-watered by creeks, fountains, and rivers. Here I found plums, such as I have seen in Spain, walnuts, and excellent ripe grapes.’ ”

Jaramillo, one of his lieutenants, writing some years after the expedition, says: “The country has a fine appearance, such as I have not seen excelled in France, Spain, Italy, or in any of the countries which I have visited in the service of his Majesty. It is not a country of mountains, there being but hillocks and plains, with streams of excellent water. It afforded me entire satisfaction. I judge that it must be quite fertile and well-suited to the cultivation of all sorts of fruits. For a grazing country experience proves that it is admirably adapted, when we consider that herds of bison and other wild animals, vast as the imagination can conceive, find sustenance there. I noticed a kind of plum of excellent flavor, something like those of Spain; the stems and blue flowers of a sort of wild flax, sumach along the margins of the streams, like the sumach of Spain, and palatable wild grapes.”

Castaneda enumerates products: plums, grapes, walnuts, a kind of false wheat, pennyroyal, wild marjoram, and flax.

Gomara, another chronicler, says: "Quivera is on the fortieth parallel of latitude. It is a temperate country, and hath very good water and much grass, plums, mulberries, nuts, melons, and grapes, which ripen very well; there is no cotton, and the natives apparel themselves in bison-hides and deer-skins." [I shall show later that they also wove a coarse cloth, but whether this was used as apparel or not is a question.] * * * [Here follows a page of plant enumeration which is not germane to this argument.]

Upon this march, for the first time civilized eyes looked upon those two familiar denizens of the plains, the prairie-dog and the buffalo. The description of the latter is graphic and quaint: "These oxen are of the bigness and color of our bulls, but their horns are not so great. They have a great bunch upon their fore-shoulders, and more hair on their fore part than on their hinder part, and it is like wool. They have, as it were, a horse mane upon their backbone, and much hair very long from their knees downward. They have great tufts of hair hanging from their foreheads, and it seemeth that they have beards, because of the great store of hair hanging down at their chins and throats. The males have very long tails, and a great knot or flock, at the end, so that in some respects they resemble the lion and in some others the camel. They push with their horns; they run; they overtake and kill a horse when they are in their rage and anger. Finally, they are foul and fierce beasts of countenance and form of body. The horses fled from the buffaloes, either because of their deformed shape or else because they had never before seen them. Their masters have no other riches or substance. Of them they eat, they drink, they apparel themselves, and of their hides they make many things, such as houses, shoes, apparel, and robes. Of their bones they make bodkins; of their sinews and hair, thread:

of their horns and maws and bladders, vessels; of their dung, fire; of their calves' skins, budgets, wherein they draw and keep water. To be short, they make so many things of them as they have need of, or as many as suffice them in the use of this life."

Here, too, is a description the accuracy of which some of us may recognize: "One evening there came up a terrible storm of wind and hail, which left in the camp hailstones as large as porringers, and even larger. They fell thick as raindrops, and in some spots the ground was covered with them to the depth of eight or ten inches. The storm caused many tears, weakness, and vows. The horses broke their reins. Some were even blown down the banks of the ravine. The tents were torn, and every dish in camp broken. The last was a great loss."

The foregoing is a part of the argument used to show that Quivera was once within the present bounds of Nebraska. There is still one more event to describe, without which this would not be a perfect account of this Coronado expedition: A Franciscan friar, Juan de Padilla, who accompanied the Coronado expedition, determined upon the return of the army to New Mexico, to carry the gospel of the cross to these natives. He therefore took several Indians who had acted as guides, and some half-bloods of Mexico, together with a Portuguese, and went thither. After a number of years the Portuguese and an Indian returned to Mexico with an account of the murder of Padilla by the natives. Doubtless the grave of this early martyr is somewhere in the boundless prairies of Kansas or Nebraska.

Thus, upon the boundless prairie,
First the Christian grave was hollowed;
Murdered by a treacherous people
That in time o'ercame Quivera,
Devastated that great empire
That would scarcely have been honored
By a name but through tradition.

Later explorations revealed the fact that Coronado was not really at the capital of this great Indian empire, but at one of the smaller villages on the border of Quivera. In fact the very spot may yet be located by means of the cross which he erected. That cross must yet be in a good state of preservation, and I am credibly informed that the pieces of it are doing service even now as a wall in a well not far from the Kansas-Nebraska line.

Even with the added knowledge of this Coronado expedition we were still tempted to call Quivera a myth, although its historian describes the surface of the country so accurately that we cannot fail to recognize the streams, valleys, and rolling uplands of Kansas and Nebraska. The flora found along the route of the Spaniards and recorded by them is identical with the flora known to exist to-day. But so incredulous is the average mind that little has been made of these coincidences.

Not until 1885 was there any real light thrown on this obscure history so interesting to every true Nebraskan. About that date Buckingham Smith discovered in Madrid, Spain, a manuscript which had been lost for so long a time that no one remembered the things of which it told. True, many writers had referred in a vague way to Penelosa's expedition to Quivera, but they were inclined to think it one of the Count's "fish stories," told to amuse his friends; and we might be tempted to believe it such still if there were no evidences of truth marked on its face.

But the manuscript account of Penelosa's expedition to Quivera in 1662 has thrown such a flood of light upon this heretofore mythical empire that even the most incredulous can no longer doubt that the seat of this great domain was in Nebraska, and that its capital was in Platte County on or near the present site of Columbus.

Don Diego, Count of Penelosa, was born at Lima, Peru, in the year 1624, of quite illustrious ancestry. He was a creole, and held many offices of profit and trust in Peru, but

having some altercation with the Viceroy, he determined to visit Spain. Instead he came to Mexico. His trouble with the Viceroy of Peru may have influenced him to start for Spain and end his voyage in Mexico. He made friends with the Viceroy of Mexico, and soon held many positions of trust under the banner of that country.

Some trouble occurred in New Mexico, and Penelosa was appointed to supersede the governor of that distant and important province. He proceeded thither in 1661, and soon began to cast about for some avenue of escape for his activity, thus hoping to gain high esteem in the court of Spain. The Inquisition was playing sad havoc even with crowned heads in those dark days of religious strife and turmoil. There was no one, however high or however low, but stood in awe of the power of the clergy. However, Penelosa, being in the prime and vigor of life, and clothed with important authority, cared little for this growing power. Being so remote from Mexico and his superior, the Viceroy, he had, too, more liberty than good judgment. His rule came to an inglorious end, for he was swept from his moorings by the power of the Inquisition, and was never able to extricate himself from the fabrication woven around him.

(To be continued.)

HAWAII FIRST.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME DOINGS OF THE KAUI
KODAK KLUB IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

By E. S. GOODHUE, M. D.,

Author of "Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars," "Verses from the
Valley," Etc.

II.

WHERE THE OCEANIDES DWELL.

It would give me great pleasure to visit your beautiful islands.—
William McKinley.

Should I ever have the luck to visit Hawaii—but I do not think
my chances are very good.—*Margaret Deland.*

AFTER eight days of nothing but sea and sky, no matter
how firm his sea-legs prove or how charming the com-
pany may be, the traveler gladdens at sight of land.
Especially land that he has longed to see. Some way or
other, we had expected to find the city of the island perched
upon a summit for the delectation of all who might come
that way, the first thing to be seen from the approaching
vessel. But it was not so, and none of us were disappointed
when we saw instead the brown and reddish-brown peaks of
Oahu, without trace of green; not a palm, not a fern, not
even grass.

We came prepared for anything; but these verdureless
hills, slighted by the guide books now in our hands for ref-
erence, were indeed a surprise. In the distance they looked
enough like California hills to make them attractive to us,
and it was pleasant to know that our well-conned pamphlets
had not covered all the ground.

We imagined to ourselves how we should feel if we were
taking the first look ever taken by any foreigner at this bit
of precious land, this half-way house between America and

Asia: the World's *Ultima Thule*. Here we were, almost touching foot, expecting, when we did, to tell our friends about the wonders of the new land, and plant upon some spot our Flag of Home. No matter what it proved to be, it was new and far away, and in the tropic zone. So long as we were not shaken off into the sea by earthquakes, or baked in hot lava, or eaten by carnivorous residents, or carried back on a tidal wave, we should remain extravagantly satisfied.

We passed Makapuu Point, the head of this island sting-ray, into whose side Honolulu has burrowed, then Koko Head, with its flag and signal station, from which wires carry to Honolulu the words: "*Australia* off Koko Head"; and, as we arrived opposite the Head, Honolulu, twelve miles away, knew that we were coming. Central iterated and reiterated, until everybody knew that we were coming. More than one family were getting ready to greet at the wharf whomsoever they loved that had been across the sea. A little nearer the metropolis, and somebody said, "*dear* old Diamond Head." A young girl said it with tears in her eyes, while a dozen faces turned toward the great, bold promontory, their faces brightening in recognition of the landmark and seamark too. Yes, dear old Diamond Head—we understood it all. It might be dear to us some day, when one of us went away and came back again after such a long time; whether weeks, months or years, it would always be a very long time.

There were the peaks, somewhat bare yet, and the scarred mountain mass, but toward the sea what transformation! The water was like some wondrous spectroscopic sheet, blue, deep blue, green, light green, shades of purple, orange; the colors over the bar scarcely giving you time to classify them—they passed so quickly from one tint to another. It is the sea's expression, I thought. It changes every day like a man's.

"Perhaps we may never see this again, even here where the Oceanides dwell," I said aloud.

"May be," said the Junior Partner, who had regained my side, "these hues are made of the tears and smiles of the sea-maidens that have their joys and sorrows here."

"Yes," I replied, "I have seen the same indescribable evanescence of color in the eyes of women, where smiles and tears so often dwell."

From Diamond Head we followed the beach and its fringe of cocoanut trees, by a larger mass of foliage which we were told was a park, on past Waikiki with a view of Manoa Valley reaching into a hill, and came at last to Honolulu, taking it by surprise except for the telephonic announcement. Diagrammatically, the city is one strip of green running along the beach, and another strip about the same width running upward into the mountain. We took the Captain's word for it that in these strips there was houseroom for us all.

Honolulu is a pretty city, look upon it from whichever point you will. Even a village of hovels would appear picturesque in such a setting. The incomparable sky above, the sea and coast line in front, and the time-marked mountains behind, together forming a picture lovely enough to melt the heart even of a tourist that has not breakfasted to his taste. The town goes along the sea for about three miles, extending from Nuuanu stream to Waikiki. The same width of houses passes up Nuuanu Valley for two miles, forming one of the pleasantest avenues in the city; a continuous line of comfortable and sometimes luxurious homes. There is a principal business street called "Fort," and not "Main," as is the habit with us; and along it are buildings resembling very much the blocks in some Western town. The style is decidedly American, being nothing to brag of. In these are found whatever things man needs, especially tropical man; American, English, German, Japanese, and Chinese goods, often cheaper and better than can be bought in America. As a rule, things are dearer than at home. Queen, King, Alakea, Hotel, and Merchant streets are fairly representative of the city's activity.



DIAMOND HEAD.
Native boat with outrigger in the foreground.

The 7,000 Chinese live for the most part in Nuuanu street and some lanes about the center of town, where they conduct their various affairs. They have a few good stores, and, sometimes, articles can be bought there much cheaper than from the regular dealers.

There is a street running to Waikiki with a car line on it. About two miles out a change is made and a new fare demanded. The same place is reached by a beach road all the way, or a part of the way if King street be followed to Sheridan.

Generally the streets are as wandering as any in Quebec or Detroit, but they are rarely dirty and narrow like many streets in our own cities of the mainland. Indeed, they are remarkably well paved and kept, a fact that ought to impress itself upon the minds of some of the authorities in the city from which the Kauai Kodak Klub gained traveling impetus, because some of them have objected to any relationship with "peoples and cities of unprogressive zones." I wish Chicago knew how to take care of its garbage as well as Honolulu does. I wish it had a Board of Health as efficient and zealous as that of this unprogressive zone.

If the condition of the streets and roads of a country is to be taken as an indication of the advancement that country has made in any direction, then I think that Hawaii, for its age and size, will compare favorably with any civilized land. The Kauai Kodak Klub has traveled over a number of roads in a number of ways, and two members at least have been surprised at the mileage and good condition of roads in Hawaii, even over apparently inaccessible portions of country. L. A. Thurston was the means of having Punch-Bowl road finished, which he did at the expense of much fault-finding and personal abuse, but the road is there.

Punch-Bowl street begins at the Marine Railway, by the wharf, and runs up through town past the government offices, Iolani Palace, Barracks, Hospital, and Royal School,

where the chiefs, among them Kalakaua, were educated. Here the street becomes a road, and curves around the crater named Punch-Bowl. Why it was so called is not clear, unless the early residents were so familiar with punch-bowls that it pleased them to believe this innocent crater had held a fiery, inflammable liquid resembling that over which their noses often brightened and glowed.

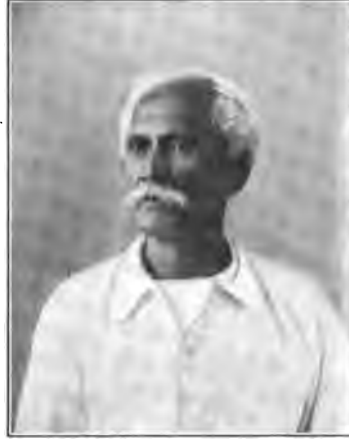
Slowly ascending, there is spread out before one an extended view of the whole country. A branch road leading out to Mt. Tantalus is passed, when the way grows serpentine, and ends in a head where the flagstaff is struck, 498 feet above the sea. The outlook is unparalleled for scope and beauty. Looking below upon the city, the direction of the streets can be traced, and all the large buildings show clearly, the spires of the churches shining through the dark green foliage. Beyond is the ever present and white-capped sea, with the line of shore running in and out from Diamond Head to Barber's Point.

Inland a little from this last point are the Waianae mountains, and between them and Punch-Bowl you see a plain for rice fields and *taro* patches, the Eva sugar plantation with its mill and laborers' houses, then toward the sea the Pearl Lochs, about which so much has been said.

It will be remembered that Pearl Harbor was ceded to the United States for a coaling station, in return for the reciprocity treaty ratified in 1876. The benefits derived from the treaty have been great and continuous, and the value of Pearl Harbor is surely intrinsic. Several hundred thousand dollars may have to be spent before the entrance of large vessels can be made at the harbor, and after the fate of the bill providing for an appropriation for this purpose, it looks as if the money would never be forthcoming. But there seems to be no question about the wisdom of early action in the matter. It is to be hoped that Congress will sink party feeling and look to our Pacific interests.

Pearl Harbor is eight miles from Honolulu, and can now

be reached by railroad, thanks to the enterprise of one of Honolulu's citizens. The lagoon will float all-sized vessels, as it is very deep, eight miles long and one mile wide, being almost land-locked. Rice fields surround it, and look very charming, laid out in squares of all shades of green, from the young sprout to the mature rice. Each field or patch, being in water, is reached by a path built up of the bank soil, and sometimes grass covered. The cultivators are generally Chinese.



NATIVE HAWAIIAN FACE.

The eye follows the line of the Oahu Railway back toward the crater, taking in what lies between it and the harbor, the Kamehameha's boys' and girls' school and their extensive grounds and buildings, Bishop's Museum, the Insane Asylum, Reform School, St. Louis College, Oahu Prison, established in 1852, and the cemeteries.

Turning our backs cityward, we can see the ridge of the Koolau range of mountains running northwest and southeast, forming the vertebræ of the stingray, pierced entirely through to the other side by Nuuanu cut, and threatened by several others like Manoa and Kalihi with peaks ranging from 700 to over 3,000 feet high.

To the left again we catch a view of Diamond Head, the tract of green at Kapiolani Park, and the ponds; while nearer are Manoa Valley, Makiki stream, the Lunalilo Home, and nearer yet, the trees on Thomas Square.

This was all, but it was enough. We had impressions that could not be effaced by whatever later travel.

The air was so balmy, too, in this early April, and soft

showers came down without wetting any one. I would advise the tourist to come up here just as soon after landing as he gets his breakfast and a change of clothes. This general view of Honolulu and its surroundings fits him for detail. It does not prepossess him, but it saves him from the dangers of analysis.

We were wondering where to begin, when the assessor of Kauai called upon us. He did not look like an assessor, nor did he come to tax us, but to invite every member of the Klub out for a ride. Autolycus clapped his hands and cried, "Hurrah for Mickinley!" He began to show his political preferences a long time before the late campaign started, and how he got the idea nobody knows. It was not to please the assessor, for he is a Democrat.

There was a comfortable carriage waiting for us, with the best man in Hawaii to tell us all about whatever we saw. This is how we got to the top of Punch-Bowl, not many hours after we landed, and if we ever visit any other place that is new to us, we have determined to go at once to its highest point, if that be only a barn cupola, and look about us for a bird's-eye view. Attachments that may prove lasting may be formed thereby. And it is always pleasant to have something tangible to cling to, if, on closer acquaintance, you get less pleasant impressions. You have the first ones, which, like old letters and the fragrance of faded flowers, may prove treasures indeed.

We came down the same road for a short distance, then took another branch, still Punch-Bowl road, and faced an easterly direction toward the Lunalilo Home.

On this trip we undertook to admire the *lantana*, just in vigorous bloom (did any one ever see it when it wasn't?), but were cut short by the assessor, who remarked that he had long ago ceased to admire the plant, much less respect it. He hated it because it had become a nuisance, a veritable Hawaiian pest.

"In what way has this poor plant gained your hatred?" I asked, curious to know.

"Well," answered the assessor, his brown eyes flashing in amused anger, "it has come here as a foreign interloper, usurped ground that ought to be held by something useful, and carried everything before it. When once it gets into a field you can scarcely root it out, and it is extraordinarily diffusive, reaching over a large tract in a very short time. Kauai is its tramping ground, and if you saw the miles of *lantana* you could not even crawl through, you would curse it." I got out and broke off a sprig or two, scratching my hands in the attempt; its odor was disagreeable.

"It bears quantities of seeds," continued the assessor, "which the *maina* birds scatter over the country."

Strange, I thought, nobody likes a thing that spreads itself.

That same evening this fact was brought out forcibly by the talk of a dressy tourist who was at the hotel. He signed his name, "Professor Doctor M. R. C. S., F. R. S., M. G. S."

Some one has said that Honolulu in its appearance is a mixture of American, Mexican, and English. I think its plan is *sui generis*. It is not ashamed of its native origin, nor of its native customs and people. Most of the street names are native. The Junior Partner especially found fault because the names of the streets are not placed where they can be seen. Often indeed, they are not placed anywhere but on the map. We noticed that some of the shorter streets were called by English names in honor of prominent families resident there. We came into Wilder, Dole, Beckwith, Green, Thurston, Bingham, Smith, and Alexander streets, on different occasions. The private houses are generally built for comfort, being airy, light, and cool, and surrounded by a garden in which are found some or all of the many varieties of trees and plants that grow here. No particular architectural plan has been followed, wherein lies one of the city's charms.

At home, some predominant style is to be seen in whole streets, or throughout a small town, leaving no chance for

the betrayal of individuality. Nature is never guilty of such blunders, and we have her omnipresent example. These cities laid out in squares, with streets crossing at right angles, may be convenient, but they are far from attractive. The same truth applies to the much advertised little city placed amid its orange groves and mountains, in Southern California. It would be more beautiful if its miles of cypress hedges were not all after one pattern, if the cypress trees had been left alone and not cut into baskets, anchors, pillars, arches, globes, and what not, if indeed, there were in it a single spot that was not trimmed into man's way until it had become oppressively artificial. That is where some good humanitarian (or vegetarian) ought to organize a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Trees. When we were there we often longed to get away somewhere—into the Mojave desert, where God's own conceptions had not been turned into a matter of dollars and cents.

Here we have a grass hut well covered with vines, or an Indian bungalow neighbored by trees that might be at home in India. Next is an old New England house, natural except in its closeness to palms and passion vines, while near by is a large modern house, Queen Anne style. There may be an English cottage and every flower that could be induced to transfer its patriotic allegiance in one lot; and some Japanese or Chinese extravaganza in the next. Trees are distributed about the various grounds in systematic disorder, and you don't see many beds of hearts and anchors, at least I have not. Many of the houses have what is called here *lanai*, meaning in native a veranda, but really a large room three sides of which are windows, and the other open, with a screen that can be drawn down when necessary. In this may be found a dining-table, couches, and light furniture, mats, and pots of orchids, palms, and other ornamental shrubs. In some of the native houses this room is a veritable conservatory. The grounds about a few of the places are large, and covered with nearly every variety of plant life.

There is scarcely a limit to the list of plants and trees that thrive here, and as for vines, Hawaii seems to be their home, from the forest lianas to the seashore convolvulus and ipomea.

I take a delight in repeating the names of the floral family—mango, monkey-rod, cinnamon—but I know that to many such catalogues may be dull reading, so I desist. When I was a boy, my library consisted chiefly of flower and seed



HAULING DOWN THE OLD FLAG.

catalogues, and for my art gallery I was indebted chiefly to Vick. This literature made a pile a twelve-year-old boy couldn't have jumped over, and came from every seedsman whose address I knew. I have a little note from E. P. Roe saying that he had just sent me his new list of small fruits.

A love of flowers seems to have become general in Hawaii. Even the Portuguese and Chinese have a few tree-ferns or begonias ranged along the door-step. Among the

most beautiful royal palms that I have seen are those lining the driveway to the Queen's Hospital. I have thought that I would rather fall sick and be brought here than never to have seen these noble trees. The Queen's Hospital was established in 1859, and subsequently endowed by Queen Emma. It owns a tract of forty acres at the base of Punch-Bowl. Until recently a tax of \$2 was imposed upon each arrival, the money going to the support of the institution.

Iolani Palace, with the Bungalow, and the Executive Buildings and their beautiful grounds, stand about midway between the foot of Punch-Bowl and the sea. In the Palace royalty lived and held court, while close by the Legislature meets in the government building, which contains all the government offices. Upon these grounds were enacted many of the scenes of both revolutions, and Mr. Dole's proclamation was read from the steps of the Palace. When we arrived and went through the Palace, the ex-queen Liliuokalani was a prisoner in the next room.

The institutions of the city are numerous and well equipped. The Sailor's Home, built in 1894, and furnished with even the luxuries: a library, accessible to all, containing 11,000 volumes and current newspaper and magazine literature; a Woman's Exchange, similar to our own; an efficient fire department; the Punahou Preparatory, and the High schools; and many churches, of which the Central Union deserves special attention. This church has a building worthy of any large city, and a good membership, with all the auxiliaries of the modern church. We entered it one evening for the first time. The full church, the light, the music of the choir and pipe organ, and the gowned minister, reminded us forcibly of our own city churches. I understand that the membership of this church is wealthy, and that large sums of money are given yearly for missions and Sunday-school work. The church is supposed to be Congregational, but in it are Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, Universalists, and Unitarians. All seem to be united

in the various lines of Christian endeavor. Besides these churches, there are several Chinese schools and missions, and many charitable organizations.

A feature of Honolulu is its museum. It was founded in memory of Pauahi Bishop by her husband, and contains one of the largest and most complete collections of Hawaiian relics known. It does not fall short in any particular, and the student that wishes to study any Hawaiian product, ancient or modern, need only come here to learn. There are rare specimens from Polynesia and the South Seas, and, indeed, from all parts of the globe. Two or three days may be spent profitably within this treasure-house.

Honolulu has just sent to the mainland for an engineer to come and establish a good water and sewerage system for the city. The old waterworks laid in 1861 cost \$45,000.

The telephone, which was introduced into Honolulu in 1882 by C. H. Dickey, has become very general, not only on Oahu, but throughout the islands. The smallest wants are made known over the 'phone. The butcher wants to know what he can do for the cook, the woman of one house discusses dressmaking with the woman of another, somebody whistles, somebody else plays the violin, and often Chinese, Japanese, native, and English words come to the ear at one time, forming a combination equal to Volapük. I jotted down what I heard one afternoon, and copied it for Autolycus. It is very original, and he enjoyed it so much that he committed it to memory. It may go down to posterity. The following is a part of it: "Ang-sang-ang, and bis-bop-boo, b-z-z-z and moo moo moo; chit-chat-chang and flip-flop-floo, till will nill and sing sang soo; ermago-magorry grim gram graw, yockle yackle yickle pick pack paw; gee-whizz-whoop and yoo-whoop-hoo, holly wolly nook, snip snap snoo; ipse fassy doodle, wickle wackle woo; jack-a-lory fishkill, zachariah din, kally folly log-a-nock, lick a-latta pin."

The city is well lighted, not only by moonlight at proper seasons, but every night by its numerous incandescent lamps.

One lovely evening, when artificial light was not necessary, we passed through the grounds of our hotel. We thought that we had never seen such clear moonlight, as it fell through the trees and cast the shadows of palms across the street. The air was delicious, too, charged with the fragrance of gardenia and jasmine. We went with the crowd, and soon found ourselves in a square called "Emma," with trees again, and flowers and seats and a round band-stand flushed with electricity. The seats were being filled rapidly, so we took one under a large monkey-pod tree not far from the band. At eight o'clock its members gathered on the rotunda, their uniforms and instruments flashing in the light. Men and women sat on the seats, and promenaded along the walks, aisles we might say, for the tree-tops almost roofed the square. There were native men, women and girls, many of them with *leis* about their hat-bands or necks, chattering in their soft, musical language; half-whites, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, negroes, Samoans, South-Sea Islanders, and representatives of the various people we call "white." Here the Portuguese are hardly thought of in that connection. The sight of these people in their different costumes, the scented air, the strange foliage, the notes of plaintive airs produced a feeling pleasurable indeed, and worth coming far to experience. It might not last, and was due to new impressions, wherein is the joy of travel in foreign lands. What we see is, to us, what the world about him is to the child, who lives in a continual ecstasy.

But we had learned to love a park for its own sake, particularly one in which nature is not held in leash. We had spent many an autumn afternoon under the deep-dyed leaves in Lincoln Park, confidential meetings had been arranged in Garfield, Douglas, and Jefferson Parks more than once, and in one of these rustic houses, vine-sheltered enough for any lovers, we had agreed upon a certain matter that concerned us more than any one else. We had loitered under moss-

festooned trees in the South, taken a bath of spray in Monumental Park, and stretched ourselves in the grass on Put-In-Bay Island; sketched with our backs up against Cleopatra's Needle, made plans for a comfortable old age as we spread our luncheon in some shady spot among the graves of Mount Auburn or Forest Hills; and sat for hours—how many a time—under the old elms of the Common. So I doubt if we ever would have tired of coming here of an evening, no matter how near by we lived.

The band played American and German airs, with an occasional Hawaiian piece. The original band was organized in 1871, and had twenty-five members. The concerts are held several times a week in some one of the many attractive spots in the city, and are free, the players being paid a salary by the government. The Mexican government also employs a band to satisfy its music-loving citizens. When Autolycus was six months old we entered the land of the Aztecs and heard Mexico's famous band. The piece that struck the fancy of Autolycus was "After the Ball," and, I have no doubt, it seemed particularly suggestive to him.

Having seen Emma Square under such pleasing circumstances, we determined to visit the other parks, but before we could get away from the hotel we had a concert on the grounds. It was almost a repetition of the entertainment in Emma Square, except that new music had been chosen, and merry dancers were having some fun of their own on the *lanai* of the hotel.

The next morning we walked down to the post-office, then got on a street car, or tram-car, as Anglo-Hawaiian nomenclature has it, bound for Waikiki and the Park. There was no one else but a Chinaman on the car, so we had things our own way. In a few moments we came to a large building, the Kawaiahao native church, begun in 1839 and finished two years later. It is said that each native member contributed a block toward the building. The King gave \$3,000, and \$3,000 more was contributed by others. We

rattled along the Waikiki road in easeful, tropical fashion, across the Makiki Bridge, through rice patches, banana groves, and by the fish-ponds which form a cancellated tissue between the road and the sea. From a bridge crossing another stream we could see the "Long Branch" baths, at the beginning of a beach that is a beach.

Waikiki deserves its reputation, for it is very beautiful. You can see it if you fancy yourself transplanted to some coral island where the beach is a curve of pure white sand, where the skies are blue and the sea bluer, and where tall palms wave their feathery foliage in the balmy air. You can add to this by introducing some natives in their *malos* riding surf-boards, or paddling with egg-shaped oars their outriggered boats, and you will have only a weak picture of the indescribable loveliness of the place. I don't wonder Honolulu men and women like to stay here. We should ourselves. There are cottages and grass huts scattered all about, the shore homes of many of Honolulu's citizens. The hotel has a branch cottage here which has been called "*Sans Souci*." In it Mark Twain stayed over thirty years ago. Waikiki was once the capital where Kamehameha I. had a residence. Here is a cocoanut grove said to be two hundred years old, and Mark Twain was no doubt looking upon it when the idea of comparing the feathery tops to "feather dusters" occurred to him.

The bathing is excellent, as the water is warm, the bottom sandy and sloping, while sharks keep beyond the reef. There is some tobogganing into the sea, but what is more interesting, and what may be seen sometimes, is the surf-swimming of the natives. I am told that the young men of this generation are not as proficient in the art as their grandfathers were. I do not know, but possibly the natives, like ourselves, may be prone to exaggerate the virtue of unfamiliar days gone by. At any rate, surf-swimming was a popular and common sport. The riders, each supplied with a well-seasoned board, made of some native wood, highly

polished, and from six to ten feet long and about one and one-half feet wide, swim out to sea to the farther line of breakers, then, lying upon their boards face downwards, poise themselves with sprite-like adroitness, scarcely touching the top of the crest, and fly spray-covered back to shore.

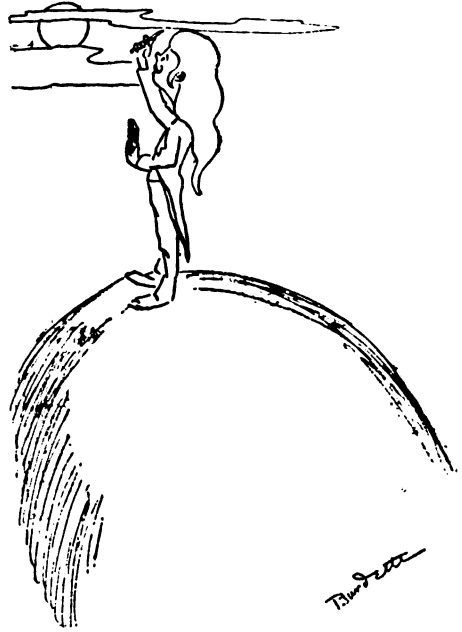
Not far away, on the road to Diamond Head, is Kapiolani Park, laid out in reciprocity year, covering two hundred and sixty acres of land, with all manner of magical trees and shrubs, and interspersed with lagoons formed by the union of two mountain streams that go to the sea. There are islets reached by rustic bridges, and Makee Island, named, I suppose, in honor of Captain Makee, a famous old timer who had a home at Ulupalakua. The island has seats, trees, grassy spots, and is a favorite picnic resort. The place is idyllic, and has without doubt helped on more than one love story. There are twelve miles of tree-lined drives, and at stated periods the government band plays to the trees and the people that may sit under their spreading arms. We noticed the large banyan tree as greedy of more land as any Anglo-Saxon, planting one foot after another upon its neighbor's territory. The limits of the park reach to Diamond Head, which rises with a quiet but bold dignity over the lovely spot it guards. It seems to feel its importance, yet without assumption. It is 700 feet high, and abuts the sea, which sometimes in a storm breaks upon the rocks in sheets of spray fifty feet in height, dashing and thundering as if it could get angry under such skies.

At the base of Diamond Head was built one of the famous Hawaiian temples, of loose stones, 130 feet long and 70 feet wide. Upon the walls were fixed the heads of Kiana, King of Oahu, and those of various chiefs who fell with their king in the great battle up Nuuanu Valley. In 1807, when Queen Keopuolani was sick, three men were slain and offered as sacrifice in this temple.

We had luncheon in the Park, under a large, dark green

native tree, that dropped its dead crimson leaves upon our seat. The sun was sinking. We remembered that twilight did not linger here, and that we had better be going. But we turned our eyes toward Diamond Head, which was flushed with colors that we stayed long to see. We have ceased to ask why so many artists paint Diamond Head, and shall be charitable toward any man who has tried to picture its beauty upon dead canvas. The artist that paints Diamond Head as it is, by sunrise or sunset, need never paint another picture except for the love of it.

Perhaps we should excuse so many for trying to paint out here—the provocation is so great. We all possess a genuine love for beautiful things, especially natural scenery, and it is only a few of us that have the good sense not to let the instinct make fools of us. If we prove strong enough to master an impulsive desire to be nothing but artists or poets, we may find that we are capable of doing tolerable good doctoring or blacksmithing. Aspiration is all well enough if we aspire only, but the man who attempts to make a ladder that will reach to Jupiter may be laughed at for his pains, and find his ladder too short to serve even for a fire-escape from a second-story window.



"HE USED TO CLIMB TO THE TOP OF A HIGH HAYSTACK."

I knew a young man of fair ability, but little culture, who worked on his father's farm. He had good muscle, and enough genuine sentiment to be stimulated by the beautiful scenery he could look upon every day from the hay-field. But he lacked common sense. He was not content merely to enjoy scenery and rake in hay; he must tell the world how he felt, and tell it in rhyme. Accordingly he resigned his position on the farm, let his hair grow long, and took to raking in stanzas, which, unfortunately for the author, had neither the fragrance nor the money value that the hay possessed. He used to climb to the top of a high haystack in his father's field, pencil and pad in hand, thus meeting the muse half way, and sit there for hours at a time. In fact, some moonlight nights he would not come home until morning.

"He sets there moonin' like a blame fool," his father said to me, "an' his appertite h'ain't nuthin' what it used to be when he worked. D'ye think he'll projoos anythin' wuth sellin'?" And the industrious old man eyed me sharply, as he handed me "some of the projoos." It began:

"There's nothing like a fine moonlight,
There's nothing like the sea;
There's nothing like a passing cloud
To all the world and me.

"It thrills my very inmost soul,
I cannot toil and spin;
I feel uplifted to the sky
By something strong within."

As the car runs from Waikiki every quarter of an hour, we soon had a chance to return home. On our way back we noticed some *taro* patches we had not seen before. The *taro* (*arum esculentum*) grows for the native. It is his staff of life much more truly than bread is with us, for, with enough of it and some raw fish, he cares for nothing else. Princes, potentialities, and powers—what are they to *poi*! It is made from the cooked *taro* root, or tuber, pounded up into a soft, pultaceous mass, then soured by standing. It is

eaten without anything in the way of sauce or flavoring, the native dipping his index and second fingers into it and, with a flourish quite peculiar, transferring the paste into his mouth. This is done with such a relish that no cynic could stand by to cavil. It goes to the right spot, and what is still better, stays there, even when the stomach is most rebellious. It is much used in sea-sickness. The *taro*, partially prepared for pounding, is done up in bundles wrapped in *ti* leaves, and sold as *paiai*.

The sun streaked Manoa Valley as we came opposite. At its entrance is Oahu College, the highest educational institution in the land, and bearing an enviable reputation for thorough work. What might prove more interesting than the college itself, is a night-blooming cereus that covers the stone wall about the grounds. It is said that some of the flowers are twelve inches in diameter, and that 8,000 or 10,000 have been seen at one time on this wall.

Now we approached the city, with its lights twinkling through the foliage, by groups of laughing, dark-skinned men and women, whence the notes of the *ukulele* reached us, accompanied by a voice or two in minor key, singing words we could not understand.

Then we got out and went to our rooms, sorry enough that in this unconventional land, we had to be so conventional as to go to bed.

(To be continued.)

THE CANADIAN ROYALTY IN THE YUKON. ✓

BY WILLIAM HENRY LYNCH.

II.

IT is urged that the royalty is a serious damper upon the investment of foreign capital. This might be true and yet not be a matter of concern, for a gold-field rich enough to produce what has come out of the Yukon under the conditions of the initial period will under the improved conditions that will follow be rich enough to furnish gold for its own development, and in abundance. Gold from outside is needed only to make the development more rapid, and rapidity of development is a matter that concerns only the individual who is impatient for his gains, not the country, which seeks only its own, come it sooner or later. The gold of the Yukon is in safe cold storage.

But the royalty is not an essential deterrent of capital. What is the plea? Says Reuter's correspondent, in the London papers:

It is not too much to say that the investing world was ready this year (1898) to throw millions into the Yukon. The conditions are not favorable, and for this season, at least, the benefit of the capital is lost. During my sojourn here I have met a large number of men representing capital from the United States, England, France, Germany, and other places; and with few exceptions they inform me that they have had to advise their principals that the royalty makes it impossible to operate safely excepting under the most favorable conditions in other respects.

The royalty is only ten per cent. of the output. There is still ninety per cent. to cover cost of production and profits. The only mines that cannot be operated safely are those wherein the cost of production runs close to ninety per cent. of the output. Any mines wherein the cost of

production is less than, say, eighty per cent. of the output may be worked, and with a substantial margin of profit. If the general cost of production runs so close to ninety per cent. of the output that the mines that can be operated are the few exceptions, the field would not be one to justify "millions" being "thrown" into it in a single year. If the conditions were as stated, capital would need to be extremely cautious, for it would be bordering closely on risks and would have few compensatory chances of unusual profits.

But why does capital concern itself so greatly with this ten per cent. factor, and take so little thought of that other one, nine times as great—the ninety-per-cent. cost of production? To reduce this ninety-per-cent. factor to eighty would be equivalent to wiping out the smaller factor altogether. Until it shall be shown that this ninety-per-cent. cost of production is an impregnable quantity, no attack on the lesser factor is logical. When the experts whom capital employs shall have learned that it is the royalty which is the impregnable quantity they may then be taught a lesson in analysis, and may find that the larger factor will bear reduction to more than cover the lesser factor—it may be to cover it several times over.

Let this be made clear. Where there is a fair margin of profit even now, the question is closed. Let us take the case where the cost of production and the royalty equal the output. Cost of production is \$90,000; royalty is \$10,000. In the following table will be seen the relative profits that arise from given percentages of reduction, or reduction in the royalty and in the cost of production, respectively:

PERCENTAGE OF REDUCTION.	IN ROY- ALTY, \$10,000.	IN COST OF PRODUCTION, \$90,000.
10 per cent. reduction will leave profit of	\$1,000	\$9,000
20 " " "	2,000	18,000
30 " " "	3,000	27,000
40 " " "	4,000	36,000
50 " " "	5,000	45,000

To cut down the royalty one-half would give a profit of \$5,000 out of an output of \$100,000, and *almost twice this profit—or \$9,000—can be secured* by a reduction of the cost of production of *only ten per cent.!*

This situation, therefore, affords a margin for reduction of cost of production to the extent of ten, and it may be fifty, per cent. Any mining expert who cannot see this fact is incapable of analytical investigation and should give place to an economic or business expert.

The situation in the Klondike is such that the entire removal of the royalty would be inadequate to the need, while only a partial improvement of other conditions that press for amelioration would make any reduction in the royalty a very unimportant factor, and therefore wholly uncalled for. One may present in London at this moment (1899) a far stronger inducement for investment of capital in the Klondike than would be an announcement of the abolition of the royalty. It would be a demonstration of the fact that the Yukon is in a transition state, and that future conditions, already in sight, assure a reduction in cost of mining at least to the amount of the present royalty, with the possibility that it will be three or four times that amount. Here is a speculative basis for capital that may well relegate the royalty cry once and for all to the past.

The real tax upon the mines of the Klondike in the past has been not the royalty but the cost of mining, which later, in the early future, may be greatly reduced. This change would completely relieve the situation of any serious burden, if it now exists. A close study of the situation leads me to believe that the cost of mining in the Yukon might soon be reduced from twenty-five to fifty per cent. at least. Let me illustrate the effect such a change would have. Out of an output of gold of \$100,000 the royalty is \$10,000. Of the \$90,000 left, let us say the cost of mining is \$40,000; if it be no more than that, it means that the miners have netted \$50,000 out of an output of \$100,000, which is something not

to be complained of. If the cost of mining now be \$40,000, a reduction of twenty-five per cent. would mean a saving of an amount equal to the present royalty. If the reduction be fifty per cent., it would be a saving of \$20,000, or twice the amount now collected as royalty! Such a change would increase the value of every mine in the Yukon. But my friends, the miners, insist that the cost is greater than \$40,000; it is more likely to be \$60,000 or \$80,000. In such a case the change that awaits them is even more to their advantage. If the cost be \$80,000, a reduction of twenty-five per cent. will increase their net returns by \$20,000, or twice the amount of the royalty—twice as much as in the former case.

In this illustration I have used the output as an aggregate, but the scale of reduction applies to all mines equally, and the argument therefore holds good for each individual case.

The rapid development of the mines of the Klondike, under the existing conditions of the early period, is a proof of their great value. The wonder is not that no more gold has been mined but that under the exacting and unsettled conditions there has been so great a production. Klondike mines, even when worked under so serious a handicap as has always existed, have yielded such extraordinary results that they have been valuable properties. As the conditions of the future will be easier and easier and will materially lessen this handicap of the initial period, the only change, if any, that would be warranted would be not a reduction of the royalty but an increase.

The output of Nova Scotia for thirty-six years has been about \$13,000,000, and it is a creditable showing. Yet the gold output of the Klondike for 1897 and 1898 was equal to this whole gold production of Nova Scotia, and no doubt this total will be exceeded by the Klondike production for the present year (1899). So different are the conditions between the two gold-fields, it easily may be that a two per

cent. royalty on the Nova Scotia output has been a heavier one than a twenty per cent. royalty would be in the Klondike after this year.

A close observation of the conditions in the Klondike has not led me to seek a reason for the small output of gold; the wonder is that these gold-fields have already produced so much. Leaving out the royalty altogether, the Klondike is handicapped by cost of supplies and extravagant methods in a way that would forbid any mining at all except of ground phenomenally rich. If the Klondike has so easily and profitably yielded up millions under these restrictive conditions, what may it not do when so much of the handicap shall have been removed as should soon come about, even if the royalty be untouched. When the handicap shall have been removed it will yet be time to urge the necessity of reducing the royalty.

Here our correspondent and myself seem to come to a point of agreement. He says :

In spite of all these difficulties the actual output is conservatively estimated to be eight millions of dollars, with a possibility of another million or two, or even more, if the summer diggings on the hills and benches continue to turn out as well as they have done of late and if the majority of the dumps thrown out last winter are washed out this summer. Ten or even eight millions under such unfavorable conditions is, it will be admitted, a wonderful output for a district that has practically only two producing creeks in it being worked, the combined length of which would be about thirty miles, of which only a portion contains pay dirt. For although there are several other creeks being developed and which are already producing gold to some extent, by far the larger proportion of the total output up to the present has come from Bonanza and Eldorado; and if two creeks can do so well under every possible disadvantage, what might be expected of the district if such creeks as Dominion, Hunker, Sulphur, Quartz, Bear, Eureka, and many others, some of which have already been demonstrated to be as rich as Bonanza and Eldorado, and all of which have proved to contain gold in *paying quantities*, had reached the same stage of development as the two older creeks, as certainly they would have done under more favorable conditions?

One could hardly present a stronger case for the royalty. Here are two creeks so handicapped by cost of supplies that on many claims there was only one man where under other conditions there would have been half a dozen, and there were many dumps unwashed; and yet in this small area of about thirty miles, only partially worked, the larger proportion of the Klondike millions has been mined! Not satisfied with such an enormous yield as this, wealthy mine-owners smuggle all they can out of the country or leave their dumps unwashed, and make these very acts the basis for a cry against the "mistaken policy" of a withhold of ten per cent. by the Government from which they obtain the "exclusive privilege" of mining the ground.

An option on a five-years' lay of all the mines of Bonanza and Eldorado would be one of the finest propositions one could ask to place before investors; and the investors would not need either to evade the royalty or to agitate against it.

A most striking fact is found in the practice of letting out these undeveloped claims on what is called a "lay." The usual share allowed the "layman" for digging the gold is fifty per cent. of the output. If the real gold-digger can allow the mine-owner fifty, or even twenty-five, per cent. of the output, the mine-owner can well afford to concede to the Government its moderate share of ten per cent. The mine-owner himself practically holds the mine from the Government "on a lay," but on such liberal terms that he is allowed, not twenty-five or fifty, but ninety per cent. If gold-diggers can afford now to develop mines and dig on a "lay," on a fifty per cent. basis, they will be likely, under the changed conditions of an early day, to be able to "work a lay" for half that percentage. The mine-owner will take advantage of this change in his favor; but as a layman himself to the Government, instead of recognizing the right of the latter to increase the withhold, he puts in a plea to have it abolished altogether! In doing this he is wide of a logical position, and when it is so put to him he does not take issue

with this conclusion. The Government action here indicated seems not to be the waiving of the reasonable requirements that are so openly and flagrantly evaded, and actually paraded as arguments for their abolition, but the more stringent enforcement of the conditions upon which the miner holds his privilege.

Our correspondent continues:

It is surely not going too far to say that without the royalty and with plenty of supplies at reasonable prices, the Klondike would have produced more nearly twenty than ten million dollars of gold this year; and now that the men and supplies are here in ample sufficiency, if the royalty were taken off, or greatly reduced, next year's output would certainly reach the larger amount.

I am not willing to admit that the abrogation of the royalty would have increased the output to any such extent. Though supplies are plentiful they are yet at prices far from reasonable, while the general situation, independent of royalty, continues to be a handicap on the mining of gold.

But what is the object here set before us to be gained as a compensation for loss of a revenue of ten per cent. of this large output of Klondike gold? An increased output of gold under these almost impossible conditions; a more rapid exhaustion of the limited store of wealth of our national treasure house, and this at a cost of production that is excessive, even extravagant, and that will be reduced by delay. That is all. It needs but the removal of the royalty and a continuation of other past conditions to reduce to a minimum the value to the Dominion of these "wonderfully rich" gold mines.

