

THE

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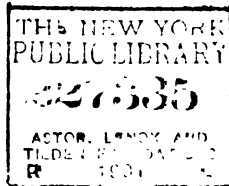
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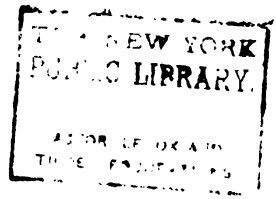
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THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE

January, 1901

THE GOAL OF THE CENTURIES

BY WILLIAM HENRY LYNCH

The question which is on trial in this country is whether we ourselves are fit for self-government.—PROF. GEORGE T. LADD, in *New York Evening Post*.

That which threatens to overwhelm the Saxon race is not the angry waters of the Latin races, or of envious rivals, but the canker-worm in its own heart.—LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The Captains and the Kings depart.
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice—
A lowly and a contrite heart.

—KIPLING.

Straighten up this shape,
Give back the upward-looking and the light,
Rebuild in it the music and the dream,
Touch it again with immortality.

—MARKHAM.

Work out your own salvation,
Ye equal-born and free;
Hold ye the course ye long have run,
The end whereof ye see;
Than in that goal of all your years,
What higher destiny!

Work out your own salvation,
In manner fit and wise;
Low burns your home-lit altar fire,
Feed, feed ye, ere it dies;
Within your gates—not over shores—
The call for sacrifice.

Work out your own salvation ;
 The outer world is rife
 With jaws hard-set and snarl of teeth,
 In biting lust of strife ;
 For you the lowlier, higher aim,
 To raise the prostrate Life.

Work out your own salvation ;
 Away with childish toys,
 The baubles of a blighted past—
 The mimicry of boys ;
 Sound ye, and high, the Human note,
 Above this jangling noise.

Work out your own salvation ;
 Would ye your aim be true ?
 The State—let it be slave, not Man—
 Teach ye the Word anew ;
 To make Him free and free indeed,
 The World hath need for You.

Work out your own salvation ;
 See that your slaves be freed ;
 He leaps to life—your Man with Hoe—
 Ye Men with Plow give heed ;
 Before you lies the furrow-line,
 Be turned not from your lead.

Work out your own salvation ;
 Seek ye the poor to feed ?
 Go not too far afield to save
 The suffering ones—from greed ;
 For with you always have ye these,
 And they be poor indeed.

Work out your own salvation ;
 Within your Temple door
 See money-changers drunk with greed,
 With thirst of hell—for more ;
 Of old, the Master scourged their kind—
 Save ye the Master's poor.

Work out your own salvation ;
 Would ye the words " Well done ?"
 Choose ye, and soon, if bloodless be
 The Strife ere now begun ;
 When Right shall reign and Man be free,
 Then will your goal be won.

Work out your own salvation,
 With fellowship and cheer,
 The loyal hand of nearer kin,
 Greet ye, and hold it dear ;
 Hold kinship of a common aim
 Above all kindred near.

Work out your own salvation ;
 Look ye to over-pride—
 The wine of self, to all the world
 Too boastfully denied ;
 Keep ye alive the flame of Hope
 For all the world beside.

Work out your own salvation
 Ye, in the van alone,
 May blaze for all the way ahead ;
 Ere ye the world have shown
 The goal of highest Good to Man
 Leave not the path well known.

Work out your own salvation,
 Your duty of the hour ;
 Feed your own soil that it foreguard
 From blight of greed and power ;
 Aye, father well your own home breed,
 Nor scatter wild your dower.

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THE UNITED NATIONS

AN IDEAL WORTH LABORING FOR

BY J. BRAILSFORD BRIGHT

DURING the last few years the two great English-speaking nations have made a grand discovery. They have discovered that they can't do without each other, that their future destinies are of necessity bound up together. The process of this discovery may not have commenced—practically speaking, it hardly did commence—before the opening of the new Far Eastern question by German and Russian annexation; but since then it has made very rapid progress, and may now be regarded as an achieved fact. The artificial Anglophobic fury into which Mr. Bryan and some of his party recently lashed themselves, is one of those exceptions which prove the rule. Had not President McKinley's outgoing Government earned the almost universal respect and moral support of the British nation, and thus brought into evidence the *entente fraternelle* subsisting between two great branches of the same general race, there would assuredly have been no attempt on the part of the Bryanites to work up an anti-British boom.

Putting sentiment due to kinship aside (although this exists in abundance, of sterling quality to oil the wheels), America has come to the conclusion that friendly relations with the old country do pay, and that some of her largest interests, in the East especially, are promoted by hearty co-operation with her. This opinion and this good feeling are

thoroughly reciprocated on the British side. Uncle Sam's first friendly advances may be said to have been returned with interest when Cousin John put his foot down upon the European movement for intervention in favor of Spain. Moreover, in the warm assurances of sympathy and good will—aye, *if and when necessary*, of still more active and material support—which Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen kept pouring in upon their American kinsfolk during that campaign, they were joined and supported by members of the younger broods, Canadians, Australians, and other colonials. During the South African trouble, not yet ended, Americans have in many instances given substantial proof of the famous saying that "blood is thicker than water," although, perhaps, there was not such strong reason to expect it in this case, a good deal of Dutch blood also running in North American veins—it may be added, in those of many British families, also! As to the Fenian gang, well, really, their peculiar little manœuvres don't count for much either way. That this growth of friendly feeling tends toward the establishment of still closer ties in the future, few will be inclined to doubt.

For, indeed, neither nation could afford to see the power of the other crushed, or even greatly diminished. Besides community of language and institutions, and partial community of race, they have other important features in common. Since their last little "brush" together in 1812, they have been pursuing toward the rest of the world (and especially during this latter half of the century) a very similar policy—exclusive, self-isolating, sometimes perhaps repellent. Both have become objects of foreign jealousy from their very prosperity. In Continental Europe each has to face the animosity, which may any day be converted into active hostility, of powerful opponents, while neither has any really powerful ally but the other to count upon in the event of two or more of these opponents combining against her. Japan is a possible exception, but available only, or chiefly,

in Far Eastern campaigns. Germany, whose temporary political *liaisons* must still be considered to be based upon the strict old Bismarckian principle of *do ut des*, is not a reliable quantity: she is a somewhat expensive ally at the best, with "no damned sentiment" about her. The newly-born consciousness, on both sides of the Atlantic, of these serious facts, this common danger, is, probably, even more than a newly warmed-up family feeling or anything else, the true cause of those welcome symptoms of *rapprochement* between the two nations which we note at the opening of a new century.

In what way, then, and by what means can the present tendency to closer relationship between the two countries be turned to the best account? For the present, surely, our chief aim should be to revive for both nations all those advantages of the old colonial ties which were lost by the political severance that took place at the end of the eighteenth century, while retaining for both—*pooling*, in other words, so far as possible—all those other advantages which have accrued to each of them during their subsequent careers as independent nations. Thus, in their relations with each other a permanent Court of Arbitration should for the future render diplomatic or armed conflicts utterly impossible, while in their relations with the outside world they should henceforth, by means of a well-concerted foreign policy, show themselves on all occasions *solidaires*. The privileges of citizenship in either empire should be more quickly and readily exchanged than is possible under the present naturalization laws. Thus, so long as British India, Burmah, and the Crown colonies continue to be administered chiefly by men of our race, Americans should find no more difficulty than Britons or Colonials in entering the civil and military services there. For Briton and British Colonials there should be reciprocal openings in the United States, Alaska, Cuba, and all the present and future American possessions. As soon as inconsistent commercial treaties

with other countries expire, or can be modified or abrogated, the two nations, the Indian Empire, and the colonial groups should be commercially federated in a Zollverein, or Customs Union; such a Union, as the tables of imports and exports indicate, would be practically a self-sufficient economic world. (This cannot be said of the British Empire alone.) Other elements of political and economic unification, or copartnership, would be added one after another, such as the assimilation of the currencies of the three empires, a joint committee, followed by joint legislation, for the control of emigration, immigration, and intermigration, and perhaps experiments in the joint administration of the Arctic territories (including the Alaskan and contiguous Canadian districts, which are now causing such a lot of pother), of the American and British West Indies, of the Nicaraguan Canal, if constructed, and of any other possessions or interests in which both nationalities are much concerned.

It is not intended, however, in this article to lay much stress upon the order or importance of each particular element of the problem or to lay down the law in any way. The hardest nuts to crack will probably be those which concern questions of joint military and naval organization, questions of diplomatic relations with other countries, and, finally, questions of "allegiance" and "suzerainty." The first and most necessary object, which, when secured, will provide a secure foundation upon which to build the others, is undoubtedly the treaty of arbitration and the constitution of a permanent tribunal. To work effectively for this and all that should follow it, it would be well for all persons on both sides of the Atlantic who have the cause of Anglo-American peace and closer relationship sincerely at heart to band themselves together into a comprehensive organization. Such organization might be named the Pan-Anglican, Pan Britannic, or, better, perhaps, the United Nations League. The following might be a statement of its broad and general objects:

(1) The promotion of an Anglo-American alliance of a permanent character. One *sine quid non* should be, I think, the establishment of a permanent Court of Arbitration to deal with all temporary differences between the allied nations.

(2) The development of this alliance into a Zollverein, or fiscal union, as well as a political federation, on equal terms, of all the self-governing sections of the English-speaking and Europeanized races at present under the British and American flags. (By "equal terms" I mean that each natural group, economically, geographically, racially, or otherwise, would rank as a *separate* dominion, or nation, within the new union, and would exercise an equal authority in the Federal Council with the rest, *in proportion to* its population, revenue, or whatever gauge might be adopted for the time being.)

(3) The inclusion in the basis of federation of all such objects as a number of free, civilized communities separated from each other by great tracts of sea or land can conveniently carry out in common. If this principle were adhered to and successfully applied to the Anglo-Celtic world, other politically enlightened and liberty-loving nations would certainly apply for admission and be received into the Union. Moreover, "safety in numbers" would be found a good rule in many respects, which cannot here be detailed.

Branches should be organized in London, New York, Chicago, Washington, Glasgow, Dublin, Montreal (or Ottawa, or both), Boston, Calcutta, Bombay, Sydney, Melbourne, and all important cities of the two nations and the three empires, besides, perhaps, in Brussels and certain other European cities.

Although the stubbornness of dear old George the Third, by whose wisdom (however excellent some of his other qualities were) I fear none of the present generation—not even his royal granddaughter and great grandchildren—would be inclined to swear; although the stubbornness of one old

monarch, I say, with his ministers and political supporters, sufficed to set his liberty-loving American colonies ablaze more than a century ago, and to bring them into armed conflict with his said Majesty's forces, surely it is not too much to hope that after all these weary generations a considerable group of earnest and influential men and women on both sides of the Atlantic, with some thousands of humbler followers throughout the present vastly-grown English-speaking and English-governed world, may succeed in retrieving most, if not all, of the mischief thus and then effected!

No revival of long-abrogated allegiances on the one side, no republicanization on the other, is necessary for this purpose. Wiseacres in constitutional and international law will very likely deny the possibility of federating republics and monarchies together. They may shake their heads and worry their great intellects over it as much as they please, but if the people of the United Kingdom and States are really determined upon it, this political partnership will be an accomplished fact before another quarter century has passed away, or not long after.

There is a still fuller and grander ideal for the United Nations, namely, a world-wide federation, consisting of this original one of the Anglican or Anglo-Celtic * nations plus a number of other free and progressive communities which

* More popularly, but none the less erroneously, pleonastically, and foolishly designated "Anglo-Saxon"—a term which originated from a superficial ethnologic doctrine, now much discredited, and, what is worse, a term which gives offence to thousands of Irish, French, and others of non-Saxon descent, who live peaceably under the two flags. The most convenient word to embrace *all* the peoples and nationalities whose destinies have been molded by the English political connection and institutions, whether themselves of English stock or not, is, assuredly, *Anglican*. But for its ecclesiastically derived associations this would be more generally used.

have one by one requested and received admission, such as Mexico, Chili, and Argentina in the South, a Scandinavian United Dominion in the North, Japan and (who knows?) a much renovated and transformed but easily recognizable remnant of the still older empire in the Far East—a vast democratic union (I use this term in its general sense, of course, not the party one) cemented together by one official language and by the common desire for enduring peace, free commercial intercourse, and social and political harmony within its borders. The realization of this larger ideal cannot, of course, be expected at a very early date, although at the present ever-increasing rate of historical progress* it may well arrive during the lifetime of some of those who read these lines. Properly understood, indeed, it is far from being a “visionary” ideal, nor is it too soon, at the beginning of this new century, to commence openly and avowedly working for it, if only by publishing it abroad and allowing it to take root in men’s minds. In such matters, more is to be effected by the simple suggestion of an ideal both lofty and reasonable, and which speaks for itself to thousands of minds, than by any amount of learned controversy. Let our readers supply their own arguments, both *pro* and *con*, and let those among its approvers who are practical politicians, well versed in constitutional law, spend some of their leisure in working out details of schemes for giving effect to it as soon as the time becomes ripe for its partial realization. Political evolution within each nation and State concerned, as well as in the realm of international politics, will hasten this time: the opportunities of the hour will then bring

* Aided probably by further improvements in oceanic telegraphy, telephony, and navigation, if not also by the invention of effective airships or other apparatus for navigating that element—improvements which would considerably reduce the distance, for most practical purposes, between the various centers of government and of business.

some programme embodying one part or another of our ideal into the "sphere of practical politics." That's the way great changes work themselves out. The first thing to do is to prepare the ground and sow the seed in men's hearts and minds. If it is good seed, Providence will see to its growth and harvesting.

There are a few advanced thinkers, prominent among whom, if not their chief, in the English-speaking world at any rate, is Mr. W. T. Stead, of the *Review of Reviews* (London), who believe in the possibility of federating the whole of Europe together under one central authority. This proposed "United States of Europe" is certainly not a mere chimera, and the present writer is among those who believe that one day or another, and under one title or another, it *will* be realized. Most likely this will happen through one of the great Powers for the time being succeeding in practically absorbing (after or even without any previous processes of forcible annexation) all the others, but finding it expedient—as a sop to the "rebels" and revolutionists—to take them into a sort of co-operative partnership, rather than attempt to *subject* them in the good old style of former days. The whole of continental Europe may thus become some day a Federal Empire on the German model, and eventually, no doubt, a Federal if not also a Social-Democratic Republic. But this is taking a *long* look ahead! The "balance of power," which even England and America help instinctively to maintain, will take a long time before it is completely upset. Meanwhile the number of independent nations will probably go on reducing itself. The German-speaking nations, the so-called Latin nations, the little kingdoms and principalities of the Balkans and the Ægean, and possibly the Rhine-side States from Switzerland to the Netherlands including a neutralized Alsace-Lorraine, may respectively be consolidated into federal empires, republics, or otherwise. Thus leagues and federations, each of the same or closely-

allied (linguistic) "races," will, probably, a few decades hence, replace the present single nationalities.*

All these preliminary "race" consolidations (harbingered by those of Italy and of northern and central Germany in the past century) and all those processes of getting millions of people used to being governed and conducting part of their business in a foreign language, which may pave the way for an eventual consolidation of the whole or most of Europe and Northern Asia into one federal entity, must take many long years in the (apparently) natural course of events. There is one conceivable occurrence, and only one discernible by ordinary mortals, which may upset these calculations and hasten the advent of something like a United States of Europe. This is the outbreak as the result of most cruel economic conditions following upon war, pestilence, or universal "slump," of a cataclysmic but well-directed social revolution. Apart from some such eventuality the unification of Europe (sufficient for its federalization, or even for establishing a purely political confederation) must, we repeat, be a very long while in coming about. Meanwhile it is to be hoped the English-speaking world will have produced an excellent working model for the guidance of all continental Europeans and others. Some, like the Scandinavian nations, as above hinted, may even have sought refuge within it from the all-prevailing militarism outside.

The "United Nations" may also be proposed as a more practicable or, at any rate, a more *durable* project, than the less expansive one of British "Imperial Federation" As Mr. Andrew Carnegie once remarked of the latter, it is like

*If, for economic and religious reasons, or for mutual protection against a powerful neighbor, certain States of *different linguistic* nationality, and so forth, prefer to remain politically federated with one another (as the provinces of Transleithan Austro-Hungary may well do), they will at least find it necessary to agree on one official language—say a neutral one like English.

the play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out. For, whether we of the old country like it or not, the center of gravity of the race (so far as population is concerned) has definitely shifted, for some time past, to the North American continent. The first great step toward the political reunion of this vast Anglo-American and Anglo-Asiatic world, toward any permanent federation, must be an effective working partnership between Great Britain and her eldest daughter-nation, the United States. No amount of gilt-gingerbread imperialism will cover up the ugly void caused by *her* absence from the family councils.

THE OLD AND THE NEW, OR MASTERS AND AMATEURS IN MODERN LITERATURE

BY EDWIN RIDLEY

It is not the badness of a novel that we should dread, but its overwrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of exciting literature, and the worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false political essays, or false philosophy. But the best romance becomes dangerous if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.—*Of Queens' Gardens, by John Ruskin.*

THE foregoing citation from one of the many precious passages which glisten and abound in the pages of John Ruskin's priceless works, should surely serve the purpose its selection was intended to serve in association with the views and comments we now propose to pass and ventilate regarding the subject of modern fiction and modern authors. Nor are we to be too sharply criticised in our turn, we trust, on account of any seeming incongruity of expression in the way of definition and heading of this paper. For is there not "the old" even in "modern fiction"? Cannot we, *must* we not, of necessity, speak of the masters and of their works even of less than one hundred years ago as "old"?

There are but three epochs in literature, as in the arts and sciences: the ancient, or classical—heathen, if you like, the mediæval, and the modern; and the last era is embracive of all that has been produced in the realm of letters since the close of the mediæval epoch. Therefore it follows

that in any discussion of, or treatise upon, what is designated as modern fiction, or modern literature, one is amply justified, when summarizing the relative merits of authors of several generations past and gone, whose lives and gifts were devoted to the great human cause which all true literature is, and was, intended to serve, in terming as "old" writers the "old masters"—in other words, "The Old" as compared with "The New," or later and living writers. So much, then, by way of introduction and self-justification. Let not the reader shiver with apprehension lest we should seek to impose upon him the burden of an unduly prolonged refrain to that purpose! We only desire to be plainly understood at the outset, and thus to save ourselves useless and provoking occasion to "explain what we *mean*" in the midst of our actual work and subject.

In order the better to reassure and modify the misgivings of our readers in such respect, let us furthermore vouchsafe the frank admission that it has been a matter of regret to ourselves that, in the course of our previous comments and reflections upon the names and writings of a number of more immediate authors, we should have indulged in so much harshness of expression. But the provocations were great—the demands and restrictions on our patience were very trying. For we declare that but few of this abounding multitude of writers and innovators within the sacred precincts of fictional literature, in the present day at any rate, were ever "called" or have any right whatever to be regarded as men of letters. They were never "called" either by decree of Jove or by any worthy incentive, but rather have been actuated by idle caprice and sordid motives. The "itch of writing," the greed of gain and of cheap and easy notoriety, an inordinate lust for lucre, and inordinate vanity have been too often *their* main animating motives and incentives.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted, gladly and gratefully admitted, that a goodly few among this grievous, sweltering herd and brood of scribblers are, or have been, men and

women of excellent virtues and attainments, and that this more select circle amid the teeming, worthless mass should be properly regarded as one comprising a goodly number of earnest and worthy souls, justly animated by righteous and intelligent principles.

It remains, then, to pass in review the more obvious worth of the "elect" among the many, and then to compare the works of the more genuine authors of the present day with those of a prior generation, or of a generation or two gone by. We will content ourselves with only a limited number of examples, selected with much care and circumspection from among those who are to be consistently regarded as typical modern authors of our own generation. The following names may serve our purpose as

TYPES OF "THE NEW," OR PRESENT DAY, NOVELISTS :

Sir Walter Besant, Stanley Weyman, Robert Buchanan, Rudyard Kipling, George Meredith, Marion Crawford, George Macdonald, "Anthony Hope," Hall Caine, Thomas Hardy, Robert Barr, Conan Doyle, Julian Hawthorne, W. Dean Howells, Mary E. Wilkins, Miss Braddon, "John Strange Winter," Mrs. Humphry Ward, Miss Roberts, "Maxwell Gray," Marie Corelli, Rev. S. R. Crockett, Rider Haggard, David Christie Murray, W. E. Norris, "Ouida," and Beatrice Harraden.

In the selection of these names we have borne in mind their *general*, rather than their particular and relative, qualifications and capacities ; and properly so, since these authors have been consistent and *persistent* grinders and compounders of essentially modern fiction. Their books and stories embody, and are symbolical of, whatever there is of actual good in the world to-day, in human relation, and they are the indelible types and records of all the prevailing characteristics, perversities, nonsensities, and inanity of the times to which they relate and of the people by whom they are read and held in esteem. Hence their representative

character and nomenclature. But these authors, or at least a considerable number of them, have not infrequently been quite *outclassed*, in their respective spheres, by the occasional appearance and superior gifts and attainments of an author who, while incapable, apparently, of sustained effort and fruition in like relation, has all at once surprised and captured the strongholds of the public fancy and sentiment by the magnetism of a single novel! Authors of this variety are, therefore, to be classed as transient lights, whose rays are spent, for most part, after the manner of solitary stars in the twilight of the heavens, with more or less brilliancy and effectiveness on the imaginations of those who love and observe them, and are to be accordingly regarded as

LONE STARS IN "THE NEW" LITERARY FIRMAMENT:

Such are—or were—Lew Wallace, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Henry Sienkiewicz, R. L. Stevenson, "Lewis Carroll," Eugene Sue, and Victor Hugo; and, shall we include among these the name of—Winston Churchill? Now these authors, while several, or nearly all of them, have written a number of books each, have established their claims as writers of repute and public esteem upon the strength of a single novel. "Ben Hur" founded the reputation of Lew Wallace; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that of Mrs. Stowe; "Alice in Wonderland," Lewis Carroll's; "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Stevenson's; "The Wandering Jew," Eugene Sue's; "Les Misérables"—in our estimation, at least—Victor Hugo's; and "Richard Carvel," Winston Churchill's. Whatever they have written since has been comparatively inane and worthless; their *names* are synonymous only with those of the respective *books* upon which their fame was founded and grounded.

It therefore follows that it would be misleading and futile to group these authors along with the first designated class of mere representative and persistently productive compounders of modern fiction. They are only to be con-

sistently regarded as transient, or meteoric, lights in the more immediate fictional firmament. Let the reader, then, bear well in mind the distinctions thus drawn, and consider their significance and relative purport. Next, let him take into consideration the names and more widely known and well-established fame and works of the following list of authors of a prior age or period, and inquire within himself whether, after all, it is not a waste of time and energy to trouble and worry or continually to "keep pace" with purely modern fictional exactions and requirements, or to so much as attempt to read every advertised book that is thrust upon the fictional market!

Contrast the first group with the following:

AUTHORS AND MASTERS OF A PRIOR GENERATION:

Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens, William Makepeace Thackeray, Fenimore Cooper, Bulwer Lytton, Harriet Martineau, Charles Kingsley, Anthony Trollope, Hannah Moore, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Alcott, George Eliot, Maria Edgeworth, Charles Lever, Samuel Lover, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Captain Marryat, Jane Porter, Alexander Dumas, Edgar Allen Poe, R. D. Blackmore, Charlotte M. Yonge, William Black, Thomas Hughes, Samuel Warren, Lord Beaconsfield, Miss Mulock, and Rev. William Ware.

Here we have an infinitely varied, and a sufficiently intelligible and embrative, list and group of writers and authors, whose names and works and varied gifts and talents were peculiar and unique in their respective spheres of usefulness and attainment, and who, for the most part, devoted their lives and labors to the great human cause and purpose; whose illuminative shafts and rays of intellectual insight, character-renderings, and introspections did so much to enlighten the human mind, to advance the human cause, and to kindle and awaken the public conscience; and whose books were almost invariably, each of its kind and in its essence,

masterpieces of literary perfection and of truthful, vivid portrayal.

How, now, do our more "modern" writers compare with these earlier ones? How many, or how few? And why so few—if any? We will presume to give the answer: Because, forsooth, those men and women wrote and wrought, mostly, with manifest purpose, subject to exalted promptings, and with distinct and worthy human objectiveness. Their *ideals* were exalted, their intellects refined, their convictions were fervent and profound, their views and opinions explicit and advanced, their gifts and endowments original and embracing, their learning thorough, their parts solid, and their motives obvious. Their books and works were, accordingly, at once elevating and impressive, and must always prove so. It necessarily follows, therefore, that the reader who has been accustomed to resort to such fountain sources for diversion and solace can hardly have the patience to peruse the endless pages and chapters of the modern herd of literary innovators and adventurers, since it is too like being invited to a feast of herbs and curds to be pestered into a perusal of the sentimental rubbish and mock-heroics which mostly go to the compound of modern fictional literature. True, one does occasionally discover, with immense relief and relish, indications of exceptional talent and loyalty of purpose on the part of this or that modern author—in such instances as the books and works of George Macdonald, Sir Walter Besant, Stanley Weyman, "Ik Marvel," Mrs. Humphry Ward, George Meredith, and a few others, afford.

Why then, O reader, should you be in such a constant fever to pursue every flitting *ignis fatuus*? or so frantically to clutch at the vain shadows and imaginings of every hysterical romancer and shekel-hunter who chances, for the moment, to tickle the morbid fancies or to gratify the disordered tastes of professional reviewers and incompetent critics? Better, by far, confine your attention to the writings of standard authors, and to put restraint upon yourself in literary

relation. *Read* more, and do not simply *skim over* or *peek into* an infinitude of pretentious stuff and nonsense, merely because it is the common practice and a fondly-fancied social requirement to profess an acquaintance with the name and book of every novelist who happens to be the momentary "rage." For if you really want light and consolation, go where it is to be found; you will find both in the books and works of the standard authors.

Be not content with mere sham-light and magpie chatter. Why heed the promptings and assurances of mere gadfly reviewers and interested publishers? It is but lost labor and a grievous waste of energy to so much as attempt to keep pace with and gratify the inordinate and maddening requirements, vagaries, and humors of our distracted and disordered generation and civilization, or to search for even crumbs of comfort, to say nothing of "precious gems," amid the dust and litter and jigumbob figment of the common herd of present-day novel writers. In vain will all your gropings and grubbing, and catches and snatches, and stumblings and fumbings, prove in such an ill and bootless quest.

On the other hand, if you really want to be improved, exalted, edified, stimulated, consoled, cheered, and fortified, and to be afforded genuine standards by which to direct and govern your life and conduct—in so far as literary sources and mediums avail to that end and influence one's mind and character—in effect, if you are in search of pearls and precious gems, not of plaster and gilt; of silk, not fustian; of tweed, not shoddy—then go direct to the masters, not to common hucksters and charlatans! The greatest social evil of the hour—the most mischievous factor of common disorders—as it seems to us, consists in the pernicious tendency of our people to incline their ears to the brayings of every pretentious literary humbug and newspaper-puffed scribe and pharisee who has the presumption to give vent to his immature and erratic views and opinions on the public platform or else in book or pamphlet form!

But this proneness of the public mind to give too willing heed to the vaporings and outcry of mere scribblers and self-constituted social reformers is not merely confined to innovations and extravagances of this nature, since hardly less mischievous is the public tendency to excessive indulgence in the way of newspaper, or "yellow journal," patronage! Such papers, for instance, as many of our Sunday journals are bought greedily and without a moment's consideration of the cost of such indulgence, and they are accordingly spread broadcast throughout the country like so many tares and Canada thistles. Now such periodicals as these are the most perverting and pestiferous agencies and factors of social disorder and common mischief. They not only pollute the public taste and morals but utterly disturb and reduce to comparative impotency the minds and capacities of those who buy and read them, or so confuse and confound the understandings and professed "intelligence" of their patrons as to render it almost impossible for them to form rational or well-considered conclusions of any kind. For while such journals profess to treat of every subject of human interest and to embrace the whole earth's compass in their range of review, report, chronicle, and citation, they do not treat intelligently and adequately of any single subject: they merely prompt, exaggerate, excite, depict, inflame the imaginations, and pander to the prejudices, follies, and passions of their readers; while so chaotic and distracting are they, for the most part, in their presentation and bearings, as to positively unhinge and subvert the minds and morals of the multitude. The American people, as has been already observed in one of our series of papers on this subject, have neither the time nor the inclination to do more than to superficially glance at the illustrative features and pages of our magazines and newspapers—hence the prevalence of the yellow sheet and of the cheaper and nastier kinds of periodicals.

People have not the time, because they have not the in-

clination to *take* the time, to read serious and wholesome literature. Now this is all wrong. How infinitely better were it, and how much more would it redound to our advantage and to *all* human advantage, were we to resolve to confine our "reading" to purer literary channels, or, in a word, to take less papers, to draw fewer novels from our circulating libraries, and in place of these to *buy* and really *read* books and magazines of a worthier and more improving kind and order! Instead of taking two or three story-"magazines," to buy *one* genuine magazine; instead of buying two or three or half a dozen penny newspapers, to buy only one reliable daily paper, and perhaps a single weekly besides; instead of *drawing* "popular novels" from the free library, to *buy* standard works for *ourselves*, whereby to improve our own and our families' minds, and at the same time to supply ourselves with private libraries. By this means we should not only economize our resources but regulate our minds, fortify our wills, and adorn our homes. We should be the better, the happier, the wiser, and the more prosperous, by doing so. What we most stand in need of, as a nation, is more *thoroughness, restfulness, and reflection.*

In view of such volunteered remarks as these, it may not perhaps be deemed presumptive on our part in like manner to offer a few words of advice and counsel in regard to the selection of a family library by any uninitiated *paterfamilias* who has had the patience to heed our comments and to forbear strongly-expressed exception taken thereto, and who may feel disposed to entertain the *home library* suggestion. We would accordingly proffer the following list of names of such authors as we most favor in such connection. Or, better still, perhaps, we will volunteer three lists, from which the prospective purchaser of a home library may select with advantage for both his own and his family's requirements and advantage.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS FOR ADULTS:

Nathaniel Hawthorne, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Lytton, Wilkie Collins, Trollope, Irving, Eliot, Charles Kingsley, Adderley, Ware, Warner, Blackmore, Macdonald, Bellamy, Besant, Weyman, Whiteing, Ford, Reade, Wells, Wyckoff, Robinson, Roe, Miss Mary Johnston, Crawford; "Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo; "Ben Hur," by Lew Wallace, and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," by R. L. Stevenson.

Here you have a list of authors whose books will do you good and set you thinking on right lines. They will improve and tone and whet your literary taste and appetite. They will divert your fancy and solace your heart and entire intellectual being. This, to be sure, is but a conveniently improvised list of *novel* sources and channels that we have submitted.

But the library of any ordinarily intelligent and tolerably well-circumstanced adult would be grievously wanting were it destitute of the principal works of the following list of authors of pure prose literature:

SERIOUS WRITERS AND WORKS:

Gibbon's "Rome;" Motley's "Histories;" Macaulay's Essays and History; Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," "Mahomet," and "Washington;" Bulwer Lytton's "England and the English;" Ruskin's complete works; Carlyle's, also; Ralph Waldo Emerson's Essays; the works of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Anthony Froude, Andrew Lang, Augustine Birrell, and Walter Savage Landor; Goethe's "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister;" William Morris's entire works; Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse" and "Marble Faun;" Mungo Park's "Travels;" Henry George's "Progress and Poverty;" Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward;" Prof. Riis's books on social questions, and Prof. Spohr's on industrial problems. Of course these books do not represent, nor is their selection in-

tended to convey an impression that their possession would imply, a comprehensive or entirely satisfactory provision of genuine literary matter such as a man of pronounced culture would be content with in a library of his own selecting. Nevertheless, they comprise a list that, with but few exceptions, no well-ordered and cultivated mind, nor any man of literary pretensions, would be without. Moreover, they are books, for the most part, which no man of professed intelligence should neglect to read or to be more or less familiar with in respect to their purport and essential principles.

But it is not by the *number* of books a man or woman reads that his or her intelligence is to be consistently gauged and estimated, but by the *thorough mastery* of them which he or she has attained. A man may read but few books, yet, providing they are *good* books, that is, *true* ones, and he has read them rightly and to good purpose, he may become thereby constituted, at once, a man of excellent literary taste and sound judgment, and one to be characterized as such. So much, then, for the adult!

Now let us consider, in accordance with pre-laid plans and outlined intention, the kind of fictional diet which is to be properly regarded as most suitable and advantageous for young people's reading. By "young people," be it affirmed, we mean girls and boys between the ages of ten and seventeen—whose tastes and habits, characters and inclinations, require to be rightly molded and directed, both for their own good and in the interests of humanity. We therefore presume to submit the following list of books and authors as a distinctly desirable one for them to become to some extent familiar with:

BOOKS AND AUTHORS OF NOTE FOR YOUNG FOLKS:

Charles Dickens; Miss Alcott; Maria Edgeworth; Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho" and "Hereward;" Bulwer Lytton's "Harold" and "The Caxtons;" Miss M. E. Coleridge's complete works; Charles Reade; "Dr. Jolliffe's

Boys," by Lewis Hough; Samuel Smiles's "Self Help;" Mrs. J. F. Willing's books; E. P. Roe; Walter Besant; Charlotte M. Yonge; Mrs. Oliphant; Thomas Hughes's "Tom Brown's Schooldays;" Rudyard Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "Wee Willie Winkie;" "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Fenimore Cooper's books; Ainsworth's stories; H. Cockton; Frank Smedley; Samuel Lover; Charles Lever; Captain Marryat; "St. Cuthbert's Tower," by E. Werner; "The Wide, Wide World" and "Queechy," by "Edith Wetherall;" Stanley Weyman; "The Scottish Chiefs" and "Thaddeus of Warsaw," by Jane Porter; "The Life and Travels of Mungo Park;" G. A. Henty; "Vice Versa," by F. Anstey; F. W. Robinson; "John Halifax," by Miss Muloch; Jane Austen's books; "Trifan Trixy," by John Habberton; "Robinson Crusoe;" George Manville Fenn's stories; Ascot R. Hope's; Mrs. E. R. Pitman's; "Jack O' Lanthorn," by Henry Frith; "Miss Fenwick's Failures," by Esmé Stuart; "The Mill on the Floss" and "Middlemarch," by "George Eliot;" "Ten Thousand a Year," by Samuel Warren; "Tales of the Border," by Wilson; R. D. Blackmore's works; Sir Walter Scott; Nathaniel Hawthorne—but these latter, only when the readers are sufficiently advanced; William Black; Helen Candee's "Guides and Business Openings for Girls," and Sally Joy White's books in like relation.

This list will surely be found sufficiently embrative; and parents cannot go astray in turning their boys and girls loose in a library of this nature and variety. There are authors, in plenty, to whose names and books we have not referred in this selection, but those alluded to will amply serve the purpose we had in view at the outset.

It is now in order to submit yet one more list of authors, whose books would seem best adapted to the needs and requirements of those little ones who are just beginning to drink in and feast at the banquet of fictional providings

and from the fountain sources of literary productiveness and originality. Nor can parents do better than to provide themselves with such beneficent sources and mediums of moral and intellectual advantage for their children as the rare creative and ingenious talents and virtues of the authors to whom we now propose to refer may afford them, and whose particular books we choose to favorably entertain and mention. Let parents by all means *buy*, *not* borrow, at least a goodly number of the books of these authors. It will be to their own interest to do so; while it will be of incalculable advantage to their children to be thus initiated in the beautiful mysteries of genuine romantic literature.

BOOKS FOR THE LITTLE ONES :

"Grandfather's Chair," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Water Babies," by Charles Kingsley; "Little Men" and "Little Women" and "Flower Fables," by Miss Alcott; "Moral Tales for Youth," by Maria Edgeworth; "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," Lewis Carroll; Hans Christian Andersen's "Fairy Tales;" "Stories from Froissart's Chronicles," by Henry Newbolt; Rev. Thos. James's edition of "Æsop's Fables;" "Swiss Family Robinson;" "Robinson Crusoe;" "Kenneth" and "Countess Kate," by Charlotte M. Yonge; "Wee Willie Winkie," by Rudyard Kipling; "Cheep and Chatter," by Alice Banks; "Hetty Gray," by Rosa Mulholland; Miss Ewing's stories for children; Maurice Hervey's books; "Greek Fairy Tales," by Canon Kingsley; "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" "The Tower of London," by Ainsworth; "Two Little Pilgrims' Progress," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; Mrs. Molesworth's tales for children; Grimm's "Fairy Tales;" "Mother Goose's Rhymes, Jingles and Fairy Tales," Altemus edition; "Helen's Babies."

The books and authors mentioned in the foregoing list will be found sufficiently suggestive and serviceable, we think, in as far as the convenience and requirements of such par-

ents as are not familiar with their names are to be considered. A judicious selection of books for their children can be expected only of those who have cultivated, not abused, their own minds and moral sentiments, who have been accustomed to wholesome reading on their own part and are accordingly competent to distinguish the good from the bad and sense from nonsense in their readings. So if parents are really ignorant in such respect and are yet desirous that their children shall start out aright, they cannot do better than to take counsel from the experience of others. We are, indeed, the slaves and victims of our environment, or else the favored children of happier and more auspicious circumstances and influences. Hence the lamentable proneness of the multitude to bow meekly and to submit servilely at the beck and dictum of every pretentious puffer and blower of shoddy wares and pretentious writers who, in the guise of critic or reviewer, proclaims them to be of genuine quality and worth. What we really stand in deep need of at this moment is a juster appreciation of what is best left *unread*. We need to set more restraint upon ourselves and upon our vagrant fancies and illusions.

In conclusion, we might observe that another paper will be devoted in some measure to the evils and abuses of the free circulating library—evils and abuses which threaten to entirely subvert, if not absolutely nullify, those very purposes and principles to which we are indebted for its organization and establishment, and which it was intended to subserve and promote.

LORD ROSEBERY AND THE LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

A VERY curious and entertaining feature of present-day English politics is the attitude of the Earl of Rosebery toward the Liberal party which he once led. From all sides he has received invitations to return to active political life, to lead the Liberals again, to formulate definitive policies for that party, to reconcile the wavering factions and establish an effective Opposition. Lord Rosebery has without question captured the imaginations of his countrymen, but he declines to do what his countrymen desire.

As matters stand to-day the new century sees the once great Liberal party defeated and disorganized, if not down-cast. Warring factions have divided the house against itself. One portion, or clique, is Imperialistic, another "Little Englander," another pro-Boer, another Home Rule, another anti-Home Rule, one religiously holding to the views of the late Mr. Gladstone, another believing in a vigorous foreign policy and almost at one with the Liberal Unionists on the Irish question, and last but not least the Opposition embraces the irreconcilable Irish party, which promises to give quite as much trouble in the future as it has in the past.

To reconcile all these factions and get them to work harmoniously, to secure the active co-operation of Mr. Morley, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, and other Liberals of prominence, is a task requiring not only statesmanship but personal qualities that few men possess. Lord Rosebery is believed to be the man for the task.

Why then does he hesitate?

Three causes are possible.

Lord Rosebery's political ambitions may be already sat-

isfied, and he may prefer the less strenuous life of the man of letters; he may have a contempt for the elements he is asked to weld into an effective whole; he may be conscious that he does not possess the qualities he is believed to possess, and modesty and fear may make him hesitate.

It is well known that Lord Rosebery's tastes lead him toward the literary life possible to him—that life of intellectual reflection so attractive to the man of great mental gifts who at the same time possesses wealth and leisure. He has already attained no insignificant position in the world of letters, and his further contributions to literature will, without question, be of great value, but, as Lord Rosebery knows, Englishmen do not put their highest trust in the man of letters. Duty and inclination may conflict here.

It may be, also, that Lord Rosebery, instead of viewing the Liberal party and its trials with indifference, is merely waiting until the factions have adjusted minor grievances preliminary to a union that would make the leader's task easier than at present. But that, of course, would be the view of the self-seeking politician and not of a leader. Whoever leads the Liberal party cannot expect, at first, the united support of the party; Lord Rosebery cannot command it now. He would have to be the leader of that portion best disposed toward him until such time as his policy and leadership drew all factions together in a common cause. Lord Rosebery can undoubtedly do this if he has a policy, but, unfortunately, he has not given us, up to the present, a hint of what his policy is or may be. The glowing sentences of his public utterances appeal to the imagination, his well-rounded periods reveal the orator, but we do not find any policy. He takes "Empire" for his theme, and he points out grave dangers that threaten the state, but he does not tell us how to avert these dangers; he tells his countrymen what they are not, but he does not show them how to become what he believes they should be. The Liberals, while admiring his gifts, look for a statement of policy

upon which they can unite; they wish to know how far in him will be preserved the Liberal traditions, and on questions of foreign policy and domestic problems (including Home Rule) they seek to know his mind. Lord Rosebery does not answer them.

Were Lord Rosebery of less exalted position, were he open to the charge of being a mere politician, he might be accused of hesitancy to make his acceptance of the leadership more highly valued; but as he is what he is, and there is no certainty that he will become the Liberal leader again, his present attitude toward his party is provocative of speculation as to the causes of that attitude, and it is in such speculation that the idea of Lord Rosebery's self-distrust has arisen. Not distrust in his statesmanship and power to deal with great problems to the benefit of the state, but distrust of his power to unite the Liberals, a distrust born of a patrician dislike for party details and obligations and a philosopher's contempt for party necessities.

If his hesitancy be due to this, he is to be commended for prudence. Without supreme self-confidence his leadership at the present time would be foredoomed to failure. To lead the Liberals successfully he must unite them; he must be politician as well as statesman, must govern as well as lead.

It may be that Lord Rosebery sees it no part of his duty to become the active Liberal leader, believing it due to himself to gratify his literary tastes, yet he should remember that he is not a mere private individual but a statesman, and that he cannot fairly accept the statesman's honors without assuming the statesman's responsibilities.

Rightly or wrongly, a great majority of his countrymen believe his public duty to be greater than his private inclination. It is possible they have more faith in Lord Rosebery than he has in himself, a faith on their part quite misplaced and of which he is wholly undeserving.

A LIBERAL.

London, Dec. 1, 1900.

HAWAII FIRST

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.

V

MOSQUITOES

Perhaps the eagerness and lawlessness with which some possible postal clerk has been annexing Hawaiian sandal-wood knives is prophetic of the intention we are now fostering to annex you all and all that you possess.—*James Lane Allen.*

I thank you for the honor—but still more for the personal remembrance which you keep of me in your distant home.—*Sir Wilfrid Laurier.*

I congratulate you upon your scenery, your ocean, and upon the general prospect of the islands for future prosperity.—*W. O. Stoddard.*

IT was a bright "clear night of stars," and not a breath stirred. The sky curved over the dark tropical trees, and far above shone the Southern Cross in significant beauty. The members of the Kauai Kodak Klub had assembled in Monkey-pod Hall.

President Stamford, dressed in a negligé shirt and white duck suit, sat in the chair and announced that there was a quorum, and that the subject for the evening would be mosquitoes. He thought the night seasonable, as a delegation of several million mosquitoes might already be heard in the upper air, forming a sort of choir invisible.

Professor Von Scheinefleish distributed twenty fans.

In opening the meeting the President said that he felt his inability to cope with the subject, which, while intrinsi-

cally small, was yet great. The mosquito had a long ancestry, and, like some persons, could trace it back thousands of years. No doubt it occupied the swamps of Eden as far back as the creation of Adam. 'So much for antiquity. As to nobility of descent, the mosquito was not a *parvenu*. It might boast of as blue blood as ever traversed the bodies of the German or French counts that had come to America in the last century. Mosquito veins had held the blood of Eve, of Mary, Queen of Scots, of Henry the Eighth, and of the occupant of Gray Gables, who had complained bitterly of the loss of blood stolen by these aristocratic pumpers. And no doubt their keenness of penetration was due to the possession of hereditary qualities. Blood tells, even in mosquitoes.

The President closed his speech by saying that he didn't remember any great writer that had referred to the mosquito, but he would repeat a line or two which he had composed for this occasion :

O small but noisy gnat,
Where are you at?
I wish you were *requiescat*.

Judge Essex got up. He was pleased that Kauai had a man who could deliver such a scholarly speech, one interlarded with quotations from composers like the President himself. He (the Judge) had always been interested in the dip-terous insects. It was now some fifty-five years since he got his first bite in Massachusetts. Since that time he had studied the subject some, and been bitten more, yet his zeal was unabated, and for science's sake, if the Klub demanded it, he would sleep in Honolulu for two nights without any mosquito net. He would ask, however, that he be allowed the services of the Klub physician. ("Bravo! bravo!" came from different parts of the hall.) The name mosquito was derived from "mosquita," or little fly, and, as might be expected, originated with the Spaniards. The insect be-

longed to the species *culicidæ*, genus *culex*. It had seven mouth parts concerned in drawing blood. As he had already taken up considerable time, the Judge said that he would not name the parts. (Cries of "Name them, name them!") No, continued the speaker, he would not. (Here the Secretary was asked by the President to write down each name as the Judge repeated it; the list might be of value to future generations.) After the Judge had looked in his pockets and absent-mindedly turned one of them inside out, he stated that he couldn't remember the names. But he often forgot his own name. Finally it was discovered that the list could be found in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, of which the Klub had a paper-bound copy.

Guava Johnson read a short paper: "Nearly every one who has come to the islands speaks about the mosquito. Strange as it may seem, it is true. Our local historian says, 'During the year 1826 mosquitoes, hitherto unknown in the islands, were introduced at Lahaina by the ship *Wellington*, from San Blas, Mexico.' Only Jarvis, who came here in 1837, does not mention the pest. Mark Twain advises newcomers to wait outside of the net until all the mosquitoes have crawled into it; then to fasten it, and sleep peacefully on the floor till morning. The Rev. Mr. Cheever says that we ought to be thankful that the biting mosquito is not a male."

Professor Town arose to say that he had read in Jarvis' book that the flea was introduced by sailors at Waimea, Kauai, year not named. Shakespeare spoke of the "valiant flea." The Professor was ruled out of order, the President stating that while fleas might be troublesome they were not mosquitoes.

Mr. Thursday wondered if the Honolulu papers and the island people generally would like this discussion. It ventilated the subject, and might prevent tourists from coming or have its influence in delaying admission. Those who feared that a mere matter of legislation would bring leprosy



INTRODUCED BY THE SHIP "WELLINGTON."

nearer to the mainland might feel the same way about mosquitoes. He knew that the mosquito was *persona non grata* to most living systems. But the insect was here to stay, and the best thing we could do was to ignore it.

Mr. Epidel answered in his slow, decided way that we were not afraid of any truth about Hawaii, and if it had drawbacks, they had better be stated at the outset. The fact of the matter was, mosquitoes were a bugbear in anticipation only; in reality, they didn't cut any ice. He, the speaker, had suffered more from mosquito bites in Maine than he ever had here. Besides, the gnats and black flies that leave blood in their tracks were unknown in Hawaii. He believed in telling all there was to tell for and against; and if any person could be kept away by mosquitoes, the islands were that much better off. Of the two, mosquitoes were to be preferred. The class of men and women we wanted for settlers were those that had enough common sense not to be deterred by reports of mosquitoes, fleas, scorpions, spiders, centipedes, leprosy, lantana, gossip, revolutions, earthquakes, tidal waves, and the Japanese. These were bad enough, but not incompatible with a comfortable, *lanai* existence in the islands. A politician in Kansas wrote to him for some information in regard to Hawaii. He said that he had long intended to start for the islands and but one thing kept him back; he had read somewhere that all Hawaiians slept with their heads to the south, and if that were true, he would stay where he was born, because no country would advance whose people didn't sleep with their feet to the south. He had long tried to get a universal system adopted by the United States, but had failed. He said the hard times were because so many didn't do as he advised. He was a crank, and so are all the others.

Dr. Opu got up, and with a loud slap on his massive brow oratorically ended the life of a mosquito, then holding it at arm's length cried, "*Sic semper tyrannis.*" The effect was magical, and you could have heard a mosquito drop.

He informed the meeting that the mosquito was a menace to the community upon which it thrived. It carried diseases. It was even believed that leprosy germs were thus transmitted from a diseased victim to the healthy; and it was known that the *filaria* was introduced by the mosquito's proboscis. Personally, he had no fear of the mosquito, because he smelt so strong of iodoform that they never came near him. There were others to regard. He had no doubt that some malevolent gnat had brought the cholera to us, as mosquitoes were more common than any other media that he knew. What were the annoyance, the bite, the pruritic welt that followed, to the fact that you were perhaps being inoculated with a poison that could never be eliminated but might continue to infect future generations? In the words of the poet, it might last "as long as life has woes."

The doctor then drew a graphic picture of the mosquito dipping his infected lance through the peach-bloom on some maiden's cheek.

The doctor was interrupted by Mr. Kruppy, who wished to inform the Klub that it was always the female which proved aggressive. We should say "her." Prof. Town said he supposed Dr. Opu thought we all knew that the female of any species was more aggressive than the male.

Mr. Burr modestly rose to his feet, and, pushing his hair into an electric hair-brush after the manner of other musicians, made a few thrilling remarks. He began by saying that music was his forte, the pianoforte his consolation; that he was unmarried, not because he loved woman less but because he loved harmony more. He said that the mosquito was harmonious, and had a song peculiar to itself. Sometimes it sang in minor key, and it loved grace notes. The music of its favorite buzz had been stolen by some musician in the time of Thucydides and given to the world as "Shall We Gather at the River?" The melody could be imitated by blowing through a fine comb covered with tissue paper. It was sweet, but like classical music could not be appre-

ciated by the uneducated ear. Ever since he (Burr) had come to Honolulu, he had been trying to train a few thousand mosquitoes to sing together, and, in his observations on culex harmony, he had used Edison's new invention for intensifying sound. By means of this ingenious device the whirr of one mosquito resembled the sound of a Chinese orchestra, clear, somewhat warlike, but still melodious. He had inclosed in a fine net 100,000 mosquitoes, and kept the number from diminishing by placing them inside a barrel of rainwater, where he found that the sum of their combined, Edisonified burst, was grand; it was awful; it sounded like the priests and people encompassing the walls of Jericho. It was just as harmonically incomprehensible to the laity. Now the mosquito was susceptible to training, for he had played on a concertina with great expression, "We Won't Go Home till Morning," and a few days after the Culex Chorus sang it. He thought this music would do for church choirs.

Dr. Krane gave some valuable data in regard to the mosquito. Only the female sucked blood, but even she could get along without it; in fact, only a small proportion of the 165 varieties in existence ever tasted blood. Warm weather encouraged mosquitoes and made their bite worse, although no poison sac had been discovered. A tropical land was the home of the culex, but it got along very well in New Jersey, where his ancestors came from. In view of the annexation of so many tropical islands, he wondered why the mosquito menace had not been discussed. Were the people of the United States aware that they were annexing over 200 sextillions of mosquitoes, which would sooner or later demand the elective franchise? Did the anti-expansionists realize what such a heterogeneous horde might bring upon the country our forefathers had fought for in the days when mosquitoes were as bad in New England as they are in Honolulu? In the words of an American prophet, "This will open the floodgates, and eventually drain the American Constitution of its life principle."

The *modus operandi* of the mosquito was well described by the author of "The Anatomy of the Mouth Parts and Sucking Apparatus of Some Diptera." He said: "The withdrawal of blood is effected by means of a pumping apparatus at the base of the mouth parts."

Professor Musk wanted to know which were the elective portions for the mosquito, and why some places were chosen rather than others. Dr. Krane replied that the nose, cheeks, forehead, and hands were generally chosen for operation, but it depended upon the person. In thin-skinned people it didn't make much difference where; it was easy to draw blood. Mosquitoes were guided in their selection of localities much as people are. If a soft spot behind the ear proved a better investment than a sun-burnt, hardened nose, the mosquito selected it. Her claims were all prior. No land act affected her. Indeed, she was a squatter.

Dr. Mickydoo asked whether mosquitoes were troubled with professional jealousies. He had known others that made it a business to draw blood, to quarrel over a victim. And he was curious to know if the culex ever proved ungrateful; whether one that was given a soft snap by a friend, and placed where he could draw the blood he was not able to find for himself, could be not only thankless but assuming. Dr. Krane replied that he did not know, but he felt sure that the inquirer's professional acumen would enable him to find out for himself.

Mr. McBryan said that he was interested in Dr. Krane's remarks, but he thought that while mosquitoes preferred the young to the old—and who didn't?—they rarely attacked peach-bloom cheeks, because arsenic interfered with their digestion. It didn't take much arsenic to disturb a mosquito.

Mr. Lydope said a few words. He was used to saying a few words. The missionaries had been blamed for bringing mosquitoes to Hawaii, but it was wrong. They had been charged with many sins, and this was not the least. The mosquito had never any respect for the Ten Commandments,

nor for religious things generally. Although it might like the blood of the average theologian, its life was too brief for any laborious work on theological subjects. He could justly blame the sailors for the mosquitoes.

Mr. N. Pelton had a plan to unfold. It was only one of some two hundred inventions he had not patented for want of means. All of his means went into the first patent. The idea was to inclose Kauai in a revolving wire net, resting on a central pivot placed on Waialeale. Then he would fumigate this from the inside by burning mosquito powder in the sugar mills, and thus stupefy all the mosquitoes on the island.

Miss Tarn wanted to know who would bear the expense. Mr. Hoff thought that the government might, if only the natives would send in a petition to that effect. It was easier to get native names to a petition than to gather strawberries in June. And yet, knowing the utter worthlessness of such documents, government officials were ready to consider them. If Mr. A. had a grudge against Mr. B., he got up a petition and sent it to the government, praying for Mr. B.'s discharge.

Encouraged by attention from some of the learned members, Mr. Pelton asked for permission to make another suggestion. While Dr. Krane was speaking, he (Pelton) was interested in the hydraulic principle employed by the mosquito. It had been well said by some one that great ideas come from small things, for, at that moment, the details of a great invention had invested his brain—nothing less than a machine for extracting the saccharine principle from town gossip. Necessarily it would be by the diffusion process. He could not give a description of the invention here; to name it was enough—the Hawaiian Quadruplex Pan-Circulatory Begrundified Diffusion Mill.

Mr. Frylea wanted to know whether mosquitoes bit each other or not. A knowledge of the fact might be useful in the pulpit, where there seemed to be a need of subjects of interest. We ought to be willing to do as much for the

ministers as the railroads do. An acquaintance of his had preached through thirteen barrels of sermons, and he was beginning again at the first. He claimed that it was a good way to remain orthodox, and about the only way, as no change from the old style could be made to suit the demands of a progressive age. He selected the sermons on Thursday of each week, not in human weakness but through divine agency. The Lord knew what kind of a sermon his people needed on this particular Sabbath; and there were thirteen barrels of subjects, each one treated under three divisions. He first read a chapter in the Old Testament, then communed with his spirit, then he shut his eyes as if to plunge over a precipice, rammed his hand down into the barrel as far as it would go, and brought up a manuscript. This he reviewed for Sunday, picking out hymns to suit, in much the same way that Shakespearean mottoes are chosen for cook-books. This pastor stayed with his congregation forty-five years before the Lord delivered them out of their affliction. Not many were like his acquaintance, at least until they got a few sermons ahead. If we knew that a mosquito bit his brother, it would show that the smaller a thing is, the meaner it is; and if it didn't bite, we might see how much superior this seemingly useless creature was to those men and women who backbite. This was the ordinary method of inculcating religious truths; it works both ways.

"You'll be damned if you do,
You'll be damned if you don't."

He wished to know if the mosquito bit the lower animals.

Dr. Mickydoo replied that the lowest animal she had been known to attack was the chicken, and so disastrous were the effects that death often closed the scene. In Missouri, between moments of professional haste, when his office was full of patients and his two fine horses stood steaming at the door, when for three successive nights he was too busy to sleep, when the lame and sick came begging for only a

professional glance, he still felt able to observe that mosquitoes bit horses.

A member wanted to know if the Klub had ever heard of the "gallinipper," a mosquito belonging to the South. He had lived in the Southwestern States, and knew this species intimately. They were very large and noisy, and, by the way, he thought Mr. Burr would enjoy the music they made. He did not know how true it was, but he had heard that at a certain class meeting in Gallatin six gallinippers so disturbed the meeting by shouting "Amen" in a rasping voice that the exhorters had to bring the exercises to a close. It seems that any one addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages or onions will never be attacked by a gallinipper. In Clay County there is so much liquor consumed that no mosquito ventures within two miles of the county line; the only one that ever came near fell in a drunken stupor at Independence. The speaker said that he had seen none in Hawaii, but he believed that even the gallinipper would come with annexation.

Mr. Milkswell, a heavy student of damp soils, who had lost his fortune on the Mosquito Coast, now made a report of some special scientific work he was doing for the Klub. The members had voted sixty cents toward original investigation, and that was given grudgingly. Mr. Milkswell said that it did not matter what the results were, if the experiments could be made. This was the day of research, and thousands of dollars invested in apparatus and a properly qualified chemical investigator like himself was money well spent. This was the true scientific spirit. It always cost money. Usually, however, the fact that a scientist stood back of a vegetable product, watching its career, giving it advice, publishing reports about it, and nudging it in the ribs, as it were, gave it renewed courage, and the result was larger crops. Once he examined the soil at the foot of a papaya tree, and read his report before the Papaya Packers' Association. At once the tree began to bear, and now fruit

hung from the roots to the top, a distance of forty feet. On his arrival at the Hawaiian hotel years ago, he had mentioned that the soil of Hawaii was adapted to the lantana ; now the islands are covered with it. So much for suggestion.

He had examined the blood of 5,000 mosquitoes with brilliant results. According to the best methods he had placed his results so that they could be determined. The tables showed which blood mosquitoes liked best, thus establishing a basis for valuable deductions:

In 1,000 pints of blood :					
American,	-	-	-	-	5.546
Native,	-	-	-	-	1.532
Portuguese,	-	-	-	-	0.298
Japanese,	-	-	-	-	0.281
French,	-	-	-	-	0.271
German,	-	-	-	-	0.218
Chinese,	-	-	-	-	0.159
Balance, unaccounted for.					

Mr. Brofy wondered if this fact had any political significance. President Dole thought it had not. Mr. Smith said some might try to make political *poi* of it for the natives.

Mrs. Josh Andrews asked if the mosquito might not have a mission similar to that of the Avenger ! Was it not possible for each mosquito to be a personified Nemesis, always coming to the right person to sting him for some sin ? Her husband thought that. There was some suggestion of theosophy in it. She thought it would be pleasant to be able to say after each bite : " Another sin atoned." It would be like counting off beads on a rosary. There would be real evidence of having accomplished something by prayer. A system of prayers without means of checking off one item, of keeping up invocation without replies or receipts, was, to say the least, discouraging.

Dr. Mickydoo now pronounced the benediction, and the meeting adjourned.

(To be continued.)

ON A SOUTH AFRICAN OSTRICH FARM

BY WILLIAM DURBAN

OF all the strange sights presented to the tourist in South Africa perhaps the most interesting is an ostrich farm. No longer is ostrich breeding confined to South Africa, for it has been introduced into the United States; but Cape Colony will always be better adapted than any other land to the profitable pursuit of this business. The "scrub" land of the Great Kalahari Desert is fit for nothing else, and so is very much of the bush-covered district immediately north of Cape Town. Flocks of wild ostriches run in different parts of the Kalahari. The shyness and swiftness on foot of this wonderful bird for ages made its lovely feathers a scarce commodity. Like most wild creatures, the ostrich persistently retreated into remoter deserts as civilization and colonization advanced, and the supply of ostrich plumes was therefore always extremely limited. In olden times only knightly warriors and princes and ladies of high rank wore the costly ornamentation. But the recent domestication of the ostrich has converted the once rare feathers into a staple article of commerce.

Till so late a date as 1864 it was confidently expected that the *struthio camelus* would soon be reckoned among the extinct birds, and naturalists feared that they would have wistfully to study it in stuffed specimens, like those of the dodo and the great auk. But such apprehensions were suddenly dispelled in the year 1864, when two Dutch farmers in different parts of the Colony succeeded in capturing some wild ostrich chicks. To the great delight of themselves and

their families they found little difficulty in so far taming them as to allow of their being kept in a well-fenced paddock and caught twice a year for the removal of their feathers.

Old hunters would not, for a time, believe that the experiment would lead to anything, for they averred that so shy a bird would never rear its young in captivity, for if the nest was once seen by man it would never return to it. In 1869 Mr. Arthur Douglass, of Heatherton, gave the answer to all these prognostications by perfecting an incubator and hatching eggs in large numbers. Before this the few birds hatched had proved wild and unmanageable, but the success of Mr. Douglass in artificial incubation solved the problem and created a new and magnificent industry. The young birds were secluded from their parents and reared by hand. These chicks were easily tamed, and the habits of the birds were thus wonderfully altered.

An ostrich farm is one of the prettiest sights imaginable. It is generally of enormous extent, like most farms in South Africa. It must not be thought that Afrikander farmers, whether British or Boer, are actuated by mere earth hunger or a mania for land-grabbing in their acquisition of holdings of from 6,000 to 10,000 acres. For instance, it is usual to say sarcastically of a Boer that he is discontented if he can see even miles away the smoke from his nearest neighbor's chimney. But the truth is that in that country it takes many acres to feed a very few sheep or oxen. Furthermore, districts which are covered with verdure after the winter rains, making the veldt in spring (which corresponds in the date of the year with our autumn) one flowery paradise, are all through the long, semi-tropical summer absolutely parched and swept by those appalling sand storms called "dust devils." Sunshine and dust turn the garden into a desert, and locusts come in swarms to do the rest.

On one of these vast farms, divided between cattle and ostriches, the herbage is a curious mixture, utterly unlike anything known in Britain, or even in any part of Europe.

It consists of grass, usually very coarse, like that seen in many parts of America, of short, dense succulent bushes, much relished by sheep, goats, and cattle, and of a sort of heather known as "karoo." But this is not exactly the best provender for the young ostrich chicks, which are accordingly furnished with soft green food in the shape of lucern. This is a very precious crop during the long droughts. Each farmer sets apart for it a few acres irrigated by means of pumps. The old Hottentot nurse soon becomes expert in taking care of his charge. He will have about him thirty little ostriches, for which he cuts up the lucern. He gives them their allowances of wheat and water, cuts up bones so as to provide them with phosphates, and scatters fine gravel, which fills their gizzards so that they can grind their food. Of his thirty little feathered children he takes the tenderest care, leading them back at sundown to the incubator for rest and warmth. If a rainstorm should come on he hurries with them to a warm, well-lighted room, with a clean sanded floor. The land put aside and inclosed simply for this little flock will cover quite 100 acres, and the great farm will include several such nursing inclosures, the fences being all of wire. There are camps of twenty-five acres, each of which is the haunt of a single pair of breeding ostriches. Beyond these are large camps of 2,000 acres, each containing 150 birds. When we remember that a farm may contain 400 breeding cattle and 600 ostriches, we realize that vast space is needed by a Boer who goes in for both branches of industry.