Among the objections marshaled against the royalty is the fact of idle men in the Klondike. It is not necessary to go to the royalty to account for idle men in Dawson. In the peculiar conditions existing there during the past season would be found an ample explanation, independently even of the labor market. Many men went to Dawson with no thought to work as laborers, and unwilling to do so, however

great the inducements. In the very letters in which the royalty is charged with the fact of idle men, the London correspondent himself gives a true reason for this condition.

"Many men," he says, "who would have stayed to develop claims on the newer creeks last winter had to leave the country because they had not sufficient food to carry them over till the spring, and there was none to be had for love or money in Dawson. Many of the miners on Bonanza and Eldorado *had only one man at work when they would have had half a dozen if supplies had been plentiful*; and now that food is plentiful and cheap, the miners are *unwilling to take out the gold when a tithe of all they take has to go to the Government.*"

Logically, it is the unwillingness of the miners to dig the gold, not the reason or object of that unwillingness, to which is chargeable the effect. That unwillingness may be dealt with in whatever way may be indicated. The more potent cause for delay in mining operations can also be logically considered. When food cannot be got "for love or money," a ten per cent. royalty becomes relatively a very unimportant factor. Even when supplies became plentiful, they had not yet become economically cheap, nor ceased to be an important factor in the problem. That factor, too, may be duly considered, and in the meantime the royalty interest need not be sacrificed, illogically, to the natural unwillingness of mine-owners to remit to the Government their very moderate share of the output.

Some of the arguments against the royalty are stated from the standpoint of the country's interest. This sort of argument is sometimes open to suspicion, in that the mine-owner naturally is less concerned as to the interest of Canada than as to his own gains. I will deal here only with the argument as expressed for the mine-owner by Reuter's correspondent. Mr. White says:

All these things mean an enormous loss of revenue to the people of Canada; and the simple truth is that in order to grasp a few hun-

dred thousands that they saw the certainty of seizing from the present hardworking producers, the Liberal Government of Ottawa has thrown away the possibility of millions in additional commerce, customs revenue, traffic receipts, and a dozen other ways in which the Dominion as a whole would have enormously benefited by a really substantial development of mining in the Yukon, such as would certainly have taken place this year under more favorable conditions.

After so alarmist a showing it will be comforting to the people of Canada to be assured that whatever "possibility of millions" existed before, continues to exist and may be held to by the Government as stoutly as it has held to the royalty itself. The possibility can exist legitimately only by virtue of the assured digging of the gold, and I have shown here that less gold would have been dug had the royalty been abolished than will be dug under the more favorable conditions that will come about in the near future.

Since it is the purpose of the Government to secure a surplus revenue from the mining fields, a royalty is one of the least burdensome of the means available and is in the interest of the larger number of miners. Other charges upon the miner fall upon him whether he finds gold or not. This is true of all of them—of licenses and recording fees, annual representation dues, taxes—everything. All such charges the miner must pay from the very beginning, from his store of capital, whether they are to come back to him or not. He must pay them at a time when as a gold-hunter it is likely that his means are limited and his wealth only prospective.

Not so with the royalty. This is to be paid not out of the initial capital, and be a hamper to one's purpose, but only out of one's already acquired wealth, and would be always a very evidence of success. It never would be a loss, for it could be nothing else than a *percentage of one's gains*, and always a limited and moderate portion. I refer, of course, to the royalty based as suggested in my report.

With the royalty adjusted as advised, in a way not to be

burdensome to individual miners, and the principle of it understood, it is likely to find its warmest champions among the prospecting miners whose stake is yet to be made.

There is still another argument that should of itself dissipate any claim made by the miners that the royalty is an unfair burden. It is the high value put upon the mines, even upon the undeveloped ones. The only men who are leaving their dumps unwashed are in a constant scramble after new claims, the value of which must needs be the most problematic of all. So long as prospecting for new mines continues in the Klondike, there need be no fear as to the working of rich mines already opened up! If that be true under conditions such as have existed, how much more true it would be in the future, if cost of mining were reduced to perhaps half what it has been up to the present. These new and undeveloped claims are held subject to the royalty withheld, and yet fairly high values are put upon them. Where the values are modified it is because there are more offerings than buyers, and the royalty is one of the lesser factors in this condition of things.

Reuter's correspondent takes up the argument upon which he assumes the royalty to be based. He says:

In favor of the maintenance of the royalty, the representatives of the Government in Dawson argue that it is absolutely necessary to obtain the revenue required for the administration of the district from the district itself. The taxpayers of Eastern Canada, they assert, would be unwilling to pay any part of the cost of governing a district which enriches a few individuals—mostly foreigners—without any advantage to Canada. Those who are allowed to come into the country and help themselves to the country's hidden treasure are the men, they argue, who should pay for the benefits of law and order. They point to the police, who certainly give to the public in Dawson better protection than is usual in mining camps on the Continent. They mention the Mining Recorder's Office, the postal facilities, the trails, and with reason assert that they are very costly things to maintain in this remote region and that the miner, for whose benefit the expenditure is made, must furnish the funds.

These principles may be right or wrong from a political stand-

point, but from an economical point of view they seem hardly tenable. Let us assume that it is only just that the Yukon should be made to pay all the expenses of its own administration. Let us even go further and maintain that Eastern Canada is even entitled to make a profit out of the country, to obtain a surplus, if possible, over and above the cost of administration; and still it appears to the intelligent observer that the royalty as at present imposed is the most unbusinesslike way of securing this desired revenue. Aside from all questions of fairness and justice, events have already proven that the imposition of this royalty amounts to a policy of killing the goose that lays the golden egg. The royalty is checking production, discouraging development, driving men away in crowds, and what is perhaps worst of all, it has brought about a condition of things under which the investment of capital would be impossible.

Although our writer had to strain himself to go so far as to admit that Canada is entitled to make a profit out of the country, I go further, and claim that we must reverse his proposition, and say that it is the miner who is allowed to make a profit out of the country, and his right to do so is conditional, or where it is the policy of the country to give him the opportunity. The very form of the statement by Mr. White evidences the too general misconception of the true situation.

Nor is this the only misconception abroad. While unready to admit that "production" or "development," so called, has been checked, or that crowds have been discouraged and driven away by the royalty, we need not be concerned even if all this had happened. What Mr. White means by "production" and "development" is but the extraction of our gold and its appropriation to individual use, perhaps foreign at that. Aside from a treasury surplus such as a royalty would have created, the benefit that has come to Canada from the Klondike has been little else than the trade incidental to the mining activity, and delay would have increased rather than have lessened that benefit.

How then may we explain the current cry against the royalty? In part, it may be explained by self-interest. It

goes without saying that if we have ownership in gold mines, the less we are called upon to share the values with an intangible public the better content we are; and it is not at all phenomenal that our unwillingness does not lessen with the increase of our profits. The opinion of a mine-owner must be given due consideration, but it cannot be held as purely disinterested opinion, even if the mine-owner be also an office-holder.

Another explanation may be found in the fact of confusion of thought, and an impression that individual cases of possible hardship were essentially a fault in any royalty system. Among the miners in Klondike there has been a very general misconception. Of the scores of men whom I met on the trail, who were echoing the cry against the royalty, there was not one in ten, perhaps, whose hardships or burdens for the time being, or for six months to come, would be relieved in the least by the immediate abolition of the royalty. These men would still continue to be as packhorses loaded down with their heavy burdens; they would still be living and working under the existing harsh conditions—conditions that would not be relieved by a reduction of the royalty. It was only the few who would be immediately benefited, and it was not these few who were suffering the hardships of the situation. The only advantage that would come to the many from the reduction was prospective, and problematical at that. In a word, the reduction would increase the prizes but would not reduce the hardships; it would benefit the few who had least need for consideration, but as a help to the many whose need was very real and pressing it were a remedy far off and disappointing. In short, the cry was a false focus of a situation in which were illogically blended cupidity, hardships, and real grievances.

I found it quite easy to bring the miners into harmony with my own thought, for I could but be sympathetic with them as to the real needs which existed—as to manifest grievances for which I had no apology other than an assurance of an early amelioration. I was able to assure them that

any real grievances were not approved or known to either the people of Canada or the Government, and the Government might be depended upon to provide adequate remedies, but not such as might make a new grievance for the people as a whole, such as would be an uncalled-for abolition of any revenue due to Canada. The miners were assured that in time their needs would be understood, and that the Government would do for them what could be done by no other agency, and what could be done only by means of revenue collected from the mining field.

And there are not a few things that the Government may do for the miners, and the Government only may do, that would abundantly offset the amount remitted by the miners in the way of revenue. This may be done, too, at an expenditure by the Government far less than the amount collected as royalty. In some cases it would be an expenditure once for all, while the benefit to the miners would be continuous year after year, as, for instance, the building of roads and bridges. To illustrate, the trail up Bonanza creek crosses the creek many times. In almost all cases there was no way of crossing these creeks except upon poles or logs, sometimes not over four inches in diameter. It required a very fine balance to keep from toppling off. Having had an imperfect acrobatic training I toppled over forthwith, and found myself up to the waist in water. After a change of socks I promptly repeated the experience, and then settled down philosophically to wet feet for the day.

Over this trail were miners passing by the score, by the hundreds, each day, up and down. They are mainly prospectors with their "stakes" yet to make, and their backs were heavily loaded down with their packs—supplies, food, blankets, utensils. I was there in September and this had been going on all the season. This trail runs over the mines of Bonanza creek, known world-wide for their rich character. Down it every day was carried a stream of the gold of Bonanza and Eldorado. I happened accidentally to see a "clean-up" on "Berry's claim," on Eldorado, from a 19-

hours' "run." I think it must have been not less than \$5,000 of gold value. Ten per cent. of that "clean-up" would pay the royalty; it also would have made rough bridges over all that trail from Eldorado creek down to Dawson. The Bonanza gold dropped in the saloons of Dawson in a single night would have accomplished the same result many times over.

Why did not the owners of these rich mines put in foot-bridges over the creeks? Only one may answer who knows why foot passengers never stop to replace a missing plank in a sidewalk. It was one of the things left for the authorities to do. As a matter of fact, something was done toward this trail before September (1898) ended; but while in the Klondike I could not but wonder why the miners, rather than having made a demand for the abolition of the royalty, had not made such needs as these the focus of their appeal to Ottawa during the previous winter.

One cannot easily and logically uphold the royalty, therefore, without advising that some of the revenue of the Government collected from the miners be used to do for the miners what is needed by them, and what will be done only by organized authority. I am confident that the Government will cordially approve of this policy and that the carrying out of it will help to reconcile the miners to the collection not only of the royalty but of all other reasonable dues that the situation may demand.

In conclusion, let me state what the Government has done by its firm policy as to royalty, so much complained of. It has saved to the people of Canada the possibility not of a few hundred thousand but of many millions to be derived from the royalty on the future enormous yield of the Yukon, a yield which even Mr. White anticipates; and if by the existing royalty some delay has been caused in the mining of this gold, there has been something materially added to, not taken from, the possible "millions, in additional commerce, customs revenue, traffic receipts," and so forth. The conditions up to the present have not been favorable for bring-

ing to the Canadian people all that was legitimately due them from "additional commerce" and "customs revenue." How any loss in this direction may be saved in the future, has formed a part of my inquiry; and I believe the data to be furnished would enable the Government to realize far more from these sources than would have been realized if there had been a more rapid depletion of the gold deposits than there has been under the unfavorable conditions for mining that were at first inseparable from so isolated a region.

While I have been writing, the thought has been pressed upon me that the arguments adduced by correspondents are so wide of the mark and bear so little on the real question that the refutation of them is something wholly supererogatory, and yet I am convinced of the need of this somewhat exhaustive review. We must remember that these arguments are not those of individuals only. They are the reasons given by the miners themselves for their demand upon the Government for a reversal of their policy. These were the arguments which I had to meet in the Klondike. These arguments have been the basis upon which the Government have met with severe criticism, not only among the more interested class in the Klondike but here in the East among those whose interests the royalty policy was intended to conserve. I remember the current which the Government had to resist in holding to what had been initiated; which current I myself had to resist in standing almost alone in support of the new policy, even against the pressure of the official element itself in Dawson. Until these arguments shall have been set at rest the authorities will lack that moral support necessary to maintain this revenue which belongs to Canada. The adverse views of local self-interest will have less vitality when they are no longer echoed in criticism by the outside element whose very interests are safeguarded by the royalty.

The letter of Mr. White is not taken from a mining paper in the Klondike; it appeared in leading Eastern dailies,

sometimes with flaring head-lines which gave approval to the text and force to the criticisms.

Nor is the royalty a matter of a "few hundreds of thousands of dollars." It is a matter of, it may be, a million dollars next year, and upward of a million dollars yearly for years to come. If the Klondike produces one hundred millions in the next ten years, this royalty revenue will mean to Canada ten million dollars. It is within the range of possibilities that the whole Northwest Territory of Canada will produce, say in the next twenty years, a thousand million dollars; in which case the royalty revenue would reach the magnificent sum of one hundred millions of dollars. What might not the amount accomplish for Canada? At its minimum, it would be enough to cover the cost to Canada of penny postage; at its maximum, besides penny postage, it would aid in the opening up to settlers vast portions of the inviting stretches of our great Northwest.

The cast is in the Government's hands. It is an opportunity on the one hand to answer a somewhat popular demand with a concession that would meet with little or no criticism; and, on the other hand, it is in the power of the Government to hold for the Canadian people this portion of their assets and make these assets tell in all the increased advantages which they make possible.

In here demonstrating that the royalty policy is one just to the miners, and that it can be continued advantageously, I hope I shall have added whatever element of strength may be necessary to a persistence in that policy. What is that real need? This: that when these mines are exploited and the ground is being depleted of its wealth, the mining shall be done in such a way as to give the people of Canada the benefit to which they are entitled by virtue of actual ownership of the territory. This is the real need. If the royalty stands in the way of this result, it is faulty; if the royalty be necessary to this real need, it were better for the miner to recognize the logic of the situation and to adjust himself to the inevitable.

(Concluded.)

PHILATELY AND WHAT IT TEACHES.

BY WALTER S. SCOTT.

NOT many years ago the word philately was unknown to a large majority of English-speaking people. To-day it is understood in every civilized country of the world. No better proof of the popularity of this scientific and delightful pastime of stamp-collecting is necessary. What is the cause of this extraordinary attraction? I believe it is the amount of study involved and the information derived, in a great measure unconsciously, from the hobby.

It teaches the schoolboy neatness, geography, and history, and the knowledge obtained is permanent. It is acquired without drudgery. The youth gradually increases his powers of observation as he classifies the stamps of the world. It is impossible to make a collection without observing the difference in designs, engraving, and printing. The beautiful and graceful work of the French artist is brought into strong contrast with the clumsy creations of the native Indian States. The business or professional man, too, is relieved of anxiety and worry when occupied with his collection. To thoroughly enjoy stamp-collecting, therefore, it is necessary to devote time and brains to the pursuit.

The field is large, and there is still vast room for research left open for the studious philatelist. There is not a week in the year but some new discoveries are made, and the fortunate finder is acclaimed throughout the world.

Perhaps the most interesting stamps belong to the British Empire. They record the history of Great Britain from 1840 down to the present time. The acquisition of new territory means a new set of stamps. Take the Orange Free

State, for instance. Already we have a provisional British issue, the old stamps of the republic being surcharged V. R. I. (Victoria Regina Imperatrix); and these surely will be superseded by a new set in the regular colonial design.

The stamps of the Transvaal are sufficient in themselves to acquaint the collector with the history of this so-called republic. They show the settlement of the country in 1870, followed in 1877 by the British occupancy for six years; then the re-establishment of the republic. A subsequent issue will denote its acquisition again by the British Empire.

The postal issues of Spain show no less than five changes in the Government: First, we have the kingdom under Isabella. In 1869 the Revolutionary Junta seized the government and surcharged the stamps "Habilitado por la nacion" (authorized by the nation). In 1870 we have the new designs of the republic. This form of government being unsuccessful, the Italian Prince Amadeus was crowned king. His reign lasted but a year, and then the second republic was installed. Another change took place in the following year, and Alfonso XII., son of Isabella, succeeded to the throne to rule until death. His successor, the present king, was a posthumous child, and was born a monarch—I believe the only case on record.

Thus there is not a stamp-issuing country that does not offer in its postal emissions something that is useful and lasting.

Now as to the cost of stamp-collecting. This important item may be easily regulated according to the means of the collector. It is unnecessary and unwise for a man of moderate means to attempt to collect the stamps of the entire world; by confining himself to a single country or a group of countries, he loses none of the benefits or attractions of collecting. One country which will require plenty of time and afford any amount of delight is the United States of America. The stamps of our own country are very handsome specimens of the engraver's art. A great many can

be secured at a nominal price, and properly arranged will make an attractive exhibit. Another single country is England, and for groups let me suggest her American colonies, her possessions in Africa, or in Asia and Oceanica. To make a complete collection of stamps of the British Empire entails considerable expense, or, rather, investment, for these stamps can usually be resold at a profit, especially if judgment is used in acquiring. The stamps of South America, too, make a very interesting assortment and can be obtained at a moderate cost.

The main thing to guard against is any attempt to do too much. Many an enthusiastic collector has lost heart trying to gather the stamps of the world, and instead of completing anything has failed in everything. To specialize, therefore, is the only way for the average person. No man can cover the entire field of philately any more than he can be learned in all the branches of science.

IN DISTRICT No 1.

(An Economic Novel.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT."

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

CRUEL doubt and perplexity reigned in Boreen's heart and were mirrored on his countenance. He sat silent and well-nigh dismayed.

"Come, Tom," said Lydia, turning toward him a face beaming with the kindest and brightest of smiles. "Let us defer our sparring and fencing to another time. We have a good deal to do in order to finish our investigation and get our affidavit ready for Destiny. And I want so much to finish in time to get out to Pigeon River Farm this evening."

"There's no hurry about young Wyndham," said Boreen, grumpily. *I've* looked after him well enough. *You* needn't be so anxious about him."

"You're forgetting Eliza," replied Lydia, in a tone of the sweetest good-temper.

"No, I'm not forgetting Eliza. And if she alone were concerned, it's little you'd be bothering yourself until tomorrow, my colleen."

"Then you think we had better not ride out to the Farm this evening, Tom?"

Boreen was holding up a test-tube and looking glumly at the green liquid it contained, without knowing whether it was red, yellow, blue, or any other tint of the rainbow. Accordingly, he did not perceive the puckering of the blue eyes.

The word "we," however, operated a magical change. His countenance cleared, as though by enchantment.

"Faith, and I believe you're right as usual, Lydia. If we hurry up, we can finish before supper. And then, afterward, we can ride out to the Farm, where you can have your faymale gossip with Eddie and I can have a look at the spalpeen. Those fellows, Simms and Warner, went to see him yesterday, and he must have talked too much. I found him very excited this morning, laughing and singing, and ready to bate all creation. So I've sint him a sleeping-draught, and I want to take his pulse and timperature this evening, when he's in quiet oblivion of the outer world."

"I don't say you're wrong, Tom. You saw him this morning, and I didn't. But if any physician other than Thomas Boreen had sent the sleeping-draught I should have laughed, and I think my lips would have pronounced the word 'fudge.'"

"Whin you know *all* about it, you'll say I took the right course, L. B.," replied Boreen, with a meaning in his tone that set Lydia a-wondering.

"And I *will* know *all* about it before long," said she to herself.

"Who's this Warner you speak of?" she asked.

"A legionary who arrived the day you left here. Westeron took him to Colonel Birnie, and he was put straight into Garvie's place as timekeeper and clerk of the works. Garvie was transferred to Waynesville. Can you keep a saycret, Lydia?"

"Yes."

"Even from Eliza?"

"Even from any petticoats, my own included."

"Maning ——?"

"Meaning that a secret with me is not revealed to every inquisitive, whispering young breeze that comes along."

“ Well, I want to tell you something about this man Warner, and about meself too. You’ve asked me who and what I am. I’ll tell you this evening, when we’re riding home.”

“ And will you also tell me where all those pretty frowns have gone that you were revealing so abundantly to every passing breeze just now, Dr. Boreen? ”

“ L. B., you *are* the — ”

“ It’s well you checked yourself. Pattern young men should be scarce in well-molded society.”

“ Please, Lydia, give me the word of the protayum enigma. I confiss that my mind is still harping on the supernaytural string.”

“ And yet the matter is very simple and very natural. Your own celebrated countryman, Professor O’Halloran, gave me the idea. I met him in Paris last year, and nothing would satisfy him but to insist upon my giving my views as to the periodic functions of the elements. I told him I thought Mendelejeff’s grouping was not quite self-consistent, and I gave him my reasons. A few days afterward he told me he had been further considering the matter and he saw good ground to conclude that, in each correctly limited group, a group-element existed, of which the group-members were allotropic forms. We had many long arguments about this, during many a long ride in the Bois.”

Boreen broke into a fit of laughter.

“ Och! the delight of the situation! ” he cried. “ I had litters from me frinds in Dublin at the time; and the story was towld about Misthress O’Halloran hersilf going to Trinity College, and wanting to know of the Rivrind Principal if there wasn’t some owld law by which he could issue a ‘litter of kayshay,’ as she called it, for the rayson that O’Halloran, ‘owld enough and gray enough and ondacent enough to be his own grandfather,’ says she, was ‘gal-

livanting in the broad light of day, not to mintion the blushing moon,' says she, 'in all the parks of Paris, wid an owdacious little hop 'o my thumb, that'd lose herself intirely in me own stays,' says she, 'and that had the pritinsion to deludher a wilderness of husbands into desaving their lawful wives. 'Tis not for the Frinch faymales, I care,' says she; 'ivvery husband *they* lose is a relafe; but whin the hussy laps into the arrums of owld Oireland it's the jewty ye owe to the Howly Virgin herself, Misther Principal, to stand betune!"

"Don't, Tom, don't! You'll make me ill!" cried Lydia, writhing in merriment.

"And to think that the scandalous little hop o' my thumb was our L. B. all the time!"

"Prosaically discussing allotropism," added Lydia.

"I'll wager O'Halloran didn't consider the discussions prosaic any more than the owld lady regarded them as platonic."

"Stop, Tom! You may laugh as much as you please at the ample Mrs. O'Halloran and the presumably meager me, but I won't have you ridicule my dear old sweetheart of a Professor. He was my guide, philosopher and friend."

"And you were his Egeria amid Parisian perils! *Connu!*"

"*Honi soit qui mal y pense!*"

"If that would only occur, how lightly my thoughts should turn to evil."

"Whisht, now! Let me proceed. Well, as I was saying, Professor O'Halloran quite won me round to his way of thinking, and I became convinced that in each true group of chemical elements there is a fundamental group-element. But, how to prove it? I mixed and muddled my poor little brains for a long time, and then it suddenly occurred to me that the analytical methods on which we place such entire

dependence, are, after all, not completely logical and conclusive. We take too much for granted. We assume homogeneity without proof. It seemed to me, therefore, that by adopting some consistent *fractional* method of procedure I could test the construction of many bodies that we now regard as homogeneous. I selected, for reasons, many of which will doubtless at once occur to your own mind, the group of elements comprising manganese, chromium, iron, nickel, and cobalt. I obtained from Germany samples of asserted chemically-pure sulphates of these metals. I tested the samples by the ordinary methods and found them to be pure. I then, with potassic hydrate, precipitated the five metals in the form of hydrates."

(To be continued.)



Editorial.

Where English Sympathies Should Be.

THE expressed desire of a portion of the English press for the election of Mr. Bryan is a surprise. The Democratic platform contains an appeal to anti-English sentiment in a pro-Boer plank; the Republican platform contains no such wabby timber. The Republican party stands for sound money; the Democratic party for currency legislation that would breed confusion in every branch of Anglo-American trade. The Republican party believes in legitimate national expansion and Anglo-Saxon progressiveness such as have characterized England's growth as a world power; the Democratic party thinks that the United States has grown enough, and that England's "robber" policy is a poor guide to follow. The Republican Administration has more than once shown friendliness for England when such friendship invited the hostile attacks of British-haters in the United States. The one bond of sympathy between Englishmen and Democrats seems to be a common advocacy of an international free-trade policy. But this policy, even, may be abandoned by England herself at no distant day when a protective wall of Anglo-Colonial tariffs may serve the mother country more effectually in fostering trade prosperity than does her present policy of free-trade coupled with the existing taxation exacted of her by protective-tariff colonies with whom she trades. In the sphere of world politics the retention of the present Republican Administra-

tion in the United States means to England far more than she could hope for under the promise of a Democratic Administration of the Bryan stripe.

If the "Open Door" be Impracticable—?

Instead of having a tendency, as was hoped, to clear up the thickened atmosphere that clouds the international diplomatic situation as regards China, the Russo-American suggestions of August 24th seemed to have only the undesirable effect of making still greater complications. Particularly observable was this the case with Anglo-American relations. England's habitual distrust of Russian intentions again strongly manifested itself, and stood squarely in opposition to any proposal emanating from Russian sources, even though, in this instance, coupled with the affirmative assurance of American coöperation. So, not meeting with anything like the harmonious approval of the powers approached, the plan of immediately abandoning the occupation of the Chinese capital by foreign troops at that time of course failed. The German proposal, involving as it did, the surrender to and punishment by the foreign powers of the prime instigators of the Chinese trouble, also met with disfavor, and very properly, for, unless it prove in the end utterly unattainable, China itself in its own sovereign capacity should punish the offenders. Yet the present status of the Chinese question cannot be maintained indefinitely. Something conclusive must be done before long, some agreement reached by the foreign powers. So far as results to be attained are concerned they must include (1) full compensatory and punitive indemnification to be paid by China for losses by foreign citizens, subjects, or governments, which losses are justifiably chargeable to China; (2) an effectual and permanent guarantee of full protection hereafter to the lives and property of all foreigners residing within the limits of the Chinese empire, such protection to be equivalent to

that accorded by common custom in all so-called Christian nations. These are the ends to be attained; the means by which such may be accomplished are too varied and many for us to consider now.

As regards American interests specifically, in addition to the above the United States desires privileges of trade equal to those accorded or to be accorded to any other nation. To secure this trade she has consistently favored the so-called "open-door" policy. This would seem to be the best and surest way for her to secure the markets of commerce she would cultivate, particularly as she has no desire to acquire Chinese territory. But if efforts to secure the "open door" fail, what then? Shall the United States lie idly by and permit other powers to partition among themselves the territory of China without so much as making an effort to assist and protect her growing commercial interests with the Orient, those fields of vast possibility for her surplus manufactures and export trade? On the contrary, it seems to us, while the United States should not allow herself to be used as a cats' paw to pull the chestnuts from the fire for others, neither must she permit others to extinguish the fire and then divide the chestnuts among themselves. If the "open door" is doomed not to be, American trade interests must still be looked out for; and how can they be looked out for better than by the United States—now an important factor in the situation—withdrawing from China entirely, so far as her army and navy forces are concerned, provided, in consideration for such voluntary withdrawal, she secures positive and solemn assurance that American trade interests shall be accorded by powers having territorial interests in China the freedom of access and every privilege that would be hers did the "open-door" policy prevail?

It is pretty certain that in any event Russia will annex Manchuria, if, indeed, she may not be considered to have done so already. The other powers seem inclined to follow Russia's example. Why should the United States object,

provided always that, as heretofore suggested, America's trading interests are fully protected in any eventuality incidental to the change of sovereignty over what is now Chinese territory?

Editorial Notes.

DR. LEYDS, traveling agent of the now defunct South African Republic, met a rather frosty reception at the hands of that reputed friend of the Boers, Emperor Nicholas of Russia. A dispatch states the interview lasted "barely five minutes. The Czar said he was sorry he could do nothing for the Transvaal except to urge it to make peace, as he hated all war." Nicholas has no intention of pulling chestnuts out of the fire for other people. Sympathy is one thing, international policy another.

AFTER assisting their British cousins in placing their loan, American financiers took up with equal avidity a big German loan negotiated the middle of September. The question of whether the United States is or is not a debtor nation will soon not be argued at all. The question in the not far distant future may be to whom and to what extent is the United States a *creditor* nation?

THAT ancient bit of humor finding expression in the phrase, "carrying coals to Newcastle," must now be laid away. The London *Daily Mail* says: "An order was placed at Newcastle, yesterday [August 30th], for 70,000 tons of American coal for the Mediterranean." *Sic transit.*

IN our September issue, basing our information on an Associated Press dispatch, we regretted the loss by death of a good consul at Barranquilla, Colombia. The State Department now announces it was all a mistake—that Mr. Shaw is still alive. We are glad the press report was false.

ON the first Monday in November the Cubans will have an opportunity to express their ideas of constitutional liberty. It will be interesting to contrast the Constitution they will prepare with the Constitution of the American Union.

VALE! the South African Republic and the Orange Free State. They are now the Vaal River Colony and the Orange River Colony. The suzerainty question has been settled.

It seems to be not so much a case of a Bull in the China shop as of a whole menagerie—a Bull, a Bear, some Eagles, and other strange birds and beasts.

EFFETE Spain is certainly ahead of us in one particular. She has adopted the twenty-four-hour day system. It will go into effect the 1st of next January.

PAUL KRÜGER came mighty near missing "that messenger boy" after all. It was Uncle Paul's moving day from Pretoria.

COL. ROOSEVELT has gone out to see about "The Winning of the West."

WILL it be another instance of St. George and the Dragon?

It was a case of chasing the *Rainbow* for the Lipton Cup.

Personal and Incidental.

GENUINE AMERICANS' FEELING TOWARD ENGLAND.

EDITOR ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE :

I DO not like the tone of "A Britisher's" rhyming under the caption "Soliloquies in 'Frisco," in the August number of THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE, because it assumes as verity what is not true—a hostility on the part of the Anglo-Saxon American toward the Anglo-Saxon Briton. With the exception of the sprinkling of bigots, and of the few that see in straight lines, to be met with in any community in any part of the world, the great body of the American people of Anglo-Saxon descent are sincerely glad to see and know that a better state of feeling exists between England and the United States than that we have witnessed in former years. Nowadays one often hears expressions like these from Anglo-Saxon American lips: "If the Spanish-American war had accomplished nothing more than the renewal of pleasant relations between the North and the South—thus effacing recollections of the 'late unpleasantness'—and of the establishment of the present *entente cordiale* between the United States and Great Britain, it would be worth the cost." All *genuine* Americans recognize that the mission of the Anglo-Saxon, whatever his allegiance, is and must continue the same; and, further, by reason of the exigencies of the remote future, that the pleasantest relations between these men of common blood and purpose must be continually cultivated. Nothing makes against this with any force throughout this broad land save those influences which, out of congenital hatred, are actively and continually antagonistic to England—chiefly that portion of our Irish-American or Catholic Irish contingent,

which, in Ireland, practice the boycott, hamstring cattle, and shoot landlords from behind hedges, and which, over here, get into public office and steal. In all *anti-American* matters (and I chose the term advisedly), whether they have been anti-expansion, anti-imperialistic, anti-English, or pro-Boer, the hyphenated American, aided by certain sensational newspapers, has always been at the head of our troubles since the New York draft riots in the early sixties. I state this fact because, of itself, it is explanatory of a situation.

Now, then, invidious reference is had to the observance of Bunker Hill Day. One who had observed carefully would not need to be set aright ; but the opportunity is perhaps fortunate, anyway. Bunker Hill Day is, indeed, observed ; but "the hate that soils your manhood—hate that springs from Bunker Hill," is a forbidden guest. A fine phrase is a fine thing, but it often misleads. This phrase of "hate" is high-sounding enough to please the bitterest heart ; but, as the expression of a truth, it is empty, unmeaning, and dangerous. The burden of Bunker Hill Day addresses is always broad American patriotism, and the listener will listen in vain for expressions of hatred to England, and, as well, for pro-Boer sympathy. For such hatred and sympathy one must seek the society of the hyphenated Americans, at least with few exceptions, and those of no consequence. By the Anglo-Saxon American the 17th of June, Bunker Hill Day, is celebrated—and it is celebrated by none other—on lines of the highest and broadest patriotism ; and, lately, he celebrates that day, and stays at home or goes into the country on the Fourth of July, for the reason that the celebration of Bunker Hill Day is controlled by purely patriotic as distinguished from political considerations. To the contrary, the celebration of the Fourth of July, at least in San Francisco, is almost wholly monopolized by the Catholic Irish contingent, and the day utilized for English baiting and political boosting. This very year, the Fourth of July oration was made up of vigorous and rabid attacks upon the apparent cordial relations between the

United States and Great Britain, of attacks upon the Administration for failing to recognize the Boers, of pro-Boer sympathy, and of anti-expansion sentiment. The orator will be a candidate for public office on the Democratic ticket at the approaching election, and this was his attempt to curry favor with his constituency. Now, then, the genuine American doesn't like that sort of thing on his national holiday. As a consequence, he has left that day for the hyphenated ones, and chosen another—reserved for patriotism alone—for himself.

In conclusion, may the present cordial relations between the United States and Great Britain continue, and grow, and never end!

AN ANGLO-SAXON AMERICAN.

San Francisco, August 15, 1900.

SUGAR AS FOOD.

In Grandeau's pamphlet entitled "Le sucre et l'alimentation de l'homme et des animaux," Paris, 1899, the following estimate of the world's sugar production is given :

	Tons.
Cane sugar.....	2,432,000
Beet sugar.....	4,822,000
	<hr/>
Total.....	7,254,000

Nearly one-fourth of all the sugar produced is German beet sugar, which amounts to 1,700,000 tons annually. Of this German production, more than one-half is exported, and accordingly the price is dependent upon sugar consumption in other countries and the demand in the world's markets. The growth of the beet-sugar industry in the United States and the increase of production in other parts of the world are already causing anxiety in Germany. The calm and intelligent German mind is accordingly now busy with investigations upon the results of which plans can be based for preserving a healthy equilibrium between consumption and production, and thus protecting industries in which millions of Germans have a vital interest.

Many elements of uncertainty enter into the question of how to restrict the increase of production. Moreover, so

far as foreign countries are concerned, it would be useless to waste time in discussing this question.

The questions, therefore, which Germans are now considering are these :

There is a large overproduction of sugar in Germany, which at present makes exportation an absolute necessity. Will natural causes maintain this foreign demand for German sugar? and can Germany's overproduction be decreased by increasing the consumption of sugar at home?

The use of sugar began in the Orient and gradually spread to Europe and America. The quantity used per capita is constantly and everywhere increasing, as is shown by the following table :

COUNTRY.	1870-1875.		1885.		1897.	
	<i>Kilograms.</i>	<i>Pounds.</i>	<i>Kilograms.</i>	<i>Pounds.</i>	<i>Kilograms.</i>	<i>Pounds.</i>
Great Britain	22.6	49.8	32.6	71.8	38.9	85.7
America....	16.3	35.9	24.5	54	28.3	62.3
France.....	7.8	17.1	10.7	23.5	13	28.6
Germany...	6.7	14.7	7.8	17.1	12.1	26.6
Austria.....	8.9	19.6
Russia.....	4.9	10.8

Owing to the growth of the sugar-using population, the total increase in the amount consumed is much larger than is indicated by the gain per capita.

The increase of consumption is shown by the following table :

COUNTRY.	Increase from 1874 to 1897.	
	Total.	Annual.
	<i>Per cent.</i>	<i>Per cent.</i>
Great Britain.....	90	3.5
America.....	278	12.1
France.....	142	6.18
Germany.....	157	6.91
Austria.....	107	4.65

Unless, therefore, the world's production be very much increased, it is probable that the demand for German sugar will at least remain stationary.

But the German prefers to be ready to meet any emergencies which may arise. It is always possible that the foreign demand for German sugar may be lessened by increased production abroad, by measures growing out of international customs wars, and by other unforeseen causes. Furthermore, the amount of sugar which must be exported may be increased by the extension of beet culture in Germany. The protection of this great industry and of the people dependent upon it therefore demands a large increase in the home consumption. The table given above shows that the amount of sugar used in Germany per capita is rapidly growing, but it is realized that this growth must be encouraged and largely accelerated. This can be done in two ways—namely, by increasing the manufacture and exportation of preserves, marmalades, etc., and by increasing the amount of sugar used by individuals, especially in the army, where increased consumption may be made compulsory. The question of increasing the manufacture for preserves is a practical one, which does not require consideration here.

But before raising the amount of sugar to be used by individuals, German scientists have investigated the question as to whether this can safely be done. They have decided that the amount of sugar used by individuals can be increased without hesitation, as sugar has many valuable characteristics. Its value lies not alone in its sweetness, but in the fact that it is a valuable dietetic remedy and an excellent article of food. Sugar is a very easily soluble carbon hydrate and as such is quickly assimilated in human and animal bodies, producing warmth and force. It is also fattening and can be used as mast. As a developer of strength, it has long been used, especially by mountaineers. Various experiments have been made for the purpose of ascertaining whether sugar can be advantageously used for fattening animals. The results have proved

favorable so far as hogs are concerned. It has been found that by-products of sugar fabrication, denaturalized and free of tax, can be advantageously used as food for hogs. Molasses, which contains about fifty per cent. of sugar, is already much used, mixed with palm flour or peat, as cattle food.

The principal object of the experiments has, however, been to ascertain positively whether, as alleged, sugar possesses the power of quickly increasing or restoring strength and thereby making men fit for unusual exertion. This point has been carefully investigated, the scientist not watching the entire muscular action of a man, because that would have been too difficult, but confining himself to observing a single finger through an instrument called an ergograph—*i. e.*, "work measurer." He allowed the middle finger of the right hand to lift a weight, and then registered the degree of the lifting force. The experimenter found that after sugar had been eaten the lifting force was stronger than before, and he therefore concluded that sugar is a strength-producing material.

Other investigators claim, however, that sugar has merely an exciting effect through its sweet taste, and that a dulcine solution which contains no carbon hydrate, and accordingly cannot be nourishing, has the same effect as sugar water. The inference from this is that the assertion that sugar produces strength is a fallacy.

This disappointing experiment has, however, been repeated by two scientists, and the same result was reached when the man experimented upon had his full strength; but the effect of eating sugar was found to be entirely different when the man had first tired himself by turning a heavy wheel (ergostat). The eating of sugar brought to the exhausted man new strength, and the ergograph registered increased force, which was not the case when dulcine was eaten. It is accordingly accepted in Germany as satisfactorily proven that sugar can renew the strength of a wearied man through giving his tired muscles carbon hydrate as a strengthening material. Extensive experiments have since

1898 been made upon German soldiers at the manœuvres, with moderate success. It is believed that by eating half a dozen cubes of sugar more than usual in a day, a soldier's power of endurance is increased. The Germans at any rate think it worth while to continue to experiment, for the purpose of ascertaining positively whether sugar can give renewed strength to exhausted troops, thereby increasing their value in moments of emergency.

If in these ways the domestic consumption of sugar can be enlarged, the overproduction will be lessened, and it is hoped that thus beet culture and the sugar industry will continue to be of great value to Germany in the future.—*George H. Murphy, U. S. Vice-Consul at Magdeburg, in U. S. Consular Report.*

THE BRITISH VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The British vote, which hitherto has not been a factor in American politics, says the *British Californian*, will figure conspicuously in the approaching election, and for the reason that, as far as the national ticket is concerned, it is solid to a man—solid against Bryan. There are nearly 2,000,000 men of British and colonial birth in the United States, and it is estimated that fifty-five per cent. of the number are voters. Many of them have sons who are also voters, native Americans, but none the less British sympathizers. To estimate conservatively, let us say that the British vote is 1,000,000. This, cast solidly, is powerful enough to turn any election. That it has never before made itself felt is due to the fact that the British-American is of all shades of political belief, being notably non-partisan. He makes a poor Republican, a poor Democrat, seldom, if ever, voting a straight party ticket. He cannot be herded in bands like sheep, and driven to the polls to do the bidding of a "boss." For this reason professional politicians have little use for him, and he does not figure in their calculations. He is all the more desirable as a citizen, however, because of this political independence, his vote being given to the support of good government.

Never before has there been a political issue on which British-Americans could unite. Some are champions of free trade ; others, of protection ; some are expansionists, others, anti-expansionists. But no matter what their political views, and no matter whether they are affiliated with the Democratic party, the Republican party, or the Populist party, it is safe to say that each and all of them will do their utmost to keep from reaching the Presidential chair the man who has delighted to heap contumely on their race and native land, and whose one consuming ambition seems to be to plunge this country into war with Great Britain.

The Democratic party made an unfortunate mistake in its platform and ticket. And it is regrettable, for, as a party, it holds some good principles and has some good men in its ranks. Let us hope that it will profit by its crushing defeat in November next.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S CUP.

The *Rainbow*, Cornelius Vanderbilt's sloop, on September 13th, in a thirty-mile race off Sandy Hook, won the handsome cup offered by Sir Thomas Lipton for a contest between sloops and yawls over seventy feet and not more than eighty feet racing length. The trophy is described as being a cup in the form of a vase, about thirty inches high, having on each side a finely modeled seahorse, emblematic of speed. On the front of the body of the cup is a panel having an allegorical group, representing Britannia and Columbia uniting in encouraging the sport of yacht racing. They also support a shield bearing the inscription, "Presented by Sir Thomas Lipton, 1900. Won by —." On the reverse there is a corresponding panel having the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, enameled in the proper colors and entwined with a wreath of laurel. The base is ornamented with marine trophies and shells, and has a finely-modeled figure of a triton and mermaid on either side. Between these figures is placed the device of the New York Yacht Club on one side and on the other the Lipton arms, crest and motto, both enameled in colors. Upon the upper part of the cup

are two American eagles, with dolphins between, and the lid is surmounted by a finely modeled figure of Victory, holding the trumpet of fame in one hand and a palm branch in the other. The base is of ebonized wood with silver panels on either side, one showing a yacht race and the other a view of the Statue of Liberty, both chased in relief. There is also an elaborate ornamentation in silver representing marine trophies, seaweeds, and so forth.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN HONORED IN GERMANY.

The honoring of Mr. George G. Ward, a distinguished Anglo-American, by the Emperor of Germany, is a distinction conferred also upon commercial enterprise in general, which is so well represented by Mr. Ward. A Berlin despatch says: "Emperor William of Germany has conferred on George G. Ward, of New York, Vice-President of the Commercial Cable Company, the Order of the Crown of the Second Class. Mr. Ward was present at the banquet given by the German Atlantic Cable Company to commemorate the opening of their cable to the United States."

ANOTHER APPEAL IN THE MAYBRICK CASE.

Dr. Clark Bell, counsel for Mrs. Florence Maybrick, has based another appeal for his client's release from her English prison upon the following letter written by the late Lord Chief Justice, and recently come to light:

ROYAL COURTS, June 27, 1895.

MRS. MAYBRICK.

MADAM:—I have been absent on the circuit, hence the delay in answering your letter. I beg to assure you that I have never relaxed my efforts, when a suitable opportunity offered, to urge that your release ought to be granted. I feel strongly, as I have felt from the first, that you ought never to have been convicted, and this opinion I very clearly expressed to Mr. Asquith, but, I am very sorry to say, hitherto without effect. Rest assured that I shall renew my representations to the incoming Home Secretary, whoever he may be, as soon as the Government is formed and the Secretary is in a position to deal with such matters.

Faithfully,

RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

Book Notes.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for fall issue "Oliver Cromwell," by Theodore Roosevelt, in the same size and style as this author's "Rough Riders." The work will contain fifty illustrations from original drawings by distinguished English and American artists. The Scribners will also issue a popular edition of "The Rough Riders," at the low price of \$1.00; "Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "Men and Measures of Half a Century," by the Hon. Hugh McCulloch; "Napoleon III. at the Height of His Power," with portraits by Imbert de St. Armand, translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin; novels by Emile Gaboriau (6 vols.); "Afield and Afloat," by Frank R. Stockton; "Until the Day Break," by Robert Burns Wilson; "The Girl and the Governor," by Charles Warren; and two new booklets, "The Jack of All Trades" and "The Outdoor Handy Book," by Daniel C. Beard, profusely illustrated by the author—both fine works for boys and girls.

Dodd, Mead & Co.'s new works will include "Wanted: A Matchmaker," a Christmas story by Paul Leicester Ford, author of "Janice Meredith," illustrated by H. C. Christy and decorations by Margaret Armstrong—this will probably be one of the most attractive of the holiday books; "Ships That Pass in the Night," by Beatrice Harraden, a new, attractive illustrated edition; "Pictoris Carmina" (a painter's songs), by Frederic Crowninshield, a beautiful work, illustrated by the author, which should be read by every artist; "New York in Fiction," by Anthon Bartlett Maurice, editor of *The Bookman*, fully illustrated; "Wonders of Nature," described by the great writers, edited by Esther Singleton, and profusely illustrated; a new novel by Amy Le Feuvre, who is a well-known English author; "On the Desert," by George Ebers; "The Isle of Unrest," by Henry Seaton Merriman, an exceedingly interesting story of life in Corsica and Southern France; "The Master Christian," by Marie Corelli, a remarkable romance of great interest to both the worldly and the religious reader; "The Maid of Maiden Lane," by Amelia E. Barr, a historical novel by the author of the "Bow of Orange Ribbon," to which it is a sequel. "The Love of Landryn," by Paul Laurence Dunbar, a romantic story of ranch life, will also be issued by this house.

G. P. Putnam's Sons. "The Rockies of Canada," by Walter Dwight Wilcox, F. R. G. S., with numerous illustrations in photo-

gravure; "Sons of the Morning," by Eden Phillpotts, a story of English life, written in this well-known author's best vein, a vivid and interesting story; "The Things that Count," by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, a novel, interesting phase of character cleverly written; "History of the Parish of Trinity Church," by Morgan T. Dix, S.T.D., D.C.L., ninth rector, to be complete in three volumes.

The Continental Publishing Company have issued a handsome work of fiction, "A Royal Enchantress," by Leo Charles Dessar, a prominent lawyer of this city. It is a thrilling, dramatic story of great power, very finely illustrated by B. Martin Justice. "Vondel's Lucifer," is another book of this house, translated by Leonard Charles Van Noppen, and illustrated by the great Dutch artist John Aarts. Limited Art Edition.

The New Amsterdam Book Company. "The Kingdom of the Yellow Robe," by Ernest Young, dealing with the customs and ceremonies of the Siamese; "The Japs at Home," by Douglas Sladen, with 100 native Japanese illustrations; "The Imperial Heritage," by Ernest Edwin Williams, F. R. S., a study of the vast territory over which the self-governing British Colonies have spread.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are issuing a series of classics in literature in connection with *Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.*, of London. Vol. I. will be "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," illustrated by six photo-gravures, and containing new authentic matter never before published. The second volume of the series will be "Bacon's Essays." "Sunningwell" is a new story of strong sympathetic character by F. Ware Cornish. "The Animals' Trip to the Sea," by G. H. Thompson and Clifton Bingham, will be a treat for both old and young readers. It has twelve large colored pictures and twenty-four pages of black and white drawing. "The Great Napoleon's Mother" is translated from the Norwegian of Clara Tschudi by E. M. Cope. "The Head of Pasht" is by Willis Boyd Allen, of Boston, who has written a number of interesting works for boys. "Perpetua," by Rev. S. Baring-Gould, is a wonderful story of the "Quo Vadis" style. "Church Problems" is a volume of essays on the problems now confronting the Church of England, edited by E. Hensly Henson.

The Macmillan Company are issuing a number of new and valuable works. "A Friend of Cæsar," by William Stearns Davis, and "A Web of Life," by Robert Herrick, appeal to the sympathies of the cultured reader.

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THE
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THE TRUE MOTIF OF RUSSO-AMERICAN
DIPLOMACY

BY O. A. HOWLAND, Q. C.

THE *bona fides* of able politicians, in relation to a given situation, admits of a sure and comparatively simple test. If we can ascertain their interests, we shall be not far wrong in judging the purpose of their actions.

M. de Staal's opening address at the Hague Conference, read between the lines, may be permanently illuminative of the great purposes of Russian policy, in which the writer believes the Hague Conference was not a capricious breach but a consistent incident.

The ties which unite all the portions of the great human family are ever becoming closer. A nation could not remain isolated if it wished to. It forms part of one simple organism. Rivalries undoubtedly exist, but at present do they not seem to be rather on the economic ground, on the ground of the great commercial expansions which spring from the same need of spreading abroad the surplus activity, which does not find employment in the mother country?

M. de Staal thus indicates that Russia, in common with other nations, recognizes that the world has entered on an industrial era, and that the policy of nations, in order to ac-

cord with the interests and demands of their populations, must be guided into economic channels and by economic considerations. The recognition is not more marked in M. de Staal's announcement than it has been in the recent policy of the Russian Government. The Czars, through more than one recent reign, have shown that they are not content that their immense country should continue to be known as a poor and merely agricultural region. Borrowing the protectionist ideas of their continental neighbors and of the United States, they are consistently fostering the home manufacture of every possible variety of productions.

Not only is this policy commended to Russia by the successful example of other nations, but it is enforced by political considerations of the most vital nature, peculiar to the state and prospects of Russia. The Czar is not only the father of his country; he is also the head of a dynasty. Both interests must enter into his consideration. Now, a Czar of to-day is compelled to recognize that the internal political status of his country is one of unstable equilibrium. While Russia is governed without the assistance of a representative parliament, so long must her administration remain corrupt and inefficient and her institutions stand in constant peril of some sudden fanatical revolution. A Czar, well instructed, as he is, in everything that modern historical and political science can teach, must desire for his own protection to create a medium for interchange of knowledge and opinions, for the development of apt legislation, and for the checking of unjust administration, in his unwieldy realm, and, it might be added, for his deliverance from the domination of a centralized bureaucracy. But he is aware that he is confronted by the same difficulties that Louis XVI. and his well-intentioned advisers encountered, when they ventured on the fatal experiment of a French parliament, without an effective middle class to support it. Until a substantial commercial middle class has been created, as a buffer

between the government and an ignorant peasantry, a constitutional parliament is impossible for Russia.

Therefore the first obvious axiom of Russian policy is the building up, by protection and internal development, of a commercial class. Peace is desirable, for a long period of time at least, to permit of this process of development. The Franco-Russian alliance has, accordingly, brought only disappointment to the French fire-eaters. They have learned by this time that it was an alliance for the purpose of compelling France to keep the peace with her neighbors. The European dilemma, foreseen by Napoleon, has at last been resolved in an unexpected manner. Continental republicanism at last bent the knee to the Cossack, but his aim proved to be more republican than that of the Republic itself.

But this does not fully cover the situation. It is patent from the actions of the Russian Government; in the quarter of China, that it purposes to follow in the steps of other nations not in protecting internal development alone. It equally shares in the modern anxiety to acquire national control over the lucrative fields of commerce offered by less advanced foreign populations. This part of the programme is not so closely identified with peaceful procedures as the simpler problem of protective internal development. If a grasp, as nearly as possible exclusive, can be laid upon the commerce of China, without war, the Czar's Government may be credited with the common sense that would make it prefer that method. But as, sooner or later, the desired result may only be attainable by war, or the threat of war, it is apparent that no preparations will be neglected, and we may be assured that Russia will not allow her action to be crippled by any international conferences, resolutions, or agreements.

With the underlying aim of the Russian Government, the building up of a middle class, as a preparation for a more liberal and therefore a more stable internal constitution, all liberal minds everywhere must sympathize. But

when such a policy takes the aggressive form of "expansion," there is a point at which it must be limited by the conflicting rights and interests of other nations. Left to itself, such a policy would know no limit, except outward resistance formidable enough to make further progress unprofitable.

The conditions of China make it an excellent field for the Russian method of "playing the game." Move after move may be won by quiet processes of intrigue and corruption, supported by an attitude of "bluff." Russia has a further immense advantage, looking to ultimate contingencies. The northern regions, which will fall almost naturally under her control, contain the vigorous, conquering races of China. Her rivals, whatever their disclaimers, and however sincerely they may be made, if they do not altogether and at once abandon the field even in a commercial sense, must inevitably drift from commercial influence into political possession, from factories into provinces. But the only share left them will be in the southerly regions, and among the feeble types of population. Consequently they will presently find themselves in a position like that which Great Britain would hold in India if her possessions were limited to the plains while a great rival power sat on the encircling hills and commanded the loyalty of all those sturdy Hill tribes whence Great Britain now draws her levies, not only for the defence of India but for expeditionary purposes in all the southern regions of the globe. No nation could long stand the drain of its native soldiers for the defence of such a vast outlying dependency as even a province of China.

Now it is only rational to suppose that the Czar's diplomacy was seeking to achieve from the Hague Conference results, not variant from, but consistent with, the interests and aims which actuate the general policy of Russia. The Disarmament Conference at the Hague, now generally called the "Peace Conference," appealed to an instinct of hope in every civilized breast. Optimism, like Ambition, is

one of the nobler infirmities of human nature. Distrustful critics dropped speculative sounding lines into the secret counsels of the Russian Government, going to absurd lengths in their conjectures. It was suggested that the Disarmament Conference was designed to amuse the statesmen of the world while Russia was ripening undisturbed her preparations for the inevitable war involved in her schemes of expansion and acquisition. The wily diplomatic advisers of the Czar are too experienced to discredit themselves by such a blunder. We may be assured that they are familiar with the truth expressed in President Lincoln's terse observation: "You cannot fool all the people all the time."

That the Czar has no intention of intermitting the policy of continuous aggression, at least up to the point where it would involve war, is suggested by the dubious sincerity with which he has acted since the agreement with Lord Salisbury defining the status of the two great rival nations in China. The treatment which befell the two originally most prominent ostensible objects named in the circular of invitation to the Convention, confirms the conviction that the Czar in nowise contemplated a real ultimate abolition of war, and was resolved in nowise to shorten his own arm of destruction in the ultimate struggle. Disarmament, it is now fair to infer, was never contemplated as a serious object in the programme. The invitation was contemporaneously nullified by the increased war preparations, which it was shown that the Czar at that very moment entered upon.

Mitigation of the barbarities of war, the next prominent object, was evidently not intended to go to substantial lengths. The United States proposal to eliminate the one conspicuous barbaric practice of capture, retained from the ancient methods of predatory warfare, was met by a peremptory *non possumus*. The American representatives renewed, at the Conference of 1899, the proposal for neutralization of private property at sea, originated by the United States at the former

Paris Conference. The American nation, unfortunately, did not occupy the strong logical position it might have occupied, as father and advocate of that truly just and humanitarian advance. The representatives of the United States came to the later Conference fresh from the intervening Spanish-American war; in which the nation not only failed to make a practical example of its own principle, but had distinguished itself by unprecedented haste in effecting captures, practically by surprise, upon innocent merchantmen, in advance of a formal declaration of war. These pitiful captures of schooners and lumber barges, involving ruin to poor and hardworking adventurers, dependent for their livelihood upon the small trading craft in which they had embarked their all, weakened the position of the United States in reverting to its advocacy of immunity for private property at sea: a principle dictated by the spirit of modern civilization and logically sequent upon the established exemption of private property upon land, and a policy which in the future must become of vital interest to the United States, predestined as it is to be one of the chief ship-building and ship-owning countries in the world.

Thus disarmament and mitigation of the wrongs of war, the prominent and ostensible objects, were clearly not the serious purposes of the Convention. We must conclude that the Czar, who could not have aimed at his own stultification, must have had other and more serious designs to promote.

Now, it is surely worthy of remark how, by an evolution so rapid that it seems to have been contemplated from the outset, the subject of international arbitration was removed from the end to the beginning of the original programme. It became the leading object of the deliberations of the Czar's Conference; and it is reasonable to conclude that such a result was intended from the first.

What is the significance of this curious fact, that, upon the meeting of the Conference, the objects, most prominent-

ly put forward in the Czar's original programme of invitation were almost instantly relegated to the background, by the Czar's own representatives, while on the other hand arbitration was as suddenly lifted from obscurity into prominence?

It seems to me that only superficial explanations have ever been offered of this interesting historic problem. It is quite true that a united European pronouncement in favor of arbitration might have a certain utility for the purposes of a great and overbearing nation, actuated by a settled aggressive policy. Institutions possessing only moral powers are only potent against morally disposed individuals and governments, and this to some extent serves to put them at the mercy of less scrupulous rivals. The existence of a Court of Arbitration would license an aggressive power to make constant intermediate tentatives in the direction of its ultimate purposes, with an easy method of withdrawing, under cover of the Court of Conciliation, should resistance prove to be too formidable. Appeals to the court might also be used to anticipate minor conflagrations, not primarily relating to Russian interests, but tending to a premature arraying of all the forces of Europe in a struggle, into which Russia would probably be forced not at a moment of her own choosing. The institution might also be employed as a means of morally binding the hands of rivals from choosing their own time and ground for a conflict that they as well as Russia may perceive to be inevitable.

Had Bismarck been prevented by the moral compulsion of Europe from choosing his own time and pretext for an attack upon Austrian supremacy, the first step toward a solid German unification would have been perhaps forever prohibited. If, again, he had not been allowed to gall French vanity into a premature outburst over the petty question of the Spanish Succession, Europe would sooner or later have become involved, by the uneasy ambition of France, in far more widespread conflicts. The conflicts might have been

preceded by a discovery and rectification of the rottenness of the French army, of which Bismarck was able to take a well-advised advantage. To go a little farther back in history, Frederick the Great would have been prevented from following his successful policy of striking his inevitable enemies before their combinations were complete. There might never have been a Prussian nation, to become the nucleus of a German empire. Thus had a court existed, under the moral ægis of Europe, at an earlier date in history, the German Empire would probably never have come into existence, and France and Austria would have continued to be the overbearing powers of central Europe.

But are these incidental utilities of an arbitration system all that the Czar expected to gain by bringing together this "Disarmament" Conference, and then allowing or procuring the question of arbitration to be practically the only one thrown on the carpet? English diplomacy evidently perceived no further object, since the English representatives were to be seen rushing headlong over the golden bridge the Czar built for them. Both of the great Anglo-Saxon popular governments reflect the characteristics of their constituent peoples. That which is their strength for the purposes of industrial progress is their weakness when arrayed in conflict with the acute and continuous diplomacy of autocratic nations. By being "practical" they mean that they limit their attention to immediate aims and the gaining of obvious immediate advantages. The skill and foresight which lays out, and steadily and logically carries through, great plans of achievement, is a rare talent among Anglo-Saxons, alike in commercial enterprise and diplomatic policy. Their creations in both fields are of the type of their legal and constitutional systems—accretions by precedent, not component parts of a broad and studied codification.

It requires simply a little patient synthesis of recent and notorious facts, to suggest an important and far-reaching

object in the Conference, which the Czar was at such pains to promote apparently to no purpose. A slight clue through the labyrinth of diplomacy was dropped by M. Jean de Bloch, described as the great Russian peace apostle and humanitarian. M. de Bloch, by his monumental work on "War," was generally supposed to have influenced the Czar's movement, and he apparently believed himself to be to some extent in the Czar's confidence. M. de Bloch was not one of Russia's official representatives at the Conference. But he was, nevertheless, *en evidence* at the Hague. The purpose of his presence he declared to the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* was "merely to bring his book and give the delegates such explanations as they might desire," and to "*improve his knowledge of the arbitration question by conferring with Sir Julian Pauncefote.*" The remarks of M. de Bloch confirm the conclusion that arbitration, and not disarmament, was the real object of the summoner of the Conference.

M. de Bloch informed his interviewer that "the idea of the Conference resulted from the great evolution that has been taking place in men's minds on the subject of war, and came quite naturally to the Czar, whom M. de Bloch found as well initiated in military affairs as any of his generals." What are these conclusions, to which the Czar has been led by his military knowledge? They are pointed to in the following passage :

To begin and carry on war between European powers for the sake of differences of secondary importance, or for considerations which, however well founded they might be in their origin, should still owe their chief strength to international vanity, is more chimerical. Owing to the internal consequences which would follow such a war, it would imply suicide for every nation, *except, perhaps, Russia.*

Russia, practically impregnable in respect to the integrity of her national territory, would commence a war with any other nation with the advantage of an immense aggre-

gation of force, strategically reinforced by a concentrated geographical position. She was evidently determined at the Conference to consent to no diminution of the vulnerability of her two chief rivals, Great Britain and the United States, by conceding immunity to the immense proportion of their natural wealth, which is always afloat upon the sea.

The Czar, as M. de Bloch observed, is fully aware that the immensity and perfection of modern armaments compel statesmen to observe, more carefully than ever before, the advice of the ancient sage—to reckon probabilities before commencing war; not to go with ten thousand against him that may come with twenty thousand. The growing tendency is to treat war on the principle of the sham battles of the autumn manœuvres: conceding the battle in advance by comparison of numbers and strategical position, and then dispensing with the test of actual bloodshed. This process of discounting results operates in favor of determinedly aggressive powers. A nation with such advantages as Russia possesses may hope to gain its ends without war, over the irresolution of each single rival, which knows that the odds of loss and gain are against it.

Only by combination can other nations be correspondingly formidable to Russia, even in resistance to extra territorial aggressions. It is combination, therefore, which it is the policy of Russia to anticipate and hinder. *Divide et impera* is naturally the leading axiom of her diplomacy.

The two nations which have the greatest interest in setting limits to the march of Russian expansion in the East and the only nations which have the power to do so, are the British Empire and the United States acting in unison. Russia's interest as a protective nation, desiring to extend exclusive benefits to her subjects over the largest possible sphere of influence in China, makes an irrepressible fundamental rivalry between herself and Great Britain, unless the latter is willing to abandon the vast commercial stake in

China. But the policy may become not less hostile to the interest of the United States, which, in an open field, is inevitably destined to succeed to much of the present commercial domain of Great Britain. Thus the one resisting combination which Russia has most reason to dread, and which she has always used every resource of policy to prevent, is that which would result from the two great English-speaking nations joining in united front.

Therefore the Russian Government has naturally entertained, and it has quite obviously manifested, uneasiness over the recent approximation of the two English-speaking nations. Russia's obvious policy is to keep the United States standing aside, while she deals with Great Britain; carrying point by point, by silent continuous pressure, without provoking an actual final conflict of arms. She counts on neither of these nations being willing to venture singly upon an enormously destructive war, to oppose any one of the slow successive stages of Russian advance.

Russian diplomatists know enough of the constituents and working of democracies, to feel confident of coping with any effort of the two governments to form a binding treaty of offence and defence. What the Russian diplomatists have found more to apprehend, in recent years, than a formal treaty, has been such a settlement of relations between two English-speaking countries as might educate their peoples into a unity of sympathy, more than equal to a formal alliance. No action that governments could bring about could possibly tend more powerfully in this direction than the project, once mooted and always likely to be more successfully revived, of the creation of a common Supreme Court, for the complete and compulsory adjustment of all differences between the two nations by their own joint judicial machinery, without having recourse to foreign arbitrators. Russian diplomacy was evidently startled by that unexpected outcome of the Venezuela embroglio. Had that

least of advanced civilization been accomplished, or were it to be successfully resumed, the two nations, already so near akin in race, speech, and institutions, would become united by the only necessary and practicable tie needed to transform them into two states of a world-wide federal republic.

The conception of an International Supreme Court as an advance on arbitration methods is peculiarly American. The people on this continent have been educated toward such a notion by their own experience. The very function has long been exercised in the Supreme Court of the United States, which is the judicial arbiter of all disputes between the federated Commonwealths. Canadians have learned to look upon the Imperial Judicial Committee as performing a like office for the States of the Empire. The formation, out of the two existing courts, of a supreme judicial authority for the two nations, with absolute and universal jurisdiction over their controversies, presents itself as a natural evolution. The idea was first formulated by a public body in the resolutions of the International Deep Waterways Association, at its Constituent Convention at Toronto in 1894, and repeated at its highly representative and influential assembly at Cleveland, in 1895. The resolutions were in the following terms:

(1894) Resolved, That as a preparation for the joint promotion of common interests, it is desirable that a permanent court should be constituted, for the decision, by rules of law, of all questions of an international character, which may in anywise arise between the peoples and governments of the British Empire and the United States.

(1895) That special and renewed attention is called to the desirability of establishing a permanent international court, as set forth in the organizing convention in Toronto, in 1894.

These resolutions were forwarded to the Governments of the United States and Great Britain, and it is hardly possible that they were not the basis of the terms, up to a certain point, identically embodied in the draft treaty of 1897.

The first effort in this new direction failed. It failed partly

because national sympathy and confidence were not at that date fully and generally ripened to so great an advance. But a more potent and justifiable reason for the defeat of the proposal was traceable to the incomplete understanding of a novel subject by the official diplomatists who framed the treaty. With the proposition of a new and purely judicial system, peculiar to the two nations, was foolishly coupled a relict of the utterly inconsistent principle of foreign arbitration. Ultimate reference to a foreign arbitration was the point upon which the Senate chiefly rested, in rejecting the treaty in 1897. But a false start might be corrected. Time might bring about a resumption of the negotiations with the fatal arbitration feature eliminated at some other moment. A proposition so natural to the character and constitution of the two nations might be revived, reduced to the simple and rational form of a Supreme Court common to the two nations alone.

A result which would so infallibly lead to an approximation of international sympathies, it is vital to the purposes of Russia to prevent. Is it not obvious that Russian diplomacy would be on the lookout for the best possible means of postponing and, if possible, forever preventing that consummation? And what means could be better and more astutely devised for that purpose than the programme which the Hague Conference aimed at accomplishing? Under pretense of a European Disarmament Conference Russia invited the United States to join with European nations in a World Conference. The way was carefully smoothed for the representatives of the two only great powers which have arbitration "on the brain" to formulate the high-sounding project of a universal Arbitration Court; in which the tendency of the two nations toward a judicial court between themselves alone might be merged and drowned, perhaps forever.

That no *bona fide* benefits to the practice of international

arbitration could flow from the formulation of a plan of universal arbitration was assuredly obvious to the astute diplomats at St. Petersburg.

The principle of arbitration is now so well supported and honored by experience that it is sure to be resorted to by all nations not really desirous of engaging in hostilities. To others the existence of a court will make no difference. As soon as the time has come when really hostile nations feel that they are ripe for a conflict over a substantial object, no paper obstacles will stand in their way. France, at least until the generation of the war of 1870 is extinct, will never surrender her prospect of a reclamation of Alsace-Lorraine. Germany will never bind her hands against participation in a possible *debacle* of the composite Austrian Empire. Russia, it hardly needs to be stated, will in no way prejudice her outlook in China or the Turkish provinces or wherever else opportunism may be able to appeal to "manifest destiny."

The enthusiasts who muster in peace and arbitration societies are free to indulge their vision of a Tennysonian Parliament of Man or the reconstitution of that experiment of the ancients, the Amphictyonic Council; but history and human nature alike denounce the practicability of their dreams. The Amphictyonic League was not merely a historic failure but a historic warning. Initiated as a confederacy of Greek nations for the purpose of compelling the arbitration of all disputes before the Council of the League, it was wrested by the chicanery of the stronger States into a means of provoking war against innocent smaller neighbors. Neither Russia nor any other intelligent government will deliberately place its neck within such a noose. The limit of universal arbitration possibilities was clearly and ably stated by the American representative, Mr. White, as follows:

I believe we shall be able to arrive at a certain result on the subject of mediation and arbitration. It will, no doubt, be impossible

to give them an obligatory character, but mediation and arbitration can, at least, be made optional. I believe that after the Conference the powers will see that they have at their disposal the means of settling their differences otherwise than by war.

The United States Senate, in its rejection of the British American draft treaty of arbitration, and the American Minister and the German Emperor on the occasion of the Hague Conference, virtually reaffirmed the statement of the limitations of arbitration axiomatically formulated by M. Varas, delegate from Chili, at Mr. Blaine's Pan-American Conference :

Arbitration being recognized, as it is, as a principle of international law, cannot by any means become a guarantee of peace if its application does not correspond to its nature.

Its origin is the voluntary and free assent of the nations which find themselves in disagreement, to trust to a third party the ascertainment and adjudication of their rights and interests, and its efficiency depends upon the respect, also voluntary, to be paid to its decisions, whatever be the obligations and sacrifices which it may impose. If arbitration be obligatory, its own nature is thereby antagonized, and the moment it is forced upon the nations, its decisions will lose their efficiency, and the goodness of the principle itself will become discredited.

The American proposal was by far the best of those before the Conference, inasmuch as it limited the court to permanent judicial members, appointed not by the governments but by the judiciary of the nations. It also prescribed against judges of the nationality of the parties to any dispute sitting upon that dispute, and against new arbitration assessors being appointed by the parties, *pro hac vice*. But even with these protective reservations the United States refrained from asking the nations to bind themselves to compulsory submission of all or any causes to the tribunal. It was to be a court in constitution, but merely an arbitration in jurisdiction. It would resemble the standing committees of conciliation constituted by the State of Massachusetts for the voluntary settlement of the covert civil

war arising out of labor disputes. For minor international purposes such a court might have convenience and usefulness. Constituted with a permanent personnel of jurists, selected in a large measure from second-class, presumably indifferent nations, the court might have a real merit in creating a virtually judicial habit of mind on the part of its standing members and in promoting the growth of a settled *corpus juris* for international causes. But on the whole, the institution of any general and necessarily voluntary court of conciliation, or arbitration, will have a chiefly imaginary value, allaying popular apprehension rather than supplying any substantial need of the international body politic.

The difference between a general arbitration court and a Supreme Court between two nations, is fundamental. One is founded on mutual mistrust, the other on mutual confidence. One is an expedient of diplomacy, the other a development of national judicial institutions.

The inefficiency of any kind of universal court as a real guarantee against war is dependent on the elemental conditions of the institution. It must be more or less tainted by the essential vice of arbitration. In public, as in private, arbitration an "indifferent" umpire holds the balance, and the representatives appointed by the parties interested in any pending cause sit, not as judges but as partisan assessors. Hence it is impossible for arbitration courts to create the judicial habit of mind in international affairs. Even under the American proposal, a quorum would remain to be selected in each case, and the selection will be exposed to popular suspicion. At the same time justice loses something by transferring the decision of controversies to judges unfamiliar with the legal systems, local circumstances, and habits of thought of the parties. A court composed of foreign lawyers will never succeed in attracting the complete confidence and popular respect of nations concerned in dis-

putes or be free from doubt and recriminations regarding the competence, if not the partiality, of its foreign members. Hence resort to such courts of foreign arbitrators can never be made compulsory and of universal application, either by foregoing agreement of any two nations or by like general agreement of all. Such a proposal no nation would have the weakness to entertain. A foreign arbitration court cannot become a mark of international unity and an educator of two peoples into feelings of community and brotherly justice.

An International Court must, by its nature, be confined to a pair of nations. It can only be instituted between nations before which no vital causes of hostility are looming, between which, therefore, peace is only threatened by unforeseen accidents and misunderstandings, which the interests of demagogues might stimulate to the war point, while the deliberations of a judicial tribunal would arrange and settle them. They must be desirous not merely of formal peace but of something approaching to permanent union. At the present time only the United States and the British Empire are providentially fitted, by natural unity of character, institutions, and aspirations, for creating such an experiment.

Thus it was a mere simulacrum that, through the self-seeking diplomacy of Russia, was at the Hague Conference substituted for the substantial project of joint International Supreme Courts between pairs of nations, of which the British Empire and the United States are ripe for creating the first example.

The draft treaty of 1897, as has already been stated, owed its rejection, in part at least, to its defective adoption of the novel principle of a truly judicial international forum. It is probably to English diplomacy, unfamiliar with the new conception, that we may attribute the fatal anxiety to reserve an ultimate appeal to the obsolete and inconsistent resort of foreign arbitration.

The error would be avoided at the next attempt, to

which the best minds in the two nations have never ceased to look forward. Once established between two peoples, so well prepared for the new institution, the eminent character of the judiciary of both nations justifies the expectation that the first experiment would successfully achieve its noble purpose. The example, in process of time, would be imitated by other pairs of nations, and the several arches might ultimately join into a bridge of human peace and unity extending around the world.

It was natural that Russian statesmen should take an interested, rather than a philanthropic, view of these probabilities. They had cause to desire and reason to hope, as the outcome of their Peace Conference, that the limited, but really useful, advance in political civilization might be lost or at least long deferred in the glittering generalities of a universal arbitration scheme.

If this conclusion is correct, one can imagine the smiles exchanged between the astute Russian representatives over the boasting across the Channel at the "triumph of British diplomacy" in converting the Czar's Disarmament Conference into an engine for imposing arbitration methods on Europe. The Bear trap was set by the Bear; and the Quarry exulted over his own cunning in walking into it.

HAWAII FIRST



BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME DOINGS OF THE KAUI
KODAK KLUB IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

By E. S. GOODHUE, M. D.

Author of "Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars," "Verses from the
Valley," Etc.

III

UNLOCKED WHEELS

I cannot visit you now, but perhaps some day I may have that
pleasure.—*Sir Henry Irving.*

I wish there was a chance of my speedily being your guest.—
Theodore Roosevelt.

If I only could come.—*Bradford Torrey.*

I will not forget your cordial invitation.—*Nelson A. Miles.*

I would be delighted to go.—*Grant Allen.*

I have long had a good feeling for Hawaii, and now it is stronger
than ever.—*Maurice Thompson.*

I should find it difficult to go so far a-field.—*H. Rider Haggard.*

I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again.—*Frank
Stockton.*

I have no kodak and do not even ride a bicycle.—*C. D. Warner.*

THE *Pali* (literally, precipice) is a rocky peak 2,000 feet
high, up the Nuuanu Valley. It is one of the sights
of Honolulu, although rising somewhat back of the
city between two other peaks, Konahuanui and Lanihui, all
belonging to the same range. It is reached by a good road
up the valley, and the trip may be made in about two
hours. Starting from the city we passed along Nuuanu
avenue, with its beautiful homes and gardens, among them
the former residence of Queen Emma, on to where there
are a few houses and much verdure and freshness. We
glance at the mausoleum where Kamehameha V. was buried,
and find ourselves out of sight of the city among ferns and
grasses and *kukui* trees. Rains are frequent here, which ac-
counts for the clean appearance of the leaves. The sides of
the valley grow closer together and rise nearly four thousand
feet, ending at last in a sort of curve with peaks of varying



THE PALI

height, covered with trees and other vegetation to be found in all similar locations in Hawaii.

We now left our carriages behind, passing through a cut to reach our destination on the cliff. The view it gives is magnificent. The vast wall of rock extending for miles and dressed with green; the plain beneath—a checkerboard of green patches, with checker hamlets placed here and there; the sea beyond as far as eye could reach. Sitting there upon the mount with all these “kingdoms of the world and the glory of them” gathered into one concentrated picture, I felt how inadequate are words, how trifling they sometimes seem. I was tempted to say nothing, or to express myself in the words of the Texan who visited Yosemite, “I’ll be gol darned, I’ll be gol darned if I h’ain’t.”

The day we were there last it was blowing hard, and we could scarcely walk around the curve of the new, wide road even by clinging to the rocky wall. In trying to “fall” against the wind we were carried forward and should have fallen in truth had we not caught ourselves in time. But the Doctor got some snap-shots.

The *Pali* is visited not only for its beauty and the commanding view it furnishes, but because it is associated with a bit of tragic Hawaiian history. Kamehameha arrived here from Maui, where he had been carrying out his policy of conquest. He met his enemies in this pass, pushing them up gradually until they came to the *Pali*, where they were cast down upon the rocks hundreds of feet below. This battle was fought the year that Jay’s treaty was ratified at home. It made the ambitious king ruler of all the islands except Kauai. It was fitting that in after years a palace of Kamehameha’s should be built in this valley, and I believe the ruins are standing to this day.

Honolulu harbor affords an excellent retreat for vessels of any size, as it is deep, the bar smooth, with a very easy entrance, which can be said of no other harbor in the islands. Vessels approaching Honolulu between a long line of buoys

come to an extensive wharf and esplanade. Twenty-two thousand dollars was paid by the government to an ex-queen for a portion of the frontage, while filling in cost about \$250,000 more. Here are wharves for a marine railroad costing \$90,000, a battery, immigration station, custom house, and the inter-island lines. Sometimes the harbor is full of shipping, merchant ships from foreign countries, English and American men-of-war, passengers from "the Coast" or Japan, schooners, yachts, tugs, and every conceivable craft. The value of domestic exports from the islands for 1894 was about \$9,500,000; of imports for the same year, something over \$5,000,000—quite a showing for a city of 28,000, away in mid-ocean.

To the left of the entrance is the quarantine station on Quarantine Island, one of the three small isles raised up for some such purpose. Campbell, a sailor who was in Honolulu in 1809, speaks of the place as being a village of several hundred huts, with the King's house close to the sea, surrounded by stakes, and flying the British flag. Coconut trees grew all about. Jarvis says that before 1842 the city was only a collection of huts, with a few better buildings for chiefs and foreigners. From 1837 to 1842 the city seems to have been quite gay. Of this period Jarvis writes: "As a commercial center its importance is great, and every year further develops this fact. It forms an excellent depot for goods for the Mexican, Russian, Chinese, and California markets, and, like Singapore, it must eventually become a market for the nations of the Pacific."

Usually the wharf region of a city is gloomy and malodorous, so that few persons care to be in its vicinity. But in Honolulu it is different, perhaps because so much depends upon the coming and going of ships. There is no telegraphic communication with the outside world; no means of getting immediate news from one island to another; everything—men, messages, things, must all get into a carrier and pass over a greater or less expanse of sea. Lists of



" YOU COME UPON THEM ALL AT ONCE SOMETIMES, A CHARACTERISTIC
OF HAWAIIAN SCENERY—SURPRISES AND MAGIC-
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incoming and outgoing steamers are freely distributed by the newspapers, the postoffice, advertising cards and calendars. They are pasted in secretaries, hats, on walls, or carried in the pocket, and when the steamer comes or goes every one is there to see. The scene is gayest when a boat leaves for "the Coast," as California is generally termed. Then the band is at the wharf; crowds of natives assemble with *leis* around their necks or in their hands for sale; foreigners gather about, and the band begins to play and plays on until the boat leaves.

It is the custom to adorn the necks of those who go on the steamer with the bright garlands freely offered for sale on the wharf; and so the parents have wreaths for their daughters, husbands bring their loving tokens, lovers hurry on board with all they can carry in the way of floral tributes, and friends new made in this land of warm friendships place a circle of flowers around the neck of one who came only a few weeks before a stranger and now leaves the scene with a strange heart wrench.

A friend who went on one of these steamers said that before the departure of the boat he had been impatient for it to go. He had come two weeks previously, an entire stranger, and was ready to return. But when he got on board, saw the merry-faced natives, the flowers, and heard the strains of "Hawaii Ponoï," when some one came and placed a wreath about his neck, he had to struggle to keep the tears back. "Yet," said he, "what was the situation? I was going home to my wife and children, and leaving two-week acquaintances in a country to which I was an absolute stranger."

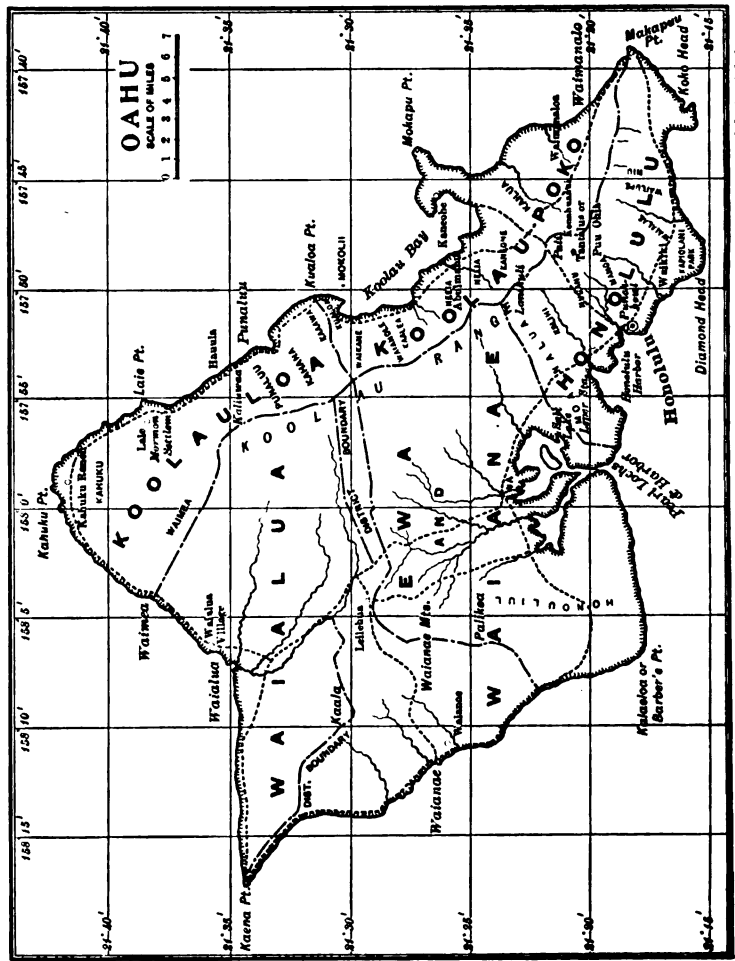
Strictly speaking, Honolulu has no city government. Its various affairs are controlled and carried on by the departments in the Executive Building: the Executive Council, Judges, Magistrates, Board of Health, Department of Education, Surveying Corps, Commissioner of Public Lands, Customs, Postoffice, and Attorney-General's Department.

Every other town and district in all the islands is controlled and directed to the veriest detail by the National departments in Honolulu. Although the plan seems to work well for the chief city, out in places like Hilo, removed some considerable distance from the central government, it has created and will continue to create dissatisfaction. Besides, it imposes upon the ministers a great deal of unnecessary labor. There are sheriffs on each of the islands, of course, with local road boards and tax assessors.

Socially, Honolulu stands preëminent. It is gay, hospitable, unconventional, indiscriminating, and enthusiastic. Nobody can come or go for a week at least, and the business of the day ends early. There is wealth, with cultured people of many nations to spend it. The climate, furnishing so many out-of-door days; the jovial officers from the men-of-war, ministers, plenipotentiaries, ambassadors, and consuls, who have little to do but to entertain and to be entertained; the distinguished visitors from foreign lands—how could the little seaport be anything but given to receptions, dinners, balls, and a round of social pleasures!

Since ordinary events are few and far between, every occurrence is made the most of, be it an engagement, a wedding, a birthday anniversary, or a funeral. The tendency to indulge in gossip manifests itself here and flourishes like other pathogenic organisms where there are warmth and nutriment. People must (or will) have something to talk about, and if matter be not forthcoming it will be created. Then what there is becomes malleable in the hands of experts. What happens in Hilo will soon be known on Kauai, scintillating all the way between; the tail of the comet nothing but nebula after all. But in its erratic course, it lightens and brightens many a mental horizon, and is probably harmless.

The daily papers, of which there are four, have much in common with the local gossips, only the latter are more entertaining. But, I am sure, it would be a heartless person



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that would not sympathize with the editors in their efforts to get news. Every meeting is fully reported. There are other literary publications that fill places, no doubt: a planter's monthly, Thrum's Annual, some school sheets, and "The Paradise of the Pacific."

Several college alumni have organized themselves into a society, and "The Sons of the American Revolution" is flourishing.

The climate of Honolulu, like that of places on the other islands, is equable and pleasant, but it is warm. The temperature ranges from 50 degrees to 90 degrees F. In some portions of the city, especially out toward the *Pali*, one can live in decided comfort, and have cool nights; but down in the center of the town it grows very warm, often sultry, and, I should think, to one long resident there would prove enervating. For this reason I do not think that the sanitarium at Waikiki is in the best place for such an institution. Invalids are going away for a more bracing climate. Why should any come to this? There are ideal places here for a sanitarium, ideal so far as climate is concerned, and that is the chief consideration. In Kona, on Hawaii, in two or three places on Maui or Kauai, or, indeed, on Oahu.

Taken all in all, I do not know of a city that leaves a pleasanter impression upon one than this Pacific "Fairhaven." The members of the Klub have slept in it, dreamed, eaten, walked, ridden in it; looked upon it from all points of the compass, and never tired of it for a single hour.

One day, passing by the house in Garden Lane once occupied by Mark Twain, we stopped to talk to an old woman who rents rooms there: "I have been in Honolulu many years," she said, reminiscently, "and had my ups and downs in half a dozen cities, but for downright good nature and comfortableness this beats them all. You can't rile Honolulu if you try. As for roomers, they pay me more than I ask."

The island of Oahu is forty-six miles long and twenty-five

wide, being divided into five districts. Koolau Bay, on the northern side, draws nine feet of water; the other harbors, excepting those already mentioned, are small and insignificant. On the windward side there is the larger rainfall, with vegetation up the mountain sides, where gulches furnish small streams and picturesque scenery. From the Waianae range Mt. Kaala rises over 4,000 feet high, and can be seen robed in its clear, purple garb. Throughout all these mountains are places of great beauty. You come upon them all at once sometimes, a characteristic of Hawaiian scenery—surprises and magic-dissolving views.



A HAWAIIAN WATERFALL

In sailing toward Kauai, what seems to be the end of the shore line turns out to be Barber's Point, so called because Captain Barber was wrecked off here and lost six men of his crew. Here Kamehameha once lost his fleet upon the rocks.

Some distance along the coast at Waianae there is a sugar plantation, from which a railroad extends to Honolulu. Northwest from Honolulu, about thirty miles, is Waialua Landing. In 1830 this place had a school with a department for manual training. Possibly the idea was given to General Armstrong for his school in Virginia.

At present the country about Waialua is quite fertile; rice, oranges, melons, and other products being raised, together with cattle. Farther on the windward side are several sugar plantations, rice fields, *taro* patches, dairy farms, and grand scenery. A waterfall at the head of Kaliu waa valley is particularly interesting. Kamapuaa, who could be man or pig as he chose, lived here and wrought his feats. It is astonishing that people as shrewd as the natives are should have deified Kamapuaa because he preferred sometimes to make a pig of himself. Perhaps he did other things more unusual than that.

Tradition has it that the first bread-fruit trees in Hawaii were planted at Kualoa by a chief who brought them from Samoa. How he got them to grow nobody knows. We have been trying to get some to grow in our garden, but the slips all die. One day the Assessor of Kauai and I rode



TARO

down to a hillside where some large bread-fruit trees flourished and got a number of slips. These we carefully planted and watered. The leaves fell off, of course. Then little buds began to appear, each day getting larger and larger, until we had small leaves. We were delighted, and the Assessor said he never would have thought it. He thought it too soon, however. One by one the leaves began to wither, then dry up; finally the whole stem did the same. On digging up the slip we found no signs of roots, although appearances of life had remained in the stem for two or three weeks. It is a way bread-fruit has of deceiving foreigners. Hawaiians know better. They take a branch from the parent tree and bend it over into the soil, where it takes root after a long time; then they separate it from the main stalk. But I never knew of any branches long enough to reach from Samoa to Oahu.

I have used this same method with the high cranberry (*viburnum opulus*) when I was a boy.

The ride over the Oahu railroad to Waianae is very interesting. On our way back some one pointed out the stream at Ewa which was choked with the victims of Kahekili when he ravaged this district. It was about the time that England signed the treaty of peace with the United States. These two civilized nations stopped fighting a little sooner than the chiefs did in Hawaii, but their methods of warfare were not so very different. The Hawaiians fought Hawaiians. They would have scorned to employ South-Sea Islanders to help them, had these people been around; but we hired Hessians and Indians. The Hawaiians fought over an item of possession; our ancestors, over an item of expense. Like average Yankees, they thought there was no sense in spending more money than was necessary; in fact, they decided to make a little by going without tea altogether, and this resolve must have been exhilarating enough to carry them through several campaigns—that is, if they were anything like their descendants. It is true the Hawaiians of-

ferred up human sacrifices as they went along, but, generally, they did it in the flush of some victory, while our race burned their own flesh and blood in cold-blooded sanctimoniousness. Of the two, I don't know but that the Hawaiian record is the best by far. If Henry VIII. had lived in Hawaii, he would never have been allowed to murder more than one wife before some doctor would have prayed him to death. He deserved that sort of fate. But in England he went on marrying docile wives, and finally died in bed. Yet we harp on Christian doctrine and the White Man's Burden. With our uncouth manners, our hereditary lack of delicacy, our mercenary tendencies, and our overweening pride of race, we keep on trying to run the Universe.

(To be continued.)

THE ELECTIONS IN ENGLAND

ENGLAND has spoken in no uncertain voice in the general election just held, for with an overwhelming majority she has commended the policy of Lord Salisbury and the war in South Africa, and has given the Government the opportunity to settle the South African question.

Imperialism was the cry, and Imperialism has triumphed. The issues might succinctly be termed "Khaki" and "Chamberlain," for, as the conduct of the war was the well-defined national issue, so was Mr. Chamberlain the target for the opponents of the Government, and the Colonial Secretary, with a boldness that one is compelled to admire, drew the fire upon himself. Indeed, some of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Government have been compelled to admit that throughout the campaign Mr. Chamberlain has behaved as though he were the Government itself. His attitude has been in no way conciliatory; he has forced the fighting on the question of the war in South Africa; he has brushed aside purely domestic questions, such as old-age pensions; he has been vituperative and bitter, and to him may be ascribed a great deal of the ill-feeling that this election has provoked.

The man from Birmingham has been the prominent figure through it all. He has held the center of the stage, and in one respect he may well be proud of the endorsement the Chamberlain policy has received. He has further impressed himself upon the country and the people, and there are not wanting those who see in his present position a distinct step forward toward the Premiership.

It is impossible to say how much of this overwhelming

victory for the Salisbury Government is due to the divided state of the Liberal party, which has many leaders but no one to command, no well-defined policy, and, as the event has proved, no effective organization. Criticism of Mr. Chamberlain and his policy had been, up to the time of dissolution, the main features of the Liberal programme, and the prompt acceptance of such an issue before the people found the Liberals with many of their leading men prepared to accept the results of the war and unwilling to be placed in the class of "Little Englanders." To this disunion in the Liberal party which technically contains Imperialists of the Rosebery stamp, Radicals like Mr. Labouchere, pro-Boers like Dr. Clark, and to which is attached a turbulent Irish faction always counted on to vote against the Government, a great part of the Conservative and Liberal-Unionist success must be ascribed.

The Government forces admit the necessity of army reform, and Government organs are pointing out that the navy needs watching. The conduct of the war in South Africa left the Government open to attack, its attitude in regard to the Chinese question is causing much anxiety, and in the six years it has been in power questions of domestic interest have been left untouched; but with all this the Government has received a vote of confidence that, to all appearances, insures its continuance in power for five or six years more.

The settlement of South Africa will be the first of the problems to engage the Government, and no one knowing Great Britain's success as a colonizer will doubt that the result will be satisfactory.

The appointment of Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief indicates that army reform will hold an equally important place with the settlement of South Africa.

Whether Lord Salisbury's policy in the Chinese puzzle will bring Great Britain through with credit even, is open to question. That he has a policy at all is equally questionable. At the time of writing masterly inactivity prevails.