Sometimes the parent birds are allowed to hatch and brood their eggs and young ones in the camp. This is a risky method, for the eggs and chicks are thus exposed to cruel peril from the ravages of the numerous prowling carnivorous animals. The jackal is the inveterate foe of the ostrich. One of these depredators will destroy a whole brood of the birds in a night. All around every camp a farmer lays bits of meat containing strychnine, traps being set as well

for the wild animals. Thus thousands of the carnivora are poisoned or caught every year throughout the country. One consequence follows which adds wonderfully to the charm of these immense farms. They abound in the most beautiful game in the world. As the visitor walks about the vast estate he is delighted at frequent intervals to see springing up before him herds of beautiful deer and antelope. His host is generally proud to allow him to handle a rifle and to bring down a buck. These hosts, by the way, are by no means all Dutchmen. Men of different nationalities become Boers in a few generations, and many of them are intensely loyal to England. Loyalty and disloyalty, indeed, jostle each other in chaotic confusion all through South Africa, and as you roam about you never know of what political complexion the next farmer is going to turn out when you make his acquaintance.

The inspection of an ostrich's nest is a most dangerous operation for the uninitiated, on account of the ferocity of the male bird and the vigilance with which he guards the eggs. No Afrikaner would think of approaching a nest without carrying with him a long piece of thorn bush. The hen, brooding on the nest, stretches out her neck on the sand, and thus assumes the aspect of one of the familiar ant heaps of the desert. Just as the visitor is getting interested in the curious sight he is startled by hearing three tremendous roars from the infuriated cock. These appalling sounds are so exactly like the roaring of a lion that even experienced hunters have in the night often been deceived. The three terrific notes are a danger signal that the cock is about to charge, which he does as fast as the swiftest horse can gallop. With the terrific thrust of his foot he can instantly fell the strongest man. Many an intruder has been killed in one of these encounters, which, however, are easily parried by the simple device of holding up the thorn bush on a level with the eyes of the bird, who instantly begins to dodge around to get at his foe. The tremendous kick loses

most of its force by the time the ground is reached, so that many a wanderer in the wilderness and many an incautious Kaffir on a farm have escaped by lying flat down and taking calmly the kicks which could only inflict a few nasty bruises, though they would have been fatal if received on the breast when standing in the way of the bird, whose toe is armed with a claw like a great iron beak.

The whole aspect of the valiant cock ostrich changes from ferocity to pathetic meekness if you once reach his nest and begin to handle the eggs. He now quietly stands by, uttering soft, plaintive cries, and beseeching the intruder not to break the eggs. The nest is only a bare, sandy hollow, containing fifteen splendid eggs, each weighing three pounds. On these the parents must sit for six weeks, the cock sitting by night and the hen by day, for the precious contents are coveted by jackals, baboons, and carrion crows, the latter knowing how to break them by letting stones fall from their beaks on the shells.

QUIVERA

THE HISTORY AND LEGENDS OF AN ANCIENT AMERICAN KINGDOM

By E. E. BLACKMAN

V

WHILE the earliest white explorers do not tell us of a city at the junction of the Platte and Loup rivers, there are evidences to be found there to-day more marked than can be seen at any of the sites of the villages of which these early explorers do tell us. Being desirous of proving things found in the old Spanish manuscripts, I made a journey to Columbus and Fullerton and explored the ground once occupied by Quivera. The most interesting relics left by the people who once dwelt there are the shards of pottery above referred to, which I found strewn thickly along the bluffs of the Loup River even as far upstream as Fullerton, in Nance county.

Some earthenware pots were in the possession of the natives found here by the early explorers, but not a single writer attributes to them the power of making pottery. It was a lost art among them even when the whites first knew them. I sent a specimen which I found to the Smithsonian Institution, and in their reply they state that it is similar to the specimens found along the Missouri Valley, and that the age of it is not determined—that it may be not even pre-Columbian, but made within two hundred years. No one has ever seen Indians making such pottery in Nebraska; so, as it was quite abundant, it must have been made by the ancestors of some of these Indian tribes. No specimens of

entire vessels have yet been found in the State. Few people have been interested enough in this part of our history to preserve the early specimens, and most of the ground has been tilled until one can scarcely hope to find, at this late date, all the fragments of a vessel.

The caves scattered over the State are interesting. There are at least six which have been described by explorers. Two are near the site of old Belvieu, not far from Omaha; one is in the suburbs of the city of Lincoln; one is near Columbus; one near "The Leap," just out of the town of Fullerton, and one is on an island in the Platte River, above Columbus. This last-named cave, according to Greley, who wrote of the Indians in Nebraska at an early date, is probably the most important. It has been lost; that is, no one at the present time knows its location. Whether or not the drifting, shifting sands of this broad and shallow stream have buried it where human eyes may never scan, is uncertain. This cave was probably never seen by white men—Greley wrote of it only from tradition. The caves near Belvieu have been explored many times. The one near Lincoln is, like most of the others, cut out of a peculiar soft sand-rock.

Some years ago a band of Indians camped on the flat northwest of the present site of the penitentiary buildings and made their way, as soon as it was dark, to the mouth of the cave. They did not need to inquire the way, for every Indian knew where to find these council caves. At the mouth of this cave they began their peculiar dance and ceremonies. Their camp-fires were kept burning, and from time to time a few Indians would leave the circle of the dance and enter the cave. The ceremonies were continued nearly all night, and as soon as it was light, the firebrands were scattered, they mounted their ponies, and rode away. This ceremony occurred when Lincoln was but a village—the exact date is not at hand, as I got the story from an old settler who had heard it told time and again by the people living near.

This is the last time the cave was ever used ; but once, at a later date, after Lincoln had grown large enough to support a brewery, and this cave had become a cellar in which to store beer, and had its mouth covered and a large building near it, a band of Indians, similar to the former band, camped at the same site. They seemed to be searching for something, but were disappointed, and rode away in the early morning without being able to use the cave.

Tradition tells us that these caves were used in the secret trials of chiefs and in the last crowning ceremony in making a great chief.

Here, too, the victim received his sentence of death in cases where a chief or other high official had committed some crime for which he must die. The crime was usually that of cowardice. It seemed that this alone was punishable by death. Judgment was passed upon the culprit by a company of chiefs who were in every way his peers. This resembles our jury trial. The victim was either slain in the cave or in some secret place, never publicly. Such scenes were enacted but seldom. His grave, if the poor victim was given the honor of a burial, was in a low place and known only to the one who executed the sentence of the high court. His property and wives became the inheritance of the one who took his place. However, the goods and chattels of these people were held in common and used alike by all the tribe, but their family relations were sacred and their marriage ceremonies rigidly followed. No one but the highest officials practiced polygamy, and they only in rare cases.

The other ceremony for which these caves were used brings to mind the use which was made of the caves beneath the pyramids of Egypt, where the high priests instructed the newly-crowned Pharaohs in the highest mysteries of life and the secret love of the nation. Every hidden thing was revealed to the newly-crowned king by the head of the priesthood, for he alone knew these mysteries. It was here that

Moses heard for the first time that he was not the son of the king's daughter, except by adoption, but was really a Hebrew, and it was then that the nobility of his character showed forth in such dazzling light. Although already crowned King of Egypt—a real Pharaoh—upon hearing the mysteries of his life he relinquished his high honors and, amid the tears and entreaties of his foster mother, he refused to wear a usurper's crown, devoting the remainder of his life to the emancipation of his oppressed brethren, suffering not only the hardships of his self-chosen lot but the censure of those for whom he was denying himself and for whom he gave the best years of his grand and noble life. One cannot fail to note the similarity of this last use of these caves to the use for which the secret chambers of the pyramids were constructed.

Is there anything beyond a mere coincidence in the above fact? Is there a connecting link somewhere in the buried antiquities between these so-called barbarous people of the plains and the shepherd kings of Egypt. A great work lies before the student of archæology, either to prove that these bits of similarity are mere coincidences or to trace the analogy between the peoples.

No white man has ever witnessed this crowning ceremony of the Indians, nor, in fact, any of their secret ceremonies of the caves; but enough has been gathered to prove that the ceremony is an imposing one, and also that we may know for a certainty the uses to which these caves were put. The one near "The Leap," at Fullerton, has been lost for a number of years, but was rediscovered not long since by W. A. Brown, of that place. This cave is not so large as the one near Lincoln or the ones near Omaha, and is excavated, not from sand-rock, as none is found there, but from the earth. Its location and surroundings make the cave an interesting relic.

Cedar Creek flows into the Loup at this point, and about a mile from the junction of the two streams the banks

which border Cedar Creek are very steep and high. In one place, known as "The Leap," there is a sheer precipice of nearly two hundred feet. There are no rocks here, but the soil is a light, yellow clay. About half a mile farther up-stream is a natural amphitheater; the sides of the ravine are steep but not perpendicular as at "The Leap." They are even now similar in appearance to seats in a circus tent, and have about the same slant. The ravine is nearly a half-circle, being a little deeper than it is wide. There is a level tract, or arena, of about one acre in the center, while to inclose this arena there is a bank of earth at least twenty rods long in the form of a half-moon, with the points of the crescent touching the banks on either side of the ravine. This crescent is, at the present time, about twelve feet wide at the very top, with evenly sloping sides and an average height of six or eight feet. In the center of the crescent, where it is the widest, there is an opening twenty feet wide into the arena. By digging in the crescent we find it to be earth which has been moved, as the texture of the soil plainly shows.

As one stands on the crescent, facing the arena encircled by this massive amphitheater with a seating capacity of at least a hundred thousand in its balconies and galleries which tower to a height of at least one hundred and sixty feet on all sides, with a long floor-space of more than an acre, he may look to the right and almost half-way up the side of the almost perpendicular edge of the amphitheater and see the entrance to the secret council cave. All this ground I have described is covered by a growth of small trees and underbrush, with a few large trees scattered here and there. Much timber has been removed, and old settlers say it has always been covered with timber.

This amphitheater is situated on the reservation occupied by the Pawnee Indians until their removal to Oklahoma in 1872. It is less than half a mile from the site of an ancient village. In a field on the high points of the bluffs overlooking the Loup River one may easily trace the outlines of an-

cient houses. The size can still be measured ; we paced several that were from sixty to one hundred feet in diameter, while many were from twenty to thirty feet. Corners are not discernible ; the houses appear to have been circular. Many small pieces of sharp flint, arrow-heads, drills, shards of pottery, and shells are to be found on the surface and by digging to the depth of two or three feet.

Well-beaten paths much lower than the surrounding level are to be traced. No regular design in laying out the city can be observed ; that is, it did not seem to have regular streets nor to be laid out in rectangular form. The oldest inhabitants in that locality say that no Indian village has been known to exist there in their day. The Pawnees who were removed to Oklahoma had no village at this place, as they had their village on lower ground nearer water and timber ; so it follows that this is an ancient ruin. How many generations it must have taken to tread the shards of pottery into the earth to the depth of three feet, here on the very summit of a hill where the ravages of nature tend to bring the specimens to the surface by wash rather than to bury them with sediment !

The water-front at a point just below where the Loup River meets the Platte shows evidences of civilization to a marked degree. The old settlers can tell you of a line of trees, running nearly parallel with the Loup, which stood too nearly in line to be the work of nature. These trees were massive monarchs of the forest and towered like giants above the smaller surrounding timber. They extended several miles, but have disappeared now and only the memory remains ; that was only a passing wonderment, soon forgotten. So careless are the average people of these evidences that many of our most valued relics are ruthlessly thrown away and destroyed. The written record of these large trees in line was never preserved, and few have tried to investigate the cause or preserve the record.

But there are four large trees still standing which joined

the above-mentioned line. These trees had companions, as the stumps indicate, and formed part of two parallel lines which helped to inclose a plaza of some thirty acres in extent. The end of this plaza, which comes very near the river, was a landing-place for boats, with a short canal leading out to the river. This plaza is slightly lower than the surrounding country, and was doubtless a playground. I am aware that for ages the Platte River in its rising has flooded this level tract, and we should be thankful that even a trace of this magnificent water-front can be found to-day. Even to the eye of an ordinary, uninterested individual the tract shows signs of having been once a great court and landing for boats. The four trees still standing had a corresponding line nearer the river, and some twenty rods (as my memory serves me) from the line still standing. Then there were at least two large trees at the upper end of the plaza. The stumps are even yet not wholly decayed.

The Pawnees were a very sportive people. One favorite pastime with them was the rolling of a hoop along a level court, a line of young men standing at the side and endeavoring to throw a lance through the hoop as it rolled. Wrestling and running were favorite pastimes. Thousands of boats plied the waters of the Platte River, says one of Penelosa's men, and one writer speaks of a great plaza, or open court, near the river, where games were played. These games resembled the Olympic games of ancient Greece, and here the young men were trained until, as Avonade says, "The men were large and the women well formed."

A system of irrigating seems to have been carried on; at least, the level country on the beach is covered with a network of low places all connected, such as one might find in the ruins of an irrigating system. Still, these may be only paths leading into the city or even the remains of the ancient houses, or this may be an ancient cornfield.

When a boy, in Eastern Iowa, I have often wandered over an old Indian cornfield. The land was laid out in

squares and the earth heaped into great mounds, in which the Indians buried fish as fertilizers. Leaves from the forests, shells, and the carcasses of animals, also, were often buried, and many hard days' digging had I put in before I learned that this was a cornfield and not a graveyard. The corn was planted thickly over these mounds, which were from two to four rods each way. So, what seems to some who have noticed this irregular surface of the beach near Columbus to be the ruins of an irrigating system, may be, after all, only an ancient cornfield. I am quite sure that in many places in the interior of Nebraska—notably, near Hastings—there are evidences of vast Indian cornfields.

CONCLUSION.

When I argue that Coronado did not reach Quivera proper, but only a small village or, possibly, as one writer says, "not above twenty-five villages," I do so after careful investigation and mature thought. One reason that I have for believing he did not reach the capital is the fact that he does not mention the Platte River. No one could traverse the plains as long as Coronado did and mention, as he did, "a river of considerable size" when he reached the Arkansas, which must have been nearly dry at that season of the year, without being awed into terms of praise at the broad expanse of the noble Platte.

A stranger upon first viewing the shallow stream naturally thinks it of much more importance than it really is. It has a breadth from shore to shore of over a mile in some places, and the great bars of sand make it appear as if a vast torrent had but recently swept its golden course. Coronado would surely have mentioned it if he had seen it. None of his followers mention it either, although possibly twenty of them either have left manuscripts of their own or have been quoted by some writer of the day in reference to the expedition.

Coronado says the houses of Quivera were built of straw,

not of hewn timber. This would doubtless be the case when the villages were located in a country more or less destitute of timber. Penelosa says the houses were neatly *thatched*. If they could thatch the roof, they could and doubtless did thatch the sides in a country where timber was scarce. If Coronado had gone to the forty-second parallel of latitude he would have known it as readily as he knew he was at the fortieth. I believe we should take the gentleman at his word and let his journey end at what is now the Kansas-Nebraska line, where he said it ended. There let us search for the cross which he said he erected.

Some writers convey the idea that the people of Quivera herded the buffalo, or that the buffalo was domesticated by them. At the present day the fact stands undisputed that it is next to impossible to domesticate buffalo. Unlike the wild horse found here, where one or two generations of domestication have totally eliminated the wild features, and where even two short months of taming and training make of him a very docile animal, the buffalo will never become contented in confinement nor safe to handle. This goes a long way in proving that the time of the domestication of the buffalo, if ever, was at least very far back in antiquity, while the horse, which was, doubtless, brought here by Europeans, has been wild but a few generations.

These people had the dog domesticated; it was their only beast of burden; all writers coincide on this point. The Indians used dogs to carry their game, and so forth, from place to place. A collar of rawhide was placed about a dog's neck; two short poles were placed, one on either side, with ends attached to the collar and the other ends of the poles dragging behind. Upon these poles was placed anything the Indians wished to move, similarly to the way some of the tribes do to this day with their ponies.

Some of the writers say the natives made thread of the buffalo hair. There is no way of proving or of disproving this statement except through the impressions of the cloth

left on Indian pottery and impressions like ornaments left around the vessels by cords impressed into the plastic clay. I am of the opinion that some of the finer textiles could scarcely be woven of any fiber coarser than the wool of the buffalo. Some of the impressions of cords are almost conclusive testimony that some such fine fiber was used.

When you note that some of the specimens show the impression of a hand on the inside surface, to such a degree of perfection that a palmist might almost read the character of the maker by means of the lines left by the hand on the plastic clay, you will not wonder that the very material of which the cloth was made may be easily determined. Some recent writers have stated quite positively that the aborigines used the fiber of the sunflower to make their cloth; however, I have never seen authority for the statement, and therefore reject it until proven.

That they made cloth is undeniable; that it takes a fiber to make cloth is true; as the hair of the bison was handiest, the conclusion, in absence of positive proof, is that this material was used. The aborigines, like all other peoples, proceeded along the lines of least resistance when their knowledge allowed them to do so.

Penelosa seemed to realize that he was north of the fortieth parallel of latitude, although he does not state positively his geographical location. Notice he said the Escauseques dwelt along the fortieth parallel and *were marching north* to attack Quivera when he joined them. This places Quivera, which he visited, still farther north of the fortieth parallel, as the Indians had presumably marched some distance north when he joined them, and after this they marched "a whole day due north." Except the Platte there is not another "broad and rapid river" nor even a creek in all this central plain from which an army could start "where the current came from due north" and "march along the right bank for a whole day due north"; and there is no other point from which such a start could have been made, except

near the present site of Ashland and north toward Fremont. Now, one of two things we must do, either accept the evidence that places Quivera at Columbus or reject the whole as a fiction. Well, if the manuscript should be a fiction and a fancy of Freytas or of Penelosa, what a splendid imagination they must have had to describe our flora and fauna so accurately that one of the best authorities in the State testified not long since that this enumeration might serve very well to-day as an enumeration of the resources of Nebraska.

Scarcely a single old Spanish map is in existence but has a Quivera marked on it. The whole Aztec nation was as familiar with Quivera through traditions as they were with their own country, and every Spanish geographer had ample authority for marking upon his map the metes and bounds of the Empire of Quivera.

Father Marquette, when he descended the Mississippi River in 1673, also heard of Quivera from the natives along the Mississippi and put it on his map with the Missouri and Platte rivers, intact, Quivera north of the Platte at the very point at which Penelosa's manuscript tells us it was. He described it as a fair country which he hoped some day to visit. This map is now in Toronto, Canada, and in a good state of preservation.

If the grandeur of this empire could penetrate a thousand miles in all directions in those days of slow travel, across barren deserts and through trackless forests, with enough force to give it a place on every map, how dare we, in the face of the overwhelming evidence still existing, at the close of this enlightened nineteenth century, presume to call Quivera a myth unworthy of a thought?

THE LATE SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

NOT only England but the whole civilized world is the poorer now that Sir Arthur Sullivan has passed away, for he belonged to all those to whom humor in music is dear, and by his magic strains lightened the world's burden of toil.

Unlike many great musicians he received a full share of the world's honors. Royalty, wealth, and intellect paid him honor, and at his funeral in the Chapel Royal and in St. Paul's, where he is buried, the tributes of affection and respect were those of the great to the great.

It were idle to discuss Sir Arthur Sullivan's place in musical history, whether he is to rank as a great composer of light opera alone or whether that fame will be adorned with honors won in the more serious paths of his art. He essayed many forms of composition and succeeded in them all; not the highest success, perhaps, but still success. That he was satisfied with what he achieved may be doubted; he was too much the artist and too seriously devoted to his art for the complacency of mediocrity. That he aimed at more ambitious work is certain, and it is possible that had his life been prolonged music might have been vastly the gainer. But in the face of his removal all such speculation is idle and by the way.

Sir Arthur Sullivan delighted in calling himself a British musician, rejoiced in his training (though he never forgot his debt to Germany), and gave of his best to further British music at a time when British music was at a low ebb and British musicians lightly esteemed.

It has been the fashion in certain quarters to depreciate

his work as not reaching the highest ideals, and the reproach has been leveled at him that he used his talents in a form of music that was unworthy of them—comic opera. Even so fair a journal as the London *Times* belittled his life's work in its notice of the composer's life. Sullivan's work needs no justification, no apology. Were he naught but the composer of those comic operas which have elevated the lighter operatic taste of two continents, he did enough to merit all the honors he received, and when it is remembered that his oratorios, cantatas, hymns, and songs form a portion of England's cherished music, it is but carping that demands more of him than he gave.

America sorrows with England, for Sullivan was nearly as popular in the United States as he was in his own country. Germany, too, mourns his loss.

IN DISTRICT No. I

(An Economic Novel)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

CHAPTER XXXIV—(Continued)

"There seems to be quite a finger of Fate in all this, Eddie, darling," said Lydia. "The wild and reckless exchange of hearts at the railroad depot last Monday, on which I believe I ventured to comment at the time, was—no, I'll *not* say 'predestined,' in spite of all conventional temptations to do so. I *know* that I'm a free agent, Eliza. Of course you may reply, with the Weismans, the Herbert Spencers, the James Gordon Bennetts, and the O'Hallorans. Say, Eddie! don't forget to make Tom Boreen tell you about what was said in Dublin of my riding—you remember—with the Professor in Paris last year. You'll have to hold somebody's arm very tight around your waist, though, to prevent your injuring your health with laughing."

"Hush, Lydia!" cried Eliza, placing her hand over L. B.'s laughing lips, and getting it bitten and then kissed for her pains.

"To interrupt a woman when she's talking is a good deal more risky than to 'speak to the man at the wheel' on those nasty, jumpy, corky little Channel steamers. Whenever will they make real ports of Boulogne and Folkestone, and put into service a few of the splendid sea-sickness-proof gassigoes, such as we're building at Newport News?"

"When there's a Legion in France and another in England."

"You'll be a grandmother, Eddie, before Cousin John and Friend Jules will make up their minds that Uncle Sam is not quite such a fool as they now think he looks with his District No. 1."

"How dreadfully you put things, Lydia."

"How? Oh! I see—I must really reply, with Dick Western, 'dreadfully your grandmother!' I presume you'll admit that, if you marry, I am warranted in supposing grandmaternity to be at least within the bounds of possibility?"

"And to *that*, I must really reply, with your Mr. Simms, 'It's practical, ain't it?'"

While the two girls are recovering from their lapse into mutual laughter and kisses, I may express a doubt whether if she had thought the conversation would one day be printed, Eddie would have reported it so faithfully when she subsequently talked over the scenes, both wild and mirthful, that mingled with the sunshine, storm, and stress of those fate-laden days. I am but a plain citizen and humble scribe, and do not profess to much gyneosophy; but Cuyler, the Cornelius of the thirteen kisses, assures me that no woman is so lovely as not to be able to crack a joke upon occasion, and that even the most prudish of blue-stockings and the most camel-kneed devotees have some knowledge, be it but theoretical, of the world, the flesh, and the devil. He argues, therefore (I have consulted him with respect to most of the perplexing points of this plain narrative), that were I to mention only the high-level graces and feats and words of L. B. and E. D., I should do the dear girls quite as great an injustice (for all departure from truth is, strictly, injustice) as though I were to describe them as hump-backed and bandy-legged.

"Speaking of that Simms," resumed Eddie, "I declare I'm afraid of him. And a little fellow called Warner, too. They were at church yesterday morning, and in the afternoon they called here. Warner looked at me in the *rudest* way. I was quite angry; only poor, dear Henry was so jealous that it did me good to see him. And that Simms

put teeth in almost every word he said. I believe both of them are Henry's enemies; although Henry is quite a stranger to them, and we can't think of any cause of hostility, or even hard feeling."

"Have you asked the opinion of a very clear-sighted, frank, and plain-spoken friend, Eddie?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"The looking-glass."

"Nonsense, Lyddie! That's what Henry suggested; and I told him the idea was so preposterous that he must be getting light-headed."

"And what did he reply?"

"He didn't say anything."

"Didn't his lips move?"

"I didn't see them move."

"There are other senses than sight, Eddie."

Hereupon more laughter and embracing.

"But, honor bright, Lyddie," said E. D., "do you think I am just a little bit pretty and passable?"

"You're not passable. Don't you remember, when we were out walking or riding together in Paris and London, how *every* human being of the male persuasion, whether boy, youth, dandy, bachelor, paterfamilias, or grandfather, used to stop and stare? Your red hair was the danger signal, and your face was the danger. I'm going to write to Grand Councilor Cuyler and get him to collect some statistics for me. I'll be bound that the number of suicides and lunatics in France and England shows a great and alarming increase ever since E. D. was allowed to go about unveiled."

"Oh!—And Oh!—And Oh! Why, it wasn't *me* they were looking at, at all! It was *you*, YOU, YOU, all the time! I declare I've often cried with delight when I saw the perfect worship you were receiving—I wish you could stand off a little way from yourself, Lyddie, and see yourself just like I can. There are some things a looking-glass can't tell you. Take your eyes, for example. You can't look

at yourself in the same way that you can look at other people."

"Seriously, though," continued E. D., "I wish you would pay a visit to Colonel Birnie's camp, and take the opportunity of forming your own opinion as to these two men, Simms and Warner. I'll admit, if you like, that they may have taken a little bit of a fancy for me; for, if Henry has done so, I can't say it's impossible for anybody else to act in a similar manner. But there's more in the matter than a passable face and some odious red hair. If you had heard the questions they put to Henry, and if you had seen the way in which that Simms looked at the poor boy, you'd feel just as uneasy as I do. When they see *you* they'll forget *me*, and——"

"Isn't that assuming a good deal? Isn't it assuming that a comparison will become possible? *Va pour les yeux! Va aussi pour les cheveux! Mais—que voulez vous, ma mie?*"

"*Jambe fine ne peut se nier, ma petite,*" replied Eliza, laughing afresh; and then she added, "but all that's *your* business, dearie, and may very safely be left to your discretion. What I am concerned about is that you shall put your best foot foremost on my behalf."

"I may unconsciously have done so already; that is to say, if my stirrup-foot is really the better of the two. In other words, while I was on horseback in the park this evening, I made Mr. Warner's acquaintance, and took the liberty of summing him up in my own mind."

Lydia then gave an account of the meeting, and of the impression she had formed from her conversation with Merritt.

"I guess," said Eddie, "he exclaimed to himself, '*Vera sede patuit dea!*'"

"His latinity was, I judge, equal to the exertion; but I must be permitted to doubt whether he could forget *you* quite so quickly, dear, even if, like a modern Brennus, I did put my best foot into the scale."

"Ought you not to say 'like a modern Simms,' Lyddie?"

"Oh! Oh! 'Take the—dreadful word—thing down, sir!' Wasn't it screamingly funny to see poor Dick? But I *must* stop laughing. My sides are getting *so* sore. And it would do no good to rub them with any of *your* elbow-grease, Eddie."

This produced a further explosion of mirth of so vehement a character that a hurrying figure in the garden paused for a moment to listen in the full moonlight.

"What's that?" whispered Lydia, sobered in a moment, and pointing into the garden, while she grasped E. D.'s arm.

"It's Dick Westeron," replied Eliza, who was also sobered. "There! He's gone! I wonder what he's doing? That reminds me of something I wanted to tell you. Last night I sat here for a long time——"

"Building castles in the air?"

"I suppose so, darling. You'll do the same before long. Well, it was dreadfully late—right in the middle of the night—and, all at once, I saw a man walk across the grass in the moonlight, just like Dick Westeron did a minute ago. And who do you think it was?"

"I can't guess for the life of me."

"It was that man Simms! At least I feel sure it was. I was *so* frightened. I thought all sorts of dreadful things about Henry being stabbed, and so on. I couldn't rest until I knew. So I crept quietly downstairs and listened at Henry's door. He was asleep."

"How did you know?"

"He—he—he was snoring," replied Eliza, in some confusion.

"Has he a well-pronounced, formidable kind of snore?" Lydia managed to ask, in spite of the handkerchief which she was cramming into her mouth.

"Eh? Oh! You mean, horrid, beautiful angel of

mischief!" exclaimed Eliza, once more laughing till she cried.

Finally, she explained that she had very gently opened Henry's door and found him sound asleep and unharmed. The window of his room was open, as usual during the summer nights, and nothing exceptional was noticeable. In the morning, though, she found that some of the creepers beside the window were broken, and she was sure that there was some garden-mold on the carpet of the room. She had said nothing to Henry, or, indeed, to anybody, about the incident, but had determined, before she retired to rest on the succeeding (that was to say, the present) night, that she would bring two of the watch-dogs from the farmyard to the garden and let them roam about near Henry's window, even if the flower-beds should suffer more or less.

"That's good, Eddie!" said Lydia; "and you may as well prepare a little trap in addition. Put a long contact piece on the ground underneath Henry's window, so that it must be trodden upon by any one attempting to enter. Connect it with an electric bell by your bedstead. Have your pistol ready, and if you be awakened by a midnight tinkling, go quietly to this window and bring down, or at least wing, the night-hawk."

"It's a little horrid; but I'll do it," replied Eliza, looking like a veritable lioness in defence of her cub.

"I doubt, though," resumed Lydia, "that you will be called upon to show that your right arm can equal your left elbow in prowess, my dear."

Here she was stifled into silence by the satirized arms and by a bosom as soft as her own.

While these confidences were being exchanged upstairs, other events of equal importance and more gravity were taking place below, in Wyndham's room.

On the departure of the two girls Boreen walked softly to the window and watched for Westeron's arrival. The well-known, burly form was soon descried making its way across

the lawn. On its reaching the window, Boreen extended a hand. Grasping this, Westeron placed his toes on the plinth of brickwork that formed the base of the house wall, and, holding the window-sill with his disengaged hand, he swung himself up to and in through the window noiselessly and quickly. He had evidently not forgotten his whilom exploits as "one of the finest."

The room was feebly illuminated by an electric lamp, around the bulb of which Eliza had fastened a piece of rose-colored silk. A second, and unlighted, lamp stood on a table by the bedside, and was connected with the wall by a long, flexible double wire, which thus admitted of any desired change of position. This Boreen took from the table, and, placing it under the bed, near the foot, turned the switch. A bright light was immediately produced in such a manner as not to illumine the sleeping man's face.

This done, Westeron rapidly took Wyndham's clothes from the hook on the wall and placed them on the floor. Both men then set to work to examine them thoroughly, feeling the cloth and lining all over to make sure that nothing was sewn up or otherwise concealed; and, after this, they examined the pockets.

The trousers were completely infructuose.

The waistcoat yielded a small pocket-knife, a pencil, a dime and a new *eagle*.

Westeron and Boreen looked at each other silently, but their silence was eloquent.

The coat had three pockets. In two of these nothing was found. The third contained the mysterious documents.

They were manuscripts in Spanish, a language which was not understood by either Boreen or Westeron. But one of the papers was illustrated by two photographic portraits printed on thin paper and pasted to the certificate; for such seemed to be the nature of the document. The first of these portraits was recognized by the two searchers as being that of young Wyndham. The other was the likeness

of a fine-looking man in the uniform of a Spanish military officer.

"Here's something else," whispered Destiny, as he felt carefully in the pocket which had produced the Spanish document.

He drew it forth. It was a closely and even minutely folded paper, which, on being carefully opened out, proved to be an oblong white document, ornamented with an engraved tracery of intricate red lines and bearing a voluminous inscription in letters and figures of blue.

It was an International Note for one thousand dollars!

Westeron instantly produced a note-book from his own pocket. He opened it at the page containing the list he had received from Merritt of the numbers of the International Notes delivered by the Legion Bank to Michael Smith.

Among the numbers was 11,033,475. And this was the number borne by the note taken from Wyndham's pocket!

Just at this moment the laughter, which had long been heard at intervals resounding from the room overhead, became more strident and rang out in a peal which, albeit delightfully musical, was so loud that Henry Wyndham moved uneasily in his bed and muttered a few broken words.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE O—— T—— AND M—— B——

The powers of the air were already foregathering. It was July 1st, and, five days later, the now historic storm of July 6, 1907, was to descend from the Black Mountain between Asheville and Hendersonville in the far Southeast. The gloriously painted sunset sky had given place to a dully-luminous and almost solid-seeming roof of green, in which the moon and stars shone with a new and weird luster. The pleasant coolness of the evening was gone. There was tension in the air when breathed. Sounds

were strangely muffled and even conveyed the impression of being sluggish. There was no wind or breeze, and yet a minute observation showed that leaves were moving, that flowers were swaying, and that the branches of great trees were rising and falling.

"Why are you so silent, Lydia?" asked Tom Boreen, as their horses walked slowly up the ascent from Pigeon River. "You were merry enough and voluble enough in Eliza's room not long ago."

"It was in sympathy with her, and despite myself," replied Lydia, very gravely. "A-ah!"

"Why that fathomless sigh?"

"I know no more than you do."

"I could sigh, too."

"And do you feel frightened, Tom?" asked Lydia quickly, but in a low tone.

"Faith, not the laste bit!" replied Tom, with a briskness that had an artificial sound.

"The sunset to-night, Tom, was more than of this earth!"

"Its refractive phenomena showed something unusual in the state of the atmosphere."

"I wonder how many more sunsets I shall see?"

"Great God, Lydia, what are you saying?"

"If I were not on horseback, Tom, I should cry."

It was a pity that the light was not sufficient to allow Boreen to see the touching, tear-laden blue eyes, with their delightful puckering, as Lydia the sprite kissed Lydia the angel.

"It's the change of weather, mavourneen. There's Dismal in the air to-night."

"And Dirge and Dree, too," whispered the girl. "Don't you feel them?"

Tom laid his hand upon the little glove that held both whip and rein. It was trembling.

"Now, by the powers, L. B., you're not yourself at all! 'Tis no plain Tom Boreen that should prayscribe for

Denis Dereham! But he'll vinture to recomind a change of thought. What did I promise in the laboratory this afternoon, Lydia?"

"To tell me who and what you are," replied L. B., brightening.

"That did I. And, now we're at the top of the hill, let us canter to the park and go round that way instead of by the road. It will be a little longer, but quieter, and I've a power of a tale to till ye."

The canter succeeded. Lydia's spirits underwent a great change. She no longer seemed oppressed, and it was with many an exclamation of vivid interest that she listened to Boreen's story.

One of these days, perhaps, I may be tempted to set pen to paper, and, with Tom's permission, give to the world, in my clumsy way, the inner history of the events that preceded and constituted the Kerry Campaign. Such a history will come as a surprise to many people, and will, I think, prove deeply interesting to all. If for no other reason than to learn how Kathleen O'Grady and Rose Gallagher laughed, talked, looked, and—*acted*, I shall be sure, at least, of a legence numbering every young man of heart and spirit. But were I to attempt the task at the present moment I should be introducing a subject foreign to my purpose of simply dealing with what took place in District No. I.

It seems that Tom Boreen had lost both his parents under distressing circumstances, and while he himself was a young lad. His father, Sir Patrick Boreen, was the descendant of a chieftain who had ruled over a vast tract of Connaught, and was one of the few Irishmen who retained a large estate dating back to pre-Cromwellian times. He had served as Mayor of Limerick during the year of the completion of the works for improving the navigation of the Shannon, and had then been knighted. Soon afterward the first of the Kerry plots was discovered, and, rightly or wrongly, Sir Patrick Boreen was deemed one of the conspirators, was

arrested, and was imprisoned as a "suspect" without trial. The jail that received him was infamously notorious for numerous outbreaks of typhoid fever, and in one of these Sir Patrick perished. He had taken to wife a certain Miss Emily O'Grady, the handsomest girl and the most daring rider in the whole county of Clare. Marriage abated naught either from her beauty or from her equestrian spirit. She dutifully gave birth to a strapping little cherub, who promised to rival his parents in good looks, and then, when she had made no inconsiderable progress toward a repetition of the feat, she managed to strike instead of topping a stone wall. Her horse was killed outright, and she herself lived but an hour after the shock.

Young Tom was brought up by his maternal uncle, Phelim O'Grady, the father of the subsequently celebrated Kathleen, whose name is now a household word through the whole length and breadth of Ireland, and, indeed, wherever an Irish man or woman is to be found. I had the honor (I sincerely deem it such) of conversing with her so recently as ten days previous to the date of this present writing; and, in spite of her thirty-five years of life such as few have lived, I found her as gay, as beautiful, and as bewitching as she is said to have been during the ever-memorable five years from 1900 to 1905. But, if I am asked how the Irish Kathleen stands in comparison with the American Lydia, I reply that the field of comparison has its limits. Our L. B. stood, and will forever stand, beyond those limits, just as, indeed, she stood, and will forever stand, beyond the bounds of language itself. Several times, already, during the course of this narrative, I have literally dashed my pen down on the table and sworn, in good Flanders style, at my inability to find words or expressions capable of depicting the soul-compelling Lydia, with her dear, dear face, her voice of Eden, and her glance of transcendent bliss.

I grow garrulous. My years excuse me, but all of my readers may not. Cuyler will. So will Boreen, and the

whilom Wyndham, and our divinity of the red, red hair, to whom we still bend the knee.

Tom and Kathleen grew up together, learning, playing, laughing, quarreling, fighting, kissing, and making it up. Then, Tom went to school, first to Maynooth, next and finally to Trinity College, Dublin. His uncle Phelim was the guardian of his estate, which, in spite of all rent-legislation, yielded a comfortable income.

Then came what was inevitable. In the hearts of all the patriots that dwell along the western coast, Sir Patrick's son and heir was acknowledged as the rightful "Ri," or King; and to the beautiful Kathleen—already wielding her scepter—was committed the task of arousing his national feeling and soul of high emprise. Needless to say, she succeeded. Tom became the leader of the Western division of the O——T—— (I frankly confess I am afraid to be more explicit), and managed matters so adroitly that he remained unsuspected by the Government until he suddenly left Dublin and openly took the field. Here he acquitted himself with remarkable skill and vigor, and with greater success than cool, outside observers were prepared for. Among the daring feats of arms he performed, the one that gave him most pleasure was the sudden march by which he surprised and destroyed the jail in which his father had died.

After the campaign he took refuge in Paris, where he occupied himself in preparing the way for a second rising; and then he came to the United States to concert similar measures among his countrymen, many of whom had served with him in the field, and all of whom had aided the Irish cause either by monetary subscriptions or in some other way.

He explained to Lydia how he was well enough aware of being continually watched by emissaries and agents of the British Government, and how he had baffled them by turning his old studies to account, and entering the medical profession. This enabled him to visit people by day and night,

and to travel from place to place, attending consultations, without permitting the English spies to discover whether such visits and movements were professional or political.

The Newport News establishments had long attracted his attention as presenting an opportunity of suddenly dispatching a formidable expedition, and the word had been passed to every American "Mac T——" enrolled in the fighting division of the O—— T——, to gradually make his way to District No. I, and, whenever possible, to get himself billeted to a post at Newport News. This was done very successfully, and, without anything being known to us of the Grand Council, some thousands of determined men had assembled, under our wing and supported by our pay, waiting for the time of action against a nation with whom the United States was at peace.

Boreen had been appointed to Newport News when he first joined the medical department of the Legion, and for more than a year he had enjoyed an excellent opportunity of perfecting the plans of the O—— T——. To avoid chance disclosures, the organization was always spoken of as a lottery, and subscriptions to the fighting fund were collected by the sale of numbered tickets, which purported to be issued by a lottery company in Hayti, but which the initiated understood would be accepted at twice their face value as payment for confiscated land in Ireland on the O—— T——. proving successful.

At length, signs were noted by Boreen of his being under surveillance of a greatly intensified description, directed by a new attaché of the British embassy at Washington—the individual in question being none other, indeed, than our friend, Sir Charles Heriot, who had occupied an important position in the International Department of the British Secret Service, and who had received a diplomatic appointment in order to facilitate his work in this country. Of course, neither Cuyler nor Merritt nor I knew anything of this at the time, and we of the Council had no reason for supposing that Boreen's

application to be transferred from Newport News to Clyde had any motive other than his desire to be with his old chum, Richard Westeron.

"So, you see, Lydia," said Boreen, "what a rebellious, filibustering, buccaneering sort of fellow I am."

"*De patriis virtutibus non est disputandum*," replied Lydia. "To be perfectly candid with you, Tom, I fail to understand how Ireland would be better off as an independent republic or T—— than she is, at the present time, as a State of the English Federation. I know she is *called* a 'Province' and not a 'State'; and she has not the exact form and appearance of autonomy, or, better, authegemony, that we see in, for example, North Carolina. But she has, in all essential respects, freedom as great, and self-government as complete. I dare say even you would deem the North Carolinians unwise in desiring and attempting to free their necks from the Union yoke. In all consistency you should expect me to form the same opinion of yourself and your *Macca T*——. But, I repeat, *de patriis virtutibus non est disputandum*."

"You seem to have a very poor opinion of me," said Tom, gloomily.

"Pray don't think *that* for a moment. I have so good an opinion of you that I feel honored by your friendship, Tom. And your wild deeds command my admiration when I think of their high motives and splendid execution. You must remember that you are not one of the world's unknown quantities. The American papers had plenty to say about you in 1905, in spite of our own 'little difficulty' with Spain. Naturally, I have never known the details and secret springs you have told me about to-night, and I had little idea of the nature and extent of your leadership. But, perhaps, because I was a 'medico' myself, I took very great interest in the dashing young Dublin physician, who so speedily developed into an army chieftain. I think you will understand my feeling after next Thursday."

"What do you mean, Lydia?" asked Boreen, eagerly.

"Thursday is the Fourth of July. Our good, tolerant, whimsical Clyde folk insist upon my being the orator of the day. So I am going to say something which will astonish a good many people by its matter, even though its manner may leave much to be desired."

"And afterward?"

"Well?"

"When I shall understand your views, may I declare my own?"

Lydia rode on a few paces in silence. Then she said, in a voice which seemed to vibrate as though one of the strings of her soul had been touched:

"We will adjourn this matter of conversation, Tom, until after the Fourth."

Boreen, high-spirited and boldly resolute as he was, felt the influence of the grave, almost sad, demeanor.

"Be it so, macree," he said. And then, making an effort to regain his ordinary cheerful tone, he added:

"I've something more to tell you. Within the past fortnight the O—— T—— has sustained a terrible blow. A large consignment of arms and ammunition was to have been landed at the ruins of Kilkee for the *Macca*. All that remained for completion was the payment of the agreed money—a million dollars to the French contractors. The money had been subscribed. It has now been stolen, and our trusted agent who had charge of it has been murdered. Imagine the state of my mind."

"You heard of it at Waynesville?"

"How do you know that?"

"When you returned I saw by your face and manner that you had been made ill at ease; and since then I have seen you frowning and scowling at your own thoughts often."

"You have watched me so closely as all that, Lydia?"

"Watching becomes instinctive when——" Here L. B. checked herself.

"When what?" asked Boreen, in a voice which was pleadingly low.

Again Lydia rode on without answering. Presently she said:

"Forgive my seeming rudeness—it is but seeming—and proceed with what you were about to tell me."

Tom resolutely gulped down a sigh of mammoth proportions, and resumed:

"Yes. I received a telegram from Newport News, asking me to go to Waynesville and there await one of our principal agents. He told me of the robbery and presumed murder."

"Presumed?"

"We were waiting for you."

"For me, Tom?" cried Lydia in a tone of the most animated surprise, much to the relief of Boreen, who was feeling very uneasy at the somber change which had come over the normally gay and *insouciant* L. B.

"Yes, for *you*! And if the sharp wits of Dr. Blauenfeld had not been brought into requisition the murder might have remained forever undiscovered."

"You don't mean to say that the Michael Smith I examined the other day was your agent."

"Yes, I do. He was the ablest conspirator I ever met or heard of. He was born for it. His real name was Brian O'Brien; and when the history of the O—— T—— comes to be written you will find that name greener than any other. He was the Ri of our Eastern division, and came to this country from Paris with me. We soon fell in with the M—— B——."

"That means the '——,' does it not?"

"Yes. What a wonderful storehouse of knowledge your little brain must be, Lydia."

"That's nothing. It simply shows I have read a little Irish history and have retained a few Irish words in my memory."

(To be continued.)



Editorial

Opposition to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty

THERE has been much exaggerated fuss and flutter by certain American journals over the pending treaty between the United States and Great Britain. Secretary Hay himself has been touched up by the cartoonist's pencil for supposed Anglomania, and the treaty, if we were to believe all that is said against it in some quarters, might be deemed a veritable surrender to the enemy.

This is all nonsense, of course, and these journals have simply been making an exhibition of hysterical patriotism. There has always been the danger, however, that this opposition might become strong enough to force amendments to the treaty that England could not stomach, and that thereby the building of the canal would be delayed. It may be that it is this very consummation for which some people are devoutly hoping. There are interests in the United States which the canal would not benefit. These may be the backbone of the opposition and its amendatory programme. Mr. Hay may be the butt of skillful lobbyists rather than unselfish patriots.

Loot

The occupation of Peking has shown how lightly Western civilization has veneered primal acquisitive propensities. Peking furnishes a new chapter in the history of looting, a new argument that human nature is the same the world

over, whether hidden beneath the yellow skin of the Asiatic or the whiter cuticle of the European. The looting of Peking shows that Western honesty is not even skin-deep, like beauty, for all restraint was apparently thrown off, and in the great game of grab every one played his part. It is true that the United States and Great Britain officially condemned looting by forbidding their troops to take without remuneration any article from a Chinaman or Chinese building, but that order is so easily evaded as to be practically without effect. The method of evading it is, according to trustworthy authority, as simple as it is effective. Whenever an officer or soldier discovers a Chinaman with an article that pleases his fancy, he takes that article, gives the man a small coin, and in as forcible a manner as is necessary requests him to put his mark on an already prepared receipt. The Chinaman does so because he knows it's the wisest thing to do. Charming! Foreigners of all classes, from officials to hangers-on, men, women, and children, have been engaged in the great game of looting, to the profit of the looter and the distress of the lootee and the shame of European civilization.

And the European powers, who went to China in the name of humanity and the interests of justice, who have sent their missionaries to preach the gospel of good-will to men, who profess a greater and higher civilization than the Chinese, how do these powers appear in Chinese eyes? How do they reconcile their professions with their performances? Can Christ's kingdom be spread in China by the people who show the Chinese this admirable devotion to the commandment "Thou shalt not steal"?

Lancashire's Peril

London papers are pointing out the perils confronting the cotton-spinning industries of Lancashire and urge remedies believed to be feasible, though it is admitted that Lancashire mill-owners and operatives have been so long accus-

tomed to taking things easy that there seems some danger of their not reading the signs of the times until too late for remedial measures. The facts are that of late years several countries which used to be large consumers have become more or less self-supplying. Owing to labor being far cheaper and the raw materials close at hand, Indian and Japanese manufacturers are able to undersell some British goods in Eastern markets, and the most formidable competition is threatened by the United States. Not many years ago Lancashire took three-fourths of the raw cotton produced in the Southern States, but owing to increased local consumption that proportion has now dwindled to about one-fourth. Two remedies are urgently advocated: securing a permanently adequate supply of raw cotton and reducing the cost of manufacturing to prevent underselling in foreign markets. These are certainly necessities if Lancashire is to hold her own in this field, but unfortunately there does not appear to be any definite idea as to how these are to be accomplished. As said before, the Lancashire mill-owners and operatives appear to be taking the matter very easy, though it is certain that unless the problem can be satisfactorily solved both mill-owners and operatives must inevitably be reduced to very sore straits.

Editorial Notes

IN an editorial, touching on South African matters, the December *ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE* noted the large importation of American goods into South Africa, and remarked that British manufacturers were fearful lest Americans supply the South African colonies with railroad as well as mining supplies. Now it is India that is occasioning worry. The Calcutta Port Commissioners recently invited tenders for locomotives. The lowest English tender quoted £1,544 for each locomotive, and wanted nine months to complete the order. The lowest American tender quoted £1,200, and asked for six months. The American offer was accepted. This is more Anglo-Americanism—from a commercial standpoint, this time.

THE President's message at the opening of Congress on December 4th was long, and covered in detail American national affairs to date. It contained, however, no surprises, and but few recommendations. Presidential messages nowadays seem to be historical rather than recommendatory. They are too long for ordinary reading, and not always interesting. Unless some special subject of interest is before the public, a message is largely "skipped" over by the average citizen. If it were only as short as the Queen's message sometimes is, it would stand a better chance of being read through.

ACCORDING to the latest census of France, the number of marriages in that country in 1899 was only 295,000. Are we to suppose from this the French people do not love one another? But if this be the sad truth, how are we to reconcile it with the fact that during the same period only 7,179 divorces took place in France? From the latter fact we conclude, on the contrary, that love is not absent in the French breast—or else there is a happy ignorance of Dakota (U. S. A.) divorce statutes.

BY all means let us have a lower postal rate between Great Britain and the United States. With cheaper postage Anglo-American correspondence will increase; increase in quantity of matter will necessitate improvement and increase of facilities. Increase of facilities of communication will do much toward making Anglo-American friendship stronger. It is said, however, that Great Britain favors cheaper postage and the United States does not. Fie, Mr. Postmaster-General!

QUITE appropriately, just before Christmas both Uncle Sam and John Bull went after Turkey. A newspaper account says: "Great Britain Duns Turkey." Britannia is not the only one; Turkey has been "done" before. Likewise, has "done" others.

ENGLAND'S naval strength has long been her pride; her sons love the water; many of them follow the sea. Perhaps that's why so many of them in South Africa just now are following De Wet.

THE Boers may be anachronistic in some ways, but in one thing, at least, the British are their humble followers. In retreating the Boers always lead.

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, the Dutch, though not Catholics, are very earnest Paulists.

BY whom are Holland's present troubles occasioned? By Oom.

Personal and Incidental

THE SETTLEMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA

THE plans for settlement of the South African problem have been outlined in the special session of the English Parliament called for the purpose of voting further supplies. The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, spoke for the Government, and his lucid statements disarmed the Opposition.

At the outset Mr. Chamberlain admitted that the subject was one of the greatest and most urgent importance. The intentions of the Government had already been announced ; but he was able to add something to what had been said. Paying his respects to the Opposition, he devoted some little attention to the section that held the war in South Africa to have been unjust and clamor for the restoration to independence of the two former republics. Another section, he said, believes that annexation must now be considered an accomplished fact, and that England should at once establish self-government, on the lines of the self-governing colonies, in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony.

"The Government think it impossible that reasonable men should ask us to fix any time to-day when self-government can be granted," he said. "At the same time we are prepared to lay down three definite objects as the main and principal objects of the Government. They must be carried out successively. One stage must be concluded before we can possibly commence the second, and so on with the third. In the first place, we want to put an end to this guerrilla warfare."

He then dealt exhaustively with the measures now being taken to attain this end, and treated the question of farm burnings at length.

The second point was the substitution of civic for military administration of government. He denied the possibility of supplanting the military administration with self-government. There must be an intermediate stage. "For the sake of giving it a name we call it Crown Colony government. Every one knows that there are many kinds of Crown Colony government. Our view is that there must be three stages: The pacification, I won't say absolute or complete, but a much greater pacification than has yet taken place. Then must come the Crown Colony government, which really means a civil as opposed to a military administration. Only after that has been tried can self-government be adopted. . . . It is not well to prophesy under the circumstances; but it may be sufficient if I say that I hope very shortly—indeed before the House meets again—something in the nature of civil administration may have been established in the Orange River Colony and in the Transvaal. . . . It is our intention to recommend to her Majesty to appoint Sir Alfred Milner as Governor of the two colonies. We propose to appoint a Lieutenant-Governor for the Orange River Colony. We propose that both the Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor shall have the assistance of an executive council, which will consist at all events of the principal officers of the Government. . . . To one point we attach the utmost importance, that is, the earliest possible creation of municipalities. We propose that there shall be municipal government for Pretoria, Bloemfontein, and Johannesburg, and probably for some other centers, and to those we hope to be able to delegate all the powers usually delegated to local authorities."

Mr. Chamberlain then stated the intention of the Government to draw as far as they possibly could upon the white Afrikaner population for the purposes of local administration, and he promised that throughout South Africa there should be equal laws, equal liberty, not indeed political independence, but a liberty and constitution leading ultimately to the self-government which all desired to see working as soon as possible.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The *Daily Express* of London said on December 10, 1900: "The announcement that committees are to be formed in every large city in the United States to organize arrangements for the Alfred the Great celebration of next year is very significant. Alfred, after his thousand years of fame, remains to-day what he has ever been—the hero of the English people.

"Every child in every school, elementary and otherwise, is taught to regard him as the greatest of our warriors, saintly heroes, and rulers. He is the embodiment of the national idea of what a perfect hero and a perfect king should be; he is nothing if not English to the core and marrow.

"Twenty years or so since, the people of Alfred's native place in Wessex celebrated the unveiling by a member of the royal family of the noble statue to the great king in the market-place of Wantage; next year the whole of our land will acclaim his greatness and goodness.

"The national idea of kingship has perhaps been a good deal modified during the thousand years of English history which are now closing. The ruler of to-day might be called the child of her people, whereas Alfred seems rather to have been their father. This admittedly is not the idea of Alfred's position formed by Mr. Freeman, the greatest of all the authorities on that early time in England, but it is the idea which most of us grow up with.

"Yet, no matter how much our notions of kingship may have changed, the fact remains that Alfred the man appeals to every English child and grown-up person to-day because he was so absolutely English.

"No one can separate Alfred from his country, or celebrate his anniversary without celebrating England herself. The Americans in Pennsylvania, with whom the Alfredian movement in the States has started, must recognize this. Americans, as a whole, will recognize it when the celebrations by and by take place, but we do not believe that this will interfere with the heartiness of the movement.

"Mr. Chamberlain has at least once in the last few years openly proclaimed himself in favor of an alliance between the two countries. His declarations have not been very favorably received on either side of the Atlantic; it is believed, however, that he adheres firmly to his spoken words, and still desires a close union.

"But surely there is no need at all for paper treaties, defensive or offensive, between two friendly nations who can celebrate each other's heroes and each other's greatest national anniversaries. Good feeling between two countries 'broad based upon a people's will,' is better, because it is so far more durable and heartfelt than any secret State treaty.

"Give us, in these days, the good will of the democracies of foreign countries rather than the thin politeness and the studied notes of their diplomats. In America and in France there are democracies, and we should make it our business to get at them and to cultivate them."

HONORING BULLER THE TENACIOUS

England has not yet done acclaiming the man who in English eyes typifies that dogged tenacity and pertinacity which are believed to be peculiarly English.

Sir Redvers Buller has come home from South Africa (the first of the generals who fought through the war to return), and England has given him greeting and welcome in her own particular hearty fashion.

If the dark days of the South African trouble are remembered, and it is recalled that the gallant general was superseded, it is only to make the welcome a little the warmer, only to praise a little more ardently the qualities that Englishmen profess to love: steadiness in adversity, perseverance in defeat, and persistency until the object aimed at is attained.

And in his own manly fashion Sir Redvers Buller gives the credit to his men, takes upon himself the blame wherever blame is awarded, and with erect head acknowledges that by his failure to do what was expected of him in the

time he was given to do it, he was rightly superseded in the supreme command.

A very manly figure is Sir Redvers Buller, and his countrymen are right to be proud of him. Strong in adversity and modest in success, he is a good specimen of the men who have accomplished great things for their country.

A POINTER FOR THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

Editor Anglo-American Magazine :

I think that few have grasped the real situation regarding the landslide to the Republican party in the last vote. There has been, is, and will be for many years an immense number of voters who have previously used the franchise in some portion of the British Empire. The best element of both great parties in this country favor cordial relations with the governments of all lands where the English language is spoken. Consequently the Roman Catholic Irish gun which Mr. Bryan fired at his opponents proved most effective in its recoil. In my humble opinion no political party in any English-speaking country can win an election upon a platform inimical to the interests of and good fellowship with all of like tongue.

Therefore I conclude that, whereas the great mass of foreign voters, or those who have voted in other English-speaking countries, are not controlled by party ties, but set up their own gods, and, whereas the declared enmity of the great Democratic leader to the land of their former allegiance has been received by them in a spirit of open mutiny and revolt, therefore the probabilities are that whatever reorganization the Democrats may inflict upon their party they will no more rule over the affairs of these United States until such time as they have not only eliminated from their platform and speeches every trace of ill feeling toward any member of the race to which we belong, but have convinced the people that their conversion is not assumed for the sake of office. The interests of civilization demand the unification of the race, and every intelligent

and dispassionate man knows it, and is unwilling to tear down that which has so lately been built. I am convinced that when the whole course of events has been carefully considered, this conclusion will be reached : that it was not the free coinage question nor the imperialist one that defeated Bryan, but the stern determination to prevent any discordant elements entering the present harmonious dealings between Anglo-Saxons.

ALBERT GREENWOOD.

Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

MORE ANGLICAN ANNEXATION

United States Consul-General Bray sends from Melbourne articles taken from the Melbourne *Argus* regarding the extension of the boundaries of the colony of New Zealand and annexation of the Cook and Savage groups of islands, and indicating the contemplated action of the government of New Zealand in establishing a self-government in the Fiji Islands when, as is anticipated, there will be an effort made by New Zealand to annex the Fijis. This move on the part of the government of New Zealand in attempting to annex the Fiji Islands, says Mr. Bray, in a United States Consular Report, is being opposed by the other colonies, and especially by the citizens of Sydney, New South Wales, who fear, in the event of the annexation by New Zealand, that the tariffs would greatly retard the commerce now existing between the colonies and Fiji.

The allotment of the principal islands in the South Pacific is now complete. The first thing that strikes the eye is the preponderance of British possessions and interests. Germany, France, Holland, and the United States are also represented ; but all their territories reckoned together compare insignificantly with those of England. Australia is and always must be in population, wealth, and trade the dominating power in this part of the world ; but England also has New Zealand, Tasmania, part of New Guinea, Fiji, Tonga, most of the Solomons, the Cook and Savage groups, and a few of the minor islands. Germany has part of New

Guinea, the Bismarck Archipelago (off New Britain), the two principal islands of Samoa, one of the largest of the Solomons, and, north of the equator, the Caroline and Marshall groups. France has New Caledonia, the Loyalty Islands, and, eastward of the Cook group, Tahiti. Holland has part of New Guinea. The United States has one of the islands of Samoa, and, north of the equator and halfway between Samoa and California, Hawaii. And the New Hebrides are under the joint control of England and France. So there will be five European powers competing for the trade of the islands which are scattered over the South Seas.

New Zealand's apparent idea is to establish a federation which shall embrace herself, Fiji, Tonga, and the Cook and Savage groups. Originally it was hoped to include Samoa, but Germany and the United States have secured that group.

Fiji has been a Crown colony for many years. It has a trade amounting to three-quarters of a million, a population of 120,000, and has been industrially developed by the Colonial Sugar Refinery Company, which employs several thousands of Indian coolies on its plantations. The European population is desirous of coming under the rule either of the Commonwealth of Australia or of New Zealand. A movement definitely favoring the latter is now afoot in the group. Geographically, union with New Zealand has an advantage over union with Australia.

The action of the New Zealand parliament, which was evidently in accord with a carefully premeditated policy on the part of the government, and must have been sanctioned by the imperial authorities, does not, to any serious degree, extend the boundaries of British influence. The Cook Islands have enjoyed British protection, exercised latterly by New Zealand, for a dozen years, and the Savage Islands are only important on account of their geographical position. They are now brought within the political boundaries of New Zealand, and the Governor of that colony is performing the necessary ceremonies o

annexation. The system of administering Maori affairs will be applied to them, and they will have representation in the New Zealand parliament. Fiji is in a different position. She must first get self-government, and will then, if the scheme goes well, federate with New Zealand. The remaining British territories in the South Pacific will probably become dependencies of the Commonwealth—at least, their geographical position suggests that destiny for them.

CANADA AND RECIPROCITY

If there ever should be any improved trade relations between Canada and the United States, remarks the *Montreal Daily Star*, it will be for business and not sentimental reasons. The Anglo-Saxon unity idea will never make the neighboring Republic forego one jot or tittle of what it considers its interests, for the sake of reciprocity. We hope to see Canada act on similar business principles in a business manner. In many lines of commerce reciprocity might be had with advantage to both. While for years we offered our neighbors reciprocity in a generous list of articles, conditions are changing, and in many instances it would be more to the lasting advantage of Canada to work up her raw products at home. This may make us competitors with the United States, but we cannot afford to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water to any country. In a word, though improved trade relations are always desirable between two adjacent countries, reciprocity is not nearly of as great importance to Canada as was once thought.

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT FOR MANCHESTER

The corporation of Manchester, England, has secured the loan of the unique educational exhibit which the American Government sent to the Paris Exposition. The corporation sent Mr. Reynolds, the director of technical education in Manchester, to the Exposition, in order that he might report on the value of the exhibits relating to science, art, and

technical instruction. After his first visit he advised the corporation that they could not render a better service to education in Manchester and district than to take steps to secure the whole of the American educational exhibit. The Technical Education Committee took up the suggestion with alacrity, and the chairman went to Paris and opened negotiations with the United States Commissioner. The American authorities at once showed the heartiest good will in the matter and an earnest desire to promote the object the corporation had at heart in desiring this unique exhibit for display in Manchester.

This is especially gratifying to all who desire closer relations between the two countries.

LORD ROBERTS' RETURN TO LONDON

Thursday, January 3d, is provisionally fixed as the date of Lord Roberts' arrival in London. Immediately upon his arrival at Paddington Lord Roberts will, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, drive to a thanksgiving service at St. Paul's Cathedral. There will be an elaborate scheme of decoration for the city and an imposing military procession, while the crowds, it may be assumed, will be unparalleled.

Book Reviews and Notes

THE STORY OF A REMARKABLE LIFE

To how many Englishmen and Americans is Afghanistan more than a mere name, or the ruler thereof more than a semi-barbaric sovereign occasionally mentioned in newspaper discussions as more or less intimately connected with the Far Eastern Question? Englishmen living in India know of him, of course, as do some Englishmen at home, and the adventurous American traveler may have passed the Afghan frontier and penetrated to Cabul; but to the mass of the people, even those who may claim to considerable knowledge of the world in general, Afghanistan and the Ameer are but comparatively little known.

On this account, as well as many others, "The Life of Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan," edited by Mir Munshi Sultan Mahomed Khan, and published by John Murray, London, is particularly welcome. Not alone is it the record of a struggle to secure and keep a throne, not only is it the record of a strong man's life, but it is as well a valuable contribution to history, a work of exceptional interest and importance, and withal romantic enough to enchain the interest of the most hardened seeker after the exciting. Indeed one's first impulse after reading these two volumes is to question the truthfulness of the story. Such adventures, trials, toils, privations, and reverses in the attainment of an object make fiction dim by comparison. But we are assured that the story of the Ameer's life and adventures as here recounted is true, and that a great portion of the narrative was written by the Ameer himself.