The consideration of important domestic problems will undoubtedly receive the attention of the new Parliament, and it is almost certain that some important measures affecting British commerce will be passed as well as some dealing with the condition of the people.

Cabinet-making is now occupying the press. Mr. Goschen has resigned as head of the Admiralty, and it is generally believed that Lord Lansdowne will not remain as the Secretary of State for War. Mr. Chamberlain will in all probability remain as Colonial Secretary, though he is credited with the desire to secure the Foreign portfolio, in which case Lord Salisbury, who is now the Minister for Foreign Affairs as well as Premier, would lay aside a great portion of the burden he is now bearing.

As might be expected, the suggestion that Mr. Chamberlain become the Foreign Minister arouses a fierce outburst in certain quarters of the Opposition, where his ambition is feared, his diplomacy derided, and the sins of the Government are laid at his door. To a portion of the Opposition Mr. Chamberlain is anathema. It is likely, however, that he will continue in his present position to carry out in the settlement of the South African question the work he has begun.

It is rumored, and denied, that Lord Cromer, the present virtual ruler of Egypt, is to be called upon to take the foreign affairs of the nation in hand. His conspicuous success in Egypt commends him for a still more important post.

As for the Liberal party, which in itself forms a comparatively small portion of the Opposition, it is believed, in fact is almost certain, that some process of reorganization will be undergone, that the factions will in time become united, and the party become great as of yore.

Who will be the leader? Lord Rosebery thrust aside the leadership; Sir William Vernon Harcourt can scarcely reconcile the factions; while the present leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, apparently makes up in amiability

what he has lacked in leading his party and colleagues in opposition. Mr. John Morley is admittedly not in touch with some of his associates. The Liberal party contains some bright young men, among others Sir Edward Grey, who may be expected to go far, and Mr. Asquith. That a reorganization is necessary is admitted, but none dares prophesy how or by whom it will be effected.

Imperialism has been the dominating feature of this election, and the voters have endorsed the Imperialistic idea. It is not too much to believe that the country will back up the Government in a vigorous foreign policy if immediate attention is given to army reform and naval increase and improvement.

D. E. F.

London, Oct. 12, 1900.

THE EVOLUTION OF POLITICAL IDEAS

(A STUDY)

BY ARTHUR ERNEST DAVIES, PH. D.

FOR a dispassionate discussion of any feature of national politics, it is necessary to take into consideration that political action has depended more upon questions of expediency than upon abstract principles of right. The extent to which this is true is suggested by the objection so frequently urged against some reformative measure that it has not yet come within the "sphere of practical politics." The implication, of course, is that there is a sphere of theoretical politics—a political dreamland—with which the politician has, as such, no concern. The emphasis has thus come to be placed upon immediately urgent measures which are demanded by or appeal to the voting constituency, and which will result in the election of one's party to office. If, therefore, we make a study of the "platforms" which from time to time are "built," they are structures put together out of the loose lying lumber of the public camp. To change the figure, they rarely utter a rallying cry for the million, but the million find in them the expression of its prejudices and needs. An immediate end is aimed at which makes this necessary. The political mind has a definite problem before it: to measure the density or rarity of the political atmosphere; its platforms consequently may be regarded as political barometers.

We need not be surprised—or disgusted—at this state of affairs; and certainly its mention here is not made for the purpose of exciting political hysteria. It is well to recognize that you will look in vain in this direction for the ideal

elements which are conservative of the nation's best traditions and life. The impulsive forces which open up new ways for the spirit of the times must be looked for *a fronte*; and politics are always *post rem*, never *ante rem*. It is hardly just to judge a nation by its politics, for the people are always better than the party and usually ahead of it. In this fact we find the reason for the divergence between our social and political standing in the community. How often have we heard it said that So-and-so is an honest fellow and a good neighbor, but politically—and the rest is conveyed by a shrug of the shoulders. If we are going to get at the permanent elements, the larger growths of the national consciousness, shall we not have to find them in the common relations of social life and not in the uncommon relations of political associations? For do we not all recognize that we are better than our politics indicate? Profession here, at any rate, falls short of practice.

There is, however, a relation between the maturing thought of the people and its political expression which we cannot overlook and which, indeed, we shall have to recognize in the discussions of this paper. But just now the more important point is to ascertain the direction of popular thought and opinion, for only then shall we be able intelligently to raise and answer the question as to the bearing this may have upon the more immediately practical duty of the citizen in the present state and stage of national political development. In a general way we may begin by recognizing that the people to-day are less under the leadership of the practical and more given to the study of the ideal than formerly. We do not mean to imply that our interest in the material side of western civilization has abated. The immense hold this has over our imagination is too apparent; but greater thought is now given to the unseen forces at work, and there is manifest a marked sympathetic interest in the discussions of present-day problems from the point of view of fundamental principles. This disposition on the part of

the people is in large measure due to the shock that recent events have given to old established convictions or policies ; the old dogmatism is giving way before pressing questions of the hour. We are learning that we can make mistakes in our political thinking, and are learning by the mistakes we have made. And when we stop to inquire into the character of these mistakes we find they consist in confounding local or temporary necessities with permanent needs. This has reacted rather unfavorably upon the moral sense of the nation by giving rise to a feeling of self-sufficiency out of which has arisen the mistaken cry of "America for Americans." Now, it is this former-time spirit from which the liberalizing tendencies of the present are freeing the nation as it comes to realize the impossibility of maintaining an isolated and at the same time progressive position among the nations of the world. This is not a matter of dispute among any of the parties—outside conventions. It is certainly coming to be recognized more clearly by the people at large, and it is in connection with this recognition that is felt the need of re-statement of some of our political principles.

It is gratifying that in the matter of domestic politics sectional interests do not provide now the only or most weighty motives to political action. There is no doubt, historically, that the original framers of the Constitution were more concerned to preserve the independence of the several States than to define the character of the Union into which they were to be brought. And this was perhaps wise, although the result has been costly in more ways than one. It left the problem of unity for the future to solve, and it has been pressed with growing urgency at every step of the nation's progress. And only in our own days are we waking up to the realization of what it implies. The Civil War emphasized one aspect of this great question ; and if we regard the events of the sixties as important in the record of national history, their justification is to be found in the success which crowns the ethical conceptions which to-day are domi-

nating the thinking of the people. In the light of history we may say that the Civil War reduced to a minimum the danger of secession, and if it established any principle it was that *in some sense* the nation was to remain one. It is futile to try to convince ourselves that North and South have been one in heart and purpose, in loyalty to the same ideals. Moreover, as the tide of population has gone westward, another disturbing factor was introduced into the question, and the problem before the American people has been more and more clearly one in political mechanics: to ascertain and preserve the equilibrium of those forces working in divergent directions, North, South and West. But while sectional diversity has been a prominent feature in national life, we are entering upon days when political unity is becoming more of a realized fact. Thus we remark a growing patriotic sentiment and a readiness to subordinate minor interests to national issues. We cannot understand current problems without bringing them into line with past developments in political thinking; and this, as we have said, is connected with the question of national unity.

Quite a common error has to be faced when we are told that the declaration of freedom constitutes a people free. Political documents, such as the Declaration of Independence, have to be distinguished from legislative enactments. The former, if they are not to be considered practically false, must be looked upon as theoretically ideal; that is, as defining an end to be reached, not as a starting-point in fact. If any confirmation were needed of this position the growth in patriotism, in kind and extent, might be appealed to. Any one who has made a study of this subject will readily admit that only recently has there been anything like a national self-consciousness among the American people, and that this has come about largely through the broadening of the people's responsibilities in face of the larger duties the new times are pressing upon the attention of the nation. But the important thing to notice is the reactive influence upon

national feeling these ultra-national problems are having. For we are fast coming to realize a larger national unity on account of the international outlook which we cannot, if we would, forego. The people, in other words, are growing into that state of freedom which is predicated by the Constitution, and the more sympathetic its interest in the affairs of the world the more intense its love of the home land becomes. It is only a narrow provincialism which fears the corruption of our national integrity through the influence of foreign nations.

We have already said that the question of national unity may be taken as an axiom of all our political thinking. The only existing doubt concerns the kind of unity we are able to maintain. Up to within comparatively recent times the more ethical content of the conception has been in abeyance; circumstances have forced to the front its political aspect. We may even point to the struggle between North and South as an illustration of this truth, for the question of freedom only became involved later and was used as a motive to secure the primary end of political unity. The efforts of the past have been directed toward establishing and strengthening our outward defences. This is the reason why the political quality of American patriotism has been so conspicuous. We may consider this phase to have passed; it is giving way, at least in point of emphasis, to the more ethical considerations to which we have adverted. It was a crude outburst of this new spirit, despite the aversion to meddle with European nations, which we heard in the cry "Remember the Maine!" No one supposed that our political integrity was menaced; the national consciousness was aroused and the unanimity of opinion was of the character of a self-revelation. We do not say that the form of its expression is commendable; neither nations nor individuals blossom out at a stroke with all the virtues, and often the higher æsthetic virtues are either late to develop or always lacking. But it is an advance to pass from the formal to the material, from the political to the psychological, in our

conceptions of public duty. No doubt this public outburst of feeling was largely unthinking. It did not wait upon more prudential considerations. But this is only to say that it was national rather than political. It was the expression of the outraged moral sense of the people in view of a broader ethical ideal. And subsequent events have justified as well as clarified this ideal so that the direction in which the nation is moving in its solution of the question of unity is no longer problematical. The future of America is bright with moral possibilities.

Let any one who doubts the potency of moral ideas to take practical shape acquaint himself with the arrangements that were made between the Government and Harvard University for the instruction and entertainment of a selected number of Cuban teachers. We cannot, of course, go into details; but he must be lacking in imagination who cannot see the immense advantage of this truly national service which the alumni and friends of Harvard rendered. Even the merchants of Cambridge came under the thrall of its ideal side, so that they supplied provisions either at reduced rates or entirely free of cost. And that the Cubans were not oblivious to its significance we gather from the testimony of some of their number. It is true, as Dr. Carlos Pedoso says: "You needed the visit to see that the Cubans are human beings; we to get acquainted with the true character of Americans." Yet with stronger emphasis Dr. Alfred Martinez, of Havana University, is reported to have said: "This expedition is the grandest deed ever wrought by any country, being, as we believe, the expression of pure good will toward Cuba. In all history there is no record of any country acting as the United States has toward Cuba. First you fought for us, and now you educate us in modern ideas. It is grand!" It likewise brings its responsibilities, and the least is not the obligation it places upon all the people to live up to these opportunities of leadership.

This same tendency in the national feeling, namely, to seek the solution of vexed questions along ethical lines, receives emphasis again in the so-called negro problem. The enfranchisement of the freed slave was a political error which could only be matched by his disfranchisement. And yet we are all aware that the right to the ballot among the colored people of the South is very generally an empty power. It always is, irrespective of color, when it does not presuppose the economic freedom of the voter. This is the great service Booker T. Washington is rendering the colored races, that he is focusing attention upon industrial ability as the condition of political independence. In other words, duty is taking the place of rights in the training of the negro for citizenship. This is no new discovery; the novelty consists in its application to a section of the country which we had taken for granted was incapable of industrial improvement. Practically it is important as eliminating the color line; by it the negro is brought under the conditions of life which have been so large a factor in the development of the white races. Fitness to survive is an adequate principle when, as in this case, fitness is defined in terms of moral relationship. Thus we have emphasized for us the truth that the larger unity of the nation, its new patriotism, is resting more and more upon the ethical qualities of the citizen, and that from this source will come securer economic and political conditions.

If our review of modern tendencies is to avoid obvious one-sidedness, perhaps the most characteristic development awaits mention. So far, we have only pointed out what seems to us the line of direction along which various unsolved problems of national unity are getting their solution in the common life and thought of the people. There is universal hopefulness in view of the facts which support this outlook. Yet we cannot be blind to the honest doubts many entertain on account of the broader relationships into which we are drifting. Heretofore, America has been a geo-

graphical unit ; it is now a political unit ; why cannot we leave well enough alone ? The policy of exclusion has been a safe guide in the past, why render the future uncertain by departure from it ? Some even think that the only way to preserve in their integrity our republican institutions is to repudiate our enlarging responsibilities. We do not intend to enter upon a discussion of pending questions ; we refer to them here because their entrance into the field of practical discussion points to a general interest on the part of the people in the issue raised. The significance of the point consists in the fact that we have been brought to face this problem, not in the way in which it is likely to receive settlement. On whichever side our sympathies are, we shall be, as a people, seriously considering this paramount issue for some time to come. But if we are not to remain satisfied with a superficial estimate, one or two considerations need emphasizing.

It is, in the first place, evident that these new issues arose out of conditions which were known to exist and which became acute through circumstances over which no political party had control. The unanimity of the people and press in their support of the Administration in its efforts to redress the evils involved and to maintain the honor of the flag was a remarkable testimony to the sentiment of the nation, an evidence of the feeling of nationality into which the people had been growing. Many consider it unfortunate that settlement could not be made without incurring responsibilities farther afield. Be that as it may, the impossibility, secondly, of restoring the *status quo ante* ought to be apparent to every observant mind. The degrees do not turn backward on the sun dial of any modern nation. If we grant it was an avoidable mistake to assume charge of the Filipinos, the fact of national obligation is not altered by that admission. The only debatable point is as to the manner in which this obligation is to be discharged. And this makes out of us all, *nolens volens*, imperialists, if by that term is meant the

determination to settle questions of government for people outside the territorial limit of the United States. We cannot take sides on this question without incurring the degraded charge of imperialism!

The emergence of these broader problems in national politics has been the occasion of a more thorough discussion of the fundamental principles upon which the government of this country is supposed to rest. This is a distinct gain. It is decidedly significant of the larger unity among the people that all attempts to connect their consideration with sectional prejudices have failed. There is a willingness to learn that makes the present a suitable time for clear thinking and honest speaking on these themes. As never before, the people are calling aloud for moral leadership. More than anything else this is the quality in the characters of Governor Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan which, in the one case against personal preference, led to their enthusiastic nominations by their respective parties. The call is loud and strong for men, and with this need satisfied, notwithstanding newspaper comments to the contrary, the result will depend upon the measures proposed.

These suggestions and illustrations may be sufficient to make our meaning clear when we say that the opportunities which are before us are commensurate with our ability to enter into the larger service of humanity from which we have willingly excused ourselves in the past. A certain provincialism has characterized American life and thought in the past which, with its attendant isolation from world-wide interests, has helped that consolidation of national differences and growth of national spirit to which reference has been made. Now it is in view of this accomplishment that we look with confidence to the future, for there is nothing to suggest a limit to the growth of American influence in the facts of the present. But in order to emphasize more definitely the prevailing sentiment of the country we may point to the keener sense of responsibility which is sobering all

our political discussions. It is being felt more strongly that our duties cannot be confined to our citizens, and to maintain any longer the attitude of negative interest toward other nations appears increasingly fatuous. What we are asking for is a definition of the positive content of our moral duty in its international bearings. No party which fails to address itself to this demand can hope for the suffrages of the people.

This aspect of affairs is viewed by many with concern and is looked upon with grave apprehension. It seems to them to involve a radical change from the traditions of the past. But this position is intelligible only as we find in it a challenge to correlate the new with the old in a satisfactory way. The principle of life, national as well as individual, is conservative ; radical changes need justifying. Probably the differences of opinion on this subject are due to misunderstanding its relation to the central problem of American history on the one hand and the character of moral progress on the other. And it would seem that if it could be shown that imperialism was contrary to either one, we should have reached an end of the matter. But so far from this being the case the reverse may confidently be asserted. It is because the national unity is being worked out along ethical lines that we have this problem with us at all, and the question of imperialism for the American people simply means the realization of a unity which because it is moral cannot be defined in geographical terms. It will rather be ethnological in character.

Failure to notice this simple but very obvious truth is a matter for surprise, especially if we remember the very large part the unification of the races has had in the production of American life and manners. The progress we have made toward nationality may be marked by the elimination in national politics of the foreign vote. It is a recrudescence of the former atomistic state of affairs which is seen in such outbursts as Mayor Rose's, of Milwaukee, at the Kansas City Con-

vention, on the Boer war, in order to catch the German vote for the Democratic party. And we cannot look with greater favor upon the views of "A Disciple of Thomas Carlyle," in the June number of *THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE*, when he deplors the absence of a "British vote" in American politics. Rather, it is one of the chief merits of the British immigrant that he does not create division where he finds none, and makes for harmony where he does. We are destined to hear less in the future about the foreign vote, because of the intense spirit of nationalism that has taken possession of the people, and because a closer unity will be effected among all classes of citizens as the nation faces with sober wisdom those large problems which are accentuating the line of cleavage between the progressive and unprogressive races. The area in which the world's destiny in the coming century is to be decided is perceptibly widening. It will not be long before a positive attitude will have to be assumed by the leading nations toward these new issues; a non-committal policy will be out of the question. Already the problems are taking shape. The place of the races in the scale of moral values remains to be decided. But we cannot doubt that the highest place will be accorded to that people who, with greatest confidence in a universal Providence, most unselfishly and confidently works together with the other factors to bring about "peace on earth, good will toward men." Toward this end the American people are asked to bend their intelligence and energy. And if the result does not establish "the parliament of man, the federation of the world," we may expect at least the satisfaction of that feeling of man for man which so vaguely yet so powerfully is working as a leaven in the Teutonic races. Instead of having lost anything essential to our own independence, we shall have established the only permanent condition of security for our own and the world's freedom.

HOW CERTAIN HEBREWS WANDERED TO BRITAIN

BY REV. M. W. SPENCER, A.M.

THERE is no more fascinating story than the one which tells of that great people, the Hebrews. Of the ancient Hebrews, whose history the Old Testament is, we, or at least those of us who have been brought up in the old-fashioned way, have known much from childhood. With the modern Jew, also, we are well acquainted. But of the Hebrew whose future is the subject of Old Testament prophecy, the Hebrew who is not the descendant of the tribe of Judah or of Levi, but of those other tribes which formed the Northern Kingdom, who never returned from captivity, but has ever since been classed as of "the Lost Tribes of the House of Israel," we know but little.

Of the kingdom of Israel, the Tribe of Dan, by its enterprise and valor, has made itself not the least conspicuous among the different members of Jacob's family. Dan, from whom the tribe was named, was the son of a concubine and the first-born of Rachel's household. "God hath judged me," she said, and called his name "Dan," which means to *judge or rule*. Often, in the Bible, the name of an individual foreshadows character and career. Dan's name given by Rachel implies authority and physical vigor, and Jacob when bestowing his blessing (Gen. 49: 16) repeats and confirms it. "Dan shall judge his people," said the venerable patriarch, "as one of the tribes of Israel," as though he were not born of a handmaid, and then proceeded to name other characteristics, implying great wisdom and astuteness.

The lapse of this tribe into idolatry is notorious. The

fact that Dan was born of Billah, a concubine taken from the heathen in Mesopotamia, may have induced the tribe even five hundred years after to adopt the idolatry of the East, and the same may be said of the tribes having a similar parentage, as Naphtali, his own brother, and Gad and Asher, his half brothers.

So the tribe of Dan, from Joppa, and Asher, from the harbor of Accho, or Acre (Jud. 1 : 31), joined the Phœnicians, and instead of conquering them, as the Mosaic law required, combined with them in commerce and navigation (1 Kings 5 : 9). The apportionment of the land so that eight of the ten tribes should be contiguous by land and sea with the Phœnicians, as was also the first colony of the Danites who settled on the steeps of Mount Bashan, would naturally suggest to the philosophic historian the cause of similarity of language. This may explain why it was when the Hebrews were warring with every other surrounding nation, they were never once engaged in hostilities with these nearest neighbors, the Phœnicians. This fact itself is certainly worthy of special notice and is the more remarkable as there were not wanting tempting occasions for the interference of the Phœnicians if they had desired it.

The command given to Moses was "to drive out the inhabitants" and dispossess them of their land (Num. 33 : 52) and "to save alive nothing that breatheth" (Deut. 20 : 16). Joshua, the leader of the Hebrews, 1450 B. C., began the execution of this law in earnest, given, no doubt, for wise and good purposes (Gen. 15 : 16). The Philistines on the south and the Phœnicians on the north occupied the entire western border of Canaan, and as Joshua entered the land from the east—having subjugated the land of Gilead first—there was little opportunity for them to escape with their lives, except by resorting to their ships at sea. These early navigators and ship builders became the merchants of southern Europe. Those bands of fishermen who became merchants belonged to a preceding age (Job 41 : 6. R.V.). Thus the

love of life, the romance of sea-faring, the desire for wealth, and the hope of discovery, all conspired to hasten the enterprising Phœnicians out on the Great Sea. Their skill as navigators has become a part of the world's history.

The tribe of Asher received one of the richest blessings by Moses (Deut. 33 : 24). Their multitude of children, their general acceptance by his brethren, and the wealth of olive oil in which to stand, could hardly have been fulfilled in Palestine, as there is not in all their history a single "act" of this tribe recorded in the Bible, so soon were they absorbed with the Phœnicians in the westward movement. The northern colony of Danites, who at that period were pioneers in all great movements, began to "leap" from Bashan, and joined the parent stock on the coast, where the harbor of Joppa was, and which with Tyre and Sidon offered easy approach to the sea. A considerable portion of each of these tribes, a great number in the aggregate, embarked in the new enterprise. The driving out of the Canaanites was, indeed, a slow process, lasting for four hundred years, or until the days of David (Acts 7 : 45). In the days of Solomon the Phœnicians were so much in harmony with Israel, that hearty congratulations were made by Hiram, the king of Tyre, when the grand temple was to be built to the Lord God of Israel (1 Kings 5 : 7), and active co-operation in the work was promised. The "floats" of timber were taken to Joppa, a port in the tribe of Dan, and thence conveyed to Jerusalem (2 Chron. 2 : 16). Intermarriage between the Phœnicians and Hebrews was not uncommon at this period (v. 14), which shows the power of heathenism over the northern and western tribes.

In the great battle of Jabin (Jud. 5), in which Sisera was slain, about 1300 B. C., who invaded the tribes of Zebulun, Naphtali, and Issacher, the coast tribes were not specially interested, indeed, they were too much involved with them even at that early day to extricate themselves from the heathen. Of this battle Deborah sang her "bitter curse" on

Meroz supposed to be at the mouth of the river Kishon, near the west coast of Palestine. After referring to Reubenites on the northeast as having "great searchings of heart," on account of the distance and lack of interest in warring against the enemies of the Lord, she reproaches them because "they came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Then turning to the west she says, "*why did Dan remain in ships?*" (Jud. 5: 17) and Asher, "*he sat still on the sea-shore and abode in his bays.*" The fact appears to be they were developing business relations with the Phœnicians on the great sea, and did not care to dissolve partnership.

We will follow the wanderings of these Hebrews in their association with the Phœnicians.

The clouds which envelop our knowledge of the first settlements of Greece, are illuminated by the brilliant hues of Grecian fable and tradition. The name by which the Greeks called their country was Hellas. Omitting the masculine termination and H the rough breathing, the letters *ell* being common to the word Bell, indicates the origin of the name, from the Sun-god of the Phœnicians, the snare of the Hebrews. This name, as Swinton remarks, is applied to all the colonies of the Greeks.

The Hellespont, so named, from the story of Helle and Parios, probably gave name to this part of Grecian territory and was associated with the Argonaut excursion of Jason. That they were Danites is seen in the latter name, *Dar-dan-ells*, which indicates both the people, or tribe, and also the *ell*, or Bell worship.

"Mr. Gladstone (Homer and the Homeric Age, vol. i., page 497) sees in this name Helle, as in that of the river Selleeis, conclusive proof of the Eastern origin of the Hellenic race, and the evidence of their passage from Asia into Europe." (See "Tales of Ancient Greece.") "The Phœnicians were the earliest commercial and colonizing people on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea" (Swinton). "It is quite certain that the early Greeks when they began to

spread over the Grecian Isles, came in contact with the Phœnicians, who were at that period the most commercial and progressive nation inhabiting the shores of the Mediterranean " (Swinton). In the light of our Phœnician lamp let us find our way among the early *Myths* of Greece.

In " Dr. Smith's History of Greece " a score of facts, inadvertently given, affirm without doubt, that the Pelasgians, the early inhabitants of Greece, were of Hebrew origin. " Few nations," he says, " have paid more attention to genealogy." The Hebrews had done this for four hundred years before the first settlement in Greece. They were " divided into petty tribes, or clans." At least a part of eight Hebrew tribes may have come with the Phœnicians at the early period of 1300 B. C. The " roots " of the Greek language are many of them from the Sanscrit, the same as the Hebrew and Phœnicians, which were also allied. " They were tillers of the ground ; " not mere fishermen or root diggers or people living on acorns or fruits, which accords very well with the known habits of Jacob's family soon after their settlement in Palestine.

In reading classical history we may not forget that Phœnicia (the country of palms) describes the land of Palestine quite as well as Syria, around Tyre and Sidon. So that the word Phœnicia may include Hebrews as well as Canaanites, since they had a common interest. This view is taken by Humboldt, the traveler and historian.

The tribe of Dan being leaders, the names of persons and places naturally take on the name of " Dan, their father " (Jud. 18: 29) or some combination of these letters. The Greeks considered themselves the children of a common father, very properly. Their great divinity was called Zeus, by Homer, *Do-dan*-ean Zeus. Neptune was called *Posei-don*, which probably is a corruption of Dan. The Greeks are said to have sprung from Bela, which strongly resembles *Billah*, the name of Jacob's concubine, and mother of Dan (Gen. 30: 4-6). The " Oriental strangers," who are

said to have brought civilization in Greece, were guided by one Danaus, and some centuries after the Greeks were persuaded by priests of Egypt that these strangers were Egyptians, a fact which we can very well believe, for the Israelites were there once. And Moses, though a Hebrew, was once taken for *an Egyptian* (Exod. 2: 10), as were also the children of Israel for Egyptians (Gen. 50: 11).

The reader may easily see how the Bel of the East became worshiped in the West, in Greece, Spain, Ireland, and in Britain generally, as we shall see, according to the traditions and histories of early times; how the word Jove originated from Jehovah, and how Jupiter is corrupted from both, and Mount Ida is a reflection from Mount Sinai, the former the reputed abode of the gods and the latter the place of God's great revelation. That many of the stories of the gods came from Palestine there can be no doubt.

The twin sister cities, Utica and Carthage, opposite the Island of Sardinia, are set down as colonies from Phœnicia and Greece, the Hebrews and Canaanites still mingling together. Their language was well understood by the Phœnicians. They were worshipers of Bell, or Baal, and sometimes offered human sacrifices in their temples, as the Hebrews may have done in later times (Jer. 19: 5). Historians declare their resemblance thus, "Carthage is said to be founded by Dido, a Tyrian Princess, 878 B. C., who came thither with a colony of Phœnicians. The people, like their progenitors, worshiped the sun and offered up human sacrifices" (Mitchell's Geog.). Their strong attachment to Baal is seen in such proper names as Hannibal and Astrabal, their generals. Their government was republican, and, like the Greeks, they followed their Hebrew ideals.

Still going north and west into France and Spain, we meet evidences of Hebrew-Phœnician colonists, commonly known in history as Celts. "All Gaul was divided into three parts, one of which is Belgæ," still retaining the name of the Asiatic sun-god, like our modern Belgium. The

Hebrews, especially the Nazarites, of whom Samson was a hero, suffered their hair to grow at great length, a custom in Gaul, in consequence of which a portion of them received the appellation, *Gallea Comata* (long-haired Gauls). Possibly the word Gaul and Gael of the Scots-Highlands may have originated from the same source.

In this region is the river Gardon, a name not unlike the Jordan, of Palestine, and evidently named after Dan. The cities of Marsilia and Nicæa were said to have been colonized from Greece by the Phœnician navigators who had stopped in their westward journey for a little time in Greece. A tomb was discovered a few years ago at Marseilles (Marsilia) with a Hebrew inscription bearing marks of the highest antiquity, and, though much injured and defaced by time, still the words "Subject to Solomon," in Hebrew, could be distinctly traced. An ancient tablet discovered in Marseilles in 1845, near the temple of Diana, is worthy of note here. It refers to the sacrificial victims, the ox, the steer, the kid, the lamb, the waterfowl, and the bird as offerings to Baal. "Habzi-Baal is the judge and the (Holy) Queen *receives the cakes baked for the royal worship.*"

The Carthaginians and Greeks at an early period colonized Spain, both the east and west sides of the peninsula. The inhabitants were called Celts, as were the same races in Gaul. The precious metals, especially silver, were very abundant here. As many as forty thousand men were sometimes employed in the mines. May not this be the reason why it became common as stone in the days of Solomon (1 Kings 10: 27)?

Between the mainland of Africa and Europe is the Strait of Hercules, and on either side "The Pillars of Hercules." They were said to have been rent asunder by the great hero, this being one of his "feats." He was said to have been born at Argos, the city from which sprung the *Dan-aoi*, which we have fully identified with Dan. Through this strait came

the Heraclidæ, or *the children of the traders*, the early navigators from Syria. The symbols of their national serpent worship is still preserved in the American sign for dollars (\$), which is of Spanish origin. In it we see the pillars of Hercules and the coiling serpent. The pillars are represented by Mount Calpe and Abyla on opposite sides of the strait, and the coil of the serpent around both of them beautifully binds both continents in one brotherhood. This emblem of the serpent was common to the tribe of Dan long before, as predicted by his father, Jacob (Gen. 49: 17).

Passing out of the straits, there are numerous cities and colonies whose Phœnician names of persons and places indicate that these navigators went both north and south. Dr. Smith holds (Bible Dic.) that Tarshish was in Spain and called in classic history Tartessus. If so, it was probably on the northwest shore, bordering the Atlantic. Here in early times were the sites of cities called Hercules, according to ancient maps. That the city of Tarshish was on the mainland is indicated in the Psalms. "The Kings of Tarshish, *and* of the isles shall bring presents." (Psa. 72: 10). The distinction between the two lands is clearly maintained. The ships of Tarshish were broken with the "east wind," implying probably that that city was on the west coast somewhere (Psa. 48: 7). Jonah took voyage from the port of Joppa on the Mediterranean Sea for Tarshish, and we suggest he would probably go to a Hebrew colony while fleeing from his native land. When he announced himself to the sailors on shipboard that he was a Hebrew it needed no word of explanation. And when they offered *sacrifice* and *prayer* to the Lord (Jehovah), reference is had to the Hebrew worship (Jonah 1: 16). The sailors, therefore, were Hebrews on their western voyage. The Gentiles of Nineveh were in the far east, from whom he fled, "because he knew God was merciful" (4: 2). Jonah should have learned better than to go to sea in any of Dan's ships.

Coasting northward, the *Heraclidæ, the descendants of*

Hercules, the children of the traders, were settled in Britain in very early times. It is probable that they were abreast of the great wave of European settlements by the descendants of Japheth. *So that the first inhabitants of these isles were the Hebrew-Phœnician people,* so well known in the east by their enterprise, navigation, and commerce. The strait which separates the isles from the continent being only twenty-one miles over, was easily crossed. The southern and western part of the island was first inhabited.

There are several names by which the British Isles have been known to the world. The most important are as follows: (1) Davies in his "Celtic Researches," page 190, considers that the earliest name for Britain was *Y-Vel-Ynys*, that is, "the Isle of Bel," or Belus, the letter V becoming B in Belus. (2) Its name may be derived from the Welsh word "*Brydio*," which signifies violence, on account of the violent agitation of the surrounding seas, possibly. (3) It may have been given by the Phœnicians from "*Bara-tanac*," "the land of tin," and hence Brittanca, then Britain. (4) Dr. Poole and others suggest that the Hebrew word, *Berith*, signifying oath or covenant, and *ish*, meaning man, give us British, the man of the covenant. The British Isles, then, would signify the oath-man.

Lieutenant Totten, of Yale, says, "The word Britain is an astonishing confirmation here. It occurs in nearly the same form, and with reference to Israel (Saxon), twice in the Bible—*Britham*, a covenant. First in Isa. 42: 6: 'I, the Lord, have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee and give thee *to Britham*, for a light of the Gentiles.' Second, in 49: 8: 'I will preserve thee and give thee *to Britham*, to establish the earth, to cause to inherit the desolate heritages.' Both of these passages are parts of addresses made to certain *peoples*, represented as dwelling in 'the Isles' (Isa. 42: 10-12; 49: 8), and as being the descendants of Israel. Who are they but Britains, who in ancient Welsh (almost vernacular Hebrew)

call themselves 'Bryth y Brithan,' or Biths of Briton, that is, 'The covenanters of the Land of the Covenant.'"

The Welsh claim that the Cymbri, their ancestors, were the original inhabitants of these isles. They were generally called Celts, or Kelts. The Phœnician colonizers were there early, and the Celtic Bael is usually identified with Baal, and like all the Hebrew-Phœnician colonies on the westward route were worshipers of serpents. The eagle and serpent are combined in their symbols of important national events.

"The aboriginal, or at least the early inhabitants of Britain were of Celtic origin and race, as is evident from the fact that nearly all the names of mountains, lakes, and rivers are still descriptive and significant in the Celtic language." A reliable author says, "The Phœnicians and Carthaginians knew the islands, and traded with the natives for tin." "From here (Gibraltar) having colonized well-nigh the whole of the Spanish coast, they (the Phœnicians) went northwards to the tin lands, and to Britain itself" (Chambers' Ency.).

"The Kymry of Wales," says Hayden, "had the harp on their coat-of-arms which they received from Ireland," and good authority says it was brought thither by the Tuatha de Dannans in the seventh century before Christ." There is little doubt but that the early inhabitants of Wales were among the first colonies that passed over to the islands from the east, and, as it would seem, were greatly reinforced about the time of the general breaking-up by Assyrians. With this corresponds the inscriptions on the Assyrian monuments, where the Cymry are constantly referred to. Their religious worship exactly corresponds to the Hebrews at the time of the exile. *Hy Cadarn* (according to the Welsh Triads, was "the first who led the nation of the *Cymry* to the Isles of Britain"), who finally arrived in England, and gradually settled down under the various names of Cymry or Welsh, Danes and Normans." Says a modern historian, in an interesting work, "The Book and its Story," when describing

the Druids, the priestly order among the ancient Britons: "At Iona, in times of which we have no written record, were carried on many of the simple religious *customs of the old Hebrews*. . . . The Druids, *like Israel*, worshiped in groves at first, and set up *memorial stones*, generally *under oaks*, which to them were especially sacred; then, *like Israel*, and without their written revelation polluting them by idol worship." Just as Scripture tells us, "My people Israel ask counsel at their stocks, and sacrifice on the tops of mountains, and burn incense *under oaks* and poplars and elms. . . . Israel slideth back as a backsliding heifer. Ephraim is joined unto idols: let him alone." And so Ezekiel was commanded to cry, "Alas! for the abominations of the House of Israel! . . . when their slain shall be among their idols under every *thick oak* the place where they did offer sweet savor to all their idols" (6: 11, 13). The idolatrous worship of the House of Israel under the thick oaks of the land of their fathers appears to have been repeated by their descendants under that same tree which is so familiarly known to us by the title of THE BRITISH OAK, until, as a nation, they were brought to receive the Gospel of Christ.

No wonder, then, they brought Baal-worship with them. No wonder the ancient songs of the Druids and of Wales were written in the Hebrew. No wonder we have to-day in our language so many words derived from the Hebrew. No wonder that the hill-tops of Cornwall, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland abound in memorials of Baal worship the same as once existed in Canaan.

NOTES OF A CANADIAN ABROAD

(FROM LETTER BY DAVID GLASS, Q. C., AND EX-M. P. OF THE
DOMINION OF CANADA)

I CAME to Paris from China almost direct, having left Tien-Tsin early in June, when all Europeans there were under arms night and day.

I would say a few words first about Paris. In 1889 I had the pleasure of attending the Exposition here and of remaining long enough to form a fairly good opinion of its merits. It was admitted to be superior to any of its predecessors. At that time the Eiffel Tower was the great attraction. This enormous structure overwhelmed me then, and so it is now with the great tower, majestic, commanding, stupendous, pointing into the clouds, twice the height of other structures erected by man.

Since I was here last we had had the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. It was in many respects a step in advance of all others, and was of a greatness becoming the commemoration of the birth of our American Continent. It fitly demonstrated the power of America.

Now in the closing year of the century I come to new Paris, new to me, for as my memory goes back eleven years there were then but few buildings and but little business as far as the Arc de Triomphe, while now much farther on, the whole ground is covered with palaces. Old Paris, that is as I left it, I have gone over with an intelligent guide, and I find scores of magnificent buildings added to the uniform beauty created by the third Napoleon.

For many months I had been traveling from east to

west, and this time entered the city from Luzerne, in Switzerland. For hundreds of miles out of Paris I found orchards, flowers, fruits, green fields, and rich meadows dotted with evergreens. From what I know and have seen of Europe, Asia, and America, it is no exaggeration to pronounce without hesitation that "La Belle France" is at once the most beautiful and the most luxurious country in the world. In the midst of all this stands brilliant old Paris, the triumph of two thousand years' advancement and refined civilization.

France has experienced a hundred splendid triumphs, and also some convulsions and defeats, but she has risen above them all; and to-day Paris breaks all former records of her own or other countries in the matchless display accumulated within her walls. In some respects this may be contradicted, for in the more rugged mechanical appliances and in great quantity of machinery Chicago was no doubt foremost; but the fine and more perfect models, the new methods of producing power, the wireless telegraphy and many other wonders in the scientific world, and above all, the unprecedented display of art, make it possible to say fairly that France closes the century in the lead of all nations as displayed at this charming Exposition.

* * *

In regard to the troubles in the far East I have formed opinions on the present and future of China. The government of China is patriarchal, hence sectional. Such a tribal government was not suitable even for the Israelites two thousand years ago. The Chinese clans know very little of one another, a distance of fifty miles being sufficient to bar the understanding of their dialects.

Such a form of government is subversive of patriotism. Peking may have a war, while Manchuria and Mongolia to the north, and other parts for a thousand miles to the south or west, are perfectly indifferent as to the results. In other

words, there are no means of concentrating the strength of the nation for good or evil.

No treaty hitherto made has been fulfilled by China, nor is it possible for the Government at Peking to make a treaty which can be fulfilled. For instance, if goods under a treaty are to enter China upon a five per cent. duty being paid; such goods may upon reaching, say, fifty miles in the interior, be met by another power, and be compelled to pay five per cent. more, or be prevented from proceeding further. This is only illustrative. There are many like difficulties. In a word, what was suitable five thousand years ago is not suitable in this age of rapid thought and rapid transportation.

The Japanese saw this thirty years ago, and with an effort a little less than miraculous threw off their feudalism, the underlords and nobles surrendering their all to their country's cause, thereby giving proof of patriotism seldom, if ever, surpassed. The brilliant outcome of that effort made Japan a first-class nation.

The great powers have no wish to break up China. They have said so, and no doubt mean it. In the end the powers will probably appoint a protectorate council at Peking. That council will place the rightful heir on the throne, and then, by edict or otherwise, a new Constitution for China will be promulgated, somewhat after the lines adopted in Japan. In this way a homogeneous, a patriotic China, can in time be created; and if this cannot be done, Chinamen would sooner be under Great Britain, Japan, France, the United States, or Germany, than to remain as they are.

In regard to the present war, it is the outcome of two political parties. One is under the Empress Dowager, holding office and maintaining popularity at Peking on the ground that all new appliances of civilization come from the devil. There has been no rain for the past year from the Gulf of Pe Chili to Tien-Tsin and Peking, whereby famine is almost certainly at the doors of ten million people. This is regarded

as direct evidence of Divine hatred of the foreigner and his progressive methods, his steam engines and other violations of nature. The Christian faith is pointed to as one of the factors in these ungodly practices. The Boxers are the visible representatives of this fanatical feeling. On the 4th of June last, Dr. Hykes, of the American Bible Society, in his report, says that two hundred thousand copies of the following paper were distributed in Tien-Tsin :

SACRED EDICT BY THE LORD OF WEALTH AND HAPPINESS

The Catholic and Protestant religions being insolent to the gods and extinguishing sanctity, rendering no obedience to Buddhism, and enraging both heaven and earth, the rain-clouds now no longer visit us. But eight million spirit soldiers will descend from heaven and sweep the empire clean of all foreigners ; then will the gentle showers once more water our lands, and when the tread of soldiers and clash of steel are heard, heralding woes to our people, then the Buddhist Patriotic League of Boxers will be able to protect the empire and bring peace to all its people.

Hasten, then, to spread this doctrine far and wide, for if you gain one adherent to the faith your own person will be absolved from all future misfortunes. If you gain five adherents to the faith your whole family will be absolved from all evils; and if you gain ten adherents to the faith your whole village will be absolved from all calamities. Those who gain no adherents to the powers will be decapitated, for until all foreigners have been exterminated the rain can never visit us.

These who have been so unfortunate as to have drunk water from wells poisoned by foreigners should at once make use of the following Divine prescription, the ingredients of which are to be decocted and swallowed, when the poisoned patient will recover :

Dried black plums, half an ounce.
Sulanum dulcamara, half an ounce.
Encommia ulmoides, half an ounce.

This is an explanation of the whole situation, and being clearly in line with the views of the Empress Dowager and her party, it was, as she thought, a means of protection and safety.

The other party had been out of power for years. Their leaders had been executed or driven from the country; but the Church and the foreigner were object lessons of their influence, hence the extermination of these two classes was needful for the final security of the Empress Dowager's party in power.

During these troublous times when this proclamation was issued I was a tourist at Tien-Tsin on my way to Peking to see the old city, and also to see Sir Robert Hart, to whom I had letters; but my efforts were unavailing. The railway line had just been torn up and the seventy miles between the two great cities was impassable. Tien-Tsin was crowded with Chinese cavalry and foot-soldiers, going, as they said, to put down the Boxers; while their conduct to foreigners indicated the very contrary.

Finding it impossible to get further I went on board the steamship *Lien Shang* and returned by way of Cheefu and Wei Hai Wei to Shanghai.

The outbreak of the Boxers was not unexpected. As early as the 19th of May the French Bishop, Mgr. Fabius, at Peking, informed the French Minister that in Paoting-fu alone seventy Christians had been massacred, and that two thousand were fugitives without food, clothing, or shelter. His Lordship's report, of which the above is but a sentence, is long, instructive and convincing. If it had been acted upon, perhaps thousands of lives and millions of money might have been saved. The French Minister urged upon the allied powers immediate action, but his colleagues did not think it needful at that time to bring up the legation guards, and in this way delay took place until it was too late.

* * *

I remain in Paris long enough to get a good understanding of the present Exposition, and will then proceed on my journey still further westward.

DAVID GLASS.

QUIVERA

THE HISTORY AND LEGENDS OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN KINGDOM

BY E. E. BLACKMAN

III

SANTA FÉ in those days was considered the gateway to fabulously rich empires in the interior. The old stories of Quivera bobbed up periodically, and each new Governor sought to distinguish himself and gain prestige in Spain by exploring and conquering the surrounding cities. Each in turn had lost his good name, if not his head, by over-zeal in this direction, but still the Governors continued to be drawn into this maelstrom of defeat and failure.

Penelosa was no exception, and so he set on foot this expedition of which we have the manuscript account. The manuscript was written by one of the chaplains, Nicholas de Freytes, a friar who accompanied the expedition; and had he paid more attention to directions, distances, and surroundings we might be better able to trace the exact location of the city of Quivera. However, enough has been proved as truth in this manuscript to substantiate the remainder and allow the foregoing assertion to rest upon an authentic basis.

On the 6th of March, 1662, Don Diego, Count of Penelosa, who was then Governor-General of New Mexico, fitted out an expedition to conquer the empire of Quivera.

Again the wonders of this great city were told to the adventurous Spanish cavaliers, possibly with the usual embellishments: how the precious metals were abundant and held

in light esteem ; how the king sailed in a boat covered to the very water with plates of gold, while upon the prow was perched an eagle made of the shining metal ; how he reveled in a garden where the swaying branches supported a chime of golden bells.

The expedition contained eighty Spanish cavaliers, one thousand natives, thirty-six wagons, eight hundred horses, and three hundred mules, besides a coach for Penelosa, as well as two sedan chairs and a litter. Two chaplains, with their vestments and materials necessary to celebrate mass, composed the religious equipage.

For three months this force bore in a northeasterly direction, and De Freytes in his description again enumerates the fruits, flowers, and grasses in a very accurate manner. In fact, one can but believe that an enumeration so accurate would be wholly impossible if one had not really traveled the ground. He tells of the good quantities of strawberries, the plums of such noble size, and the clusters of grapes as large and delicious as any seen in his own beloved Spain.

With few mishaps this gorgeous array continued for eight hundred and fifty or one thousand miles (that is 250 or 300 leagues) until they came to the banks of a wide, rushing river. Here they encountered a band of Escauzaques, Indians dwelling along the fortieth parallel of latitude, who were marching northward to make war upon the city of Quivera. Penelosa joined this force of three thousand Indians, and marched along the right bank of the river for a whole day to a point where the current flowed from due north. This river cannot be other than the Platte, and the point reached must be near the present site of Ashland, as every point in the original manuscript meets the natural conditions found there to this day. The Spaniards followed the right bank of the stream northward for a whole day, and then followed the windings of the stream until they saw, still further north of it, a high ridge covered with signal smokes, which gave them to understand that their approach was being heralded.

Presently they halted near where a stream of considerable size from the north joined the one they were following. Here they saw a populous Indian city, situated on both sides of this second stream. Any one at all familiar with the route will easily recognize this last-named stream as the Loup, and that where the prosperous city of Columbus now stands once stood this great capital of a vast Indian empire.