The story is not alone amazing in its personal quality. The frankness and shrewdness with which questions of state are discussed, his outspoken estimate of British and Russians, and his expressed ambitions (the book was ostensibly written for the guidance of his successor) make it a remarkable contribution to the literature dealing with those Eastern problems which, it is feared, will sooner or later lead the English and the Russians into conflict.

Let us deal with the personal element first. Abdur Rahman is what an American would call a self-made man. The grandson of Dost Mohamed, he had every prospect in youth of ascending the throne of Afghanistan by right of inheritance, but by quarrels and

the weakness of his father he was early disgraced and imprisoned. He struggled to place his father on the throne, and succeeded; but his reign was short, and was soon after followed by the triumph of Shere Ali and the eclipse of fortune of Abdur Rahman's branch of the royal house. "Tired, ruined, broken-hearted," Abdur Rahman describes himself in January, 1869. The account he gives of his wanderings in exile is extremely interesting: how he was reduced to the sorest straits, how he wandered from place to place till he reached Persia, and was passed on, as he desired, to Russian territory. For a long time he was with the Russians, and he writes plainly of Russian brutality and treachery. Russia, however, permitted him to try to secure the throne of Afghanistan after Shere Ali had been deposed by the English for intriguing with the Russians, and Yakub had also been deposed for the murder of Cavagnari. Whatever assistance Russia gave him at the outset met with ill return from Abdur Rahman. He accepted the throne from the English, and set himself to work to establish himself upon it. How his reign has been menaced by such perils as the Ghilzai rebellion, the revolt of Ishak Khan, and troubles without end within, one must read his book to learn. Through it all he held his own, making himself and his kingdom more powerful and independent.

Abdur Rahman is not modest in recounting his exploits, nor does he seek to hide what Western civilization will condemn as great faults and crimes. The Ameer glories in his restless energy, unconquerable resolution, his contempt of danger, fatigue, and mental and bodily weakness. He stooped to fraud to attain his ends; he shed blood as he thought fit. He punished with death inflicted by his own hand. A priest accused him of being an infidel, and the Ameer had the "impure-minded dog" dragged out of sanctuary, and then "I killed him with my own hands." When he caught some merchants of Badakhshan red-handed in highway robbery, he "ordered them all to be blown from the guns, as they had committed many crimes on my unoffending people. This punishment was carried out on market day, so that their flesh should be eaten by the dogs of the camp, and their bones remain lying about until the festival was over." The capture of the merchants brought a remonstrance and a threat from the Mir of their province; but the Ameer treated the messenger with indignity and sent him back under guard of a strong force. As a result the Mir sent a present and an apology, saying that "he was always intoxicated and did not know what he was doing."

The instances of the Ameer's personal bravery are many, and

one reads with a feeling akin to enthusiasm of his hair-breadth escapes and his stoical endurance of rigors of winter marches and campaigns, sitting all night in the snow or dragging himself on through the drifts by his horse's tail, and the treachery of friends and followers. It is a wonderful story of extraordinary vicissitudes. One day he was rich; a few days later all the property he possessed was "one copper cup, one jug, and one hubble-bubble, also one small rug either to wear or stand upon, also the suit which I was wearing in battle, a sword, rifle-belt, revolver, and riding horse. Three days before I had a thousand camels to carry my cooking utensils, and now one dog ran off with my cooking pans, together with the food! I could not help smiling at so humiliating an incident, and, eating the bread without the meat, I went to sleep. My heart was so strong that if I had to face the army of the whole world, they would appear as insects under my feet. I say this in the name of God. This is not bravery, but simply a feeling which He has given me. I distinctly want to tell all true believers what happened to me. This is the experience of my life, that if they have true hearts in the service of God, He will insure their success. The result of my belief is that I am a king to-day."

His work shows him not only a king but a truly great man.

The next interesting feature is the frankness with which he discusses foreign politics. Here, again, he shows himself a strong man, for, clear-sighted, he knows what is best for his country, and so he declines to play the part of a puppet in the Eastern drama. His plain speaking about Russian intrigues and British policy is fortified by his keen insight into the political necessities of his own country.

He has balanced against each other the friendship and the enmity and the might or cunning of Russia and of England, and he deems an alliance with England advantageous to Afghanistan. Then he pleads for more active participation in the alliance on the part of England. He gives weighty reasons. He points out that the invasion of India is impossible if Afghanistan opposes it, but he distrusts the Indian Government. His contempt for the vacillation of British policy is as marked as his admiration for the steadfastness of Russian policy. His twelve years' intimacy with Russian generals leads him to believe that Russia intends absorbing all Asiatic Moslem powers as well as invading India. For that reason, that of self-preservation, the interests of Afghanistan and India are identical, and for the further security of those interests he desires the closer co-operation of the government of India; and as a means to an end (the

correction of misunderstandings and mistakes in the future) the Ameer hopes for the appointment of an Afghan Envoy in London to treat directly with the government.

All this is but the faintest outline of the political characteristics of the work, which will undoubtedly command the attention of statesmen and all who are in any way interested in the progress of Eastern political affairs and policies. It is in every way to be commended as one of the most notable books of the day, the record of the life-work of a great man and a wise and far-seeing statesman.

DRAPER E. FRALICK.

THE DAY OF WRATH. By Maurus Jókai. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5¼ x 7¼ in. 352 pages. \$1.25.

Eighteen forty-eight and nine were years of great revolutionary attempts in Europe, and in the latter year, among other scenes of political disturbance was Hungary. In August of 1849 the Magyar Revolution collapsed with the capitulation at Vilagos. Among the Hungarian patriots who were present at the final downfall of Magyar hopes was a young man, then in his twenty-fifth year, who three years before had assumed the editorship of the at that time very famous *Wochenblatt*, and who later was editor of the *Abendblätter*. Only a year before he had married the great Hungarian tragedienne Rosa Laborfalvi, and it was through her shrewd efforts and active assistance that her husband, Maurus Jókai, was enabled to escape through the Austro-Russian lines to Pesth, that city where he had obtained an advocate's diploma of which he had never availed himself. Here his labors began anew. "Ten years followed," says Men and Women of the Time, "during which Hungarian literature became well-nigh extinct. Almost alone this young man created a new one, and since political journalism was impracticable he betook himself to fiction. He has published in 160 volumes 25 romances of several volumes each, 320 novelettes, and 6 dramas, of which more than half a million copies have been sold amongst six millions of Magyars, besides translations into various languages." Among late translations into English of some of his works is "The Day of Wrath," written, as the preface by R. Nisbet Bain says, "in the darkest days of Maurus Jókai's life," shortly after his flight to Pesth in 1849. Americans have ever held in high esteem the patriot Kosciusko; Jókai is a man of the same stamp. His life and aims manifest themselves in his works, and in "The Day of Wrath" his vivid descriptions of the unfortunate conditions that bore so heavily upon his

native country are given with the terrible accuracy of one familiar with the scenes of which he writes. To readers whose sympathies are stirred by passages of such realism written with the wealth of romance of which Jókai is capable, this novel of Continental life will appeal strongly.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS. By Major J. B. Pond. Published by G. W. Dillingham Company, New York. 5¼ x 8¼ in. 554 pages. \$3.50.

Major Pond, the well-known lecture bureau manager, relates in an entertaining way in his book, "Eccentricities of Genius," stories of famous men and women of the lecture platform and stage with whom he has come in contact during the last quarter century. He is eminently qualified to interest the reader, as his busy life has been thrown with some of the best known men and women of the time. These reminiscences extend from 1873, when his first managerial experience was gained in bringing out Ann Eliza Young, Brigham Young's nineteenth and last wife (who was converted from Mormonism to Methodism), down to the present day, when he deals with such modern geniuses as the Rev. N. D. Hillis, Rudyard Kipling, Booker T. Washington, Elbert Hubbard, and others. The list embraces orators, pulpit orators, women lecturers and singers, humorists, explorers, travelers and war correspondents, actors, literary and author readers and lecturers, and well-known public men and women of various other walks of life—some ninety all told. Accompanying the text are some ninety portraits. As a book wherein are collected reminiscences of celebrities from 1873 down to now, it is a work probably unexcelled.

THE GREAT BOER WAR. By A. Conan Doyle. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5 1-8 x 7¼ in. 457 pages. \$1.50.

Although some captious critics may observe that the war in South Africa is not yet over (unless it be all over—that section), and that historical chroniclers should wait, according to the reported advice of Solon to Croesus, until the end before judgment on the success or failure of a man's (or conflict's) life is rendered, yet even so, admitting for argument's sake that the struggle between Boer and Briton has yet to have finis written in token of its conclusion, it must be allowed a man may reasonably write his own experiences and the impressions made upon him by happenings in which he was interested, though such happenings be followed in turn by subsequent happenings mediately or immediately related thereto; and this is so even should events occurring after the chronicler has

laid down his pen put a different aspect, maybe, on the face of some of the events of which he has told, in which case the record already written becomes just in so far an incomplete one. So if "The Great Boer War," by A. Conan Doyle, is not really, by any means, a complete history of that which its title might seem to imply, it may therefore be none the less interesting or worthy of consideration, or both. That this work will receive due consideration, and, in fact, more than its due, goes without saying when its author's widespread reputation is remembered. Dr. Doyle's literary genius has already manifested itself in several previous products from his pen, but this, his latest work, is a little different from what he has undertaken before. More than anything else it is a history, but to the dryer relation of historic happenings have been added other qualities: the keen imagination, vivid picturings, and human sympathies of the novelist—these will not down in Dr. Doyle as a historian any more than he would strive to have them thrust out of sight in one of his novels. In its four-hundred-and-fifty-odd pages the book contains a great deal of reading matter, and is accompanied by six colored maps, which enable the reader very readily to follow the operations described.

TURNER AND RUSKIN. By Frederick Wedmore. Published by George Allen, London.

Two superb volumes have just been issued by Mr. George Allen, London, under the above title, and give an exposition of the work of Turner from the writings of Ruskin. These selections from Ruskin were made and arranged by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, who has done his work with knowledge and discretion. "I have not aimed," says Mr. Wedmore, "especially at length—though length has indeed been necessary—but, retaining chiefly what seems to me the possibly permanent, have concentrated myself upon volumes really consisting of a great assemblage of extracts, some long, some purposely brief, and have worked continually to put Ruskin's treatment of Turner—which ranges over so many years with so many repetitions and is not without change in his own thought—in the best available light."

Mr. Wedmore has also contributed a "Note on Turner," which gives many biographical details and throws some light on the painter's personality. Thus he says of Turner: "His life was reserved and for the most part obscure. Little had he expressed himself—all his days—in conversation; little had he really expressed himself when at least he had hoped to—in his confused and awkward

and ineffectual verse. There remains to us, however—save in so far as his uncertain, carelessly chosen figments may have already marred and damaged it—the witness and performance of his art. Therein the whole of Turner's nature—yes, even in certain destroyed drawings the coarser and grosser side of it—was set down, giving us in the great works themselves, or in the prints which finely reproduce them, the opportunity of admiring the range and the perfection of his genius—the strength that was shown in massiveness and the strength that was shown in delicacy."

The most attractive feature of the books is the reproduction by photogravure of Turner's pictures. There are ninety-one, and the work calls for the highest commendation. Lacking only in the charm of the original coloring, these reproductions of Turner's pictures in private collections and public institutions form a gallery that give us, as Mr. Wedmore has said, "the range and the perfection of his genius." Every art lover will be eager to add these superb volumes to his library.

THE LIFE OF PARIS. By Richard Whiteing. Published by John Murray, London. 260 pages.

Far removed from a guide book is Mr. Richard Whiteing's "The Life of Paris," published in London by John Murray, but in the 260 pages, or thereabouts, the author gives us the essence of the ever-gay capital, and in bright and lively fashion discusses "The Governmental Machine," "Parisian Pastimes," "Artistic Paris," "Paris of the Faubourgs," "Life on the Boulevard," and "Fashionable Paris."

As a taste of the author's quality, take this extract from his comments on contemporary French literature: "The French are always on the lookout for a new thing. They have their spring patterns in ideas as in muslins, and a fashion seldom outlasts the season. The literary schools are about as short-lived as the governments, and founders come and go just like Ministers of State. You meet young fellows who have had their day—graybeards of failure still with raven locks, for they must be very young at the start. Paris likes them tender, since she means to eat them up. I have known a lad of parts quite put out because his 'system' was not ready for publication before he had turned eighteen."

The book is extremely enjoyable.

The well-known Border edition of the Waverley novels, with Introductory Essays and Notes by Mr. Andrew Lang, recently taken

over from the original publishers by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., is to be reissued with all the two hundred and fifty original etchings by eminent artists. The novels will appear at the rate of two volumes each month from January onwards.

The many admirers of Mr. Justin McCarthy will be delighted to know that he is now enjoying renewed health, and is able to make steady progress with the Irish novel he began a short time ago.

Mr. John Buchan, author of "The Scholar Gypsies," is engaged upon a new romance in which it is understood "Bonnie Prince Charlie" will be the central figure.

Arrangements have been made by Messrs. Hackett to publish a French translation of Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon : The Last Phase."

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IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND
AN APPRECIATION

BY ARTHUR ERNEST DAVIES, PH. D.

IN an article published sometime ago in another periodical the writer laid emphasis upon the importance of travel as an educative factor, and especially as a means to that better understanding which is so desirable between the two main sections of the Anglo-Saxon race. No one, perhaps, who takes more than a provincial view of life and its opportunities will be inclined to question this general position; his only concern will be to know exactly what direct results are to be gleaned. The question is a fair one; but the answer will depend upon a variety of considerations. And of the truth of this we may be convinced by an illustration. "Let four men make a tour in Europe. One will bring home only picturesque impressions—costumes and colors, parks and views and works of architecture, pictures and statues. To another all this would be non-existent; and distances and prices, populations and drainage-arrangements, door- and window-fastenings, and other useful statis-

tics will take their place. A third will give a rich account of the theaters, restaurants, and public halls, and naught besides; whilst the fourth will perhaps have been so wrapped in his own subjective broodings as to tell little more than a few names of places through which he passed." Out of the same mass of presented objects each one has made a *characteristic* selection, a choice which has depended upon those complex interests in which his life has habitually centered. We may say, then, that what a man is will largely determine what he will see; and we can no more change eyes that we can our personal identities.

Closely connected with the question, What to see? is the question of method, or How to see? Some years ago the writer and another were traveling by road with a gentleman in that uniquely English turnout, the dog-cart, from London to Glasgow, and one of the most interesting and suggestive parts of the day's experience was when at night we exchanged impressions of the scenes and events of the route covered. And, as it presents itself to reflection, the differences were not so much of detail as of the manner in which the detail had been conceived, that is, in the ordering and combining of the striking incidents of the day's journey. Psychologically, this is the more important consideration; and it may be that, for the training in observation it gives, the education of no English youth of position is considered complete which does not include more or less extensive travel in the care of a tutor whose qualifications are not so much educational, in the technical meaning of the term, as experiential with regard to the itinerary chosen. However this may be, we all have to learn, whether under guidance or not, to construct and apply a principle of arrangement to the matter-of-fact observations of life, if we are not to dream our time and opportunities away like the fourth man in the illustration.

In the light of such distinctions the significance of the title of this paper may be understood. A mere record of im-

pressions has no more than a personal interest ; but every one's observations and experiences may be made available for public uses if they are made to serve some purpose which is of general interest. This may be done by the application of a method to the disconnected items of experience, or, in other words, the largest amount of good for one's self may be gained from travel if we make it a point to see things as much as possible *sub specie communis*. The effort has been made in what follows to get beyond the personal point of view and to arrive at some appreciation of the mother country, and appreciation means estimating the value of what is seen and heard. For the sake of convenience we shall speak (1) of the country ; (2) of some racial characteristics which seem to be specially prominent ; and (3) of the social features with which we were impressed.

I.

It is somewhat difficult to describe in a word the geographical peculiarities that belong to a country, and it is no easier in the present case because England is a *terra cognita* to every European traveler. But if it may be attempted, as a matter of impression merely, we may name "compactness" as the quality that seems pre-eminently to belong to and differentiate it from all other countries with which we have made acquaintance. A certain snugness belongs to it that makes it specially fitting to have been the land of homes, for it is the domestic nature of the scenery that we intend to designate by these terms.

When it is said that England is a compact country we of course imply what is so often said of it, as if it were all that could be said, namely, that it is a small country. But we should point out that, because we are limiting ourselves primarily to impressions, we do not refer to its size as a characteristic feature. Every judgment of size is necessarily relative, and involves a discursive use of the imagina-

tion. The native-born American has constructed for himself a conception of space that is altogether inconceivable to the stay-at-home Englishman, and it is, perhaps, rather disappointing to find that he cannot board the cars and continue his journey for a couple or three days. Everything in the mother country, even the most distant point, must seem, as it were, in his own back yard. But until he has learned to regard things qualitatively rather than quantitatively, the American visitor is likely to feel a little tightness at the chest, and will go in fear that a deep breath will exhaust the atmosphere. I am inclined, however, to think that, after all, it is the characteristic we have mentioned that is really the reason of the common judgment; for when a country is so closely-knit as England is, apart from the total area, any particular view is apt to confine the whole attention and leave no thought of anything beyond. In one view of it, indeed, this is the feature *par excellence* which invariably marks, if it does not constitute, the English landscape.

To define more minutely what is implied in these general remarks, it is something to the point to say that the scenery of England is full of varied interest. While looked at as a whole there seems to be a remarkable likeness, we may say that this impression is gained rather by the attention being directed toward the disposition of the villages and towns than to the part played by nature in the geographical formation of the country. It may not be possible altogether to separate between these two elements, but for practical purposes we may remark that three distinct classes of view may be distinguished. The North is hilly, if not mountainous; and in this respect it resembles the lay of the land in some parts of New England, but it is not so nearly in the state of nature, being in fact more cared for and hence in appearance is less rugged. The Midlands as a rule are flat, and here we find the nearest approach to the prairie lands of the West, only it is not prairie and is in a perfect state of cultivation. It is in the South that we find typical

England ; here the features of the Midlands and the North are combined ; it is here that is located the " Garden of England." Within limits, therefore, the hunter for sights can be accommodated, and if none of the things mentioned please him, he can make a trip to the Lakes and see something as beautiful as Switzerland has to show. The instinct for nature is never wearied, because it is never satiated. The scenery of England is an ever-changing panorama within these limits, and insensible indeed must he be who does not find something to admire.

We also think that the same thing is true if we take a more limited view. This must be the case if we are to call England a beautiful country, for what does beauty signify if not variety in unity? Nowhere does the landscape painter find a more fruitful hunting-ground ; in fact it is his *embarras de richesse* which makes a selection difficult. The writer at one time was staying in one of the most beautiful parts of Connecticut, which had been " done " somewhat thoroughly by members of the artist's craft, at the same time as a professor in one of the art schools, and he was rather interested to notice the difficulty the professor had in making his choice for a " study." It seemed that you might set your easel down anywhere and begin working upon the first view upon which you looked ; but it was a surprise to the uninitiated to learn that " but few scenes were appropriate and none in their entirety." Such a judgment could hardly be passed, as my artist friend admitted, on any district in England that had the least pretence to beauty. And is not the reason that every beautiful view, whether in nature or in art, must combine unity in conception with variety in interest? So, at least, does the scenery of the mother country impress one ; it is fascinating because new points of interest are constantly being found without moving outside any one view. It is this, I think, that lends to the country that subtle influence which it unquestionably has over all who have made more than a superficial acquaintance with it. And is it not sug-

gestive, as a contrast, that while the American is fired with every patriotic feeling at the mention or sight of the "flag," the Englishman, who scarcely knows the Union Jack when he sees it, always reserves the tenderest place in his affections for the "country" of his birth? There must be a reason for this, and it may be that the perennial beauty of the landscape, ever changing yet always the same, will have to enter into any account we may have to give.

If we narrow once again our standpoint, we may pick out details which are characteristic of English scenery. Reference has been made to the work of man, especially in the location of villages and in tilling the soil, as it modifies the impression the country itself makes. Undoubtedly it is largely due to what the inhabitants have done and left undone that certain features, as belonging to no particular location, may be selected for mention. Take, for instance, where and how they have built their houses. Who that has once seen an English village can readily forget the impression he received? And it makes but little difference whether it is viewed from the car window or is seen as you travel by the road. From either point of view, so harmonious with every other feature is it that you feel no shock of surprise in finding it just where it is. Indeed, it is only by an effort that you can imagine it occupying some other site, and then you wonder what is to be done with the vacated ground. Not so much built there as belonging there, belonging there as much as the surrounding hills and the running brook, so indigenious does every English village seem to be: in very truth a part of the landscape. It is not a matter of wonder, then, that every one notices the peaceful air that seems to rest upon man and nature alike as a veritable benediction. It is difficult to believe that these places are inhabited by men "of like passions" with ourselves. And these villages, too, afford a certain unity of impression when looked at by themselves. Not the humblest cottage but would be missed; a deeper sadness would overtake you than if a whole city

block were demolished. It is, I suppose, the central position of the parish church with its quiet burial-ground that, as it were, introduces unity among the variety of relations in which the various houses stand one to another. And we may believe that it has been the religious sentiment that, in the past, has made the yeoman class the backbone of the English nation.

II.

We have to notice, in the second place, certain *ethnological features*, especially as these have become crystalized in the national institutions of England. We shall select but two examples of the way the race is expressing itself with more or less articulation, and our choice is made because in both we were impressed with the fact that there was involved a departure, apparent if not real, from the common tradition. Of any living nation we wish to know what are the lines of direction along which its course is being run.

For our first instance we may go to the field of politics. Nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable or impressive in the political outlook of England than the low ebb to which party strife has fallen. Time was, before the passing of Gladstone, when politics were keenly contested, and a more general interest among the people was maintained than at present. If we take a broad standpoint, unmindful of the causes that have tended to bring it about, we may say that there is but one side to English political life and this is dominated by the followers of the present Conservative government. If straws can show the flow of a stream as well as a log, we may mention the difficulty one has in procuring after nine o'clock in the morning a copy of such London newspapers as the *Standard* or the *Morning Post*. On no occasion did the writer fail to purchase either the *Daily Chronicle* or the *Daily News* at even a later hour. It is decidedly different from what it used to be. And from observation and conversation it was a surprise to ascertain that the first mentioned publications are now constantly read in preference to

the latter by an increasing number of the artisan class. The same also may be said in truth of sections of the middle class. The spread of Conservatism, as a political creed, is unquestionably an impressive fact of the political situation. Whether or how permanent it is likely to be does not come within our present purpose to decide.

We had planned to say something upon the lively interest the mother country is taking in all that concerns the welfare of her colonies. It is somewhat difficult for an American to conceive to how small an extent the English imagination has been fired by what Sir Charles Dilke has called "Greater Britain." With colonial expansion as the one absorbing topic of the hour in America, and with the Republic committed to a policy of territorial enlargement, there is a remarkable contemporaneity in the fact we are considering. It is only now that it is beginning to dawn upon the more intelligent minds of England that the true greatness of England is to be found in the quasi-independent republics and dependencies it has set up beyond the seas. In this respect, as a new phase is being entered upon—the more self-conscious and purposeful phase—it is being recognized that England has been the *nation of destiny*. The very term "Englishman" is undergoing modification of meaning so as to include those who are adapting to new conditions the traditions of the parent stock of the Anglo-Saxon race. This new movement is largely the outcome of Jubilee celebrations, but its directing genius is the present Colonial Minister, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The country is certainly coming to a larger consciousness of itself, and politically it is expressing very positive and almost unanimous doctrine. So much is this the case that even India may not many days hence arouse more than a passing interest, for in Lord Curzon is to be found an enthusiast on Indian affairs. My impression is that East and West will preserve a more even balance than has been customary in the affairs of the Empire.

The other impressive instance which we wished to mention is connected with the present status of religion, especially as seen in the controversy on ritualism. Whether we take the Gallican point of view, and, with Max O'Rell, look on and laugh, or view the subject with more seriousness, it is impossible not to be aware that it is the burning question of the hour. It is, of course, not our purpose to go into the details or to estimate the merits of the question, but that Sir William Harcourt has become in Parliament and the press the champion of Protestantism, having meanwhile irrevocably resigned from the leadership of his party, cannot be passed over in silence or considered an insignificant fact. Here we find the only *casus belli* in the present stage of English national development. It must be admitted that the House of Cecil and its political following favor the High Church party, and that things have gone for a number of years according to their dictation. Nor were we sure that a reaction had or was about to set in, notwithstanding the protests of Mr. John Kensit *et id omne genus*. A constant fusillade is kept up by the party organs, but no serious engagement in the field of controversy has taken place, unless we except the excellent work done by Sir William Harcourt, who is *facile princeps* on the constitutional aspects of the points at issue. Our impression is that the people are not much interested in the question, either because of absorption in the affairs of empire or because it has not assumed that practical shape in which they can take hold of it as affecting their individual interests. And there is this paradox which the common man can hardly understand, that the "priests" of the High Anglican Church are, of all the clerical body, Episcopal and Dissenting, the most active and efficient in ministering to the needs, spiritual and temporal, of the poor. On this point there is no doubt; and self-sacrifice to a cause in which you believe has always appealed to and received the support of the race of which Englishmen are not the least conspicuous members. What

may be the issue no one perhaps may be able to predict ; but of this we may be sure, the *status quo* is not likely to be disturbed until the voice of the people has been heard, and when the people speak it will be with the same decision as has always characterized our race. No less here, however, than in the political condition of the country is there an implied departure from the common English tradition. In both departments, with regard to the Colonies and with regard to the Church, the nation is at the parting of the ways ; it has decided in favor of the new in the former case ; to follow the same course in the latter will involve a second Reformation.

III.

When we speak about the *social life* of a people we are dependent upon the individual point of view almost entirely for an appreciation of what we observe and experience. It is the case because it is possible to preserve with regard to the political institutions of a country an attitude of aloofness, which, if maintained with regard to the social fabric, would make life not only intolerable but impossible. It is, I take it, one of the supreme benefits of travel that it involves a certain social compulsion of conformity ; and if you happen to get among the disagreeable set, who forego the common courtesies on account of nationality, yours or theirs, while the discipline is less pleasant it is more stimulating. Either way the visitor is not injured ; he has to take his tonic, and, at the worst, it but leaves a bitter taste in the mouth.

These remarks are in order because it is an impression, almost amounting to a conviction, that of all civilized countries it is difficult for the stranger to appreciate socially, England is pre-eminent. We may travel almost anywhere else in Europe and be sure of our welcome, but without letters of introduction which must be able to stand the light of day the Englishman is not likely to trouble himself about you, and the farthest thought from his mind is that your

presence involves for him any social consideration. It is a well-known anthropological fact that in tribe life every stranger is looked upon, if not as an enemy, with suspicion, and the term "barbarism" is applied indiscriminately to all the world outside. By analogy, I have often thought that Englishmen with propriety might be called the "social barbarians" of civilization, and beyond the mere fact mentioned there is a close resemblance between the approved methods of gaining the welcome of a savage tribe and getting the social good-will of the English people! Their exclusiveness is not gentle; and it is a true artistic insight which has represented this trait of John's by the bulldog by which he is most generally accompanied. And we shall only see another phase of the same trait if, as is most likely, our experience is more pleasant and we meet the people at the house of a mutual friend or acquaintance. You must not expect, as you will not receive, any positive demonstrations of friendship; and your impressions are likely to be wholly of the social stupidity of English life. You have seen the dog muzzled.

All this appears on the face of things, and if nothing but a surface view is taken, disappointment is the result. There is, however, as we have reason to know, a healthy and hearty social life in England, but it is at the same time the least obtrusive. The lower-middle class of clerkdom must be eschewed as the abode of snobbery; and this is the class most *en evidence* from the tourist's point of view. Let us get above or below in our social intercourse as the opportunity presents and we immediately meet with that consideration of others which constitutes the social bond. In neither experience shall we meet with lofty patronage or inconsiderate cringing; if the one is independent, the other is obliging. But with neither, for they are still English, are you admitted off-hand into their secret confidence.

Let us take a more objective view, and one or two points may be mentioned. The first thing, probably, which is im-

pressive is the outward respect for law and order. The writer was riding on the top of an omnibus in London with a gentleman who had recently returned from a visit to the States, and although it was at a very busy time of the afternoon, we had no difficulty in making fair progress along Piccadilly. It was a pretty sight; two distinct streams of traffic going opposite ways, both keeping to the left, and not coming into collision or creating confusion. The gentleman, noticing my interest, declared, "You can't show anything like that in America," and I had to confess that he was right. There is no doubt about the order maintained in vehicular traffic, but the same cannot be said of pedestrian traffic. If anything, London foot passengers are, if possible, a more disorderly crowd than New York's, and in order to make progress you have to practice the ways if not the habits of the intoxicated, for your right foot is always where your left ought to be, and *vice versa*. But to return to the road. On the same occasion we were nearing Park Lane, and without any apparent reason the whole line in which we were began to slow up, and it finally stopped. This left a vacant space in the main thoroughfare, into which the carriages and cabs, and carts and wagons from Park Lane began to come in procession and to proceed on their way. Then all was in motion again, and we forgot the delay. But the impressive thing is that all this is effected with the utmost good feeling and dispatch on the motion of a policeman's arm! And, notwithstanding the dangerous position these officers of the law occupy, I was unable to find any one who had heard of an accident happening to one of their number in the discharge of this duty. Respect for the law *in concreto* is ingrained in the English nature.

Space forbids me to speak of the spread of the drinking habit among the people, the increasing popularity of variety shows, the disintegration of family life, and the loss of religious faith. On all these points the ordinarily observant visitor will not fail to receive positive impressions. It is not that there is

more drunkenness, or that the patronage of the high-class dramatic performance and concerts is falling off, or that divorce is more common, or that the churches are empty. Without qualification, I should not be willing to commit myself affirmatively to either statement. Rather, the impression is that there is a steady but unconscious breaking up of the traditional habits of the people; the old ideals seem to have lost their power to influence; the new have not taken definite and practical shape. What the future holds in store we have no means of telling, our appreciation must stop with the present; and where the attitude is so universally one of indifferentism we find it difficult to fix upon any affirmative terms to express the social phase of English life. So far as my observations extended, an evil dream seemed to fill the minds of the people; they always appeared to be giving their waking energies to working out the suggestions of the nightmare. The element of responsibility is missing in the more personal relations of society; and until the nation comes to its social senses the stranger must be prepared for as many surprises as Gulliver experienced on his celebrated travels.

THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

WHAT IT WILL BE

THE International Exhibition to be held in Glasgow from May to November, 1901, promises to be an important affair, though not so great in its scope as the Paris or Chicago World's Fairs. Many of the leading countries of the world will be represented, and the United Kingdom will, of course, make a great display in every section. It is to be regretted that the United States will not be officially represented, although a number of American manufacturers will exhibit in the machinery section.

The Scotch have a world-wide reputation for doing everything thoroughly, and it is not to be doubted that their efforts in the direction of this Exhibition will be crowned with success, and that it will offer attractions to the majority of American visitors to England this summer.

It will be recalled that Glasgow had a very successful Exhibition in 1888, and, contrary to the rule in such cases, the receipts showed a handsome surplus. That surplus, amounting to £54,000, supplemented by private subscriptions, was expended on the new Fine Art Galleries, the inauguration of which synchronizes with the opening of the Exhibition. These art galleries, it may be said, by the way, will have cost, when completed, a quarter of a million sterling, the corporation of the City of Glasgow having assumed the responsibility for the balance of the cost. They will be one of the chief features of the Exhibition.

The site of the Exhibition, a beautiful one, was granted by the corporation of Glasgow, and comprises sixty-seven acres of the Kelvingrove Park and six acres of adjoining land. The river Kelvin intersects it at various points, while

in the immediate north are the University buildings crowning the slopes of Gilmore hill.

The Exhibition will have four principal divisions: Fine Art, Industrial and Applied Art Exhibits, Machinery in Motion, and Entertainments. The first will be accommodated in the new Art Galleries, the second in the Industrial Hall, the third in Machinery Hall, and the last in separate buildings, which include the Grand Concert Hall.

The buildings, which are now rapidly approaching completion, consist of three main groups. The style is Spanish Renaissance, which harmonizes well with the Art Galleries (which are to be permanent) and lends itself to brightness of color. The design is by Mr. James Miller, of Glasgow, whose conception is regarded by the critics as a bold and striking one. He has discarded the system of separate courts, and the whole space to right and left of his central group of features is thrown into two vast halls.

Including the Fine Art Gallery, the main building covers an area of about twenty acres. The Industrial section covers nearly six acres. The building is 700 feet long and 360 feet wide. Through the center runs the main avenue, 700 feet long, 93 feet wide, and 70 feet high. The dome is 200 feet from the ground, is 80 feet in diameter, and is decorated internally in ornate style. Four white towers rise to a height of about 180 feet and running around, 100 feet up, there is a huge balcony, 400 feet in circumference and about 25 feet wide, designed to form a promenade, from which a fine view of the Exhibition and its surroundings will be secured. This balcony will be reached by elevators and staircases in the towers. The grand entrance is under the dome, and is approached by an extensive piazza with a colonnade, 200 feet long and 80 feet wide. The central portion of the building was designed with a view to its retention as a permanent place of recreation capable of accommodating 10,000 people.

Machinery Hall is reached from the Industrial Hall by a

covered avenue 900 feet long, a continuation of the main avenue. This hall is 500 feet long, 340 feet wide, and covers an area of five acres. It is intersected by galleries fifteen feet wide, from which the machinery in motion on the floors may be viewed. Its construction is similar to that of the Industrial Hall.

Among the other important buildings is the Grand Concert Hall. It is intended to make the musical features of the Exhibition noteworthy, and £20,000 has been set aside for music. The Hall is designed in the Venetian style of architecture, circular in shape and covered with a domed roof of steel, which rises in the center to a height of 80 feet. The internal diameter is 143 feet, and a circular gallery carried on cantilevers, so as to obviate columns in the arena, runs around the building, which will accommodate 4,000 persons. It is connected with the main buildings by a covered colonnade. It is the aim of the committee having this section in charge to illustrate the music of all nations during the six months of the Exhibition. Sousa's band has been engaged, as has the band of the Belgian Guides, and engagements are being made with the foremost bands of France and Holland. The British Foreign Office has requested the German Government's permission for the best German military band to appear, and it is expected that a representative Russian band will be present. The services of the leading choral organizations in Scotland have been secured, and there will be an abundance of good music of all classes throughout the Exhibition.

Among the countries that will be officially represented are Russia, France, Austria, Japan, Canada, Morocco, Mexico, Persia, Australia, India, and Denmark. Some of these are erecting special pavilions. Russia is to have four, of which one will be reserved for the display of the appurtenances of the Imperial estates, which are similar to the British Crown lands.

Canada will have a special building covering about 12,000

square feet, in which will be exhibited minerals, manufactures, agricultural products, and fruit.

The Japanese pavilion, wherein will be displayed arts and manufactures with native artisans at work, will be surrounded by an attractive Japanese garden.

Over 400 exhibitors are expected from France.

The varied products of the British Empire will be shown in profusion, and visitors will get some idea of the capabilities in the matter of production of the empire's less known parts.

Marine engineering and shipbuilding will be represented by the chief builders on the Clyde, the Tyne, and the Mersey, and, in addition, a loan collection of about 100 models, intended to show the developments of the industry during the last century, will be a conspicuous feature.

Educational exhibits will occupy all the space that can be allowed them. For the agricultural section a farmstead-ing is being erected, and a building for seeds, fertilizers, and so forth, is being prepared. The work of the West of Scotland College of Agriculture will be on view, and Professor Jamieson, of Aberdeen, will submit the results of twenty-five years' scientific research.

In the machinery section there will be a good display of American labor-saving machinery.

The section devoted to women's work promises to be very attractive. The exhibits will be divided into classes. Specimens of skillful work have been received from many countries, notably from France, and there will be women workers from Russia and Denmark employed at industries peculiar to those countries.

Glasgow will be the meeting-place this summer of a number of scientific and other societies, which will hold their annual meetings there. Among these will be the British Association, the Institute of Mechanical Engineers, Institute of Chemical Industries, Society of Engineers and Shipbuilders, Institute of Naval Architects, International Engineering Congress, Royal Institute of British Architects,

International Association for the Advancement of Science, Arts, and Education, International Law Association, Municipal Electrical Association, Highland Society of Scotland, and the International Association of Journalists. The 450th anniversary of the foundation of Glasgow University will be celebrated, as well.

Sport, so dear to the British heart, will receive full recognition at the Exhibition with a succession of high-class fixtures on the specially-constructed sports ground. Cycling, football, and other athletic features will be provided, and there will be, in addition, Highland games and gymnastic displays.

It is probable that the new art gallery and museum will be the leading feature of the Exhibition. The exhibits there will aim to review the art of the nineteenth century by means of a loan collection, which will embrace oil paintings of that century, water-colors, pastels, and miniatures of the same period, sculpture and architecture, works in black and white, photography, art objects, and Scottish archæology and history.

Her Majesty, the late Queen, manifested great interest in this section, and consented to lend several of the royal treasures. The new King, also, is lending assistance, and his example is being followed by noblemen and gentlemen, who are to send examples from their private collections.

Antiquarians will find full and carefully-prepared archæological exhibits. In the "Hall of Clans" the history of the Highlanders will be illustrated by means of dress, weapons, flags, armor, musical instruments, and so forth, and there will be relics of famous Scots and trophies from the battlefields of South Africa.

There is every indication that this Exhibition will be one of the most complete and interesting of its kind, and there is little doubt that it will attract a host of American as well as Continental visitors.

AN ATTEMPT TO DEFINE RELIGION*

BY CHARLES GRAY SHAW, B. D., PH. D.

TO attempt a formal definition of Religion, in so many words, is hardly in keeping with the methods and demands of present-day thought. The purpose of this paper is to offer some suggestions as to how it must be conceived of, rather than to state just what Religion is thought to be. Thus, we would aim to state the problem; to indicate the conditions which must be met when that problem is solved.

In defining Religion, what do we attempt? Do we look for some principle which shall explain positive Religion, as given in history; or, do we seek to elaborate some ideal of Religion, as such? We may make the inherent distinction here by putting this double question in another form. Is Religion, here, looked upon empirically, as a *factum*; or, do we conceive it philosophically, as that which should be: Religion *comme il faut*? In making this distinction, we decide at once that our problem is the latter. We aim at a speculative ideal and not at an empirical explanation. Accordingly, we may simplify our problem by rejecting any such interpretations as "Religion equals a sense of fear"; "Religion has arisen as a perception of the Infinite." Such attempts at a definition, of no little value to the anthropologist, may not serve as expressions of the concept of Religion. They are either unworthy or inadequate forms of an ideal. A true definition of Religion must satisfy the speculative demands

* The substance of an address delivered before the American Society of Comparative Religion.

of the intellect and at the same time should offer a point of departure for the religious life. The apprehension of abstraction must not here be permitted to confuse the mind as to the validity of the distinction which has been made ; the fear of empty formalism should not persuade us that what we seek can have no value.

But, a theoretical ideal may not thus be constructed out of pure thought, much less out of imagination. The necessary distinction between the positive and the ideal does not imply that there is no vital connection between the two. An ideal concept of Religion must, in some way, express the nature of positive worship in general ; it must follow the course of historical development, and is likely to affiliate with some definite religious cult. The positive, in some form, conditions the ideal ; nevertheless, the latter persists amidst the confused mass of given historical data. At the outset, how may we mediate between these opposites : the positive and the ideal, the empirical generalization and the formal concept ? What method will enable us to avoid either of these extremes ? The answer is History, that is, the history of culture at large, the history of philosophy in general, the history of the philosophy of Religion in particular.

In order thus to apply the history of philosophy, we must deal seriously with the latter. The history of philosophy is the unfolding of essential ideas ; its concepts are wrought out with a struggle. The periods of this history signalize radical changes in the philosophic spirit ; the problems presented are lively issues ; behind them stand various personalities. Thus History acts. " The evolution of opinion is part of the general evolution." *Die Philosophie ist die Geschichte der Philosophie*. Thus viewed and thus valued, the history of philosophy becomes constructive and enables thought to solve its problems. Among these stands Religion. By virtue of the historical method we may thus reconcile the positive and the ideal in Religion. A rough

content and an empty form give place to a living stream of developing religious thought. In this way we determine the method of conceiving Religion, which may now be defined as a somewhat produced by developing religious thought. By tracing the course of the actual history of the concept we may impart life to this purely formal definition.

I.

The religious concept is the product of the history of philosophy. On the whole, we find this concept in the history of Christian thought, especially in modern times, and, still more definitely, in the present century. Patristic thought, when it raised the question of the nature of Religion, confined its attention to the word alone. Lactantius, for example, urged that the term was not derived, as Cicero had claimed, from "*religere*," but from "*religare*." Thus the Patristic solution was philological rather than philosophical. Scholastic thought assumed that the essential nature of Religion consisted of faith. Without attempting to deduce the concept of Religion, in this manner, Scholastic thought elaborated a system of creed. Though Mysticism penetrated to the very precinct of Religion, the ardor and pathos of its apprehension did not develop in the direction of clear thought or accurate determination. Patristic, Scholastic, and Mystic thought thus touched only the fringe of the question.

In modern times, the secular character of thought has, strangely enough, not failed to ask the question, What is Religion? The Storm and Stress of the Enlightenment made this interrogation with emphasis. This period of modern philosophy was founded upon, and devoted to, the concept Nature. Accordingly, the thought of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries produced various developments of the same. Here were developed such movements as those of Natural Rights, headed by Grotius; Natural Ethics, intro-

duced by Hobbes; Natural Reason, deduced by Locke, and *Natural Religion*, brought out by Deism. It was the development of the last movement which became significant for the modern religious concept. The career of Deism cannot be looked upon with much satisfaction; yet, it cannot be denied that this turbulent movement had no other effect than the emancipation of Religion. In claiming that Religion is natural, Deism blindly affirmed the independent character of the religious concept. Thus was made possible the modern philosophy of Religion.

The course which Natural Religion, in its emancipatory career, followed, may be briefly summarized. Religion, looked upon as natural, was closely allied to the other concepts of rights and reason. Now, rights and reason, conceived of as natural, were opposed to two mediæval concepts: authority and tradition. *Jus* was the negative of *autoritas*; *ratio*, of *traditio*. Natural Religion availed itself of this double opposition and thus developed its concept of Religion, as freedom from authority and as rational deliverance from tradition. Natural Religion moved along between the concepts of Natural Rights and Natural Reason, and sought thus to evince its own peculiar product. On the one hand, it was demanded that man be free from the yoke of Established Religion; on the other, free-thought demanded the right to cast off tradition. When Religion was thus freed from its ancient supports, and was interpreted in the light of new principles, it seemed to stand alone, in its native state. Inspired with the modern spirit of freedom, yet not departing from the general religious position, Deism asked, What, then, is Religion? Then began the philosophy of Religion.

To consider Religion as natural may have served to emancipate the concept but could not be looked upon as a satisfactory definition or description. Hence the opposition which the theory of Natural Religion encountered toward the close of the Enlightenment. It was the work of Hume

to point out the purely fictitious character of such a concept of Religion, and to substitute for the idea of a rationalistic Natural Religion that of a living Religion of Nature. Likewise, Lessing suggested the possibility of a historical Revelation in Religion. Thus through the destruction of Natural Religion was made possible the development of Religion as such.

If the English Enlightenment had successfully put the question as to Religion's nature, it became the work of the German Philosophy more thoroughly to answer it. The *onus probandi* here fell upon Kant, Hegel, and Schleiermacher. Kant succeeded in showing that Religion was not essentially a matter of reason; at the same time he distinguished it from Ethics by making it to start out from the principle of radical evil (*das radikale Böse*), rather than from the ethical principle of the good will (*der gute Wille*). Hegel's *Religionsphilosophie* had the effect of uniting History with Religion. But Schleiermacher touched the heart of the question when he said, against Kant, that Religion was not a matter of conduct, nor yet a matter of reason, as Hegel's thought suggested. Religion does not consist in knowing or in doing; it is neither Metaphysics nor Ethics.

The chief merit of Schleiermacher's thought was to evince the independence of Religion. Looked upon negatively, it was not of the nature of any other branch of philosophy; positively, it had its own independent life. Schleiermacher's own definition may not have realized this ideal, but it had made the latter possible. Religion was here defined as the sense of absolute dependence (*schlechtsinniges Abhängigkeitsgefühl*) upon God. Thus it was relegated to the realm of feeling. Now the thought of Schleiermacher contains implications which he himself did not develop. Chief among them was this: If Religion is a sense of absolute dependence upon God, it follows that it is a sense of *absolute independence of the world*. But Schleiermacher had grandly completed the work which a blundering Deism

began. His skillful touch gave form to the unwieldy mass which the latter had unearthed.

Such was the result of the history of philosophy. A serious problem had been worked out. For thought a new field was opened, new duties presented themselves. Accurately to define Religion becomes one of the problems of the coming century.

II.

Guided by what History has produced, we may now indicate some of the features which the formal nature of Religion will be likely to wear. The religious concept is capable of a threefold analysis. First of all, we may observe its inness, or organic nature. Then, we may distinguish Religion, as an inner, spiritual process, from other manifestations of the soul's life. This is done by marking out the specifically religious precinct. Finally, the intrinsic religious standard follows, as a third feature, from the inner nature and independent province of the concept.

1. The inness of Religion is an expression which may serve to indicate the organic nature of the concept. Religion has a life of its own. Thus it is not the conclusion drawn from any logical process nor is it the result of any particular performance. The manifestation of the inness of Religion is through the religious consciousness. Various forms of positive Religion, natural, national, universal, evince the organic nature of this spiritual process as well as the immediacy of the religious consciousness. The original character of these varied cults plainly shows the independent nature of Religion.

2. The truth of a specifically religious province is in keeping with the fact of the inness of Religion. Thus there becomes possible a distinctly religious view of the world and of life. Religion has its own field, and this may not be encroached upon by any other philosophical science. Religion is Religion; it is neither a speculative view of the

universe nor a practical adjustment of life. An appeal to positive Religion will at once support this claim of independence for the religious province. What is the Buddhist Nirvana but an unflinching affirmation that Religion has its own sphere? Likewise, in Christianity; the dictum of the Kingdom of God serves as a means of working out the religious precinct. These religious realms are absolutely independent, or they are not. Accordingly, the study of Religion must recognize the latter's independent province; it must survey its problems *sub specie religionis*.

3. Having its own life and independent field, Religion can do nothing more than set its own standards of value. Such a standard expresses itself in the form of judgment. As Logic has judgments of truth; Æsthetics, its judgments of beauty; Ethics, those of right; so Religion has its own form of judging. Whether these religious judgments may be called judgments of value, as many present-day thinkers (from Ritschl to Nietzsche) have styled them, cannot here be discussed. Suffice it to say, again, that religious judgments are as valid as these others mentioned. Positive Religion has not failed to elaborate its own peculiar types of judgment. Thus Buddhism offers the negative judgment that the world has no value, that all the worth of life is found in nihilistic renunciation. Positively, Christianity affirms the superior worth of the soul, when compared with the world as a whole. Such general types of religious judgment will illustrate the intrinsic standard set up in Religion.

III.

As a final stage in the analysis of the religious concept, there must be found some principle which may be looked upon as being the product of History, and which, at the same time, shall fulfill the demands of the formal nature of Religion. Without further ado, we may suggest the principle of the soul, or personal *ego*, as meeting these conditions.

The purely abstract view of Religion, as analyzed above, may take on life when it is applied to the personal spirit. Thus the inner and organic nature of Religion is possible only as that Religion is conceived of personally. This may further be seen when we remember that the religious consciousness is the veritable form of manifestation which Religion, thus conceived, assumes. Likewise, the personal view of the religious life meets the conditions imposed by the dictum of the specifically religious precinct. The Kingdom of God is within the soul of the individual and assumes its true rôle when looked upon as a realm of personal spirits. And how may the intrinsic standards of Religion be maintained unless they be in some sense personal? It is the soul which is weighed in the balances, just as it is according to this same standard that a universal negative judgment is passed on the world. The latter has no profit comparable to that of the soul. What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? Thus self-consciousness affirms the inness of Religion; the personal life works out its precincts; the soul sets the standard.

The same historical force which has wrought out the formal nature of Religion has not failed, at the same time, to produce this real and living view of Religion as personal. By virtue of different methods has this been shown. In Descartes we have an example of clear analysis and rigid logic; in Fichte vigor of ethical thought and vigor of moral life predominate; Schleiermacher is an example of pure religious fervor. In each of these three cases the starting-point is the personal *ego*; the culmination, a religious moment.

The strictly logical and scientific character of Descartes' thought did not preclude a certain religious turn, although this was developed without any perceptible warmth. A careful examination of the Cartesian system, and the atmosphere in which it grew up, should convince one of a distinctly Christian tendency. Augustine was, in many respects, the guiding-star of Descartes' "Meditations"; in both

thinkers appears the personal element vigorously characterized. When Descartes was influenced by Anselm, it was not to be bound down by the latter's severe ontology, for this Descartes transcended by making the idea of the *ens realissimum* a subjective principle, by virtue of which the theistic method became colored by Religion.

Descartes' sceptico-rationalistic method led him to deny the existence of everything and to relapse into complete doubt. But the final fact of doubt implied thought, and thought implied being—*cogito, ergo sum!* When, now the personal *ego* is established, over against the world, it strives outward to attain to some fixed principle of knowledge. It has rejected the world; now it demands God! The personal principle, sceptically deduced and rationalistically interpreted, leads directly to the religious realm.

The extreme moralism of Fichte is the exact counterpart of Cartesian intellectualism. In a somewhat different form the personal element appears, as the self-affirmation of the *ego*. *Das Ich setzt sich selbst.* By virtue of this original act the soul lives. Beginning in a purely ethical spirit, Fichte, by developing a moral world-order, pursues his system to the borders of the religious precinct.

Schleiermacher's general idea of Religion has already been brought into view; we have now to observe the presence of the personal element in his more definite religious conception. Religion is essentially described when it is looked upon as religious self-consciousness (*das fromme Selbstbewusstsein*). Just as Schleiermacher most perfectly expressed the formal nature of Religion, so here he is pre-eminent in showing its connection with the personal element. Religion exists independently, and, in doing so, it naturally affiliates with the principle of the personal *ego*. Thus the religious concept is best brought out by the personal *ego*. In Descartes, the *ego* thinks, and doubts the existence of the world. In Fichte, the "*Ich*" posits itself, and opposes the *nicht Ich*. In Schleiermacher, the *Selbstbewusstsein* affirms

its dependence upon God, and its independence of aught else. As a necessary corollary, the opposition of the world follows from the affirmation of the *ego*.

Upon the basis of this formal conception of Religion, as History has developed it, as well as by virtue of the personal principle, which is well illustrated by these three systems, we may, finally, sketch some outline of the religious concept. Religion may be looked upon as the self-affirmation of the personal *ego*, and, at the same time, the negation of the world. This double act is performed by virtue of the religious judgments. The soul is affirmed, because it is viewed as being of intrinsic worth; the world is denied, because it lacks such value. The personal *ego* regards the world as being alien, antagonistic, and antipathetic to its needs and demands. The religious spirit, however, negates the world in some more positive way than that of judgment; it actively opposes the world because it believes the latter to be evil. Thus the problem of the personal spirit is to become free; this is accomplished by opposing the world.

The pessimistic element suggested by this conception may be interpreted chiefly from the ethical standpoint. The lack of a pronounced theistic trend may be made up by viewing the belief in God as a second moment in Religion, to be discussed in connection with the pessimistic problem.

HAS ENGLAND "STARVED" EDUCATION "IN ORDER TO BUILD SHIPS"?

BY J. GEORGE HODGINS, M. A., LL. D.

(Librarian and Historiographer to the Education Department of Ontario.)

A RECENT number of the *Arena* contained an article on "England as an Ally." It is not my intention to join issue with the writer of that article on the many doubtful statements which he makes in regard to English affairs. There is, however, one very reckless statement to which I decidedly take exception. On page 590 of the June number, speaking of England as "an impregnable but unprovisioned fortress," he says: "*It is this that compels England to starve elementary education in order to build ships.*" The simplest definition of the word "starve," as used by this writer, must be either "to destroy for want of nourishment" or "to deprive of force or vigor."

During a recent visit of some months to England I was desirous of finding out what were the causes which, of late years, had so far stimulated public opinion in that country as to induce the Government to so largely augment the usual annual Parliamentary grant in favor of popular education. These causes I found to be many and various (and somewhat international), but each potent in its effect upon the leaders of public opinion. It is not my purpose to deal with this interesting question, but to point out how entirely misleading and erroneous is the statement of the writer of the article on "England as an Ally," that England has been *compelled* to starve elementary education "in order to build ships."

I was desirous, while in England, of learning what had been the practical result of the new departure there in educational affairs, and to learn to what extent elementary education had been aided, year by year, by Parliamentary grants. I was fortunate in having access to such sources of information as were amply available, and, by personal inquiries and investigation, I satisfied myself on these points. The results of these inquiries and investigations I embodied in an official report, which was published in the Province of Ontario last year. From this report I take the following information, which will show that the writer on "England as an Ally" has failed, as he has in other instances failed, to do simple justice, in matters of fact, to the "Old Land" in her efforts to uplift the masses of her people to a higher plane of intelligence and resourcefulness.

In point of fact, the present system of popular education in England dates no further back than 1870. Before that time little was attempted beyond the administration of the Parliamentary grants. Whatever "system" was followed, if any, was spasmodic and desultory in its operation. Before that time (1870) the Parliamentary grants had, in 1850, only reached the sum of £150,000; in 1870, the grant had been increased up to £700,000. But from that time the grants increased steadily and rapidly (except in one instance), so that, in 1880, it had reached the sum of £2,130,000; in 1895, of £4,081,281; in 1898-99, the grant for that year had reached the imperial sum of £8,520,175 for elementary education in England and Wales alone. This, at the rate of \$4.84 per pound sterling, would amount to over forty-one millions of dollars (\$41,237,647). To this sum should be added the Education Grants to Ireland and Scotland and some miscellaneous grants to elementary schools by the Department of Science and Art, amounting altogether, in 1898-99, to the sum of £3,555,621—\$17,209,205, making a total of the Parliamentary grants for popular education in Great Britain and Ireland (for that year) of

\$58,446,852. In addition to this there was granted for local science and art museums in England and Wales, £748,194—\$3,621,258, besides an expenditure of £16,000—\$77,440 for agricultural education in England and Wales—thus making the grand total of \$61,145,550 in the shape of Parliamentary grants for "elementary education" alone in the three kingdoms. If to this sum we add the results of the School Board taxation and local contributions to "voluntary schools," amounting last year to £3,170,587, or \$15,345,641, we have a grand total sum of seventy-six and a half millions of dollars expended for the promotion of elementary education in England and the sister kingdoms of Ireland and Scotland. If, further, we add to this the amount of miscellaneous expenditure for popular education in Ireland and Scotland (as I have done for England and Wales), the grand total expenditure for popular education in Great Britain and Ireland would reach a sum not far short of eighty millions of dollars! So much for the "elementary education," which the writer of "England as an Ally" declares is starved by England in order that she may build ships!

As in all matters of national concern in Europe under the control of the Government, the details of England's system of popular education are elaborated with unusual minuteness and care. It would seem that every conceivable subject which could be made practically available in furthering the education of youths, so as to fit boys and girls for their after life, and thus shape the destiny of those who have to earn their bread by industry or skill, has been provided for in the various yearly "codes" (with their schedules) prescribed by the "Lords Committee of the Privy Council on Education." Thus no less than the sum of £1,176,228—\$5,631,919, was expended out of the Parliamentary grant of 1898-99 for instruction in various subjects, such as cookery, laundrywork, dairywork, needlework, cottage gardening, singing, and various other "optional subjects."

How is it, I might ask, that the average American can-

not write about England and English national affairs without betraying the ill-disguised, but latent, hostility, of which the school histories of his boyhood sowed the seeds? He seems to make little effort to get rid of that feeling in his later years, even when dealing with intricate international questions affecting England. How different are the criticisms of such men as Captain Mahan, of the United States Navy, and others; and no less gratifying is the judicial fairness of Secretary Hay and Ambassador Choate in dealing with the delicate questions that often arise between the United States and England and her colonies.

CEYLON: THE SCENTED ISLE*

BY DRAPER E. FRALICK

WE yield, unresisting, to the magic of the far East, and the romances of our youth never entirely forsake us. In mature age, when the joyous dreams have been sobered by the hard practicalities of reality, we look back upon those fairy days with a sigh of satisfaction that we really lived then. We knew nothing of business in the East, then. All was a rose-tinted vision, richly bedizened panorama of sultans, favorites, slaves, fountains, gardens, palaces, and the magical transformations worked by the genii. As for Ceylon, it took its place in our imaginations as part of this Eastern fairyland, for we had heard of its perfumed airs, and such things spell luxury and dreams to the young and impressionable. But, with the fading of our youthful dreams has come the knowledge of the commercial possibilities of our fairyland, and, though we who stay at home still associate Ceylon with spicy breezes, however different a tale those who live there may have to tell, yet now we think of Ceylon more as the place where the tea comes from than as an aromatic paradise.

As tea is a national beverage, an English institution, in fact, and as a great deal of it comes from Ceylon, Mr. H. W. Cave's book, "Golden Tips: a Description of Ceylon and Its Tea Industry," is doubly welcome. At the outset it may be said that the author has done his work admirably;

*Golden Tips: a Description of Ceylon and Its Tea Industry. By H. W. Cave. Published by Sampson Low, Marston & Co., London.

the book is well written and beautifully illustrated. It will interest the traveler, the seeker after the picturesque, and the prospective investor.

Tea culture in Ceylon has been active for only twenty years, the quality of the tea grown and the scrupulous care taken in handling it commending it to public favor. Mr. Cave gives a very interesting description (accompanied by illustrations) of the cultivation of tea and the pruning, plucking, rolling, fermenting, bulking, and packing processes. Everything is done to avoid handling the tea. "Indeed, from the bush to the tea-table such methods of cleanliness are observed as scarcely any other food manufacture can claim; and especially do these methods of Ceylon tea manufacturers stand in contrast to those of China, where the primitive operations employed are such that the stomach would rebel against a detailed description."

Of the "golden tips," which give the title to the book, Mr. Cave relates some remarkable things, especially as regards prices. Tips alone would be far too strong for the teapot, though they are sometimes sold by themselves in London for as much as £10 to £35 per pound weight. He adds: "This statement will appear surprising to those who do not already know of the excitement caused by certain auction sales of Ceylon tea about ten years ago. A parcel of this extraordinary tea was first sent from Gartmore Estate to Maskeliya. Its unusual character was very quickly recognized by the dealers, and bidding began at £1 1s. per pound, advancing smartly to £10 12s. 6d., at which price it was knocked down. Naturally, other planters followed suit with parcels of carefully chosen tips . . . and before the excitement abated the fabulous sum of £35 per pound was obtained."

There are in Ceylon over a thousand tea gardens, varying in size from a hundred to a thousand acres.

For the traveler and sightseer Mr. Cave describes some of the natural beauties of the island, sorry that so many

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travelers miss them because they are little known. He recounts the fascinations around Kanay. He gives an admirable description of Adam's Peak, the show place of Ceylon, and of Nuwara Eliya, which, in his opinion, possesses all the charms of Egypt, Brazil, the Alps, and the Scotch Highlands, "and a hundred other attractions, forming a combination of the most delightful conditions under which man can desire to live." The description may be a little flowery, but we have the added authority of Sir Samuel Baker's appreciation of Nuwara Eliya's health-giving and beautiful qualities.

Adam's Peak is a holy ground for Mohammedan, Buddhist, and Hindoo. Upon the top of the Peak is a mark resembling a footprint, which the Mohammedan alleges was Adam's, the Buddhist, Gautama's, and the orthodox Hindoo, Siva's. So all three make pilgrimages there, and Mr. Cave numbers them at thousands annually. They go "up the steep and rocky track, enduring privation and hardship for the good of their souls. Some of the very old people of both sexes are borne aloft on the shoulders of their stalwart sons; others struggle upward unaided, until, fainting by the way, they are considerably carried with all haste in their swooning condition to the summit and forced into an attitude of worship at the shrine to secure the full benefits of their pilgrimage before death should supervene; others never reach the top at all, but perish from cold and fatigue; and there have been many instances of pilgrims losing their lives by being blown over precipices or falling from giddiness induced by a thoughtless retrospect when surmounting especially dangerous cliffs."

It would be impossible to write of Ceylon at the present time without giving some attention to the Boer prisoners. Their encampment is described as beautifully situated, the location, according to the author, possessing many of the characteristics of their own country. Mr. Cave has it from "the prisoners of war themselves" that they are pleased with

their place, the fine climate, the beauty of their surroundings, and the arrangements for their comfort.

Mr. Cave's admirable book gives a fine picture of one of the most interesting of the British possessions, a portion of the far East where East meets the West and Eastern surroundings form the setting for Western enterprise, while his description of the charms of Nuwara Eliya gives us not a little confirmation to our early impressions of the beautiful East.

LORD WOLSELEY ; WHAT HE HAS DONE

THE retirement of Lord Wolseley as Commander-in-chief of the British Army marks the end of a great career, which, as it has been truly said, has left a permanent mark upon the British Empire and the British Army. He has been one of the foremost fighting men of the Empire, not only for his country but for himself, as well. He is one of the few examples, perhaps the only example, Englishmen have in their history of a man fairly fighting his way to supreme command by his own merits alone, and without highly-placed patronage. Those merits have been displayed in all parts of the world, in the Crimea, during the many campaigns of the Indian mutiny, in China, in Canada, in Africa. Lord Wolseley's promotion was not rapid. His many talents stood him in good stead, and whether engaged in storming Burmese entrenchments, as in 1852, acting as an engineer in the Crimea, or brilliantly surmounting the difficulties which confronted him in the Indian campaigns, his abilities and his devotion to duty compelled the attention and admiration of his superiors. He won his majority during the Indian campaign when he was twenty-five. He fought through Sir Hope Grant's campaigns (as a staff officer), which occupied the year 1858 and half of 1859, becoming Lieutenant-Colonel. When Sir Hope Grant was appointed to the command of the troops in the China war Wolseley went with him, and it is believed that Wolseley's was the inspiring genius in the campaign. His first literary work, "The History of the Chinese War," appeared some time after the close of the campaign.

His next post was in Canada, where he went in 1861

as Assistant Quartermaster-General. This was at the time of the Mason and Slidell affair. He later ran the blockade of the Southern coast, and visited the Confederate army. During the war he had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the leaders on both sides, and has expressed his profound admiration of many.