There, before the eyes of these Spanish adventurers, stood houses built of hewn timber, *many of them four stories high*; they were circular in shape and neatly thatched.

We may be sorry that the historian of the expedition did not give us a more graphic description of this city, but he told it all in these few brief words: "There were many thousands of these houses, many of which were three and four stories high." More words could add nothing unless he should have described some one of these many thousand houses, and told us the exact size, and style of architecture. When we realize that gold, silver, and precious stones were the allurements which drew this army of adventurers from their homes, and, as they say, they found none of these, we may be thankful that Freytes did not forget, like Castaneda, to tell us the number of houses and the magnitude of the city, even briefly. When we study this manuscript which tells of the flora of this country so accurately, how can we, with consistency, say that the city and people of which it tells are myths? If it tells the truth about the fruits growing here, why should the description of the houses and size of the city be fictitious? Would the historian be likely to mislead by quoting the size greater than it really was? I should rather think he erred by stating it smaller, as he was accustomed to seeing large cities and disappointed in finding wealth; the sight must have awed him to elicit even a single adjective of praise from his pen.

There were many roads leading into the city from the surrounding hills. The timber used was mainly walnut, and as the many thousands of such houses met the gaze of the

army they might well be astonished at the city's magnitude and the number of its inhabitants.

The natives called the large river which Penelosa had been following, the Nebraska; so, for the first time white men heard the name of our beloved State.

The manuscript goes on to say that nearly a hundred of the chiefs brought presents of fruit, skins, and fish across the river and kindly welcomed Penelosa. Two of these were detained until nearly morning, when it was discovered that the Indian allies had forded the river and set fire to the outlying buildings, killing the defenceless people. These people could not fight, as not a single warlike weapon was to be seen, and, unlike the other Indians Penelosa had seen, they had no scalps which they had taken. The allies were plundering and burning the houses and driving the people before them.

Penelosa at last succeeded in crossing the river, and, after extinguishing the fire and driving his former allies away, he began to pursue the flying natives. But they had taken to the ridges and not a live native could be found. The next day he continued his march through the city until stopped by another stream which flowed into the Loup from the north, as the manuscript says, "two or three leagues from the mouth." A Spanish league is 3.42 miles; so this stream must be from seven to ten miles up the Loup. Those who live near this point can best determine as to what stream would prove an impediment to Penelosa's lumbering coach. Mrs. Alvira G. Platt, who was matron of the Geneva Indian School for many years and lived near this point, thinks this stream was Cedar Creek, but Judge James W. Savage, late of Omaha, thought it more probable that it was either Looking-glass Creek or Lost Creek. Mr. Leavy, of Platte County, Nebraska, informs me that the banks of Looking-glass Creek are very steep in some places, and he is inclined to think this creek would form a barrier great enough to cause a halt with the coach. However, Penelosa sent a

body of soldiers farther on, and upon their return they reported no end to the city.

The soldiers admired the beauty of the place. They found the soil black and covered with long, rich grass. As the manuscript says, "It seemed a perfect Eden." Finding no gold or jewels, the commander concluded it was useless to pursue the frightened natives farther, and on the 11th of June he started on his homeward journey. He encountered his former allies, however, and had a skirmish with favorable results to the Spaniards.

While excavating in the city of Lincoln some years ago, the workmen unearthed a broken sword, which is now in the museum of the Nebraska State Historical Society in Lincoln. The shield for the hand shows it to be the work of a painstaking craftsman, and is Spanish in design. The blade is not sharp on either edge, but the center of it is thinner than the edges. The blade is broken, so the length cannot be determined, but it is doubtless one of the weapons carried by a Spanish cavalier, and may assist in proving that this skirmish between the Spaniards and Escausaques occurred near Lincoln, which is not improbable.

And while referring to relics of the Spanish exploring parties, I wish to mention a carved piece of metal picked up near Columbus some years ago, and now in the possession of Mrs. Young, of that city. Those who have seen it pronounce it a saddle ornament. It is decorated with free-hand chasing, and was possibly lost by one of Penelosa's men.

There was found, too, some years ago, a sword of much interest. It is said by competent judges to be a Damascus blade; at least, it has upon it an inscription, or monogram, which is worthy of investigation. This sword is now in Kansas City, but was loaned to the Historical Society for a number of years.

There is in the University Museum a bridle bit, found in the west central part of the State and owned by Dr. Everett, of Lincoln. No one but a cruel Spaniard could ever design such a bit; it is a complicated affair, and for torture to a poor

horse has not a peer. It is made of iron and copper; the workmanship is good.

An antique stirrup was found some years ago near River-ton, in Franklin County, Neb. It is of the same design as the stirrups used by Moorish horsemen for many centuries. This stirrup was buried quite deep and is an interesting relic.

Near the little town of Burr, in Oboe County, Mr. W. S. Holden informs me that he dug out of a spring some thirty-five years ago, and still has in his possession, a pistol barrel with many bores. It was found at a depth of thirty feet. The revolving-barreled pistol was a new weapon of Europe about the time of Penelosa's expedition or a little earlier, say 1619, and it was not a common weapon at a later date, so it seems quite probable that this is a relic of that expedition. Of course the pistol barrel might have been lost as early as 1600, but it could not have belonged to the Coronado expedition, as that was one hundred years before such barrels became popular, and at least fifty years before the first one was made.

Possibly, if I could collect all the evidences existing along the routes of these expeditions we might determine very nearly the exact track of each of them through the relics, by noting the design of each and by knowing the age at which each design was in use. Fashions changed then as now.

A full suit of Spanish armor, together with the crumbling bones of its poor unfortunate wearer, was found in a cave in Southern Colorado not many years ago. Possibly the cavalier was lost from one of the early expeditions.

Thus I have endeavored to state briefly some of the evidences relating to Quivera, as gleaned from old Spanish manuscripts. Of course I have not given a tenth—no, not a hundredth part—of all the evidence bearing on this subject. I have quoted from only a few of the best sources, and given but two of the many expeditions fitted out to conquer Quivera or to convert the natives. I have given enough to prove to the mind of any unbiased reader that

Quivera was a vast empire worthy of our study; that it had its capital in Platte County, Nebraska; and that it was visited from time to time by Spanish explorers at an early date. I believe that the City of Quivera covered more ground than any other city in Nebraska ever has, and I believe it held more souls than Omaha now holds. Other expeditions were fitted out to reach Quivera, and a few of them reached even farther north; but enough has been said to establish the existence and location of this city and to prove that Quivera is not a mere myth, but was once a grand reality, occupied by a civilized, docile, pastoral people, who, according to their traditions, came, at a very remote period, from the South, and lived on these beautiful, sunkissed plains by the edge of the silvery waters of our beautiful State. Here they grew their corn and herded their buffalo, lived, loved, and worshiped in peace, plenty, and contentment for ages, until their enemies, jealous of their prosperity, and for the sake of plunder, made war upon them, even to extermination. What romance can our minds picture as once being enacted where now our fertile farms yield the self-same corn to another race of beings! What desires, what passions, and what aspirations once stirred the breasts of those husbandmen as they gathered the ripe, golden ears from these self-same fields! What different accents had the tones of the lover as he whispered his impassioned words in the ear of his fair goddess! Was not life as sweet, was not worship as sincere, and was not love as fervent in that quiet, warless, strifeless, happy age as it is to-day?

But what of the remains still found which will farther substantiate the manuscript evidence. First, let us study the Pawnee people, which all the evidence singles out as the original people who populated Quivera. Nance County, Nebraska, was the last ground which they retained; every other part of the once broad empire was relinquished from time to time, but this last ground was held as a sacred trust with which they would not part.

Many writers whom I might quote have dwelt at length

upon this subject, and it has been a theme of inquiry for many of the early settlers. Some of the pioneers still living can tell pathetic stories—and hair-lifting stories, too—of the heroic efforts made to retain this last sacred heritage of a decayed civilization. My friend W. F. Wright, who was once a Government agent among the Pawnees, tells of a speech made by one of the great chiefs. He is sure from the little he could grasp, and the motions and attitudes of the chief, that he related the exploits of his people and told of the grandeur of his empire. How much light the recital of these chiefs might have thrown on Nebraska's folklore, could they have been translated and studied as a whole! But the day is past for the study of the primitive Indian, and all is darkness. Soon the Indian will be but a memory to be studied through the long-range vista of years, gradually growing less and less distinct, until, in three centuries even, the traditions may be doubted.

A gentleman living north of Columbus told me that many years ago after the Pawnees had been removed, a number of them returned in a wagon, bringing an old woman with them. After searching some time in a field, they carried her to a certain spot selected, and placing some food for her left her. There she remained until she died; then the white people gave her a Christian burial. What did this signify? Why did they return that the poor creature might die at that identical spot?

Many still living can tell how the Pawnees returned after having been removed to Oklahoma. Now ask why should they wish to retain this spot instead of more favorable hunting grounds elsewhere? The answer is not to be found at this late date, even with diligent study along accessible lines. The Government might do much through the ethnological department of the Smithsonian Institution if the matter were pushed, but so far no authoritative study of the ethnology of the Pawnee Indians has ever been made, and they are fast disappearing. In 1858 they numbered over 3,000, while in 1890 they had dwindled to barely 1,200.

The missionaries who labored with the Pawnees and other tribes at an early date all testify that the language, customs, and physiognomy of the Pawnees differed materially from those of the Omahas, Oboes, Sioux, and other tribes. Father William Hamilton, who labored with the Omahas for so many years, thinks the Pawnees came originally from the Southwest, and he speaks of their language being different from those of surrounding tribes, not merely in dialect but in structure. Rev. Samuel Allis, who associated with the Pawnees so many years and was probably more familiar with their history than any other man, remarks that they were once, doubtless, a powerful people, more civilized than they were at the time of his knowing them.

George L. Brown, in his history of Butler County, published in the Nebraska State Historical Reports (Vol. IV., p. 281), says: "Three villages, or permanent homes, of the Aborigines exist in this county. Traces of temporary residences are, however, plentiful along the line where the breaks, or Platte bluffs, meet the tableland. These consist in abundance of rude pottery, manufactured, presumably, from the blue clay of the bluffs. The Pawnee nation, with its subordinate branches, was certainly a strong and numerous people but a hundred years ago. * * * It was said by the 'old men' that not many generations ago the Pawnees were more powerful than the Sioux and held them in subjugation."

So I might go on giving evidence upon evidence to show the opinions of early writers on this subject. All the writers who have dwelt upon this theme seem to agree that the Pawnees are the descendants of a highly civilized aboriginal race. I have not space here to enter fully into their traditions, their form of worship, nor to fully discuss the direction from which these people came when they built Quivera, but I cannot leave this branch of the subject without touching a few of the salient points bearing on it.

(To be continued.)

IN DISTRICT No. 1

(*An Economic Novel*)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

CHAPTER XXXII—(*Continued*)

“**A**ND instead of attacking these hydrates as a whole with reagents, you proceeded fractionally?” cried Boreen, eagerly.

“Well guessed! I used sulphuric acid as a solvent, *drop by drop*. It was a tedious investigation. First, I placed the well-washed hydrate in a dish, added some distilled water, and then a drop of acid. After complete digestion, aided by moderate heat, the solution thus obtained was filtered off, and all adhering traces washed away. The residue was then treated with a second drop of acid, and so on, until the entire mass of hydrate was dissolved. Each fractional solution, in its turn, was then tested in various ways, and ultimately freed from metal by electrolysis. The final result was, apart from many peculiar phenomena I noted and have yet to investigate, that, among the one hundred fractions from each of the five samples, I found one which identically resembled a corresponding one in all the others. There were, in the five hundred separate fractional solutions, five of a like character — one from each hundred. The metallic globules in these five tubes were obtained from the five fractional solutions to which I refer. It seemed to me probable that this metal was the group-element of which I was in search, and provisionally, I named it proteum. A

corroboration, however, was lacking. I had to discover whether my proteum could, by any method of treatment, be induced to take an allotropic form and appear as iron, manganese, chromium, nickel or cobalt. *You* have succeeded in doing this, Tom, and it is for *you* to take the credit. Proteum is *your* child."

"No, no, you ginerous damsel! It is *our* child!" Tom blurted out in his hasty and gleeful enthusiasm, and then inwardly cursed his too-nimble tongue as he saw Lydia resume her investigation of the evaporating dish, while the lovely pink of her cheek assumed a deeper tint.

"We mustn't forget 'the other fellow,'" she said. "Who knows but what he is already familiar with what we have yet to learn? We must find out who made the apparatus we have been examining."

"I already have a bit of a notion in that direction," said Boreen. "I'll explain it to you this evening. It will fit in with all the things I have to talk to you about."

"What do you suggest as the best method of dealing with the proteum incident in our affidavit?"

"Let us not mention it. Let us simply say that we have by chemical investigation determined the absolute identity of the metal forming the spike with that forming the loose disc having the projection corresponding to the broken end of the spike."

"Agreed."

CHAPTER XXXIII

DREAMERS OF DREAMS

At half past six that evening Merritt and Westeron were sitting together on a bench at the corner of the road leading north from the main avenue of the park. Westeron's horse, sagacious, and obedient to his voice as a

dog, was moving about on the sward close by, cropping the sweet grass. Inly told the Destinator all about his visit of the preceding day to Pigeon River Farm and his subsequent consultation with Simms. He admitted that he had informed the latter of the suspicions with regard to Henry Wyndham; but he explained how he had been most careful to say nothing about Boreen or Pittsburg, or about the visit to Newport News.

"I think Simms' idea of searching Wyndham's clothes is a capital one, Captain. Don't *you* think so, too?"

"Why, yes; I can't say but what I do," replied Western, as if the suggestion were a novel one.

The clattering of hoofs was heard at this moment; and a hearty voice saluted them, as two equestrians cantered up to where they were sitting.

"Destiny, me bhoy! the top of the evening to ye! I see ye well, Mr. Warner!"

Merritt looked up, acknowledging Boreen's salutation, and then forgot to look down again.

The second equestrian was a young lady, mounted on a fine, spirited animal, full of life and action, whom she sat with the most consummate ease and grace. She wore a dark walnut-brown riding habit, trimmed with black braid in semi-military fashion, and on her little head was a Tryolese hat of russet velvet, adorned with a gold buckle and a plume of cock's feathers. Her dainty hands were encased in leather gloves of the same color as her hat, and their gauntlets reached half way to the elbow. A belt of the same material encircled a slender waist which, by subtle gradations, swelled upward into a perfectly-modeled bust and downward into hips of exact proportion and delicately adjusted symmetry. The curve of the knee that held the saddle horn was round and fine, and the stirrup foot that peeped from under the skirt of the habit was in itself a treatise on the lines of beauty.

All these details flashed their way into Inly's soul and

were mirrored there forever. But his heart of hearts heeded them not. It was absorbed by a tender and ineffable vision. The golden, rosy glow of the sunset still came speeding down the avenue. It pulsed, and shivered, and shimmered, and blushed, and kissed, and then died softly away into another pink glow of still more delicate beauty, the glow of rich, bright life on lips incarnadined and in diaphanous cheeks. It lent a faint, subtle purple to the deep azure rays that, instinct with crystal clearness of mind and gentleness of thought, stole from under the true arches of darkly-penciled brows and from out the mystical shade of long lashes. It nestled in the interstices of the glorious brown hair, playing and caressing and tracing, as it were an aureole around the fair head. And yet, with all such opulence of charm, the sweet face was simply kind and kindly simple.

Merritt's rapt attitude was noticed by Westeron and Boreen. They, too, looked at Lydia as she sat in the illumination of the departing day, unconscious of the eyes that were fixed upon her. I have heard Boreen speak of that ever-memorable evening, and of how they all were silent for a full minute—the three men watching what seemed a splendid apparition from another world, and our L. B. wrapped in some sudden reverie or listening to some spirit of the ambient air.

A movement of Lydia's horse disturbed the scene. She passed her hand across her eyes as though she were waking from a trance.

"I'm afraid I'm very rude," she said, smiling, but in a manner not altogether divested of sadness. "I saw such a strange showing in the sunset, that, for the moment, I became quite absent-minded, and forgot we were all here together. Who is this gentleman?"

She pointed with the handle of her whip at Inly, who was still standing fascinated and apparently oblivious of everything but the sweet girl before him. A tear stood on each cheek. There was, as the Scotch would say, something

fey and uncanny about the whole incident. So far as I have been able to gather, none of the spectators was affected by any sense of strangeness, or absurdity, or want of conformity with the everyday facts of life. And, for my own part, seeing that I myself had an opportunity of observing the marvelous effect produced in real earnest upon Merritt's body and soul by Lydia's portrait, I am prepared to credit all that can possibly be told of his mental and physical condition when he first beheld the rare creature in living reality.

"Warner!" cried Westeron, clapping the little man on the shoulder.

"Eh!" said Inly, starting. "Why, what's this? Have I been asleep?"

"Mighty near it," replied the Destinator. "Here, let me introduce to you to Dr. Blauenfeld."

Inly instinctively drew back, and looked in a half-frightened way at Lydia.

"Is she real?" he whispered to Westeron.

Destiny was about to laugh, but, on examining Inly's face, he refrained.

"Gad! I was pretty near the mark when I warned him not to make L. B.'s acquaintance; but it's too late now. The game's made and he'll have to play it."

This was what he thought; but what he said was:

"Real your grandmother!"

Something of this kind was apparently required to restore Merritt's wits. His face cleared, and he laughed as he bowed very politely to Lydia, and said:

"Pray receive a thousand excuses, madam, and permit me to save Captain Westeron the trouble of introducing me. My name is Charles Warner, of New York. I have been a literary man—a writer of stories, and so forth, and I have heard much, very much, of the famous Dr. Lydia Blauenfeld and her double, Denis Dereham. I hope you will make allowances for my confusion on meeting that grave, scientific bi-individuality in—in—in your person."

(To be continued.)



Editorial

The Elections

TH**ERE** is place in men's minds at this time for little else than politics. The result of elections, in one instance, past, in two others, future, is or should be the thing of most interest to all of us, at least, whose language is English. Odd it is, and a hint of the nearness of the three, that the United Kingdom, the United States, and Canada, should be registering their respective popular wills as to government at approximately the same time, upon some very similar issues, and, we think it safe to say, with like results. In each, the party in power has been successful in war, a sort of success that wins votes, even though, as in England, attended with mistakes and disclosures which all deplore, or, as in the United States, productive of new policies from which some shrink, and in each, speaking historically in one case, prophetically in the others, the disposition to allow those who have begun to finish. Though Imperialism is, in a sense, a common issue, the situation in the United States is complicated as it was not in England, by some issues, most discreditable to the party that has raised them, the presence of which precludes the expression of the real majority opinion on what but for them would be the paramount issue. The people of England must not infer from Republican success that the American people have finally decided to enter that field of

world politics upon which Great Britain has been so active. That is a question for future elections.

* * *

In the United Kingdom the Tory, or Conservative, party has been in power during the full term of the Parliament elected in 1895 and but recently dissolved. At the time of its election this Parliament, the fourteenth of the present reign, consisted of 340 Conservatives, 177 Liberals, 82 Nationalists and Parnellites, and 71 Liberal Unionists—a majority of 152 for the Salisbury Government. By August of this year, when it was last prorogued, by-elections had changed its composition to 330 Conservatives, 189 Liberals, 81 Nationalists and Parnellites, and 70 Liberal Unionists—a Government majority of 130.

Mr. Chamberlain, who undoubtedly is the leading spirit in the Government camp, has conducted the present appeal to the people with such sagacity as to assure success from the very beginning. He has succeeded, too, although he at first desired the dissolution of Parliament in July; and the issue upon which his party has fought and won the battle is that of "Khaki" or "non-Khaki!" Domestic and local issues, such as army reform, temperance, local option, old-age pensions, and clerical jurisdiction, have been practically lost sight of in the endeavor to get votes for or against the Government's South African policy and conduct of the war. The Conservatives presented a united front on this issue, and even when attacked by the Opposition on the ground that the election in occurring now was untimely because in October it must take place on a dead register, the Government have not been disappointed in the result.

The final figures with the exception of the result in the Orkney Islands, where the election takes place October 26th, and which will probably add one to the Liberal number—are: Ministerialists, 401; the Opposition, 268—a Government majority of 133.

Few changes of importance in the personnel of members

of the House of Commons on either side have occurred. Mr. Chamberlain himself was returned unopposed, and among other prominent Ministerialists elected are Winston Spencer Churchill; Lord George Hamilton, Secretary of State for India; Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer; William Lecky, the historian; Arthur J. Balfour, Government leader in the House of Commons and First Lord of the Treasury; Sir Matthew White Ridley, Secretary of State for Home Affairs; Gilbert Parker, the novelist; Gerald William Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and brother of Arthur J. Balfour; and William St. John Broderick, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Among those elected for the Opposition are: Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Liberal leader in the House of Commons; Sir W. Vernon Harcourt; Hon. John Morley, the historian and litterateur; Sir Charles Dilke; Hon. Herbert Henry Asquith (Liberal Imperialist); T. P. O'Connor; Herbert J. Gladstone; Richard Bell (Labor); John Dillon; Henry Labouchere; Sir George Newnes; John Burns (Radical); Henry Norman, of the London *Chronicle*; James Bryce; W. R. Cremer (Liberal), Secretary of the International Arbitration League; and John E. Redmond (Nationalist), Chairman of the United Irish Parliamentary party.

Among the prominent ones defeated were: E. Leamy (Nationalist), by Hon. Martin Henry Fitzpatrick Morris (Conservative), at Galway City; John Kensit, the anti-ritualist crusader; William Pritchard Morgan (Liberal); Sir A. J. Newton, Lord Mayor of London; Dr. A. Conan Doyle, the novelist (Conservative); Captain Lamberton, of H. M. S. *Powerful*; Sir Wilfred Lawson (Liberal); Thomas J. Healy (Nationalist), brother of Timothy Healy; Arthur O'Connor (Nationalist); and Dr. Gavin Brown Clark (Liberal), former Consul-General of the South African Republic, and a noted pro-Boer.

If, as a result of the elections in England, Mr. Chamberlain be promoted to the post of Premier, some foreign

powers, notably France, will be likely to bristle up in anticipation of possible hostile moves on Great Britain's part on the international chess-board. The "new diplomacy," characteristic of the present Colonial Secretary, is not particularly popular abroad. It is too rough-shod. So the distrust other Powers are said to have of British intentions will not in the least be lessened by the promotion of Mr. Chamberlain, if such occurs.

In any event, though, the British attitude toward the United States will presumably remain unchanged. For even if the present Secretary of State for the Colonies should succeed Lord Salisbury, he has said, in a speech delivered at Stonebridge, October 9th: "Great Britain's foreign policy, as I sum it up, is to remain on friendly terms with every great country in Europe, and on something more than friendly terms with the United States."

There may be other Cabinet changes—say in the War and Treasury offices—but such changes have been both asserted as probable and denied absolutely; so time alone will tell of what material the new Cabinet will be composed.

* * *

In passing, it is interesting to note the election of the sixteen peers who represent Scotland in the House of Lords. This took place on October 5th, and resulted in the re-election of the present representatives.

* * *

On November 7th a general election will occur in Canada. The Dominion Parliament was dissolved early in October. There a Liberal Ministry is in power, the present Government having been sworn in July 11, 1896. No issues of supreme importance are before the Canadian electors, and the Opposition, led by Sir Charles Tupper, have more general than specific causes for criticism of the Ministerial party. Tariff policy, preference to Britain, the administration of affairs in the Yukon, franchise grants to railroads, anti-

Chinese legislation (attempted in British Columbia), and, of course, personal matters, figure to some extent as issues, although even some of these are of merely provincial interest. That there will be changes in the make-up of the next Government is conceded; particularly is this probable in the West. But, after all, as a Canadian writer has well said: "An Opposition is not nearly as dangerous hacking at the enemy's wall, producing a spark here and a splinter there, as when it concentrates its whole strength at the weakest point." For, indeed, "Prosperity is the friend and adversity the relentless enemy of Governments. Wrath at misdemeanors, which the Opposition leaders are improving every hour to point out, is tempered to the feeling that the country is going ahead."

So the probability is that the Laurier Administration will be continued for a second term, and with a sufficient majority to carry through its measures.

* * *

In the United States the National election will be held on November 6th. The issues there are somewhat mixed. The party of Mr. McKinley points to the country's present prosperity as indicating that the nation is progressing very satisfactorily under Republican guidance; it predicts dire calamity if Democratic financial theories are permitted to be put into practice; it defends its course in the Philippines as the only logical course practicable to have been pursued, and ridicules as folly all talk of "Imperialistic" pretensions; it says there are good trusts as well as bad trusts, and that there are as many, if not actually more, Democrats in the bad trusts as there are Republicans, so that Democrats are barking up the wrong tree in accusing Republicans of greater affection for trusts than Democrats themselves have.

On the other hand, the party of Mr. Bryan fears appalling consequences if the country entertains ideas of forever governing the Philippines, and promises, if put in power, to eventually try to get rid of the islands in some way; it thinks

Mr. McKinley the "tool" of Senator Hanna, who, as a successful business man, according to Democratic ideas personifies Trusts; it endeavors, by inflammable utterances and "catch" phrases, to set class against class, Labor against Capital, and the House of Want against the House of Have; it sticks to its free silver propaganda of four years ago, but doesn't care to talk about it very much.

Now, on the eve of election, it looks more than ever like a continuance of Republican administration.

Lord Roberts' Birthday Gift.

The sixty-eighth birthday of Lord Roberts received characteristic recognition at the hands of his sovereign in his appointment as Commander-in-Chief in succession to Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K. P.

The appointment had been expected, and this crowning recognition of Lord Roberts' generalship in South Africa meets with the most enthusiastic approbation of the English people, whose idol he is, and who are just now preparing to welcome him home and crown him with other laurels.

The career of Lord Roberts, the successes he has achieved, the affection in which he is held by the army he will command, and his attractive personality, have fired the imagination as well as won the heart of the English people, so that to-day there is no honor they could bestow that they would withhold from "Bobs." His home-coming will awaken the wildest enthusiasm, and London sees in prospect another day of rejoicing, less tumultuous, perhaps, than "Mafeking Day," but not less sincere. His appointment as Commander-in-Chief raises the hope and, in fact, the expectation that now a turning point with the English army has come, that he will introduce reforms, and that he will greatly increase its efficiency.

His experience, ability, and the courage of his convictions should all make for reform. He has already taken a decided stand on the question of short service. He has

never held a post at the War Office hitherto, and is therefore free from its red-tapism. He will have the country at his back in carrying out reforms, and he is the man who will choose his workmen. Nor is it likely that in this case he will be unduly hampered by his political chief, for it will be of immense importance to him that his civilian chief, or colleague, should be his efficient coadjutor.

It is everywhere acknowledged that reform in the British Army is one of the most important questions the new Parliament will have to deal with. Lord Roberts is undoubtedly the man to carry out the needed reforms, and it may be taken for granted that he will have the earnest co-operation of the Secretary of State for War, in the next Salisbury Cabinet, whoever he may be.

Editorial Notes

EXPENDITURES of over \$107,000,000 in the United States postal service for the fiscal year were less than \$5,000,000 more than the revenue for the same period, or a net deficit of over \$1,600,000 less than in the previous fiscal year. That's an improvement; but again we wish to call attention to the concluding paragraph of an editorial headed "An Ill-Judged Remedy," published in the April *ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE*. The suggestion is:

If the Government would reduce its annual postal deficit, why not take it out of the railroad transportation companies, who are now overpaid, if anything, for service rendered?

ENGLAND buys 60 per cent. of all the products which the American farmer sends abroad. The United Kingdom is the best market for American breadstuffs, the British colonies for our manufactured products.

So says the *Crop Reporter*, published by the United States Department of Agriculture. Here is practical Anglo-Americanism for you.

IN the death of Thomas G. Shearman the Anglo-American cause loses a staunch supporter and fearless advocate. Mr. Shearman was a well-known public man, and readers of *THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE* will remember him as the author of a strong article en-

titled "The British and the Boers." published in THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE of March, this year.

THE annual cricket match between the United States and Canada ended this year favorably for the former, although it only just missed being a victory for "Our Lady of the Snows." However, we have heard it said that a miss is as good as a mile.

DISQUALIFICATION of the *Rainbow* in its races for the Lipton Cup and other trophies was just, and the attitude of its fair-minded owner stands in pleasing contrast to the unsportsmanlike conduct of the yacht's skipper.

CUBAN ideas of a national Constitution will be known when the convention set for November 5th meets. Americans will watch with interest the convention's deliberations.

AMERICAN yachtsmen would *almost* like to see Sir Thomas "lift" that Cup. He's so refreshing after Lord D—.

WHETHER it be Bryan or McKinley, in either case the government will have a Bill to pay.

CARL SCHURZ should learn to Gage his statements regarding finances more accurately.

SO THERE'LL be Cup races next year. Let's hope for more wind than in '99.

Personal and Incidental

A TRIP TO THE AMERICAN RIVIERA

NOT many years ago a trip to Florida was looked upon as quite an undertaking and one that was necessarily accompanied with no little fatigue. Now, as you enter the magnificent vestibuled trains that make the trip from New York to St. Augustine in twenty-four hours, you are surrounded by every comfort and convenience that the most fastidious could desire. You feel perfectly at home and are in a position to enjoy to the full the ever-changing panorama which glides by so rapidly and so smoothly. Last winter I had the pleasure of taking this trip in company with Mr. F. C. Bevan, vice-president of the ANGLO-AMERICAN Publishing Company.



St. Augustine was our first objective point, and if we had gone no further neither of us could have felt that our trip had been in vain, for the "Ancient Citie" is filled with places of interest that connect it with the past. To visit these is interesting and instructive, but to attempt to trace up some of the many traditions and legends is fascinating.



THE CATHEDRAL, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA

We contented ourselves, however, with simply seeing the places and listening to the stories as they were so glibly told. We did not care whether Ponce de Leon first



landed on North Beach or on Anastasia Island, for we believe he really was here; and we are sure that the conditions have changed very much at both these places if the old gentleman saw many flowers before he crossed the bay to the mainland.

We found what he was looking for, however—the famous Fountain of Youth; but we did not drink deep of its sparkling waters. We are not particularly fond of surface water when it is well seasoned with bitter roots.

The town is protected from the bay by a wall nearly a mile in length; but this is not the wall that gives St. Augustine the distinction of having been the only walled city in the United States. For the latter was commenced, but very little was built. All that now remains is two fragments of it and the City Gates. The moat is in better condition, and when the tide is in, the city is practically surrounded with water.

Perhaps the most interesting object of the past, around which is clustered many historic events, is Fort Marion. It was begun in 1565, but not completed until more than two centuries afterward. It is interesting to note that though twice besieged and several times attacked it was never taken. Now it is in remarkably good condition, and bids fair to remain long after the present generation is numbered with the past. Sergeant Brown is the officer in charge, and in his own inimitable way rattles off its history in “double-quick” time.

After spending some time in the dungeons, and hearing his stories of the instruments of torture that were used on some occasions, we were glad to get out in the sunshine once more and to feel that the days of such cruelty were over.

The old part of the town is quaint and curious. The streets are very narrow and crooked. Most of the old houses are built of coquina, and have overhanging balconies. Much has been said of the cathedral, the oldest house of worship in our land; the plaza, with its monuments and fountains; the oldest house in the city, and many, many other places of interest that bind the past to the present. One may spend all his leisure time during the season examining these relics, and yet have something new for each day.

Yet St. Augustine is not all past. Close to that which is oldest in this country are the most modern of structures. Every one has heard of the palatial hotels of St. Augustine. Every one, however, does not know what an enormous and consequently interesting enterprise it is of which these hotels are only a small part. The Ponce de Leon, the Alcazar, and the Cordova, at St. Augustine; the Ormond, at Ormond; the Royal Ponciana and the Palm Beach Inn, at Palm Beach; Hotel Key West, at Key West, and the Royal Victoria and the Colonial, at Nassau, N. P.--these belong to one immense hotel system, the largest in the world.

The executive head of all this, the Florida East Coast System, as it is called, is Mr. J. R. Parrott. He is particularly well suited for such a responsible position. He takes nothing for granted, but provides for every possible emergency or condition, as well as for every comfort and pleas-





ure of the guests.

The hotels are marvels of architectural beauty and are provided with every comfort and luxury. There is nothing about them that is in the least

gaudy, for while luxurious in the extreme, there is an elegant simplicity prevailing throughout that is refreshing and illustrative of the good taste displayed on every side. The constantly increasing patronage that these hotels are receiving is the best evidence that they are all just what the tourists desire.

I feel that this would be incomplete if I did not mention the fact that St. Augustine seems to be the Mecca of golfers during the winter. When you appreciate the fact that during the whole season there are but few if any entire days in which the followers of this fascinating sport cannot indulge in their favorite pastime, it is not at all remarkable that they should so flock to Florida in winter. The links are all that could be desired and are kept in the best possible condition.

To thoroughly enjoy St. Augustine, one must remain long enough to know its people, for I am sure that a kinder and more hospitable community does not exist. Realizing, however, that we would soon be able to greet them again, we continued our trip down the east coast.



J. W. McCLUNG.

(To be continued.)

A STRANGE TALE

If the story told by the brilliant war correspondent, Mr. A. G. Hales, be true, and there is scarcely reason to doubt it, then the late war in South Africa has furnished more evidence that facts are stranger than fiction; for now we have the story of a living enchantress, who played havoc with susceptible English officers and secured precious military secrets, which she promptly turned over to the Boers, thereby causing some of the greatest disasters to the British arms. According to Mr. Hales, she was the wife of a Russian civil engineer, with a face full of charm and eyes of eloquence and a magnetism that drew men to her as moonlight draws the sea; in short, a siren of fiction embodied in flesh, for she attracted men to their undoing. She is credited with having organized a system of spying among the Boer women, with good results to the Boers, after which she established herself in Cape Town in a sweet, secluded villa, and "looked very pathetic in her loneliness." She snared officers right and left, so the story goes, and, like a skillful angler, played them all, varying her play to suit her fish. "From one she gleaned how many men were with a certain general; from another she learned how many guns he had; from another she found out how many mounted infantrymen were with him; from another she got a good inkling of his intentions and the route he intended to pursue; not asking too much from any one for fear of arousing suspicion, but gleaned a *little* from each." And all the time the generals wondered how the Boer commanders always forestalled them in every important move.

The one man she decided not to attempt her fascinations upon was Lord Kitchener. "She ran her eyes over the tall, gaunt figure, the rugged, ugly face. She looked into the prominent, all-seeing eyes, and knew at a glance that she was face to face with a magnetism stronger than her own, and nothing could induce her to go near him again.

"That is the most dangerous man in Britain," she said. "I feel as if I were within the shadow of death when I am near him. He is a man for men to conquer. No woman

can reach him to use him ; he would read me like an open book in an hour, and I believe he would shoot me as he would a Kaffir if he caught me red-handed. I will try all other men, but not that living death's head. No wonder he conquered in Egypt. I think he would conquer in Hades.'"

After awhile she felt herself suspected, but her method of eluding the British was as effective as her charms had been in enticing them. She is now supposed to be in London. A strange tale and with the material for a dozen novels. Perhaps Mr. Hales intends to give us one.

IN MEMORY OF RUSKIN

A memorial subscribed for by friends and disciples of John Ruskin was unveiled recently at Friars' Crag, Keswick, England, with simple ceremonies. The monument consists of a monolithic block of Borrowdale stone, rough and unhewn as it came from the quarry, and is of the type of the standing stones of Galloway, which are the earliest Christian monuments of the Celtic people now extant. Upon one side is incised a simple Chi-Rho inclosed in a circle with an inscription from "Deucalion." On the other side of the monolith, facing the lake and the scene Ruskin once described "as one of three most beautiful scenes in Europe," is a medallion in bronze, by Signor Lucchesi, representing Ruskin as he was in his prime. The head is in profile, and in the background of the panel is seen a crown of wild olives into which is introduced Ruskin's favorite motto : "To-day." It also bears an inscription, "The first thing that I remember as an event in life was being taken by my nurse to the brow of Friars' Crag, Derwentwater." Ruskin's delight in mineralogy began in Keswick, and there he secured the first specimens of his collection. Throughout his life his love and admiration for Derwentwater were fervent.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

Mr. Alderman Frank Greene, who will succeed Sir J. Newton as Lord Mayor of London on November 9th, has

represented the Ward of Vintry since 1878, and was Sheriff of London during the Mayoralty of Sir H. Davies in 1897-98. He was largely responsible for the scheme for the Tower Bridge, as he personally prepared and carried through the Court of Common Council the report which authorized that great undertaking. He is prominent in many important municipal movements, as well as in business circles, and is widely known and esteemed.

St. George's Society Notes

The regular semi-annual meeting of the Society was held on October 23d in the Society's rooms at 74 Broad Street, New York City. In the absence of President Ward, who is in England, Treasurer Robert H. Turle occupied the chair.

Business was of a routine character, the various committees submitting their reports.

The Executive Committee, which met on October 11th, reported five new applications for membership.

Most of the members have now returned from their vacations, and affairs in the Society are becoming active.

Book Reviews and Notes

TALES FROM THE WEST. By Ad H. Gibson. Published by The Editor Pub. Co., Cincinnati. 4¼ x 6¾ in. 151 pages. 75 cents.

A seasonable little volume of episodes is that by Ad H. Gibson, entitled "Tales from the West." It consists of five sketches of frontier, mining, and ranch life in Kansas, Colorado, and Wyoming, and shows something of how the hardy settlers met and overcame difficulties, as well as of the sterling stuff from which these settlers, rough though they be, are made. These stories breathe the life of the scenes they attempt to depict, and a prominent element in them is the luck that strangely enters into and assists in the happy endings. The stories, too, are largely of children and young people, and are particularly appropriate reading for winter evenings around Thanksgiving and Christmas, for it is of these holidays that at least three of the sketches treat in a peculiarly happy manner. Just a glimpse of the author's style may be obtained by this brief extract taken from the story of "The Maverick," a little girl, homeless and parentless, who has run away from ill-treatment and taken refuge for the night in a box-car loaded with lumber, where she is discovered by Jim Delevan and some cowboys who have come for the lumber. Jim asks:

"Wot's yer name?"

"The Maverick," she answered.

"The Maverick! Wot air ye called that for?" he asked.

"'Cause I'm a sort of stray that nobody claims."

"So yer a reg'lar maverick, an' don't b'long to no pertic'lar herd, then. Waal, yer worth claimin', little one; an' dang my spurs! I'm goin' to claim ye right hyer by right o' diskivery, like ole Columbus did Americky."

The titles of the tales are suggestive: "Besieged by Cheyennes," "Christmas on Rocky Ridge," "The Maverick's Luck," "A Strange Gift," and "Thanksgiving at Rainey's Ranch." To one who has lived in the West and seen first-hand the life Mr. Gibson describes the stories appeal as to a friend; by one unfamiliar with the times and scenes of which these tales treat they will be read with no less keen interest, especially by the adventure-loving. R. W. G.

LITERARY M. P'S.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the well-known novelist, has been returned to the English House of Commons, and Mr. Heineman, his publisher, had the magic "M. P." tacked to the author's name in the advertisements of "The Lane That Had No Turning" as soon as the result was known.



ANTHONY HOPE

Where Mr. Parker succeeded, Dr. Conan Doyle failed, as had Thackeray and Trollope before him.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, too, failed of election, and his wit will be missed in the House, but the Right Hon. John Morley will continue to mix purely literary labors with statesmanship.

Mr. Winston Churchill, war correspondent, novelist, and lately lecturer (not the American Winston Churchill), is a new M. P., to whom, by the way, one of the leading London papers gives some seasonable advice on the evils of too persistent self-advertising.

Mr. Henry Norman, traveler, writer, and correspondent, known and liked in the United States as in England, is also among the elect.

Mr. Anthony Hope was debarred from standing as a candidate, but can console himself with the very flattering success of his new novel, "Quisanté," of which the hero, if he may so be called, is a politician treading the thorny paths to greatness.

Journalism will be well represented in the new Parliament, and altogether the electors have treated the men of letters kindly.

AMONG THE PUBLISHERS

The Century Company. In "The Strenuous Life," by Theodore Roosevelt, a man who has achieved success as a soldier, politician, and author, the subject is thoroughly treated from many points of view. "Hard Pan," a story of San Francisco (up to date), by Geraldine Bonner, is a society novel, dealing with

W. A. FRASER
A Well-known Canadian Writer

love and incident. "The Gospel of Wealth" is by Andrew Carnegie, whose experience has well fitted him to discuss intelligently this "question of the hour."

Charles Scribner's Sons. "The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock," by Thomas Nelson Page, is issued in a highly attractive holiday edition. "Tommy and Grizel," by J. M. Barrie, is one of the most important works of this popular author. "The Girl and the Guardsman," by Alexander Black, is a romantic story with dramatic tendencies, illustrated by the author and beautifully bound. "Old Fires and Profitable Ghosts" is an extremely interesting collection of stories by A. T. Quiller Couch.

G. P. Putnam's Sons. "Sons of the Morning," by Eden Phillpotts, is one of the best of the new fall books. The author is a great student of human nature, and his works appeal strongly to the sympathies of refined readers. "A Book for all Readers," by Ainsworth Rand Spofford, gives a vast amount of practical information by one of the highest authorities. It thoroughly covers the collection, use, and preservation of books.

Zimmerman has issued two little works, one entitled "Love Letters," by Harold R. Vynne, and the other "The Repentant Magdalen," by Mary Isabel Fisk. These should be read only by "old maids and bachelors."

The Macmillan Company announce the issue of a new edition of "William Shakespeare," by Hamilton W. Mabie, with photogravures and 100 text illustrations. The "Bennett Twins," by Grace M. Hurd, is an exceedingly amusing story of human life. "Rulers of the South," by F. Marion Crawford, is one of this author's best works. His familiarity with the subject is extensive.

Silver, Burdett & Co. have published an exceedingly interesting work, "The Wall Street Point of View," by Henry Clews, which will commend itself to the business man. "The Duke of Stockbridge," by Edward Bellamy, is an interesting novel, full of action, thrilling, and written in excellent style.

Cassell & Co. (New York and London) have published a new and valuable work by "Ouida," entitled "Critical Studies." It is one of



ALEXANDER BLACK

the most remarkable works of this talented author. "The Story of the Heavens," by Sir Robert Stawell Ball, LL. D., is one of the most comprehensive works on astronomy.

Longmans, Green & Co. have issued "The Autobiography of a Tramp," a cleverly written book by J. H. Crawford; "The Witch's Head," a weird story, by Rider Haggard, full of interesting narrative; and "Queen Victoria," by Richard B. Holmes, Librarian to the Queen.

McClure, Phillips & Co. "The Fugitives," by Morley Roberts, is a work which should become very popular. It has strong dramatic interest. "The Archbishop and the Lady," by Mrs. Crowninshield, is a highly interesting work by this talented writer.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued "The Last Refugee," by Henry B. Fuller, a charming story of Italian life; "The Black Gown," by Ruth Hall, a historical novel of the Colonial period; "Fortune's Boat," by Barbara Yechton, a romantic story of to-day; "A Century of American Diplomacy," by Hon. John W. Foster; "An American Anthology," by Edmund C. Stedman; "The Mountain Maid, and Poems of New Hampshire," by Edna Dean Procter, a delightful book.

The Lothrop Publishing Company, of Boston. In "Eben Holden," by Irving Bacheller, we have a strong, natural, exceedingly human story, which will please thousands of readers. "The Last of the Flat Boats," by George Cary Eggleston, is a fine story for young readers. "Concerning Cats," by Helen M. Winslow, will be welcomed by the friends of "Puss."

The F. A. Stokes Company. "Quisante," by Anthony Hope, now in its third edition, is a very clever work of this well-known author. "The Fourth Generation," by Sir Walter Besant, is of the highest interest to all thinking readers. "Robert Orange," by John Oliver Hobbes, is having a large sale. The story is full of life, wit and philosophy, handled in a masterly, artistic manner.

The Bowen-Merrill Company. "The Redemption of Daniel Corson," by Charles Frederick Goss, is a very popular work, and has evoked a great deal of favorable criticism. "The Black Wolf's Breed," by Harrison Dickson, is a pretty love story. "Alice of Old Vincennes," by Maurice Thompson, is destined to be very popular.

The Home Publishing Company's new publications include "The Shield of His Honor," by Col. Richard Henry Savage, a very interesting story, and "Adrienne de Portalis," by Archibald C. Gunter.

R. H. Russell has issued the only version of "L'Aiglon," by Edmond Rostand. In this play Sarah Bernhardt made a great success, which Miss Maude Adams is duplicating at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York.

THE
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December, 1900

THE EVOLUTION OF A STATESMAN

BY DRAPER E. FRALICK

THE student of England's political history for the last half of the nineteenth century will find few more interesting subjects than the development of what may be termed the democratic idea and the progress of what is known as Imperialism. The latter occupies the stage to-day, though not wholly dissociated from the former.

Not the least remarkable feature of the development of these ideas is their intimate association with an end-of-the-century English statesman, who, beginning his public career as a Town Councillor and Radical leader, has followed a somewhat tortuous political path to reach the position of Cabinet associate of the patrician Tory Marquis of Salisbury, to become a promoter and defender of the Imperialistic idea, and a statesman who will, unless all signs fail, become England's Prime Minister.

A calm and dispassionate consideration of the work done by the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain, a consideration uninfluenced by party bias or personal liking or disliking, is scarcely to be expected from his political friends or

opponents at this time ; for, emerging from the heat of a campaign in which he was the object of attack and the bulwark screening abuses of which even the best-disposed friends of the Salisbury Government admit the existence, Mr. Chamberlain is too close for a full view to be taken. There are, however, certain periods of his career coincident with great movements in England's political life which are worthy very careful attention, when, as said before, it is almost certain that one day Mr. Chamberlain will be Prime Minister.