His first chance as an army commander came after he had succeeded Sir Daniel Lysons as Quartermaster-General in Canada. This was in the well-known "Red River Expedition," his services in which brought him to England and to the War Office as Assistant Adjutant-General, where he aided in working out some reforms in the army. He was accepted as commander of the Ashanti expedition, accomplished his work successfully, and returned to England to become Inspector-General of the Reserve Forces. Before he had held this position a year he was called upon for military-diplomatic work in Natal, a mission which he likewise accomplished successfully. On his return, friction in the War Office made his position untenable, and he accepted a seat in the India Office, where he remained until July, 1878. Then he went out as High Commissioner to take over the island of Cyprus, from whence he was recalled to go, as Governor of Natal, to take command of the army in South Africa. This was during the Zulu war. After the capture of Cetewayo he carried out several expeditions against unfriendly savage chiefs.

He returned to England in 1880, becoming Quartermaster-General. In April, 1882, he became Adjutant-General, and in August of that year was appointed to the command of the expedition against Arabi Pasha, which led to the campaign of Tel-el-Kebir and the conquest of Egypt. The attempt to relieve Gordon and the tragic events of the Soudan form a subsequent chapter of the memorable history of the first Nile campaign.

Lord Wolseley returned to England to resume his duty as Adjutant-General, and on completing five years in that

office was appointed commander in Ireland. On the resignation of the Duke of Cambridge in 1895 he became Commander-in-chief.

It is too early to judge how great has been Lord Wolseley's work as head of the army. England is not proud of her War Office to-day, and Lord Wolseley has been criticized for not breaking through his bonds and appealing to the country against his chief, the Secretary of State for War, or resigning if he were not in agreement with that chief. He did neither, and, without doubt, in view of the disturbed state of England's affairs for the past year, his attitude was a wise one.

When the war in South Africa is over in fact as well as in name, when the new Commander-in-chief has instituted some of the needed reforms in the War Office and the army, when public opinion has become more settled, the retiring Commander-in-chief may give his country some further light upon army matters and may make clear many things that are at present in doubt.

His distinguished achievements cannot be overlooked. His life has been one of service to his country, and it is well for Englishmen to recall his career in grateful remembrance.

It is stated that the distinguished soldier will shortly pay a visit to the United States. His career has been watched with interest here, and he will have a reception that will prove American esteem for him as a soldier and a man.

HAWAII FIRST

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.

VI

AN INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT

I have had some idea of having myself shipped to you as damaged freight.—*Albion W. Tourgee.*

I live in hope, and if I ever do see the blessed islands of the Pacific, you may be sure I shall seek you out.—*Charles Dudley Warner.*

I am very much pleased by this courtesy, and as soon as there are fourteen months in the year I will come.—*E. E. Hale.*

It will be a genuine pleasure if the time comes when I may get so far from my specific field.—*C. F. Lummis.*

Alas! Boston is very far away from the Sandwich Islands.—*Margaret Deland.*

Thank you, my dear friend, for your extension of the Kauai Kodak Klub.—*A. K. McClure.*

I hope some day we may meet and feast in the true Hawaiian fashion, for nothing could please me more.—*Charles Warren Stoddard.*

I am afraid that you are too far away for a New Englander to be a frequent visitor.—*T. B. Aldrich.*

ONE day we decided to go on an excursion to Hanapepe Valley. Of course the Assessor of Kauai went with us. Nothing on Kauai would turn out right if he didn't go, for, next to the native, he knew the way best; he spoke the soft Hawaiian language, had legends strung like beads on a rosary, and knew how to tell them off. Then we had discovered that the Secretary and he were somewhat of kin, from 'way back, it is true, but still kin. Their ances-

tors had arrived in Massachusetts at about the same time, gone to Ipswich and settled there, turning out true, patriotic Americans, every man of them, fighting for their country as they ought. They married and multiplied, according to Scriptural injunction, and replenished Massachusetts, spreading throughout all New England. Deacon Goodhue furnished some brandy to the cause, and General Farley drank some of it. Benjamin Goodhue went to the Continental Congress from 1796 to 1800. In a few years they were so much married in those towns of Ipswich, Boston, Salem, Concord, and thereabouts, that it was hard to tell who the other wasn't related to: Bigelows, Farleys, Lords, Goodhues, Dodges, Emersons, Hawthornes, Proctors, Cogswells, Wheatlands, and so on. So when we found out that there was some missing link somewhere, we said with an air of realization, "Blood is thicker than water," and forthwith asked the Assessor to trust us for some things we had bought at an auction sale.

Hanapepe Valley lies about half-way between Koloa and Waimea and forms a waterway for the Hanapepe River, which rises near the center of Waialeale and flows at the bottom of the valley to the sea, in a southwesterly direction. It is quite a river for some distance from its mouth, where it resembles the other streams of the island, with its palms and breaking surf. Years ago there were many native huts at the mouth, and surf-bathing was a common sport. The sides of the valley are generally steep and rocky, from 200 to 300 feet high, but the valley is comparatively wide, the land on each side being planted to rice and *taro*. From the road that winds along one side of the vertical lava wall, several views of the valley can be seen, all of them exceedingly beautiful: patches of varying shades of green, the river winding in and out, with an occasional native or Chinese house almost hidden by mango, banana, and palm, along its bank. In one place there is a rustic bridge over the stream. The river lower down is several hundred feet

wide, but narrows perceptibly as it passes up toward the mountain.

We started as early as the custom of the country would allow, and had an enjoyable morning ride over a road lately sprinkled by a shower, soon reaching Wahiawa, where we came to the eastern side of the valley. We had come this far in a carriage, but we now got upon saddles, each one supplied with a sure-footed horse. A native and a Portuguese guide led the way. In a few moments we were threading the path down a steep hill, then down a steeper one into the valley 2,000 feet below.

Well in the bottom of the canyon we came to a native house and got some horses for two or three of our party that had walked into the valley from the carriage. The guides had our baskets, and with a lightsome pleasure born of new sensations we started off on a canter up the river road. It was through orange, guava, and *kukui* trees; by cactus, agave, and castor-oil plants. Vines abounded, and lantana. For eight miles we continued through this wonderful break in the mountain, the valley growing narrower and the walls on each side more precipitous, ranging in height from 2,000 to 2,500 feet. Sometimes there was scarcely room for the river which rushed down over its rocky bed, making us cross it nineteen times in all. Often those in the rear, crossing a bend in the stream, could see the leaders passing up over a hill or just disappearing among trees and tangled shrubbery. Once we came to a wider place between vertical masses of fern-dressed rock, dripping with mist from the clouds above; here were large guava and *olia* trees, and a sort of lea to one side with a partially-hidden native hut where we got a basketful of oranges. The Assessor said the word, and a native climbed the tree for him. In certain places the water was very deep, generally in a narrower portion of the gulch, where all the river went, or at a bend of the stream, making a pretty picture with the foliage of the trees touching the water's edge and reflected there.



TREE FERNS

We counted thirteen different falls of water tumbling over the precipices into the valley below, sometimes breaking into half a dozen pieces and falling at last in a veil of spray. These waterfalls take sheer leaps of 400 or 500 feet or bound from jut to jut, turning white before reaching bottom. They are not to be described. In a dry season smooth channels worn into the sides of the precipices may be seen as you ride along almost any island road; into these the mountain shower finds its way. We had just crossed the river again and turned into a guava grove where the fruit hung ripe and odorous when we caught sight of Koula Falls.

Such an exclaiming as there was! In a few moments we were at the foot of the splash and foam: a circular pool of cold, clear water, troubled continually by the tumble of its supply, which came leaping down about 300 feet over a column of basaltic rock and breaking into seven colors before touching the pool.

The valley ends here in a crescent of rock, green with moss and ferns some distance up, and forming the background of this bit of spectacular work. We drank only and would not bathe, as some have done. But we sat near by and had our luncheon, all of us hungry as the normal out-of-door man ought to be, and were treated to the music of the water and sprinkled with some of its tinted spray.

Then we walked along another branch of the river leading into a jungle of tree-ferns and vines, almost shutting out the light of day. The American was bent on discovery and found a cavern, claiming the priority. When the Assessor arrived he said that the cavern was nothing more than a tunnel made by Mr. Baldwin, of Maui, as a flume for water that passed into pipes and was carried up and down the canyon all the way to the sea—a piece of engineering made possible by the sugar fields it enriched.

This valley, gulch, canyon, or chasm, is a place for the gods to inhabit, as I have no doubt they did, for they planned it. Doucalion and his wife must have ridden down

here, too, but whether Furies or Graces had most to do, I am unable to decide. They all deserve our gratitude, whether they bore Grecian or Hawaiian names.

Any nook here is fit for a man to rest in for a week or a month. Shady spots, dry and leaf-strewn; woods tangled up with vines; craggy walls painted with the green of many familed trichomanes; a blue sky stretched across the top, and shadow enough in midday to furnish a subtle charm. Going up, we had all we could do to see one side, with glimpses of the other; returning, we craned our necks to take in the opposite wall, and had new pleasures all the way, talking a little and listening to the Assessor's legends. We noticed, too, that our horses went into the water sometimes to their hips and often picked their way among a storm of rocks, while we trembled for them, and—incidentally—for their riders. We couldn't say, like Jarvis, "Few whites have ever penetrated this far," nor even repeat the words of Mrs. Bishop, "It was a difficult two hours' ride." We had done nothing worthy of the smallest leather medal; all we had to do was to keep on the saddle—the poor horses did the rest. Other horses have done the same for hundreds of other men and women who have admired this grand scenery.

Yet I suppose that it adds to the pleasure of such a trip to believe that you are doing something extremely hazardous, something few have had the courage to do before. Perhaps this exaggerated impression of the greatness of our own exploits gives us the strength necessary to keep them up. Otherwise, we should fall into inertia. Strange, too, what sticking properties nature has given this same exaggerated opinion, providing it against all dislodgment. The inventor assures us that his last device will revolutionize the world. The author drudges on, confident that the book he has just written will go into the tens of thousands; even the preacher thinks that he has come across a new thought in his library (where, unfortunately, too many ministers look for their ideas), or he wouldn't preach. If the power Burns



KOULA FALLS

spoke of could give us the ability to see ourselves as others see us (all except our sweethearts, mothers, and wives) we would be the stalest, flattest, deadest, most good-for-nothing creatures that ever tried to put one foot before the other. The power would be as disastrous to worthy endeavor as the reflection in the bottom of a new tin pan is to beauty. Boasting about one's physical feats, however, is another thing.

We got home in time for the dinner that Hyasi had ready; and that night we dreamed of a terrific encounter between the gods of ancient and modern history, and thought that Hanapepe Valley was the scene of the conflict.

But we are still willing to say of this place what Emerson said of Yosemite, "It is one thing that comes up to the brag."

(To be continued.)

AGRICULTURE IN EGYPT

BY GEORGE DONALDSON, PH. D.

THE questions and problems which present themselves to the farmers of America are usually not known to the Egyptian agriculturist, for he has no stony or shallow soil, no fertilization, no frosts, no drought, nor even any rain, to hinder the regular performance of his duties or the regular growth of his crops. To be sure, he has some difficulties to contend with, but, though laborious, they are of a simple nature and always the same. The chief one of these is the labor of raising water from the level of the Nile, or some canal which leads from it, to a trench of sufficient height to carry it to all parts of his fields. In the Delta, which forms a large part of Lower Egypt, this is a comparatively easy task, as the water must be raised only three or four feet, and is done either by cattle or by hand.

Perhaps the most primitive method of accomplishing this, which is still in use and may be frequently seen along the route from Alexandria to Cairo, is the *katweh*. Two men stand on opposite sides of a recess cut in the bank of the stream and hold a shallow, basket-work vessel, lined with leather, or some similar arrangement, swung between them by means of ropes. This is lowered into the water by means of a forward motion of the body and lowering the hands, and is raised by a reversed motion and swung to one side over a trough made in the mud to receive the water, which is there emptied by the stopping and slight tipping of the shallow bucket. From this trough a ditch runs through the field, which is always separated into small

squares or oblong divisions by ridges of earth that leave an opening at only one corner, where the water enters into a little ditch which is connected with the main ditch. Some system in the arrangement of these channels and enclosures brings water to every part of the field.

Another and more common method of raising the water in cases where the distance is small is by means of a vertical wheel six or eight feet in diameter and made with very large hollow felloes, which, being opened at one end, become filled in passing through the water at the bottom and do not empty the water until they begin to assume the horizontal position going over the top. A trough is so arranged as to catch this water and carry it out into the trenches. This wheel is turned by having its axle pass through another vertical wheel whose projecting spokes serve as cogs and work into similar ones in a large horizontal wheel which is turned by a sweep. This is sometimes kept in motion by a camel, but more frequently by a water buffalo or a cow. These animals are always blindfolded, and this prevents their seeing whether the driver is in reach of them, for the one who acts in this capacity usually sits on the ground at one side, but sometimes sits upon the wheel just back of the animal, so as to be always in reach of it in case it stops. This arrangement is called the *tārbāt*.

Where water must be raised to greater height, there are modifications of both these plans in use. One is called the *shaduf*, and consists of two posts set about three feet apart with a bar across the top, over which is placed a pole with a weight at one end and a bucket, similar to the one already described, attached to the other end by means of a rope, like our old-fashioned well-sweep. It is worked in the same way; the rope is pulled down, so as to slip the bucket into the water, and the weight of the other end lifts it to the surface. It is not usual to raise water more than about eight feet by this method. Sometimes, however, there are several *shadufs*, one above another, where the water must be raised

to a greater height, as is often the case, when the Nile is low, as in Upper Egypt. The other is a *sakiyeh*, and differs from the *tárbát* only in having, instead of the hollow felloes in the wheel, a band composed of two ropes with cross-sticks, to which are bound, by ropes about either end, little earthen pots. These may be lowered to an indefinite distance by lengthening the ropes, and come up full of water, which in passing over the wheel they pour out into a trough in the same manner as the hollow felloes of the *tárbát*. As grease is never used upon this machinery the creaking and groaning may often be heard a long distance.

Round about Cairo almost every garden has its well, which being dug to the level of the Nile always contains water, and the *sakiyeh* is the universal means of lifting the water to the surface. It is always shaded by a sycamore or some other spreading tree, and is the favorite resort of the laborers when they seek to escape from the scorching sun, which is seldom dimmed by a cloud.

The other implements of agriculture are very simple. The rich, sandy, alluvial soil is easily stirred, and this process is accomplished by a very rude and simple plow, which is composed of a shaft, or long pole, reaching from the yoke of the oxen back to the ground, where a sharpened piece is affixed to its lower side and serves as the point, or plowshare, to dig into the soil. A perpendicular stick, or post, with a peg in the top for a handle, completes the instrument, except where an iron cap is slipped on over the wooden point to make it more durable and useful. With this plow the soil is stirred up, being crossed and recrossed until the whole piece is gone over about three times, when it is deemed ready for the seed; and that is covered in by dragging a beam crosswise over the ground.

The grass or grain is cut close to the ground with a sickle, or else is pulled up, as is done with barley and some other crops. The Egyptians never make hay, although the sun always shines, for they have green feed the year round.

The cattle and other animals are either tied in the field and allowed to eat over a little spot at a time, or the fodder is cut by hand and fed to them green. It is a common sight to see men and women sitting or kneeling on the ground, while they cut as much as they can reach about them and pack it upon the back of a little donkey or a lofty camel, which kneels to receive its load. The beasts are driven off to the villages and cities, where the hay is sold. In Cairo every coachman carries a bundle of this green clover under his feet to feed his horses when at rest.

The grain is threshed by spreading it on a smooth piece of hard ground and drawing a platform, with little wheels or blades in the under surface and a chair upon it, around over it until all is cut up and the grain well separated from the heads. Then the grain is winnowed in the wind. It is usually ground in the hand-mill, which consists of a stationary stone with a peg in the center and another lighter one with a hole in the center and a handle on one side. The hole serves both as a socket for the peg of the lower stone, and, being larger than the peg, also as the hopper into which the grain is put. This comes out around the edges as a sort of coarse flour, such as is used by the peasants. Every house has one of the mills, at which two women are often seen grinding.

The Nile valley is very narrow, and is bordered on either side by a sandy and often hilly desert as far as the eye can reach. There is a distinct line of separation between the fresh green belt which follows the course of the river and the boundless waste which stretches beyond. If any event should turn the course of this river so that it should flow to the west and escape to the sea through the Congo valley, as it is thought to have done in the remote past, Egypt would virtually be blotted from the earth, for it is only by the water furnished by this river, mainly during its overflow, which takes place in the summer and autumn, that life is maintained in these sands. That part of the land which is submerged

by this overflow is sown as soon as the water subsides, or even before it is all gone;* and the seed falling in the soft mud deposited by the turbulent flood, quickly springs up and grows luxuriantly, so that by the first of March the clover is in blossom, the barley beginning to head, the English, or horse, beans in full bloom, and the other crops in a proportional state of development.

This land produces but one crop per year. That portion over which the flood does not extend, but is irrigated from reservoirs and canals filled by that flood, usually produces three crops each year. Corn, sugar-cane, wheat, barley, clover, beans and peas in great variety, cotton, flax, and rice are the principal crops seen, except those that are produced by the extensive orange, lemon, date, palm, and olive groves, which beautify the landscape and furnish a grateful shade from the hot sun as well as delicious and important articles of subsistence to the inhabitants.

* The saying, "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return unto thee after many days," is said to be a figure taken from this custom in Egypt of sowing the seed upon the overflowed fields.

IN DISTRICT No. I

(*An Economic Novel*)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

CHAPTER XXXV—(*Continued*)

“‘SIMPLY’ means very much in your case, L. B.,” said Tom. “However, to proceed. The M—— B—— are the modern continuation of the old ‘dynamite party’——”

“The Clan-na-Gael, as it used to be called in poor dear mamma’s time,” commented L. B.

“Yes. Well, the M—— B—— have of late years risen into very great importance; principally, because of the marvelous skill, ingenuity, and daring with which their Flaith, or chieftain, has designed and guided their operations. This man, whose name is Robert Mather, comes of an old family of Connecticut Yankees, and seems to have joined the M—— B—— out of sheer love of mischief. His surprising mechanical ability, added to his prodigious mental acuteness, would probably have made of him the great inventor of the age had he adopted that career. As things are, he has perfected many wondrous devices; but the majority of them have been of a nature *not* to be avowed—time-bombs, water-rats——”

“Water-rats: I don’t understand,” said Lydia, interrupting.

“A water-rat is a ——”

* * * * *

[I dare not print Boreen’s explanation. I am *not* England’s

protector; and I *am* mortally afraid of the O—— T—— and the M—— B——.]

* * * * *

During the past year there have been six 'mysterious disappearances' of English warships."

"And the crews?"

"Are presumably in Davy Jones's locker."

"How horrible! How perfectly devilish!"

"I'm a little that way of thinking myself. But, Lydia, if you had stood with me when Kilkee was burned, and had seen Tommy Atkins, as they call him, running his bayonet through women and children, while his officers—'gentlemen' *they* are called—sons of noblemen, sons of wealthy manufacturers, sons of clergymen, sons of 'universal providers,' sons of judges, sons of pious non-Conformists, sons of 'labor' members of Parliament, and, some of them, men risen from the ranks—all stood by, shouting and laughing, and amusing themselves by shooting with their revolvers at every flying form—you would consider that the M—— B—— are not the only devils."

"And this sort of thing has been going on since the birth of the human race!"

"The glass is so opaque that we cannot see through it even darkly, my Lydia."

Tom paused, in some trepidation, as the words spontaneously issued from his lips. He feared a rebuke; but to his relief and joy, it came not. In the mystical moonlight he saw Lydia drop the rein upon her horse's neck and spread out her arms in a wild despairing fashion, as she looked up into the luminous green pall above. She was apparently oblivious of his presence.

"Mather argues," he continued, in a light tone which caused Lydia to catch up her rein and turn easily toward him, "that sailors are very superstitious and in a short time the whole British navy will become demoralized. He thinks that if we Irishmen had long ago concentrated our

efforts on the destruction of the English warships, the Saxons would have thrust us out, independence-laden, with more haste and eagerness to see our backs than the Egyptians of old displayed with regard to the Israelites. I'm very far from saying he's not right."

"But you belong to the O—— T——, and *not* to the M—— B——?"

"Yes. In spite of my finding Mather's logic unanswerable, and in spite of my being willing to join a surprise party when actual operations of war are in progress, I can't look upon murder without open war as a matter in which I care to have any hand."

"Did you ever discuss the case with this Mather?"

"No. I've never yet seen him. I know of him only through O'Brien, who admired him immensely and trusted him implicitly. They worked and consulted together for a time. I remained at Newport News, and O'Brien went to Pittsburg, where he and Mather established a mechanical firm for the purpose of making bombs, water-rats, and Mather's other inventions, without being suspected, as the firm engaged in general metal manufacture for the public at large. Mather went by the name of Sanford Tevis, and O'Brien was known as Waldorf Astor, the firm itself being Astor & Tevis, and now, I understand, very highly thought of all over the world. Of course, all the workmen and employés are M—— B——, the foreman, John Dillon, being, indeed, the *ollam aire*, or chief clansman, of the order."

"But if O'Brien became Astor, the head of a Pittsburg house, how could he be the Michael Smith of Harrison?"

"In April of last year he came to Newport News, to confer with me as to arranging another rising in the west of Ireland. I urged him to sever his connection with the M—— B——, and devote all his time and attention to the O—— T——. He agreed, went back to Pittsburg, came to a settlement with Mather, and moved, first, to New York and, afterward, to Harrison, taking with him the O——

T——'s share of the joint fund. Since then all the subscriptions from Macca T—— throughout the country have gone to Michael Smith, as he called himself, at Harrison, instead of to Astor & Tevis, in Pittsburg. At length the time came for his remitting a million dollars, so as to arm our men in Ireland. Some spy must have outwitted him; and our shrewd, brave, keenly intelligent Ri was caught napping. He is dead, and our money has disappeared. It means ruin to our cause, Lydia, for we can never expect the Irish peasants and French contractors to again place any reliance upon our arrangements."

It was now Tom Boreen's turn to be sad and gloomy.

"What do you intend to do?" asked Lydia.

"That question reminds me of what I was going to tell you. We must avenge the murder and punish the traitors," replied Boreen, very fiercely. "The man who met me at Waynesville is *ollam aire* of O——T——'s eastern division, and succeeds O'Brien as Ri. He is bound by our oaths to kill the murderer or murderers of his predecessor; and he will do it, Lydia. Terence Foley is fox, wolf, and lion, combined."

"Has he any trace?"

"I have more than he has. I believe there were two men in the crime. I am on the track of both. Foley as yet knows of but one, and it is in connection with that one that I am after telling you the long story you have listened to so patiently, macree."

"You speak as though the matter has something to do with *me*. Please explain, Tom."

"You can help us. 'Tis this way. The murder took place on the evening of Saturday, June 15th, and was mentioned in the Newport News papers of Monday, June 17th. Foley was about to start for Clyde to consult me when he should have met coming out of the Traysurer's office, but Robert Mather. Of course he consulted *him*, instead. Mather was roaring mad at the news, and said he would put the whole M—— B—— on the hunt. He asked Foley to

leave the case to him, and to say nothing about it until he should get fresh word. So Foley waited. But on Thursday, June 20th, Rose Gallagher came to Foley and told him a strange man had been talking to her about her good luck, and she suspected it meant the lottery. The man had been introduced to her by the Assistant Traysurer, and was reprisinted to be a reporter of the *New York World*, named Inly Merritt. Foley put some of the *aires* on the work, and 'twas discovered that Merritt was visiting the Macca T—— and asking questions about *me*. And whin he was met with the password he was confusion itsilf, and pre-tinded not to know the reply. It was ivident that the man was a spy, and if he wasn't rinigade Mac T——, it was highly probable he was one of O'Brien's murderers, and was following up the clues given by the papers in the safe. So Foley shadowed the gintleman, and was mighty near disposing of him by accidentally pushing him off the Hygeia Pier. He followed him to Washington, and where do you think the spalpeen wint, Lydia?"

"This is growing quite exciting, Tom," said L. B., who was now fully herself again. "But how can I possibly guess where the man went? As a wild shot, I should say he went to Sir Charles Heriot."

"By the powers, you're a pretty guesser, Dr. Blauenfeld!" cried Tom. "It *was* to Sir Charles Heriot that the spy wint. And thin the two of them wint to the Legion Building, and were admitted to the Grand Council. Prisintly, Sir Charles came away alone, and Foley lost his man intirely. Thin he wired me to meet him at Waynesville, and, after telling me the whole story, he gave me a description of the spy. His idea was that the Ri of the western division is to share the fate that overtook the Ri of the eastern division.

"You!—to be murdered!" gasped poor Lydia, in such unsophisticated horror and distress that Tom's heart leaped for very joy.

"I thought the idea was wake in its foundation, my Lydia"—again the expression passed muster, accompanied by more heart-leaping—"but, on Tuesday last, a legionary arrived here under circumstances that I admit to mesilf are suspicious. First, he had been enrolled and examined at Washington, instead of passing through my hands here. Sicondly, Destiny took him straight from the hotel to Birnie's camp, and, without any probation, the man was given a post full of the most illigant opportunities of investigation. Thirdly——"

"Stop a moment, Tom. You are speaking of the man Warner, whom we met this evening sitting talking with Dick Western, are you not?"

"True for you. Well, thirdly, on Wednesday I visited the camp with Dick, and was introduced to Mr. Warner. He was the twin to Foley's description. Fourthly, I min-tioned the password of the C—— T—— just as he was drinking a glass of topaz. It nearly choked the divvil—saving your pardon, Lydia."

"What a big password it must be!" observed the girl, wasting another tantalizing pucker upon the silent night.

"Eh!—Oh!—Your natural perversity is still to the fore, mavourneen."

"Isn't there any fifthly?" asked Lydia, laughing.

"Yes. When we returned to Clyde, and after I had said good-night to Dick, I walked round to the hotel and inspicted the register. There was no Charles Warner inscribed. But there *was* an Inly Merritt."

"Gracious! Tom. That odd, meek little fellow, a murderer already, and now come here to murder *you*—you, who could crush him with your little finger!"

"I'm afraid I cannot admit the soft hyperbole, ma bawn. But, in the dark, all cats are gray; and a difference of size doesn't count for much in a blind duel. 'Tis wit must win in this case, and that is why I come to *you*. Will you help me, L. B.?"

Lydia held out her hand, which Tom grasped warmly and wished to kiss.

"Tell me what I am to do," she said, simply.

"Go to Birnie's camp, make an opportunity for a quiet chat with this Warner, or Merritt, and get him to give himself away. I wish, if possible, to find out where the money is, before Foley kills him."

"But suppose this Warner is *not* the murderer of O'Brien?"

"All the better for him, if you can get at the truth before Foley strikes. There's hardly the shadow of a doubt, though."

"You said you felt sure there were two men concerned in the crime. Who, in your opinion, is the other? And where is he?"

"He's not very far away from Warner. Foley knows nothing about *him*. He is my particular prey. But as Foley's methods are not mine, I shall allow the law to act for me. Let me ask as a favor that you allow me to postpone telling you about him until, say, Thursday. Dick Westeron and I are working together in the matter, and I promised him to keep strictly quiet."

"I understand," thought Lydia. "It's that man Simms; and Destiny doesn't want me to know anything about it, on account of our bet."

"All right, Tom," she said, aloud. "My feminine curiosity is of a patient type, and I have so much to do in preparation for my oration on the Fourth that I really don't care to have any new matter of thought. There's one thing, though, I should like to ask about this Warner. Do you suppose Dick Westeron knows him to be what you think he is?"

"I don't think he knows him to be hostile to *me*. Dick and I are too staunch friends for *that*. And I don't suppose he knows him to be implicated in O'Brien's murder. Dick is too staunch an admirer of himself, and too staunch a

friend of Inspector Perkins, for *that*. My idea is that he knows Warner, or Merritt, merely as a private inquiry man sent by the Grand Council, at the instance of Sir Charles Heriot, to see whether there are any Irish conspirators here."

"Is it permitted for me to ask what you and Dick were talking about this evening while I was chatting with Warner?"

"We were talking about our plans for catching the other man."

"Where was Dick going, after we left?"

"He—he didn't say. Home, I guess."

As Boreen uttered these words, the two equestrians reached the entrance of the Vagrants' Home.

"I must send the Protector after you two," shouted Destiny. "It's positive cruelty to animals to ride those poor horses at the pace you have been going."

"At what pace did *you* ride home?" asked Lydia.

"Why doesn't she laugh?" said the Destinator to himself. But to her he rejoined:

"In less than twenty minutes from the time you left me in the park, I was on this veranda; and I have been here ever since, waiting for the two wild riders of the township."

"Ah! Uncle Cain. Please come with me to take my horse," said Lydia, as the colored functionary emerged from the archway.

"Sure, Missy Doc. I'se prouder than that stuck-up Charles Pinckney, when I does anything for you."

"Good-night, Captain Westeron. Good-night, Dr. Boreen."

Such, in a very grave voice, was Lydia's parting and stupefying salutation to the two gentlemen, as she moved away, attended by the proud and delighted Cain.

When she had gained her own room, she exclaimed, as she hurriedly divested herself of her gloves and hat:

"I wonder whether those two men were *lying* to me!"

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE MISSY DOXOLOGY

At ten o'clock on the following morning a meeting of the County Board took place to settle the details of the celebration proposed for the Fourth. Dr. Boreen had been invited to attend the meeting in his capacity of Chief Examiner in order that he might designate the most fitting of the Collegians and Students. Westeron was also in attendance, and Eliza had ridden in from Pigeon Farm.

The day was sultry and oppressive. Clouds, having a peculiar dull yellow tint, hung motionless in the dull blue sky. The sun itself seemed dimmed; and yet it glowed with a heat that was well-nigh unendurable. There was no wind or movement of the atmosphere.

Dr. Blauenfeld was the last to put in an appearance. She entered the Board-room and seated herself beside Eliza, without saying or doing anything beyond bowing gravely to the Admiral. There was not even a smile upon her face; a circumstance so unusual that the whole Board felt uneasy. She looked unutterably sad; but had never looked more beautiful. Tom Boreen and Dick Westeron had not seen her since the previous evening. They felt shocked and guilty; although neither of them believed for a moment that L. B. had the slightest suspicion of any deceit being practiced against her.

"We were talking about you, Dr. Blauenfeld," said Admiral Spinks. "We were wondering whether, in your busy journeying of the last few days, you have had time to decide upon the subject of your oration, and whether there are any special preparations to be made."

"I think, Mr. Comptroller, that the oratorical meeting had better take place in the Mote-house, instead of on the College-green," said L. B. "I make this suggestion because I am apprehensive of a storm."

"And I, too," rejoined the Admiral. "The change of

weather that commenced after sundown yesterday, and that we all find so oppressive to-day, reminds me of what I have experienced in the West Indies. We shall have a storm before we are through with it."

"And a storm of exceptional violence," added Boreen, trying to catch Lydia's eye, but failing.

"As for my oration, I have chosen the subject," resumed L. B. "I shall speak of the Battle of Havana."

Everybody but Eliza started with surprise. The Admiral turned pale.

"My choice appears strange," continued Lydia. "I admit it to be so. I admit it to be mannish, and therefore out of place for me. I admit my incompetence. I——"

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, Dr. Blauenfeld," said Major Willis, "but I hope you will permit me, in the name of every gentleman present, and, I am sure I may say, in the name of Miss Drax, as well, to protest most strongly against the use of the word incompetence in connection with *anything* you may say or do."

"Hear! hear!" resounded from all sides of the Board table.

Lydia smiled in a pretty, pleading, pitiful way, and her blue eyes were suffused.

"It is very, very kind of Major Willis, and of you all, to encourage me," she said, with a voice that trembled, and, as it were, clung caressingly to each heart it reached. "I will do the best that lies in my power. But what I wanted to say was that, although I know so great a subject to be beyond a woman's force, yet my reason for selecting it is so overwhelming that I am confident I shall have your approval in the end——"

"Excuse me once more," said Major Willis. "We shall not wait for the end. *Whatever* you do has our approval in advance, Dr. Blauenfeld."

"Hear! hear!" cried the Board.

Lydia essayed to speak. She was pale. Her lips moved,

but there was no sound. She rose from her seat, made a low bow, glanced appealingly around in a way that shed sweet confusion, and then quickly retired from the room, closely followed by Eliza.

Every one present has, at one time or another, given me his version of the scene that ensued. Dismay, distress, the wildest love, were pictured on every countenance. It was absolutely the first time that Lydia, in spite of her perennial sweetness of demeanor, had shown any lack of resolute firmness. Each man asked his neighbor for an explanation.

In the midst of the hubbub, Eliza returned. She found the Board, including the Admiral, standing or pacing to and fro, discussing, wondering, and conjecturing. Immediately she entered the room they all crowded around her, very silent, but looking earnestly into her eyes of night, and studying each movement of her lovely features.

"Something has happened to disturb our sweet Lydia," she said. "All that she will tell me is that she has been saddened. She has gone back to the hospital, where there are two pressing cases that demand her care; and she says that, after attending to these and then sitting alone in her study to read and reflect for a time, she will master the emotion that has distressed her. She bids me convey her grateful love to you all, and say that your good opinion and affectionate friendship form the pleasant side of her life."

Here Eliza paused a moment. She, too, was visibly moved. Looking round, radiantly, happily, half-laughing and half-crying, she added:

"And what Lyddie says, gentlemen, I, too, say, with all my heart."

It was the Admiral who began.

He took her two hands in his, and kissed them both. Then he tenderly placed a hand on each fair cheek, and, gently pulling the charming face toward him, he reverently kissed the blushing E. D.'s brow, saying:

"It is we, dear heart, who ought to be the happiest of

mortals. God grant we may never lose either you or our darling L. B."

His example was followed by the whole of the Board. Poor Eliza, heart full and happy, could not have had many blushes left in her arsenal when all was over. Boreen was the last to kiss her. He looked archly at her, and smiled provokingly.

"What do you feel like, ma bawn?" he whispered, as his lips reluctantly quitted the crimson brow, and withdrew very slowly from the neighborhood of the dangerous scarlet lips.

"Like the Pope of Rome, with his toe," was Eddie's prompt reply.

Major Willis and Captain Westeron, who were standing near enough to hear the question and answer, and who knew what a devout and almost bigoted Catholic Tom Boreen was, could not restrain their laughter; and, in a few seconds, the merriment was general, greatly to the relief of every heart. The uncanny tension of the day seemed to have passed away.

"I have a further message from Dr. Blauenfeld," said Eddie. "She proposes to commence her oration at one o'clock. It will be divided into two parts. The first part will be such ancient history to Admiral Spinks that she is sure he will not care to be present. The second part, however, will state much that will prove new, even to him, and she is confident that he will never regret hearing it. She begs, therefore, that he will so far humor her whims and fancies as to make a point of not appearing in the Mote-house until a quarter to two o'clock, and then to do so at as exactly that hour as possible."

"Ever thoughtful, ever kind," said the Admiral, sighing as he spoke; and all who saw him understood only too well why he sighed.

"I can comply with Dr. Blauenfeld's request," he continued, "all the more readily because I have this morning received a telegram from Grand Councillor Cuyler saying

that he and one of his colleagues, hearing of Dr. Blauenfeld having been appointed to deliver the oration at our celebration of the Fourth, have not been able to resist so great a temptation. They will accordingly be present and I shall thus be relieved from the duty of presiding in the Mote-house."

A murmur and buzz of astonishment followed these words.

"Hurrah for our Lydia!" suddenly shouted Major Willis, drawing forth his handkerchief and wildly waving it.

Every one, including Eliza, joined in the enthusiasm, and the noise was so great as to be heard by passers-by on the green. A little later Tom Boreen was asked by one of these to explain the cause of the noise.

"Faith, we were only practicing the new anthem for our celebration on the Fourth," replied Tom.

"What new anthem?"

"The Missy Doxology."

CHAPTER XXXVII

A FENCING MATCH

Eliza dined at the hospital with Lydia; and when, in the early afternoon, the two girls cantered past the veranda where Boreen and Westeron were sitting, all signs of sadness had disappeared from L. B's. blithe and bonny face. She waved her hand gayly to Destiny and his companion, and, in less than two minutes, the pretty amazons were lost round the corner of the northwest road.

"What do you suppose was the matter with Lydia this morning?" asked Tom.

"This d—d weather," replied Destiny. "I'm feeling it, too. I'm as blue as blazes."

"'Pon me soul, I'm with you, Destiny. I'm feeling like I did the night before we lost Kilkee."

"That must have been a great time from all your accounts, Tom. Well, *we're* not particularly weak, and if *we* get jim-jammy with this infernal air and sky and heat, I suppose we may allow a bit of a girl to do so, too."

"She isn't 'a bit of a girl.'"

"What is she, then?"

"You know well enough. She's a spirit with the body of a girl, the face of an angel, the voice of the evening breeze, and the sense of King Solomon."

"And you're helping me to win her, my boy, in spite of your smartness," thought Westeron, as he vigorously assented to Tom's panegyric.

"Whin do you calculate to arrist the spalpeen?" asked Tom, after a pause.

"On the Fourth. I *could* do it on Wednesday evening, as the inquest at Harrison will be over and I shall have got telegraphic notice of the verdict. But the girls may be around, and I want to do it when they're away. They'll both dine at Drax's, I guess, so as to keep Lydia from having her arms shaken off and being quite tired out before the oration. So I propose to wait for them to come into town, and then I'll go out to Pigeon River Farm and capture my man."

"You still think it a perfectly clear case?"

"Don't you?"

"Suppose he's made away with the Note?"

"In that case we shall have to prove that he did have it. But it won't come to that. If we had taken it, the bird would have been startled and would have flown. By leaving it and the eagle untouched, he suspects nothing and quietly waits to be taken; and I shall find the evidence on him, without the girls ever knowing *our* hand in the game."

"Good!"

"I'll tell you of something else that will be good in this beastly heat. Let's go over to the hotel, and get a quercetin julep."

Meanwhile, Lydia and Eliza were riding out to Pigeon River. Their main object was to see Wyndham to examine the Spanish documents (Lydia was proficient in the language), and, generally, to concert measures for turning the celebration of the Fourth to the best possible account. Lydia, however, suggested that they should first of all visit the bridge works and see Messrs. Simms and Warner before proceeding to the farm. Eliza readily assented.

On reaching the works they found a scene of great activity, in spite of the unpleasant weather. Colonel Birnie was bustling about here and there, but, on seeing the ladies, hurried to them, and insisted on their dismounting to rest a while in the shade of some trees beside a cool, sparkling rill, while their horses were unsaddled, rubbed down and allowed to graze. He insisted also on sending to the camp for some ice and lemonade.

"Your progress is magical," said Lydia.

"Here comes my wand," replied Birnie, pointing to a man who drew near just as he was speaking, and who made a very obsequious bow to the ladies.

"Why, it's Mr. Simms," said Lydia, in a tone of cheerful surprise, frankly extending her little hand. Eliza followed her example.

Simms appeared to be quite taken aback by such condescension. He looked at the two hands as though he were afraid they might sting him. Next he fixed his watery, pale orbs on the pretty faces, with a glance of humble deprecation. And then, after ostentatiously removing his gloves and carefully wiping his hands on the sleeves of the loose coat he was wearing, he just took the tips of the waiting fingers between the tips of his own fingers and thumbs, and wobbled them up and down for a second.

"Did they bite, Simms?" cried Birnie, shaking with laughter, while Eliza and Lydia each held a glass of lemonade to her lips to hide a very broad smile.

"I don't exactly know, Colonel," replied Simms, looking gravely, and with affected ruefulness, at his hands.

"What makes you doubt, Mr. Simms?" asked L. B., nudging Eliza.

"I think it's because when once I get into the hands of the fair sex I'm never quite sure that I get out again."

"Turn and turn about is fair play, Mr. Simms," said Eliza. "Suppose the fair sex gets into your hands, what then?"

"It'll find them gloved, that it will, Miss Drax," replied Simms, with meek earnestness.

"Were you ever in love, Mr. Simms?" asked Lydia, in an innocent tone, resembling that of a little child speaking to her father. Birnie and Eliza exchanged glances of surprise.

"Always, Doctor, with myself. That's practical, ain't it?" replied Simms, even more meekly than before.

"Yes; it's being hand-in-glove with yourself. But I hope you did not think my question rude or improperly intrusive?"

"When beauty comes in at the door, rudeness flies out of the window, as some proverb ought to have said. But, then, proverbs ain't practical."

"Goodness me, Mr. Simms! How do you make that out?" asked Eliza.

"Well, take the venerable and tottering 'Waste not, want not,' for example. Suppose you, Miss, were as stout as Colonel Birnie here. There wouldn't be any waist, and yet you'd want one bad enough."

The girls looked at Birnie, whose figure more than verged upon the rotund. He was scarlet, but grinning. Their glances finished him. He literally threw himself down on the ground and rolled, while Eliza and Lydia shrieked. Simms remained meek and unmoved.

Gad! I'm ashamed of myself and my contortions, ladies," said Birnie, scrambling to his feet. "I won't risk another bad break of the same kind; so I'll leave you and attend to

my work, while you rest and Simms talks. I shall have to get even with him some day." This he exclaimed, shaking his fist, in mock fury, at Simms.

"It will be odd if you don't, Colonel," replied the latter.

"What's that?—Oh!—Eh!—He's stung me again!" cried Birnie, clapping his hands to his ears as he trotted away amid the merry laughter of the girls.

"Were you ever on the stage, Mr. Simms?" asked Lydia.

"Often."

"I thought so. Where did you perform?"

"The stage I used to be on performed between Litchfield and Milton, in old Connecticut."

"Pshaw! I mean a theatrical stage. Were you ever an actor?"

"I've been behind the scenes all my life."

"Pshaw, again! Were you ever a member of any theatrical company?"

"I've played a great many parts in my life. Didn't I hear Colonel Birnie telling you, ladies, that I was now playing the part of Wand to his complete satisfaction?"

"If you go on dodging my questions, you'll make me angry, Mr. Simms," said Lydia, trying to look severe, and making a wretched failure of the attempt.

"I couldn't make you angry, Miss."

"How do you know?"

"Anger is the child of Slimsoul and Feeblewit; and neither of we uns is neither of they uns, as the Southerners say."

"Mr. Simms, what makes you go about parading as a mechanic when you're an educated gentleman?"

For a moment Simms drew himself up to his full height, threw his head back and looked with bold, undisguised admiration, first at Lydia and then at Eliza.

"Your destiny," said he, relapsing instantly into mild, almost sad, meekness.

The girls were taken so completely by surprise ; and the undesigned association of Simms' reply with the element in their lives constituted by Western was so weird, that they positively felt a little frightened.

"What do you mean?" asked Lydia.

"A month ago," replied Simms, speaking once again in his meek, mocking manner, "I did not even know of the existence of yourself and Miss Drax. I suppose the Maries and Jemimas, the Kathleens, and the Roses, represented all there was of beauty in the world—a poor thing, even if mine own. I placed my hand—gloved—in that of Fate. She led me here. When I applied at Asheville to be admitted into the Legion, Fate might have sent me to Waynesville, Hendersonville, Murphy, Ducktown, Webster, anywhere. But she conducted me to *this* place. Why did she do so? She found I was *not* the educated being you suppose. She knew my spelling bees had never taught me the right orthography of *beauty*. She wished to mend my education in that respect. And no sooner did she take me from the railroad car into the depot, than she placed me in your charge as my teachers. Your destinies did the same thing with you. They wished to complete your education. They led you to me."

"And what, if you please, are we to learn from you, Mr. Simms?" asked Eliza, in the most scornful tone of which she was capable.

"Would humility fill the bill?" replied Simms, whereat Eliza turned crimson, and felt abashed.

"According to all appearances you were not very successful in imparting that virtue to the companion who arrived with you, Mr. Simms," observed Lydia.

"A proud head makes a tripping foot, as some proverb ought to have said. I guess Destiny had no wish for me to slay the slain."

"What are you insinuating, sir?" asked Eliza, bridleing.

"That the young gentleman's pride and luck don't gee very well together."

Lydia and Eliza exchanged a glance of amused satisfaction, which did not escape Simms. It caused him to say a trifle more than he had intended.

"The best rhyme for laughter is after, as some other proverb ought to have said."

"Is that a prophecy or a threat, sir?" demanded Eliza.

"They are, neither of them, practical, Miss Drax."

"That isn't answering my question."

"Perhaps, though, it's the glove of a reply."

"What kind of a hand is within?" asked Lydia.

"Fate *might* call it a royal flush, Dr. Blauenfeld."

"Fencing is not always safe to sit upon, Mr. Simms."

"Except when the re-posting is duly cared for."

"And barbs omitted."

"Fence not, fend not, as still another proverb ought to say."

"To fend cries 'wolf.' "

"Outside the fence."

"The open foe is best."

"Master mechanic, you're wanted at once!" shouted one of the workmen from the bridge.

"Your most obedient, ladies," said Simms, bowing and moving away. "You will find that the foils of our destinies are still engaged."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE POLARITY OF INLY MERRITT

"We had better go round by the camp and see if we can light upon this Mr. Warner," said Lydia, as she and Eliza rode away from the bridge.

"What did you make of Simms?" asked Eliza.

"Nothing—and much. When I told him to his face that he was an educated gentleman, I told a story."

"But he certainly *is* educated, in spite of his willful lapses into vulgar speech."

"Yes, he's educated. He's no gentleman, though."

"No, indeed. He's—well, I can't think of any epithet which exactly fits him."

"He reminds *me* of the Lord of Flies."

"Oh, Lyddie!"

"With the spirit of a Spanish Inquisitor."

"Anything else?"

"And the conscience of a New York politician."

"An accomplished villain, in fact?"

"If you say a villain accomplished, you will be nearer the mark."

"What did he mean about Henry?"

"Mischief."

"Of what kind? when? how?"

"He is keen enough to have noticed that Henry is under a cloud of some sort, and he doesn't believe in silver linings. He takes for granted that Henry is a criminal, as well as in hiding. He is now prying. His visit to you on Sunday was a fishing expedition, and his midnight expedition to Henry's room was another. He would like to wield the power of knowledge."

"But his questioning of Henry seemed to imply some knowledge already."

"I must feel Warner's pulse before I make up my mind as to *that*."

"What did you think of his talk about our destinies? Was it *stuff*?"

"Not by any means, Eddie."

"Gracious, Lyddie, what a tone! You make me nervous! What can the man do to *us*? Surely we can keep out of his way, if we choose!"

"I'm no Calvinist, my dear. I think the doctrine of predestination is stupid, in addition to being devilish. I do not believe in foreknowledge, even by God. For, without pre-

destination, there can be no foreknowledge. I believe in the existence of good and evil, and, therefore, I believe in free will. For, if we have no choice, and *must* desire, decide and do so-and-so, the words *good* and *evil* cease to have any rational meaning. But, if I have free will, I alone determine my actions as an intelligent being."

"Surrounding influences determine the exercise of your will-power."

"If they *determine* they are no longer 'influences.' They are slave-drivers. No, Eddie, we may talk of the environment of circumstances, of heredity, of the influence exerted by birth, education, surroundings, and the like, but the moment we admit these factors of our lives as the absolute master of our wills we become Calvinists and predestinarians. We admit that we all are machines; and then we talk nonsense if we speak of good and bad people, or of honesty being superior to dishonesty, truth to falsehood, kindness to cruelty, or virtue to vice. Neither responsibility nor crime can exist if free will be absent. If a man commit murder we hang him, because we know that he could have refrained from the act had he so chosen. But, if we say he yielded to *irresistible* promptings and circumstances, we stultify ourselves by hanging him."

"I thought you were an evolutionist."

"So I am, to a certain degree, and within narrow limits. Physical structure is unquestionably modified from age to age by evolution. Manners, customs, conventional ideas and many modes of thought and feeling are, probably, also modified in a similar way. But if there be in us something other than mere physical matter and force—if there be soul—if there be free will—if there be individuality—then I say to evolution, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther!' Were I to admit the omnipotence and omnipresence of the God called Evolution I should deny the existence of good and evil."

"It seems to me, Lyddie, that the same result would

ensue by admitting the omnipotence and omnipresence of *any* God, whether Evolution or Jehovah."

"Certainly. Ordinary evolution, ordinary materialism, and ordinary religion are alike immoral, because equally subversive of all distinction between right and wrong."

"I don't quite see how those views of yours are consistent with your implied belief just now in Simms' talk about destinies."

"Let me explain. When I say that my soul is not controlled by circumstances, I do not also say or imply that circumstances are controlled by my soul. When I say that natural laws are not omnipotent, I do not deny their existence. Look at that dead tree over there. We shall ride by it, and, for anything we know, it may fall as we are passing, and may crush us to death. Jehovah or Beelzebub or some other intelligent being may, possibly, know the exact state of that tree and may foresee that—if *we ourselves do not choose to stop or change our direction or speed*—its rate of disintegration, the position of its center of gravity, and our direction and rate of progress are all such as inevitably to kill us. In that sense of the words we may now be riding toward our fate. And, in a similar sense, we all have our destinies. We have no option as to our births. Some of us are born to happiness, some to misery. We are the victims of fate. And yet we can rise superior to fate. We can either submit to our surroundings or not, just as we please. We cannot always control them, but we can decide whether they shall or shall not control us. Take, for example, the simple expedient of suicide. Any human being with *that* power can laugh in the very face of Fate."

(To be continued.)



Editorial

THE Queen is dead. No need to ask what Queen; there has been but one during time whereof, almost, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. And now, in the deepest sorrow because of the love it bore her, the world is pronouncing its eulogies. Surely there has been no more noteworthy reign; no woman ever was so good a queen; there has been no queen that was so good a woman.

In such measure has the Queen personified in the imaginations of men the British Empire itself, so intimately associated has been the thought of her with its honor and welfare, that, with the Queen dead, there now rises, unbidden and unwelcome, the baleful suggestion of a dying Empire. But away with such pessimism, that does great honor truly to the dead, but little to the great nation that still lives to achieve great things, and the new King that is so competent to lead it.

The Queen is dead—but in that which her reign has given to her country in the example of a pure and noble life, in social, industrial, and intellectual advancement, and in the development of constitutional government, and in that which it has given to the world in moral influences and the promotion of peace—she is immortal.

Above all others that owed her no allegiance, the American people rendered her willing homage in life, and now truly mourn her.

The War in South Africa

The English policy of conciliation in South Africa does not meet, apparently, with the response that might have been expected. The Home Government, Sir Alfred Milner, and Lord Kitchener have given assurances to the burghers now in the field that surrender will be met with amnesty. The burghers do not surrender; possibly they do not know what terms are offered. It is conceivable that the leaders of the commandos are irreconcilable and have taken steps to prevent those burghers from returning to civil life who wish to do so. At any rate, Lord Kitchener is proceeding along well-defined lines to the attainment of peace. He is showing himself wise in diplomacy, as well as formidable in war. He has entered into close relations with the peacefully-minded burghers and the peace party, and is organizing the latter to use its committee for propagandist purposes. The pacific intentions of the Government are everywhere apparent.

So much for the intentions. While holding out the promise of peace, Lord Kitchener is working with his army to secure it. Operations, to the present, have not been remarkably effective; the commandos are still in the field, vigorous and mobile. An invasion of Cape Colony has been made by the Boers, and there are fears of a serious rising. Sedition is ripe at the Cape, and England permits its growth and open utterances with an indifference that is amazing. The burghers have not surrendered, and without doubt they are receiving assistance from the disaffected in Cape Colony. Dr. Leyds, the stage manager for Mr. Krüger, is reported as hiring men in Europe to fight for the Boers. There are rumors here and there of intervention, although intervention by a European power is out of the question. Still all this helps to keep the Boers in the field, and he would be a bold prophet, indeed, who would undertake to fix a time when the war would be over in fact as well as in name. The English Government did that some time ago, and the prophecy

added to the gayety of other nations in the light of subsequent events. Now the Government does not prophesy. It is working and hoping for the best; and while one may say that the war is over in the sense that the two Republics have fallen and British rule is being established, it cannot be declared over in view of the fact that more British troops must be sent to the front and the loyal population of Cape Colony must organize for defence.

England has no illusions on the matter. Members of the Government have pointed out that operations will be continued indefinitely, the press is beginning to take a sane view, and altogether English opinion is settling down to the idea that the pacification of South Africa is still remote, the consensus of opinion being that the result must be attained at whatever cost. This sobered judgment fits in well with the conditions.

What are the real feelings of the Boers? One can invest them with the most impassioned patriotism and a dogged determination to die if they cannot win. That is the view Boer sympathizers take, and it is possibly true of many. But, as a side-light, the London *Daily Telegraph* of recent date had the account of a conversation with some Boer prisoners on their way to Ceylon. "You will return," said the writer in the *Telegraph*, "to find all peaceful, and will live happily ever after under the Union Jack." "Never can we live under that flag," was the emphatic reply. "You treat the blacks, who are savages and murderers, as equals. In the colony you will allow them to walk on the sidewalks. One might even have to sit next a black woman in church." And, in comment on the foregoing, the *Spectator* observes: "When you get down to the rock-bed of the true and unsophisticated Boer's anti-British feeling it is always this. He wants, like the Southerner before the war, to be able to 'wallop his own nigger,' and the dread, and, indeed, the knowledge that he will not be able to do this if the British win make him ready to endure anything and risk everything.

It is the thought of the nigger on the sidewalk that maddens him, not the destruction of the Republic or the lowering of the Vierkleur."

British Apathy Toward Chinese Affairs

There is in London a China League, an association of gentlemen interested in the trade of China and desirous of keeping British opinion informed as to the true state of affairs in that country. It is problematical what effect this China League will have in arousing English opinion as regards China. It might be said to-day that England has no opinion whatever. We do not by this refer to the Government, which doubtless has an opinion on political affairs, though nobody outside of the charmed circle knows what it is. The English people are apathetic on the subject of China and the Chinese troubles. A slight reverse to British arms in South Africa excites far more interest in the public mind than the most important events in the Celestial Empire. Yet England, a trading nation, should be vitally interested in preserving trading rights in China, for the prosperity of the nation is bound up with its foreign trade, and England must look to the East for expansion of commerce. With the United States she is interested in the "open door" and it would appear to the ordinary onlooker that the two countries, with so much in common, should stand together, not only in the present instance but for subsequent opening of trade channels. Public opinion in America is being quickened on the Chinese matter, and the China League proposes to do something toward waking England up.

England's New Commander-in-chief

The return of Lord Roberts to England has been marked by all the acclaim that was anticipated, and he has been duly honored by his sovereign and doubtless will be further honored when Parliament meets. These honors are

made all the more effective as their recipient wears them with such modesty. Lord Roberts, the idol of his countrymen, is to-day as he has ever been. His generous words in appreciation of Lord Kitchener have come at an opportune moment. His devotedness to his comrades, his kindness of heart, and his unaffected simplicity endear him still more to the popular heart. He has the best wishes of his countrymen in his new task as Commander-in-chief. And if he succeeds in bringing the British army up to his ideal or near it, his countrymen will acknowledge a debt of gratitude they can never repay.

Editorial Notes

THE United States thinks itself a pretty enterprising sort of nation, yet, while it is hemming and hawing and hesitating about acquiescing in Great Britain's suggestion for cheaper postage between the two countries, the little State of New Zealand has shown itself less timid. On the first of the new year New Zealand inaugurated a Universal Penny Postage system, providing that from that date a penny should carry a new Zealand letter to the remotest regions of the globe to which postal arrangements penetrate. It asks for no similar treatment in return, and calmly anticipates a loss of \$80,000 on the first year's postage under the new conditions. This is a sample of New Zealand's new century enterprise.

WITH conscious pride of superiority Anglo-Saxons sometimes sorrowfully note the alleged decadence of Latin races. Yet while we are baring our arms (or other portion of the body) to be vaccinated for disease prevention, while we thus fondly exhibit our up-to-dateness, let us, at least, credit Italian cleanliness with one thing. A Palermo municipal edict decrees that, "as it is contrary to hygiene for the petticoats of women to sweep up the dust of the streets in which the spittle of the sufferers from tuberculosis may have fallen and dried in the sun, all women who walk in Palermo are to shorten their skirts"! It is added that health is more important than fashion. Decadence such as this might be worthy of imitation.

It is remarkable how English nomenclature is misapplied. For instance, the worst part of New York City is known as the Red Light district; in London, Whitechapel bears an unsavory reputation. One would think vice would be apt to shun light, even of a red variety, and certainly there is no suggestion of wickedness either in the word chapel or its color white, the latter, indeed, symbolic of purity.

IN the days of melodrama we used to hear a great deal about the "trusty steel." Nowadays we hear about the steel trust. The latest is a combination of six United States and Canadian concerns with a number of British companies to do a big Anglo-American business, or, it may be, to do Anglo-Americans.

ABOUT \$780,000 was the reduction of Canada's public debt during the fiscal year closing June 30th, and this notwithstanding Transvaal troubles. A surplus of over \$8,000,000, the largest in Canadian history, was also shown. Canada may be Liberal, but she is careful to keep the balance on the right side.

EDITOR HARMSWORTH is getting his money's worth out of his visit to the United States. Not only has he been hailed as a renowned editor of England but more recently of the *World*, as well. Perhaps this is the beginning of his world's newspaper trust, of which he has written so entertainingly.

THE man who most vehemently denounces every trust is frequently an individual who, when it comes down to No. 1, is the most persevering applicant for trust.

THERE are degrees of commonness. William Pitt was Earl of Chatham and the Great Commoner; William Bryan is a hurler of chatter and a little *Commoner*.

TWO HARVARD professors have discovered that Eros is nearer to earth than Mars. And yet these wars and rumors of wars!

THAT Canada can aid a great deal toward adding to British glory has been proven in South Africa.

IF the Dutch Queen finally weds her Duke, will that make her a Dutch-ess?

Personal and Incidental

THE CANADIAN NICKEL PRODUCT

FROM advance sheets of the United States' consular reports is taken the following very interesting account of the nickel industry in Canada, the writer being George W. Shotts. To those who are familiar with the use of nickel in connection with the construction of armor plate, the importance of it will be appreciated. Mr. Shotts, who writes from Sault Ste. Marie, says :

Nickel was first found to exist in paying quantities in Canada in the year 1887, the principal deposits being in what is known as the Sudbury district. Since then, the industry has developed until it is claimed that Canada furnishes over 40 per cent. of the nickel of the world. The district in which the ore is found is near Sudbury, in Ontario, and is about 70 miles long by 40 miles wide. The deposits are irregular in character and range from small pockets to acres in extent, rising in places to ridges and hills of solid ore. It is estimated that there is enough nickel now located to supply the world for the next hundred years at the present rate of consumption. There are now less than a dozen mines equipped with plants, with an output of about 700 tons of ore per day. The deepest mine goes down about 1,000 feet, and others from 50 to 400 feet. The ore usually runs about 3 per cent. in nickel to the ton, or a little less, and about the same in copper, with a large proportion of sulphur and iron in almost equal parts.

No ore is at present reduced to the pure nickel and copper in Canada, most of it being shipped in the shape of matte to the Orford Copper Company, in New Jersey, for refinement. It takes as a rule 7 tons of ore to make 1 ton of matte. Reducing ore to matte is a very simple process. Dry split wood is placed on level ground to the height of about

1 foot, and ore is placed on top of this to the height of about 6 or 8 feet. Fire is applied, and the wood soon ignites the sulphur in the ore ; it will burn from six to twelve weeks, reducing the sulphur, roughly speaking, from 30 per cent. to 7 per cent. It is then coarsely crushed and run through a smelting process in a furnace, the ore settling to the bottom and the slag running off, as in a common iron furnace. The ore is self-fluxing, but the addition of a small amount of lime or limestone will produce better results. The matte thus produced is called 40 per cent. matte, but an analysis from one furnace shows 38.5 per cent.

The principal companies operating and preparing to operate in this district on a large scale are the Canadian Copper Company, of Cleveland, O., the Mond Nickel Company, of London, England, and the Lake Superior Power Company, of this city ; others are in the field, but on a smaller scale.

The two companies first named are putting in refining plants to further reduce the matte to perhaps 80 or 90 per cent. before shipping to their refining plants in New Jersey and Swansea, Wales, respectively. The Lake Superior Power Company is building smelting and refining plants in this city, and proposes by a new electrical process to separate and save all the by-products of the ore. A large quantity of the sulphur thus saved will be utilized in the manufacture of sulphide pulp in the new mill just about completed here, and the balance will probably be put on the market for sale in the shape of liquefied sulphuric acid. This company claims that nickel pig manufactured by its process will contain nickel and iron in a perfect state of harmony—also a large per cent. of carbon—and be capable of producing the very highest quality of nickel steel. The managers have therefore concluded to utilize the product themselves in the manufacture of nickel steel, and have commenced the construction of a steel mill in this city for the manufacture of rails and plate ; the capacity will probably be about 600 tons of nickel-rails and 400 tons of plate per day.

Iron for mixing with nickel pig will be smelted here the ore coming from the Helen mines, near Michipicoton. These mines have been shipping ore during the last season, and have developed a capacity of 1,000 tons per day.

The company is also building a railroad from the eastern end of Georgian Bay to its nickel mines, a distance of about 50 miles, for which it is understood it will get a money bonus from the Dominion Government and a land bonus from the Provincial Government. This will enable it to ship ore from the mines to the smelters and mills here by vessel.

During the last session of the Legislature, the Ontario Government took steps to impose an export tax on nickel ore and matte (amounting to \$7 on ore and a proportionate amount on the matte); but it is understood that this tax is to be held in abeyance until it can be shown that nickel can be successfully refined on a practical scale in Canada. Many good judges in the mining district think that this action will materially retard the development of the mines in the Sudbury district.

AMBROSE BIERCE ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR

Under the caption "The Ethics of War," Ambrose Bierce, in the *New York Journal*, has, among other expressions of opinion, the following :

"Americans who hold, as I do, that in South Africa Great Britain is fighting for the same natural right that she once denied to our forefathers, should not be discouraged by the apparent revival of Boer activity and success. Barring intervention, of which there is no visible probability, the war can have but one outcome—defeat of the Boers.

"Among the many elements of uncertainty—the unknown factors in any war problem—is the rise, on one side or the other, of a man of commanding military genius. There is some reason to think that a man of uncommon, if not supreme, military genius has been found among the Boers in the person of General De Wet. But De Wet is a day late; his country is already conquered. His most bril-

liant possible campaign can hardly rise above the humble dignity of a successful raid. Had he, instead of Joubert, been in supreme military control at the beginning, there would have been a different story to tell; how different depends upon his actual endowment in the matter of that military aptitude with some degree of which he must indubitably be credited.

"It remains to be seen what Kitchener can do. He has shown an intelligent understanding of the situation in demanding more horse. For a year the British have been fighting horse with foot—the best horsemen in the world with indifferent infantry—in a theater of war about the size of the continent of Europe. As to Kitchener's 'atrocities,' all that is moonshine—the familiar old cry that goes up from every invaded land, every beaten people. To inflict hardships and privations upon a stubborn people whose country you hold, that is war; and 'war,' as General Sherman expressed it in a letter to his protesting enemy, 'is cruelty, and you cannot refine it.' Modern armies of civilized nations always do a good deal of looting. Against a barbarous and fanatical enemy they sometimes, as in China, put in force the law of retaliation. But they are not hordes of brutes; they are very good fellows in the main—just such fellows as we know and meet and talk with every day of our lives. To put a man into khaki and set him serving his country at the risk of his life, is not the best way to make a beast of him.

"A good deal is being said about Lord Kitchener's devastation of the country and his destruction of farm-houses in retaliation for train-wrecking and 'sniping.' Of course, that is not just; the farmers cannot prevent train-wrecking nor forbid the use of their premises to the 'sniper.' But neither is it just to shoot a prisoner because your enemy did; the man that you shot could not have prevented the shooting of the other. These things are not done as acts of justice, but as acts of expediency. Horrible themselves, they mitigate the horrors of war. Wrecking trains will not defeat an invader, nor will picking off individual soldiers bring

the war a moment nearer to the close. These are wanton acts of cruelty, and those who perform them are the real perpetrators of the retaliatory measures intended for their suppression. The only question for Kitchener to consider is whether his armed enemies will have so much consideration for their former friends as to be unwilling to expose their property to destruction—that is, whether the farm-burning policy is effective.

“There is a war-time story of an old negro cook, who, when asked what he would do if the camp were attacked, said he should run away. ‘What! Have you no pride, no honor?’ he was asked. ‘No, sah, none at all, sah,’ he replied; ‘cookin’s my profession.’ In the same candid spirit Lord Kitchener might explain that he knows nothing about justice and mercy; his job is to subdue the Boers.”

FOR REFORM IN THE ENGLISH WAR OFFICE

Among the first steps toward reform in the English War Office and the proposed improvement of the English Army was the appointment of a War Office Reform Committee, which met for the first time on January 8th. The report has not been made at the time of going to press, but from the terms of reference it will be seen that this committee, composed of business men as well as soldiers, discussed and will report on changes deemed advisable to be made in the existing methods of financial control, of the desirability of centralization, and of the propriety of increasing the military element in the composition of the *personnel* of the War Office. In full, the subjects referred to are:

1. Whether the present method of conducting the administrative and financial business of the War Office and its distribution as between the civil and military departments is satisfactory.
2. Whether the detailed financial audit as conducted by the War Office is required by the public interest; and whether the existing financial checks on the War Office hinder the efficient transaction of its business.

3. Whether the office of the Director of Contracts should deal with all the business now transacted there, or whether the making of contracts could be in whole or in part transferred to military districts or to the military departments of the War Office.

4. Whether (with or without a transfer of staff) any of the administrative and financial business now transacted in the War Office could be delegated to the military districts.

5. Whether any change in the numbers, status, and pay of the clerical staff is desirable.

6. Whether military officers and military clerks should be substituted in any degree for the present trained civilian staff.

The committee were also requested to report any other amendments of procedure in connection with the foregoing subjects which would bring the work of the War Office more into harmony with that of large business undertakings.

The Secretary of State for War, Mr. Broderick, has come in for some criticism in appointing this committee, it being pointed out that the War Office has been the subject of inquiry by committee after committee ever since the Crimean War, and that all committee investigations have resulted in no reforms. But War Office reform is a crying necessity to-day, and Mr. Broderick is pledged to it; and the scope of this committee's investigations should furnish him with many valuable suggestions for his scheme (yet unknown, of course) for the necessary reforms.

The chairman of the committee is Mr. Clinton Dawkins, a financier of prominence, partner in the banking house of J. S. Morgan & Co. Mr. Dawkins entered the India Office sixteen years ago, and subsequently became private secretary to Lord Cross when Secretary of State, and to Mr. Goschen when Chancellor of the Exchequer. Six years ago he was appointed Under Secretary of State for Finance in Egypt, and in 1899 was appointed financial member of the Council of the Governor-General of India.

ABOUT BULLER AND JOUBERT

An Englishman, and, strange to say, a burgher serving with the Boers, has sent home to his mother in England letters containing interesting reminiscences of General Sir Redvers Buller and the late General Joubert.

In one of these letters he says that when Ladysmith was invested and General Buller was approaching, the Boer leader massed the burghers and said :

"I have to tell you that we now have to face the bravest and finest general in the world, who is accompanied by an army of men who would go through fire and water for him. To those of you who fought in the previous struggle with the English, I need not tell you I speak of General Buller."

When General Joubert had finished an old Boer stood up.

"We think," he said, "that we have on our side the bravest and finest general in the world, and he may be sure that his men, too, will, if necessary, go through fire and water for him, and in defence of their homes and independence."

According to the writer, the great mass of Boers know very little of DeWet personally. Incidentally, it is stated that the raider speaks German fluently.

FROM BUNKER HILL TO CHINA

The Marine Corps won a trophy at Tien-Tsin of which they may well be proud, says the Boston *Transcript*, since it marks the complete subsidence of all ancient unkindness between the American and British services and is a tribute of esteem from the latter to the soldierly qualities of the former. The Royal Welsh Fusiliers is a regiment entitled to inscribe Bunker Hill on its colors, since in that famous battle it bore a distinguished part. At Tien-Tsin the marines and the Fusiliers were in close companionship, and the fact that the Welsh regiment had been at Bunker Hill was often mentioned by the officers and men of the two corps. This suggested to the officers of the Fusiliers that the occasion was opportune for showing that the respect

the corps felt for Americans as opponents in the past was intensified by association with Americans as allies. On the return of the Fusiliers to their station at Hong Kong, their officers presented to the First Battalion of Marines a very handsome loving-cup of solid silver, lined with gold, to be preserved as a souvenir of common perils and mutual respect.

Such soldierly good feeling must be painful to some members of the United States Senate who delight in twisting the tail of the effigy of the British lion. Americans curious about Bunker Hill may join with this China note concerning that battle a memorandum to the effect that the colors of another British regiment, which took part in that memorable conflict, are preserved in Chester Cathedral. This regiment, then known as the Twenty-second, is now designated as the Cheshire regiment. The venerable verger, a few years ago, in pointing out these time-stained banners to a visiting American, appeared to think Bunker Hill was an American victory, for he said: "It was a dreadful day, but the Twenty-second brought off its colors, and there they are, the identical ones it carried on the seventeenth of June, 1775."

ENGLISH ORDERS FOR AMERICA

The *Merchant and Shipper* has the subjoined notes, which speak for themselves:

"A large Indian engineering contract has just gone to American manufacturers. An electric plant is to be installed at the Cauvery Falls in Mysore, India, for the benefit of the gold mines in the neighborhood, which need cheap power. The work will cost in the aggregate £250,000. A great number of bids were received, but the successful competitors were the General Electric Company, of the United States.

"Another good Indian order has gone to an American firm, Messrs. Spang, Chalfant & Co., of the Etna Iron and Tube Works, near Pittsburg, having in preparation 8,000 pieces of 7-inch trolley poles, 13 feet long, for the Electric

Railway Supply Company of India. The total amounts to about 1,200 tons.

"The Pressed Steel Car Company, of Pittsburg, has received an order for 167 cars of 60,000-pound capacity each, for use in South Africa. They are of a new type for South Africa, and will be used by several large gold mining companies for carrying coal to the gold mines."

The *Shipping Gazette* contains the following items:

"The Maryland Steel Company has booked an order for 11,800 tons of steel rails for the Norwegian Government railways, and five steamers are to be chartered to carry them from Baltimore.

"A New York firm sent estimates the other day to Manchester for the supply of \$65,000 worth of mining machinery, which, it is said, will be shipped to South Africa.

"The American Bridge Company announces that it has secured contracts for the erection of three large steel buildings at the Naizaru naval station in Japan, for which some 3,000 tons of steel will be required, meaning more cargoes from Philadelphia."

1901

An age too great for thought of ours to scan,
 A wave upon the sleepless sea of time
 That sinks and sleeps for ever, ere the chime
 Pass that salutes with blessing, not with ban,
 The dark year dead, the bright year born for man,
 Dies: all its days that watched man cower and climb,
 Frail as the foam, and as the sun sublime,
 Sleep sound as they that slept ere these began.

Our mother earth, whose ages none may tell,
 Puts on no change: time bids not her wax pale
 Or kindle, quenched or quickened, when the knell
 Sounds, and we cry across the veering gale
 Farewell—and midnight answers us, Farewell;
 Hail—and the heaven of morning answers, Hail!

—Algernon Charles Swinburne, in the *Saturday Review*.

THE "OUTLOOK" ON JOURNALISM IN ENGLAND

The old-school English Liberals, who since the great defeat of 1895 have looked to Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley as the exponents of their political faith, are congratulating themselves that the *Daily News* is again in line with them, says the *Outlook* (New York). These congratulations are in order; for the *Daily News* has had a peculiarly valuable place in the history of English Liberalism. Until a few years ago, it had been for half a century the exponent of the Liberalism of Nonconforming England; and several of its editors and many of its editorial writers in these fifty years were drawn from the Nonconforming pulpits or from the manses of the Nonconforming churches. Its constituency from its earliest days was almost exclusively among middle-class English people who are of the Nonconforming churches. It represented their ideas in religion, politics, literature, and morals; and was just such a newspaper as its traditions, its associations, and its widespread constituency would demand. It was, in a word, the foremost exponent of middle-class Nonconformity in the London press, and rendered invaluable services to English Liberalism in the days of its greatest strength and greatest parliamentary achievement. At no time in its history has the *Daily News* been other than a Liberal journal. But when the change of control came in 1897, and the old-school Liberals found themselves in a minority on the directorate, while the *Daily News* continued to hold its old line on domestic questions, it promptly parted company with Liberals of the school of Harcourt and Morley on the great colonial questions which were then coming to the front; and all through the earlier stages of the Boer war it may be said to have been in antagonism to its old traditions and to the opinions of its former reading constituency. So much was this the case that Liberals added the *Daily News* to the many journalistic losses which the party has sustained since the great split on the Irish question in 1886. Before that time the Liberals were infinitely better served in the press than the Conservatives. They had been supreme in

the press, London as well as provincial, since about 1850. The position was entirely reversed in 1886; for since then the Tories have been reinforced by about a dozen first-class morning papers, which before the Home Rule split were doing excellent service for Liberalism. The *Daily Chronicle* went over to the Unionists at that time. It came back to the Liberal party in 1891; but it is the only gain among first-class morning newspapers the Liberals have made since 1886. Never since the Liberal party became a power has it needed a strong press more than at the present time. The work at hand for a reorganized Liberal party is greater, more obvious, and more pressing than at any time since the downfall of the old Toryism in 1829. Education; the reform of the liquor traffic; the amendment of the land laws as they touch the great centers of urban population; several constitutional changes affecting the representative system—all these questions are pressing for solution, and can be satisfactorily solved only by the Liberals.

A BROAD-MINDED CATHOLIC PREMIER

The following story of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of Canada, is related by Mr. R. Holmes, a member of the Canadian Parliament from West Huron, Ontario, says the *Literary Digest*: "Some one asked Sir Wilfrid Laurier how it came that he, being a Roman Catholic, was so broad in his views and tendencies toward others. His answer, in effect, was as follows: 'Up to the age of eighteen I could speak nothing but French, and I hired out with a Scotch farmer in order to learn English. Every morning this good man held family worship, and the different members of the household read in turn a verse of the Bible. In the course of time I was invited to remain with the family while the morning service was held, and I had every opportunity of judging of the sterling and consistent character of that good farmer and his family, and I must admit that the impressions I there received have remained with me through life, and have undoubtedly influenced me more than I know.'"

Book Reviews and Notes

A NEW DOMESDAY BOOK

Messrs. *A. Constable & Co.*, London, have issued the first volume of what will be practically a new Domesday Book; in other words, the "Victoria History of the English Counties." This work will trace, county by county, the story of England's growth from its prehistoric condition through the barbarous age, the settlement of alien peoples, and the gradual welding of many races into the English nation. The advisory council which proposes this design includes the Dukes of Devonshire, Rutland, Portland, and Argyll; Lords Salisbury, Rosebery, Coventry, Dillon, Lister, and Acton; the Bishops of London and Oxford; Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir A. Geikie, and many others of eminence.

This first volume, which deals with "Hampshire and the Isle of Wight," is the work of many contributors, who write expertly of the natural history, geology, and botany of the county. The early man of the prehistoric days, when the Isle of Wight was still joined to the mainland, is dealt with at length, while Saxon, Roman and British remains form the subject of special chapters. Two concluding chapters reproduce in English the Hampshire Domesday.

This "Victoria History of England" will be a monumental work which will be found invaluable by students of all classes.

THE STately HOMES OF ENGLAND

Lovers of beautiful houses and beautiful gardens will purchase and preserve with care "Gardens Old and New," published by *George Newnes*, London, an imposing collection of pictures of England's stately homes and famous gardens. Most of the articles and illustrations have already appeared in *Country Life*, an English weekly, but as the journal, of necessity, reaches only a small portion of the people who are interested in mansions and gardens the publishers have done well to issue these articles in book form.

Here are Tudor, Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Queen Anne houses, many of them familiar to tourists as among the show places of

England, all deeply interesting from an architectural point of view. The lovers of a garden will find in this collection something to suit every taste. Unquestionably this is a book to have and to preserve.

CRITICAL STUDIES. By Ouida. Published by Cassell & Co., Ltd., New York. 6 x 9 in. 314 pages. \$2.

In this volume are gathered a set of essays by Ouida, all but one of which have appeared in print before in various periodicals. There are in all thirteen of these essays, dealing with Italian, French, and English authors and their literary works, whose subjects or treatment have drawn upon them a fire of criticism from Ouida's battery. When one has finished reading these essays he has, at least, some conception of the author's idea of what should and what should not be, for she is not only opinionated but fearless in making these opinions known. She has ideas of her own and expresses them, generally, in a manner that is interesting, even if one disagrees with her. She is a very critical Ouida, but her criticism, if partial, has the virtue, at any rate, of being both for and against. She praises as well as blames. Her positiveness has about it none of the hesitancy of one who does not know her own mind. Her studies include Gabriele d'Annunzio, Georges Darién, the Italian novels of Marion Crawford, "Le Secret du Precépteur," "L'Impérieuse Bonté," the poems of Wilfred Scawen Blunt, Joseph Chamberlain, Unwritten Literary Laws, Auberon Herbert, the Ugliness of Modern Life, the Quality of Mercy, the Decadence of Latin Races, and Alma Veniésia. Cassell & Co. have put this collection into an attractive binding and issued a volume of interest to the critically inclined.

John Charlton, M. P., in the *Canadian Magazine* for January, has an interesting article on "Imperialism vs. Annexation," in which he outlines very briefly the rise and growth of what is now the Dominion of Canada, from the battle on the Plains of Abraham through to to-day. He tells of the relations that have existed and now exist between the United States and her northern neighbor, and, speaking of trade matters, calls attention to the reciprocity treaty that was in operation between 1854 and 1866. Some contrasts are drawn between the United States and Canada, in which he thinks he sees advantages in the Canadian form of government, and while he enumerates some beneficial results to Canada that would follow annexation to the American Union, on the whole he believes such benefits would be more than offset by certain disadvantageous con-

ditions. Canada as a part of the British empire, as it is to-day ; Canada as a part of the United States ; and Canada as an independent nation, each receive a little consideration. But Mr. Charlton does not advocate annexation, nor does he believe independence a very practical question at this time. He therefore concludes that "the power and protection of the motherland is the wing under whose shadow we should rest ; that the victorious sweep of her progress is the march in which we should join ; that her markets afford the best outlet for our products ; and that the united strength of the Imperial union of Great Britain and her colonies is our surest bulwark against every foe."

An English reviewer looks for a revival of the historical novel. He says : "The past century, as the literary critic of one of the leading morning papers has just reminded us, has been adorned by writers like Macaulay, Froude, Green, and Professor Gardiner, and there seems no reason why, with the constantly accumulating stock of materials, the supply of great historians, or, at any rate, the writers of great histories, should not be kept up. But this means that an interesting novelist can get hold of the straw with which to make his bricks without much original research—a thing abhorrent to the imaginative mind. Demos, too, is not so entirely uninterested in history, if it be not too stale, as some would have us think, although he likes his mental food well chewed for him, as the sale of Lord Rosebery's ten thousand copies of 'Napoleon' goes to show. For which reason it is probable that the historical novel may return to us. After sex problems, psychology, falsely so called, and, lately, stories of the Boer war, it will come as a relief."

Sir Edward Malet, the distinguished diplomatist, has written his "Reminiscences," and they will shortly be published by Mr. John Murray, London. Sir Edward Malet has had a varied career in the service of his country, was in Paris during the Commune, served in Berlin and Egypt, as elsewhere, and it is expected that the portion of his reminiscences dealing with Egypt during the transition from Oriental despotism to British protection will be very interesting.

Mr. Barry O'Brien has in preparation a biography of the late Lord Russell, which promises to be of great interest to the admirers of the distinguished advocate and judge. It is stated that Mr. O'Brien has secured the original articles by which the future Lord Chief Justice of England was bound apprentice to Mr. Dennis, a solicitor in Newry.

Mr. Knowles, editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, has solved the difficulty concerning the title of the review during the new century. By the addition of two words the original name is retained and the scope of the review still indicated. Henceforth it will be known as the *Nineteenth Century and After*. A Janiform head, adapted from a Greek coin of Tenedos by Sir Edward J. Poynter, P. R. A., tells in a figure all that need be said of the alteration of the title.

The New Amsterdam Company are issuing a splendid art gift book, in colors, "Yankee Girls Abroad," by J. M. Flagg. It is printed on the best paper and handsomely bound. The plates accompanying can be had separately. "Vengeance is Mine," by Andrew Balfour, is in good demand. A handsome print of the heroine is given with each copy.

Fleming H. Revell & Co. have issued an exceedingly odd and interesting work for the young in the style of "Old Mother Goose." The rhymes are from the Chinese, translated and edited by Prof. Isaac T. Headland, of Pekin University. The work is on heavy illuminated paper, with illustrations from life, and the rhymes are very apropos.

The Comelot Company have made a great hit with Miss Hallie Erminie Rive's new work, "A Furnace of Earth." It is an intensely humane story of somebody's life, and is equal to "Ouida" in its passion and the sympathetic feeling which pervade the story. It should have a large sale.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard's historical romance "Lysbeth," a story of life in the Netherlands in the time of William the Silent, will be published in the spring. Another book by him, to be published later, will be "A Winter Pilgrimage," a record of his recent travels in Cyprus and Palestine.

Mr. Poultney Bigelow's "Colonization and its Problems," which will embody the results of his observations and studies in different colonies on every continent, will be another of the spring's books and will be published simultaneously in New York and London.

A new life of Sir Walter Scott, by W. H. Hudson, is half way between a monograph and the big biographies that we have. It tells the average reader all that it is really necessary to know about Scott and his work, and therefore should meet with appreciation.

Messrs. *Sampson Low, Marston & Co.*, have issued a third edition of Lord Roberts' little book on the rise of Wellington. It is especially interesting at this time, as it embodies Lord Roberts' opinions on the army and its reorganization.

"A Short History of English Commerce and Industry," by L. L. Price, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, published by *Edward Arnold*, is a successor to the same author's short "History of Political Economy in England."

R. F. Fenno & Co. "Mistress Penwick," a charming romance, which has had a good sale, has been dramatized for one of Charles Frohman's companies. "With Ring of Shield," also issued by this firm, is in great demand.

Another new historical novel is "Friend or Foe," by Frank Samuel Child. It is a tale of Connecticut during the War of 1812, and one of its characters is Aaron Burr. The work is issued by *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

In view of the Alfred Millenary, which will be celebrated in England this year, Messrs. *J. M. Dent & Co.* are issuing a new volume, entitled "Alfred, the West Saxon, England's King," by the Rev. D. Macfadyen, M. A.

Messrs. *A. Constable & Co.*, London, have just issued "The Fight with France for North America," by A. G. Bradley, which should be read by all to whom the Parkman histories are not available.

Volume five of Mr. John Murray's definitive edition of Byron's Letters, edited by Mr. Rowland E. Protheroe, will be on the market very shortly. It deals with the period of Byron's stay in Italy.

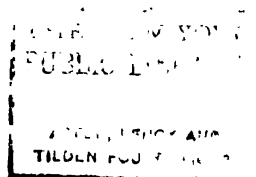
This year promises to be an active one in England's literary life and many books of importance in all lines are promised.

Dr. Conan Doyle is adding to his history of the Boer war, of which 40,000 copies have been sold in England.

Groescup & Dunlap. "Tales of Ex-Tanks" is a story for college-men and writers which is having a good sale.

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✓ THE QUEEN'S REIGN

BY DRAPER E. FRALICK

IN any exhaustive review of the late Queen Victoria's reign, comparison with the notable reigns of other countries is inevitable. The record shows that no reign in the annals of any country compares with hers, and especially is this true when the material and intellectual progress under the reigns of various sovereigns is taken into consideration. Nor can any critical estimate of the Queen's reign be made without giving a full exposition of the many wonderful qualities of the Queen herself. Therefore, for the present it is impossible for any reviewer of the Queen's life and reign to render full justice in limited space to the remarkable qualities of the lamented sovereign.

When the Queen came to the throne, kingship in England was not rated highly. Her immediate predecessors had not lent luster to the Crown, and at her accession she had to rely to a great degree upon the loyalty that her almost defenceless position would inspire. From the day that she became Queen of England to the day that her remains were laid at rest she aroused in Englishmen the most fervent loyalty and affection to the Crown, making

England's monarchy respected and loved at the same time that popular government was coming into full flower.

It was a happy thought on the part of her parents to take up their residence in England so that the young Princess should be born in the country which she might one day be called upon to rule, for the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III., at her birth had only her uncle, who was childless, between herself and the throne; yet her advent was not considered at the time of great importance. Her father died five days before his brother, the Prince Regent, ascended the English throne as George IV. The little Princess Victoria, as she was christened, was brought up with a view to her possible station in life. Her mother, a woman of great force of character, was ever devoted to the interests of her child, and the Princess herself owed much to the affectionate care of her uncle, Prince Leopold of Coburg, afterward King of the Belgians. George IV. had certain ideas regarding the education of the little Princess which did not commend themselves either to the Duchess of Kent or to Prince Leopold. The Duchess had never concealed her dislike for the character of George IV. nor her contempt for his associates of both sexes, and she also made an enemy of the Duke of Cumberland. It was fortunate for her that the great Duke of Wellington took the part of the Duchess in these domestic squabbles, and to his influence and confidence in Prince Leopold the Princess Victoria was indebted for her escape from the influence of George IV. and his associates; and it is noteworthy that, while her education was very carefully attended to, it was not until she was twelve years of age that she knew she was destined to wear the Crown. She had, of course, the best masters, and in all her studies was diligent, exhibiting a special aptitude for modern languages, music, and drawing; she grew up to be a good linguist, she sketched cleverly, and sang prettily and intelligently.

In 1830 George IV. died, and William IV. having

ascended the throne, the Princess Victoria became his heir. A Regency Bill was introduced into Parliament by Lord Lyndhurst, and it was judged that the Princess ought now to be told of her proper place in the order of succession. The manner in which this was done is very prettily described in Sir Theodore Martin's "*Life of the Prince Consort.*" One day her governess put a genealogical table into her pupil's English history. "The Princess opened the book and perceiving the additional paper said: 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary that you should, madam,' answered her governess. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought,' continued the Princess, and after some moments resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is more responsibility.' The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave the Baroness her little hand, repeating: 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so to learn even Latin. My aunts, Mary and Augusta, never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English and of all elegant expressions, and I learned as you wished it, but I understand all better now,' and the Princess gave her hand, repeating: 'I will be good.' The governess then said: 'But your Aunt Adelaide is still young and may have children, and, of course, they would ascend the throne after their father, William IV., and not you, Princess.' The Princess answered: 'And if it were so, I should not be disappointed, for I know by the love Aunt Adelaide bears me that she is fond of children.'"

William IV. was affectionately inclined toward his niece, but unfortunately he took offence at the Duchess of Kent for declining to let her child come and live at his court for several months in each year, and through the whole of his reign there was strife between the two. The history of the squabbles surrounding the early years of the Queen is an ignoble one, but she seems to have been happily preserved from being mixed up in them, although she was un-

doubtedly their cause. The stout-heartedness of her mother, who was keenly alive to the dignity and position of her daughter, preserved her from all that was degrading in these as in other matters. William IV.'s resentment against the Duchess of Kent increased and was fed by mischievous busy-bodies, who accused the Duchess of attempting to undermine his power and authority. Later years have shown how false these charges were.

In 1837 the King died. In recording his death, the *Times* of June 20th said: "He was not a man of talent or of much refinement, but he was diligent and labored at that which he considered his duty to comprehend. Sincere in his declarations and of inoffensive nature, he displayed no gross, nor great, nor memorable attributes. But he had a warm heart and it was an English heart." Posterity has ratified this judgment.

The King died about 2 A. M., and immediately the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Marquis of Conyngham started for Kensington to notify the Princess Victoria. The young Queen was roused and came downstairs in a dressing gown to hear herself for the first time addressed as "Your Majesty." The young Queen shed tears on hearing the Archbishop's announcement, and for a few moments stood weeping in silence with her face resting on her mother's shoulder. The Queen's first care on regaining her composure was to write a letter of condolence to Queen Adelaide, and she addressed this letter to "Her Majesty the Queen." Somebody had the bad taste to suggest that the word "Dowager" should be added. "But," answered the Queen, "I will not be the first to remind my aunt of the great loss she has sustained," thus evincing at the outset of her reign the kindly tact which ever distinguished her public and private conduct.

At the time of the Queen's accession Lord Melbourne's second ministry had been in office two years, and Lord Melbourne was the Queen's first preceptor in statecraft. His

tory has recorded Lord Melbourne's qualities and abilities as well as his weaknesses; and it is not necessary here to enter into the political battles which numbered amongst the fighters the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, and Lord Palmerston. Neither the Tories nor the Liberals looked with great favor upon Lord Melbourne's intimacy with the Queen. But history has done him justice in this matter, and has shown that his devotion was unselfish and above party exigencies.

Party strife was very bitter in the early days of the Queen's reign, and, as was certain, the question of her marriage was made an occasion for a warfare that exceeded in violence any that had preceded it. It is recorded that ministers were accused of trying to win Irish votes by dallying with the idea of a Catholic marriage, and they got many a pointed reminder from the press that the throne would become vacant if such an idea were carried out. In this, as in subsequent affairs, the Queen solved the problem in her own way, for, regardless of politicians, she married the man she loved, and the Queen's love story, her happy married life, and her subsequent sorrow, form a romantic chapter in English history that is very dear to the English heart. It is not necessary to enlarge on the Queen's marriage, as the whole world knows the story.

The coronation of the Queen took place in 1838. Peace reigned and the land was prosperous, and the general opinion of the country was that the coronation should be on a scale of magnificence commensurate with its importance. The event served to impress on the minds of foreign princes the exalted position of English sovereigns.

The next important event in the Queen's career was her marriage and the subsequent trouble regarding Prince Albert's exact status. The angry temper shown in discussing the Prince's allowance and his religion gave the Queen much pain. She naturally desired that her husband should be placed by Act of Parliament in a position which would

secure to him precedence not only in England but in foreign courts. But all efforts to this end were finally dropped. It is well to say something here of the Queen's husband, who, though at first the subject of much controversy and not unnaturally of much suspicion, came to be regarded by the people with an affection only a little less than that inspired by the Queen herself. If he did not understand at first the exact feelings of Englishmen toward him and the Queen, his tact soon led him into the right course, and instead of wounding their susceptibilities by assuming a position of importance that they would not willingly accord him, he devoted himself to his wife and to strengthening her power in the State. This course served him twofold. With a naturally keen mind for affairs and a judgment that was calm and eminently practical, he was able, as a power behind the throne, to exercise an influence that another course would have denied him, and at the same time he was also able to give greater attention to problems affecting the material well-being of the country. The Prince Consort was a business man of sound ideas, thrifty withal, and in a few years he put the royal establishments on an excellent footing, and his careful management gradually wiped out the reproach of wastefulness and extravagance that for years had been leveled at the English Court. There was no lack of dignity, but there was certainly no waste.

From the time of her marriage the Queen began to take an active part in the affairs of State, and ministers began to consider both her opinion and that of her husband in the conduct of momentous questions. From this time she made the monarchy a real factor in government, and it is certain that she took her duties very seriously. She never believed for an instant that she was aught else than the chief magistrate of the State. As the years went on and she increased in wisdom in practical affairs of State, as her relations with foreign powers and potentates became more widespread and intimate, and she was able to view foreign questions with an

eye that was not only trained to look to the advantage of England but to deal with them with a knowledge fortified by information not usually possessed by a minister, she was at once a directing power in political affairs, always within constitutional lines and always in accord with the popular government that developed so rapidly and fully during her reign. There can be no doubt that the Queen exercised a profound and far-reaching influence in the policies that have directed England during the past half century; not the mere influence that the monarchy itself as a monarchy might be supposed to exert, but an influence, forceful and direct, that could only be employed by a monarch of knowledge, tact, and a high sense of duty and responsibility. That the Queen was one of the first diplomatists of Europe has been acknowledged by foreign ministers and by all of her leading statesmen. Her opinion had to be reckoned with upon every occasion, and how great her influence was will only be known when the full political history of the Victorian reign comes to be written. She was a great factor in promoting and securing the peace of Europe, and humanity owes her a great debt for her efforts in this direction.

The Queen's influence for peace, it must be understood, has been potent only in preventing and assisting to prevent wars between the great European powers. She was not able to prevent the Crimean war nor the Franco-Prussian war, and it was during her reign that the terrible Indian Mutiny occurred, and her last years were saddened by the difficulties in South Africa. In fact, during her entire reign England has been constantly at war in some form or other. The majority of these wars were comparatively minor affairs, little wars fought against savage tribes in the protection of Colonists. But in the Crimean war, in the Indian Mutiny, and in South Africa the strength of England has been tested. The present generation has but comparatively slight knowledge of the causes which led to the Crimean war, and one need not now examine them too closely.

Whether England was made the tool of Napoleon III. or not, matters little, but the English conflict with Russia is significant to many in that it but paved the way for the later conflict which is generally believed to be inevitable. This Crimean war was notable for Miss Florence Nightingale's work in nursing the wounded and the institution of the Victoria Cross. While the political causes of the war are forgotten and the horrors of the Crimea remain but as a tradition, Englishmen have before them the noble work done by the army nurses, and the Victoria Cross is coveted of every soldier.

The peace of Paris, which concluded the Crimean war, had been signed but about a year when England's difficulties in India began, and it looked as though Russia were going to be avenged for her defeat in the Crimea by seeing Great Britain lose India. It is now generally accepted that the Mutiny was provoked in part by Russian intrigues, and that idea has been strengthened by the revelations of Russia's policy in Asia. It is unquestionably true that many other causes operated toward the disaffection of the Indian troops. The risings at Lucknow and at Allahabad, the fearful massacre of English women and children at Cawnpore, the butcheries committed by order of Nana Sahib, make a bloody chapter in the history of English rule in India. The reverse of the picture is brighter, for a mere handful of Englishmen suppressed the rebellion, and the heroic bravery of English troops in India excited the admiration of the world. The Mutiny brought about the change of the government of India from the East India Company to the Crown.

One of the most remarkable features of the Queen's long reign has been the successful administration of the Indian government since the change referred to; and in no part of the world has the British genius for governing alien peoples been more strikingly displayed. Historians of the Queen's reign must give to this special feature of British

power in the Victorian age more than ordinary attention, for, taken in connection with the British colonizing spirit, it throws considerable light upon subsequent political events and offers a basis for calculation as to the possible welding together of the British empire into a homogeneous whole. The successful administration in India has had to do not only with the mere government of an alien people, but it has had to reconcile the differences, religious, political, and social, of various races and at the same time cope with difficulties arising from a civilization older than the white and very different in structure. If the Mutiny is a dark chapter in Indian history, English government in India since the Mutiny forms a bright one.

While on the subject of wars in the Queen's reign it is necessary to make brief mention of the Austro-Prussian war, as to which English sympathies were divided, and which had such a marked effect on Europe. The results of this war were that Hanover and the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Cassel were incorporated into Prussia, Saxony was reduced to the rank of a vassal estate, and Prussia became the leading power in Germany; Austria was driven out of the Germanic confederation, Venetia was added to Italy, and Hungary recovered its ancient rights from Austria and became an autonomous kingdom under the dual system. More important to Europe generally was the Franco-Prussian war, which resulted in a United Germany and laid France low among the nations. The general results of the war were satisfactory to England, for the unification of Germany by the proclamation of the German empire, and France crushed for the time, were guarantees for the maintenance of peace in Europe. It will be remembered that the French Emperor sought and found an asylum in England, and the Empress to-day keeps watch over the tomb of her son who fell fighting with the British forces in Zululand.

England's wars in Egypt and the tragic events in the Soudan are matters of comparatively recent history. Gor-

don's death touched the Queen deeply, and she has recorded her indignation at the policy that allowed him to perish. But the Soudan is now developing under British enterprise, and English occupation in Egypt has raised that country to a point of material prosperity unknown hitherto.

At the time of the Queen's death the empire was being augmented by the addition of the late republic in South Africa. It has been stated that this long and terrible struggle shortened the Queen's days, and while it is undoubtedly the fact that the Queen's last hours were darkened by the shadow of suffering, it is not fair to lay her death to the South African war. The Queen believed the war a just one, and her sorrow was for her soldiers and those whom the war had widowed and made fatherless. In the previous wars during the Queen's reign it is possible to trace results beneficial to the empire, to see the good that came out of evil; at the present it is impossible to form any correct estimate of the war in South Africa, and while it undoubtedly is the most important affair in which England is engaged to-day, it must here receive the briefest notice.

Ireland has held the center of the stage for a great portion of the late Queen's reign, and has exercised an influence on political affairs and political parties quite out of proportion to its importance as an integral part of the British empire. England has the Irish question always with her, and no statesman of these latter days feels secure when it is brought to the fore. The unhappy state of affairs in that island has been the most perplexing problem of the domestic situation, and a satisfactory solution seems as far off as ever. It were an interminable task to attempt to trace even the slightest outline of the influence Irish agitation and Irish agitators have exercised in English politics. We know that the Queen was interested, deeply interested, in promoting better feelings between the Irish and the English, and she lost no opportunity to express her appreciation

of the gallantry of Irish soldiers, nor did she hesitate to exert her influence for the pacification of that island.

Within the limits of a magazine article it is impossible even to touch upon the remarkable events occurring in a reign so long and important as that of the Queen, nor is it possible to give to any extent an account of the processes by which popular government in England has attained its present position, or follow step by step the improvement in the material condition of the people, or trace out the means by which England became greater as a world power, or investigate the causes that have operated to make her the great colonizing power in the world, or discuss her economic policies, or trace the development of English science, literature, and art during the Victorian age. All these have been dealt with and are being dealt with by experts, and a library will scarcely contain all that might be said, and probably will be said, of the various features of the Queen's reign.

For instance: It was during the Queen's reign that the Corn Laws were repealed. How the Anti-Corn Law movement kept the country in convulsions for four years, has a literature to itself. Coincident with the Anti-Corn Law movement was the mania for railway speculation, and the subsequent panic, but a network of railways has covered England during the Queen's reign.

The great famine in Ireland in 1846 and 1847 wrought untold misery, and lost the island two millions of her population.

In November of 1847 her Majesty opened Parliament, and on this occasion the Queen's speech was transmitted to the provinces by telegraph for the first time.

In 1848, the year which shook so many continental thrones but left that of England unhurt, revolutions broke out in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Rome, Naples, Venice, Munich, Dresden, and Pesth. Louis Philippe was driven from the throne of France, Pius IX. had to fly from Rome, Ferdinand of Austria and Louis of Bavaria were compelled

to abdicate, the King of Naples and the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma had to give way before triumphant rebellion. In Paris, Venice, and Rome republics were proclaimed, Hungary declared itself independent of Austria, and Posen tried to throw off the yoke of Prussia. In England the Chartist agitation was active, but beyond some demonstrations which were kept in order by the police there was nothing of moment. The Queen was popular, the repeal of the Corn Laws had removed a grievance, and the disturbances on the Continent, by bringing all industry abroad to a standstill, had set English factories working at a double rate. Work was plentiful and wages were high. So, while all Europe was in a ferment England remained comparatively quiet. The programme of political reform demanded by the Chartists seems moderate to-day, and manhood suffrage and vote by ballot have been attained by other than revolutionary means, and this is true of all the most important reforms in England during the Queen's reign.

At one period of the Queen's reign papal aggression threatened to disturb the country, and Pius IX. announced his intention of dividing Great Britain into Roman Catholic sees. The Church of England, the universities, and the dissenting bodies all raised the cry that the Protestant ascendancy was in danger. Indignation meetings were held in every portion of the kingdom, petitions were poured in upon Parliament, anti-popery books and pamphlets were issued in scores, and the ministry was compelled by the overwhelming pressure of public opinion to introduce the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill."

An important date in the Queen's reign was 1851, when the first great Exhibition, projected by Prince Albert and carried out in the face of an extraordinary opposition, was held. This opposition appears very amusing at this time, but then it was very serious. In the House of Lords Lord Brougham denied the right of the Crown to hold the Exhibition in Hyde

Park, and in the Commons it was prophesied that England would be overrun with foreign rogues and revolutionists who would subvert the morals of the English people, steal their trade secrets from them, and destroy their faith in their religion and their loyalty toward the throne. Prince Albert was the target for an inconceivable amount of abuse, and was accused among other things of being a foreigner intent upon the corruption of England. He quietly persevered, however, and the results of his efforts are matters of history. This Exhibition, which proved in every way a colossal success, was much more important to English industrial development and intellectual progress than even Prince Albert hoped, for the results soon became manifest in the complete renovation of many English processes of manufacture. This Exhibition was but one of the forms in which Prince Albert's interest in, and efforts on behalf of, the material welfare of the English people were manifest. He early set himself the task of improving methods of agriculture, and he was foremost in every movement that would materially benefit the people. He had not long to wait for his reward, for as the years went on the Queen's subjects began to realize how devoted he was to their interests, and his death brought them face to face with the fact that his prudence, his devotion, his tact, and his ability had made him the real Prime Minister of the country.

If one undertakes to trace the political changes in England during the Queen's reign, one quickly comes to an understanding of the Queen's power in dealing with foreign as well as domestic affairs. She outlived many of the most illustrious politicians of the century, and, confining ourselves to England alone, we find her reign adorned by Melbourne, Wellington, Peel, Palmerston, Lord John Russell, Disraeli, Gladstone, Cobden, Bright, Clarendon, and Salisbury. Each of these played a great part in England's development, and nearly all of them were able by means of their commanding abilities to enjoy the confidence of their sovereign as well

as of the people. Each was gifted with some special gift, each has been portrayed to the present generation, and the political events with which they were connected have been the most prominent in the Victorian reign. With them and through them the Queen came to an understanding of political necessities, and was elevated to a plane of action that has made it possible, in view of the popular government which England enjoys, for the Crown to exercise an influence that might in the hands of a sovereign with a less idea of responsibility than the late Queen possessed have produced results seriously disturbing to the kingdom. It says much for the Queen that she was able to use this influence to the satisfaction of her people. Her ministers have borne testimony to her clear-sightedness and her sense of justice, while foreign statesmen have given her credit for possessing statesmanship in its highest form.

The political warfare waged in England to-day has little in common in point of virulence with those party contests in the early days of the Queen's reign, and it is amazing to us to look on the records and see how the Queen herself as well as her husband was made the weapon for political brawls. To understand this we have only to look back a little further and consider the reigns of the four Georges, and we have little difficulty in seeing how lightly kingship was esteemed in England when the Queen came to the throne. If any testimonial were needed as to the Queen's lifework, one has but to look at a world mourning her death and he finds it there.

It is possible here to speak of the sympathy which the Queen ever felt for America and Americans. It is now known that the wise counsels of the Queen and Prince Albert prevented war between the two countries at the time of the *Trent* affair, and there is an abundance of testimony as to the Queen's sympathy with America in the late trouble with Spain. She took advantage of every occasion to show her

friendship for the United States, and to Americans she was "the Queen," beloved by all and now mourned by all.

After the Prince Consort's death the Queen secluded herself somewhat, and as years multiplied and her sorrows increased she withdrew more and more into a seclusion respected and understood by her people, but never did she allow her private griefs and feelings to interfere with the performance of her duties to the State. On a few memorable occasions did she emerge later from her seclusion to receive the homage of her people. The first of these was her Jubilee, celebrated on the fiftieth anniversary of her accession to the throne, and almost the last was the Diamond Jubilee, celebrated in 1897, when her reign had exceeded in length that of any other previous sovereign.

The Jubilee was celebrated throughout the empire with the greatest enthusiasm, and in every city, town, and village something was done both in the way of rejoicing and in establishing some permanent memorial of the event. In London the day was kept by a solemn service in Westminster Abbey, to which the Queen went in state, surrounded by the most brilliant, royal, and princely escort that had ever accompanied a British sovereign, and cheered by the applause of hundreds of thousands of her subjects. There were many other public ceremonials connected with the Jubilee in which her Majesty took part. She paid a memorable visit to the East-End of London and opened the People's Palace; she reviewed the volunteers at Buckingham Palace; she laid the foundation stone of the Imperial Institute, held a review at Aldershot, and reviewed the fleet at Spithead.

She had borne so well the fatigue of the Jubilee that during the succeeding years she was encouraged to make more frequent appearances among her subjects. In May, 1888, she attended a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" at the Albert Hall, and in August she visited Glasgow to open the magnificent municipal buildings, remaining for a couple of nights at Blythswood, the seat of Sir Archibald

Campbell. Early in 1889 she received at Windsor a special embassy, which, though it attracted little attention at the time, was the beginning of a memorable chapter of English history. Two Matabele chiefs were sent by King Lobengula to present his respects to the great white Queen, as to whose very existence, it was said, he had up to that time been sceptical. Soon after, her Majesty went to Biarritz, and the occasion was made memorable by a visit which she paid to the Queen Regent of Spain at San Sebastian, the only visit that an English reigning sovereign has ever paid to the Peninsula. On her return home the Queen paid a visit to Sandringham, where Mr. Irving and the Lyceum Company performed before her. Several Jubilee statues were unveiled during the summer by the Prince of Wales. Her Majesty, for the first time for very many years, went to see the procession of boats at Eton on the fourth of June, and herself distributed the medals at the Royal Agricultural Show which was held shortly afterward in Windsor Park. In August she received the visit of her grandson, the new German Emperor, who came, accompanied by his fleet, to the Solent. These appearances were followed by others, and the people were delighted at the activity displayed by the Queen.

In September, 1896, her Majesty's reign had reached a point at which it exceeded in length that of any other English sovereign, but by her special request all public celebrations of the fact were deferred until the following June, which marked the completion of sixty years from her accession. This Diamond Jubilee, as it was called, exceeded in magnificence the celebration of the Jubilee, for on this occasion the celebration took an Imperial turn and became a festival of the British Empire. The Prime Ministers of all the self-governing colonies, with their families, were invited to take part in the Jubilee procession, and drafts from the troops which preserve order in every British colony and dependency were brought home for the same purpose. The Jubilee procession brought together soldiers and civilians of all the peoples who

make up the British empire. White, black, brown, and yellow men of Europe, Asia, America, and Australasia, the imperial service troops sent by the native Princes of India, mounted rifles from Victoria and New South Wales, from the Cape and from Canada, Chinamen from Hong Kong, and Dyaks from Borneo. Moved by the sight of all these and other colonial premiers, a French writer said: "Rome is equaled, if not surpassed, by the power which in Canada, Australia, India, and the China Seas, in Egypt, Central and Southern Africa, in the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, rules, peoples, and governs in their interests." The Queen drove with the procession through London amid crowds wild with enthusiasm, and the remarkable outbursts of feeling throughout the British empire on the occasion of this Diamond Jubilee was the climax in expression of the love, veneration, and respect the Queen had inspired during the sixty years of her reign, an expression only surpassed in intensity by the personal sorrow felt in each heart when the word came that the Queen had passed away.

The two years that followed the Diamond Jubilee were for the Queen comparatively uneventful, though the country was engaged in foreign affairs of moment. In 1899 she performed what proved to be her last ceremonial function in London, that of laying the foundation stone of the new buildings completing the Museum which had been planned more than forty years before by the Prince Consort.

The Queen was mercifully spared the fate of her grandfather. Her loss of power (mental and physical) was sudden, nor was the result long delayed. Almost to the last she busied herself with affairs of state and only relinquished her work when she was absolutely obliged to. Of the widespread sorrow on the Queen's death, it is unnecessary to speak.

When we look at the Victorian age and consider that it witnessed more and greater changes than had been wrought by many previous centuries—the growth of democracy, the

increase in size and responsibilities of the British empire, increased scientific knowledge, increased material prosperity, a wider outlook on the part of mankind, and the development of factors which make for the increased comfort and well-being of people—and consider how closely, how intimately Queen Victoria was connected with all these, we get some measure of the part the Queen had played in the world.

While she is revered as a Queen, she is equally revered as a woman; her pure, well-regulated life did much to endear her to her people, and after the dissolute reigns of the Georges the Victorian reign shines with an especial brilliancy. Too much cannot be said for her devotion to duty and what she considered was right. She was blessed with a sound heart and a sound understanding.

The death of Queen Victoria closed an epoch which in many respects is the most brilliant in English history, and the future will show how much her country was indebted to the Queen for the glories that crowned her reign.

THE QUEEN AS A WOMAN

SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

BY HELOISE DURANT ROSE

FROM the earliest days of Queen Victoria's public career, when her girlish face smiled from the depths of an enormous old-time bonnet with roses nodding over the brim, through all her glad married life and long widowhood, down to the last days, when she appeared as a white-haired great-grandmother, she kept her hold on the hearts of her subjects. Notwithstanding the infirmities of age, with the passing of the biblical three score and ten years, the Queen enjoyed the satisfaction of looking back upon a well-spent life, knowing that few monarchs, if any, had aroused more loyal devotion or won more truly the love of a nation.

History will record how the Victorian age benefited mankind, how it was an age of progress, what mighty wonders science accomplished during that period, how the steamboat, railroad, and telegraph were perfected, how commerce in her Majesty's dominions made great strides, from the introduction of the insignificant, but necessary, match (replacing flint and tinder) to the twenty-five times increased output of coal and the tremendous increase in the trade of pig-iron and cotton; history will note the transition from weekly village mails to the present postal facilities, covering yearly some two billion posted letters; it will give the statistics of the revenue of the United Kingdom, increasing from forty-seven million pounds sterling in 1837 to over one hundred million to-day, and will mention the increase in population from twenty-five millions to forty millions during Victoria's reign; it will enumerate a long list of famous

statesmen, artists, and scientists; it will show how the humanitarian life-boat system was started, and refer to the boon of trained nurses in the houses of the poor as well as the rich. History will have a fair page for Victoria's reign, but the best records inscribed thereon will be the life of the true woman who created it.

The girl who began her reign with a prayer on her lips, whose purity of character and domesticity set an example for every maid and matron in her empire, must perforce leave an indelible impression upon the lives of thousands. If her scruples caused her to hasten guests over their wine, so that gentlemen could linger but a few minutes after the ladies withdrew from the table, knowing that her Majesty was awaiting them in the drawing-room, or led her into such a deplorable error as the condemnation of Lady Flora Hastings, the Queen's scruples were no less the means of purifying the Court and surrounding the royal family with an atmosphere of sweet home life that was an example not for England alone but for the world.

Though strictly observing all Court ceremonials at official functions, Victoria's home duties were performed with great simplicity. At Osborne the children played and had their lessons under their queen mother's watchful eyes; they learned to cook and bake in their delightful playhouse, and the Queen would eat their cakes and praise the successful little cooks. Notwithstanding the immense retinue in the palaces, her keen interest in household matters was felt by all, from the highest down to the lowest attendant; they knew that amid State cares and duties, she yet found time to note personalities in the lives of all who surrounded her.

Her ready sympathy is proverbial; there was never a mine disaster, a shipwreck, or other calamity throughout her empire that was not followed by a quick word of sorrow from Victoria. No friend, courtier, or statesman suffered family misfortune but she sent messages of condolence, which the recipient felt were not perfunctory but came from

the heart of the sender. It was this touch of human nature that made her kin to all the British world. We in America have not forgotten the message telegraphed to Mrs. Garfield when the President was assassinated: "Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you at this terrible moment. May God support and comfort you, as He alone can. The Queen."

But not only in the sad moments of life did Victoria show tactful sympathy for others. She always manifested great interest in the pleasures and daily happenings around her, and included in her world the lowliest poor. Living in the Isle of Wight, while a child, I met those who knew her well, and endless were the anecdotes of her informality and kindness. Some of these have been made public, such as the incident of her finding one of the royal princes, who had run ahead while out walking with her one morning, crying, and near him a sturdy country lad. On inquiring the cause of her son's trouble, she learned that he had been struck by the other boy for purposely knocking down a basket of shells the lad had collected.

"Served you right," said the royal mother to the prince. "You deserved to be punished."

Another pretty story is of a little girl, who, unknown to her parents, wrote in childish hand to the Queen, asking for a doll, which was promptly sent to her with the Queen's love.

Not a birth of triplets occurred in the United Kingdom but the mother received a gift of money from her Majesty.

A friend and near neighbor of ours at Binstead was Sir Charles Locock, the Queen's accoucheur and physician. He was devoted to his royal patient, who also had the greatest affection for him. In those days we used to meet the Queen continually, out driving. She never failed to bow and smile to those who recognized her, until one felt that she was a very friendly neighbor. One afternoon Sir Charles was sitting on our lawn, paying an afternoon call, when a servant from his house, close by, arrived to say that the Queen was

there, waiting to see him. Princess Beatrice, I think, was with her that day; they used often to drive over from Osborne, with John Brown on the box, and spend an hour or so with Sir Charles. Her Majesty was particularly fond of some home-made arrowroot biscuits for which Mrs. Faithful, Sir Charles's housekeeper, was famous. One afternoon the royal carriage drove up to Binstead House, only to find that the Doctor was not at home, but the Queen was not going to lose her cup of tea on that account. She got out, walked into the long drawing-room, and asked for Mrs. Faithful. The housekeeper scrambled into her Sunday black silk, and, much agitated, presented herself before the Queen, who smilingly told her that she really must have a cup of tea and some of those "good arrowroot biscuits." Alas! there was not one in the house, but every other available dainty was served with the tea at once. Poor Mrs. Faithful could not for a long time be consoled that she had not a biscuit to offer the Queen that afternoon.

Around Osborne and Balmoral, Victoria visited the poor informally, and read the Bible to poor old women, who were never tired of singing her praises. There was a touch of Teutonic simplicity about Victoria that caused her to take an interest in the smallest details in the affairs of others. A friend of mine, the wife of a very able member of Parliament, told me of a relative of hers, a lady of high rank, who corresponded regularly with the Queen. Being ill once when a royal letter was to be answered, the task of doing so devolved upon a young daughter. "But what on earth shall I write about?" asked the girl. "Oh, anything," replied her mother. "Say how I prescribed my favorite pills for the butler yesterday."

Sir Charles Locock told us many anecdotes of the Queen's early life. He belonged to the old-fashioned school and used snuff, during his life collecting some valuable boxes from royal patients. The first time he attended the Queen she objected to his taking snuff. Prince Albert took

him aside and told him this. "Well, your Highness, I am nervous without my snuff," was the reply, "and won't be answerable for the consequences." He was told to take as much snuff as he liked, and no more criticism was made on the subject.

Sir Charles liked to repeat the episode of the Prince Consort locking himself in his room after a tiff with her Majesty. When she knocked at the door, and to his inquiry of who was there replied, "Your Queen," the door remained shut; knocking again, and to the Prince's repeated inquiry replying, "Your wife," she was promptly admitted.

The Prince had a difficult position at first as Consort to the Queen of England; constantly he ran against prejudices, which he tried to ignore. One cold Sunday morning, Sir Charles Locock went to Osborne. He was at once admitted to the Queen, who greeted him with the declaration that she wanted him to decide a controversy between herself and husband. "Albert wants to go skating," she said, "and you know that we consider it wrong to skate on Sundays."

"And you must know, Doctor, that there can't be any moral harm in skating on Sunday," cried the Prince. "It's a fine, innocent exercise."

"I agree with your Royal Highness," replied Sir Charles, "there is no moral harm in skating on Sunday, but I also agree with her Majesty in thinking that it would call forth criticism from a conservative set of people." It ended in the Prince not skating that day.

As the Queen grew older, her passionate grief at the loss of a loving husband seemed for a time to shroud her not alone from the eyes but the affection of her people. Sir Charles and a few others near and dear to her vainly tried to rouse her to public activity, but Victoria, very determined by nature, found difficulty in yielding to the opinion of others. Her attitude toward her younger daughters during this period was severe, if not verging on the tyrannical. She kept them constantly employed as amanuenses, or at read-

ing, driving, or walking with her, forcing upon them the duties of a companion, without the pay. In the royal household, as in humbler homes, differences of opinion would arise. As the princes and princesses grew up and began leading their own lives, often not in accord with their mother's wishes, friction arose, but when a death occurred in the family all would unite in the common sorrow. Through the various ramifications of the family down to the great-grandchildren and cousins four or five times removed, all felt that in the Queen they would find the wisest of counselors. She combined tact, foresight, and good common sense with great kindness of heart. During Sir Charles Locock's last illness messages from Osborne arrived every day, and when it was found that he could not recover Victoria drove over at once to Binstead. A son of the old doctor received her.

"Can I see him? Am I too late?" she asked anxiously.

On being told that he was still alive, but had not seemed conscious of his children's presence for some time, she was greatly overcome. They took her to his room, weeping, and she bent over the bed of her old friend.

"It's the Queen; God bless her," he said faintly, and she was the last person he recognized on earth. After his death, Victoria sent word that she would like as a memento some trifle he had used. His family presented her with a rare tea-set from which she had drunk tea with him in happier days.

After we left the Isle of Wight I saw the Queen at public functions, once at Albert Hall, where her small, dignified figure was the cynosure of the thousands in attendance, her personal magnetism making itself felt throughout that vast building. When I was presented at a spring drawing-room the Queen had already begun to delegate the Princess of Wales to take her place at these functions; so I was very glad to find that the Queen was there *in propria persona* that day. But two incidents happened that disturbed her Majesty's equilibrium. When the diplomatic entrée was made,

before the presentations began, in some unaccountable manner the Duchess of Buccleugh trod on the Queen's long tulle streamer, worn beneath the diamond coronet, jerking both cap and coronet almost off the Sovereign's head. Victoria made a quick grasp at her headgear, settling it in place, while her face flushed a deep crimson. A moment of portentous silence ensued. Then one of the young daughters of the Princess of Wales tittered; her grandmother smiled, and the Court recovered its breath. The presentations followed, and just before my turn came, a countrywoman of ours, in the excitement of approaching the royal party, actually passed the Queen without the regulation courtesy. The bediamonded matron, realizing her error, lost her wits completely, crying out loud, "Oh! dear, I forgot," and rushed back, snatching at the Queen's hand. The lady who made this *faux pas* has since been remarried to a well-known New Yorker. After duly making my court courtesy to her Majesty and the members of the royal family present, I had my train whipped over my arm, and before I was fairly out of the room my old friend, Mr. Henry White, of our Legation, told me the two incidents just recorded. There was a great crush at that drawing-room, and the ordering of the carriages had been mismanaged, so that several groups of weary, hungry people were left waiting to be called for until dusk. A lady with her irate husband, who happened also to be the Lord Mayor, and my party were at last the only ones left, and it was nearly six before our carriages arrived.

Apropos of presentations is an anecdote illustrating the Queen's tact and kindness. An American débutante, who was both young and pretty, in making her court courtesy, committed the error of kissing the Queen. Instantly realizing her blunder, the poor girl nearly fainted, and hurried home in a most distressed state of mind. Next day the American Minister was asked by her parents to present her apologies through the proper channels. Simultaneously there reached the Legation a note for our Minister from

her Majesty's secretary, stating that, comprehending the young American's embarrassment, Victoria sent her an invitation to a state dinner. Needless to say that this kindness not only silenced adverse criticism but gave our fair countrywoman an open sesame to the London season.

During Victoria's long life, her temperament and the difficulties of her exalted position may have accentuated certain less lovable traits in her character, but her earnest desire to uphold the purity of home, her avowed religious beliefs, and the unfailing fidelity of her affectionate nature, have won for her the right to the title of Victoria the Good.

When a girl of eighteen, weighted with coronation robes and regalia, she entered Westminster Abbey to be crowned. Amid the booming of cannon and the acclamations from thousands of voices, she knelt beside the altar as she reached the Recognition Chair. Immediately there was a profound silence until she again rose. Then the Westminster boys went wild with excitement, springing to their feet, shouting as with one voice, hailing her their Queen: "Vivat, Victoria Regina!"

Silver-crowned by time, weighted with eighty years and more, the aged monarch at length lies at rest, unheeding the world's "Hail to thee; well done, thou good and faithful servant!" for she has reached the Recognition Chair of God.

THE PASSING OF QUEEN VICTORIA ✓

BY EDWIN RIDLEY

In the youth of a state, arms do flourish; in the middle age of a state, learning; in the declining age of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise.—BACON.

THE reign of Queen Victoria marks a distinct epoch in English history, as well as a remarkable era in the history and traditions of all English-speaking peoples, while her death is a notable departure and event in all human relation and a boundless source of regret and uneasiness. In brief, the passing of England's aged and venerated Queen denotes, to many minds, the parting of the ways, so to speak, in the sense of British traditional lines of government and policy, and in so far as the democratic principles and influences of the more radical among the industrial classes and leaders—to say nothing of the purely commercial and potential underlying currents and influences which of necessity sap and undermine the strongholds (already considerably decayed) of the monarchy and aristocracy—serve to disturb the minds of the more observant, or apprehensive, among the conservative ranks of the British electorate throughout the entire empire, and imply, in the estimation of many, very much the same as did the “handwriting on the wall,” of the Scriptures, in the dream of Nebuchadnezzar, as interpreted by Daniel, in regard to the fall of the Babylonian empire.

Nevertheless, far be it from us to concur in any such dark misgivings and forebodings as these in connection with possible forthcoming changes and innovations which may, or may not, attend or follow in the wake of this good Queen's pass-

ing away. And this, inasmuch as we have really no good reason to believe that the national heart of England vibrates a whit less vigorously; or that the morals and animating principles of the British race and peoples have become so impaired and corrupted that the duration and progression of the English nation and British empire could be seriously affected or jeopardized by the dissolution of a single life, no matter how beautiful and potential *its* influences and associations; or, in effect, that the ties which have so long united the interests and conserved the polity of the British empire and peoples were of so frail a texture as to be seriously affected or endangered by the snipping of a single fine thread by the fell sickle of grim Death, the Reaper.

Rather, let us assume, in common reason, that in the decease of this universally admired Queen and woman England and the British empire will be sternly admonished of the frailty of human flesh, in universal relation, and will the more resolutely take example from the life of this one beautiful and consistent character and type of womanhood and queenship, and thereupon adopt higher standards and more generous and practical principles and intelligent objective lines and motives, in individual relation, than ever before. And this, inasmuch as the death of this beloved Queen must necessarily stir and shake the British heart and conscience as never before, perhaps, in the lives of whole generations of the English-speaking race and peoples.

For who among us, even amongst tens of thousands of Americans, is there who does not in some way regard the names of England and of Queen Victoria as almost synonymous terms—and the latter as by far the most amiable and expressive type of all that is English or that is symbolical of English history and traditions, in so far, at least, as *their* recollections go, and all English associations are regarded at all seriously? Surely, then, regarded from such a point of view, the death, as well as the life, of such an English Queen and

woman should serve to promote and to conserve the racial ties, international interests, and better relations of the British and American nations and peoples.

But let us see what the Victorian epoch especially signifies in purely British relation — what have been its most notable characteristics and attributes, and wherein it is to be consistently regarded as second to no other epoch in English history and traditions, in so far, at least, as the commercial and industrial progress and the consolidation of fondly termed "Imperial" interests and outreachings are to be characterized or estimated as evidences of genuine human progress and of common human advantage. There may very well be differences of opinion regarding this latter designation as to what constitutes actual human progress and advantage, but there can be no question whatever of the commercial and industrial progress of the English people during the reign of this Queen. For dark indeed were the clouds, and troubled in the extreme were the conditions and perplexities, which overshadowed and pervaded the working classes and masses of the English people during the days which immediately preceded, and for a considerable period attended, the actual reign of Queen Victoria, as all who are at all conversant with English history and literature will readily appreciate and admit. For there are ebbs and flows in the lives and histories of all peoples and civilizations, just as there are in the life of the individual; and while we do not for a moment intend to imply that the actual interests of a people or nation are to be identified as co-ordinate with commercial progress and mere increase of national wealth, in the commonly accepted sense, (for it should go without saying that the actual interests and progress of a nation are commensurate only with the proportionate *diffusion* of the means of existence and education of the masses) — yet commerce does indeed expand the resources of a nation and people and, in the words of Bacon, "fillet the veins of the national body."

And it is certain that commerce *has* flourished, and flourished as it never did before in the history of the English-speaking race and empire, during and throughout the reign of Queen Victoria. It is equally certain that the industrial conditions of the British working classes have been materially improved and advanced during her reign also, and that to-day the British workman is better paid, better fed, and better educated than ever before, or since the commercial epoch set in at all events. But, of course, this is not to say, nor yet to imply, that the mere fact of Queen Victoria's reigning had anything to do with these things—they merely mark and characterize the epoch to which we revert especially, or are essential features and significations of it.

To our thinking there are but three distinctive, illustrious epochs in English history and traditions, to wit, the Elizabethan, the Cromwellian, and the Victorian. These three are indeed exceedingly bright and shining epochs and eras in all English relation and in so far as they concern and interest all English-speaking peoples. Prior to the Elizabethan epoch the whole history of England abounds with chronicles of wars and little else; yet during that period a certain exalted chivalry was cultivated, to which we are indebted primarily for some of the rarest gems of literary production and excellency, of which Froissart's *Chronicles* serve as an exceedingly beautiful example. It *is* true, therefore, that "in the youth of a nation arms do flourish." It is true, furthermore, that "in the middle age of a state learning," or literature, "flourishes," and it is equally true that in the Elizabethan epoch—"the middle age"—learning abounded and literature flourished as never before or since in England.