One of the most interesting periods in the history of Radicalism in England is that of the agitation of the Second Reform Bill, extending from 1860 to 1867 (in which latter year it became law), and the succeeding ten or twelve years, when the best thought of England was devoted to domestic problems. Those were the days when John Bright was the "Great Tribune," when the Liberal Association was formed, the days of the Irish Church Bill agitation, of the National Education League, and the extension of the franchise.

In that period Birmingham was a strong center of agitation, and it was in Birmingham that Mr. Chamberlain made his entry into political life through the municipal gate, to become a force in local politics, and from the smaller field of activity to go as a Radical leader and representative of the workingmen to St. Stephen's and the broader field of national politics.

Mr. Chamberlain's birth, training, business career, sympathies, and direction of thought prepared him for the first political parts he was to play.

He is the son of a respected citizen of London, of the middle class, who was a Dissenter, a cordwainer, and in due time a master of the Cordwainers' Company of the City of London. Mr. Chamberlain's father was an ardent Liberal, and was keenly interested in all measures intended to remove the legal disabilities from which Dissenters suffered. Joseph Chamberlain was educated in London schools and at Univer-

sity College School. At that time the great English universities were closed to Dissenters, in consequence of which Mr. Chamberlain did not receive a university training, but he got a sound business education in his father's place of business, and at the same time studied by personal contact the politics of workingmen. After two years there his father sent him to Birmingham to join his cousin in the screw trade. In this he was so successful that in 1874, after twenty years of active commercial life, Mr. Chamberlain was able to retire from business and devote himself to public work.

In 1864, when he had been identified with the life of Birmingham for ten years, he began to take an active interest in political questions and controversies. He had been a student of the needs of the working classes from his youth, had come under the influence of John Bright, was a man of position in the business world, and was more or less intimately associated with the men who were then attempting to direct the turbulent energies of Birmingham's masses. Mr. Chamberlain was a member of the famous Liberal Association which was formed in that city in 1865, and it may be said here that, while by birth a Liberal, his conversion to Radicalism was the natural outcome of his association with workingmen and sympathy with John Bright's love for the people. In 1868 the Liberal Association was reorganized. Mr. Chamberlain became a prominent figure and was foremost in the agitation in favor of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Church Disestablishment Bill. From this must date his active participation in politics, although he scarcely gave it the full measure of his abilities until he became a leading figure in Birmingham's municipal life. He was deeply interested in the Birmingham Education Society, out of which grew the National Education League; and his interest in education and his knowledge of the public needs in this direction were invaluable to the league.

All these associations and activities but paved the way for his entry into the municipal government of Birmingham;

he was returned a member of the Town Council in November, 1869.

HIS WORK FOR BIRMINGHAM

From the first Mr. Chamberlain threw himself into municipal life with characteristic energy. Almost immediately he raised the question in the Council of aid for the schools, and when, in 1870, he became a member of the first School Board he aided the Liberal party very materially in its educational campaign. The first three years of the School Board showed Mr. Chamberlain as a keen fighter and gave a foretaste of that ability as a leader which he has since displayed in larger affairs. From 1873 to 1876 Mr. Chamberlain by his position as President of the Education League, his speeches, his leadership of the Dissenters in the fight for the repeal of the twenty-fifth clause of the Forster Act, his attacks on the clerical and Tory parties, and his defence of the League against the charges of atheism and infidelity, became a national figure.

He was now a Radical leader, not of the front rank, but a man to be reckoned with, and for whom an important future was predicted. It is charged that at this period of his life Mr. Chamberlain was tinged with Republicanism. That he was theoretically Republican can scarcely be doubted, but theoretical Republicanism and active efforts toward the overturning of existing institutions are far apart; and if, in those days when Mr. Chamberlain's theories of government were not tempered by responsibility as a Queen's Minister, he was even more than a theoretical Republican, his latter devotion to the Crown and the interests of the empire have atoned for the Republican heresies with which he has been credited. It must not be forgotten that this period of his public life was one singularly productive of political acrimony, and Mr. Chamberlain then, as he has been since, was sufficiently audacious to provoke the most bitter opposition. He was at war with the clerical and Tory parties; he was ready to lay down a programme for the Liberal party,

and he criticized the Liberal leaders, to whom he owed titular allegiance, in a manner that could not fail to make him something of a firebrand in his own camp. At any rate, he was vigorous and interested in many things, and his wide range of activities was fitting him for his career as a constructive statesman. He was elected Mayor of Birmingham in 1873, and in the general election of 1874 stood for Sheffield on a platform of Free Labor, Free Land, Free Church, and Free Schools, but was defeated. From 1873 to June, 1876, when he resigned the Mayoralty of Birmingham and the Chairmanship of the School Board to become Member of Parliament for that city, the record of Mr. Chamberlain's municipal work is the municipal history of Birmingham, of her sanitary improvements, her improved financial condition, the growth of her schools, the embellishment of her physical features, and the broadening of her artistic life.

Whether Mr. Chamberlain be judged a success or a failure as a Minister of the Crown, as a director of England's Colonial policy, as a diplomat and leader of a political party, even his enemies must admit that his work in Birmingham is a monument to his abilities as an organizer, a director of public opinion, a financier, and a man who, recognizing the material, intellectual, and æsthetic needs of a great commercial city, had the ability to plan and execute great public improvements.

THE WIDER POLITICAL LIFE

From municipal reform Mr. Chamberlain went to Parliament as a representative of the workingmen. It was inevitable that his entry into Parliament should be awaited with considerable trepidation by the Conservative elements, for the reputation of the Radical Mayor of Birmingham as a debater and free-lance, premised fierce tilts against certain cherished beliefs. That he would take an advanced ground was certain, and his known attitude on Licensing Reform, Education, and Disestablishment, lent additional interest to his first appearance. He made his first speech on August 4,

1876, was listened to with attention, and at once confirmed his reputation as a clever speaker, though to the surprise of many he was much more temperate in utterance than had been expected.

He had paid great attention to the evils of intemperance, the control of the liquor traffic, and public-house reform. Broadly speaking, he believed, and still believes, that the absolute suppression of drinking is impossible, and that regulation can be efficiently secured only by entrusting the trade to the control of local authorities, a position that led him naturally to the advocacy of what is known as the "Gothenburg system," the Swedish system of municipal control of drinking houses. Temperance reform is admittedly one of the most important and pressing problems of England's domestic legislation. A satisfactory temperance measure has yet to be passed and executed, but with all his energetic and lucid presentation of the merits of a modified Gothenburg system, Mr. Chamberlain failed to convince the country or his party that his scheme was practicable.

From 1877 to 1880 was the period of the Liberal party's re-organization, a period marked by the dissolution of the National Education League, the federation of Liberal Associations throughout the country, the visit of Mr. Gladstone to Birmingham, and Mr. Chamberlain's advance in the councils of the Liberal party. He was not at this time always in accord with his associates, but his efficient services, his power as a debater, and his intimate knowledge of the pressing needs of domestic legislation made him a figure that could not be overlooked.

The election of 1880 returned the Liberals to power with a substantial majority, and Mr. Gladstone formed a ministry in which were included the Radical leaders, Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke, the latter becoming Under-Secretary for War and Mr. Chamberlain President of the Board of Trade, a position held by John Bright when he first became a Minister. As President of the Board of Trade, Mr.

Chamberlain became active in constructive legislation. He secured the passage of two measures for the benefit of seamen, and carried a Bankruptcy Bill and a Patents Bill in 1883. His Merchant Shipping Bill was withdrawn, but a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the subject, and to Mr. Chamberlain's exertions was largely due the subsequent legislation between 1888 and 1894. It was, however, with franchise legislation that he was most prominently identified at that time, and his advocacy of the extension of the franchise revealed him as a constructive democratic statesman. The Franchise Bill was introduced in February, 1884, was thrown out by the Peers in July, re-introduced, unaltered, in the Commons in October, and became law in December of that year. It is not necessary in this review to enlarge upon the protracted fight over the extension of the franchise; it is sufficient to indicate Mr. Chamberlain's connection with legislation affecting a great mass of the common people.

From 1880 to 1885 the Irish question loomed large on the political horizon; and as Mr. Chamberlain's subsequent action by which he separated himself from Mr. Gladstone and established himself in opposition to that statesman's Home Rule policy had a marked effect not only upon his personal career but upon the Liberal party as well, his attitude on the Irish question deserves more than passing notice.

Mr. Chamberlain was opposed to coercion, and argued the necessity of relief for Ireland, but he could not meet Mr. Parnell's demands, which virtually meant separation.

Glancing at the principal events connected with the Irish question for the time mentioned, one notes the establishment of the Land League in 1879; the passage of the Land Bill; the arrest of Parnell and other leaders in 1881 and their release, followed by the resignation of Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Lord Cowper, the Lord Lieutenant; the negotiations between Mr. Parnell and the Government with the prospect that the Irish question would

be satisfactorily settled and the subsequent rupture in negotiations and change in affairs caused by the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. Mr. Chamberlain's speeches at this time foreshadowed his later action.

It was between 1880 and 1884 that Mr. Chamberlain had his first experience with the Boers and the Transvaal; then he followed Mr. Gladstone's policy relating to the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain in those days was not so enthusiastic over the value of the English colonies as he is to-day. Perhaps, being so earnestly engaged in domestic problems and legislation, he was content to follow the lead and sympathize with the policy of Gladstone and Bright regarding the colonies.

The Chamberlain of to-day, ardent Imperialist, is the statesman with a policy, a leader and not a follower.

The Gladstone Government was defeated in 1885, and in going to the country Mr. Chamberlain took up his programme of Free Schools, Small Holdings, Graduated Taxation, and Local Government, all of which have, in a measure, been carried out.

To revert to his attitude on the Irish question. Speaking in Scotland, he said:

"I cannot admit that five million Irishmen have any greater inherent right to govern themselves without regard to the rest of the United Kingdom than the five millions of the metropolis.

"God has made us neighbors, and I would to Heaven that our rulers had made us friends. But as neighbors neither the one nor the other has any right to so rule his household as to be a source of annoyance or danger to the other.

"Subject to that limitation, I, for my part, would concede the greatest possible measure of local government to the Irish people, as I would concede it also to the English and the Scots."

The General Election was held in November and December, 1885. Lord Salisbury's Government was defeated in

1886, and the Gladstone Cabinet, which came into existence in February, 1886, included Mr. Chamberlain as President of the Local Government Board and the Right Honorable John Morley as Chief Secretary for Ireland, but did not include John Bright or Lord Hartington.

Home Rule was in the air, and with the advent of the Gladstone Ministry the Irish question crystallized.

Before becoming President of the Local Government Board Mr. Chamberlain defined his position on the question of Home Rule and separation for Ireland and reserved "unlimited liberty of judgment and rejection" of any Home Rule scheme which Mr. Gladstone might put forward.

On March 15, 1886, Mr. Chamberlain resigned from the Ministry. His resignation was accepted on the 27th. The Home Rule Bill was introduced on April 8th; on the 16th the Land Purchase Bill was introduced; May 10th the second reading of the Home Rule Bill was moved; and on May 12th, 14th, and 15th Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Hartington called meetings in opposition. They, with their friends, decided to oppose the second reading, and by acting with the Tories effected a wide breach in the Liberal party. At the time of the defeat of the second reading, June 7th, the seceding Liberals numbered 94.

Parliament was dissolved June 25, 1886. From that dissolution to the present time Mr. Chamberlain has been a leader of the Liberal-Unionists, occupying a new and important position in the councils of the nation; he has been the associate of a Tory government, the promoter of a broad colonial policy, to whose hands will fall the work of the settlement of the South African question, a settlement directly opposed to that attempted by Mr. Gladstone in 1884 and which Mr. Chamberlain endorsed.

It is not necessary to go into Mr. Chamberlain's official life as a member of the Salisbury Government, nor discuss the measure of his statesmanship. That he is a statesman of commanding powers few will deny.

A careful study of Mr. Chamberlain's public career will well repay the student. He will secure a comprehensive idea of that broadening of democratic principles and the rise in political power of the common people which have characterized England's last quarter of a century.

Mr. Chamberlain's evolution from a Town Councillor to a statesman of the first rank is, in a way, indicative of this growth of the democratic idea, for he has been, and still is, a democrat and progressist. Within the limit of a magazine article it is impossible to do more than indicate the milestones of his public career; certainly it is impossible to enlarge upon those elements which, operating together, have produced the statesman who stands to-day representative of the new forces in English politics.

UNITY OF SEPARATED PEOPLES

BY AUSTIN BIERBOWER

THERE is a logical unity in history, however disconnected the peoples. As thought runs in but few lines and takes but few forms in its products, the ideas, fancies, institutions, and other products of mind are limited and frequently recurring. Resemblances in the life of different peoples are due, less to a borrowing or identity of historic origin than to the fact that all men, no matter how isolated, think substantially alike, so that their very constitution evolves similar mental products. In explaining resemblances, for instance, between the Chinese and Christian religions and between the Indian and European civilizations, we need not assume a contact or mutual influence. The common categories of thought are enough to explain all the resemblances which now puzzle thinkers touching the newly opened-up Orient.

The science of logic, which exhibits the necessary forms of thought, shows what we must think, and its processes and limitations appear in all thought, however specialized. The greatest of modern philosophers has shown, with much plausibility, that the whole world, as known to us, is developed from the simplest form of consciousness by necessary logical steps up to all that is contained in philosophy and the sciences. Nothing can appear to us except in the order of an unfolding idea, so that there must be resemblances in the objects thought coextensive with such logical processes.

In philosophy, which embraces in general these objects, the systems are, accordingly, few, and run in a small circle. Hegel has tried to show, as the object of his "History of Philosophy," that from Thales to the present they are, in

fact, but one, being the necessary deduction from the same thought or simple unfolding of the common germ of the race's consciousness by the only logic, or process, of that consciousness. Whether there was any connection between the early philosophies of the oriental and western worlds or not, whether Pythagoras had heard of the Hindu philosophers or the latter of the Greek philosophers, they traversed in general the same lines and took the same positions. Thought has grown as systematically and organically as a tree, unfolding and branching through history by the same process as the movements of nature, and growing alike in all countries, as the oak of India grows like that of America.

The reason of this sameness lies in the fact that nature itself has but a few shapes to take. As its forces move forward producing worlds and water-courses, plants and animals, governments and customs, they must move in fixed lines and take but a limited number of forms, so that the same products must often recur, as the conclusions of the logic of nature. There are thus but a few systems of planets, a few courses of winds, and a few movements of any force, all power falling necessarily into a few forms, which recur independently everywhere. Thus there are so few elements of matter that, with all their combinations, naturalists are reducing them to one—an omnigen; so few types of animals that biology has reduced them to four; so few orders in the plant kingdom that all seem constructed on the same plan; and so few systems in general that they appear to be developed from a single germ by one process, which has the regularity of a logical procedure. Nature is limited in its possible variety and can branch in but few directions, which correspond, apparently, with the possible movements of our thought. There are no breaks or leaps in nature any more than in mind, no logical disorder or lawless manifestations; which accounts, perhaps, for the resemblance of its objects as they appear to thought, which, being

itself one of nature's objects, takes but few forms, like nature generally.

However this may be, the types in which we can cast our thought are few, and the forms of our mental products frequently recur, whether they be systems of philosophy, cosmogony, religion, art, society, or special institutions; and their number, variety, and limitations should be kept in mind in tracing the origin of similar phenomena in widely separated localities.

Thus, in social institutions we have but a few forms of government, which are repeated in all parts of the world, whether connected or not, and whether of the same origin or not. We cannot get outside of monarchies, aristocracies, and democracies, for the reason that there are just these three ways in which to come together as a state. No copying is necessary to originate any of them, but, existing as possibilities in all minds, they must, under given conditions, be everywhere elaborated, and, in that elaboration, must appear substantially the same.

So with the more special institutions. In marriage, for example, there is but one way to associate so as to meet the highest wants of our nature, which is so obvious that it suggests itself to all minds, and people everywhere, without necessarily copying, but merely by following the universal forms of reasoning and sole means of adaptation, institute monogamous marriage as the final conclusion of reason, with but few exceptions which temporary conditions impose as steps along the way.

So with the laws. Ownership of land and goods, rights of life and liberty, penalties and means of enforcement, courts, armies, taxes, are substantially the same everywhere. This comes from a sameness of want, perceived by a sameness of mind, and executed by a sameness of resources. No other connection than a resemblance of conditions is needed for such resemblances in different countries.

Morals, also, are identical for the same reason. Men can

act in but few ways to produce what is desirable, and morality is conceived as limited to such conduct, while the opposite is regarded, necessarily, as wrong. Lying, stealing, and killing, being everywhere subversive of what is desired, and being necessarily perceived so to be, are set down, by the very law of contradiction, as wrong, and ostracized from the customs. Accordingly, resemblances in the moral systems and precepts of peoples are explainable without supposing any other community of origin than a similarity of social conditions and of the thought which contemplates them, while the differences arise from the incidental differences of such conditions, and of men's consequent thought about them.

In art, likewise, the products of thought can take but few forms, which must occur to artists everywhere, so that there is a resemblance in all artistic creations, however independent. In architecture, for example, there are but a few possible forms for buildings to take. Geometry, being the same for all peoples, offers everywhere the same architectural elements. As there are only a few geometrical figures—circles, ellipses, angles, and straight lines—and so a few kinds of arches, curves, and columns possible and a few shapes for windows, groins, and buttresses to take, the variety of buildings is limited to the possibilities of these. There are, accordingly, only a dozen styles of architecture in the world, as the Greek, Gothic, and Chinese, which are repeated and combined without much variety; so that, no matter where men build, the structures must fall into these few forms. It requires no coextensive copying to account for the similarity in the buildings of different countries.

Music, painting, sculpture, and poetry, likewise, which have everywhere the same elements, are everywhere substantially the same. The same ideals, passions, and tastes, when embodied, fall in like forms, which must be few and frequently recurring. All music, for example, depends for its variety on but four elements—melody, harmony, rhythm,

and dynamic—whose permutations, while numerous, are yet limited. The mind can construct but a few movements in time, as in space, that are beautiful, and these, in the limited capacity of our taste, are so similar that they are frequently repeated, so that it is as difficult for the composer as for the draughtsman to get anything new.

In fiction, likewise, the possible plots are limited. The mind has so few courses in which to run that about all the stories are already written. Novelists produce little that is really new. The experienced reader knows the end from the beginning and is rarely surprised. Recent writers fall into the old plots and ways. It is usually love, obstacles, and, finally, marriage; or else innocence, villainy, and the defeat of that villainy (as in "The Vicar of Wakefield"), which together exhaust the field. In dramas, too, the mind can combine from its possible courses of thought but a few situations and denouements, so that there is, substantially, but one comedy, one tragedy, and one burlesque. It is a complication which ends in all happiness, with a delightful marriage, wealth, and restoration of a lost child, like "Ingo-mar" or "Mignon"; or else a gathering storm of treachery, weakness, and murder, which ends, with like relief, in the death of all concerned, like "Hamlet" or "Rigoletto." The inveterate play-goer, like the inveterate novel-reader, looks in vain for originality. The same story of repentant shame found in "East Lynne" appears in "Camille," and all plays of like motive. The mind can, on this subject, run in but few lines and imagine but few situations, for the plays reflect the necessary forms of thought as much as do logical systems or geometric demonstrations, and there can be no variety outside of them.

I might show the same fact in all the departments of thought, and account for the similarity in the mental product of the race generally by the forms common to all thinking. The oneness of the race, expressed in the resemblances of all peoples in their customs, legends, arts, and philosophies, is

in the mind itself, not in circumstances. We are related by an identity deeper than descent or contact ; and the historian and ethnologist should recognize the logical as well as the physical dynamics of history.

Applying these reflections to religion, we naturally find resemblances in all parts of the world and in all kinds of systems, and can trace them to the common forms of thought. And this is so whether these religions be true or not. If truth be communicated, it must be given in these forms ; if invented, it must conform to them. I shall next note some of the resemblances in the world's religions, and their possible origin in this way.

As to the general subjects of religion, these are necessarily the same everywhere—God, immortality, worship, and morality—and this because there are just these four subjects on which men can think in relation to the origin, destiny, and conduct of life. There being no others, and these being obtrusive, the mind must take them up ; which is explanation enough for their identity in all religions.

So in the special doctrines on these subjects. As there are only a few alternatives in which we can think, all peoples must think in one or another of them. With reference to the Deity, for example, men must be either polytheists, monotheists, pantheists, or atheists, or some cross or combination of these, as trinitarians or absolutists, because these exhaust the logical alternatives—that is, take up all the elements and possible movements of thought.

As to the character of God among these several classes, there is substantially only one way in which He can be thought so as to fill the forms of our ideal ; which accounts for the substantial identity in the conception of God among all peoples. He is thus perfect—all knowing, all powerful, all just, all benevolent, all everything that is good and great. Infinite, eternal, and absolute, He simply fills the unlimited categories of thought. We cannot think of the ideal without thinking thus.

This omnipresent recurrence of the forms of thought in the mental products of the race appears in the more minute subjects and tenets of religion as well as in the general ones; although when thus specialized they are harder to trace because entangled in a greater variety of incidental circumstances. In the legends and fancies, the heroic and marvelous exploits, the embodiment of the poetic and artistic ideals, the common mind of the race, working everywhere similarly, produces like stories, or, having found them, takes them up and preserves them. The good stories are few which men can either make or retain; and as the subjects are the same and the forms which they must take are the same, they must recur with great resemblances over all the world. The differences are such only as the variety in the logical categories and the circumstances allow. It is not singular, therefore, that like legends appear in all religions, no matter how disconnected, of gods and heroes, of cosmogonies and floods, of the entrance of sin and death, and of a saviour and a judgment.

The origin of the world, for example, can be conceived in only a few ways, and all cosmogonies must express those features. Hence we have a similar account in all, of primitive darkness and chaos, a change to light and order, of emerging stars and suns, of the separation of continents and seas, of appearing plants and animals, and of a first man and his first exploits. Being necessary elements in every account of creation, these must in all accounts be alike, whether Egyptian or Syrian, and whether true or false.

The origin of sin likewise can be conceived in only one way in several essentials, while the variety in which this way can appear is limited. It must naturally, in all minds, be conceived in an example. In this example there must be a prohibition, a temptation, a violation, and a penalty, and these factors being fixed, the story of Eden is naturally repeated substantially in every mythology.

So with the more specialized story of the flood. There

are only a few ways in which a flood story can be told, and only a few kinds of stories of universal catastrophes, so that floods must frequently recur in them. The mind, like nature, is limited in its resources here; hence, the floods of Noah, Deucalion, Fo-hi, and Cox-Cox must be essentially alike, as also are the other floods of which we read. A rain (the only thing that causes floods), a desolation of the earth (the only natural effect), the saving of one family (necessary and sufficient to repeople the earth), and the saving of them in a boat (the only instrument of salvation in a flood)—these are the natural elements in a flood story; and so far all stories must be alike, whether there be any connection between them or not, and whether they be true or not.

So with such stories as that of Jonah. Among the few possible subjects of good stories is fish. And there are only a few ways of making a good fish story. We may accordingly expect resemblances in them the world over; and the resemblances between Jonah and Arion need not surprise us, even on the supposition that they are of independent origin. The only thing that can save a man if thrown overboard in the sea is a fish, and the only way a fish can save him is by swallowing him and belching him out again on the land, as did Jonah's whale, or by taking him on his back and subsequently dumping him on the shore, as did Arion's dolphin.

So with the stories of prowess in Samson, David, and other Old Testament heroes. There are but a few possible subjects of stories that will take in a primitive age, chief among which are the heroic; and nothing makes better stories than giants. Accordingly, the stories of Samson and David, with their great strength, bravery, and success—forms which the exploits of a physical hero must naturally take—may be expected to reappear in those of Hercules, Theseus, and the heroes of all mythologies. It is not a question, necessarily, of contact or identity, but of possible subjects and forms.

So we might see a reason in the necessary forms and movements of thought for the story of innocence rewarded, in Joseph and Daniel; of timely deliverance, in the infant Moses; of temptation vanquished, in Job and Christ; and for the various other representative stories of the Christian religion which have their counterparts in other faiths. They are accounts of what, if true, must naturally occur in the way related; and, if false, must naturally be invented in the way told.

The story of Samson's strength being left vulnerable in his hair, and the triumph of Delilah by shearing his locks; the like story of Achilles, made invulnerable by his mother's plunging him in the river Styx, save at one point—his heel—where she held him when making the plunge, and his death from a shot in that heel; the story of Siegfried, similarly made invulnerable by plunging in the dragon's blood, save on his back, where a leaf fell as he took the plunge, and his being killed by an arrow in the back—these and like stories of mystical conditions met by trifling incidents of natural suggestion, are common among all peoples and are attributable to a common way of thinking, which has a large demand for such stories and only a few ways of meeting the demand.

Not to dwell longer, however, on the variety of these more special parallels, take the central subject of religious ideal, namely, a saviour. This in Christianity is significantly called a "logos," or thought-form, a Platonic name for logical type, or ideal. The mind has but few possible ideals of a saviour, with few variations in the details; so that the saviours of the world, wherever conceived, appear much alike.

These, which we shall examine more fully, have usually the following features, as supplying the demands of the mind on the subject and filling its forms: they are sons of God, an incarnation of divinity, God-men with a double nature, foretold by prophecy, descended from kings, announced

by stars and heavenly phenomena, born of virgins and in humble circumstances—a stable, cave, or hovel—visited by angels and magi, called by royal titles, precocious in childhood, teaching a high morality, exemplifying a perfect life, performing miracles, suffering persecution, and finally passing away amid convulsions of nature. These features and circumstances, for reasons that might be shown by a psychological analysis but will sufficiently appear incidentally as I proceed, constitute the highest conception we can form of the character and surroundings fitting such a personage.

Plato's ideal of a saviour, or perfect man, made *a priori* from the pure forms of thought, and held up, four hundred years before Christ, as entitled to the affection of the race, is as follows: "A just, simple-minded, and generous-hearted man," "who desires less the seeming than the reality of goodness"; a man distinguished by every contrast "from the supremely unjust," "perfect in his own pursuits," bearing the reproach of injustice though really just, "put through life to the test of justice, unmoved to reproach and its consequences, and unchangeable till death," a man nevertheless "scourged, tortured, bound, having his eyes put out, suffering all manner of evils, and at last crucified."

A Jewish writer, Isaiah's, ideal of a like character, expressed seven hundred years before Christ—the ideal in fact of a whole race as conceived *a priori*—is in these words: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel. For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief. He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. He was oppressed and he was

afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He has done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth. He hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors, and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."

If, now, we glance at the lives of the alleged saviours of the world, we shall find these features everywhere in greater or less fullness, with many details of resemblance claimed, which evidence their common origin in the common demands of the mind as expressed in a common ideal.

Passing by Jesus, whose life is well-known and with whose details the reader can readily make the comparison, we find the following in the alleged saviours of other religions.

Zoroaster, of Persia, who lived about 1200 years before Christ, caused, like Jesus, much consternation at his birth; numbers of magi were present; an effort was made, as against Christ, to put him to death; he began his mission by assembling his fellow countrymen and making a remarkable speech to them, like the Sermon on the Mount; he gave clear intimations of a future life; he taught the distribution of rewards and punishments according to the deeds done in the body; he seemed to teach the resurrection of the dead and a re-union of the soul with the body. His moral code was expressed in the following terms: "Good thoughts, good words, and good deeds," or benevolence, benediction, and beneficence; and when his work was finally ended, he was translated, like Jesus, bodily to heaven. (See *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1880, p. 166.)

Quetzalcoatl, of Mexico, who lived about 300 years before Christ, was foretold as a Messiah; was born of a spotless virgin, named Chimalmen; retired to a wilderness; was tempted of evil; fasted forty days; lived a life of humility and piety; sought the elevation of the race; incurred thereby the anger of the higher gods; suffered their penalty in

banishment; was crucified (according to one account, between two thieves); was translated bodily from the earth, with a promise to reappear and reign again; instituted the worship of the cross; was represented in ancient sculptures, still existing, by a crucifix; was symbolized by a cup and a reed; was commemorated in the Mexican ritual by a fast of forty days; and was designated as the Morning Star. His second coming was looked for at the time of Cortez, who passed for this divinity to many, thereby facilitating his conquest. His worshipers baptized infants by touching their heads and lips with water and giving them a name. They practiced confession, penance, and absolution, the last being administered usually at death to cover the last sin. They ate in common the body of their divinity in a cake made of flour mixed with blood, which was consecrated by the priests.

Krishna, of India, who flourished in the twelfth century before Christ, was an incarnation of the god Vishnu; was born miraculously of a human mother; came into the world at midnight among unusual heavenly phenomena; was received as the Almighty by Vasudeve (the husband of his mother) and worshiped, as by Simeon of old. He was cradled among cowherds; his life was sought by Kansa, King of Mathura, who feared that he would overthrow his kingdom; he was saved by the flight of his parents; he was the occasion of an indiscriminate slaughter of male children, commanded by Kansa, to accomplish his death; he performed miracles, among which were raising the dead and cleansing the lepers; he was bit in the sole of his foot by a serpent, and in turn crushed the head of the serpent with his heel. He descended after death into the region of the dead, and finally arose from the dead and ascended to Paradise. His words bear a striking resemblance in both form of expression and substance to those of Jesus.

Buddha, of India, who lived about 600 years before Christ, was still more minutely parallel to Jesus; and I shall dwell more in detail on the resemblances, condensing for the

purpose mainly an account given in the *Nineteenth Century* ("The New Testament and Buddhism," December, 1880). After passing through a succession of existences, Buddha was incarnated that he might bring deliverance to mankind from the restlessness of sin and sorrow. Seeking not his own happiness, but to redeem the world, he voluntarily descended from his high estate, became incarnate in Maya, the wife of Suddhodana, and came into the world as she was on a journey to her parents' home at Devadeha. The Devas, who received the babe, held him before his mother, saying: "All hail to thee, Queen Maya! Rejoice and be glad, for the child thou hast borne is holy!" while in the heavens the angels sang: "This day is Buddha born on earth, to give joy and peace to men and Devas; to shed light in the dark places and to give sight to the blind." When the child was presented to its father, an aged saint, Asita, who had traveled afar to see him, wept as he predicted, like Simeon, his future greatness: "Alas!" said Asita, "I am old and stricken in years; my time of departure is at hand. For this strange birth I rejoice and yet am sad. Greatly shall it redound, O Maya, to the glory of thy race. What happiness from this child shall ensue! The wretchedness of man shall disappear, and at his bidding peace and joy prevail." As Buddha was to establish faith throughout the world, the name Siddartha ("the establisher") was given him, like that of Jesus to Christ.

The years passed by and the child grew in wisdom and stature. He excelled in feats of prowess, and taught his teachers, like Jesus in the temple. When the time for him to fulfill his career drew nigh, Mara, the tempter, appeared in the air, and promised that in seven days he should attain universal sovereignty over the four great quarters of the earth, with their two thousand isles. To this Buddha replied: "I know that both empire and universal dominion are offered me, but I am not destined for royalty; depart, O Mara." But Mara could not thus easily relinquish the hope of over-

coming him. He followed him as a shadow, while for six years he sought peace by the usual penances and fasts, which brought him, however, no lasting rest. He at length determined to relinquish what was universally regarded as the only true method of holiness, and quit his solitude to proclaim the way of peace to all in the renunciation of evil desire. "I vow," said he, "from this moment to deliver the world from the thralldom of death and the wicked one. I will procure salvation for all men, and conduct them to the other shore."

This was the occasion of a second great crisis. Under the shade of a large tree, thenceforth known as the Bo-tree, or tree of wisdom, Buddha sat, while Mara, the tempter, gathered all his forces for the assault. All that night the conflict continued; but angels came and strengthened Buddha, and the powers of evil were defeated. His Buddhahood, or peculiar ministry, was signalized, like his conception and birth, by thirty-two great miracles. The blind received their sight, the deaf heard, the lame walked, and the captives were restored to liberty. He himself was transfigured and his body shone with matchless brightness. For seven times seven days he continued fasting near the Bo-tree. With a tender compassion for all beings whom he saw doomed to be lost, he went forth to establish the kingdom of righteousness, to give light to those enshrouded in darkness, and to open the gates of immortality to man.

The true mission of Buddha as the enlightened was now begun. He was thirty-five years of age, and he spent the rest of his life in journeying from place to place, preaching the new gospel of escape from sorrow and the way to peace. Many incidents occurred which have their parallels in the familiar stories of the Evangelists. He healed his father, Raja Suddhodana. Like Jesus, he was called the great physician. Little by little disciples gathered around him, and he sent them forth to labor, like himself, for the delivery of their fellow men, "to preach," as he says, "on the housetops what

they have heard in the ear." "Go now," he says, "and preach the most excellent law to all men without exception. Let everything respecting it be made publicly known and brought to the broad daylight." Early in his career he preached a "Sermon on the Mount."

He had his hours of difficulty also. Jealousy springs up among his disciples. Two of them, Moggallanna and Sari-putta, are elevated to the dignity of the right and of the left, and the murmurs of the rest come to Buddha's ears. Of one he anticipates the half-formed resolve, almost as did Jesus with Nathaniel, by addressing him by a private name, known only to his parents: "Come then, O come, my Ye-sada, take this way to the fadeless Nirvana; the world-honored knows the thoughts of every heart."

He has his hours of public triumph, likewise. When he visits Kapilavastu, his native city, flowers arise in his path, and the rough places are made smooth. As he approaches, marvelous rays proceed from him, lighting up the gates and walls, the monuments and towers. The whole city, like the New Jerusalem illumined by the Lamb, is full of light, and all the citizens go forth to meet him.

But through every change he preserves a heart untouched by the desire for ease or fame or life. In the thirty-seventh year of his mission, Devadetta, his cousin, the Judas among his followers, hires thirty bowmen to kill him. But when they came into his presence, like the soldiers in the garden of Gethsemane, they were awed by his majesty and fell at his feet, where, listening to his preaching, they were all converted. The subsequent attacks of Devadetta, one by one, were foiled, and the faithless disciple, at last, confident of his Master's boundless mercy, sought in penitence his forgiveness.

At length the time comes when Buddha must depart. This is the occasion of a second assault from Mara, after which Buddha announces that in three months he will pass out of existence entirely. On the day before his death, as

though in premonition of his end, his body is again transfigured. With words of tenderness he seeks to comfort those about to be bereaved. "It may be, Amanda," he said, "that some of you may say, 'The word of the teacher is ended; we have no teacher more;' but you must not think thus. The faith and the discipline preached and instituted for you by me, let these be your teacher when I am gone."

At length the hour long foreseen is come. "O monks," said the teacher, "this is my exhortation: The parts and powers of men must be dissolved; with diligence work out your salvation." Shortly after, he yielded up the ghost, and at that moment a tremendous earthquake was felt throughout the world.

I might show in other deities or saviours in the heathen religions similar resemblances to Christ, forming a parallel in the chief essentials; but these will perhaps suffice for my purpose.

Now, touching briefly the explanation of these resemblances as far as further explanation is necessary, I observe, first, that stories, or ideals, of only a certain kind are developed, namely, those for which the forms of thought provide a capacity, or for which a possibility is left in the necessary movement of the mind. Illogical and disassociated stories cannot arise. If the possibilities of mental productions were unlimited, so that the stories might be infinite, there would not be such remarkable resemblances. But since all stories must take certain forms, within very definite limits, there must be few forms, and there must be some everywhere much alike.

Again, those stories which most nearly fill the ideal are most apt to be retained. By rounding off and completing a conception we adjust it to the mind so as to cause it to be thought almost as one of its permanent forms. The good stories are thus retained while the rest fall away, so that as they approach nearer to the fashion of the mind they are more alike. He who can tell a good lie gains immortality—

if not for himself at least for the lie. A story can be so well constructed that for most purposes it serves as well as the truth. For it can be brought so near the ideal, or natural, form of thought, that to all thinking it must appear as true (if not as a particular, as a general truth), which, according to the idealist, or absolutist, is the highest kind of truth, in fact, the only truth—namely, conformity to that which must be thought. The fables of Æsop and the characters of Shakespeare are as much the permanent possessions of the mind as the demonstrations of Euclid or the antinomies of Kant.

Again, stories thus told—which most completely fill the forms of thought—assimilate the others to them. Like Aaron's rod, the best swallow the others, by the natural law of the survival of the fittest. The (comparatively) illogical and unnatural ones are crowded out, or overshadowed and taken up like smaller lights merged in a greater one. Stories and ideals are thus made to approach one another through time, and finally to become one, like governments, churches, and theories. The religions and their ideals are now largely in this mutually approaching state, conforming themselves gradually to the logical forms of thought.

The process by which the minute details in these resemblances are brought about, such as the parallels in names, numbers, and other mere incidentals, is effected on the same principle and as part of the same process as that named; although many of these resemblances are only mental illusions. Out of the many thousands of deeds which all men do, there must be some much alike. And any deed, however specific, of any man, may, in the countless number of any other man's deeds, find its counterpart, or something that, in some respect, may be thought like it. The great number of individual deeds and the small number of possible classes of deeds make this necessary.

Take any circumstance, therefore, in the life of Jesus, as his manger, his flight, his temptation, his fast of forty days,

his baptism, or even his crucifixion or resurrection, and go through all the deeds of Buddha, Apollo, Cæsar, or yourself, and you will find something like it. And take any dozen of the well-known features of Christ's life and go through history, and particularly through mythology, and you will find somewhere a personage who has most of them or what may be thought parallels to them. And when, for any reason, a particular deed, or number of deeds, is taken as a standard, or recognized as significant, similar deeds will be looked for, noted, collected, and exaggerated, until notwithstanding their naturally indifferent character, they seem to characterize the life to which they attach. Other deeds being ignored or dropped, they become prominent, and get an importance altogether out of proportion to their number or coincidence.

Take for example, the parallels in the names of the saviours. While it seems startling to assert that Christ, Buddha, Confucius, Apollo, and Jupiter, all had the same name, and while such a fact, if true, must seem like a marvelous coincidence, it is not unnatural. Each of these characters had several names, and one belonging to each can be found to resemble one belonging to every other; simply because we have not many sounds in language, and because the permutations of sounds are limited. Christ has three names—Christ, Jesus, and Immanuel—and if we take, in addition, his occasional titles and words of ascription, one or other of them may be found to resemble almost anything.

Take, for example, the word Christ. While it seems, as I have said, conclusive evidence of a common origin that it should be borne by several other saviours, this is just what might be expected as an independent occurrence. "Christ" means "anointed," and is another name for "crowned," or "consecrated," and is borne, by implication at least, by nearly all kings and priests; and in languages having the same roots, as most languages have, there will be a similar sound or spelling of it; and, as all saviours are, for obvious

reasons, of royal birth, or priestly dignity, it must naturally occur in connection with many of them. What more natural, therefore, than that of the many names of Jesus one should be Christ; of the many names of Brahm one should be Chrishna; of the many names of Apollo one should be Chrysaor; of the many names of Bacchus one should be Cresius; and that Jupiter should have a son named Cres, and that a Pagan reformer should be called Crestus?

So with the name Jesus, which signifies Saviour—the generic title of his class—what is more natural than that others claimed as saviours should have the name, and that while one of Christ's names is Jesus, one of Jupiter's should be Jeseus, one of a Persian god's should be Josa, one of Io's should be Isis (pronounced Esis), and one of Eros' should be Hesus?

And so I might show a natural and obvious reason for almost every other coincidence in the parallels mentioned, and that without supposing any community of origin or historical connection between them.

Stories, after a great length of time, collect about like persons; so that the Christ features which once belonged to a dozen different persons, come at last to be all attributed to one—to Buddha, to Chrishna, to Jesus—thereby increasing the parallels between such persons. This is going on now all about us. Stories of a certain kind are nearly all told of Lincoln—quaint frontier humor—although originating with many persons. Stories of another kind—clerical jokes—are told of Lorenzo Dow or Peter Cartwright, though of multi-form origin. Every representative man attracts to himself many legends and traits belonging to others; so that in course of time all such become like some other such—one philosopher like another philosopher, one hero like another hero, one saviour like another saviour—just as two trees at a distance look alike. Receding history re-homogenizes itself in the distance, as it resolves itself into its simple elements in its passage to final forgetfulness. Martial stories

are now told indifferently of Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, and Napoleon ; and the great names of history are approaching one another with time. Some have already been identified, as Attila and Tetzal ; and future historians, collecting history and poetry, will be able to make identical persons out of men now distinct. Two hundred years from now Ben Butler and the Widow Bedott will likely be the same person. When a man who has done a great deed goes out of history, that deed is given to another person ; and the representative men attract the unclaimed glory, or infamy, of the race. The surviving effects of the forgotten go to the survivors of nearest kin in character. Thus Jesus has inherited the saviour lore of all Western civilization, and Buddha of all Eastern civilization ; and it is not remarkable if we find them now possessed of like effects.

THE LATE PROFESSOR MAX-MÜLLER.

The late Professor Max-Müller was fortunate among the men who make the intellectual life their own in that he lived to see his work completed and his fame secure, his reputation spread throughout the civilized world, and his theories accepted in part if not in their entirety.

Whether he be best remembered as an Oriental scholar or as a philologist is scarcely important when we consider that he more than any other brought the thought of the Eastern world to the thinkers of the West. It is impossible to overestimate the influence which such works as the "Rig Veda" and "The Sacred Books of the East" have had upon contemporary thought.

To the fine theorizing brain of the German he added what amounted to a genius for the practical demonstration of his theories and an aptitude for languages that was in itself little short of marvelous. As he has been described by a well-known Continental scholar, he was a German *par cœur*, Frenchman *par honneur*, Englishman *par demeure*.

Oxford owes him much, for he not only popularized Eastern literature but had, as well, a marked influence in the promotion of an intelligent acquaintance with German philosophy.

Friedrich Max-Müller was born December 6, 1823, in the ducal capital of Dessau, the son of Wilhelm Müller, poet, and librarian to the Grand Duke of Anhalt-Dessau. He received his early education in the public schools of that town, and later attended lectures in the Universities of Leipsic and Berlin, taking his degree at the age of twenty. He studied Arabic and Persian under Professor Fleischer;

Sanskrit and comparative philology under Professors Brockhaus, Bopp, and Rückert; and philosophy under Drobisch, Weisse, and Schelling. Within a year of taking his degree he published his first work, a translation of the collection of Sanskrit fables known as "The Hitopadesa," immediately after which he began examining the Sanskrit MSS. in Berlin. The following year he went to Paris to continue his studies under Burnouf, at whose suggestion he began to collect materials for an edition of the "Rig Veda." It was after copying and collating some of the MSS. in the Royal Library in Paris that, with a view to pursuing further investigations at the Bodleian Library and at the East India House, he went to England.

It was by the liberality of the East India Company that he was enabled to remain in England, as they paid the expenses of the first edition of the "Rig Veda." He took up his residence in Oxford, where the work was to be printed, and the first volume of 1,000 pages quarto appeared in 1849. The university invited him to lecture; he was made an honorary M. A., and in 1851 was elected Taylorian Professor.

His hopes of becoming Professor of Sanskrit were, however, frustrated. The check, though, did not discourage him and he remained at Oxford. From 1865 to 1867 he was Oriental Librarian of the Bodleian Library, and in 1868 was appointed to the newly-established Professorship of Comparative Philology, wherein his speculative talents found free scope. From 1868 to 1875 he published the most of his essays on "The Science of Language."

In 1875 he desired to resign his professorship and return to Germany, but the university authorities pressed him to remain, and entrusted to him the editing of a series of translations of the "Sacred Books of the East," a remarkable addition to the treasury of translated Oriental literature. Fifty volumes of the series have been published, of which the first contains Max-Müller's translations of the "Upani-

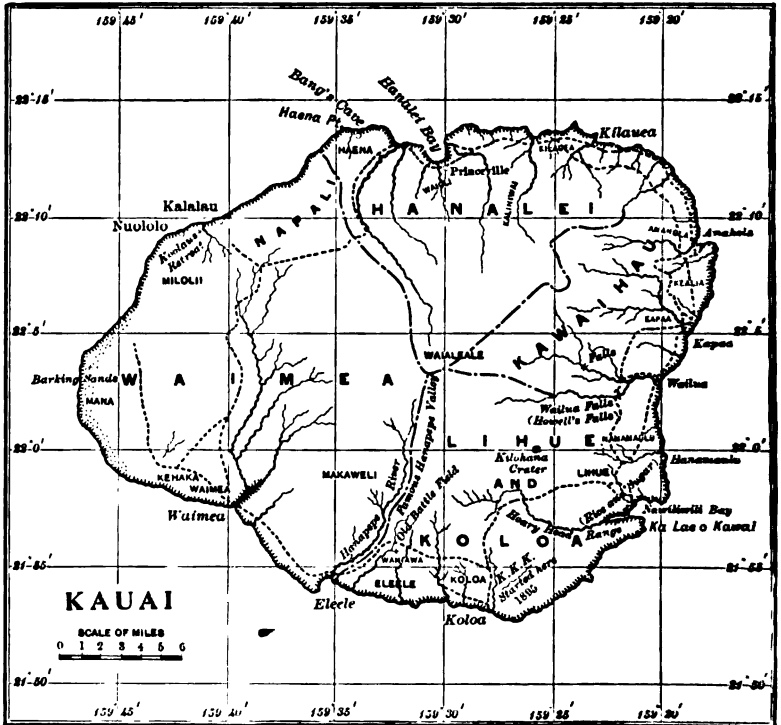
shads" and the translation from Pali of the "Dhammapada."