Of the Cromwellian epoch, suffice it here to observe that while undoubtedly an epoch of considerable import and purport, in so far as the history, and traditions, and destinies of the English nation and of all English-speaking peoples are to be considered, yet it was an epoch so closely bordering on the Elizabethan one as to be hardly consistently

regarded as a distinctive age, or intermediary stage of national development in the Baconian sense. Yet it was, indeed, a notable and grandly instructive epoch; but not exactly a permanent land-mark, or milestone, so to speak, denoting any particular transitional stage of national development, or reactional phase and stage, in historical connection. What it did chiefly denote was a mighty upheaval of the English national heart and a temporary regeneration of the English national soul and conscience; and the most valuable and impressive lesson which the Cromwellian epoch should convey and unfold to our vision and understandings is one of startling and sterling purport: to wit, that of the deep significance and possibilities of individual effort and fidelity to principles, of the vanity and worthlessness of mere time-serving and shuffling expediency, and of the price that must always be paid for sheer sensual indulgence and derelictions of duty and deviations from rightful methods. Cromwell was God's chosen instrument for the chastisement of England's sins, and the derided "Covenanters," or "Roundheads," the "whips to the backs" and the "sword of the spirit" to the destruction of the misguided and loose-lified "Cavaliers" of the reign and period of the weak and unfortunate King, Charles the First. Thus regarded, the Cromwellian epoch was indeed a notable one in English history, marking, as it did, a most striking development of English character; notable, too, in consideration of its far-reaching and momentous influences and bearings upon the destinies and histories of the Pilgrim Fathers and of the American republic and nation.

And now let us confine ourselves rigidly to the Victorian epoch. The reign of this Queen has been a glorious one—glorious, in that it has specially conduced to the promotion of the domestic virtues of the nation, subject to the illustrious example of one who held such an exalted position—glorious, in the length of reign and extent of the dominion of a beloved and devoted Queen and Empress—glori-

ous, in consideration of the advances that have been made and giant-strides in the paths and realms of art, science, and industry. To some it may appear strange to omit mention of what has been accomplished during Queen Victoria's reign in the realm of literature; but it should be remembered that we have already designated the Elizabethan epoch as preëminent in such respect—as *the* most illustrious one in all that pertains essentially to the Art of Letters. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the Victorian epoch was likewise a notable one in literary connection, and was fertile, to a remarkable degree, in literary association and productiveness. Many and goodly were the writers and masters of prose and poesy during the earlier portion of Victoria's reign, and a brilliant galaxy of authors and composers graced and adorned it. While, therefore, we insist that the Elizabethan epoch is to be properly regarded as *the* age of English *learning*, or as the crowning period of English *literature*, it must nevertheless be admitted that the Victorian epoch was very fertile also in literary productiveness, and that, despite the predominance of the commercial and mechanical spirit and influences, which essentially characterized it, there was perhaps never a period, or transitional stage of a nation's history, more fertile in genuine, humane, literary production and outpouring than that portion of it which became purified by the gospel and utterances of such choice spirits and fervent prophets as Carlyle, Ruskin, Trench, and William Morris. The Victorian epoch opened subject to the dark influences of such minds and thinkers and moulders of public opinion as Hume, Bentham, Malthus, Macaulay, Mill, and Byron; it neared its close subject to the better, truer promptings and teachings of such minds and thinkers as Keble, Kingsley, Carlyle, Ruskin, Trench, William Morris, Stanley, Alford, Scott, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Browning, Newman Hall, Dickens, Thomas Hood, and Thomas Hughes—men of earnestness and truth, or seekers thereafter, and men of solid parts and sterling

worth, for the most part, whose quest and gospel were, of a truth, ideal and impassioned in their conceptiveness and diligence in pursuit and furtherance of these, and whose talents and virtues were pronounced and indisputable, mainly.

We may readily differ, each according to his bias and peculiar mode of reasoning, in regard to the exact degree of worth and eminence to be ascribed to the names and works of this goodly and notable assembly of thinkers and writers, but there can be no question whatever regarding the abilities and sincerity of purpose and motives of these men; nor can it be denied that they did much to exalt and purify the public taste and morals and to regulate the lives and broaden and stiffen the characters of their readers and admirers; for their methods were pure and their minds were illumined.

As betwixt the Elizabethan and the Victorian epochs, however, there is, we repeat, a wide divergence, notwithstanding their respective luster and signal characteristics: the one, the Elizabethan, was an epoch of adventure and of poesy, as well as of learning; the other, the Victorian, was essentially a commercial epoch—an era of shuffling, truckling, time-serving expediency and advantage-seeking among the commercial ranks and in political circles; and yet, withal, an age and epoch in which wondrous advances were made in the arts and sciences, and glorious discoveries and enterprises made and promoted by British investigators, scientists, and capitalists.

Indeed, in common justice, it must be allowed, in vindication of the Victorian epoch, that never before, perhaps, in the history of any country was there a period so illustrious as that era has proved in all that pertains to actual human enterprise and commercial and industrial progress. Still, it must be insisted that the Victorian epoch was after all little more than a commercial and a mechanical age—an age of hard and gross materialism; that its civilization was *not* of the highest; and that it does *not* favorably compare

with the Elizabethan epoch, notwithstanding all its marvelous accomplishments and in spite of its remarkable production of a goodly number of exceedingly able and accomplished men throughout the entire circle of the arts and sciences and of literature. It may well be that as between the numerical proportions of representative types of authors, scientists, and men of special parts and talents of these two periods the Elizabethan epoch would be found wanting; but it should be noticed that although the Victorian era has been more prolific of "professors" and of *essayists* than any preceding age or period in English history, it has not produced a single Shakespeare, nor yet a Spencer, a Bacon, a Sir Walter Raleigh, a Sir Philip Sidney, a Beaumont, a Fletcher, a Ben Jonson, a Massinger, nor a Burton. And yet our civilization, that of the Victorian epoch, is fondly assumed by many to be of the very highest order and quality.

To be sure, the Elizabethan era, regarded merely from the Society point of view, must have been of a somewhat primitive pattern, if we are to be governed in our estimates by the sufficiently authentic chronicles and records, in so far as they relate to the bull-rushed drawing-room floors of the nobility and courtiers of the time and reign of Queen Bess. Yet it was a period also of gold and of precious diamonds, of rich tapestries and of embroidered garments—an epoch and period in which simplicity and ostentation were strangely commingled, and noble deeds not infrequently coupled with singular incongruities of character and demeanor, and when fop and philosopher or courtier and scholar were regarded in quite another light to that in which we are inclined to regard and estimate their relative worth in these times.

But to continue our review of the Victorian epoch: let us consider more especially the personality of the good Queen Victoria. And right here let it be observed that no mere bias, one way or the other, should be allowed to influence us in the course of such retrospection. For no matter what the magnetism of such an exalted personality, considered

purely from the "eminent rank" point of view, it should always be remembered that, in reality, the king or queen of England does not directly govern, and, consequently, Queen Victoria's direct personal influences had really nothing at all to do with the progress and development of her "subjects" and empire during her long and illustrious reign. The arts and sciences and the commerce and industries of the land and people would have advanced and been promoted just the same had any other king or queen reigned throughout that eventful period. Nevertheless, the personal influences of Victoria were quite potent in other and no less salutary relations and directions, in that her court was purified by her personality and virtues, and her example, in domestic relation, could not fail to promote and exalt the morals and proprieties of her people in the aggregate. All honor, then, to the memory and virtues of Queen Victoria!

Then, again, it must occur to the thoughtful mind how much of tact and discernment this queen and woman displayed throughout her long and troubled, though eventful and glorious, reign; and how greatly England and the English-speaking race and peoples are indebted to this frequently quite notably evidenced tact and discernment on the part of Queen Victoria for the preservation of peace and quietness between themselves, as, for instance, in the *Trent* affair, as well as at various other critical junctures of an international nature. Small wonder, then, that the memory of Victoria should prove so universally cherished and endeared; for ever blessed is the peacemaker! Nor must we forget those minor evidences of tact and discernment manifested by this good queen of England in strictly British home government relation: to wit, upon the occasion of her recent visit to Ireland, and in the bringing of her direct personal influences to bear upon her grandson, the Emperor of Germany, upon more than one occasion and emergency. There can be no doubt, in effect, that England especially owes a deep and lasting tribute of affection to its good queen on such account, even

though these timely and momentous gracious acts and parts of hers, thus specified, had been signally displayed. So much, then, for the gracious personality of Queen Victoria.

Now let us consider some of the most notable events and evidences of progress on the part of the English people and nation during the Victorian epoch. First, we will pay attention to the conditions which prevailed in the British dominions at the time of this queen's accession to the throne of England. As has been already intimated, those conditions were anything but creditable or auspicious; and for some time after her coronation the industrial conditions of the people were not only pitiful but positively degrading and degraded. Women and children labored in the fields like oxen and brute beasts, and their wages were scarcely adequate to keep soul and body together at all. Even so late as 1850 the conditions which prevailed in the agricultural districts of Great Britain must have been abhorrent to all intelligent and conscientious minds and natures, since the wages of the farm laborer, even in the most advanced sections, or counties, of England, were no more than eight or nine shillings a week, or from two to three dollars, out of which he had, or was supposed, to maintain himself and provide for his almost invariably large family; while the women had to work in the fields for sixpence a day, and lads of from eight to twelve could be hired in plenty for from threepence to sixpence apiece per day—and even for a shilling a week! Nor was the condition of the men, women, and children, who toiled in the mills and factories of the land much better, if, indeed, a whit better. For these poor wretches were deprived of the air and sunshine, of God's giving, as well as starved and stunted by man's inhumanity: Not until the repeal of the Corn Laws, or abolition of the utterly damnable "vested rights" of the landowning and privileged classes, did the frightful conditions of the laboring classes of Great Britain improve mate-

rially. Since that time, however, what wonderful strides and advances have been made! and how different are the present conditions of all classes of labor! From 8d. to 9d. a day in 1850 the wages of the common agricultural laborer have risen to from 15s. to 21s. per week, with privileges besides; while his wife is no longer compelled to labor in the fields, and *her* wages, of whatever nature her industry, are more than twice what they were in former times.

But it must not be assumed that we attribute all this improvement in the industrial and material conditions and relations of life among the working classes of Great Britain solely to the passage or reform of the Corn Laws. On the contrary, we attribute it, mainly, to the increased intelligence and honesty of the people generally—to the educational advances that have been made, and to the awakening of the public conscience, subject to the promptings and goadings of the *thinking* minds and literary and scientific men and women of the Victorian epoch; and deep is the obligation of the British nation and people to Carlyle and Ruskin, to Kingsley and William Morris, to Tennyson and Wordsworth, to Coleridge and Browning, to Samuel Smiles and to Thomas Hood, to Thomas Hughes and to Charles Dickens, more especially! For these great men and writers have done more, a thousand times, to regenerate and reanimate the national mind and hearts, and to regulate and promote the national character and development of the British race and empire, than all the sumptuary enactments and “expedient” legislation, experimental philosophy, and reforms of the politician, philanthropist, and professional agitator could possibly have effected. And therein consists the chief glory of the Victorian epoch, to our thinking. It was glorious because so truly beneficent, in all human relation; and while essentially a commercial epoch, in so far as the indisputability of its commercial progress and revolutionized productive methods are to be consistently entertained in national and imperial association, it is to the men

who taught England and the English people to be truer to their heritage and traditions, and who so exalted the national tone and purified the moral atmosphere, and to *their* promotive and regulative influences and principles, that we must ascribe the chief good that was attained and the chief glory and luster of the Victorian era.

(To be concluded.)

“LA PERLA DE LA ORIENTE”*

BY ROSCOE WILLIAMS GRANT

AMONG the new books descriptive and discursive of America's archipelago in the Pacific is “The Philippines: the War and the People,” by Albert G. Robinson. This work consists largely of letters and extracts from letters written by the author as correspondence to the New York *Evening Post* during a sojourn of some seven months in the islands of which he writes. Besides strictly original matter and the collation of his own letters, Mr. Robinson gives extracts from the writings of others, such as John Foreman's “The Philippine Islands,” L. R. Sargent's story in the *Outlook*, correspondence of the New York *Herald*, Associated Press dispatches, Manila newspapers, and other sources of information which he deems pertinent to the subject or corroborative of his personal opinions. The book is written in an entertaining and oftentimes humorous style, even when speaking of naturally dry subjects, and, though lacking somewhat in orderly arrangement of chapters, either chronologically, subjectively, or otherwise, most of what is said is interesting and much of it instructive, as well.

As to the author's judgment of conditions present and likely to be in the Philippines, undoubtedly there will be two opinions. His honesty and frankness are not questioned, but the conclusions he draws will not be likely in all in-

* The Philippines: the War and the People. By Albert G. Robinson. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5½x8½ in. 407 pages. \$2.

stances to find popular acceptance in the minds of his countrymen generally—for one reason, because patriotic pride (true or false) and natural optimism make us not *want* to coincide with all of them; and, for another reason, because there is evidence tending to establish different conclusions. A rather sentimental fondness for “the little brown men,” as the author delights to call the Filipinos, seems to pervade the book, reminding us at times of the beautiful thoughts and idealities expressed by home product anti-imperialists (so called). Exactly what admirable qualities are possessed by these charming “little brown men” we are not very satisfyingly told. Perhaps it is a secret. Surely their double-faced “amigo” traits, of which he relates a number of instances, are not admirable. Mr. Robinson thinks the followers of Aguinaldo have shown by past experience that they are entirely capable of self-government. If they are, so much the better; the quicker they may attain it under American supervision. He thinks that Filipino distrust of American intentions and good faith has been at the root of the natives’ hostile attitude, that the natives see in the United States but a successor in interest—selfish interest—to their old enemy and oppressor, Spain. American soldiers have shown themselves, he says, more anxious to fight than to try conciliatory measures. We may easily believe this, as the dullness of routine duties and forced inactivity of soldier life are apt to be very trying conditions, especially for new recruits, and discontent, finding expression in an ill-repressed desire to do something—get into a “scrap” or most anything to break the monotony—is apt to manifest itself. It is one of an officer’s duties, however, to see that proper discipline prevails among his men. That some of the officers can and do keep their men free from disturbances arising from friction with the natives, Mr. Robinson himself admits. He believes, though, that native hostility will continue even after “war” has ceased—until the crack of doom, perhaps.

This recalls to mind a story told by the Hon. John Sherman, in his *Reminiscences*. It seems the famous old fighter and stanch Republican, Thaddeus Stevens, once promised to vote for Sherman for Speaker of the House. He asserted he would vote for him until the crack of doom. For several ballots he kept his word; then, when it was foreseen that Sherman could not possibly receive votes enough to secure him the coveted position, Stevens shifted his vote to another. Some days after, Sherman met Stevens and reminded him of his promise and the failure to fulfill it. "Did I promise to vote for you until the crack of doom?" asked Stevens. "Is that what I said?" Sherman told him it was. "Well," said Stevens, apologetically, "if that's the case, I guess I must have thought I heard it crack." The Filipinos, too, may think they hear it crack some of these days, and thereupon cease their anti-American way of thinking.

Touching upon the history of the islands, Mr. Robinson aptly points out what a very short time ago it was that the majority of the American people hardly even knew of the Philippines' existence. If they were on the map, we had not noticed the fact, or, in Mr. Dooley's words to Mr. Hennessy: "'Tis not more thin two months since ye larned whether they were islands or canned goods." So it is not inappropriate that a brief historical *résumé* should have been included. The first record of the islands we have seems to be the letters of Ferdinand Magellan, who, in March, 1521, landed on the coast of Mindanao and took possession in the name of the King of Spain. Two or three minor expeditions followed, but the only one of any importance was that in 1543, which sailed from Mexico and gave the islands their present name, in honor of Philip, son of Charles V., and afterward himself King of Spain, under the title of Philip II. The first permanent occupation was by Miguel Lopez de Legaspi, who had sailed from Mexico in 1564. Luzon was occupied in 1570, and on June 24, 1571, a city

government was definitely established at Manila. Then came two centuries of Spanish domination, enlivened at intervals by attempted invasions by Chinese, Dutch, Portuguese, and Japanese, none of which succeeded. From the fall of 1762 to the spring of 1764 the British held Manila, and after the British evacuation Spain resumed possession. This she held until the happening of those events that are recent history.

But the Spanish rule was not undisputed. Rather, it was attended by innumerable rebellions and insurrections. Governor-General succeeded Governor-General, without quieting native hostility. At first it was not independence at all that was desired by the Filipinos, nor was it a desire to do away with the establishment of the Church of Rome in the islands. The seat of the whole trouble seems to have been the domineering conduct and unlicensed exactions of the monastic orders. The corrupt friars ran things with a high hand, and the Spanish Government refused to intervene. The natives came to hate the friars, and pleaded for a secular clergy, all to no purpose, however. The friars remained, and are there now. So far the American Government has attempted no reform in this direction. The Filipinos have as yet seen no indications of a better order of things under American than under Spanish rule. Hence, their dissatisfaction.

It is refreshing, indeed, to turn from disagreeable criticism of American ways and conduct, from mere historical outline, and from the subject of Filipino dissatisfaction with conditions past and present, to those portions of Mr. Robinson's book that make pleasanter reading, to his happy descriptions of the islands and their inhabitants, and to anecdotes of his stay among "the little brown men."

On the number of the islands and their population he throws no new light, although he thinks there are more than eighty different tribes making up the latter. The great mass of the population he calls mongrel. As to the archipelago

itself, he divides it into three zones: Luzon, the northern zone; the Visayan group, Panay, Negros, Cebu, Bohol, and their neighbors, the central zone; and Mindanao, Palawan, and the Sulu Archipelago, the southern zone. The Tagals dominate the northern zone, the Visayans, the central, and the so-called Moros, the southern. The Tagals and the Visayans may unite against a common enemy, but there is little harmony between them in their ordinary relations. With the Moros neither of them has anything in common. The Tagal and the Visayan, though not to be called industrious, do some work. That can hardly be said of the Moros, whom Spain was never able to bring under either its political or its religious influence.

The Filipinos are very cleanly about their persons and in dress. Bathing is a favorite occupation, yet, by a curious inconsistency, they will bathe in the muddy Pasig River and the canals about Manila, which are in reality little better than sewers, some of them being foul in appearance and frequently unspeakably offensive in smell. The morning bath along the river front is one of the interesting sights of Manila. Both sexes bathe together, but there is no immodesty about it. Except in the case of children, the bath is often taken with but slight change in apparel. The men are not customarily overdressed, anyway. The ladies come from the houses, wearing a single garment secured under the arms and above the bust. Mr. Robinson says: "I have seen women sitting in a tub, set on the ground in front of their houses, garbed as described, and pouring and rubbing with manifest satisfaction."

If one goes into the markets, says Mr. Robinson, he will see piles of a wholly unfamiliar article. It is an oval affair some two and a half inches in length, its skin battered and fibrous. This is buyo, or the areca-nut, which, when its kernel is separated from the husk, and wrapped in the betel-leaf coated with a bit of lime, serves the natives in place of chewing tobacco.

As to illiteracy among the natives, there are tribes among which no such thing as either literature or education exists. If the whole population be considered, the percentage of illiteracy is undoubtedly high ; in Manila, on the contrary, it would be quite low. The percentage of illiteracy among the most advanced of the tribes " would probably be very much lower than that of either Cuba or Porto Rico, and perhaps below that of the negroes of the Southern States."

Of interest to Anglo-Americans is a paragraph concerning the Palawan islanders. The greater number of these are thought to be Malays, and they are in closer affiliation with their race in Borneo than with those of the central archipelago. That fact introduces to some extent a feature of British influence. Many of them make no distinction between the newly-arrived people who call themselves Americans, and those of longer acquaintance, the English, whom they have learned to respect and trust. " These people," they say, " call themselves Americans ; but they are the same as the English, and to us they are English." That gives the United States an excellent opportunity to parallel England's record in North Borneo.

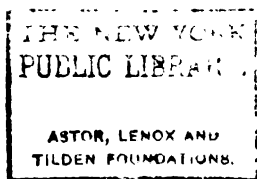
And, speaking of outside influences, other than American, upon the Philippines, we are brought to the subject of trade conditions and prospects. Anti-Imperialists assume that more than anything else it was from Yankee shop-keeping motives that the islands came under American sovereignty. If so, Mr. Robinson appears to think the United States will be disappointed. He says sound business develops along normal lines. The Philippines are new territory to Americans, but they are not new territory to nations that have known them and traded with them for decades. England, Spain, France, Germany, and even little Portugal and Holland, have been in business in the Orient for a number of years. It is his opinion that the Philippines will find such development as may come to them through foreign rather than through American capital. The invest-

ors of England and the Continent must go abroad for their investment. They, and not the Americans, have developed Australia and Borneo, India and Ceylon, Java, Sumatra, and all else in the East. Philippine trade conditions will be developed and improved. That is inevitable. "But," continues Mr. Robinson, "I can see no ground upon which to rest any beliefs or hopes that the mere flying of the American flag will immediately change customs and natures which are the result of three centuries of Spanish rule and the effect of life under a tropical sun. I believe there is but one wise view to take of the Philippine Islands as a field for commercial exploitation. That view is the strictly conservative. To the sanguine and the enthusiastic this seems pessimistic; but enthusiasm is a poor working basis for commercial enterprise. It is supposed to be a patriotic sort of thing to paint these islands in glowing colors as a place of endless value, of untold wealth. But patriotism is patriotism, and business is business."

The labor question, in Mr. Robinson's mind, is one of exceeding seriousness. He thinks the American cannot work in the Philippines, and the native will not labor with that degree of regularity and diligence on which commercial and industrial success so largely depends; that the industrious Chinaman, in combination with American brains and American capital, would readily turn the islands into a beehive of production and profitable industry, but it is most unlikely that those of the present generation will live to see that combination played. As to American colonization, he believes it improbable. Even were it possible to endure the exertion, the American could not and would not compete with the native in the matter of wages or in profit obtainable from small holdings; the wealth of the few might be profitably invested if labor conditions could be successfully controlled, but it is hard for Mr. Robinson to see where the many will derive any benefit whatever from the possession of the islands. He admits that the market for American

products will be extended and thus the American wage-earner benefited indirectly, but contends that there are a number of facts which greatly modify the general proposition.

Mr. Robinson has constituted himself a committee of one to stand in this adverbial relation. He makes an excellent modifier. In fact, he modifies conditions so much and so sharply that if we are at all of a sensitive nature our glamour of Oriental opportunity so far as the Philippines are concerned is dissipated, our fond dreams of the future fade into practical nothingness, our cheerful optimism is rudely shocked, and it will necessitate several hours' reading of the New York *Sun* as an antidote to bring us safely back to that Nirvanic state where we believe and trust implicitly in the wiseness and goodness of the Administration which snatched from the nerveless hand of Spain "La Perla de la Oriente." Yet, though Mr. Robinson emphasizes the *con* rather than the *pro* side of the Philippines argument and occasionally somewhat weakens his style by adopting a tone that might be called flippant, he has, on the whole, given us a book that is well worth reading. Such quotations as have been taken from the work do not always appear in the exact words of the writer, although many of them do, nor are sentences quoted necessarily in the order in which Mr. Robinson has written them. It has, however, been the intention to give the substance of the Robinson view-point as accurately as practicable and to avoid misstatement. If that view-point represents what may be termed the Opposition, at least we may credit the author with sincerity of purpose; and even if we do not agree with him in his argumentative moods, we can at least appreciate him for the information and pleasure he has given in telling us something about "The Philippines: the War and the People."



WHY DO NOT ENGLISHMEN BECOME NATURALIZED AMERICANS? ✓

I REFER, of course, in the above caption, to those Englishmen who come to this country with the idea of residing here. Now, of those who have thus "come to stay," it is computed on good authority that there are some 75,000 who have never exercised the right of citizenship in this country, and this mostly in New England and New York. I do not care for the accuracy of the figures; it is enough if it be conceded (as I think it must) that Englishmen, as a rule, are averse to swearing away their allegiance to Queen Victoria.* In fact, the figures would be much larger indeed if a careful estimate, based on good investigation, were made. I know scores of Englishmen whom I have tried to induce to take out their papers, but who have invariably refused. And these very men are the quickest to criticise things American and tell us how we should guide our national affairs so as to insure success.

Being a practical man myself I have been not a little surprised at the ignorance of political ideas displayed by these same Englishmen, who talk, write, and influence *American* politics without undertaking any of the duties and responsibilities of citizens. Now I take it that the truth of the two following propositions is self-evident:

(1) It is the duty of every male over twenty-one, enjoying life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in the United States, to exercise the rights and responsibilities of a citizen.

(2) The ballot is the only legal and tangible sign of the fact that this first duty has been performed.

* This article was prepared before the Queen's death.—ED.

As the second of these propositions is more open to question than the first, I may be permitted to enlarge a little on it. Citizenship, to begin with, is not a sentiment, more or less connected with abstract ideas. Constitutions, declarations of independence, proclamations of liberty, and so forth, are only the material warrants for our rights as citizens. Where these warrants are not accompanied by the consent of the governed there is neither independence, liberty, or even the possibility of a free constitution. Russia has no *citizens* for this reason. The fallacy of many writers on American institutions—specially those who refuse to exercise the ballot in this country—lies in confounding these material warrants with the real warrants, the chief of which consists in the right vested in the citizen himself to vote. The ballot is the only real sign and seal of citizenship. The exercise of the power to vote is the only tangible evidence that the rights and responsibilities of citizenship have been assumed in good faith. The rest is all on paper.

Again, the ballot is the only test of political freedom and influence. The ballot is the law-making power; it is the power that ~~un~~makes laws. In a free country there is no power superior to the practical will of the people as expressed in the ballot-boxes of its popular campaigns. With all the mistakes, injuries, corruptions to which this power has been made heir through conniving men, no means can compare with it for getting at the political judgment of a nation. More powerful than a free press is the power of a free ballot. It is the absolutely sovereign influence in the State. Men, therefore, who do not exercise this power not only discount their own influence, but they do a positive injury to the country they live in.

Moreover (and in a wider sense than I have time or space here to define), the ballot, implying as it does the right and duty to vote, is an infallible objective test of a man's interest in public affairs. The man who stands outside the ranks may see more of the war with political error, but he knows

nothing, and *can* know nothing, of the strife itself in which the whole meaning of citizenship consists. His interest is purely individual, and absolutely futile so far as any influence on the judgment of others goes. No American citizen is going to take his ideas from one who is not standing shoulder to shoulder with him, sharing the burdens of political responsibility. No reform can be pushed by the non-naturalized resident of America with any promise of success. The Englishmen, therefore, who refuse to throw off their allegiance to the Queen cannot expect to receive anything but the cold shoulder when the talk turns on the serious business of governing this nation. We had some experiences in the Civil War (which occurred, however, before my time) calculated to show that probably the most dangerous men in a country like this are the Englishmen who refuse to become American citizens.

Lastly, citizenship, through the ballot, shapes all our national policies. All discussion, speaking, writing, all slinging of printers' ink, is quite preparatory, and propædæntic to that royal moment when each man, having made up his mind, says through the ballot-box that this or that is *his* judgment. I repeat that the corruptions of the ballot-box, stuffing, false counting, and so forth, do not in the least alter the fact that policy and national enterprise are determined at the polls where the people cast their votes. Ideally and practically the right of judgment is expressed, and it is an exalted function, the highest, indeed, enjoyed by the citizen in a free state. If any man refuse to exercise this right, he and we alike are forced to conclude that his interest in the perpetuation or reform of the national institutions is purely platonic, having no reference to practical policy or practical usefulness.

These truths seem so obvious to almost any one that one is surprised that Englishmen (who are among the most intelligent portion of the communities where they reside) persistently dodge the practical logic of their truth, namely, to

become American citizens. I said that the truth of the two propositions, on which I have briefly enlarged above, is self-evident. And this I believe. How, then, do Englishmen get over or around these maxims of political duty, these axioms of American citizenship?

In talking with Englishmen about their duty in the several respects pointed out, I have made out at least four reasons why they do not become naturalized. Classified in the order of their frequency they are as follows:

1. British insularity.
2. The survival of prejudice.
3. Sentiment.
4. Utilitarian considerations.

The reader no doubt recognizes these as old and familiar subjects, but they are as persistent as they are old, and as illogical as they are familiar. Except the last, they are all subjective, having to do for the most part with racial peculiarities. None of them, not even the last, bears directly on the real question, that is, whether or not it is the *duty* of every male making his living in the United States to support, in the only practical way conceivable, the institutions that grant him protection in life, liberty, and property.

Take the first and most frequent obstacle to be met with—British insularity. As soon as a political agent approaches the Englishman on the subject of taking out his papers this is what generally happens: he begins to think of the “right little, tight little island,” of the Court and the Church, and most of all of the gracious lady whom all the world is willing to honor in her noble womanhood.* To this circle of ideas he is bound almost completely, and he would as soon part with them as with his right hand. Most Englishmen come to this country with this peculiar outfit, and with an almost morbid self-consciousness in regard to them. And if he has the imperial idea added to these, even his imperialism is of

* It will be interesting to observe the effect of the Queen's death upon the attitude of Englishmen toward naturalization.—Ed.

the same insular type: England is the pattern on which the "Empire" is built. Indeed, this insularity is found wherever the Englishman is found, in Canada, and even in progressive Australia.

It is hard, if not impossible, for any body of men trained as Englishmen are, to throw off an ingrained tendency of ideation such as I have described. When such men come into a country like this they do one of two things. A few—the more democratic—easily assimilate with their new surroundings. The vast majority, unable to overcome the power of old associations and the sense of national superiority, remain outside the current of political and social life, and are content to be left alone. It is with this last class that we have our chief contention.

Now, the question is, of course, whether any man should allow his feelings to rule his better judgment. For the insularity so obvious in Englishmen is nothing but an instinct-feeling; it is not organic to human nature; it is not part of the stock of even the Englishman's ideal humanity. Should he, therefore, allow a mere feeling to stand in the way of an obvious act of justice and duty? For I have never found an Englishman—to his honor let it be said—who has not admitted without argument the importance of the suffrage. With great price has this right been purchased in England, and he knows its value as well, probably, as any man on earth. But when it comes to exercising this same power, which his conscience approves, *in this country*, he, like the surprised oyster, retires within the protection of his shell, that is, his country, his Court, and his Queen. This peculiar *tour d'esprit* we do not find in any other immigrant who visits these shores.

I can see no way to overcome this objection, because it partakes of the nature of a prejudice, and the survival of prejudices is, as already mentioned, the second objection offered to my question. It is strange to observe the working of this same prejudice. Englishmen are most ready to criti-

cise Americans for being prejudiced against their country. We have been accused of perverting the story of the American Revolution, and committees of learned and philanthropic Englishmen have actually been sent to this country to convert us to the truth of the matter. We are accused of *preferring* Irishmen to Englishmen. Now, as a matter of fact, is not the Englishman who refuses to vote in this country quite as much open to the charge of prejudice? For my part, I cannot see why the shoe does not pinch on his foot as on ours. And as regards our preferring Irishmen to Englishmen, the reply is obvious: we have no choice in the matter since Englishmen refuse so largely to come to the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, whilst every Irishman takes to them like a fish to water. We know that the *best* foreign-born citizens in this country are Englishmen who have been naturalized. This every competent observer and student will gladly acknowledge.

The prejudice against American citizenship among Englishmen is part of the insularity already referred to, and I see no way practically to overcome it. For it is the nature of prejudice to sweep all before it, and this is true even of those prejudices that have a hoary dignity like those brought forward by the Englishman against voting in America. These things die hard, because, like certain animals, they carry their own house on their backs. The Englishman in the Sahara desert is, therefore, just the same as the Australian pioneer. The churchman ministering to savages aims to set up the English Church, with its ritual, creeds, and vestments. Considering the amount of democracy that has infused itself in things English it is surprising that these insular prejudices do not have a more speedy burial when they are transplanted to this bracing atmosphere of freedom.

I am not now arguing the abstract possibility of a man's transferring his patriotism from England to America. We all know that Carlyle, who has taught more Englishmen than any other teacher of our time, denied that possibility.

Ours, however, is a practical question, freely admitted to be abstractly true, but not feasible in conduct owing to the survival of certain prejudices; and, as I said, I do not see any way to overcome them in a practical way. Argument would be futile, persuasion undignified, force un-American.

The same general argument is true in regard to the third objection—sentiment. In talking with Englishmen one often hears the remark "American politics are corrupt," and very soon a comparison is made with England greatly to the injury of this country. Now, let it be definitely understood that the motive of this kind of argument is a purely sentimental one. It is based, in other words, on the insular prejudice already referred to, only warmed, in the heat of talk, into a sort of conviction. This conviction at bottom has very little that is rational in it. Practically it amounts to this: Who would care for the privilege of citizenship in a country ruled by the political boss, and so forth, when I can maintain my allegiance to one free from these things? As though English political life was "free" from jobbery and corruption! There is a popular idea abroad that England is not the paragon of high and noble motive in politics our English visitors would have us believe. But that is neither here nor there. The point is that corruption is not a valid objection to the assumption of the rights and responsibilities of citizenship. The sentiment of superiority, which inspires this objection, *is* a sentiment and nothing else.

I do not undervalue sentiment, but I value science and truth more, and I think politics and citizenship should be matters of truth first before they are allowed to degenerate to the level of a national prejudice. I recognize all the truth in Scott's lines, "Breathes there the man," and so forth. It is a fine feeling, this of grateful joy at the sight of the land that gave us birth. But there is another side to this feeling, deeper than the other. The Puritans and Pilgrims loved old England better than the corrupt Court that ruled in their day, yet they felt bound in conscience to leave her tyran-

nies, her blasphemies, and her impurities, and seek a country with freedom to worship God as they saw best, that is, in the sanctity of a reasonable and righteous life. And, everything considered, all Englishmen acknowledge that this is more possible even now in the United States than in any other country. Sentiment in behalf of our native land is an admirable thing, but it *is* only a sentiment after all, not a judgment. The ballot is not a sentiment; it is a practical instrument for getting at the best reason of the people, and when Englishmen refuse to exercise the right they fall back on a sentiment which, however beautiful in itself, is nevertheless nothing else.

The only practical suggestion that meets the favor of Englishmen is the limitation of the suffrage, the qualifying of it so that you keep out the rabble. I find Englishmen quite ready to admit this. It reminds them of home and the "property qualification," as well as the time when voting power was vested only in "the higher and middle classes." But if this suggestion ever becomes universal in this country, it will not be by the aid of non-voting Englishmen. Hence it is really aside from the main issue, which is the immediate responsibility of every male over twenty-one to bear his share of political duty in the free state.

The last objection, the utilitarian, is one thoroughly English in character. Englishmen declare they can support American institutions just as well without as with the privilege of citizenship. When asked how, they reply (in effect): By minding my own business; which is a gentle reminder that they have had enough of you and your reasoning. Selfish would be a mild term to apply to this doctrine, which is, like all utilitarianism, merely an expedient. For as soon as you begin to push for a definition of what "my own business" means, it soon appears that my own business is making money, enjoying society, getting advantages from school, college, university, receiving protection from the

police and army of the nation, mixing in the stream of vital enterprises of all sorts, living under a free constitution wherein life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are granted to all, and being interfered with by no one. Pretty large business—this! And what is given in practical return for these advantages? It is no honor to a man to say that he keeps out of prison, is civil on the street, clean in his daily life, industrious and thrifty. If this is *all* the return he makes, he is doing no more for this country than any decent man, say, in Russia is doing. For these things belong to the sum of the world's good. The only *practical* return he can make is to assume the obligations of public service, based on the ballot, in the country where he happens to live and enjoy these privileges.

Americans who make their permanent residence in England do right to become naturalized, as so many of them have done. But the argument works both ways. Englishmen who make their permanent residence in America do right to become naturalized, as more of them should.

The question suggests itself, in closing, whether those who definitely refuse to undertake the duties and rights of American citizenship should not be disqualified from holding any public office, or office under any American institution, State University, or Legislature. Theoretically I am convinced that this is sound doctrine, but our practice is far from the theory. Non-elective positions are open to all. But I believe that for the sake of the integrity of our national life, part of the qualifications for *any* office should be the admitted allegiance of the incumbent to the constitution and the flag.

CIVIS AMERICANUS SUM.

HAWAII FIRST

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.

VII

THE WRECK OF THE "KANOELIHOU O HAUPU"

Cordial greetings to all the Kodak Klubbers.—*Stephen Crane.*

I wish I might some day meet my fellow members beneath your palms and stars.—*W. D. Howells.*

Thirty years ago I was chasing the K. K. K. in Mississippi.—*Charles King.*

With best wishes to all the members.—*William McKinley.*

I shall be glad to avail myself of its privileges.—*J. B. Grant.*

THE Klub had just finished considering Eli Perkins' application for the position of Treasurer, when Dr. Krane proposed an excursion to leeward Kauai. Only five members could go, but as their names were read everybody acknowledged that they represented an admirable quorum: Manager, Artist, Parson, and Doctor, comprising spiritual and physical elements.

Accordingly, the Manager got a whale-boat, thirty feet long, manned by six natives, and stuffed with preserves, hard-tack, coffee, salt pork, beer (spruce), blankets, kodaks, and other things sufficient not only for need but greed. No allowance was made for the fish that might be caught, or for the stimulating effect on the artistic temperament of what might be seen.

The Artist, fresh from Cosmopolis, took along his materials, real and intangible, but the Parson and the Doctor left their stock-in-trade at home. The former did not even affect a white tie.

The plan was to run along the shore to Milolii, by Hana-loi, thence back by land to the place of beginning—Koloa.

Starting our crew off in the boat, we took carriage to Mana, where the men were to land and wait for us. It was Monday in June when we left, having been set right by good advice from the Parson Sunday night. He said, among other things, that of necessity every traveler sees the world through his own eyes, which transform and sometimes distort the objects about him and select out of them all only those that are pleasing to the seer's fancy. This was said with special suggestion at the time.

We rode up the hill, early for us, and somewhat under a cloud, but the horses were fresh, the roads free from dust, and our colors flapped in the wind. When we reached Wahiawa the clouds disappeared and dust began. Here the Doctor got out and picked some caper flowers (*capparis sandwichiana*), carrying them for awhile, but as soon as they began to wilt he thought better of it.



WAITING FOR A QUORUM

At the top of a hill stretching out of Kalahao Valley could be seen a patch of foliage, and, as we got nearer, there appeared the red roofs of half a dozen houses. We were informed by the Manager that this place was the residence of the man who owned a large part of the land that we had ridden over. His cattle ranch reached up into the forest and down to the sea. He was not a missionary, or a missionary's son, either. When we got to the house every

one was away except the son and his servants and native retainers. He showed us about the beautiful grounds and invited us to the veranda. We saw the curio-room, too, where Hawaiian curiosities were collected. Calabashes, clubs, spears, charms, and parti-colored *leis*, some of them once owned by kings and chiefs, and worth hundreds of dollars. There were mats of every sort and *tapa* quilts of different patterns. The calabash collection took the eye of the stranger.

It has been a fad among certain of the residents of these islands to make collections of genuine Hawaiian-made calabashes. And no wonder! Stamp-, bric-à-brac-, and coin-collecting pale into insignificance before the interest that can be worked up in calabashes. The value of your collection is really intrinsic, and increases with age. Then the article is a thing of beauty. The dishes for most part are circular or oval, hewn out of two varieties of native wood, *koa* (*acacia koa*) and *kou* (*cordia subcordata*), a kind of plum. The wood of the *kou* was used for making various household utensils, and, although softer than *koa*, when polished shows wavy shades of light and dark brown. The real calabashes were made by the old Hawaiians with stone adzes, and they all take on a beautiful polish. This veneer comes from repeated rubbing with a preparation of oil and turpentine. At intervals of a year or so, for two or three years, the calabash is repolished, when you get a permanent gloss that brings out the grain and coloring of the wood and reflects your face like a mirror.

Calabashes are of many sizes. Some have small mouths and are high; others are low and open like a bread-bowl. They hold all the way from a cupful to several gallons. The chiefs had some made with stands, resembling large egg-cups, and quite a number have embossed edges. It is usual for the collector to find out the history of each calabash he gets, for stone adzes are no longer used and calabash-making is practically a lost art. The present generation of

Hawaiians have neither the skill nor the inclination to make calabashes ; besides, with cheap wooden and earthen ware at hand, there would be little object in spending the time to make a calabash, or, rather, there would be little use in expending the force necessary. The oval dishes are really troughs, and were used principally in serving up dog meat. The other style was devoted to *poi*, and is so, still. When a feast takes place all the calabashes available are brought into service. King Kalakaua and his Queen each had valuable collections, and some of the calabashes in Bishop's Museum could not be bought for hundreds of dollars. In fact, the smallest calabash, if it be genuine, will bring a good price. Some enterprising man in Honolulu has taken to manufacturing these dishes out of the various woods and selling them to tourists ; but it is easy for a connoisseur to pick out the new and comparatively valueless article. It may be classed with relics of St. Peter's cross to be had at any time of Roman peddlers.

In the old calabashes, some of them hundreds of years old, may be seen holes worn through the bottom or cracks along the sides, sometimes mended with cocoanut fiber. It is needless to say that these blemishes add to the value of the article. Fac-simile evidences of age are to be seen in the new calabashes. On some of the islands it is quite impossible to get a calabash, as the natives have been thrown in with the whites so intimately that they have sold what valuables they had ; but on Kauai and, possibly, parts of Hawaii and Molokai there remain families that have valued their treasures. The Hawaiian loves his calabash, and parts with it as reluctantly as a farmer does with his homestead. But if you are living in a village and get acquainted with the old-timers, especially if they like you, from time to time some one will approach you almost fearfully, undo a calabash or two done up in gunny-sacking, and offer to sell it to you for a song. The owner is in trouble, and his heirloom comes to the rescue. You recognize at once the value of

the article. It is never polished, but old, rough, cracked, worn, and smelling loudly of *poi*.

One day I met a woman who needed money very much; she was in extreme *pilikia*, but when I offered to pay her a good price for two calabashes she had she said that they had been left to her children by her father. "I want to give them my boys," she said, "befo' they b'long high chief." By-and-by she came to see me, bringing a calabash that she was willing to sell, and which I bought, getting its history. It had belonged to her grandfather's father, Kahiliiki, and must have been one hundred years old, anyway. The next day a native called. He said: "That calabash no b'long that *wahine* (woman); she steal." "Very well," I answered, "fetch her along." When she came in the afternoon she brought the man with her, her two boys, her father, the man's brother, and two or three women, and such a quarrel as they had I do not care to see again. They talked together, gesticulated and gutturalized, and finally went off with the calabash.

The Assessor, who owns a valuable collection of calabashes, has had some amusing experiences in collecting, and paid all sorts of prices for all sorts of calabashes. Sometimes he gets a valuable piece for little or nothing, then again pays a high price for an inferior article. He once discovered a large calabash in a native house, a dish probably worth several hundred dollars. But the woman who owned it would not part with it at any price. A year or so after, during which time the collector had offered great inducements, he came upon the coveted calabash in his sugar-cane field. Somebody had stolen it and placed it there until the search should be over, probably intending to sell it to some collector. The Assessor went at once to the owner and asked her if she would sell her calabash, desiring to see it again. She led him to the place where it was kept under the bed, when, to the old woman's consternation, the valued article was nowhere to be seen. The Assessor had to give up the

calabash. The woman was grateful, but not grateful enough to sell to the Assessor what he had found for her. Occasionally one will come across plates made of *koa* wood, and many of the chiefs had covered dishes. All kinds may be seen in Bishop's Museum, also, I believe, in the British Museum.

It is a question of a short time only when it will be impossible to get a genuine calabash, and then those in the possession of collectors will be worth money. A member of New York's Four Hundred, who brought a calabash to his city, wrote back that the only reason the Four Hundred did not make a fad of calabash-collecting was because the supply remained so limited. They were afraid that each one could not secure a dish. Some day, when these collections are broken up, there will be a sad scattering of treasures.

From Wahiawa we turned toward the village of Hanapepe, which has grown upon a filled-in place between two high ridges, brothering the sea and the river. It is a warm place in summer. The hills grew browner, the roads dustier, and through the tints Makaweli appeared. At the landing was a patch of algaroba green, the prevailing color, however, being red. Red houses, barns, mill, fences; red-headed Scotchmen with red eyes beginning work in the red dawn. This is Makaweli, where white linen is an impossibility. As we left, one of the workmen cast a pun at us. Said he: "In Makaweli everything is read that is worth being read."

Before crossing the bridge over the Waimea River we walked up to the Russian Fort, now in ruins. It is a large inclosure, and represents more labor than design. Even eighty years seem long enough to consecrate such a work to antiquity, and one wonders what Dr. Scheffer and his Kodiak Indians did there, and how they whiled away the drowsy days. No doubt they caught fish, took baths in the sea—for bathing is a sequence to life in Waimea—and made excursions up the delectable river. Staying grows on one

here, and no marvel is it that Dr. Scheffer waited long enough to want the whole island and beg King Kuamualii for it. The Russians have brought themselves into the history of many out-of-the-way places of the world.

It was here, at the mouth of the river, that Governor Baranoff's ships were wrecked in 1814. The cargo was taken care of by Kuamualii. A year later Dr. Scheffer came on the *Isabella* for the purpose of looking after what had been sent ashore so unceremoniously by the waves. Then followed the thirty Kodiak Indians, who stayed with the doctor to defend his fort. It seems that two other ships sailed from Alaska, and some guns were mounted where Honolulu now stands. Russia's intentions were never openly declared, except that this fort was built and garrisoned, with the Russian flag over the top. The King could think what he pleased about it; and he finally did think so hard that he required the Russians to move on, which they did.

At the mouth of the same Waimea Captain Cook, in the winter of 1778, landed with his marines, and stayed long enough to have his casks filled with water.

We were expected at the parsonage, where the host received us cordially. It was dinner time, and we washed the dust down our throats with good tea. If you ever go to Waimea, visit the old parsonage, go upstairs and down from garret to cellar, put your hands into all the queer cupboards of the wall, sit on the wide window-sills, and stick your head out at the top of the house and see what there is over the tree tops. Find the cistern and the workshop, and do not leave without seeing the graveyard. There are wide verandas shaded by tropical trees. The furniture is quaint and olden, and if you have a drop of Yankee blood in your veins, you will be repaid for your visit. The house was built by a missionary who came to the islands years ago. He did the work himself, and had hours in his carpenter shop as well as in his study. Yet he could translate into English the morning chapter from his Greek Testament.

From Waimea to Kekaha the road passes between algaroba trees. There were groups of cocoanut palms, but the fields, except where sugar-cane grew, were almost barren. At Kekaha a white flag waved from one of the buildings, not in our honor, the Manager explained, but to notify the public that *poi* was ready at that shop. The breeze sprang up as we rattled on through the mirage toward Kekaha, singing:

Rub dub dub!

We're the hub;

We're the Kauai Kodak Klub.

"Life is only an illusion," remarked the Artist, "a splotch of color." "It is but a pass-over," added the Parson; "and a dead give-away," said the Doctor. "But," finished the Manager, "life is real, and the dust spoken of is that to which the traveler returns when he strikes a place like this."

The dry hills and plains, the mirage, and the smell of dead grass, were reminders of Southern California, a resemblance that would have been greater could the algaroba trees have been replaced by cottonwood. At Mana we met a cousin of the explorer Borchgrevink. Here he is pleasantly settled with a charming wife and several children; much happier, I have no doubt, than his namesake who is now among the icebergs of the South Pole. Mr. Borchgrevink told us that his cousin was then preparing for what he felt sure would be one of the most far-reaching, satisfactory explorations that had ever been made.

Our boat lay moored at the Barking Sands about two miles away, where six natives were stretched on the beach waiting for us. It was early afternoon, and as we were not to start until morning we strolled over to the renowned Barking, or Singing, sands. We rubbed the mysterious stuff between our hands, stamped in it, climbed the hill and slid down, but could elicit no bark, no mild "thunder," but

only a whistling crunch or whir. The dune was not in a mood for parley.

Have you ever met a "great" man who said not a word when he was expected to speak? It was this way with the sandbank; it refused to do the one thing it had a reputation for doing well, and wouldn't be lionized. It is possible that even sand deserves credit for being able to keep silent in Hawaii. But under favorable conditions, namely, when there has not been rain for a long time, these mobile grains make music in the air. Like larger things, their spirits must not be dampened. Were I sure of not displeasing the poet or the dune, I would call the latter the Kipling Knoll. No one would then be disappointed when they came to it.

Quite early in the morning we folded our tents and started. The crew rowed us over a quiet sea to Milolii, by great cliffs about whose building we speculated. Here were touches and effects indescribable. Six goats picked their way daintily along the cliff's side. The Manager shot at them, but they dodged the bullets. The Doctor got them all with a single snap-shot.

One *pali* passed to give way to another, until several were behind us, and, at last, we rowed in between high rock walls where a brook came singing out and the ruins of native huts stuck high above the grass. Years ago these huts constituted the village of Milolii, shut in by mountain on one side and by sea on the other. Terrace after terrace rose from the sea toward the cliff. Here, watered by the abundant flow from the gulch above, *taro* was grown.

We landed upon the strong shoulders of Hopii. The space between the sea and the cliff was, I suppose, not 100 feet in width, covered with tall, dry grass. The cliff itself must have been 600 or 700 feet high, and clouds touched its top even then. Up in the side of the rock, several hundred feet, was the skiff of some native man who in the dim past had been literally laid on the shelf; placed there with his

favorite canoe away from all interference of men and waves, safer than Shakespeare under his inscription.

We drank water out of a brook that splashed over the rocks and came from the heart of the mountain. We lolled; we ate; we strolled in and out of the decaying huts that were left probably thirty years before. Some of us gathered shells, of which there were many varieties along the beach. The Artist sketched.

With the waning of day we went to a grassy mound and lay with our faces toward the moonlight which was streaming from behind the *pali*, and then spoiled the effect by—talking.

Half a dozen clouds passing swiftly by were wrecked against the cliff and broke into a thousand tatters of shattered masts and drowning men, while bits of sail embroidered the face of the moon, that seemed so coldly looking on.

There was keen pleasure in lying there. Our thoughts, like the clouds, roved over a broad expanse, and for the time we felt perfectly happy. The Manager then broke the spell by saying this sort of life would be glorious were it not for the necessity of beefsteak. The Doctor, who had no business with verse, because he was rusty in such matters, still ventured into the regions that even the angels are said to fear, and repeated the following stanzas, but didn't finish before his inspiration fled. That is the trouble with nearly all poets. They receive the electrical shock of inspiration and straighten into poets, but by the time they get out their writing materials they are insulated, and fall back in a state of relaxation:

I lay upon a grassy bed
And gazed above me overhead
Into the wondrous sky,
That seemed a picture made to please
Any below, taking their ease
And looking up on high.

And thinking of ethereal things,
My roving thoughts took subtle wings
And skyward flew ;
Past every cloud and earthly mist,
Until the arch of heaven they kissed,
As sunbeams do.

I saw vast miles of continent
By rocky rib and chasm rent
And stretching shore,
Toward which a waste of waters swayed
By calm and silence unbayed,
With surge and roar.

On, on I went in thought, until
The rush of wind and wave were still,
While under me
Mountain and valley, side by side,
Stretched level with the ocean wide,
And lake and sea.

But faster upward now I flew,
When earth into a spheroid grew—
A glittering ball ;
Just like the stars I oft had seen,
As bright and distant, too, I ween,
As round and small.

And lo ! beneath me came to view
More land and water, strange and new,
Another earth,
To which in eagerness I sped
And many words in wonder said
At the strange birth.

"I should entitle this 'A Flight,'" said the Manager ;
"it is decidedly flighty."

"Well," answered the Doctor, "I have contributed my part to this evening's entertainment. I was going to finish with the discovery of the new State of Hawaii in such a way

that even the unsympathetic anti-annexationist would be melted by the last stanza, which is a manner of *envoi*:

A new constellation appeareth to me,
Eight glittering Stars in the Sky of the Sea :
The Gem of the Ocean—our fair Hawaii.

When night came again the Parson went off by himself to sleep under nothing but a blanket. He had been a bachelor for two-thirds of his life, and liked comfort. The rest of us put up a tent, which before morning had to give shelter to the repentant Parson, who came in out of a shower. If he hadn't been wise enough to marry in the days of his youth, he knew enough to come in out of the rain.

In the morning a strong wind blew, the waves rolled in tumultuously, and there was such a swell that our guides said we had better not go on to Kalalau, so we started home with sails. When we reached the landing where our carriage was waiting, the breakers ran to shore so furiously that we could not think of going any nearer. Up and down our crew took us, shouting to some natives on land, rowing back and forth to take advantage of a lull. On each side of us were masses of broken rock against which the waves dashed angrily, and the shore itself was nothing but sharp, black lava. Our situation, although hazardous in the extreme, was still amusing. Watching the moderate calm that generally follows a succession of heavy breakers, we made an extraordinary effort to reach shore, only to see close upon our heels three huge pursuers, snapping and foaming at mouth like angry bloodhounds, and driving us back to deeper water for safety. Finally, three of our men swam to shore with ropes, pulling us in ahead of a breaker, which, had it overtaken, must have destroyed us upon the rocks.

We rode into Waimea in time for dinner. This we took at a Japanese restaurant, not because we did not have a cordial invitation to eat at the parsonage, but because we felt that we ought to be saving of a limited credit.

The Doctor led the way up steps into an Oriental parlor, and said that he would be responsible for the microbes. Anticipating the feelings of those that might eat at his table, and with a stoicism born of Asia alone, the proprietor had put over the inside of his door the motto: "Our Hope is in the Lord." The Athenian was more honest in placing his motto on the outside. The Parson said that he never knew the Japanese to be humorists. His respect for them had grown. On the walls of the salon were some chromos of Irish scenery.

The tablecloth and napkins were of that flowery red peculiar to such places; plates, glasses, and knives had an unctuous feel, and grains of rice were generously distributed among the bottles of the cruet stand. The things not mentioned in the bill of fare, but visibly evident, would have been cheap at twenty-five cents, the price of the entire meal.



"AFTER WE HAD EATEN THE FIRST COURSE, WE
SAT AND WAITED"

After we had eaten the first course, we sat and waited for another, meanwhile relating our experiences. The Parson said he had eaten only one meal to beat this, and that was during one of his visits to the icebergs of Alaska. He had been exploring crevasses and terminal moraines all day, having eaten very little in the morning, and as he approached Sitka his heart began to flutter. He thought he smelled beefsteak and onions.

"I knew that I was near a feast of good things, and a great thrill passed over me as I entered the restaurant, which was kept by a Russo-Indian. The bill of fare read :

MENU

Walrus tail soup à l'Alaska.

ENTRÉES :

Baked whale liver fried in sperm.
Baked seal chips.
Raw muskrat spleen with onions.
Boiled beaver with caper sauce.

DESSERT :

Glacier pudding.
Mt. St. Elias pie.
Iced float.
Frosted kelp.
Frozen oil-cream.

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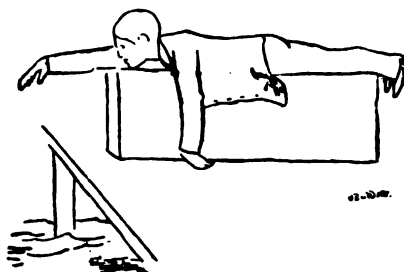
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

"I ate a little of each, because there was nothing else, and I had to follow the customs of the country. When I sampled the frozen seal oil, mixed with condensed cream, I succumbed. I went out, and, hurrying to the wharf, lay face down over a cake of ice. I knew that ice was recommended for inflammation. I stayed there two hours, regretting my rashness, and finally fell asleep. When I awoke there were at least 1,000 men, women, and children, trying to get a look at me, but my indigestion was gone. Since that time, it is marvelous to see how little I notice mere incidents in culinary matters. If I find myself growing fastidious about trivialities, I go out in the woods, sit on a log for the afternoon, and think of nothing in the world but that one heroic meal—when I am cured."

The cook came in presently and stated ceremoniously that this meal was *pau*, unless we wanted breakfast brought on. We decided to go. On the way home we learned that

Koolau, the leper (of whom the Manager had told us the sad story, as we lay in tent, and which is reserved for another chapter), was dead. For reasons best known to ourselves we had gone toward Kalalau, and, as we slept with only the cliff between us and the outlaw, he had died ; passed away in the night. It was a matter which only theosophy could explain. Could we claim the government reward? Being modest, we have not cared to contest the matter.

At Wahiawa the *Kanoelihau O Haupu* went to pieces on the rocks, and all that was in her except her crew. She lies in the Pacific, and if you ever find a pair of blankets marked "K. K. K.," in indelible banana juice, and a threadbare coat which once belonged to a Chicago Jew, you will know whence they came.



"FACE DOWN OVER A CAKE OF ICE"

(To be continued.)

THE EVOLUTION OF MINING INVESTMENTS

BY HENRY HOWARD DOUGLAS

MINING differs from commercial and manufacturing occupations in two important points. First: In mining, new wealth is absolutely created and added to the wealth of the world, and no one is made to suffer through its creation. Second: Mining is free from subjection to trust influences, for nature makes no distinction between the rich and the poor as to who shall profit by her metallic discoveries, some of the greatest mines having been discovered by men virtually without means and later made valuable by the financial co-operation of those more fortunate. The man who makes a fortune on the Board of Trade or on the Stock Exchange, or in building up a gigantic business house or manufacturing plant, or in creating some great combination in the transportation field or the necessary commodities, adds nothing to the world's store of available wealth. The world is no richer because he is richer, and some one else has become poorer to the extent of his increased riches. The farmer produces wealth, but it is perishable and temporary and adds nothing to the permanent wealth of the universe. The miner is really the only permanent wealth-producer of the world. Values taken from the earth are clean. There are no tears or blood upon them. It is new wealth that is absolutely created, and no one is poorer and no one has been wronged through its creation, even though the producer becomes a millionaire in acquiring it. Legitimate mining, conducted as a business, on business principles, is more certain of profit than mercantile and industrial occupations at the present time, and with the

economy of operation and the application of modern inventions and the new processes of cheaply extracting the values from the most refractory ores, the risk in mining investments has been reduced fully 100 per cent., and the opportunities for profits increased in fully the same ratio.

Profitable mines are made so only by the proper application of skill and capital. Great mineral discoveries are worthless unless developed and their raw material of money value turned into bullion through the application of modern methods. Chemical and mechanical science applied to mining is simply organized common sense, and the same amount of discretion should be used in the investment of capital in mining enterprises. When gold and copper mines are of intrinsic value they are sources of large profits, but mining conducted without capital and experience encounters the same obstacles that are encountered by commercial undertakings under the same conditions. Rich metallic discoveries are made profitable only by mining skill, proper management, and the judicious expenditure of capital. Only in this way are the enormous dividends accredited to mining made possible; hence proper organization and capitalization, with the division of the investment, through shares legally issued and registered, participating in the profits through dividends earned and declared, are the necessary requisites to success, for it is only in isolated cases that the discoverer of a mine has possessed the necessary capital to demonstrate and utilize the value of his discovery.

The advantages the investor in mining shares of to-day enjoys over the investor of twenty years ago are many, principally through the better understanding of mining science, and, instead of being managed by men who trusted to blind luck and physical force, the industry is at present controlled by scientifically directed energy, coupled with proper economy. As a result, not only are all classes of ore made ductile, but the cost of operation has also been materially reduced, both in mine development and chemical

treatment of ores. In the old days of Yavapai county, the first oxide, or milling ore, treated from mines on the Rebel vein, was worked in Arasters at a cost of fully \$9.00 per ton, with a loss in the tailings of at least 30 per cent. To-day, by amalgamation and concentration, these ores are treated for less than \$4.00 per ton, and the loss in tailings reduced to 6 per cent. Even greater saving is possible, for under the cyanide process these tailings can be worked again at a cost of 70 cents per ton, so it really reduces the actual tailing loss to less than 3 per cent., or an improvement of 27 per cent. over the process used twenty years ago.

Another change of benefit to the latter day mining shareholders is the perfection of mechanical appliances. The improvements in this branch have been remarkable; as an illustration, take pumping alone. The Comstock mines in Nevada are noted for their excessive waterflow. A pump was erected on the Sierra Nevada and Union Consolidated that had a capacity of 800 gallons per minute and cost \$1,000,000. Recently, the Allison Ranch mine, located a few claims below the Union Consolidated, erected a pump with a capacity of 700 gallons per minute at a cost of but \$9,000. This shows the saving in outlay on modern mining machinery, and in all branches of the industry the same improvement has been noted. In fact, where in the older days the extraction of mineral was accomplished solely by physical force, there are now installed air-compressors and air-power drills that have reduced the cost of ore-extraction fully 75 per cent. The adoption of compressed air for operating these drills has made it possible for labor to be more productive through better air circulation. These two items alone demonstrate that the investor in mining securities twenty years ago was only pioneering the business. He was practically in the same position as the investor who originally bought shares in the inventions of electricity, while those who to-day buy shares under the Edison system of modern perfection reap the benefits of past experiments.

It is the same in mining. The past should be forgotten and the new conditions that govern it considered. It has been these improvements in machinery and deeper researches in geology that have made possible the enormous fortunes reaped from gold and copper mines during the past ten years.

With the present plethora of money it is extremely difficult to find any investment that will pay a satisfactory rate of interest, and issues of government, state, and city bonds, as well as securities of small towns and counties, are eagerly sought after and largely over-subscribed, even when they pay as low as three per cent. annual interest.

To a man that has millions, three per cent. interest is sufficient, because he does not need to make more money, and the interest on what he has is more than ample for all his requirements, but the man who has a few thousand dollars wants to make more, and he needs something more attractive than three to five per cent. interest, because the earnings of his small amount of reserve capital, at this low rate, are too small to be of any appreciable benefit, and he also wants the opportunity to obtain an increase and profit on the principal sum invested. There is no field of investment that offers such favorable opportunity for a satisfactory rate of interest and advance in the principal invested, at the present time, as mining; no business is more legitimate, and—we say it advisedly—none more safe when properly conducted as a business. While there have been many losses in mining, it will be found on investigation that the money was not only lost but wasted in endeavoring to find pay ore where it could not possibly exist. On the other hand, vast fortunes have been made in mining, and the list is being rapidly augmented as new mines are developed, labor-saving machinery being put in, and the same rules applied to the conduct of the business as are applied to any other line of successful enterprises.

The mining industry is in a general sense termed specula-

tive, and while in a measure so, it does not stand alone, for all avenues of commercial industry are in the same category. A retrospect of mining in the United States will universally show that where skill and economy, with properly applied capital, have figured in mining operations, the average result has been to create riches for companies and individuals, in many instances, beyond the dreams of avarice. The foundations of great states and prosperous cities have been laid by mining men, and the long list of those who have become enormously wealthy in mining, as well as the longer list of companies who have paid their investors enormous profits, demonstrates the accuracy of the official reports, which place the losses in legitimate mining investments at less than 50 per cent., while in ordinary mercantile pursuits, which are termed non-speculative, the percentage is over 95 per cent. Mining is one of the most indispensable and important industries of the civilized world. To a certain extent it is speculative, to be sure, because it is impossible for it to be otherwise and pay the enormous profits that over 50 per cent. of legitimate mines have paid and are still paying their investors. The nearest to a non-speculative investment would be government bonds or real estate mortgages and savings banks whose deposits are largely invested in mortgages. But these are to a certain extent speculative, as the values of real estate depreciate, and the mortgages are largely dependent on the location and environment of the property mortgaged, which seldom advances in value, yet the rate of interest that can be secured from this class of investments, which might properly be termed "non-speculative," is so small that they are attractive only to the investor so wealthy that he desires but a small rate of interest and does not care to increase his wealth. All industrial, mercantile, manufacturing, and transportation enterprises, by government statistics, are subject to loss in a thousand ways, and the world's progress is due far more to those who take speculative risks than to those who shrink from every proposition involving them;

yet, assuming all the above statements to be correct, the records show that mining properly conducted is one of the safest investments for capital at the present time; and one of its most attractive features is that it is speculative to the extent that an additional ten feet sunk in a shaft of any well-located and meritorious mine, or another foot of a tunnel driven, is liable to strike a bonanza of still richer ore, which would immediately add enormously to the profits of every stockholder, instances where they have multiplied into the thousands of per cent. in an incredibly short space of time being of late years too common and well known to excite any special comment.

The present is an age of trusts and combinations. The weaker merchants, the weaker manufacturers, and the accountant, clerk, and common laborer even, are subservient to the methods and conditions imposed by those having the management of combinations of not only capital but labor as well. Why should not those of smaller means combine their capital or earnings in the same manner and under the same principles as those of greater wealth? While trusts and combinations remain the order of the day, is there any other intelligent plan of self-protection for those of limited means?

The men who have become sufficiently well-to-do to be independent of laboring for a mere existence are those who have gained a start in life by making the few dollars they have been able to save, work for them and earn them more. Mackey, the bonanza mine owner, was a day laborer; so was John Flood; James G. Blaine was a book canvasser; Jay Gould peddled maps; Frederick Ayer, the multi-millionaire patent-medicine proprietor, was a mule-driver on a canal; so was James A. Garfield; and so on through the long list of successful men it will be found they started without capital, building from the ground floor up.

The combined savings of the common people of the United States to-day are greater than the combined capital

of the rich. Small investments become large in the aggregate.

No other field of investment offers such flattering opportunities for large profits through combined investments as mining. There can be no successful trusts or combinations in the production of mineral wealth, for it is the basis of all values, and the man or company that produces the bullion produces value that adds to the permanent wealth of the world without robbing his neighbor. This cannot be said of any other line of wealth-getting, for even the agriculturist adds only a perishable and temporary contribution to the world's riches.

The question is often asked in mining investments: "If the property is so good, why don't the owners keep it and work it themselves, and why do they care to sell?" This argument, while seeming logical on its face, is, as a matter of fact, the most illogical that could possibly be advanced. If John Jacob Astor had, in the early days of his enormous holdings of vacant real estate in New York City, followed this argument, there would probably have been no great metropolis on Manhattan Island, now the second city in size in the world. Had Vanderbilt followed this line of reasoning there would have been no New York Central Railroad system. Had Howe accepted this theory there would have been no sewing-machines. Morse with his telegraph, Whitney with his cotton-gin, Bell with his telephone, Field with his ocean cable, Edison with his numerous electrical inventions, and, in fact, every man who has been instrumental in building our country to the point where it stands to-day, foremost among the nations of the world in prosperity and national wealth, would have been in the same category; they had the properties, the ideas, the plans and inventions, but they had not themselves the money to carry them into effect; with the co-operation of others and the combined investments of the many the wealth was created, and the plans and inventions of the originators were carried forward to a

measure of success extremely profitable and valuable to all, and this is the sound, logical, and reasonable answer to the question.

It is the combined investment of the many that builds cities, that sustains governments, builds public buildings, creates our great transcontinental lines and our municipal improvements, and it is by the aggregation of money and interest that wealth is produced. Particularly is this so in mining operations. The history of the greatest mines in the world is invariably the history of original ownership by some one man who believed in their richness, but had not sufficient money to develop them, and their great wealth was only demonstrated and evidenced when the interests in the property were subdivided through its capital stock among a large number of investors whose money was the one thing necessary to develop and make them enormously profitable for all concerned. "There is that which scattereth, yet increaseth," is a proverb of Solomon, the wise man of old, and although the treasury stock in a mining company may be sold at a very low figure for the purpose of securing the funds to properly develop the property and put it on a paying basis, the sacrifice of the small amount of stock so disposed of will in a great majority of cases return a hundredfold in increased profits to the company. The one isolated case of practically one-man ownership of mines is Senator W. A. Clark in the "United Verde"; the other great "Bonanzas" are owned by the thousands of stockholders whose money made them and who are enjoying the profits to-day of investments in development shares.

IN DISTRICT No. 1

(*An Economic Novel*)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

CHAPTER XXXVIII—(*Continued*)

“**B**UT the *hereafter*, Lyddie!” persisted Eliza.
“Some thinkers teach that death is our end. If so, Suicide conquers Fate most completely. Other thinkers teach that death is but a change in the mode and conditions of existence. In that case, too, Suicide baffles the Fate of this world.”

“Do you *advocate* suicide, then?”

“No. I am simply using it as an illustration of the limitations of fate and destiny. I contend that we are not mere machines, mere blind, passive, helpless victims in the hands of circumstance, evolution, fate, devil, or God. We can, at will, change the conditions of our existence. We can, at will, act rightly or wrongly under our conditions of existence for the time being. Whether we shall ever, by some superior power, be held responsible for the exercise of our wills is a question we cannot answer with certainty. As prudent people, it is better for us to take the safe side by assuming that we *shall* be so held.”

“I still am a little foggy, Lyddie, dear, about Simms and our destinies.”

“Fate is that which will happen by reason of our surroundings, if no alteration take place. We know but little of the multitudinous and intricate facts and conditions that constitute our surroundings. Hence, our opportunities of

altering them are less even than our powers; and, thus, so far as we ourselves are concerned, we are largely in the hands of fate. And our relations to ourselves are matched by our relations to other people. We have a limited knowledge of and power over the surroundings, and, therefore, the fates of those other persons. Accordingly, whenever two or more individuals are brought within reach, so to speak, of each other's surroundings, their fates become interwoven more or less. The extent, character, and effect of such interweaving depend upon the knowledge and power of the respective individuals and upon the exercise of their free-will for good or evil."

"I think I understand now. There is one thing that still puzzles me, though. I mean *presentiments*. Ever since you left me last night I have felt just horrid, and all the time we were talking with that wretch Simms I was like a person expecting something dreadful to happen. I daresay it's only this terrible weather, after all. But the *point* I am making is that, if nothing can be positively foreknown because nothing is positively foredoomed, there doesn't seem to be any room for prophecy or presentiments."

"And a pretty keen point, too, Eddie. My own notion of the matter is that our knowledge is not limited to that which we obtain by our senses. I think we have many other faculties and ways of knowledge; but we are scarcely conscious of them, owing to their being so little used. They are in a dormant, and, probably, rudimentary condition. Every now and again, they are brought to our notice when our attention is not concentrated on the communications of our ordinary senses. A somnambulist will read a book even if some opaque object be placed between his eyes and the page. A hypnotized person will see and hear what is taking place in another country. A dreamer will sometimes become conscious of the next day's events. I daresay we ourselves are at this present moment affected, in some way, by the physical condition of that tree on the hillside over there,

and, if our senses were in a state of trance, we might perhaps understand the communication and might know whether the tree is or is not tottering to its fall. It is in that way that I admit the existence of presentiments. I regard them as the efforts of our unknown super-senses to inform us of surrounding conditions. They produce a vague, uneasy impression, without arousing any distinct ideas. They do not imply absolute inevitability. They simply warn us (if we could but understand them) that surrounding conditions are such as to inevitably lead to certain consequences, *if no alternation intervene*. It is just as though we were close to yon tree and saw it tottering over our path. We should know that it would inevitably crush us, if we did not alter our course."

"Then you think my presentiments have a serious side?"

"I share them, Eddie. The first affected me when I was watching the sunset. Why, dear me! That was when I first saw this Mr. Warner! What were the names of girls—generic types, as it were—that the Lord of Flies mentioned, Eliza, when he was palavering us about our beauty—save the mark!—just now?"

"Do you mean when he spoke about 'the Maries and Jemimas and Kathleens and Roses'?"

"Yes, that was it. I asked you in order to make sure that my memory was not deceiving me. I begin to see daylight, Eddie."

"How—and where?"

"I must consider and act. Here's the camp. Now for more light, I hope!"

Inly Merritt, who was just coming out of the Commissary's tent, saw the two ladies approaching, and stopped short in his tracks, dazed and trembling. This, however, was but for a moment. He hurried forward to meet them.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Warner," said Eliza and Lydia simultaneously.

Inly bowed and tried to speak, but the words clove to his tongue.

(*To be continued.*)



Editorial

The Passing of the Queen

THE death of Queen Victoria, the sad event which knit the world in a bond of sympathy, may be justly said to have closed an epoch in English history and in the history of the world, for to the world at large, to Christian civilization, the Victorian age has meant more than appears at first glance.

All that can be said about the Queen—her beautiful character, her personal charm, her wisdom, her tact, her good homely common sense, those moral qualities which endeared her to her people—all that can be said has been said, and there remains but little for the chronicler of the present to do. He can, however, trace out the influence of the Queen upon her age and her country. Many men can do this in many ways. It is not probable that the question will be exhausted in the next decade, though it is likely that in the immediate future those who have to-day a confused, and it may be, erroneous idea of the functions of the Crown, will have a clearer conception of the association between the English monarchy and the practical republic which has grown up under it and as a part of it.

It will be impossible to fully comprehend how much the late Queen was to her country until now hidden sources of information are revealed and allowed to show to what extent she directed the policy of her ministers, how potent she was for peace, and how her tact smoothed over troubles that taxed the abilities of the most accomplished diplomatists.

Soon after her death the Prime Minister bore witness to her

statesmanship. On previous occasions he had expressed his admiration of the late Queen's ability to handle foreign questions, as well as comprehend and direct measures of domestic policy. Lord Salisbury's contention that the Queen was an important factor in state affairs is borne out by the testimony of all her ministers, including Mr. Gladstone, Lord Beaconsfield, and Lord Rosebery.

It would have been strange, indeed, if she had not been an able diplomatist, for she studied statecraft for many years with Lord Melbourne, and during the whole period of her married life gave the minutest attention to every problem affecting her country, assisted therein by Prince Albert, who is to-day receiving his just praise as a diplomatist and a leader in public affairs.

There is an idea, very widespread, that the English sovereign is more or less a figurehead. The part that Queen Victoria played showed that she herself did not consider the monarchy purely ornamental. On the contrary it is being seen that the Queen, so far from being a passive spectator, impressed herself upon public affairs to an extent hitherto unknown by the great majority, and assumed her position as head of the state, governing truly within strictly constitutional lines, but, nevertheless, governing as the Queen, the chief magistrate of the nation.

As said before, the exact position of the Queen in the affairs of state will be the subject of scrutiny for some time to come, as it is not only historically important, but may offer as well a guiding line to the solution of certain political problems connected with the development of democracy.

Americans who have at heart the development of democratic ideas will get in time a new conception of popular government in England. They will see that the institutions of England have been free, that democracy has developed, that popular government has progressed, that the condition of the masses has improved, and all this under a monarchy where the monarch was not a figurehead. So much for the political aspect of the Queen's rule, the full value of which

will be gradually revealed as the years go on. There is, perhaps, one aspect yet to be considered in this connection, and that is that while Europe was convulsed, while thrones tottered and fell, while monarchies disappeared and republics rose to disappear in their turn, while misery and discontent were rife, the English throne and the Queen became stronger, more beloved, and more effective ; while at the same time democracy strengthened itself and popular government became in England a fact and not a dream.

The Victorian era is no less remarkable for the expansion of the British Empire than for the increased respect for and strength of the head of the State. As the *London Times* said on the day of the Queen's death :

" There are few among us who can recall the attitude of the people toward the monarchy in the thirties and forties, but all have material enough to show them how striking is the contrast presented by the state of public opinion at the present day. We must not forget that many causes combined to effect a fundamental amelioration of the social conditions, and that many minds contributed to the triumph of larger and nobler conceptions of government. But, if we have had orderly evolution where other nations have gone through devastating internal conflicts, if the monarchy held its own while new buttresses were being built for its support, and if it now stands not only broad-based upon the people's will, but strong in the affection of kindred nations over sea, we owe these results to a degree which it is hardly possible to overestimate to the womanly sweetness, the gentle sagacity, the utter disinterestedness, and the unassailable rectitude of the Queen.

" The nation owes her much more, though from reasons just alluded to the proofs are not yet available in their fullness. Though always scrupulously careful not to overstep the limits marked out for her by the Constitution, the Queen has never forgotten the rights and duties that the Constitution confers and imposes. She has always played her part in government as the chief magistrate of the nation, and has

known how, when occasion demanded, to assert her rights of the throne against a too autocratic ministry. By the extent of her family connections and the friendly correspondence she maintained with continental monarchs she brought to bear upon international questions a kind of information which ministers do not always possess, a knowledge of personal equations which British ministers, in the opinion of many, are not sufficiently careful to seek."

In a few words the foregoing gives a clear view of Queen Victoria's status as the head of the State.

From the Queen to the woman was but a step in her case. The whole Empire has a higher regard for women because the Queen lived. Her beautiful life was a beacon to thousands of homes. Her love story profoundly touched the hearts of her people, for she left her heart and the best part of her life with the gallant figure whom she has gone to join in the mausoleum at Frogmore.

A woman of many sorrows and acquainted with grief, her heart bled for the afflicted of her people. She was not the Lady Bountiful of fiction, but in the humble cottage she was the friend who sorrowed with the sorrowful and by her ardent sympathy attempted to relieve the burdens of humble hearts. As a noble woman as well as a Queen she became enshrined in the hearts of her people. She was an idol. When the sad news came from Osborne, London mourned as it never mourned before, not with the outward trappings of woe, but with the heartfelt sorrow of those who have lost one of their dearest, and this sorrow was the noblest tribute that Englishmen could pay to the Queen or the woman.

How the whole world mourned her death has been told by thousands, and as her funeral cortege passed through gloomy London, millions, white, black, and brown, felt that something that was best of them was being taken away.

King Edward

While it is doubtful that the King will hold the same place in the affections of his people that the Queen did,

nevertheless he begins his reign loved not only on his own account, but also because he is the son of the monarch who has gone. The King's public utterances since the death of the Queen have struck the right note. His simple and becoming words have demonstrated his sincerity of purpose. He declares that his constant endeavor will be always to walk in the footsteps of the late Queen, to be a constitutional sovereign in the strictest sense of the word, and to work for the good and amelioration of his people. This declaration made to the Privy Council has been followed by others which show that the King has a high sense of his duties and responsibilities. He understands his people, and he knows that with the example of Queen Victoria before their eyes his course must be modeled after hers.

For many years the King, as Prince of Wales, has been the first man in England. He has been subjected to that fierce light which beats upon a throne. He has borne the responsibilities of an exalted position. In relieving Queen Victoria of many of the burdens of monarchy he has been an uncrowned King, and in all these years he has gradually become more firmly established in the affections of the people, until at the present when he succeeds England's best beloved he is loved for himself and not only as a King. Too much cannot be said of King Edward's tact, which has carried him through his most trying position, which has made him the friend of all parties and the partisan of none, which has made him a guest welcome for himself in foreign countries, and which has carried him through all the disabilities of his career as Prince of Wales.

The quality of the new King is known to all his people. They know him for a far-sighted man of affairs, and, while he has never taken active part in the political affairs of his country, he is believed to be as well informed on public affairs and with as correct an estimate of public men as any of the statesmen adorning the beginning of his reign. The King adds to this knowledge courage, both moral and physical; he is a man of stout heart and strong convictions.

He is on excellent terms with the monarchs of Europe. His interest in and sympathy with the United States is well known. The beginning of his reign is free from any complications with great foreign powers. He knows enough of war to value peace. He is strong enough to labor for the peace of the world.

On many occasions he has manifested his interest in the welfare of the people. He has been an active supporter of every movement to better the condition of the poor, and he is thoroughly acquainted with the necessity of dealing with pressing domestic problems.

It is not likely that the new King will attempt to pose as a war-lord; the temper of his people forbids that; but, within the lines of the constitutional and the doing of his duty as a strictly constitutional King, Edward VII. can build for himself a monument in the hearts of the people no less enduring than that of the great Queen whom he succeeds.

The World's Sympathy

Never before in the history of the world has the death of a monarch been so universally deplored. All nations united to do her honor, and peoples most alien to the British race felt in their hearts deep sorrow at the loss of the good Queen.

The action of the Emperor of Germany in the expression of his devotion to his dying grandmother has won for him a warm spot in British hearts. And in the eyes of the world the German war-lord has presented himself in a new aspect.

Very grateful to the English people has been the sympathy of their cousins across the sea. The United States mourned as a country that had lost one of her own noblest and greatest, and it is no exaggeration to say that Queen Victoria was as dear to the hearts of the majority of Americans as she was to the people of England. The widespread tokens of respect in the United States have deeply touched

the English heart. And Englishmen to-day feel as they never felt before, that they and Americans are brothers in humanity, brothers in sorrow, if not brothers in blood.

Editorial Notes

SENATOR PETTIGREW is trying hard to mark Hanna's subsidy bill so that its author will not recognize it, but though just now it may look like a case of Mark-down, before long there will be nothing the matter with Hanna; for though Pettigrew rails at subsidies he will be forced shortly to subsidize himself. His time in the Senate is short. And Hanna did it. So, naturally, Pettigrew would like to do Hanna, if he can, before, like other unknown quantities, he becomes an *ex*.

WILLIAM T. STEAD is pictured by the New York *Journal* as a "Knight-errant of Modern English Thought." This is a fair example of *Journalism*—half right and half wrong. Mr. Stead is not a knight, but he is errant—errant particularly in judgment. Perhaps the *Journal* meant modern *Boer* thought.

APROPOS of Washington's birthday, which patriotic Americans celebrated on the 22d of February, it may have been observed that a new Nation-al character has arisen to demand attention. Like the "Father of his country," she, too, may truthfully say, "I did it with my little hatchet." (Or was it an axe?)

ALTHOUGH the people of Newfoundland have emphatically shown their distrust of the Reid scheme to bond his monopoly, they have with equal emphasis shown their trust in the scheme to Bond the Ministry.

THE English *Review of Reviews* may be erratic, but even its worst enemy cannot say it is not Stead-y. To which we suppose its American namesake would remark, "Oh, Shaw!"

TO READ the Opposition papers one would think the present British Ministry was marked, not so much for its political sagacity as for its pull-itical sag-assity.

THE authorship of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters" remains a mystery. Are we sure, though, it is a miss-tery?

Personal and Incidental

MEMORIALS TO THE QUEEN

AS was to be expected, there are many suggestions throughout the British Empire as to what form memorials to the late Queen should take ; and it is too early now to say in what form of marble or metal Englishmen will cast their expressed veneration for their beloved monarch. Every part of the empire will have a memorial without question. Already a great sum has been raised in India for a suitable one, and in England there is, as might be supposed, a plethora of suggestions.

Lord Rosebery, who was personally a favorite of the Queen's, is early in the field with a suggestion for a Scottish memorial; and he wishes that when the people of Scotland come to canvass the question they would think whether the restoration of Linlithgow Palace would not be a worthy object. Linlithgow Palace was the birthplace of Mary, Queen of Scots, is hallowed by many great traditions, and it is in a state of such perfection that the restoration would not be difficult.

In the event of such a restoration it is not probable that the Palace would ever again become the residence of the sovereign, but Lord Rosebery avers that there are many purposes to which such a palace could be put, and he thinks that in its present roofless state it is almost a reproach to the nation, a reproach, too, that could, without much difficulty, be removed.

A few years will see memorials of the Queen in plenty, and it is certain that many of them will take the form of endowments and institutions for the benefit of the people at large, and especially the poor, whom the Queen had so closely to her heart.

**BRITISH RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK ADDRESS KING
EDWARD**

British residents of New York City on February 28th prepared the following address, which will be sent to the Court of St. James's about the middle of March. Consul-General Sir Percy Sanderson, Vice-Consul Clive-Bayley, and Consul Percival were among the first to sign, and their signatures were followed by those of many other British residents of New York. This is the message :

*To His Most Gracious Majesty Edward VII., by the Grace of God,
King of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of
India.*

May it please your Majesty :

We, the undersigned, on behalf of the British community in the City of New York, in the United States of America, in public meeting assembled, desire to tender to your Majesty the assurance of our heartfelt sympathy in view of the great sorrow which has befallen yourself and your royal house in the death of your Majesty's revered and beloved mother.

Far back as memory carries, few of us have known any other sovereign on England's throne save her whose name we learned in childhood to love and to honor. And as, one by one, the well-nigh threescore years and four of her glorious reign rolled by, that name has entwined itself ever more and more closely around our hearts.

To this, our expression of sympathy, we would add our respectful congratulations on your Majesty's accession to the throne and our prayer that the Great Ruler of the Universe may be pleased to vouchsafe to your Majesty such a measure of health and of wisdom as will cause your reign to be remembered in history as one which has contributed to the glory of the British empire and to the welfare and prosperity of the world.

A TRIP TO THE AMERICAN RIVIERA*

(Concluded)

Our trip down the East Coast was a revelation to us. Vast tracts of land that a few years ago were covered with nothing but trees or saw-grass and scrub now yield a rich return for the labor of many settlers. Many flourishing towns have sprung up as if by magic, and thousands of

* Continued from December, 1900, number.

truck gardens provide luxuries for the tables of those living in less favored regions during their long, cold winters.

But the East Coast is by no means the only section of the State where nature has bestowed her choicest treasures or where the magic wand of wealth has aided in beautifying and adorning, for the West Coast is unequaled in beauty and unrivaled as a winter home. No trip to Florida is complete without a visit to this section. The magnificent trains of the Plant system, equipped with every comfort and luxury that the most fastidious could desire, is the popular route from the North, as no change of cars is required between New York and Tampa. If the traveler desires to continue the journey on to Cuba, he has but to step from the cars to the steamships at Port Tampa.

We found this part of the State very different from the section just visited. The ground is much higher, and a greater variety of trees and plants are constantly seen. The orange groves have recovered from the effects of the frost that was so disastrous some years ago and are now seen in all their beauty, laden with their luscious fruit.

While at Bellaire, at Winter Park, at Ocala, at Kissimee, and at Fort Myers, splendid hotels cater to the wants of thousands who visit them each year. Yet one must go to Tampa and enjoy the splendid hospitality of the Tampa Bay Hotel before they can realize what a winter in Florida means. This magnificent building stands in the midst of beautiful parks and groves of orange and palm trees, which slope gently down to the picturesque Hillsborough river. Here one finds tropical plants and flowers in greatest profusion. Wide, shady walks, bordered with shrubs and blooming plants, traverse the grounds in every direction. Dwarfed indeed must be the taste of one who cannot find some spot that appeals to his fancy and invites him to cast aside all care and rest awhile. This hotel enjoys the well-earned reputation of being the most famous resort in the South and, indeed, has but few equals in the world. A glance at its register shows that it has become the winter home of many of the most prominent persons in our land.

It contains every convenience for comfort and health, and yet, as one enters its famous rotunda, he cannot fail to be impressed with home-likeness and with the social freedom that prevails. Here every comfort has been provided and every want has been anticipated. From this great central room corridors lead in every direction. Everywhere one sees elegant taste combined with architectural beauty. The result is fascinating. While the entire building is luxuriously furnished and appointed, yet there is an elegant simplicity prevailing throughout that is refreshing and illustrative of the good taste displayed on every side.

At so many of the resorts one found that no thought had been given to provide amusements for the guests. In this respect what a happy change at the Tampa Bay. The golf links are all that can be desired, and there is seldom a day during the entire season that the lovers of this fascinating sport cannot indulge in their favorite pastime. The very best of fishing and hunting is within easy reach, while launches and sail-boats can be had at any time for pleasant outings on the river and bay; miles of paved streets and hard roads make riding and driving a pleasure. In the evening one can choose between the attractions of the Casino and the polished floor of the ballroom.

The sunny slope of Italy may have its attractions, the gorgeous Riviera is fascinating for a short time, yet this, the American Riviera, stands unrivaled as a health and pleasure resort.

J. W. McCLUNG.

"JOIN HANDS ACROSS THE SEA"

A new Anglo-American song has been written by Mrs. Emma Robertson, of New York. It is dedicated to Mrs. James Brown Potter, and bears the appropriate title, "Join Hands Across the Sea." The author is an enthusiastic Anglo-American, and has before given evidence of a desire to promote good feeling between Uncle Sam and Cousin John.

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Book Reviews and Notes

THE SIEGE IN PEKING. By W. A. P. Martin. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. 190 pages. \$1.

Any work on China is at this time of particular interest, and the above volume by the author of "A Cycle of Cathay" contains the story of "China against the world," told in the most vigorous of English, and, incidentally, appropriately illustrated from photographs. Dr. Martin is too well known to require introduction. His fifty years in China, the latter part of which he was president of the Imperial University of Peking, warrant him in speaking with authority, and in the present volume he not only tells vividly what took place before, during, and after the siege, but freely criticizes the conduct of affairs in very plain-spoken terms. He has no use for so-called anti-Imperialists, but asserts that "For America, no more than for Great Britain, will it do

' Her proud pre-eminence to abdicate,
Through craven fear of growing great.'"

He would banish the shrewd, crafty, scheming, treacherous, and ambitious Dowager Empress to some obscure interior city, where she would be shorn of her position as the power behind the throne; would reinstate the young Emperor, whom he describes as a progressive reformer imbued with good intentions; would punish the leaders who aided in the Boxer movement, and bring to bear, as much as practicable, the influence of western civilization upon the Chinese people. Dr. Martin does not altogether share the gloomy anticipations of Sir Robert Hart, who he thinks is "a little too pessimistic." He is a warm defender of the missionaries and points out that they were the victims instead of the instigators of the present troubles. To one who is looking for facts and arguments taking the foreign as against the native view of the Chinese question no stronger reference volume could be wished.

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND THEOLOGY. By Frank Hugh Foster. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 5 x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. 278 pages. \$1.50.

(Reserved for notice later.)

MEN OF MARLOWE'S. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York. 15 x 7½ in. 289 pages. \$1.25.

Mrs. Henry Dudeney, author of "Folly Corner," presents in "Men of Marlowe's" a series of short sketches dealing with life in an old English "Inn." These stories are all more or less connected in interest, so that the impression remaining with one after reading them is that the collection forms in reality almost a continuous whole, the several sketches making up the volume being as closely connected as are the chapters of many a more pretentious long story. The stories are told in a quaint, entertaining manner, the author not permitting even incidents that by the hand of another might appear startling to take on the slightest tinge of sensationalism. Yet while not sensational they are none the less entertaining, for there is about them a flavor of wholesome naturalness that makes them full of healthy interest. It is a field rather out of the ordinary that Mrs. Dudeney has chosen to cultivate in her literary work, and, if for no other reason, the very novelty of it is refreshing. So it may not be wondered at that she is soon to publish further sketches apparently of a similar trend, which will doubtless attract the attention that "Men of Marlowe's" has.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: HIS BOOK. With an Explanatory Note by J. McLean Davis. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 16mo. \$1.

In appearance this is an ordinary leather-covered note-book with newspaper clippings pasted on alternate pages and on the pages opposite ordinary long-handwriting explanatory thereof. In reality both clippings and writing are but clever fac-simile reproductions from an original note-book of Abraham Lincoln before he became President. The clippings, as his notes explain, contain the substance of his views on "Negro Equality," as embodied in these extracts from reports of speeches made by him in 1854-58. This scrap book was given a friend of Lincoln's to be referred to in campaign arguments at the time as correctly embodying Lincoln's views. The present little volume is as near as possible a precise reproduction in fac-simile of the original. It is interesting not alone as a scrap of history but as a literary novelty, and the seeming little memorandum book in roughed black leather binding, with the reminder of a great American contained in it, is something to be preserved.

THE HERITAGE OF UNREST. By Gwendolen Overton. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. 5¼ x 7¼ in. 330 pages. \$1.50.
(Reserved for notice later.)

THE EXPANSION OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Edwin Erle Sparks, Ph.D.
Published by Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5½ x 7¾ in. 450
pages. \$2.

(Reserved for subsequent notice.)

IRENE PETRIE; Missionary to Kashmir. By Mrs. Ashley Carns-Wilson.
Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 5½ x 8¼
in. 343 pages. \$1.50.

(Notice of this book is reserved for a subsequent issue.)

The fourth edition of the "Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson," selected and edited by Mr. Sydney Colvin, has just been published by Messrs. *Methuen*. Three new letters have been printed, one addressed to Mr. Austin Dobson, one to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and one to Mr. George Meredith. Stevenson's letter to Kipling is one of several that passed between the authors. The one addressed to Mr. Meredith came from Samoa, and gives some account of his life there. The following passage from it is pathetic: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health. I have awakened sick and gone to bed weary, and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam from weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wages and recovered my glory. I am better now, have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific, and still few are the days when I am not in some physical distress."

The music publishing house of *Jos. W. Stern & Co.* has issued the following high-class vocal compositions (with music by Mr. Albert E. Wier and words by Mr. Maybury Fleming): "I Dreamed of a Lover Tall and Fair," "Song of Triumph," and "Devotion." These songs can be recommended to professional singers as well calculated to please the taste of the most critical audience. The musical setting is both classic and pleasing. "The Everlasting Light," by Max S. Witt, is a sacred song which has been received with great favor by both press and public. This house also publishes the songs of May Irwin, George Rosey, Theo. H. Northrup, Williams and Walker, and many other well-known persons.

The announcement has been made that the publication of the long-expected "Life and Letters" of Lord Beaconsfield will not be long delayed, as Lord Rowton finished his work some time since, and the materials so far as they can be utilized are complete.

Charles Scribner's Sons. "Overheard in a Garden," by Oliver Herford, is a dainty volume of verse with original illustrations by the author. It will commend itself to all lovers of the beautiful in nature. The "Musical Series" contains a new work by William F. Apthorp, entitled "The Opera, Past and Present." This is a valuable contribution to the historical musical literature of the day. "The Sacred Fount," by Henry James, is now in its third edition, and has received many favorable notices from both press and famous writers.

The *International News Company* announce special extra funeral numbers of the *Illustrated London News* (price, \$1.00), *London Graphic*, and *Black and White*. These well-known publications will contain the finest and fullest pictures of the Queen's funeral and will undoubtedly be in great demand. In the Christmas number of *Black and White* was a handsome picture in colors of the Prince of Wales, which should now make the possession of that number desirable.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce "The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain: the Man and the Statesman," by N. Murrell Morris—a large volume of 500 pages with 32 page illustrations; "Lord Rosebery—His Life and Speeches," by Thos. F. G. Coates, in two large volumes with full-page illustrations and portraits; and "Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks," by Alex. V. G. Allen, in two volumes.

Messrs. *Macmillan* will shortly publish a volume of papers on "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century," by the late John Richard Green, the majority of which first appeared in the *Oxford Chronicle* many years ago, and are now republished under the supervision of Mrs. Green.

The *New Amsterdam Publishing Co.* have issued "Milly," by Maurice Thompson (author of "Alice of Old Vincennes"), whose recent death deprives the public of another brilliant writer of the romantic school.

Lady Burne-Jones is actively engaged on a memoir of her distinguished husband. The biography will be copiously illustrated and will contain specimen drawings never before published.

"The Crime and the Criminal," by Richard Marsh, is a very romantic story, exceedingly well worthy of being read by all lovers of detective stories.

Zimmerman Brothers will shortly issue "The Principles of Success," by "A Man of the World" (David A. Curtis).

THE
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April, 1901

THE BUFFALO PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION

BY EDWARD E. PIDGEON

UNIQUE and greatest among expositions in many respects will be the Fair which opens at Buffalo on May 1st. It is intended to celebrate the wonderful growth of the new Western World since its discovery and, most of all, the enormous strides in all that has tended to elevate and improve the condition of mankind during the past hundred years. Most fittingly has it been designated the Pan-American Exposition, for it is with the three Americas (North, South, and Central) that it has to do; and yet, although its name and purpose thus limit it, it is in the highest and best sense a "World's Fair." It is safe to say that during the coming summer it will be the center of attraction for the civilized world, and the influx of visitors from Europe and other eastern sections of the globe promises to be greater than it was to either the Centennial at Philadelphia or the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. This is so because there will be not only the attraction of the wonderful Exposition itself but also that of Niagara Falls. The latter really forms part and parcel of the display, and a very practical part, too, for the tremendous electrical power

necessary for the Exposition will be derived mainly from the harnessed force of the mighty cataract.

The features in which the Pan-American Exposition will stand supreme will be in harmony of design, in beauty of color, and in the electrical, horticultural, sculptural, and aquatic displays. Never before has a world's fair been begun and carried to completion with such a well-defined purpose in view, and the result, even now when the opening is yet weeks away, is one of surpassing beauty to the eye and mind. Not only have the buildings been designed with the purpose of complete harmony one with the other, but each structure is in itself a model of color harmonics. Every aid that the highest artistic ability of the new world could supply has been called upon to make each building a study in itself, and the whole is so planned as to produce a complete and perfect ensemble of color. It is for this reason that the Exposition has been named, and with remarkable aptitude, the "Rainbow City," for its color scheme will be at once as striking and as symphonic as nature's spectrum itself.

An especially prominent feature of the Exposition will be its electrical department. In this respect it will surpass the combined display of all the previous expositions the world has seen, and it is doubtful if the coming century will witness anything to excel it. This is so because there will be unlimited power from the great Niagara, and because modern inventors can here exhaust all the possibilities of the use of the force without a thought of economy or stint. The buildings will be decorated with electric lights in a way never before dreamed of, and fountains and water-courses will also be ornamented in a way that will be remarkable. The ghastly blue light of the arc lamp has been discarded, and incandescent lights alone will be used for decorative purposes. Of these there will be hundreds of thousands, and the result will be so fairy-like and beautiful that visitors will forget this work-a-day world and for the time being live in an

enchanted universe. It is for this reason, too, that the Pan-American Exposition will be largely a night show, for its beauty after the rest of the world has entered into darkness will be even greater than during the light of day.

One feature in which the Exposition will be most pleasing to visitors is its compactness. The buildings are not strung along at "magnificent distances," as has been the case with all previous "world's fairs," but each structure will be within easy access of another. At the same time there will be no appearance of crowding or crushing, for so effective has been the landscape gardening that there is no undue proximity, and where one structure shows from another it but intensifies the effect of each.

A recent visitor to the Exposition grounds, who has seen all the great world's fairs with the eye of an artist, has declared that in this department of landscape gardening the Pan-American will surpass anything yet designed or carried out, and that in no way in this respect can it be improved.

In the horticultural display the "Rainbow City" will also surpass any previous effort of the world's fairs.

The location of the Pan-American is ideal. The center and terminal as it is of over a score of the great railways of North America and reached by easy connection from all the others, it has an almost unlimited clientele to draw from for its patronage. It is also in the heart of the most populous section of the North American continent, and it is within one night's ride of forty millions of people. This in itself insures it an influx of visitors which will be tremendous and which those well informed in these matters claim will far surpass the record of even the Columbian Exposition. It is also one of the greatest centers of the beauty spots and resorts of North America, and those who might otherwise not feel inclined to visit the Exposition during their summer vacation can spend a few days on their way to and from one of these resorts and so double the pleasure of their rest time. The Adirondacks, Thousand Islands, Chautauqua,

and, greatest of all, Niagara Falls, are within easy reach, and a multitude of other resorts in Canada, Northern New York, and Maine, are all within touch.

In the quality of its exhibits the Pan-American will stand in the forefront of expositions. The displays from South and Central America will be larger and more varied than any ever before made, and they will demonstrate the wonderful progress these countries have made during the last century. They will include every possibility in the way of tropical and semi-tropical product, while the United States and Canada will give all that is best in them and the result of the growth of the dead century. The Canadian exhibits will be of remarkable interest and will show the resources of the Dominion in a way worthy of one of the most progressive sections of the globe, one which will be a revelation to the nations of the Old World. And Canada will have its own official building as well.

In one other respect will the Pan-American Exposition be of unusual interest to the average visitor. Within its grounds has been built a magnificent Stadium, in which sports of all sorts and of an international nature will be carried on from the opening of the Exposition upon the 1st of May until it closes on November 1st. Many of the great college contests will be held there in all lines of sport, and the field and track athletics which will be given will have entries from all countries and will be Olympian in their character. Comfortable seats are provided around its immense arena for over fifteen thousand spectators, and many thousands of others can be accommodated if desired. There is a quarter of a mile race-track within the enclosure, and facilities for all other sports of the open air variety known to ancient and modern times.

There is a Midway which will cost over three million dollars, where will be seen all the up-to-date novelties of the amusement world. Some of these are of a most unique character, and all that is objectionable has been eliminated.

Here the habits and customs of many races can be studied with advantage; days can be spent in pleasurable sight-seeing in the Midway alone. Great care has been taken in choosing the attractions, and the structures erected are in harmony with the general plan of the Exposition buildings. Even in this respect the great color and architectural scheme of the whole has not been forgotten.

In art this Exposition will also be striking in the extreme. What it may possibly fall short of in immensity, it will make up in quality, and in no way can it ever grow wearisome to the visitor. The Fine Arts division will include hundreds of modern masterpieces of American artists, and will show the work of all the New World nations and schools, at their best. In the department of sculpture the "Rainbow City" will far excel anything ever before attempted. The greatest artists of the Western World in this line have been engaged continually for over a year past, and the result will astonish the critics of the Old World who have been wont to regard the art of sculpture as particularly within the province of ancient lands. Statuary will be used with an unprecedented lavishness in the decoration of the buildings, grounds, and fountains and, combined with the electrical and aquatic effects, will be of the highest type of artistic beauty.

Thus it will be seen that the "Rainbow City" which has been built to celebrate the progress of the by-gone century and the opening of the new era will be in every way worthy of its design. It will be a gigantic, symmetrical, and beautiful monument of the development of the most progressive section of the globe and will be a "Rainbow City" in reality as well as in name, for it will not only be a present light to the civilized world but a sign of hope for the future onward march of mankind.

GREEK AND ROMAN INDIA

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BY T. C. EVANS

THE Eastern campaign of Alexander is the first event which brings India into historic relations with the Western world. It is from the Greek scholars and savants who accompanied him, and whose works yet bear testimony to the precision and fidelity of their observations, that our earliest authentic information of the great and populous Oriental Peninsula, destined in later times to such important political and commercial relations with the West, is drawn. They described with great minuteness the face of the country, its lofty mountain barriers, its spreading plains intersected by majestic rivers, its numerous villages, towns, and cities; its rich and copious harvests; the cotton shrubs which bore wool; the sugar-cane, described as giant reeds, which produced honey; the spreading banyans, beneath the shades of which sat holy men engaged in meditation or in painful and austere acts of penance; the gigantic elephants with their curtained howdahs and their trappings blazing with gold and gems; the crocodiles along the river; the monkeys swarming in the jungle in unterrified and harmonious neighborhood with gigantic serpents and wild beasts; the multitude of birds of gay plumage; the variety of strange fruits and flowers; and the habitations, costume, and manner of the people. All which they saw was new to them, and would be new to their countrymen at home. Their observations, therefore, were minute and precise, and embraced not only the visible aspect of the land and its people and their surroundings, but an inquiry into their social and religious belief and ceremonies. One of them, Onesi Kritos, was

sent to hold discourse with a group of gymnosophists, or naked philosophers, who practiced their austerities and expounded their doctrines in the shade of a green jungle two or three miles from the city of Taxila. The Conqueror had sent for them to appear before him, but in response to this imperial invitation they returned a reply as churlish as that which his proffer of service evoked from Diogenes. They refused to obey his summons, but signified to the messenger that if he wished to hold discourse with them he must join them in the jungle. Onesi Kritos found a group of fifteen naked Brahmans, some lying upon the stones exposed to the burning rays of an Indian sun, some standing on one leg and holding logs of wood above their heads, and some in other constrained and painful attitudes, pursuing their several modes of discipline and self-chastisement. The polite and polished Greek scholar, who had himself, it may be, parried the interrogatories of Socrates and listened to the discourses of Plato and Aristotle, appears to have approached the naked philosophers with much deference. He said that the great King, who was himself a deity, had heard of the wisdom of Kalanos, one of the gymnosophists, to whom he addressed his message, and desired to learn the nature of his teachings. Kalanos replied that the clothing of the ambassador and his attendants was contrary to nature and offensive to deity. It was by such pride and luxury that want and misery had been brought upon mankind. If he wished to study the truth, he must begin by divesting himself entirely of his raiment and by purging his spirit of that pride of which it was the outward testimony and sign. Some of the Brahmans, however, thought that the messenger of so great a King ought to be received with more politeness, and rebuked Kalanos for the discourtesy with which he had received the advances of the strangers and set forth the principles and laws of conduct belonging to his sect. But, notwithstanding the austerity of his pretensions, he was not reluctant to attach himself to the retinue of the

Conqueror, whom he accompanied on his return from India, rehearsing his praises after the manner in which the old Indian bards celebrated the achievements of their own warriors and heroes. Ultimately he was stricken with disease, which among the Brahmans was esteemed a shameful and degrading visitation, and terminated his religious and poetical career by committing himself to the flames of a funeral pile.

Two centuries had elapsed since the death of Gotama Buddha, and the yellow-robed ministers of his faith were dispersed throughout India and taught their doctrines side by side with the priests of the older religion. They early appeared in the Punjab, which adjoined the ancient empire of Magadha, the holy land of the Buddhists, and the Conqueror and his followers saw and conversed with many of them during the course of his campaign. They were known to the Greeks as Germanes, or Sramans, and were held in lower repute than the Brahmans, who possessed the advantage of belonging to a theological order so much superior in antiquity. They lived in groves near the cities, abstained from animal food, practiced the greatest frugality, spent their time in grave discourse, and were ready to instruct all who desired a knowledge of their creed. They lived lives of extreme simplicity and self-denial, though after the expiration of thirty-seven years they were permitted to return to secular life, wear costly robes and jewelry, and marry as many wives as they desired. They believed that death was a birth into a happier life and that ideas of happiness or misery in this were illusions of the imagination. They believed in the sphericity of the earth and that it was the center of the universe, that the God who made it pervaded each atom of which it was composed, and that water was the chief element in its formation. They were held in great veneration by the people, who bestowed upon them such gifts of food as they required and admitted them freely at all times to their dwellings, even to the women's apartments, from which all

other visitors were, according to still surviving Eastern customs, jealously excluded.

After the death of Alexander at Babylon, in the year B. C. 323, the mighty empire which he had founded, no longer held together by any principle of political cohesion, crumbled in pieces, and its dismembered fragments became the spoil of the lieutenants whom his example had instructed in the ways of war and ambition. Thirteen years of conflict followed, the shock of which was felt throughout the civilized world. The territory between the Euphrates and the Indus had fallen to Seleukos Nikator, who sought like Alexander to extend his dominions in the East, but he found himself confronted upon the threshold of that enterprise by an enemy with whom he deemed it wise to establish terms of amity rather than to contend in battle. This was a Prince of Kosala who had been in exile at the Court of Taxiles during the invasion of Alexander, who had at first attracted the attention and then inspired the resentment of the Conqueror, so that he was compelled to abandon his dominions and take refuge in flight. In the interval which had elapsed between the death of Alexander and the appearance of Seleukos upon the banks of the Indus he possessed himself of authority which embraced the greater part of the peninsula from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, and had united the scattered and discordant government of princes and rajahs into a compact and formidable power, which he wielded with undisputed authority. Instead of attempting his overthrow, Seleukos gave him his daughter in marriage, and in return his armies were reinforced by the gift of five hundred elephants from his Indian ally. This able and sagacious ruler was known to the Greeks as Sandrokottus and to the Hindoos as Chandragupta. Seleukos sent an ambassador named Megasthenes to reside at his Court at Patali-putra, or Palibothra, a city upon the Middle Ganges, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Magadha, occupying a site in the vicinity of the

modern city of Patna. The city extended along the river for a distance of twelve miles and was about two miles in breadth. It was surrounded by a wide, deep ditch, which connected with the river and served not only to drain the city but as a means of defense. It was further protected by a high palisade with loopholes at intervals, through which, in case of attack, the archers might discharge their arrows against the enemy. The palace was a splendid structure, occupied only by the Rajah and his women, even the body-guard being stationed outside of the gates. The inmates of this extensive Zenana were, it is said, purchased from their parents, but, whether on account of the diplomatic reserve of the ambassador or of the seclusion in which her life was passed, he had nothing to tell us of the fair Greek princess who had mated herself with the dusky Indian warrior. Sandrokkottus seems to have been as able in civil as in military life, and his immense dominions were ruled without oppression but with constant vigilance and an authority which was steadily exerted in all the concerns of the empire. His army comprised 400,000 men, to which addition could be made in time of war, and was kept in an efficient state of discipline, though in time of peace the soldiers were permitted many indulgencies. The internal administration, instead of being confided to dependent princes to whom the sovereign stood in the relation of suzerain, according to the usual Asian custom, was conducted by inspectors, who also acted as magistrates. Some were appointed to the city, some to the camp, and some to the districts and provinces. Their duty as inspectors was to collect all information of importance and send it to the King, while their magistratic functions were partly executive and partly supervisory and inquisitorial. Their system of espionage seems to have been practically universal and to have run through the entire service of the government. The public women of the cities and the female followers of the camp were employed as spies and informers. It was important to

check the earliest sign of rebellion and subdue the first manifestation of discontent, as a successful émeute might in an hour dethrone the old and establish a new ruler. Sandrokottus had won his scepter by usurpation, and he seems to have been well aware that he could only retain it by incessant and unrelaxing vigilance. But his success, although it brought him in one hand the renown and in the other the burden of authority, could not bring him tranquillity. He never slept in the daytime and changed his place every night, fearing the treachery of some among his multitude of women. He was not allowed to follow the example of Alexander and take occasional relief from the cares of state in the oblivion of intoxication, for it was against the Brahmanic law, and, according to a story told to Megasthenes, any woman who murdered a Rajah while in a state of intoxication was rewarded by being made the queen of his successor. His principal recreation was hunting, in which he was accompanied by many armed women who were mounted upon the backs of elephants, and from that secure elevation discharged their arrows at the game. He sat in the Rajah's seat as Judge, and any of his subjects were entitled to bring their cases before him. At the gate of the city every new year he gave audience to the wise men, the Brahmans and magistrates, to suitors and suppliants, and to all who had made discoveries or had prognostications to utter, or any message of prophecy or inspiration or instruction to communicate. Those whose discoveries were valuable or whose vaticinations were confirmed by the event, were exempted for life from any contributions or tribute, but those whose observations were found to be incorrect or whose discoveries were worthless, were prohibited after the third trial from making any further attempt.

No indications of the division of society into castes were discovered in the Punjab by Alexander and his followers, but in the Gangetic Empire at the same period the lines of social separation were precisely and immovably drawn. The

order of castes has scarcely been changed or modified during the twenty-two centuries which have elapsed since Megasthenes came thither upon his embassy. The Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras were separated from each other by the exact and impassable barriers which continue to interpose between them, as they have done from the earliest known period. The Brahmans, or highest caste, were priests and teachers, ministers at the rite of sacrifice and practicers of such arts of invocation and prophecy as might impose upon a simple and credulous people. But they were not necessarily confined to these functions. It was not forbidden them to engage in certain secular occupation. They served the King as counsellors, they embarked in some branches of trade, they loaned money on usury, they performed certain offices of service for which they received fees, but whatever their employment the sacredness and inviolability in which their caste clothed them was acknowledged and respected. To the lowest Brahman the touch of the highest Kshatriya, rajah, or warrior, was pollution and was only to be removed by rites of purification. The royal, or Kshatriya, caste was next in order, and it included the rulers and the warriors who defended the state. The Vaisyas were traders, factors, shopkeepers, artisans, and the like, while the Sudras were of the lower class of laborers. It is quite likely that then as now the number of castes was practically endless, every trade or profession forming a little order of its own, which was either included in one of the four great castes or constituted a part of the pariah, or outcast, population.

In all communities which draw their support from agriculture the tillers of the soil must of course comprise the bulk of the population, and among them Megasthenes found an almost universal condition of contentment and plenty. The land was absolutely owned by the King, and the people received a share of the produce of their labor as wages, the rest being stored in the royal granaries. They were exempt

from military service and lived at peace in the villages, keeping their simple festivals and propitiating their deities with innocent offerings of ghee and rice and libations of the mystic soma, a fermented drink brewed from the juice of a plant to which sacred attributes were ascribed and which was thought to be peculiarly acceptable to the gods. The throngs which inhabited the cities presented a pageant of great brilliancy and variety. Stately elephants with gaudy trappings, bearing on their backs howdahs hung with silken fringes and tapestries and containing beautiful damsels with brilliant jewels shining upon their brows and bosoms, horsemen in groups and processions clad in rich and glittering attire, covered bullock carts carrying the women of the Zenana to the temple or bath, venerable Brahmans wearing only a white turban and a scanty investment of white wrappings about their hips, the yellow-robed Sramans with shorn heads and alms-bowls by their sides, the busy bazaars in which all the products of Indian artifice were exposed for sale, the tissues of silk and embroidered fabrics of goats' hair and wool, the vessels of copper embossed with ornamental devices, to be used in rites of sacrifice, the anklets and wristlets and necklaces of gold, and the thousand other objects of decoration or utility, presented to the visitor at the capital of Sandrokkottus a picture of unsurpassed brilliancy and variety. His countrymen doubtless received his description with as much surprise and delight as the Spaniards at the Court of Ferdinand received those which Columbus brought back from the New World which he had discovered. Some of his stories, however, excited the wrath of Strabo and may have provoked the derision of the polite and skeptical Greeks beyond the Hellespont, but modern investigation has proved that the wildest of them had either a basis of reality or reposed upon the authority of the legends of the country.

On the whole, the picture given us by Megasthenes is one of peace, plenty, and contentment, and the Buddhists

in particular are justified in regarding that period as the golden age of their faith. The precepts which had been hitherto taught by mendicant missionaries and pilgrims were about to be enforced by imperial decree. The religion of Gotama was about to become the state religion of one of the most powerful empires then existing in the world. In less than a century after this period Priyadasi, or Asoka, who is known to the chronicles as the grandson of Sandrokottus, by his royal decree re-enforced the ordinance of Sakya Muni interdicting sacrifice, and inscribed the gentle and benignant teachings of the sage upon rock tablets, which from one end of Hindustan to the other still communicate their generous and exalted lessons to mankind. For nearly ten centuries following it contested with the other faith for supremacy, and during a considerable part of that time maintained an undisputed ascendancy.

The Roman arms were never carried beyond the Himalayas nor did any magistrate or sovereign of that people ever exercise political authority over any of its provinces or inhabitants. But with the conquest of Egypt the ancient route of Indian commerce through the Arabian Gulf and the Red Sea fell under Roman control, and it so continued while Egypt remained a province of the empire. The earliest description of this the oldest important line of maritime commerce beyond the Mediterranean known to the civilization of the West, is found in the circumnavigation of the Erythraen Sea, a short treatise preserved in the works of Arrian and ascribed to him. The Egyptian and Phenecian fleets made their way along the coast from the ports on the Red Sea to those of the Indus and beyond, steering timidly from headland to headland, and the journey to and fro occupied nearly a year. But during the reign of Tiberius, a little after the Christian era, a Roman navigator named Hippalus, relying upon the known periodicity and direction of the winds between the African and Indian coasts, steered directly eastward from the point of the Arabian peninsula and after a journey of forty days reached the port of Musiris

on the Indian coast. It was the most celebrated maritime adventure of antiquity, exceeding in boldness and genius, as in utility, the circumnavigation by the Phenecians of the African continent and the exploration of its western coast by the Carthaginian Hanno. It fixed the course of Indian commerce by sea for more than fourteen centuries till the caravels of Vasco da Gama in 1497 rounded the Cape of Good Hope. It shortened the time of these journeys by more than one-half and was found to diminish their uncertainty and peril. It gave the name of the discoverer to the wind which bore him to and fro, now called the monsoon, and which remains as obedient in its movements to the calendar of the modern navigator as to those of Egypt, Carthage, and Rome. Pliny describes the course of these voyages, which began at the port of Berenice on the Red Sea, reaching all the important harbors of the Western Coast of India, to which the products of the further East, of Taprobane and Colchos, of the Golden Chersonesus and Sinae Metropolis, and the mysterious lands and waters beyond were brought in native ships. The commodities sent thither are described by Pliny as consisting in part of woolen cloth, linen, in checker work, coral, brass, tin, and lead, articles of glass, Italian, Greek and Arabian wines, and gold and silver coin. Those brought back in return consisted mainly of spices and aromatics, precious stones and pearls, fabrics of silk and silk thread, and various productions of Indian art, not omitting the ivory, apes, and peacocks, which freighted the earlier ships of Solomon and Hiram of Tyre, and were brought to the ports of Ezion Geber and Rhinocolura. But notwithstanding the activity of Roman commerce with the East, its knowledge of the people of the Peninsula was but little extended. The Greek records of Nearchus, Aristobulus, and Megasthenes, who accompanied Alexander, form the basis of all the knowledge which the Romans possessed for many centuries following of the Indian territory and people. The geography of Megasthenes, dating from the reign of Seleucus, is in some respects superior in accuracy to that of

Strabo, who flourished in the time of Augustus, or Pliny, who adorned the reign of Trajan, or Ptolemy, whose works were published about eighty years after those of Pliny. To the social and political information contained in the Greek records the Roman writers were able to make but slight and partially conjectural additions.

In the reign of Justinian, Cosmas Indicopleustes, an Egyptian merchant who had made many trading voyages to India but who in his later life became a monk, composed in the solitude of his cell a work entitled *Christian Topography*, designed to controvert the theory that the earth was round, and in the course of his fantastic reveries mingled many accurate remembrances and descriptions of what he had seen and heard in his travels among the Indian peoples. It was the first important contribution to a knowledge of the interior condition of that country which had been made since the time of the Alexandrian invasion. Chimerical as his own topographical theories were, he was able to correct some of the geographical errors which have prevailed until his time, and it is through him that we obtain a knowledge of the existence in all the principal seaport cities of the western coast of India of Christian churches and communities presided over by ecclesiastics deriving their authority from the archbishop of Selucia, the capital of the Persian empire. The long dominion of Rome and its command for many centuries of both the great routes of traffic between the West and India, by the sea and the desert, contribute little, therefore, to our knowledge of the political and social conditions of this, to them, remote and mysterious country. There are fragments of allusion here and there in the Roman annals, but nothing comparing in fullness and completeness with the systematic records of the Greek writers. Pliny makes mention of an embassy to the Emperor Claudius from the King of Taprobane, the modern Ceylon, from whom the Romans learned that the island contained five hundred towns, and a lake in the center which was three hundred and seventy-five miles in circumference, a geographical feature not

verified by modern exploration. A story has likewise been preserved of an embassy sent by Porus, a Pandyan prince, to Octavius Cæsar a short time before the Christian era, bearing a letter from Porus to Cæsar written in Greek upon a skin, setting forth that the sender of the embassy was sovereign over six hundred rajahs and desired the friendship and alliance of the Roman ruler. It was accompanied with curious presents: a man without arms, a serpent ten cubits long, a river tortoise three cubits long, a so-called partridge, larger than a vulture, which may have been a turkey, and the first one introduced to the epicurean attention of the West, together with many other objects, the novelty of which must have greatly exceeded their intrinsic value. The embassy presented its credentials and its presents to the Roman sovereign, and nothing further is heard of it except that a Sraman who accompanied it proceeded to Athens to confer with its wise men and investigate its systems of philosophy, and that he there immolated himself upon a funeral pile. He declared that his life had hitherto been one of unvaried success and felicity, and that he desired to depart from it before any calamity overtook him. The Greeks gave his ashes pious sepulture and commemorated his deed with a monumental inscription recorded by Strabo: "Zarmano Chegas, an Indian, a native of Bargosa, having immortalized himself according to the custom of his country, here lies."

Of our earliest information concerning India the outlines and details thus remained substantially unchanged for more than a thousand years. The Greek invader found there an ancient and highly organized society, differing little in its usages and modes of living from those which exist at the present time, and although there are no means of verifying the conjecture, it is not unlikely that the population of the Peninsula was as great in that period as in our own. The religious faith of the people is the same, notwithstanding the intrusion and infiltration of other modes of worship, and a priesthood unchanged in its pretensions and ceremonials

still guard the shrines and minister at the altars of the stupendous hierarchy of the Indian gods. Its sacred books may dispute antiquity with the Hebrew Scriptures and are still studied with equal reverence and devotion. That which, in the time of Alexander, was a recent schism, or reformatory impulse which had broken out of the bosom of the ancient faith, has become the religious belief and guide of conduct of almost one-third of the human race. It retains its vitality still, after two thousand years which have witnessed the burial, with a myriad of other gods and creeds, of the Greek Zeus, the Roman Jupiter, and the Tyrian Ashtaroth, and the overthrow of their temples and the obliteration of their litanies and ritual, and the birth of Christianity and Mohammedanism, which now divide with it the religious dominion of the world. Its code of laws is probably older than those of Lycurgus or Moses, and was an elaborate and finished system adjusted to the needs of a highly organized society ages before Rome had inscribed upon the twelve tables her primitive and rudimentary decrees. The epic songs in which the deeds of its legendary heroes are celebrated, the Mahabarata and the Ramayana, although they could not have been known to the Greek invader, might claim equality of date or a superior antiquity to the Iliad, from which their conquering leader drew his lessons of valor and ambition, and which we are asked to believe he made every night his pillow. All of these institutions, religious, political, and social, and these highest ornaments of her literature, were of unknown but venerable age when our knowledge of the country begins, and as they have remained unchanged under the drums and trappings of the mythical, legendary, and authentic invasions of Bacchus, Hercules, Sesostris, Semiramis, Darius, Scylax, Alexander, Tamerlane, Mahmoud, and Nadir Shah, they may, perhaps, so mysterious is the preserving and destroying action of time, outlast the fact and the memory of the foreign domination to which, in the modern period the land and its people have been exposed.

THE PROHIBITION PARTY IN THE UNITED STATES: ITS FAILURE AND THE REASONS

BY A PARTY PROHIBITIONIST

HAVING been connected with the Prohibition party as a political organization almost from its formation, the writer may be presumed to know something of its history. Having in a humble way helped to decide upon some of its policies; having been a member of one or more of its national conventions; having been made to suffer in almost every direction for his partisanship; without any slights, disappointments, or "sore spots" to grieve over; and believing still with unswerving faith in the principles upon which the party was founded, no one can fairly charge the writer with viewing the party outlook from any but the most friendly spirit.

Some facts are indisputable. During the about twenty years of its existence the Prohibition party has practically covered the entire country with its organization. If it has not strewn its literature "knee-deep," as was urged by one of its leaders, it has gone a long way toward that result. For devotion to its purpose, unfaltering sacrifice, and consecrated zeal, many of its supporters and advocates rank with the greatest heroes of the anti-slavery struggle. No moral reform has ever produced more noble men and women (brave in defeat, courageous in disaster) than have glorified the career of this Prohibition party. Due to the teachings from their political meetings, the consecrated zeal that blazed out everywhere, the persistent "standing up to be counted" by their ballots on election days, the whole nation has given heed to their peculiar creed.

✓ The Prohibition party was organized for the political control of the several States and the Nation. Its cornerstone was the creed that the use of intoxicants as a beverage was wrong to the individual, to society, to the body politic. Out of this creed it evolved the dogma, "The licensed manufacture and sale of intoxicants as a beverage must be forbidden by laws, backed by a party pledged to prohibitory enforcements." Strange to say, however, the Nation, swayed by the teachings of the party and influenced by their zeal, accepted their creed, practically, but refused to stand by the political organization.

During the last decade Society has abandoned, practically, its drinking customs. In our public schools are taught, by requirements of law, the evil effects, physically, of alcohol. By all Christian churches—Protestant and Roman Catholic—not only has the use of intoxicants been condemned, but the maker and seller have been declared unworthy of church fellowship. The existence of a solid saloon vote, to be polled solely in the interest of the liquor traffic and regardless of party affiliation, has at last been recognized, with alarm, by both the leading political organizations.

If the question is asked as to the cause of all these changes and enlightenment, the honest answer would be that they were chiefly the result of the work done and the persistent sacrifice and courage of the Prohibition party. Others may claim the credit; fairly it belongs to this party.

✓ But these were moral effects. The party had been raised for political ends. They were not attained; in all human probability, never will be attained through this party. The blinded partisan may not accept this statement as to the party's future, but it remains true nevertheless. Unless a revolution (not to be expected) occurs, the Prohibition party will rapidly disintegrate and be scattered. Reform movements may survive slow growths; they never survive "dry rot."

✓ A glance at the figures shows the truth. In 1872 James

Black, the first Presidential candidate of the Prohibition party, polled 5,608 votes, or .0009 per cent. of the entire vote of the Nation cast that year for President; in 1876 Green Clay Smith, the Presidential candidate for his party, polled 9,522 votes, or .001 per cent. of the entire vote. This was not only an increase made in the number of the Prohibition party votes cast, but the percentage of increase was larger than that of the other political parties. In 1880 Neal Dow, the Presidential nominee, practically made no party gain in percentage, his vote being only .001 per cent. of the whole vote; and yet the Prohibition party held the balance of power in the Nation with its 10,805 Dow votes, for the Republican plurality in all the States was only 7,018. In 1884 J. P. St. John, heading the Prohibition national ticket, received 151,809 votes, or .015 per cent. of the total vote; again the Prohibition party, by a large margin, held the balance of power, the Democratic plurality in the Nation being only 62,683. In 1888 C. B. Fisk, for the Prohibition party, polled 249,967 votes, or .022 per cent. of the whole vote. As the Democratic plurality was only 98,017, again the Prohibition party held the balance of power. In 1892, while the national plurality given the Democratic ticket was 380,810 votes, the Prohibition party polled only 264,133 votes. Not only had it lost—and never since regained anywhere—the balance of power in the Nation, but it had failed to increase its percentage, having fallen to .0218 per cent. of the whole vote. In 1896 Lovering and Bently—nominees of separate wings of the Prohibition party—polled together only 145,976 votes, being but .011 per cent. of the total vote, the Republican plurality being 601,854. Not only had the Prohibition party lost ground, but its vote had fallen very far below the vote of 1892 and 1888, and even 6,000 votes below its strength in 1884. At the last Presidential election (1900) Woolley, the Prohibition candidate, polled 207,368 votes, or not quite .015 per cent. of the total vote cast. While this vote numerically shows an increase over

the Prohibition vote of 1896, it is 42,539 less than the same party cast in 1888, and 56,765 less than in 1892.