The list of his labors is a long one, as is the list of honors bestowed on him. Monarchs and scientific and literary societies vied with thinkers the world over in paying him honor, and to him came students from all over the world.

His theories in many lines of thought were not always orthodox, nor did they always find acceptance, but they were always ingenious and bore the stamp of great learning.

No name was more prominently before the world than his, nor has any received greater honors. His lifework received its due, and he died knowing that his fame as an Oriental scholar and philologist, if not philosopher, is secure.

F.



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HAWAII FIRST

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME DOINGS OF THE KAUI
KODAK KLUB IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

BY E. S. GOODHUE, M. D.

Author of "Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars," "Verses from the
Valley," Etc.

IV

SNAP-SHOTS ON KAUI

I am now wrestling with a "No. 2 Bullet."—*Kate Field in a letter to Secretary.*

It has not been my privilege to visit Kauai during either of my visits to Hawaii. I hope to do so in the future.—*Mary H. Krout.*

Should I ever be lucky enough to find myself in Hawaii.—*Anthony Hope Hawkins.*

If the right trade would only blow us across.—*R. J. Burdette.*

Rest assured that my desire to visit the islands has been greatly increased.—*Charles King.*

With a confirmed rover there is no telling what may happen.—*C. F. Lummis.*

When I was a boy I became a very Pacific fellow. I was acquainted with the Messrs. Typee, Omoo, Mardi *et omne genus.*—*W. O. Stoddard.*

It is very touching to be remembered by friends so far away.—*Mary Anderson de Navarro.*

Your letter dated from Hawaii followed me to this old town [Florence], and touches me with the nearness and apartness of things.—*S. Weir Mitchell.*

THE road from Koloa to Lihue, eleven miles long, goes over a characteristically Hawaiian bit of scenery. It is varied and picturesque. If you belong to the Kauai Kodak Klub, you will travel over it of a morning when the sun is just reddening the tops of the mountains northeast, and, unless you have a bicycle, you will go on horseback.

A short distance north of the sugar mill a wooden bridge

is crossed over the Koloawai River, a stream that drains a reservoir higher up and does not amount to much except in rainy weather. When given more water than it was in-



ON THE ROAD FROM KOLOA TO LIHUE

tended to hold, it has been known to swell beyond all reason and waste valuable property, which same thing can be said of some persons who have suddenly fallen heir to great wealth—a deplorable circumstance in either case.

The road winds on, somewhat shaded by *hau* (*paritium tiliacium*) and *kukui* (*aleurites Moluccana*) trees. Both are features of the landscape and deserve attention. The *kukui*, being the more abundant, adds much to the beauty of the forests by its gray, silvery foliage. It belongs to a family of some 2,500 members, natives of the tropics, and is brother to the castor-oil plant, manioc, box-tree, and teak. I think that it is a tree to which one would become attached, especially an individual tree near the house, for it grows in such a haphazard way, throwing out great, affectionate arms, something like an apple-tree without the latter's scragginess. Its fruit, the candle-nut, was used by the natives for lighting purposes, being strung together and burned slowly like Lincoln's pine-knots. *Kukui* means lamp, or candle. The

nut is rich, and tastes much like the Brazilian nut of commerce. When cooked, it is said to be delicious. It is about the size of a walnut, and from its skin the natives of some of the Polynesian islands extract an oil used for tattooing.

The *hau* is a kinsman of the hibiscus, and gets to be a large, coarse, straggling tree. It grows fast, and reminds one of the cottonwood by its slovenly habit of shedding leaves and flowers and by attracting insects. But it casts a heavy shade, while its flower is really pretty, coming out in yellow, with brown center, slowly turning to orange and then to a reddish tint. The natives plant the *hau* near their houses, as it forms a sort of arbor, or *lanai*. Just across the way from our garden is an immense *hau* that throws its shadow far around the trunk; here on seats arranged for comfort the Strangers come and sit.

On each side of the road for about a mile out of town are sugar-cane fields. They occupy the more level portions of the country and show all stages of cultivation. Some fields are being planted, in others the rubbish is burning, and, yonder, the tall stalks hide the troop of strippers within.



A BIT OF COUNTRY ROAD IN KOLOA

To the southeast are the jagged outlines of an old crater,



A FIELD OF SUGAR CANE

between which and the trees is a glimpse of the sea. Nearer, and covered with lively green, are two hills about 200 feet high, with a soft slope between, as graceful as a maiden's breasts (*pectora nymphae*).

Now we reach the beginning of a winding course around the hill, where, forming a part of the curve, is a pool; a delightful, sparkling place, to which the tired have only to come and trouble the limpid water for refreshing.

From the top of the first climb the view on both sides is pleasing. Koloa makes a pretty picture down below with its white-washed houses, its church spires, and dark-green fringes. Here can be seen the miniature lakes, artificial, however, and nothing more than reserves for sugar-cane fields and other private uses. You pass along slowly, but the mountain aspects change quickly, and, turning your head to see some solitary hill and wonder at its lovely grace you may find that the country has shifted, mountains and all. Coming around a hill you surprise large groups of pandanus trees that are gathered in silent consultation. You have seen such trees everywhere, singly or in groups, and were attracted by their odd, knotty-looking trunks, palmate leaves, and roots that stick out of the ground somewhat after the mangrove habit. Generally the trees are not pretty; they are rather awkward; but it is because they have not thriven well. Inspect one down in the gulch near the water, out of wind and cattle range, and you will find a beautiful tree. The natives call it *lauhala*, and make fans and hats out of the leaves. I like to call the trees and plants by their native names, for if Adam ever had a right to be a botanist and classify his Eden properties, these simple-hearted, nature-loving people here have a right to name their own; as they have done to the most insignificant wood that usurps the Hawaiian soil.

To me the pandanus looks as if it must have been intended for low, swampy ground which the Creator expected to have built up. It is admirably adapted for plant-

ing along the Mississippi levees or in Holland, where its roots would catch debris, then soil, and soon form a mound quite adequate. The tree does not touch the ground but starts two or three feet above, propped on a half dozen or more supports, or roots, circling its base at an obtuse angle. Near streams this tarantula-like arrangement entangles sticks, leaves, and all sorts of refuse, and I have walked on solid rubbish five feet deep in a pandanus forest frequently visited by freshets. Not satisfied to walk on stilts all its life, the pandanus no sooner sees what it believes to be a good place than it shoots down strong, round rods, ranging all the way from fifteen to twenty feet long. These are tipped with a greenish cap which falls off when it comes in contact with the earth and uncovers roots that soon take hold. A bunch of these roots will hang together, dangling in the air, having missed their calling from want of foresight on the part of the tree. As a calculator of distance the pandanus is not a success. When the rods do strike root they look like so many walking-sticks. I tried to make a cane of one of the smaller poles, but it would not work; it was too heavy and cumbersome, and unless one hired a man on purpose to carry it around, would prove almost useless. It might have served for some of the god-like *Kanes*. The pandanus is called screw-pine. Why, I could not tell until I saw the young tree. Then I knew. When starting out in life it grows in a spiral fashion, twisting round and round, leaves and stalk, until it gets old enough to know better. But it always shows the effect of the early twist, just as a man will. The tree came from the Indian Archipelago and has some thirty relatives, but two species only on the islands: the one I have described (*pandanus oderatissimus*) and the striking climber, the *ie* (*freycinetia arnotti*), found in the lower woods.

The flowers of the *lauhala* are very fragrant, giving part of its name. The ripe fruit is about the size of a pineapple, round, and of a yellowish color. The natives separate

the drupes and string them as garlands about their necks and make wreaths of them for their hats. There is another use to which the joker puts this product of the tropics. When it is his privilege to take the unsophisticated tourist by these laden trees, he points to them and says significantly: "Pineapples"; and when he does, the tourist's mouth waters, and he asks his guide to stop and pick one, which, of course, is impossible. The joker always "sizes up" his man before he enlightens him. If the tourist be college-bred, with only one or two titles, the joker goes carefully; but if the stranger have several college degrees, especially an L.L.D., our humorist gives himself free rein, knowing that he is perfectly safe. To a German or French professor belonging to half a dozen microscopical, geological, and botanical societies he is as open as a sawmill; he hides nothing, charming the professor, bent on scientific observation.



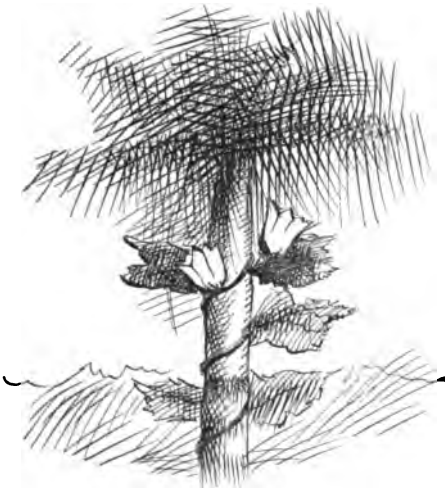
" PINE-APPLES "

The following valuable notes, copied from the work of a distinguished European botanist who visited this country in the interest of science, are well worth recording, especially as the papaya to which the author refers is to be seen in every Hawaiian dooryard on the road between Koloa and

Lihue. From "Flora Terræ," chap. XXX., memorandum 94: "Our driver, Cunningham, an intelligent, observing Missourian, who had lived in the islands for forty years, showed a remarkable knowledge of the common objects around him. He knew the native language and was well versed in the traditions and legends of the country. According to his account, which we do not doubt is correct, the papaya tree (*carica papaya*), so common here, originated about two hundred years ago on some of the South Sea Islands and was brought here along with the history of its derivation. It is a cross (hybrid) between a squash and a betel-nut palm. By some accident, of which so many are recorded both in animate and inanimate nature, the vine grew near a palm-tree and naturally climbed up its trunk, reaching the top, where there were flowers. Fertilization took place at once, and when it came time for seed the palm produced a peculiar melon-like fruit unlike anything that had been seen thereabout. The seed of this new growth, on being planted, yielded the papaya tree of to-day. It belongs to a family of about twenty members, natives of the tropics, grows to be fifteen to thirty feet high, and has no leaves except at the top, like a palm. Flowers unisexual, with fruit about the size of a large muskmelon (pronounced 'mushmelon' by the Missourian), and, when ripe, of a yellow color. It is very wholesome, palatable, and easily digested. It is eaten raw with pepper and salt, after the manner of eating melons; baked, boiled, and fried; made into pies which resemble pumpkin pies and betray the origin; pickled, and sliced up with the juice of Chinese orange squeezed over it. It is said that if you swallow any of the seeds, you will never like papaya again; but they do not act this way on other bipeds, such as chickens, which grow fat on them. The green fruit is a good worm medicine (*anthelmintic*), but whether it has the same effect as green apples on a child, Cunningham did not say. By a certain class of people in the West Indies it is used as soap. Judging from the appearance of our laundry it would not

surprise me if the Portuguese women were addicted to the same habit. Cunningham informed us that the toughest chicken or beef (similar to that furnished by the Hawaiian hotels) placed in a room containing a few papaya leaves, would grow tender as frogs' legs in the course of twenty minutes, and in two hours would be converted into a pul-taceous bolus without an undigested shred. He assured us that it was dangerous to sleep in the proximity of papaya trees if one had a scratch or open wound of any kind, as maceration would at once begin. Whole families of natives had been reduced during a single night into a mass of jelly. Until the cause was generally understood the authorities thought that these persons had been foully poi-ed by their enemies, but the fact is now well known by everybody. The milky juice of the tree contains a digestive fibrine, usually found

only in animal tissues, and it has been used by physicians, as the principle papain, to digest diphtheritic membrane and supply gastric juices. The pawpaw (*asemia triloba*) of Missouri (pronounced 'Mizoura' by Cunningham), Indiana, and adjoining States, is not related to the tropical carica. We were interested in learning from our informant just how the vulgar name for the former was derived. He said that the children in Missouri were excessively fond of the fruit



THE ORIGIN OF THE PAPAYA TREE

of the *asemia*. In early times, long before the Compromise, these children would point up to the fruit they couldn't reach and cry: 'Papa' (pronounced paw-paw), 'gimme one.' This is a very reasonable explanation, for, as scien-

tists, we have learned that many of the most obscure matters have had their rise in some such way. The papaya is a most odd-looking tree. It grows quickly, shooting up like Jonah's gourd. As it grows the leaves fall off, excepting at the top, leaving scars all around the trunk. Generally the body is free from branches, being sometimes straight, sometimes crooked, and gradually spindling toward the crown. If there should be branches, they come out abruptly, twisting in the most awkward style imaginable. It branches off like a pumpkin leaf. To look at the tree you might say that it was solid wood, but such is not the case; it is soft and pulpy all the way through, and with two strokes of the axe you can fell the largest tree. It is an ideal tree for the lazy man to chop. Under the armpit of each leaf, close to the body, hangs the fruit in great abundance, often so high up you cannot reach it. Few trees will bear the weight of a man who attempts to climb them, and if you shake the squashes down you will be obliged to take them up with a spoon."

Midway to Lihue you cross the "Half-way" bridge, spanning the Hualaia River. This is a gladsome spot. Down in the shade are tree ferns and other ferns past naming; fresh, green, wet; the useful *ti* (*cordyline terminalis*), *kukui*, and *lehua* (*metrosideros polymorpha*); this last with bright red flowers used for wreaths by the natives.

Emerging from this depression you round a hill and get a view of a wide gap in the rocky ridge to your right. It is a natural passage between castellated sides and looks like the remains of an old English castle. A legend is tacked to it, but legends are so cheap now-a-days, and, like grapes in the stall, have been so bunched for effect, that I doubt if the man lives who can tell which are worth retailing. In most cases they are about as ancient as Pickwick's tablet or Kalakaua's myths. It may be uncharitable to speak so lightly of our lore when the conditions for its creation were so favorable: an imaginative, poetic people, living in the midst of

inspiring forms of nature and often witnesses to the exhibition of forces which by less superstitious people have been attributed to the acts of gods. We are eager for every genuine Hawaiian legend, but if William Tell is to be forgotten, we will be particular what we record here. After all, a legend is nothing but an old lie; a bare-faced, unadulterated lie, framed with the glamor of antiquity. Let a man write a highly exaggerated account of some commonplace event, bury his manuscript where it will be discovered five hundred years later, and the people who find it will have a legend worth repeating. It will be incorporated into the classics; poems will be based upon it; and before long it will be worked up into a text-book for schools.

(To be continued.)

A BIT OF BACK ANGLO-AMERICAN HISTORY

BY ROSCOE WILLIAMS GRANT

A NEW YORK HERALD of May 31, 1856, recently came into our hands. We looked it over with some curiosity as a fragmentary record of the past in those days of trouble and perplexity when the Republic was fast drifting toward the Civil War that finally burst in all its actual horrors four years later. In 1856 Franklin Pierce was President, and the last of May of that year was to see at Cincinnati the meeting of the Democratic National Convention that was to be divided in its Presidential choice between Stephen M. Douglas, of Illinois, and James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, only in the end to settle upon the latter as its candidate. After Buchanan were to come the amiable Lincoln and the trying years of civil strife. Great exigencies bring out great men. By some providential law of being the utmost of which a man is capable, his noblest deeds, are born under stress of necessity and the pressure of crucial moments. So in that period of stress and controversy, of political sulphur and brimstone, when heavy black clouds were gathering and lowering above the land, clouds that were to burst later and deluge the country with blood—in that time the roll of historically well-known men, both of the North and of the South, was a long and brilliant one. In those times of pregnant opportunity it took indeed a truly great mind to make itself felt among its fellows. It was, too, a time of action, not one merely of the discussion of constitutional theories, far-reaching and important as the latter of course were.

Bleeding Kansas was then attracting attention, and the

“Nigger Worshipers’ Convention” (as the *Herald* dubs the Ohio Republican State Convention) was meeting at Columbus, Ohio, to choose delegates to the approaching convention to be held at Philadelphia. From the tone of the heading placed to this latter news paragraph, we do not wonder that at “an immense gathering of the citizens of New York assembled in the Tabernacle to express the indignation of the community in reference to the assault committed” by Representative Brooks, of South Carolina, on Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts—“three groans were demanded for the editor of the *Herald*.” Those were times, however, when groans were a very mild way of expressing disapproval of a paper’s attitude toward public questions.

In 1856, too, occurred the dismissal by President Pierce of the British Minister at Washington, so strained had then become, for the time being, the relations between the British Government and the Government of the United States. Under the overshadowing influence of permanent events and the coming of the storm whose breaking was to presage the birth of a new Union, the average individual, even though a student of history, probably has forgotten—if, indeed, he may have even noted—the temporary estrangement of Britain and America in 1856. It was over a comparatively small matter, anyway—certain Central American questions in dispute, “more especially in regard to the Bay Islands, the Belize settlement, and the Mosquito protectorate,” as an official letter of Secretary of State Marcy sets out in discussing the subject. (We may recollect that it is not so very long now since the Mosquito Coast again was a source of annoyance to us.)

But at that time matters had come to this pass: In 1850 the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was ratified. Then a misunderstanding as to the effects of this treaty arose between Great Britain and the United States. Correspondence was exchanged between the then American Minister to England, Mr. Buchanan, and the Earl of Clarendon, British Secretary of

State for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Buchanan was succeeded at London by George M. Dallas, but the controversy continued. The British Government construed matters one way, the American Government another. Great Britain wished to submit the whole dispute to arbitration by a third Power. The United States was willing to submit certain matters of fact, geographical and the like, collateral to the main points in dispute, to arbitration, but declined to settle otherwise than by direct negotiation questions of treaty construction immediately and directly involved. And on this point an incident regarding America's position on the arbitration question occurred that was both novel and interesting. It is specially interesting at this time when arbitration is a subject so much under discussion. Secretary Marcy instructed Minister Dallas as follows :

The President does not doubt that any one of the Powers of Europe which should consent to undertake the task of such arbitration as is now proposed would perform the duty with perfect impartiality; but to apply to any Power to do this would be to ask of it an act which, if granted, would add to its own domestic duties the labors and burden of settling the complicated differences of other governments. He would greatly prefer that, in a controversy like the present, turning on points of political geography, the matter should be referred to some one or more of those eminent men of science who do honor to the intellect of Europe and America, and who, with the previous consent of their respective governments, might well undertake the task of determining such questions to the acceptance as well of her Majesty's government as that of the United States.

Passing from the subject of arbitration to another point then at issue between the two nations, the question of the Mosquito Coast protectorate, we are at once interested in the American position as defined at that time. That position is pertinent and has a bearing upon a great question that will be discussed during the season of the approaching Congress. The Nicaragua Canal problem and the connection therewith of the Clayton-Bulwer convention will be debated in all its aspects, and in the light of history let us

quote that portion of Secretary Marcy's letter stating the American attitude in 1856. In brief it is as follows:

As to the Mosquito Coast, it is not understood that Great Britain now lays claim to any possessions or any territory there; all she is supposed to claim is the right to protect the Mosquito Indians. It cannot be alleged by her that these Indians constitute, or are competent to constitute, an independent State, admissible as such into the family of sovereign Powers. Nor is it contended by Great Britain that in the name or on behalf of those Indians she herself can, without controvention to the treaty, assume or exercise political sovereignty on any part of the Mosquito Coast. Her Majesty's government considers itself under obligations of honor to protect the persons of these Indians—nothing more—and declares it is ready and desirous to be relieved of that duty in any manner which shall honorably assure the future conditions of these Indians. * * *

Now it is apprehended that her Majesty's government is disposed to claim the possession, either in her own name directly or that of the Mosquito protectorate, of the port of San Juan de Nicaragua. It cannot but be admitted that the port was the old possession of Spain, her right to which was as indisputable as it was to Vera Cruz and Panama; that she had a port of entry and a fort at or near that place so long as she retained her sovereignty in Central America, and that then her rights of sovereignty there and of territorial possession passed to the Republic of Central America. It is true that at a subsequent period, and shortly before the date of the treaty now in question, a British force landed at San Juan and expelled the authorities of the State, Nicaragua, which then held possession of it, and retained it for a while against the State in the name of the Mosquito Indians. It is true that Great Britain afterward relinquished the place to the so-called people of Greytown, but the original taking of it was her act; that is, she, in the words of Lord Clarendon, placed a people under her protection in the possession of San Juan. A protectorship so exercised, and in the name of such persons as the Mosquito Indians, would, it is plain, amount to practical sovereignty. If admissible under the name of protectorship to one of the contracting parties to the convention, it would be equally so for the other, and the United States might be impelled for controlling reasons to undertake the counter protectorship of the Indians and other persons in Central America. It is not supposed that Great Britain desires to enter into any such line of policy of conflicting protectorships in that quarter, or contend for any construc-

tion of the treaty leading to such consequences, and of course no difficulty between the two governments is apprehended on this point any more than in regard to the general relation of the treaty to the Mosquito Indians.

Of course, this letter of the American Secretary of State, a part of which has been quoted, and embodied in a special message sent to Congress by President Pierce, caused something of a flutter in diplomatic circles. Did the dismissal of the British Minister portend a more acute crisis to come? was the question. Were Anglo-American relations in danger of rupture? Some feared so then, as others did nearly forty years afterward when another President sent a message to Congress that dealt with a problem in Venezuela. Mr. Crampton's dismissal was looked upon in Canada as a serious matter. The *Montreal Herald* says that its correspondent speaks of the Marcy letter as "conciliatory, but firm," and that the New York papers believe the British Government will "pocket the affront." The *Herald*, however, was of a different opinion, for it says: "We * * * have no doubt Mr. Dallas will be served with a 'notice to quit' within an hour of the receipt of Mr. Marcy's dispatch."

But the *Montreal Herald* prognosticated incorrectly. Mr. Dallas was *not* "served with a 'notice to quit.'" Lord Palmerston's Ministry was then in power, and through the forbearance of Lord Palmerston the American Minister was allowed to remain at his post. He was there until 1861, when Charles Francis Adams succeeded him.

It would not have been wise at that time for America and Britain to fall out with each other. Well said the New York *Herald* editorially when, in commenting upon Anglo-American relations, it remarked:

We see no reason to anticipate any interruption of the peaceful relations of the two countries; for Lord Clarendon and Mr. Marcy both evidently penned their dispatches in a studied fear of the intelligent masses in England and the United States. There is no danger of any interruption of our commercial relations with England, though wounded diplomatic pride may possibly suspend for

a while diplomatic intercourse. Who cares for that? The peaceful relations of two such countries as England and the United States do not depend on the permanent establishment of diplomatic envoys in either, or indeed on any acts of their governments. Any British Minister who dared to imperil the peaceful intercourse of the two countries would soon find himself in an awkward position, and so would any American President who ventured upon a similar experiment.

Such was the state of affairs then. Similarly so they are now. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty and the Hay-Pauncefote treaty were both entered into on the part of their proponents in a proper spirit. Yet no treaty clothed in conventional verbiage is vital to the mutual good will that exists and should exist between Britain and America. If a treaty stand in the way, its usefulness is just so much impaired. After all, the relations of amity between nations are not regulated, made, or unmade, by formal conventions. Anglo-American friendship—if it stand at all—must stand upon something firmer than treaties, and if treaties are entered into they must be vested with the true reciprocal spirit. In 1856 the Earl of Clarendon said in a dispatch, the words of which are as opportune now as they were then, as applicable to Anglo-American matters in Canada as in Central America:

The British Government share the conviction of the President of the United States that the interests of the two countries, and their mutual desire to maintain the existing friendly relations, will alike inspire each party with a conciliatory spirit and enable them to overcome all obstacles in a satisfactory adjustment of the Central American questions. The British Government see no reason why it should be otherwise.

Let these words be remembered when the Hay-Pauncefote treaty and questions relating to the United States and Canada are discussed.

QUIVERA

THE HISTORY AND LEGENDS OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN KINGDOM

By E. E. BLACKMAN

IV

MANY volumes have been written on the origin of the American aborigines. It is a theme separate and distinct from Nebraska folklore, but we can not leave this interesting subject wholly untouched. Most of the writers along these lines have conceived an idea of the origin, and then each has gone about gathering evidence to prove his own particular theory. Of course, each starts with a feasible idea, and many have found points which seem to prove conclusively that their particular theories are right.

Of the many theories, though, the one claiming the strongest following in the past is, doubtless, the theory that the natives of Asia came across Behring Strait, from island to island.

That the aborigines were of the lost tribes of Israel gained many followers, while the theory that America was peopled simultaneously with the old world has many adherents to this day. The Atlantis theory also is prominent in the long list. It is very graphically expounded by Ignatius Donnelly, who has published a volume setting forth the evidence of truth in Plato's Atlantis. In a fragment from the pen of Plato is found an account of a vast continent just beyond the Pillars of Hercules, or, as we know it, the Strait of Gibraltar, where civilization attained to a high state of perfection before Egypt was peopled. Mr. Donnelly thinks

America had colonies from Atlantis, as did the old world in Babylonia and Egypt. [^]

However, we do not purpose to take any special theory in the matter, but to examine the points given by unbiased writers which prove that the aboriginal races of America, like the early races of the old world, have existed so long that the relationship between them, if there ever was such, has been lost in antiquity. The similarity of races, one in the old and the other in the new world, is fully as marked as the similarity of races on the same continent. So, also, are the differences as plainly defined. In fact, the two continents, through their traditions, customs, implements, and so forth, may be studied as if they were one and the same, and not separated by so formidable a barrier as the great oceans, if we confine our study to the period before the invention of writing by means of characters which are easy to make. But since the eastern continent acquired this art the advancement there has been marked, while in the new world the quipu, with its knotted cords of various colors and lengths, was still a slow and cumbersome means of recording chronology. Many nations did not even possess this rude art of preserving intelligence, so the history of American nations and tribes is plunged in darkness and we have no means of tracing them except through traditions, implements and customs.

There were four divisions, or tribes, of the Pawnees: the Tapages, the Republicans, the Grands, and the Skidiš. While these tribes of the great nation of Pawnees differed slightly, the ethnology was materially the same. A tradition of the Pawnees says that Kittikorak's band, which lived many years on the present site of Savannah, went south in what would be, according to our chronology, 1785. So from time to time tribes left the original stock; thus the separation occurred. While traditions relating to their first coming to this country are meager among the Pawnees, the very old men say they originally came from the South and conquered

this country and held it by right of conquest. But from whom it was wrested seems obscure, as their traditions say the Sioux, their arch enemies always, came many years later.

The Escanseques, or, as some writers think, the Kansas Indians, which Penelosa tells us dwelt along the fortieth parallel of latitude, were a southern tribe and probably never lived north of the Kansas line. It may be that the country was conquered by "benevolent assimilation" such as was practiced by the Incas of South America. These made conquest not by force of arms, destruction of property, and loss of life, but by an army of missionaries sent among the foreigners. The temples of the foreign gods were enlarged and beautified for the Sun God, and soon the old religion was forgotten and the salient points so assimilated with the religion of the sun that the conquered heathen were better pleased than with their own former belief.

So these Pawnees upon their coming may have absorbed the tribes then found, or, what is more likely, they found none but wandering tribes. I am inclined to the latter opinion.

The story, however, is that for generations the Pawnees lived here unmolested and that the capital of their great empire was a grand and magnificent city situated on the lands occupied by them north of the Platte, at the junction of the Platte and Loup Rivers.

As to the direction from which they came, all traditions say that they originally came from the South. But as they make no distinction in regard to the quartering points of the compass, it may have been southeast or it may have been southwest. One or the other it must have been, as no remains which would indicate former civilization are found due south. Rev. William Hamilton, one of the first white missionaries among the Omahas, thinks the Pawnees came originally from the Southwest. Yet there is little evidence to prove that these people were descended from the Aztecs, though there may have been many traits in common. For

that matter, the ancient Egyptians, too, had many traits in common with the Aztecs, as did also the Incas of South America. I think the common traits existing between these peoples may prove only a common association in remote antiquity.

The Pawnees' having no well-defined tradition of prior residence in other lands is in itself important, for it proves they have lived in this country so long that tradition is lost in antiquity and only a faint idea of the general direction whence they came is preserved. A study of ethnology teaches us that direction is the last point of tradition to be lost and is seldom entirely forgotten. Even the Aztecs have other traditions than direction. They tell of Hue Hue Tla Pallen (old old red earth), where they originally lived, *east* of Mexico. With our knowledge of the geography of that country this fact of direction is hard to believe; but if we take into account that the quarters of the compass were not considered, and that the land of Tla Pallen may have been east with either of its quarters toward the rising of the sun as they give it—the facts are not hard to conform to our present geography, especially when we study the ancient ruins discovered near the Yazoo River, in Mississippi, and note the color of the soil in Oklahoma, Arkansas, and many other parts of the South. Then if we remember that the central tribes of America called north, up, that is, up-stream, we can see how south, as translated by the early explorers, really means southeast, owing to the way the streams flow.

We may add another part of the Aztec tradition, which is that *they peopled Tla Pallen after they had starved and frozen in a land four hundred summers*. This may aid us in accounting for similar implements and remains being scattered throughout Greenland, Iceland, and Labrador. Now take the Pawnees' tradition that they came originally from the *South*, or *down*, and the Aztecs' tradition that they came from Tla Pallen, or toward the rising sun, and the path of the two peoples will cross. This is sufficient to give to each people its

traits in common with the other without both being actually related in origin, or, more properly, without one being descended from the other. Of course, we must give to all human beings a common origin in far antiquity—any other theory would be preposterous; but the point I contend for is that those two peoples are so dissimilar that the division of tribes occurred at a more remote period than tradition covers.

Now as to implements, we find the Pawnees possessed the art of weaving cloth, making pottery, weaving wicker-work, and working stones. There are no traces of bronze implements, however. This point helps to prove the antiquity of their removal to these plains and the great distance and greater length of time required for such removal. Doubtless their removal consumed many generations, and if they possessed bronze implements when they started from their mother country, those were either lost or broken and worn out before at last they settled in this their permanent home. Then, there being no copper or other metals, the art of making bronze, if they ever possessed it, became lost owing to lack of materials with which to practice. Stone implements are quite common, so the tribe must have possessed the art of working stone before they came.

The form of their buildings, or style of architecture, is important. It differed from the styles of other tribes, and, unlike those of any other tribe on these plains, the buildings attained a height of four stories. The form was *circular*. Now go back to the round tower of Rhode Island that has been such a subject of conjecture these many years, and note the same style of architecture. Then cross the waters to visit the old Norse towers still found in ruins in Scandinavia, and see similar styles of architecture. Were these points of similarity all the evidences which point to Scandinavia as the original home of these Pawnee people I would be loath to mention it, but almost every evidence can be traced there. The form of their stone axes, their mills, arrowheads, and, above all, their pottery found strewn thickly over many

parts of the State, especially near Columbus, all go to prove their Scandinavian origin ; and the form of these vessels, their handles and edges, as well as the design of ornaments, are distinctively Scandinavian.

The finding of such specimens in this State led to a more extended search through the ethnological reports, as well as other authorities, to ascertain whence the art of making this pottery came, the probable age, and something of the history of the people who practiced an art wholly unknown to the Indians as we know them. I shall endeavor to give the facts as I have learned them, and shall cite my authority, so, if I misstate any point, I shall deem it a favor to be corrected.

The pottery is found in this country on the surface in cultivated fields where the plow has turned it back and forth for thirty years. The leading peculiarities are :

First, it is mostly black; only a few specimens of gray or red pottery have been found as yet.

Second, nearly every piece is mixed with sand, small quartz pebbles, and mica.

Third, it is hand-molded and has impressions of cloth on the outside. Many of the pieces from Nance county, Nebraska, show the design of the woven cloth, while others show impressions of grass as if molded in a basket lined with grass to keep the clay from sticking to the wicker-work.

Fourth, the baking has been feeble, not sufficient to fuse the sand in any case; and in no case is the pottery glazed, but it is remarkably hard and does not break easily.

I might go on with many other features, but space forbids. In my search for an answer to the question, "Where does it come from and whence came the art?" I find these facts :

Black ware tempered with quartz pebbles is to be found in Tennessee and in many mounds east of the Mississippi, also in southeastern Missouri, but none among the western

tribes. The black ware is found among the pueblos, but no quartz pebbles, as it is tempered with fine sand, and is mostly made in coils or is built up by coiling little rolls of clay, one on the other, to the desired size and shape. So we must draw the conclusion, from data obtained, that the makers are from the East; and as this is contrary to the deduction I had made prior to my study along this line, I reach this conclusion reluctantly.

The above facts are drawn from the ethnological reports in twenty large volumes published by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., which is all the really authoritative data obtainable referring to American pottery.

Now a word as to pottery found in the old world: Buche's *History of Pottery* (London) tells us that the Romans made black pottery, and that Brongniart groups black pottery as the youngest of the Roman wares, and dates it at 500 B. C. Teutonic pottery was often tempered with quartz pebbles and mica, as these Nebraska specimens are, but the Teutonic pottery was brittle. The pottery found in the old world, with which our specimens correspond in every detail, as far as Buche has described it, is the Scandinavian pottery. The handles found here are identical, the baking corresponds, the tempering with quartz pebbles and mica is exact, and the shapes, as far as can be judged from these specimens, are nearly the same. Some of this Scandinavian pottery, so Buche tells us, was made as early as 2000 years B. C., and specimens of the oldest are still well preserved.

I have one specimen tempered with sand which I am quite sure is found nowhere else than at Spirit Lake, Ia. It is that peculiar, many-sided ruby-sand, real rubies in miniature. There are many curious points about these specimens which should be seen to be appreciated.

After a careful study of the pottery, the woven cloth next claims our attention. It is studied by means of the impressions left on the pottery, and corresponds exactly with similar impressions found on the Scandinavian specimens.

Now, if these people were related directly to the Aztecs or the Zúñi Indians, there would be at least occasional specimens of the coiled pottery found here. The forms of the vessels are important, and in them they are very similar to the Scandinavian but have marked differences from the Pueblo specimens.

The last point I shall quote under this head is one that has been investigated so superficially that I would fain leave it for a future article, but it is of itself so important that this article is incomplete without it. This point is in regard to the many carvings and hieroglyphics found scattered throughout the State. The first time these relics were brought to the notice of the public was when the Class of '92, of the Nebraska State University, placed the large red boulder on the university campus. Even then many who saw the rock pronounced the human foot-print upon it a natural impression of the human foot, made when the rock was in a plastic state, and the other marks were said to be large bird-tracks—the man had been chasing the bird. Whether this was told as a joke or whether people really believed that a living thing could have existed on the earth at the time when that igneous rock was in a plastic state, I do not know. But many have since given study to this matter, and now they generally agree that the marks are carvings made in a very remote age by a more or less enlightened people.

By a little comparison one will find on this rock at least three characters which correspond with characters of the oldest Runic inscriptions of Scandinavia. The human foot-print needs no translation, except as to size—the form is perfect. This is not the only specimen of carving in the State; there is a large rock in Cedar county, Neb., and another in Olive county which are worthy of study. I hope to photograph these rocks and thus bring them together for study and comparison with each other and with the Runic inscriptions of the old world. If these inscriptions should prove to be Runic and can be translated, what wonders they

may reveal of the aboriginal inhabitants of the great State of Nebraska!

Now a word as to the customs of the Pawnee Indians. Many authorities agree in saying that of all the American Indians the Pawnees are the nearest to true believers in a Christian religion. Their every action is a worship. Their dances and ceremonies are directed to the great spirit, and the latter are as rigidly kept as those of any faith. Of course, their idea of what constitutes virtue is somewhat at variance with ours. They believe that bravery and power to bear torture and endure hardships are virtues; that cunning and craft, even to the point of stealing from any one—be it enemy or friend—is a commendable trait worthy of reward (and it looks as though the so-called civilized world may be fast coming to the same opinion). "When the pipe is lighted," says Harry E. Burgess in the June *ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE*, "the first puffs are wafted skyward to Ti-ra-wa-hut with words of grace." And so through the whole category of the Pawnee's daily actions every new task or recreation is supplemented with an offering to the God of all and above all.

The Pawnees are the only people of the central plains who are true believers in a future life to such an extent that they offer sacrifices from their own numbers. Many tribes torture their prisoners, but the Pawnees, alone, offer sacrifices of their own people at stated intervals. This is similar to the custom which prevailed with the Aztecs. De Smet in his "Narrative of a Year's Residence Among the Indian Tribes of the Rocky Mountains," gives a very graphic account of this rite.

The magic art was practiced by their medicine men, and some wonderful feats were performed. Coronado's men were amazed and terrified to see arrows shot through the body of one of the medicine men without apparent injury. They would crush the skull of another, and he would arise unhurt. They practiced tricks similar to the Hindoos and early Egyptians.

That their many traditions about their gods and the creation of the earth and the people, as well as the legends of the great cataclysms, are similar and in many respects identical with the Elder Edda and other Norse Legends, cannot be denied.

I think the evidence points to the fact that even as early as 1800, Quivera was decayed and much of its civilization had been destroyed by its surrounding enemies, who compelled its peaceful people, unmolested for so long, either to fight or be exterminated. The latter alternative was the result, although they did become a fierce nation through necessity until but a handful remained. The great city of 1662 was nearly or quite depopulated. The Pawnees had changed during the hundred and twenty-five years to a nation living more by the chase. They learned to build temporary villages, as their permanent homes had been so often destroyed, first by the Escauseques, and, later, by the Sioux, or Dakotahs.

(To be continued.)

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF JUDAH IN BRITAIN

BY REV. M. W. SPENCER, A. M.

THE prophet Jeremiah was intrusted by the Lord with a commission to the *nations*. "See I have this day set thee over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down, and to *build and to plant*" (1 : 10). These nations are the two houses of the Hebrews. The rooting out and pulling down clearly refers to the captivity of the Jews in Babylon, and includes that portion of his life inscribed in his book. He also received permission to build and to plant, which, so far as we have been able to discover, must refer to the planting of Jews *with Israel in the Islands*. It is evident that the planting refers to the Jew, for so it reads : "And it shall come to pass, that, like as I have watched over them [Jews] to pluck up and to break down, and to throw down and to destroy, and to afflict, so will I watch over *them*, to build and to plant, saith the Lord" (Jer. 31 : 28). This planting could never refer to the gathering from Babylon, as the New Covenant is distinctly referred to (31), and they were not to be "*plucked up nor thrown down any more forever*" (40). This affected both houses of the Hebrews and hence properly spoken of the "nations." This accords with other Scriptures as well as the earnest wish of the prophet himself.

"Oh that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people," that is, the Jews. "*Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of wayfaring men*

(the wanderers) that I might leave my people and go from them" (Jer. 9:2). After various fortunes among the Jewish people, there are many reasons for believing that this most earnest wish and prayer was granted in his serene old age, and that he actually did go to their then thriving colony of Israelites on the British Isles. If this desire was in his early years, how it must have been intensified by his experiences the reader can easily imagine. He was to go "into a land that thou [Jeremiah] knowest not," but the prophet adds, "Oh, Lord, thou knowest," (Jer. 15:14-15), and after these words were heard the prophet says, "Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." This most ardent wish in prophetic vision was granted, not to his joy only, *but it lays under tribute all modern civilization.*

His scribe Baruch was to go with him and the promise was made, "Thy life will I give unto thee for a prey *in all places* whither thou goest" (Jer. 45:5). A few of the places referred to, the reader may consider, following the account given by the prophet himself, and what trustworthy traditions we are able to gather from reliable sources.

Immediately after the destruction of the city of Jerusalem, the sons of Zedekiah being slain, Jeremiah was taken by the Guards of Gedaliah to Mizpah (Jer. 40:6). A little later he is at Chimham, on the national thoroughfare to Bethlehem and Egypt (41:17). There he remained some time. His company was not numerous, but notably his scribe Baruch, and *the daughters of King Zedekiah* (43:6) as Josephus also relates (Antiq. 10-9-4). These tarried some time at the city of Tahpanhes, or Daphnæ. Then came the word of the Lord concerning *all the Jews in the land of Egypt*, telling them of the evils and afflictions that should come on them there, and warning and entreating them *to escape* (44-14). The Scripture narrative closes at this point.

But where did the prophet and his royal company go? He desired with tears to be at rest in some other land. That he knew that a Hebrew colony had been formed in the islands, there can be no question. Ezekiel, his contemporary, had written of it. The tribe of Dan was even at that period engaged in their carrying trade (27 : 19), shipping "bright iron," probably from the Cassiterides, and could easily have taken them on shipboard. That God had commanded them to escape with a long-standing promise of success to him and his scribe is also evident. He knew it was *certain death* for him to remain longer in Egypt, and this motive, if no other intimation was given, is strong enough in most human beings to induce them to flee at once to a place of safety. Isaiah had said, "Pass over to Tarshish," and then speaks of "the inhabitants of the Isle." Jonah had "paid his fare" thither long before. And now that there had been a colony in the Islands well known by report for more than five hundred years, the most appropriate thing for him to do, as it would appear, was to embark at once to the Islands. This, we believe, he actually did. There he fulfilled the *second part* of his work, "to build and to plant," founding the second colony in "*Yarish*" land, the *far away* country (Isa. 23 : 6-7).

Traditions in regard to Jeremiah are important and interesting in the absence of direct testimony from the Scriptures. From these it is clear that he did not die in Egypt. The Jews believed that he escaped. The Jewish saying that "the spirit of Jeremiah dwelt afterwards in Zechariah" may explain why the name of one may have been exchanged for the other (Matt. 27 : 9), and why he became *the patron saint of Judea* in his supposed living presence.

It seems from II. Maccabees (2 : 1) that there were some records which we do not now have, in which it is said, "The prophet Jeremy [Jeremiah] commanded them that were carried away to take of the [sacred] fire." "Having given

them the Law, charged them not to forget the commandments of the Lord." He "commanded the tabernacle and the ark to go with him as he went forth into the mountain where Moses climbed up and saw the heritage of God." "And when Jeremy came thither he found a hollow cave wherein he laid the tabernacle, and the ark, and altar of incense, and so stopped the door." Search being made for them, Jeremy said, "As for that place [where the ark was], it shall not be known until the time that God gather his people again together and receive them unto mercy. Then shall the Lord show them these things, and the glory of the Lord shall appear" (v. 8).

Again, four hundred years after the captivity, Jeremiah appears to Judas Maccabeus as "a man with gray hairs and exceeding glorious," from whom he received "his golden sword as a gift from God" (2 Macc. 15:13-16). Even in the time of our Saviour there prevailed the belief, resting in part perhaps in this case, as in Elijah's, (Matt. 11:14) on the mystery which shrouded the time and manner of his death, that his work was not yet done. Some said of Jesus that he was Jeremias, or as one of the prophets (Matt. 16:14). According to some expounders, he is "the prophet" whom all the people expected (John 1:21) and the one like unto Moses (Deut. 18:18), as held by Jewish interpreters. The traditions connected with him lingered on, even into the Christian Church, and appeared in the notion that he never had really died, but would return one day from Paradise as one of "the two witnesses" of the Apocalypse. Egyptian legends assumed yet wilder and more fantastic forms. He it was who foretold to the priests of Egypt that their idols should one day fall to the ground in the presence of the virgin-born. Playing the part of St. Patrick, he delivered one district on the shores of the Nile from crocodiles and apes, and even in the fourth century of the Christian era, the dust of that region was looked upon as a specific against their bites. According to another tradition he returned from

Egypt to Jerusalem and died there after three hundred years. The Old Testament narrative of his sufferings was dressed out with the incidents of a Christian martyrdom. (See Dr. Smith's Un. Dict.)

The ruins of the city of Tahpanhes, where the daughters of Zedekiah dwelt, were recently discovered by Mr. F. Petrine, who has charge of the Egyptian exploring expedition. "The castle of the Jew's daughter," as the Arabs call it, together with the "great stones" over which the King of Babylon should "spread his royal pavilion," were found, which fully accords with the account of the prophet's vision and his coming to Egypt.

We have given the above traditions in regard to Jeremiah in order to get at the apparent fact that he did not die in Egypt but that he and his company escaped to another Hebrew colony, the one founded in Ireland more than five hundred years before. Read his commission again, "That he might root out and afflict and destroy, and *that he might build up also and plant*" (Eccles. 49:7), almost in the exact words of the prophet himself (Jer. 1:10). Here, like many another one, he wrought better than he knew. It is God providing for the fulfillment of his promises to Abraham and to David.

"The Story of Ireland," by A. M. Sullivan, gives account of the Partholanians, the Memedians, the Fir Bolgs, the Tuatha de Danaans, and the Milesians. These formed successive colonies from the East. The Milesians conquered the Tuatha de Danaans and settled down in Ulster. It is generally conceded that while the latter were of the tribe of Dan, the former belonged to the tribe of Judah, or at least of the mingled tribes of this period. At the breaking out of the Assyrian wars it appears that there had been vast emigrations, as we have seen; so also at the conquest of Palestine by Nebuchadnezzar, there is no doubt that multitudes escaped thither. The Milesians seem to have belonged to this class. The manners and customs introduced among

them at about this time indicate the Hebrew origin of these refugees. These were mostly of Judah and Benjamin and add two tribes to the eight already represented on the Islands.

The city of Jerusalem was conquered 599 B. C. Eleven years later the city was broken up, and in such a manner that the way was providentially prepared for the escape of Jeremiah and his party with full liberty to take with them whatever they might desire. During these war-periods multitudes of the inhabitants of Palestine must have fled for life, for to be prisoners of war in that age was something terrible to contemplate. Twenty years later the conquest of Egypt, according to Professor Rawlinston, occurred, so that ample time was granted to Jeremiah before its beginning for the escape of his company, and then safe transportation of all that was desirable. This view gives us a clew to the willing and honorable acceptance of the Princess from the East as heir to the covenant "of Salt" (2 Chron. 13 : 5).

Jeremiah had in charge "the royal seed of David," "the ark of the covenant," "the altar of incense," and "the stone of Israel," of which more anon.

Samuel, in whom the priestly and prophetic offices were united, took measures to make his reforms in Israel permanent by establishing a system of schools known as "the Schools of the Prophets." These were purely of Hebrew origin. One was founded at Ramah (1 Sam. 19 : 19-20), another at Bethel (2 Kings 2 : 3), also at Jericho (5), at Gilgal (4 : 38), and elsewhere (6 : 1). And Jeremiah seems to have taken the same precaution in establishing the *Mur-Ollam-ain*, or the School of the Ollams, or Prophets. It seems specially appropriate for him, being probably a priest also, to found such an institution of learning in Ireland. According to tradition and Irish records the curriculum for the Ollams required them to complete a course in the school of classics, law, philosophy, and poetry. "The Ollam Folla added to the number of military academies and law schools,

and renewed the statutes concerning the Psalter of Tara (*vide* Am. Cyc.).

The School of the Ollams became in process of time the School of the Druids, so popular in the East, and in subsequent times in Ireland. The word Druid is supposed to be derived from the Greek *Drus*, an *oak*, on account of their worship in the forest. It appears from Isaiah (44 : 14) that the idol was sometimes made from the oak tree, and when God should overthrow the heathen worship the slaughter should be great "under every thick oak" (Ez. 6 : 13). This noble forest tree had been used for the true worship of God "as a sanctuary of the Lord" (Josh. 24 : 26). This became also the custom of the worshipers of Baal, to plant "groves" and "set up images under every green tree" (2 Kings 17 : 10). And when the northern tribes who adopted Baal worship, according to the Phœnician idolatry, became established in Ireland, the most natural thing for them to do was to follow the customs of their fathers and set up places of religious worship in the deep forests of Ireland. Here "grove worship" became for five hundred years the most powerful institution of the Emerald Isle.

The Eastern, or Asiatic, complexion which is apparent in the doctrines of the Druids does not surprise us. Its oriental features, derived by the first colonization called Celts, had at this time grown into a system of faith and worship.

The remains of Druidism are found far more extensive in Britain and its neighboring isle than on the continent. It was there that it made its last stand against the aggressions of Rome. We may well regard, therefore, the British Isles as the western home of the Druids, although the Druidic faith, doctrines, and relics were probably co-extensive with the Celtic race, and dated from the first settlements of Dan. Some have supposed that Pythagoras first introduced their doctrines. This is not strange, since some of the Greeks, as we have seen, were of Hebrew origin, of which the Celts of the West were largely composed. This philosopher died

497 B. C., and hence they may have borrowed their principles from him. But Druidism had existence before the times of Jeremiah in Ireland, and developed from the seeds of Baal-worship, in which it may have been planted.

Baal appearing in many local names, there is little doubt of their origin from the sun-god of Syria and that these names were the result of naval transportation thither. They need not be repeated here. It certainly looks as though there were Hebrews in Ireland and Scotland. We have names in New England of English origin simply because of the mother country, who sent us emigrants. Does any one doubt it? British people have planted British names around the world. "In like manner Hebrew names could hardly have come like locusts and settled down in the isle of the West and nowhere else, unless Hebrew-speaking people carried them," and Hebrew men could have come there, as has been shown, in the ships of Tarshish.

There are wonderful analogies to Hebrew customs peculiar to the Druids of Britain. In each there was a priesthood, a species of hierarchy, to whom was confided everything of a religious nature. They were supported by public contributions. They were divided into different ranks and orders and marked by different dress. The Arch-Druid had a breastplate of judgment, fastened by a chain that was regarded as supernatural, resembling the Urim and Thummim. The *Jodhan-Morain* among the Druids is a Scripture name, and the same refers to the breastplate in Chaldaic. He also wore a miter of oak leaves entwined about his head.

Their priests did not confine themselves to religious affairs only, but were dispensers of justice as well, assuming the right to rule the nation, whose rites and religious faith they had in their keeping. The Druid priests put off their shoes from their feet as Moses did. Their congregations were sitting while the priest performed the religious rites, or they prayed outside of the temple (Luke 1:9-10). The Druids had cities of refuge, or cities and roads which

were sacred from the rage of the oppressor. It was a law that no one could hold land and exercise the right of a free-born citizen unless he could trace his pedigree to the ninth generation (Deut. 23:2). Wailing for the dead was common to the Druids of Ireland. A relic of this is found in the "Irish wake" of to-day. They were accustomed to write on sticks (Ez. 37:16).

The objects of their speculation were in regard to deity, the human soul, the future state, and the nature of each. The doctrine of monotheism they believed. Everything derived its existence from God. All possible existence is divided into three circles, or spheres. There was the circle which God alone could pervade. They believed in a circle of causes, which comprehended the material creation and the conditions of humanity; the circle of happiness, which man would ultimately attain (2 Cor. 12:2).

IN DISTRICT No. 1

(An Economic Novel)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

CHAPTER XXXIII—(Continued)

"I AM pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Warner. I have already heard of your promotion by Colonel Birnie. I hope we shall see you from time to time in our social gatherings," replied L. B.

"A word with you, Dick," said Boreen. "Excuse us, L. B., for a moment or two. I have something to discuss with the Captain, and we will leave you to entertain Mr. Warner, or *vice versa*, until we return."

Boreen walked his horse down the avenue, and Westeron walked beside him.

"What are your movements going to be to-night?" asked the former.

"I was thinking of going back to the Burgh."

"And I'm thinking 'twould be well for ye to pay a visit, unknown, to old Drax's."

"Why, what's up?"

"I've prescribed a slaping-draught for young Wyndham. And I'm taking L. B. with me, as ye see. She and Eddie will want to have a little faymale gossip to thim-selves. They'll lave me alone in the room with the slaping beauty. This will give me the opporchunity of acting the Baste. But if I find annything compromising in the pockets

of the Beauty's clothes I mustn't take it, or else he won't have it whin you arrist him. And if, in the manetime, he disposes of the ivedince, what good will it be for me to say that I saw it once upon a time?"

"You've put the case clearly enough, Tom. It's awkward. What's your proposition?"

"Yoursilf, *ma bouchal!* Just you follow L. B. and me at a distance. Tie your horse to a tree down the road near Drax's. Whin L. B. and I are under cover, come into the garden and go round to the window of Wyndham's room. Thin, whin the gyurls are gone to their faymaling, climb in and join me in the search. Take a note of all we find, and go back the same way ye intered. Ride to your office and prepare a mimorandum of the facts for you and me to sign whin I return to the Burgh. Thin, whether you find the ivedince on the spalpeen whin you arrist him, or whether it's disappeared, you've got your clear case."

"Capital! An excellent suggestion! I'll do exactly as you say, Tom."

"Who's that fellow, Destiny?"

"What fellow?"

"That little chap, Warner, you were sitting talking to whin L. B. and I arrived just now?"

"Oh! *He's* nobody. He's one of the no-account class known as literary men, neglected geniuses, waste-their-sweetness-on-the-desert-air, and all that kind of thing. I guess he's found ink-slinging is only another name for slow starvation and has concluded he would try the Legion. We've lots of 'em. Each man is sure *he's* a Shakespeare, a Scott, a Cooper, a Tennyson, a Thackeray, or a Du Maurier, and is equally sure that the rest of the crowd are fools. But, somehow, when it comes down to plain everyday work, they haven't sense and industry enough to get beyond the dollar-a-day level. This Warner, though, does know how to figure and report, and is quite intelligent for a literary man. So Birnie has put him up in the scale."

"What was he doing, looking at L. B. like that?"

"Wool gathering. And I'm not sure but what you and I were doing the same, Master Tom."

"Faith, 'twas a pretty enough picture in the sunset glow, Dick."

"It won't bear talking about. For my part—and you know I'm not over-superstitious, Tom—I seemed to hear a voice saying, in a strange way that made me tremble, 'Look, Destiny! Look your fill! Never, while the universe shall last, will you see *that* again!'"

Nobody that I know of ever thought of poor Dick Westeron as a *grand* man; but Boreen always vows there *was* something unmistakably and mysteriously grand about him when, on that balmy summer evening of July 1, 1907, he made the remark I have just quoted.

"There's something about the fellow that I don't like," said Tom. "And as antipathy is contagious, it is to be inferred that he doesn't like me. Has he been talking about me, Dick?"

"No, not a word," replied Westeron hastily. "He's like all these literary men. He doesn't appear able to talk about anybody except his precious self."

"And there's no occasion for us to waste our time talking about him," rejoined Boreen, laughing. "Let's be moving, Dick."

If the Destinator had looked up as he walked back to where were Merritt and Lydia, he would have seen a very ominous frown on Boreen's face.

In the meantime, Lydia had, as a matter of mere time-killing, been trotting Inly Merritt out and putting him through all his paces. Her wit, keener than the keenest of her scalpels and more piercing than her sharpest arthrotome, had quickly dissected and laid bare the skeleton, muscles, and nerves of poor Inly's soul. Her long-trained and accentuated powers of observation had analyzed and resolved the multitudinous inscriptions that formed the

manuscripts and palimpsests of his mind. She had found considerable erudition, nimbleness of fancy, high spirit, some heroism, and much vanity. She looked, without great success, for kindness and conscience. She had noticed that Amiability was well-nigh crowded out by Self. She almost thought she was engaged in the examination of an average man of business; but, to her relief, she failed to find the trail of the dollar. In her subsequent conversation with Eddie (my informant was Henry Wyndham), while she spoke freely enough of the little man's fortes and foibles in general, as she had diagnosed them that evening, she would not say whether she had or had not come to any conclusion respecting his appreciation of beauty in the shape of woman. All she admitted was that, in the broad sense of the terms, she had regarded him as endowed with a poetic temperament, and as being somewhat of a kalophile; and I am inclined to think she was correct in this, as in everything else. Merritt was a kalomaniac rather than an erotomaniac; and, if he had been in the habit of spouting German, he would have modified the famous quotation from Schiller's "Piccolomini," and would have said:

"Ich habe genossen das irdisch Blick;
Ich habe gelebt und gewesen."

CHAPTER XXXIV

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS

On entering Wyndham's room, Lydia and Boreen were greeted by the sight of Eliza's pretty forefinger pressed to her tempting lips; and then, with a swift, noiseless rush, the tall beauty fairly flung herself upon the smaller, though still considerable, form of the fascinating young doctor.

"Oh, you darling!" she whispered; "I've so much to tell you."

Lydia found it difficult to distinguish between E. D.'s hair and blushes.

Boreen had stepped to the bedside, and had glanced sharply at the sleeping Wyndham.

"You gave him the sleeping-draught at half past five?" he asked of Eddie, in a low tone.

"Yes; and it seems to have put him in such a nice, quiet sleep. He was *so* excited this morning."

"That's all right. Now thin, you girls can go off and talk fal-lals at your ease, and as loudly as you please, provided you don't talk in the garden. I'll stay with Wyndham here, to watch his pulse and breathing and timperature. You can have one whole hour to yoursilves, but not a minute more. Mind, if you're not back in an hour, I shall come to find you; and thin, if you're both still looking as disperately wicked and as unfairly fair as at the prisint time, ye will have to take the consequinces on your own deludhering shoulders."

On this Eliza and Lydia retired, gladly enough, to the former's boudoir, which happened to be situated immediately over Wyndham's room. The moon was full and high in the sky, throwing a flood of silvery, spectral light into the old garden, where the trees and bushes stood fantastically distinct in part, and partly lost in equally fantastic shadows.

The girls sat down on the sofa by the window, and Eliza buried her face in Lydia's soft, comforting bosom.

"Do you love him so very, very much?" said L. B., stroking the silky, loosely-looped tresses.

"My! Lyddie! However did you find it out? Nobody knows except pa and ma, and me and—and—Henry," exclaimed Eliza, lifting her head and looking into the blue eyes with amazement, while her arms hugged away at L. B.'s minimum girth.

"Gently, Miss Drax! You're assaulting *my* ribs this time," replied Lydia, with a smile which, if Merritt could have seen it, would have made him think that the mild moonlight was no bad substitute for the glories of the sunset.

"You dearest old tease! You provoking, good-for-nothing, sweetest, loveliest fairy!" cried Eddie, as she rained kisses on Lydia's lips, cheeks, eyes, brow, chin, and dainty neck.

At the risk of detracting from Dr. Blauenfeld's reputation for scientific gravity and consummate propriety of demeanor, I will here mention that E. D.—a very, very long time afterward—told Henry that although she knew she had hugged L. B. very tightly and had kissed her very vigorously, yet the hugs and kisses she received in return were even more strenuous and tumultuous. I regret to add that when this confidence was imparted to Henry he forgot both religion and decorum and made the roystering reply that he wished he had been invited to umpire the match.

The ice having been thus broken, or, rather, melted, Eliza poured into Lydia's willing, small, and symmetrical ear, the whole story of how nobly and winningly Henry had confessed his love, and how coyly and prudently and maidenly she herself had behaved, and how, in the end, papa and mamma Drax had gladly enough said, "Bless you, my children; be happy!" or words to that effect.

It did not (and, really, could not) occur to those too ardent, happy, pre-maternal young minds, that the free translation of all such words of parental assent is, "Bless us, children! what a fuss you are making about a mere trifle!"

And then, of course, came the great story of how Henry had at length given a full account of his parentage and checkered life, with all its soul-stirring episodes; how he had exhibited properly legalized documents in proof of all that he advanced; how he had satisfactorily explained his reasons for changing his name and making a mystery of so many personal details; how he had given further evidence in support of his claim to be a cousin ever-so-many-times removed of the Draxes; and how it had been finally resolved to do nothing until L. B.'s return.

(To be continued.)



Editorial

After the Elections

THE spectacle of fifteen millions of men peaceably casting their ballots upon issues the most antagonistic, is one before which the nations of the earth should stand with bowed heads. That all should have voted peaceably, that the majority should have voted wisely, that the minority should have so willingly acquiesced—these are striking facts. No such thing would be possible in Europe. Successful popular government is a contribution of English civilization.

* * *

In the United States McKinley and Roosevelt carried 28 States, having an aggregate electoral vote of 292 and population, according to the 1900 census, of 49,410,319; Bryan and Stevenson carried 17 States, with 155 electoral votes and a population of 25,217,588—an overwhelming defeat for the Popocratic party. The composition of the next Congress will be as follows: Senate—Republicans, 56, Opposition, 34; House—Republicans, 200, Opposition, 157. So much for Bryanism.

* * *

It is agreeable to note that at the Lord Mayor's banquet Lord Salisbury, presumably speaking for the people of Eng-

land who had just returned his party again to power, referring to the United States, said :

One of the circumstances which have gratified me most during the last year is the very hearty friendly feeling displayed between this country and the United States. I hope Mr. Choate will forgive me if there is any irregularity in my expression. It is quite wrong for a Secretary of State to make any observations with respect to the internal politics of another country; but I am soon to give up my office, and, in view of this abandonment, which is close at hand, I hope Mr. Choate will forgive me for expressing the supreme satisfaction with which all of us have heard of what has recently taken place in the United States. We believe that the cause which has won is the cause of civilization and commercial honor. We believe those principles to be at the root of all prosperity and all progress in the world. Therefore we claim that we have as much right to rejoice in what has taken place as the distinguished gentleman [referring to Mr. Choate] who sits at my side.

* * *

In Canada there were some surprises, although the general result was as expected. Perhaps the most notable surprise was the defeat of the venerable Conservative leader, Sir Charles Tupper, who, with George E. Foster, ex-Minister of Finance, and Hugh John Macdonald, son of the late Sir John Macdonald, with others of the Conservative persuasion, failed of election. In Ontario the Government supporters elected fell in number from 51 to 36, but in Quebec the Liberals gained 6 members, now having 57 out of 65 as against 51 before the present election. The Government's 15 members in the House of Commons have all been returned. There are 213 members of Parliament, the last House of Commons being composed of 134 Liberals and Independents (the latter usually supporting the Government), 78 Conservatives and 1 representative of the Labor party. Exclusive of five constituencies, whose returns are not in at this time of writing, the Liberals have elected 128, the Conservatives, 77, and there are 3 Independents. The *New York Sun* commenting on the election says: "The Liberal party, headed by Sir Wilfred Laurier and conspicuously

represented by Sir Richard Cartwright, comprises all the friends of the United States in Canada.

* * *

We have not seen complete returns from the contest in Newfoundland, but of the 36 seats in the House it seems the Liberal party, headed by Premier Bond, have undoubtedly secured a safe majority, the Tory party being sadly beaten. The issue in Newfoundland has been Mr. R. G. Reid, and his efforts to convert the enormous franchises he holds into a form still more beneficial to him through the sanction of the Legislature. As it is, Reid appears to have practically a mortgage on Newfoundland's industries. He is the Ackoond of the island.

* * *

In Porto Rico the election was practically unanimous. How could it have been otherwise when the Republican vote was about 53,000, while only 151 Federals went to the polls? And it will be remembered that at an election held less than a year ago the Federal party polled a majority of 6,500 votes! Señor Federico Degetan will be Commissioner to Congress.

* * *

On the whole, therefore, the elections of November have resulted much as most people expected. It may be observed that in spite of what some extremists preach, the present is not a propitious time for the promulgation of policies in their nature revolutionary. In most communities the popular sentiment seems, rather, to be: Let well enough alone.

The War in South Africa

The war in the Transvaal is over and yet it isn't. While the two late republics have been formally annexed by proclamation, the fighting remnant of the Boer forces are keeping up an irritating guerilla warfare, irritating because it is effective in delaying the pacification of the country, though

it cannot avert it. The British programme has been fully defined by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord Roberts in his proclamations has taken great pains to point out to the Boers what this resistance means to them. The British policy in future in connection with the armed Boers and those actively engaged in their support will be more severe than it has been, and it is safe to say that Lord Kitchener, who will be in command after Lord Roberts returns to England, will rule with an iron hand. For the first step in the settlement of the South African question, the establishment of peace, no better man could be selected than Kitchener.

That the settlement has begun is shown by the return of refugees, the opening up of works long idle, and the importation of machinery and supplies for which a large number of orders have been given to American firms. Considerable feeling is being manifested in England over the reports that American goods are preferred to English in government contracts for South Africa, statements that have not received corroboration from those able to give the last word on the subject. It is certain that American machinery is in high favor with some of the big South African companies, and large orders have been placed for mining machinery in particular. The British manufacturers cannot forget that Americans built the bridge over the Atbara River, and they are fearful lest their brothers across the ocean beat them out in supplying the new South African colonies with railroad as well as mining supplies.

The Yellow Peril

Sir Robert Hart's paper in the November number of the *Fortnightly Review* deserves close attention and careful consideration, for, though alarming in its conclusions, those conclusions represent the convictions of one who knows Chinese character better than any other European, who is

himself a Chinese official of high station, who understands European as well as Chinese ways of thinking, and is close to the center of Chinese affairs.

Sir Robert Hart's opinion is that the troubles in China are due to the awakening of patriotic feeling, the first step in the movement to preserve China for the Chinese. This theory has been advanced before, and was dwelt upon in certain quarters while the legations in Peking were cut off from the outside world, but it has not heretofore had the authority with which Sir Robert Hart's statements invest it.

In his article he traces the steps leading up to the culmination in the recent "explosion." He affirms that patriotic impulse has fired the popular heart and prophesies that the sentiment will gain force as time goes on. He looks upon the vast hordes of Chinese as ready for an organization that, with its forces directed intelligently and its members armed with the best weapons money can buy, will make the "Yellow Peril" a reality and a menace to Europe.

Sir Robert's statements are daily given weight as new facts regarding the Boxer uprising present themselves.

Unfortunately for our peace of mind, Sir Robert has no remedy to suggest except the partitioning of China at once, after which the great Powers should, with a common understanding, give the fullest effect to the old Chinese idea and discourage militarism. If the Powers (to quote from Sir Robert's article) should "make it a law that none of their new subjects could drill, enlist, or carry arms—prohibit their own and other nations from there engaging in any kind of trade in arms—and employ only their own race for military and police work there, it is possible that the peace-loving, law-abiding, industrious Chinaman might be kept in leading strings until the lapse of centuries had given other civilizing influences time to work through successive generations, and so change the composition and tendency of the national thought and feeling of the future as to carry it into that sphere of international life where friendly rela-

tions, common interests, and international comity take the place of dictation, jealousy, and race-hatred, and thus blot out the 'Yellow Peril' from the future of humanity."

Such a solution is of course impracticable, and probably Sir Robert knows it as well as any other man. Theoretically it may be accepted as desirable that China should be Europeanized as quickly as possible; that is, from the European standpoint. But what about it from the Chinese point of view? Sir Robert points out that there are four hundred million Chinamen, and the Chinaman does not lend himself readily to benevolent assimilation. The true Chinaman bears with scant patience the yoke of the Manchu. Sir Robert's remark about "a common understanding" among the great Powers lends a touch of humor to his otherwise serious presentation of serious conditions, for a common understanding is exactly what the Powers cannot reach even now.

For the present, Europe and the United States will have to seek some other solution than the one offered by Sir Robert Hart. To statesmen we are looking for some solution, but so far none has been forthcoming. In the meantime, the wily Chinese diplomats are playing the waiting game; the Chinese Court is in a place of safety; and all Europe fears the "white peril" that threatens to arise from this first brush with the "yellow."

The Powers' Attitude Toward China

Until it suits the sovereign pleasure of any or all of the countries concerned to change the *status quo*, Great Britain, Germany, Japan, Austria, and Italy stand committed to the following Chinese policy, as embodied in the Anglo-German agreement concluded the middle of October:

Firstly, it is a matter of joint permanent international interest that the ports on the rivers and littoral of China should remain free and open to trade and to every other legitimate form of economic activity for the peoples of all countries without distinction; and the

two governments agree on their part to uphold the same for all Chinese territory as far as they can exercise influence.

Secondly, both governments will not on their part make use of the present complications to obtain for themselves any territorial advantage in Chinese dominion, and will direct their policy toward maintaining undiminished the territorial condition of the Chinese empire.

Thirdly, in case of another power making use of the complications in China in order to obtain, under any form whatever, such territorial advantages, the two contracting parties reserve to themselves the right to come to a preliminary understanding regarding the eventual step to be taken for the protection of their own interests in China.

The United States, Russia, and France, also, accept the first two clauses of the above agreement, but do not stand committed to the third. If this agreement will only hold, the "open door" in China is assured, of course; but the question arises: How long is it likely to hold? The foreign policies of sovereign powers have about them that stability which we all know is characteristic of quicksilver.

Editorial Notes

THOMAS CARLYLE once said the people of England were so many millions—"mostly fools." Henry Watterson declared not long ago that the Republicans of the United States were knaves and the Democrats fools, so far as being guided by the principles which the *Courier-Journal* editor considered essential to sound political economy. If England's population be, in the Carlylean catalogue, "mostly fools," it is different in the United States; for, however "knavish" may or may not be the Republican policy, certainly the "fools," according to the Wattersonian dictum, were shown in the late election to be in a hopeless minority. The star-eyed goddess should have been too wise to support the candidates of "fools." Instead she should have listened to the sane advice of the late successful railroad magnate, Collis P. Huntington, whose counsel was never to be afraid of knaves, as you may get the better of them, but to have no dealings with fools, of whom nothing can be expected.

THAT highly edifying discourse about "the wild man," by "Richard Croker, of Tammany Hall," as an English newspaper, with unconscious (?) pleasantry, designates him, received the rebuke it deserved at the hands of the electors. Which recalls to us some observations once made by the present United States Ambassador to England. Mr. Choate remarked that Croker reminded him of Mr. Balaam's ass. "Until that celebrated beast of burden had spoken, nobody in the world had any idea what a perfect ass he was. If the ass had not spoken, he would have passed into history as an average, ordinary, silent ass, who carried Balaam on his way, but when he spoke he was distinguished over all other asses in the land."

THE new British Ministry includes Walter N. Long as President of the Local Government Board; John D. Long has been reappointed American Secretary of the Navy. In Anglo-American politics, therefore, it appears to be another instance of Long suit.

AND now an encore verse to one of the songs of the day is unkind enough to intimate that the chances are the only cup Sir Thomas will be permitted to "lift" will be a cup of tea.

IF it indeed be true, as stated by the newspapers, that the "Powers guarantee integrity of China," restauranters will be happy.

THE New York *Journal*, like Goldsmith's village schoolmaster, even though vanquished, can argue still.

FROM the Bryan of Democracy to the brine of Salt River is the work of but a single day.

THE Nebraska silversmith put out of order that much-talked-of New York pendulum.

AS to Cabinets, President McKinley announces that he "wants no change."

S. P. Q. R.—Sulzer-Pettigrew Quiddling Relegated.

POPULISM is plainly unpopular.

Personal and Incidental

ENGLISH OPINION ON THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

THE results of the Presidential election were received with great satisfaction in England, where the contest had aroused more interest than Presidential elections generally do. That satisfaction arises not only from the fact that threatened financial disturbances have been averted, and that the present close relations between the two countries will in all probability be maintained, but also from the fact that the American people's indorsement of the foreign policy of the Government makes possible a still more active co-operation on the part of the two nations in dealing with what have been termed world-problems.

The English people are coming to understand as they never understood before the progress of the United States as a world power to be reckoned upon in world politics, and that knowledge is made the more agreeable by the fact that in advancing civilization the two countries can work together with common aims.

It may be also that England, the greatest colonizing power in the world, is not unwilling to see the United States expand; in fact, the satisfaction expressed over President McKinley's re-election has been supplemented with reflections on America's problems as a colonial power.

Mr. Bryan's antagonistic attitude toward England was, on the whole, treated by the English press as assumed for campaign purposes, the conviction being that if elected the responsibilities of his position would sober his judgment. While deploring his attitude toward England, and disagreeing with his financial views, the English press has been uniformly fair to Mr. Bryan, giving him great credit for his oratorical gifts and his personal honesty.

The hope is expressed that now the elections are out of the way the American policy in foreign affairs will be more vigorous than it has been, and that in the Chinese trouble the United States, which are not credited with designs of

conquest, may be able to take some strong stand that will serve to break the deadlock now apparently existing between the Powers.

KEEP AN EYE ON JAPAN

There was launched in England a few days ago the largest battleship that has yet been built. It was not intended for the English navy, either, but for the Japanese. It will, when commissioned, be a valuable addition to a navy that already contains a number of the finest warships afloat. Every addition to the Japanese navy directs attention anew to that warlike nation, which has in a comparatively few years come to be numbered among the great world powers. Each instance of Japan's advance comes as a surprise to the average Occidental, whose preconceived ideas of Oriental lethargy receive a rude shock every time Japan occupies the center of the world's stage. Japanese military ardor is being stimulated by the unqualified admiration Europeans express for the Japanese method of soldiering, and the Mikado's government must find the war in China a great assistance in developing the warlike fervor of the people. If Japan has vast political designs in the East, as she is credited with having, her present rate of progress will in a comparatively short time bring her to a state of readiness for putting those designs into execution. For peace or for war Japan has now to be reckoned with in world politics.

HOPE FOR THE WEST INDIES

The development of recent English plans for improving the material condition of her West Indian colonies will be watched with interest not only in England but in the United States. Briefly, these plans include the establishment of a fast service between an English and West Indian ports, thereby opening an English market for West Indian products, particularly fruit. Fruit that was formerly allowed to rot on the trees is now being cut and shipped to England. Coolie labor has been imported by the Colonial Office for use on plantations, especially in Jamaica, and it begins to look as though former days of West Indian prosperity were to be revived.

A TRIP TO THE AMERICAN RIVIERA

II

The trip from St. Augustine down the east coast of Florida, with its constantly changing, semi-tropical scenery, is a delightful one. It is neither tiresome nor fatiguing, even when made without a stop. A pleasant place, however, to break the journey, is Ormond, on the Halifax.

A more picturesque or alluring spot cannot be found in Florida. The splendid hotel stands in the midst of a shady grove, between the clear, sparkling waters of the Halifax River and the ocean—an ideal spot, whether one is in search of pleasure or health. Beautiful drives extend in every direction, while sailboats and launches can be secured at any time for an outing on the water. The trip up the Tomoka River is charming, and gives one a true idea of the beauties of tropical scenery.

Here, too, lovers of golf can exercise their skill daily, for during the whole season there is rarely a day when it is not pleasant to be out on the links. The course is well laid out, and, though there are some interesting hazards, it is not difficult. It has become one of the most popular along the coast.

The hotel itself is well managed. It is a pleasure to bear witness to the efficiency and amiability of our hosts, and to acknowledge our indebtedness for courtesies extended by them. It was with reluctance that we left Ormond and entered one of the vestibuled sleeping cars of the East Coast Railway to continue our journey.

Early the next morning we were aroused by the side-tracking of our car. We did not need to be told that we had reached our destination, for the view from the car window revealed one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

At Palm Beach nature has supplied her choicest treasures with a lavish hand, and the magic wand of wealth has aided her so effectively that to-day that resort stands unsurpassed in beauty and unrivaled in popularity. Situated between the smooth, placid waters of Lake Worth and the restless waters of the ocean, connected with each by broad avenues and by winding paths that are bordered by the most

luxuriant tropical plants and studded with flowers of every kind and color, it recalls with startling vividness the dreams of fairyland. No wonder it is the most popular resort in America!

A glance at the registers of The Royal Ponciana and of The Breakers reveals the fact that the best-known American financiers, bankers, railroad magnates, lawyers, physicians, politicians, and society leaders make those hotels their home during the winter. They are magnificent in their appointments and justly enjoy a world-wide reputation for providing for the comfort and pleasure of their guests.

The ride down the coast to Miami is neither long nor tiresome. The vegetation along the railway is very different from that seen further north. The varieties of trees and shrubs, with their hanging moss and blooming orchids, are not found north of the frost line, and the orange-groves, pineapple-fields, and the large truck gardens add interest and variety to the trip.

Miami is a new town, but is full of energy and push. It bids fair to become the metropolis of the southern East Coast. It is the terminus of the East Coast Railway, and from here the ships of the Peninsular and Occidental Steamship Company sail to Key West, to Havana, and to Nassau, N. P.

The Royal Palm, one of the best hotels of the East Coast Hotel Syndicate, is in Miami, and it is well and favorably known to the winter visitor. Unfortunately, it was not open when we were there.

The drives around Miami are very good, and the hunting and fishing will satisfy the most fastidious sportsman. We had a delightful visit to Cutler from Miami, and while there saw some of the largest and finest truck gardens in the State.

Time was limited, however, and it was necessary to start on the return trip. Our visit had been a delightful one, so much so, in fact, that we reached the conclusion that no one who can spare the time should miss a winter in Florida.

J. W. McCLUNG.

(To be concluded.)

Book Reviews and Notes

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY. By Leonard Huxley. Published by Macmillan & Co., London. 2 vols.

With rare and commendable discretion Mr. Leonard Huxley has resisted the temptation to write an elaborate memoir of his distinguished father, and in the two volumes of "The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley," published by *Macmillan & Co.*, has simply filled in the gaps to make a cohesive story of the scientist's life as revealed by his letters.

Professor Huxley's life was lived so much in public, his labors were so many, his fame so widespread, that but few details were unknown. The letters here collected show the real Huxley in many phases, mark his struggles and successes, and reveal him, serious, humorous, sympathetic, a hater of humbug, and a lover of truth and justice. They show the multitudinous interests of the scientist, writer, editor, lecturer, and controversialist, and if any fault may be found with these volumes it is that they tell too much in this direction.

Two histories of the war in South Africa, one by Captain Alfred T. Mahan, U. S. N., and the other by Dr. Conan Doyle, may well be commended among a mass of books dealing with the subject. Captain Mahan's place as a historian is so well defined and his ability so widely recognized that any subject he treats of is certain to be treated intelligently. In his "Story of the War in South Africa," Captain Mahan has treated the war from the standpoint of a warrior who knows the business thoroughly, and he makes clear much that has heretofore been but imperfectly understood. Dr. Conan Doyle's history, "The Great Boer War," is a masterly performance. His book is, perhaps, the most comprehensive that has yet appeared, and until the official history is written will probably stand as an authority. Dr. Doyle was through the war, saw its many phases, and, while he is prompt in his recognition of the disadvantages under which the British fought, is emphatic in his statements re-

garding blunders that were made. In this history the well-known novelist has again proved himself a great writer.

Charles Scribner's Sons have for twenty years been pioneers in handling educational musical works. They have just issued a revised and enlarged edition of their "Musical Literature List," which has been prepared under the direction of Mr. Marling, who, for many years, has been an authority on this department of literature. The catalogue contains works on harmony, form, theory of music, national music, biography, opera, oratorios, and so forth, and is sent free on application. "Domestic Dramas," by Paul Bouget, translated by William Marchant; "Crittenden," by John Fox, Jr. (a love story full of action and sentiment), and "Peccari," by E. W. Hornung—a capital story—are among the latest publications of the season.

The Macmillan Company. Of F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "In the Palace of the King," over fifty thousand copies have already been sold. An important work, "The Peace Conference at the Hague," by Frederick W. Holls, is the first full authentic account published. "Stage Coach and Tavern Day," by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle (beautifully illustrated), will commend itself to many readers. Other new books are: "The Life and Death of Richard Yea and Nay," by Maurice Hewlett, which should have as good sale as did his "Forest Lovers." "The Hosts of the Lord," by Mrs. Flora Anne Steel, is also largely in demand.

The Century Company, in their magazine, have arranged a series of fiction to run during the coming year. The list contains the names of the brightest, best-known writers of the day. "Hugh Wynne," by S. Weir Mitchell, a delightful story of the American Revolution, is now issued in one volume. The "Century Book of the American Colonies," by Elbridge S. Brooks, with introduction by Frederick J. De Peyster, illustrated, is an interesting historical work. The *St. Nicholas Magazine* has introduced a new department under the title of "Nature and Science," which will supply valuable information on the subjects.

A valuable contribution to the literature concerning Napoleon is Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon: The Last Phase," in which the ex-Prime Minister of England treats at length and with much attention to detail the great exile's life at St. Helena. Lord Rosebery's scathing criticism of England's treatment of her captive will cause some surprise. He makes out a strong case, although it is very easy to understand how England, responsible to Europe for Napoleon's safe-

keeping, should have adopted a harsh policy toward him. The book is interesting not only for its subject but for its literary qualities and the qualifications of the author.

McClure, Phillips & Co. "The Darlings," by Elmore Elliott Peake, is a work of unusual dramatic interest; "April's Sowing," by Gertrude Hall, is a love story (need more be said?); "The Circular Study," by Anna Katharine Green (Rohlf's), is a mysterious story, with the plot laid in New York City; "An Eagle's Flight," by Dr. Jose Rizal, is an exceedingly interesting work dealing with life in the Philippines. The author goes deeply into the causes of the discontent among his native people, for whom he sacrificed his life.

Lord Rosebery's prominence in the world of politics, or, rather, position as a political leader who does not lead, gives to the recently issued "Lord Rosebery: His Life and Speeches," by T. G. F. Coates, and published by *Messrs. Hutchinson & Co.*, an interest that the purely literary quality of the work could scarcely excite. It is, however, valuable to those interested in politics, a large portion of the book being given to transcripts of Lord Rosebery's speeches. Mr. Coates very rightly touches but lightly upon his subject's private life.

A very interesting book of travel is Mr. Anthony Wilkin's "Among the Berbers of Algeria," published by *T. Fisher Unwin*. Mr. Wilkin gives a very attractive account of these people, who are almost unknown to Europeans and Americans. The Berbers, a fine race physically, are hospitable, honest, and good-natured, and the author believes that their fine qualities, if developed, would make them a great nation. The book is attractively illustrated.

A luxuriously illustrated book that will undoubtedly find favor is "Famous Homes of Great Britain and Their Story," edited by A. H. Malan, and published by *G. P. Putnam's Sons*, London and New York. It contains descriptions of a number of the most beautiful homes of England. Among the contributors to the work may be named the Duke of Marlborough, the Duchess of Cleveland, Lady De L'Isle, Lady Newton, and Lady Warwick.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have issued in handsome style "The Adventures of Odysseus" (in English), illustrated by Charles Robinson. "In Alfred's Days," by Paul Creswick, is a story well worth reading. Another work is "Scottish Chiefs," by Miss Jane Porter, with seventy-five illustrations by T. H. Robinson, a work which has inspired more brave deeds for love of country than can be mentioned.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Eleanor," will add to her reputation. It is in many respects her best work. Her theme has been treated with unusual art; her character study is even more keen than has been revealed in her previous work, and she has brought her work to a tragic close without a harsh dissonance. As a study of woman's self-sacrifice it is superb.

R. H. Russell & Co. The last and best of the Dooley books is full of humor and wit. It is "up to date" and is entitled "Mr. Dooley's Philosophy," by F. P. Dunne. Two new illustrated works on the order of "Mr. Pipp's" are also ready. "The Gay Lord Quex," by Pinero, now being presented at the Criterion Theatre, is among the latest of the dramatic series.

John Lane's new books include "Herod" (a drama), by Stephen Phillips; "The Column," by Charles Marriott; "The Just and the Unjust," by Richard Bagot; "In His Own Image," by Baron Corvo; and "In a Quiet Village," by S. Baring Gould. All these works are of high literary merit.

The next Publishers' International Congress, the fourth meeting of the Association, will be held in Leipsic in June of next year. The rights and interests of authors and publishers and technical questions of the trade will be discussed.

A. S. Barnes & Co. are issuing a holiday edition of Mrs. Lamb's "History of New York," with a continuation written by Mrs. Burton Harrison. This brings this valuable work right "up to date."

Dr. George Matheson, whose second volume of "Studies of the Portrait of Christ" is ready for publication, has been requested to make a lecture tour in the United States.

And again Miss Marie Corelli has shown herself the cleverest advertiser of the writing fraternity. Her faculty for rousing the journalistic world reaches genius.

A notable book is the Right Hon. John Morley's critical study of Oliver Cromwell, which will receive attention in a later issue of THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

George Allen is putting out a new edition of Ruskin's Essays, "Unto This Last."

A CORRECTION.—By an error a part of the edition of THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE for November contained a transposition of the names of Alexander Black and W. A. Fraser under the illustrations of these authors that appeared on pages 480 and 481. Those of our readers who received copies containing this transposition probably noticed the mistake.

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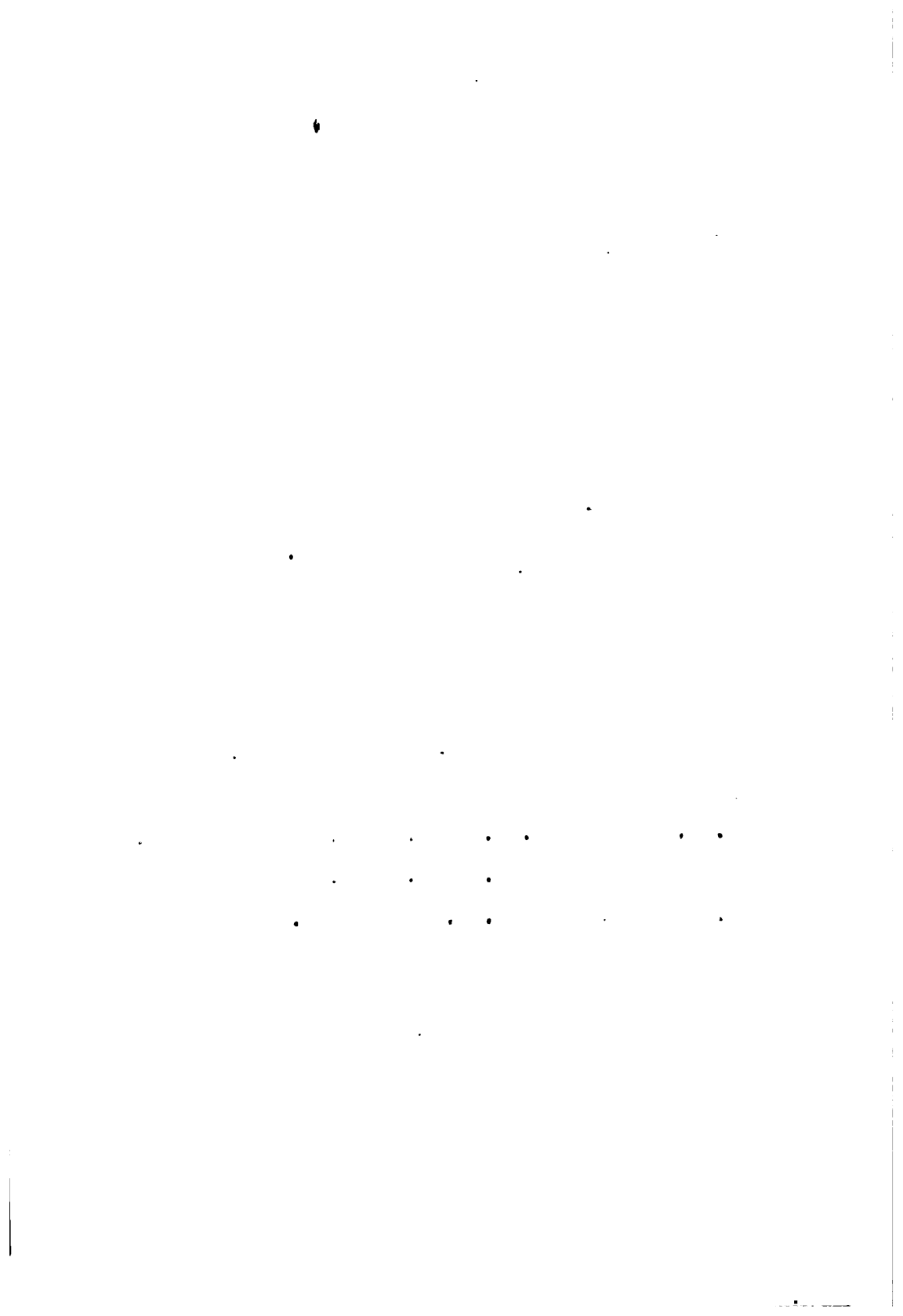


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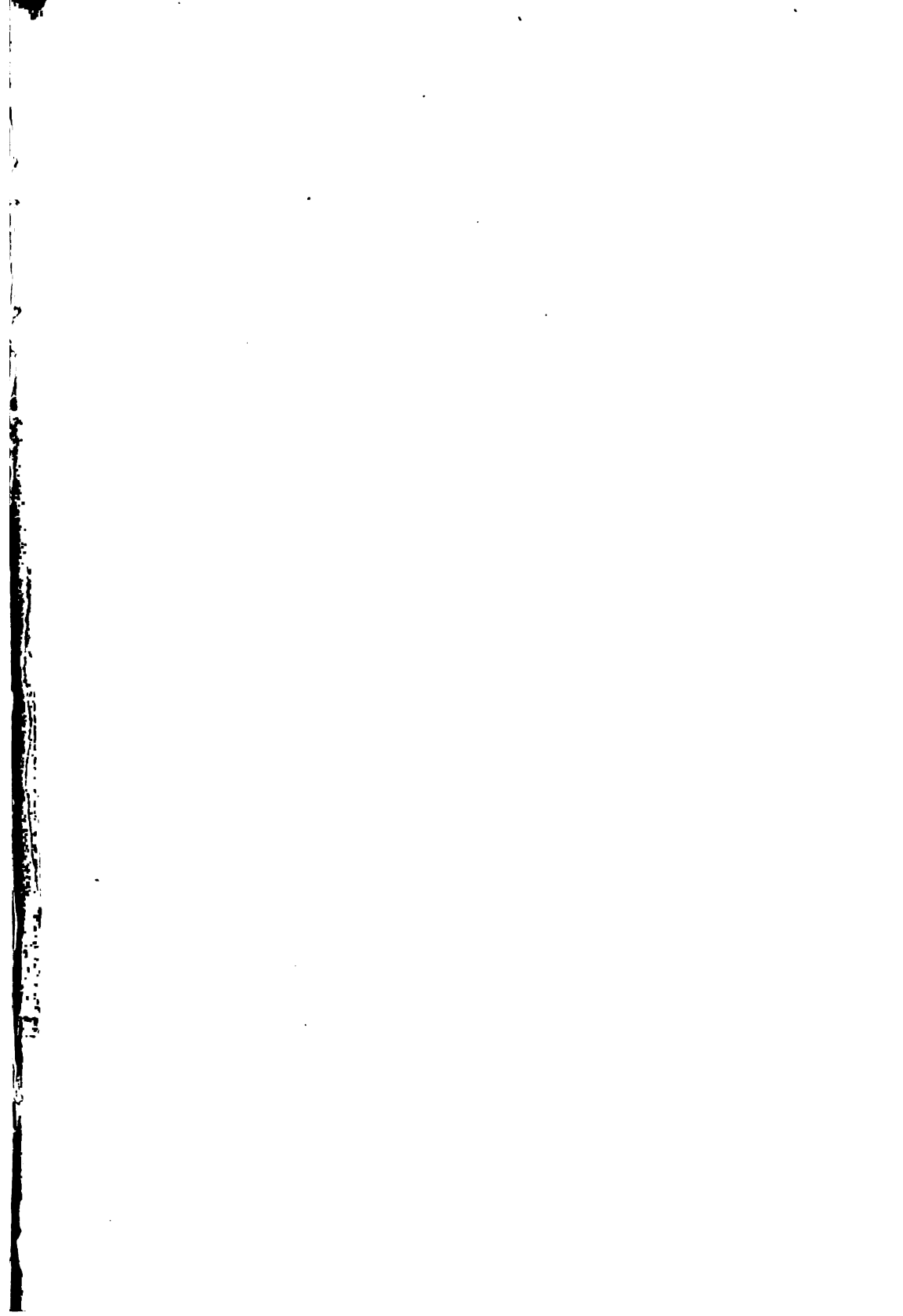
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