But the mere number of ballots cast is not a proper guide in studying this or any reform movement. The true test is shown by the proportion between the Prohibition vote and the total vote cast. Regrouping some of the figures before given, it will be noted that the Prohibition vote in the several Presidential elections held a percentage of the total vote cast as follows :

1872 (when party was started)	.0009	per cent.
1876 - - - -	.001	"
1880 - - - -	.001	"
1884 - - - -	.015	"
1888 - - - -	.022	"
1892 - - - -	.0218	"
1896 - - - -	.011	"
1900 - - - -	.015	"

It should be borne in mind that in the 1896 campaign the Prohibition party was sadly split on the silver question, held two conventions, and two nominees for President were placed in the field.

• The vote in 1900, therefore, is a smaller percentage of the popular vote than in any year since 1884—excepting 1896. In other words, tested by votes, the party proportionately has shrunk until it stands exactly where it did sixteen years ago.* These are the facts, then. Now to what causes may the falling off of the Prohibition party be traced? For the history of this political organization clearly shows the peculiar position of a party advocating a principle which the Nation grew to believe in, and was ready to accept seemingly, and then suddenly refused to honor and uphold. For such a course there must be strong reasons. And from the writer's standpoint, the reasons, while several, may be condensed into one statement: the loss by the Nation at large of the confidence in the consistency and integrity of those

THE PASSING OF QUEEN VICTORIA

By EDWIN RIDLEY

(Concluded)

AND now we have seen what has been accomplished in literature during the Victorian epoch—how productive it was, how prolific of men of really great parts and attainments, of a certain order and classification.

It now remains to pass a few words of comment upon the *scientific literature* of the Victorian era, and, in such connection, the names and works of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Max Müller, and of Herbert Spencer promptly suggest themselves. We have declared the lives and works or aims and influence of Carlyle, Ruskin, Kingsley, Trench, William Morris, Thomas Hughes, and Samuel Smiles have redounded, chiefly, to the glory and lustre of the epoch treated of; and we must stand by our declaration. But while we are convinced of the justice of this assertion, well entertained, there can be no question at all of the great talents and attainments of this first group, whose lifelong devotion and labors did of a truth redound greatly to the glory and triumphs of the Victorian era. Still, we do but move in a circle in this life, in spite of individual departures and supposed originality, and we must consequently reiterate that the practical human worth of the labors and investigations of such men as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and Müller is of secondary importance only, in comparison with the works and influences of the other group of writers and humanitarians. Nevertheless, these scientific and philological authors and students have contributed much to the sum of human advantage.

But let us see now what has been accomplished during the Victorian epoch in other than the industrial, literary, and scientific fields and branches of human attainment, investigation, and development. Let it never be forgotten that this epoch produced a Murchison, a Faraday, a Lyell, and a Herschel, and many scarcely less brilliant and original thinkers, authors, students, scientists, and investigators, whose lifelong services to the human cause and earnest and enlightened researches into the deep mysteries of the heavens above and of the earth beneath, of the origin of man and of language, and of those occult promptings of the human soul which have direct bearing upon the practical conditions of life and the destinies of the race, have conducted so considerably to the advancement and material prosperity of British nation and people, and have redounded so greatly to the *prestige* of the Victorian era.

'Twould be tedious, we fear, to the generality of readers, were we to so much as attempt to classify and enumerate in an adequate and embrasive manner the names and feats of those master-minds of the age treated of in an article of this nature. Neither will time nor space permit of such indulgence on our part. We will therefore content ourselves with a brief review of the names of some of the most eminent among these scientists, astronomers, physicists, geologists, philologists, archæologists, physiologists, lexicographers, orientalists, and metaphysicians, whose labors and researches and peculiar talents should be universally recognized with pride and gratitude and whose accomplishments and attainments mark a distinct epoch in the history and traditions of the English, and of all English-speaking, peoples. Let us, then, remember with suitable esteem and satisfaction the names and attainments of such men as Dugald Stewart, Mill, Müller, Carey, Ousely, Wilkins, Coleridge, Bain, Clarke, Chalmers, Baird, Webster, Lee, Thomson, Dawson, Caldwell, and Wilson. Another, and equally important, list and group of intellectual prodigies

whose works and achievements served to augment the glory of the Victorian epoch, should be classed and specified as the inventive and engineering class. And certainly the Victorian era was pre-eminently inventive, and its chief material advances are no doubt due in great measure to the wondrous engineering feats and inventions of the English-speaking peoples, both in England and in the United States—and more especially in the latter.

Nor will it do to omit mention here of the wonderful strides and advances made by our electricians during the latter portion of Queen Victoria's reign, or in their development of the electric "power"—that strange, weird, and somewhat awful "power" so little dreamed of in the past ages of civilization, so far as we can gather from the histories and traditions of all prior investigations. But of this, more anon! In association, then, with the inventive, engineering, and electrical developments which have so signally marked the Victorian epoch, it is notable to mention the names of a few of the most prominent among those whose talents and investigations and appliances have chiefly contributed to the sum total of what might be appropriately termed the "material and commercial progress" of the Victorian era, and what has especially characterized it throughout: the names, in effect, of George Stephenson, Brunel, Robert Napier, Sir Charles Gregory, Pender, Cook, Richard Owen, Wheatstone, Bell, and Edison—to whose joint talents, discoveries, and appliances we are all so much indebted for our chiefest "modern conveniences" in the way of travel, telephonic, cable, and postal communications, and most recent electric triumphs. But our people should not be too positive, on this account, that *our* civilization is really "the highest" or the most advanced of all civilizations, by reason of the absence of all reliable evidence and data regarding electrical discoveries and developments in past ages. For it is a well-known fact that the ancients *did* discover

and cultivate certain arts and sciences which have been lost since their time, and for indefinite ages—arts and sciences which must have been perfected to the utmost capacity of human ingenuity, and which were as beautiful as they were ingenious. We have but traces and relics of these, but they are conclusive in their evidences. And so it may be with the electric art, and with electric appliances and developments. Man may accomplish a great deal, but there is an “utmost limit” to his capacities and powers, and when “the spirit” of man becomes too “proud” and too daring, the Divine behest is apt to ring forth: “Thus far only, vain mortal, shalt thou go; but no farther!” when the light that *is* in him becomes at once dimmed and the beauteous production of his God-given talent is dashed from his hand and lost forever.

And now a few words regarding the almost as notable advances that have been made in medicine and surgery during the Victorian era, when the names and discoveries of Jenner, Bell, Clark, Davy, Morton, Simpson, Lister, Richardson, and Pasteur at once occur to our memory. Great, indeed, in all human relation, have been the accomplishments and discoveries of these eminent physicians and surgical professors and students, and blessed and notable their anæsthetic and other ameliorative reforms and advances. Viewed from this standpoint, there is no other single branch of human progress and social development, having special bearing upon the general good, which has redounded more signally to the actual glory of the Victorian epoch than has this branch and factor of human good and development.

But the Victorian era was a remarkable one, also, in that it was so prolific of eminent divines and orators, whose versatility and eloquence were as pronounced as their virtues, and whose books and works are masterpieces of their kind: such divines, for instance, as Whately, Thirlwell, Tait, Trench, Newman, Stanley, Kingsley, Manning, Pusey, Alford, Spurgeon, Beecher, Hall, Irving, and Coxe—whose

lives were as exemplary as their talents were exalted ; while among the purely lay ranks, such distinguished names as those of Gladstone, Shaftesbury, Derby, Disraeli, Sir John Macdonald, Chaplean, John Bright, and Sir Robert Peel at once recur to one's remembrance.

In the realms of art and painting, of sculpture and engraving, likewise, the Victorian epoch was fairly notable and prolific of masters, seeing that it embraced in its compass the best productions of such rare minds as those of Turner, Landseer, Leighton, Watts, Wyatt, Wilkie, Millais, Hunt, Chantrey, and Gilbert.

Of the architectural progress of the Victorian era, however, the less said, perhaps, the better. For it does not seem to us that England has to-day a single architect whose intellectual torch, or "light," is replenished from such sources as Ruskin so beautifully defined in his "Seven Lamps" treatise on art and architecture, though it may be that Shaw and Bloomfield approached more nearly than the generality of our professional architects to the exalted standards and animating principles of that profound critic.

Second only to the *commercial* aspect of the Victorian epoch, its next most prominent features have been the increase of population in the United Kingdom and the expansion of the British empire. Facts and figures are sometimes wearisome ; yet we must really resort to them at this juncture in order to emphasize an important phase and stage of Anglo-Saxon development. Let us see, then, what has been the relative increase of population in the United Kingdom, as between 1837 and the present time : In 1837 the population of the British Isles was only in the neighborhood of twenty-five millions, while it is now about forty millions ; in 1837 the population of the colonial empire of Great Britain did not exceed four millions (*exclusive of India*) ; to-day it is over eighteen millions, and the total area of the British empire exceeds ten millions of square miles, while the *entire* population of the

British empire (*inclusive of India*) is estimated as being about four hundred millions. . . . This is, truly, a marvelous showing; and, were we quite assured regarding the *getting* of this empire, it might be agreeably assumed that the destiny and genius of the Anglo-Saxon race alone had to do with the material progress and phenomenal populatative increase of Great Britain and of the British empire during Victoria's reign. Be that as it may, one thing, at least, is certain, to wit, that whatever the faults, and possible vices, of British diplomacy, in such regard, "land-grabbing," in the commonly accepted sense of the term employed, for "land-grabbing's" sake, had little, if anything, to do with the genuine expansion of the British empire. We should prefer to attribute a great deal of this "expansion" to the dare-devil recklessness and resolute valor of a few individual Englishmen rather than to the greed and machinations of a commercial element and corrupt government. Nor need we go begging for evidence. Had it not been for Clive, India might never have been England's; but for Wolfe, Canada would probably, and almost certainly, be either a French dependency to-day or else an independent French republic. England, or the British government, attached so little importance to the capture of that seemingly impregnable rock of Gibraltar that it more than once offered to sell it again to Spain. Indeed, history is rife with examples of British Cabinet bungling and short-sightedness in foreign and colonial relation. We should therefore be wary, lest, in heeding the too common quibblings and garblings of Anglophobes and of mere newspaper hacks and mercenaries, we permit ourselves to become biased and inaccurate in our findings. No empire of the proportions and generally fortuitous and harmonious relations of that of Great Britain was ever or could ever have been built up save, in chiefest measure, by the integral virtues, solid working qualities, and dominating characteristics of a great race and nation.

But the primest source of pride and satisfaction to all right-minded Britons should be the growth and vigor, the prosperity and high intelligence, of those lusty young commonwealths which have sprung up and flourished from within the bosom of the British empire, chiefly during the Victorian reign—of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Natal and Capetown in South Africa—all fast united to the motherland by the strongest links of natural affection, and who, under the proud title of "Britons," common only to men of British stock and English-speaking peoples, stand fast together always and face the world with united front.

Take that lusty young British commonwealth in North America, Canada, as an instance: Less than thirty years ago what is now a united Dominion was an entirely *dis*united geographical conglomeration of racially divided and positively antagonistic British and French provinces only—seven, all told—each and every one, seemingly, animated and actuated by petty sectional and racial prejudices and advantage-seeking; whereas, to-day, these are all consolidated, to all practical intent and purpose, and, while the population of this mighty young Dominion has not increased as might have been expected, it is a country of vast possibilities and a land of peace and plenty and of British *homes*. And so with the equally prosperous and beautiful Australasian and New Zealand young British commonwealths. What history has been made by these, and what startling and magnificent progress has been made during the latter portion of the reign of Queen Victoria in the course of the development and expansion of their countries and of their resources and self-government! Whatever exception may be taken to British imperial policy in general, in so far as it has had relation in the past to foreign affairs and colonial affairs prior to the latter half of the Victorian epoch, it must assuredly be admitted with generous pride and satisfaction that its colonial policy, in imperial connection, has been wise and prudent in the extreme.

We have only to look back to the conditions which prevailed in Western Australia at the beginning of the reign of Victoria, and then to compare these with present conditions, to adequately estimate the truth and force of this. Take only a few of the chief cities and centers of New South Wales, by way of example. Victoria, formed into a separate colony in 1851, has increased in population since that time from a few hundreds to over one million of inhabitants; while Melbourne, its capital, has alone a population of considerably over half a million. Sydney, likewise, has a population nearly approaching these figures; while the entire population of New South Wales has more than trebled in four successive census-takings. Better still, the development of the resources of these great Australasian commonwealths has been phenomenal; and one of the crowning features of Queen Victoria's illustrious reign has been the confederation of the greater portion of them in a single comprehensive legislative measure of an imperial nature.

In like manner, and even more striking, has been the development of New Zealand during this period—a land of vast resources and possibilities also, a land developed by a purely British race and rarely favored by God and nature. And, if we mistake not, it is to New Zealand that we may look with some degree of confidence for the solution of some of the most knotty problems of social and industrial regeneration.

But to conclude. We have seen what have been the chief features and characteristics of the Victorian epoch, how notable it has been throughout, in many respects, how British commercial progress and the expansion of the empire have been its chiefest characteristics, in reality, yet how prolific it has been of great men and great deeds in other than in the merely mercantile, inventive, and mechanical branches of national achievement and attainment, and how, from the narrowing and skeptical, material bent and tendency of the English mind, at the opening of the Victo-

rian era, other, and higher and worthier, objectiveness and principles have so far prevailed, in the ultimate, as to have rendered this beloved Queen's reign one of the blesseddest epochs in English history and traditions. Nor can we do better than close this paper with just one more tribute to the virtues and personality of the good Queen, whose death is so universally mourned.

To our thinking, then, nothing in all her life and reign has redounded more substantially to her queenly virtues, prevision, and devotion than that last act of hers, so touchingly enacted in the dread death chamber, whereby she fast cemented the ties of peace and amity between her beloved England and Germany by the imposition of her dying behest to her son Edward and grandson William, with a view to the preservation of peace and good-will between these two kings and their two countries. Nothing that she could have done else, nothing that the most astute statesman could have possibly devised, in like relation, could have conduced so potently to the consummation she had in view, as this last dying act of the venerated Victoria. Blessed indeed is the peacemaker alway, and blessed beyond degree are the influences and virtues of such a Queen as was Victoria.

HAWAII FIRST

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.

VIII

KOOLAU THE LEPER

"ON the other side of the cliffs," began the Manager, "is Kalalau Valley, one of the wildest spots on this island. All that separates us is the mass of rock to our right, which the shadows of clouds are now traversing; but it is more effectually cut off from this side than if the ocean intervened. Mt. Waialeale throws out one of its longest spurs toward northwest Kauai, reaching the sea in a precipitous heave of rock, dividing into two branches, and breaking up finally into innumerable peaks and ridges, with rifts, gulches, and chasms interspersed. In places there are small strips of beach between the mountain and the sea, where miniature bays form the entrance to some gulch or valley. Generally, however, the face of the rock is massive and precipitous toward the sea, dressed only in tangled vines and waterfalls, which wave and tremble in the wind like silken curtains. Tropic birds soar over the heights, and below a thundering body of ocean storms the fortress day and night. It is a masterful place.

"Kalalau Bay is an indentation where boats can land only in fair weather, an entrance to the gulch, guarded by high hills, the sides of which are perforated with caves past mention. The valley within is shaped like a horse-shoe, four miles wide at the beginning and running inward five miles. Over the wider portion, and reaching well up, stretch

the *taro* patches of the *kamaainas*, or native landholders, who have their houses scattered here and there. They raise *taro*, melons, and other vegetables, and chickens and hogs, which they sell in Waimea. A stream flows through the valley having its source in the usual fall created by mountain rains, while there are several springs, thus providing for the rather rainless months of summer. Everything is dressed in verdant green. As it is with almost all the canyons here, this one grows narrow as you pass up, falling before long between high walls that reach the clouds and ending, if it end at all, in a dense forest bound together and nearly hidden from the noon-day light by ferns, air-plants, and luxuriant vines.

" Here is a wild, inaccessible region ; a rock-bound, tropical forest, more safe from pursuit than the Waldensian fastnesses of romance and history. In it are wild bananas, *taro*, oranges, guavas, mangoes, arrow-root, and *ape** in abundance, dressing jagged ledges and obscure entrances to caves. Wild goats wind their way along its sides, while cattle, almost wild, and mangy dogs make themselves at home among the rest. In location at least this is a 'Happy Valley,' from which a visitor suddenly transported there might well believe that there was no escape. There are only three ways of getting to or from Kalalau: by boat over the bay, and through each of the passes to Waimea and to Haena. These passes are dangerous trails, dwindling to mere goat paths, crossing chasms, and following with persistent foolhardiness the ragged edge of the precipitous ridge. It has been said of one of these places that, well intrenched, a single man could keep at bay a thousand armed soldiers. If so, it is superior to the famous pass from Thessaly to Locris.

" The Waimea exit is by way of Nuololo, where a rough *crevasse*, several hundred feet deep, is bridged by a single log. The natives say that this log has afforded crossing for

* *Gunnera petaloidea*.

a hundred years, and by reason of its use and soundness has become specially endowed with supernatural endurance. It is a holy *alakee*.

"To this valley had come from all parts of Kauai and Niihau about thirty lepers, entering the passes with the help of Kilohana, a leper guide who lived there and knew every nook and corner of his realm. He bore the name of one of the most formidable cliffs near by; wild, rugged, enduring. Leading the feeble natives along in the dark or by moonlight, he would carry them upon his shoulders over the worst places and land them safely in the retreat. Only four of the landowners were lepers, the rest of the diseased residents being strangers. But there were fifty or more homeowners that lived in the houses throughout the valley, not suffering from any form of the disease, but staying there because they owned tracts that were giving them a living. No æsthetic reason attracted them, for they were continually harassed by the depredatory outcasts, who came down at night from their habitations to steal hogs, chickens, *taro*, and other things of value to such people. This state of affairs had gone on for years, the residents being afraid to resist their armed aggressors, who were prepared to meet with almost any kind of opposition. When leper reinforcements arrived, they usually brought new supplies of ammunition, and, sometimes, a rifle or two. Another reason for complaint which the residents had, was that the lepers up at the head of the stream bathed in it, and otherwise polluted the waters that flowed down. Naturally some of these complaints crept out through the passes and reached the outer world.

"A deputy sheriff of Kauai determined to secure the outcasts that had so long evaded arrest. In June, 1893, this deputy entered the valley from Waimea. He went among the natives in the community, explaining the reasons for his coming, and asking each one to give up to the government officer without resistance, assuring them that the

authorities in Honolulu had made provision for their care and treatment. Assembling them together on the beach, he was able to persuade all of them except Koolau and an ex-judge named Kauai that it was best to quietly surrender. Kapahee quickly agreed to go, seeing that resistance would only prolong the contest.

"The deputy sheriff returned to his home for a day, and while he was gone, Koolau, a bold native having much of the spirit of the old chiefs in him, made speeches to his fellow lepers and persuaded them not to allow themselves to be taken; to remain in Kalalau and fight it out with powder and shot, if necessary. He declared that he would never be taken alive. They had arms and ammunition, and could use them as well as the foreigners; they all hated the shores of Molokai; their enemies could not reach them in their caves; so what was the use of surrendering like sheep. This harangue was effectual with all except Kapahee and four of his comrades, who said that they would not break the word they had given to the officer. The next day, being Sunday, the deputy sheriff arrived with two policemen, and they all stayed at the house of Kaumeheiwa, while the work of segregation began.

"But they no longer found the same weak natives they had reasoned with a day ago. They were unresponsive; and only five of them were willing to abide by their promise. Nothing daunted, the officer decided to arrest them, and so at once appointed some of the landed residents as special police. He thought he might need help in capturing the leaders. Monday the deputy was away.

"Taking advantage of his absence, the watchful Koolau had with considerable tact requested all residents who would not share his fortunes to leave the valley. They must take the oath or go. Then with seven other lepers, well armed, he entered Kaumeheiwa's house and peremptorily demanded whatever arms and ammunition the officer had left there. Just before the lepers arrived, however, a young hero named

Iwa, aged eighteen years, saw them coming and quickly carried the rifles and cartridges to a rocky spot near by, where he hid them. When Koolau reached the house and found that what he wanted was gone, he was angry. He demanded, he threatened; he said that he would kill every occupant of the house if he were not told where the firearms had been hidden. Nobody knew anything about firearms, or that any person had brought them there. Even Iwa assumed an innocent air. But Koolau, who understood human nature, knew better, so he put Iwa under guard, and brought him over to his own house for examination. The boy had made up his mind, and a boy is very much like a woman. We need the one or the other for heroic deeds. When they reached Koolau's house the lepers surrounded Iwa, pointed their rifles at him and charged him to tell where the arms were hidden. The boy never faltered; they could only kill him anyway. He said: 'Acle a'u i ike' (I don't know), and remained inflexible. He would die before he would tell. These Robin Hoods then placed the boy under permanent guard.

"Tuesday night Iwa fell fast asleep in the presence of the sentinels, into sleep that makes itself heard. Sleep being contagious, especially among natives of a warm country, the guards grew slumberous and soon rested on their arms, while Iwa woke quickly and softly crawled by the sentinels, and then ran for his life into a jungle of lantana bushes, where he stayed until the steamer *Waialeale* arrived in the morning. This was one instance when lantana served a good purpose. But the boy had done work for the State; he was a hero worth two of Casabianca boys that stand on burning decks. He had more sense than to get so scared that he couldn't jump off a deck to save himself from burning. I have always attributed Casabianca's stupidity either to fear of the water or to the forlorn hope that his father would come at the last moment and save him.

"Tuesday, June 27th, the deputy sheriff went to the head

of the valley where the lepers were segregated. It is a gulch containing several conical hills, with caves on each side and at back; well adapted to shelter many persons. While here the deputy sheriff spied a leper and quickly caught and disarmed him, but did not put him in handcuffs. The prisoner, knowing of Koolau's design, asked the officer to walk down to Koolau's house, presumably for the purpose of arresting the latter. The house was situated about a mile toward the beach, so the officer, carrying the prisoner's rifle, went with him through the valley. It was sunset, and as twilight does not linger here, shadows soon darkened the rock and trees. Just as the officer approached the house with his prisoner, he saw a form crouch behind a boulder and called out to it. It was Koolau, and he no sooner heard the familiar voice than he stepped out, leveled his rifle at the officer, and shot him. The body was then taken to Koolau's house, where, after it had been robbed of some articles, including a pistol, the lepers buried it.

"At once a species of martial law was declared by Koolau, who took possession of all the houses, ordering all the occupants to leave at the peril of their lives. About fifty men, women, and children sought refuge that night in the beach caves. They were allowed to carry away only the garments they wore; their houses were pillaged, while clothing, cash, *taro*, salt-beef, arms, and ammunition were carried away by the lepers to their seclusion. Then Koolau ordered that none should leave the valley that night; that the news of the officer's death be kept a valley secret, enforcing this order by armed guards placed along the beach and at the passes. Now a search began for Kaumeheiwā, who was to be punished for harboring the officers and secreting arms—for treason, in fact. But the wily native was not to be found.

"It was like a revival of the old Kamehameha times, with real spirit, blameworthy it is true, but still admirable. The natives felt that they were being hounded; punished by

system for what they could not help. 'Because we are sick, they take our liberty.'

"Still, they often had been told in kindness the stern but reasonable justice of their position; how that the few must suffer for the many; and they knew, too, that the Hawaiian government would do all that it could to make their lot comfortable. The law sympathized as much as law can. But philosophy never goes with ignorance and superstition. To this day there are Anglo-Saxons that oppose compulsory vaccination. The quality that insures comfort and happiness, subtle as a sigh, and preventive in its nature, is evolved of centuries of intellectual activity; it appears, like the finer metals, out of basic things, only by slow metamorphoses.

"Kaumeheiwa had gone. He was a healthy, brave man, just of age. He heard the rifle shots, and, without waiting for particulars, knew that trouble had occurred and that the authorities ought to know. Launching his leaky boat, he got into it, and paddled to Mana, fifteen miles away, through the waves and the night. I saw his boat. It was not over thirteen feet long, about twelve inches wide and a little deeper. It had a hole in its bow all of ten inches square, patched up with canvas and buttered with soap to keep the water out. On the dark, open sea, with his canoe half full of water, the brave young sailor pushed on, reaching Mana at midnight. Getting a horse, he hurried over to the nearest telephone office, informed the sheriff of Lihue of the danger in Kalalau, then bailed out his old boat and pushed out once more for his valley home. It was not surprising that, when the people of Waimea heard of this gallant deed, they took up a collection for the lad. It is a natural instinct in our race that prompts us to take up a collection when our sympathies are aroused. We believe that every one is as fond of money as we are. For the heathen, the poor, the heroic rich, the winner of a race, the fairest at a fair, the victorious warrior, the gentle author whom we love, or a defeated prize-fighter—we take up a collection.

"However, Kaumeheiwa was glad of the few dollars he received. When the steamer arrived on Wednesday morning, the lepers fled to their strongholds, leaving the relieved house-holders on the beach, where they had assembled out of the caves. They were unarmed, and had been almost terrorized by their situation during the night. Ten of them were taken to Honolulu, and the rest, including the five lepers, went off in whaleboats to Hanalei.

"But Koolau with his desperate companions were still masters of the situation. The former had once been a cowboy for the owners of Niihau, and was quite familiar with the use of firearms. The deputy sheriff had first made the discovery that Koolau was leprous, and watched the man as he performed his duties at Kekaha, waiting to arrest him when the disease should become more pronounced. And knowing of this vigilance, the outcast had told his friends that he might be killed, but he would not surrender. When he went to Kalalau fortune favored him, as did his friends. He had a hiding-place, rifles and powder for defense, wild fruits and *taro* in abundance, cold water, meat from wild cattle and goats, with friends to bring him the things he could not get for himself. His wife, and a boy of nine, also leprous, were with him. There were 3,000 rounds of ammunition, and many of the women were able and willing to fill cartridges and handle a rifle. Some of them wore cartridge belts around their *holokus*.

"On July 4th soldiers were sent to the valley. They entered the wooded section and fired shells toward the base of the ledge where Koolau and his men ought, in the interests of justice, to have been. In special providence a shell might single out the leader. Stranger things had happened. A small howitzer was with difficulty brought to the top of the hill selected as a bivouac. This place was called 'Camp Dole.' The shelling directed against the eastern side of the range went on, with echoes and reverberations rumbling along the valley for some moments after each explosion.

It was fun to make so much noise. Another party came up with a detective named Marmount. He was quite as brave as Walter Scott's famous soldier, and said that he had shaken hands with Koolau the night before. Why he had not arrested the outlaw he did not say.

"A body of men looked all day for Koolau, returning at night to camp, weary and footsore. A body of police marched to the head of the valley. Another body left in a whaleboat for Haona to hunt for other lepers. They were determined to find lepers. Two parties were now sent after two other parties. A squad of fifteen soldiers arrived in the upper end of the valley, looking for Koolau. Just as this squad left camp two officers came with news. They said that they had been greatly frightened by the apparition of a man in a *malo*. It was broad daylight, yet so possessed with fear were they that they had hastened to camp for help. It occurred to them that the apparition might be Koolau.

"A soldier rode in saying that Koolau was found. Still other stragglers followed, like couriers from Job's disasters. While those present sat down to eat, they told how one of their party had been killed and another wounded. It seems that six men started up toward the ledge on which Koolau rested. On the way they found orange peel, *poi*, and other evidences of recent occupation. Here the company assembled for conference, and it was decided that as Koolau, or some other persons unknown, must have eaten oranges or *poi* in this place, the most of the soldiers would retire, leaving only the foolhardy ones to follow the trail. Two men started ahead and one or two followed along a trail that went up a ridge 500 feet long to a sheer precipice.

"When Anderson had reached the top, he shouted, 'Boys, I have got the trail,' then fell, pierced by a bullet. Two shots had been fired. Then occurred a scene of commotion among those that followed Anderson to the top. As the courier told it, 'Evanston dropped on top of me,

while I, in turn, dropped on Pratt ; Miller fell on all of us.' In obedience to some force unknowable, these men kept going down hill, crashing through vines, trees, and rocks, landing at the bottom in a mass that resembled more than anything else strawberry-shortcake a week old.

"Firing on the ridge was resumed. Soon an awful, thundering sound was heard, and Johnson, another soldier, accompanied by two boulders, some trees, lantana, and morning-glories, rolled in a tangle down the hill over the whole length of the ledge, six hundred feet, to the bottom. There he found his companions. He was somewhat scratched, but able to talk. It is wonderful how much trouble may happen to a man and leave him still in the possession of articulate speech. After shaking themselves loose of rubbish, the men returned to camp. Some say that only drunken men can with impunity roll down a cliff, but after this record I hope that no one will encourage intemperance in that way.

"The next day the body of poor Anderson was found and buried.

"Larson, who commanded, now ordered his men to fire toward the place where Koolau might be, and sixty shots were fired, followed by the same number of echoes in the valley. Then, having discharged his duty with the volley, Larson returned to camp, while some of his men began to climb the bluff. Koolau remained silent, but he knew where the soldiers were, for they had given him sixty notifications. Still they advanced along the blind trail. Again two direful shots were heard, and one of them was felt by Private McCabe, who fell back dead. A bullet had pierced his brain. Hirschberg fell at about the same time, the latter by the accidental discharge of his rifle. At least, so it was supposed. The rest of the men sadly retraced their steps.

"The next day the howitzer was brought into service again. Nineteen shells were cast against the mountain side,

and it was believed that one of them had exploded directly upon Koolau, because it produced such a gladdening shriek when it fell. But nobody felt sure enough to go and see.

"The news of the disaster was sent by special messenger to the Waimea telephone office, and soon reached the steamer at Lihue. Deputies, officers, policemen, laymen, newspaper men, physicians, and cabinet ministers began to come. When the President of the Board of Health arrived he went to the spot, put himself in Koolau's place, as it were, and found that the leper had decamped, he and all his associates. The hole in which the outlaw had intrenched himself was dug out of the ledge irregularly, extending for a distance of 125 feet, being five feet wide and five feet deep. It was barricaded on one side with stones, between which were apertures large enough for a rifle. From his point of view the leper could see any person approaching, while he himself remained hidden.

"It is a sad, weird place just over across the mountains, and, although the government has offered \$1,000 for Koolau, dead or alive, he need not fear, for the mountains are between him and the world.

"But Koolau will be overtaken. He cannot get away from his worst pursuer, and some day soon we shall hear that he has been conquered."*

(To be continued.)

* The following is from the *Hawaiian Gazette*: "A few days ago officers set out to find the grave of the notorious leper. In among the thick growth of *ti* leaves and other tropical growth they found a body, the lower part of which was wrapped in a coarse blanket and the upper part in an oilskin coat. These were torn off, and there lay the body of Koolau, with his hands folded over the barrel of his trusty Mauser rifle, the stock of which was resting on his chest."

THE PRESENT-DAY FRENCH-CANADIAN

TWO OPPOSING POINTS OF VIEW

IN the discussion of topics touching upon the population of the Dominion of Canada one who is at all familiar with conditions as they are in Canada to-day, and have been, for many years past, naturally divides the subject in twain: one portion, that part of the population of British ancestry and British characteristics, and the other portion, those descendants of settlers who originally came to the country under the lilies of France or who are to-day marked by French rather than by British manners, customs, religious faith, and language. Yet the British-Canadian and the French-Canadian dwell together in peace, if not always in perfect harmony. There are, however, peculiarities that each has which are sometimes easily distinguishable, even to a casual observer. It is with the French-Canadian particularly this title has to do. And, though the Dominion be a part of the Empire of Great Britain, it must be and is recognized by all that the French-Canadian element of Canada is one of very great importance. In fact, the present Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is himself a French-Canadian. Therefore, the following two letters published not long ago as correspondence in the *New York Times* are not uninteresting, giving, as they do, something of both sides of the French-Canadian question. The first is written in a critical strain; the second is a partial answer to the first, written from another view-point.

Mr. Reginald N. Williams writes as follows:

I have recently returned from a visit to Canada, where I

passed most of the time among the French-Canadians. As possibly some of the readers of the *Times* may be interested in the present status—moral, mental, and physical—of that race, I venture to send to you a very brief summary of the observations of an entirely unprejudiced American upon the subject.

In the first place, I may say that from what I have read, seen, and heard, I am convinced that the French-Canadians are of a purer blooded French race than are their cousins of France itself, for two reasons, namely: (1) because their ancestors left France one or two or even three centuries ago, and long before the present depopulation of the French race and influx of foreigners into France had commenced, and consequently before the *mélange de sang* and the gradual absorption of the French race by the more virile Belgian, Italian, and German immigrants had begun; and (2) because the French-Canadians have intermarried among themselves and kept their blood free from foreign mixture.

The average French-Canadian—man, woman, and child—is a very religious person. Many Americans might, perhaps, be inclined to call them slightly superstitious. At all hours of the day you can find men, as well as women and children, in the churches, indulging in silent prayer, crossing themselves with holy water or kneeling in the confessional. Nowhere have the priests such extended influence as among these descendants of the Gauls in Canada. It is a rather curious sight to an American eye to watch the many priests passing along the streets of Montreal, clad in their flowing black robes and ecclesiastical hats, receiving and returning the respectful salutations of the faithful. In order to convey some idea of the extent to which many of the French-Canadians carry their religious faith I here insert a few announcements which I cut out of the *Journal* of Montreal, a widely read and much esteemed organ of the French-Canadian Conservatives, on August 10th last:

PERSONNEL.

REMERCIEMENTS — Je remercie St. Expédit de m'avoir fait avoir un contrat avec promesse de faire publier, adressez-vous à lui.

REMERCIEMENTS — Recouvrement de la santé obtenu par l'intercession de la sainte Vierge et l'accomplissement des sept stations, de Jeudi-Saint.

REMERCIEMENTS à la sainte Vierge, à saint Antoine et aux Ames du Purgatoire, pour position obtenue, avec promesse de publier. — A. L.

[TRANSLATION.]

PERSONAL.

THANKS—I thank St. Expédit for having been the means of my securing a contract with promise of publication. Address yourself to Him.

THANKS — Health restored through the intercession of the Holy Virgin and the accomplishment of the seven stations of Holy Thursday.

THANKS to the Holy Virgin, to St. Anthony, and to the Souls in Purgatory for position obtained, with promise to publish. —A. L.

Many similar announcements appear in the "Liberal" papers of the French population, and there is nothing to indicate that the same religious faith does not permeate all sections of the race.

The French-Canadian woman differs vastly from her cousin of France in two respects, namely: (1) she is a very moral woman, and (2) she has many children. Frequently there are as many as fifteen children in a family. The population, however, of the French-Canadians does not increase as much as one would expect, for the reason that a very large number emigrate every year to the United States. Some of these return, but the majority become Americans, and are soon lost in that vast medley of races which goes to make up the American people. Indeed, in spite of their large families, the French-Canadians seem to be losing ground, as compared with the Anglo-Saxon element, as the following statistics will show, namely: the French-Canadians increased 90 per cent. in the census of 1769, 70 per cent. in 1791, 60 per cent. in 1812, 46 per cent. in 1837, 44 per cent. in 1841, 33 per cent. in 1861, 31 per cent. in 1871, 30 per cent. in 1881, and 29 per cent. in 1891.

As regards their language, the French-Canadians, so far

as one may judge from their newspapers and private letters, can read and write correctly enough the French language, but when they come to speak it, ah, that is another matter! A Parisian lady who lived a year among the French-Canadians of Montreal told me that it was only after six months that she succeeded in understanding them. A professor from Tours, France, who has a large school at Quebec, assured me that, even after eight years' residence in Canada, he had difficulty in comprehending many of the French-Canadians. They have a way, as it seemed to me, of half swallowing their words, while their accent and pronunciation are certainly peculiar. The "ultra-educated," indeed, speak French grammatically and with a reasonably good, though distinctly peculiar, accent; but even they make use of a good many words, expressions, and phrases entirely unknown, not only to the French Academy and to its famous dictionary, but also to every inhabitant of France who has not enjoyed the advantage of a residence in Canada. In the larger cities a very considerable portion of the French-Canadians can speak English, in addition to their own language, but in the country districts it is rather exceptional to find one of them who understands more than a few words of the dominant tongue.

Although the Government endeavors to promote education with impartiality among the French and English elements of the population of Canada, still it seemed to me that the French were in general inferior in education and intelligence to the English. As between the two races, placed side by side, enjoying the same advantages and laboring under the same disadvantages, it must be admitted by all careful and impartial observers that the Anglo-Saxon has shown himself stronger, more energetic, more progressive, and more intelligent, and, I am compelled to add, more cleanly than the Gallic.

Upon the subject of cleanliness, I have before me a copy of the Montreal *Journal* of August 11th, in which appears a

very stirring appeal to its French readers not to confine their ablutions to the face and hands, but to wash the whole body at least once a week, and minute directions are given as to how that operation should be performed. The article is both amusing and suggestive of the unenviable condition of "unwashedness" of some, at least, of the *Journal's* readers.

Referring to the question of race, I was surprised at the emphasis with which the editor of a French newspaper in Montreal repudiated the suggestion that the French are a "Latin" race. According to his theory, for which he appears to have good authority, the original Celts of Gaul, being much more numerous than their Roman conquerors, absorbed and amalgamated them, and then repeated the same operation with the Germanic tribes, who overran France upon the fall of Rome, so that the French of to-day—at least in Canada—remain a Celtic race; just as the English remain an Anglo-Saxon race, in spite of the Romanized Celts who inhabited Britain before the coming of the Saxons, and notwithstanding the subsequent conquest by the Normans. In both instances the most numerous race absorbed the less numerous ones, whether the latter were conquerors or conquered.

My editorial friend hastened to add that he did not claim that his theory applied, in the same degree, to the present inhabitants of France, on account of the depopulation of the real French race, and because of the large number of foreigners who have settled in France during the last thirty years, and who are gradually supplanting and absorbing the diminishing native race. So far as the French being generally of dark complexion is concerned, he pointed out that there are many very dark Celts in Ireland and Scotland, while in temperament and character the real Frenchman of to-day bears a very striking resemblance to the Gauls of the time of Cæsar.

In appearance the average French-Canadian is strong and healthy, although not, perhaps, as a general rule, as tall as

his English compatriot. There are, however, many very tall men among the French-Canadians. M. Taine—and a long time before him Lord Chesterfield—observed that the average middle-class Frenchman, even when dressed with the greatest care, had the “air of a peasant in his Sunday best clothes.” (*Le bourgeois même les mieux habillé a l'air, d'un paysan endimanché.*) If this rule applies, in a certain degree, to his Canadian cousin also, there are many exceptions to the rule. There are also many exceptions to the rule that the Anglo-Saxon race is superior to the French race in Canada, for this rule applies only to the general average.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the present Prime Minister of Canada, is a French-Canadian; but, strange to say, he is opposed by a large section of his compatriots, many of whom seem to think him “too English” in his tendencies. Sir Wilfrid is a man of large intelligence, wide information, and high breeding. He is the Liberal leader, and hopes to win again at the general elections to be held this fall. The Conservative leader, Sir Charles Tupper,* is an English-Canadian, but has the support of many French-Canadian papers, among others the *Journal* and the *Presse* of Montreal. Sir Wilfrid has been falsely accused of having, after a visit to Europe, pronounced the English to be a much better mannered and more refined people than the French, and to have used something like the following language:

“The exaggerated, but merely skin-deep, courtesy of the French is emblematical of their shallow nature; rub them the wrong way and the inherent vulgarity of their character comes quickly to the surface.”

Sir Wilfrid and many of his friends have emphatically denied that he ever made any such statement; but, nevertheless, several French-Canadians have assured me that the Liberals will lose thousands of votes in consequence of this false accusation. Such is politics.

*Since defeated for re-election.

On the other hand, Mr. George Lemay has the following to say in answer to the foregoing :

I must confess that I had never dreamed to what extent a man could talk through his "chapeau" till I came to read the letter of Mr. Williams. Max O'Rell opens one of his books with the following squib: "People very often speak ill of their neighbors, not out of wickedness, but merely out of laziness; it is so much easier to do so than to study their qualities and all the circumstances that might oblige you to change your opinion." This could be applied to your correspondent, Mr. Reginald H. Williams, who, after a residence of probably a couple of weeks in Canada attempts to tell the readers of your paper all he knows about the "present status—moral, mental and physical," of the French-Canadian of to-day. The writer thinks it quite apropos to sneer at the religious feelings of the French-Canadians, and naturally comes to the conclusion that they are slightly superstitious. You would imagine that the author based his observations on very serious facts before reaching such rash judgment. Not at all. He only culls out of a French-Canadian paper published in Montreal three little announcements referring to thanks offered to saints for favors obtained, and from these solitary items infers that a whole nation has superstitious tendencies.

What are we to conclude from the following advertisements that I find in a New York newspaper :

U NEED YOUR FUTURE TOLD.

So do your friends. The Egyptian Astrological Cards will answer by Planetary Signs any question on Love, Marriage, Business, etc.

PSYCHIC CLAIRVOYANT GIVES

full names, dates, facts, and figures. So positive am I of my power to tell the past, present, and future that I will make no charge unless you find me superior to any medium, palmist, or clairvoyant in this city, and will positively refuse to accept any fee unless I give the utmost satisfaction.

And what are we to say about the emblematical horse-shoe, so universally hung up above the American doors of this country, about the numerous announcements of the faith curists and other superstitious cranks so liberally bred in this country; about the endless chain of prayers for McKinley's defeat organized by the good ladies of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union? Are we to deduct from some queer manifestation of American mind that the Nation is superstitious?

Of course Mr. Williams had to dig into the French-Canadian accent. He is not the only one to be absolutely blinded and utterly prejudiced on that subject. He admits, however, that the French-Canadians can read and write correctly enough the French language. But when they come to speak it, ah! that is another matter. A Parisian lady who lived a year among the French-Canadians of Montreal told him that it was only after six months that she succeeded in understanding them, and a professor from Tours, France, who has a large school at Quebec, assured him that, even after eight years' residence in Canada, he had difficulty in comprehending many of the French-Canadians. The "ultra-educated," continues Mr. Williams, "indeed, speak French grammatically and with a reasonably good, though distinctly peculiar, accent, but even they make use of a good many words, expressions, and phrases entirely unknown not only to the French Academy and to its famous dictionary, but also to every inhabitant of France who has not enjoyed the advantage of a residence in Canada."

In answer to these statements, based on French information above referred to, I will also quote from equally good French authorities the following judgments which will appear to be more serious:

"M. ch. Gailly de Taurines, in a book published in 1894, entitled, 'La Nation Canadienne, étude historique sur les populations Françaises du nord de l'Amérique,' writes the following:

Distance and time have truly brought between the language of the French and that of the Canadians slight differences in the pronunciation or expressions, but they do not go beyond what is to be found even in France, between our different provinces. In a general way, it can be said that the popular tongue of the Canadians is infinitely better and more correct than the popular tongue in France.

As regards the literary language it has to a certain extent been invaded by some English expressions. This is not to be wondered at nor to be blamed. It would be unfair to draw general conclusions from a very limited number of examples. On the contrary, the French-Canadian press is represented by a considerable number of newspapers, and a great many among them, very serious, well-informed, and very ably written, are not below the level of our newspapers in France.

But open the books of the true French-Canadian writers and you will find pages that could be given, even in France, as models of elegance of style, delicacy, and studied refinement of expression. Canadian literature, it can be highly stated, must take an honorable position in French literature; this position has already been sanctioned by the highest judges of arts and thought. Many Canadian authors, poets, and prose writers have been crowned by the French Academy.

I could refer to similar conclusions from several French historians. It is not necessary to live in France to be able to write and speak correctly the French language. You can be an inhabitant of Rome, Madrid, New York, or Montreal. If you have a good French library and study carefully, your language will be as pure as that of Chateaubriand, Gernardin de Saint Pierre, de Maistre, Donoso, Cortés, Humboldt, and others, who produced their masterpieces outside of France.

u Mr. B. Salte, one of the finest prose writers of the French language in Canada, who published very thorough articles on this subject, contends that the French-Canadians do not speak any "patois." Every word they use is to be found in the dictionary of the Academy. They have neither the Parisian accent nor the unintelligible accent of most of the French provinces. They speak "French" as they do in good society in France and at the Théâtre Française. The

Canadian peasants are not conversant with the beauties of the refined language, no more than the peasants in Europe, but on that point they can stand comparison.

The Parisian accent they do not particularly care for. It is never heard at the Comédie Française. Sarah Bernhardt, Jane Hading, Coquelin, Mounet Sully, do not speak it. Strange to say, the accent of these celebrated actors resembles more the Canadian accent than any other.

The French grammar that is taught in Montreal, Quebec, or in the United States, is the same that they learn in Paris, Lyons, or Marseilles. This explains the fact that men like Chapleau, Fabre, Mercier, Routhier, Laurier, and many others who had never been in France, have been able to create such a sensation with the remarkable French language they could speak before highly cultured French audiences.

In fact, this Parisian accent does not amount to much. I have known French-Canadians who, after three months' residence in Paris, came back full-fledged boulevardiers, and could outdo the most rabid Parisians. I happen to be acquainted, right here in New York, with a Canadian lady who teaches French in some of the millionaire families of Fifth avenue. They have not yet found her out, and are under the impression she comes direct from France.

I will go further and affirm that out of one thousand "ultra-educated" Americans in the French language I do not think that there could be found one who could see any difference between some of Frichetti's poems and Lamartine's, and some of Legendre's stanzas and Coppée's. The French-Canadians have Anglicisms. Do not believe for one moment that the Parisians do not use English words. They deliberately employ over six hundred in their daily press, and they do not seem to be afraid of such words as waiter, fare, eating-house, police, news, sweetheart, car, square, mutton chops, match, ticket, boating, post stamps, blue books, steak, roast beef, tender, and so forth.

But what about the Americans? Is not their English spoken in a manner entirely different from that of England? I would like to see the face of a cockney upon arriving in New York and hearing such expressions as "rubber," "catch on," "smoke up," "you're a peach," "forget it," and dozens of others of the same flavor.

Mr. Williams has not studied the French-Canadians seriously, and has not understood their mental equipment, or else he should not have concluded that the "Anglo-Saxon has shown himself more energetic, more progressive, and more intelligent."

As far as energy is concerned, I believe there is not one nation in the world that has shown more energy in the long struggle for its rights than the French-Canadians have in trying to maintain their language and traditions against the encroachments of the British. They have fought so well that in less than a century they have been able to master the English language, study the constitutional, civil, criminal, commercial, and maritime laws of England, and built up a vast educational system crowned by the greatest university on this continent—Laval University. Their clergy are among the most learned in the world. They can boast of such statesmen as Lafontaine, Papineau, Morin, Sir George E. Cartier, Chapleau, and Laurier. They have historians unexcelled, like Ferland, Garneau, Turcotte, Take, and David; poets like Cremagie, Fréchetti, Lemay, Legendre; novel writers like De Gaspe, Marmette, Gerin Lajoie, and a long list of first-class prose writers like B. Salte, A. Buies, Fancher de St. Maurice, and Casgrain. Their politicians have invaded the Dominion Parliament, where every French-Canadian member can stand up and forcibly defend his rights in English against the English majority.

If I am to believe Mr. T. Hadley McGinnis in "Canadian Notes," here is a different view in reference to some of the English members of Parliament: "The low grade of intelligence and ability of the men elected at the dictation of party

caucuses to represent Toronto in the House of Commons is notorious and frequently the subject of disparaging comment. It is not, of course, to be expected that under the party system they can send men of the highest class, but there is really no need that they should be chumps or non-entities." This was written in 1893.

Mr. Williams seems to think that the French-Canadians who emigrate to the United States are soon lost among the American people. He evidently ignores what is going on in the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. During the last thirty years they have founded parishes and a complete educational system, where they maintain the national traditions and continue to speak the language of their country. They readily become citizens and are steadily invading the threshold of several legislatures. Rhode Island elected a French-Canadian Lieutenant-Governor two or three years ago. They seem to be rather too progressive, and already have deserved the thunderbolts of the American Protective Association.

Mr. Williams's allusion to the uncleanness of the French-Canadians is a gratuitous supposition that should be treated with contempt. This is a very delicate subject to handle, and comparisons of any kind should never be entertained by a gentleman. The nice and neat condition of the French-Canadian cottages has, on the contrary, always attracted the attention of travelers. I can say that right here in New York the flats and homes of the French-Canadians, who are mostly all mechanics, are so surprisingly clean and furnished with such luxury it seems above their means of existence. I don't believe there is one Canadian housewife in this city who could rest contented if she had not exterminated every roach and bedbug in her house. Can the same be said of all the people in New York?

I will now bring this long letter to a conclusion by quoting an extract from a letter published in *Events*, a news-

paper appearing in London, in which the writer, an Englishman, says in reference to the French-Canadians :

They are the best class of subjects of her Majesty. They are well educated. They are equally familiar with the French and English languages. Their English accent is generally very pure, with sometimes a slight French accent not at all disagreeable. They master both languages. And it being that they read the masterpieces in both languages, it naturally follows that they have an intellectual horizon much wider than that of most of the Canadians of English descent.

This is the opinion of an unprejudiced English writer. Let any impartial man go to Canada and there come in contact with the leading men of the nation, study their works and the institutions of the country, and he will come to the same conclusion.

IN DISTRICT No. I

(An Economic Novel)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

CHAPTER XXXVIII—(*Continued*)

"You are looking unwell, Mr. Warner," said Eliza.

"You are certainly too pale, Mr. Warner," echoed Lydia.

"Let me feel your pulse."

"And I, too, Mr. Warner," added E. D. "I've seen something of sunstrokes in this climate."

The ladies by this time had advanced their horses on each side of Inly. He was conscious of gloves being hastily removed and exquisitely sweet little white and pink hands appearing. He surrendered at discretion. Up went his hands.

"Eighty-five," said Lydia, very gravely.

"Ninety-two," said Eliza, with equal gravity.

"Please turn round, Mr. Warner, so that we may check each other," said Lydia.

Merritt turned about, and effected the desired change of hands.

"Eighty-five, again," said Lydia.

"Ninety-two, again," said Eliza.

"You are quite a remarkable case, Mr. Warner," observed L. B., who had not dared, as yet, to look at her fellow conspirator. "Has any physician ever examined your magnetic temperament?"

Inly was no longer pale. He was as red as Eliza's hair. He had taken off his hat, and was mopping his ample brow with his handkerchief.

"No—at least I think not—I'm afraid I don't quite un-

derstand your question, Dr. Blauenfeld," he said, looking up into Lydia's face with a glance of despairing admiration.

"It's very simple," returned L. B. "If the pulses of the two wrists in any person are unequal, there must be polarity. And if on the person being turned round the rates of pulsation are reversed, there must be magnetism, or, at least, some kind of magnetic attraction."

"Yes, there *is* that," said Merritt, very glumly.

"Do you *feel* it on one side more than the other, Mr. Warner?" asked Eliza, in a tone of profound sympathy.

Inly looked up into the deep, dark, beaming eyes.

"It's on this side of me," he replied, indicating with a gesture the side nearer to Eliza.

"Are you quite sure of the feeling, Mr. Warner?" asked Lydia.

Inly looked up into the large, lustrous, liquid blue eyes.

"I feel it on this side of me now," said he, indicating the side nearer to L. B.

"And this time you don't turn round. What a singular temperament to be sure! It is no wonder that Miss Drax here, who is extremely susceptible to magnetic influences, was so much affected after your visit to Pigeon River Farm on Sunday afternoon, Mr. Warner!"

"Or that Dr. Blauenfeld, who is also magnetically facile, was greatly dequibrated after meeting you in the park yesterday evening, Mr. Warner," responded Eliza, blushing, but determined to play a Roland for an Oliver.

By this time Inly had recovered from his attack of incoherent and incoördinate kalomania, and being, as I have before said, no fool, began to have a dim notion that the lovely young ladies were laughing at him. Thereupon his vanity received orders to march to the front. And if L. B. had been asked to explain her own tactics, I dare say she would have said that she overacted her part just a little and egged on Eliza to do the same in order to restore Merritt to partial sanity and to whip up his wits.

"I think," said he, "I won't inflict my weaknesses upon your minds, ladies, but will attend to them myself, as best I may. If, then, I cannot be service to you, I will go to my work. I have a great deal to look after."

At this moment Lydia happened to perceive that one of the headstall buckles of her horse's bridle was open.

"Will you kindly close that buckle for me, Mr Merritt?" said she, pointing with her whip to the article in question.

Inly attempted to do as he was asked, but he found the tongue of the buckle was bent and required straightening. His utmost force only sufficed to hurt his fingers.

"If you will be good enough to ride up to my tent, ladies," said he, "I can fix the pesky thing in a moment. I have a little persuader there whose objection to no for an answer is almost as great as its master's."

This was said with the very finest strut of which he was capable; and, in a comforted frame of mind, he preceded the ladies to his tent, while Lydia and Eliza worshiped Momus with silent heartiness, and looked a whole library of volumes at each other.

When they reached the tent, Inly darted inside and reappeared with a glittering little object in his hand.

"Here's the persuader, ladies," said he. "With this in your tender little hands you can easily exert a pressure of ten tons to the square inch."

"Can it be worked with the elbow as well as with the hand?" asked Lydia without the least sign of mirth except, indeed, the tantalizing pucker of the blue eyes.

"Now that's what I call a sheer crazy question; isn't it, Mr. Warner?" cried Eliza, with great presence of mind, as she blushed furiously and laughed so merrily that Lydia felt safe in joining her. Even Merritt, in spite of his vanguard, found the hilarity so contagious that he was forced to chime in.

"I laugh because you laugh, ladies," he explained, when he could speak, "and not because I think Dr. Blauenfeld

crazy. I wouldn't take such a liberty as that, in spite of all appearances."

"Well said, Mr. Warner. She richly deserves it," cried Eliza.

"I trust I always shall deserve Mr. Warner's good opinion," observed Lydia, very gently, and, I regret to say, with such a look of pretty, sweet goodwill, that Inly's whole force, vanguard included, flung down its arms.

"Please show me that little instrument," she added, when Inly had fixed the buckle.

Merritt handed it to her and pointed out the reciprocal movement of the compound knee-levers by which the enormous pressure was obtained.

"Most ingenious, Mr. Warner," said Lydia. "Did *you* invent it?"

"No. I'm sorry to say I am not a mechanical genius. It was invented by Mr. Sanford Tevis, of the well-known firm of Astor & Tevis, of Pittsburg."

Lydia's face remained unchanged. The sweet smile was not disturbed for the least fraction of a second.

"How much did it cost you? I should like to get one."

"Take this, Dr. Blauenfeld," cried Inly, eagerly. "I don't want it. I——"

Here he did see a change in the lovely countenance looking down upon him; and, turning round for protection, as it were, he encountered a second glorious face expressive of the same reproving surprise.

"I really didn't mean it, Doctor," he pleaded. "At least, I did mean it—but I didn't suppose you'd take it like that. Oh! I don't know what I'm saying with those four eyes looking at me. D—— the thing!"

He dashed the little vise on the ground, whipped out his pocket-handkerchief, and held it over his own eyes.

"Will you help me to dismount, Mr. Warner, if you please?"

Poor Inly removed his handkerchief.

"You are nervous and upset by this terrible weather, like we all are," she continued. "Help me down, and come and sit beside me on that bench near your tent-door. You will then be able to chat quietly with me, while Miss Drax holds my horse. I'm sure she will be considerate enough to turn her face to the grove."

Again poor Eliza's features had to compete with her hair; but she dared not look at Lydia. She meekly took the rein of L. B.'s horse, and, when the charming young doctor had narrowly missed springing into the arms of the attentive but confused Merritt, she did turn her face to the grove.

"Now, Mr. Warner," said Lydia; "please pick up that little instrument, bring it here, beg my pardon for the naughty word you used, sit down, and then satisfy my feminine curiosity."

Merritt was only too glad to obey.

"How much did this cost you?" asked Lydia, playing with the little hand-vice.

"It didn't cost me anything."

"How was that?"

"It was given to me, as a specimen, by Mr. Dillon, the foreman of Astor & Tevis's."

"As a specimen of what?"

"Why, it's made of nickalum silver, a new alloy recently introduced by Astor & Tevis."

"I've never yet heard of it. Dear me, that's exceedingly interesting, Mr. Warner. The study of metals is a great hobby of mine. *What* did you say the name was?"

"Nickalum silver. *Nickalum*, because it is made of nickel and aluminum, with other metals; and *silver*, because it is exactly like silver in appearance, although you see, hard and strong and as elastic as steel. Even that spiral spring is made of the new alloy."

"Important! *Most* surprising! How long is it since the metal was introduced into the market?"

"I don't know. Very recently, I think."

"This little instrument looks quite new."

"So it is. It was given to me only—let me see—four days before I arrived here."

"Well, I won't accept a present, Mr. Warner; but I should dearly like to analyze so remarkable an alloy. Where could I send to buy some of this 'nickalum silver,' as you call it?"

"Don't send at all, Dr. Blauenfeld. How much do you want for analysis?"

"Oh! quite a little bit. About as much as would make a dime."

"In five minutes you shall have it," cried Merritt. "Excuse me"—and, starting from his seat, he ran off in the direction of the bridge.

Eliza saw him go, and rode quickly up to Lydia.

"How are you getting on?" she asked.

"Splendid. He's just simply giving himself away. Hurry back, or he will see you talking to me."

Eliza had just time to recover her position under the trees when Merritt returned, and triumphantly offered a little piece of metal to Lydia, who looked such thanks as set poor Inly's head in a whirl.

"I took the little vise into our machine-shop," he explained, "and had a piece of the metal cut off with a cold chisel from this handle here, you see, where it isn't missed in the least."

"A capital idea, Mr. Warner. I am very much obliged, indeed. But I see you are laughing. I hope I've not been *too* silly."

"You couldn't be that, Dr. Blauenfeld," said Merritt, looking languishingly, and then turning red, as his eyes fell before the victorious blues. "What I was laughing about is one on my comrade, Simms, who shares this tent with me. You know him. He often tells me about seeing you at Captain Westeron's the day he arrived."

"Really, Mr. Warner? You arouse my curiosity. Every

woman wants to know what is said about her. But pass that over for the moment, and tell me what you were going to say about something that you call 'one' on this redoubtable Mr. Simms."

"It's this. You must know that Simms brags a great deal about his inventions. I dare say he *has* invented a good many things. They think no end of him at Newport News."

"How do you know that isn't some of his boasting?"

"Oh, I saw a lot of his apparatus in actual use at Newport News myself the Thursday before I came here; and the Legion officers told me I should meet him in Clyde."

"Granted, then, that he is really an inventor, and so forth. What then?"

"Why, one day last week, Captain Westeron and Dr. Boreen—you know Dr. Boreen, of course?"

"Yes. As chiefs of the two hospitals we have to consult together, you know."

"Is he a pretty good physician?"

"He's much better than the average."

"Have you known him long enough to form an opinion?"

"About four months here. But then I had often heard of his success at Newport News, where he was stationed for more than a year."

"I was first introduced to him when he came to the camp last Wednesday. He seemed a little rollicking for a physician."

"All Irishmen are."

"I had a funny idea while I was looking at him."

"What was that?"

"Why, of all things in the world I actually began to wonder whether he was a gamester."

"I don't think he's *that*. But I dare say he may speculate a little. A good many of our legionaries do."

"For example, he would easily be tempted to try his luck in a lottery."

"But lotteries are illegal."

"And yet lots of people, even church-members and really good citizens, often buy and sell lottery-tickets on the quiet."

"I don't mind saying you're a pretty shrewd guesser, Mr. Warner; but it wouldn't be fair to Dr. Boreen for me to say any more."

How Inly chuckled and quietly rubbed his hands! And how Lydia smiled and led him on!

"Oh! I wouldn't think for a moment of prying into Dr. Boreen's affairs. They're nothing to me."

"You were going to tell me something about Captain Westeron, Dr. Boreen, and Mr. Simms."

"Yes. Last Wednesday Westeron and Boreen visited the bridge works and had a talk with Simms. As usual, he began bragging. I don't know exactly how it came about; but he offered to make a hand-riveting machine that should do the work of ever so many men. Naturally, Colonel Birnie took him at his word, and the machine is now nearly finished. I hadn't noticed it before just now, when I went into the machine shop; and what do you think I found out?"

"I can't guess."

"It is the very identical mechanical arrangement of compound knee levers that there is in this little vise."

"And you think?—"

"That our friend Simms has managed to see this vise—though I don't know how he did so, because I've always kept it in my valise which I never leave unlocked—and has coolly appropriated Sanford Tevis's invention."

"But doesn't Simms himself come from Pittsburg?"

"Yes, that's so. I didn't think of that. And he knows about Astor & Tevis, though I can't get him to talk about them. I shouldn't wonder if he's worked for them and got at their inventions. Anyhow, when the riveting machine is finished and he begins to brag about it, I mean to pull out my little vise and see what kind of a face he makes."

"That will, indeed, be great fun," exclaimed Lydia, manifesting much enthusiasm, and setting poor Merritt's

blood on fire with her appreciation of his smartness and her delightful glances.

"Would you like to see the fun?" he asked, not without trepidation.

"Oh! Mr. Warner, *can* you manage it? It would be charming!"

"I'm equal to the occasion, Dr. Blauenfeld." (Here the strut made itself finely evident.) "The riveting machine is to be tested next Friday afternoon. You be here, and I will get Simms to come to the tent, saying I want to show him something that I'll back against his invention. Then, when he comes, and is talking to you, I'll suddenly fetch out the vise. How'll that do?"

"Splendidly! Your story-writing has stood you in good stead, Mr. Warner. I've no doubt your works are excellent. I should like to read some of them. And now I really feel I have kept you too long. Kindly ask Miss Drax to come here, and then help me to mount."

Merritt was in a heaven of heavens. How delightedly he ran for the horse and how thrillingly he held down his hands for the dapper little foot, it boots not to say.

"I've enjoyed my chat *so* much! Good-bye till Friday!" cried Lydia, as she rode off.

(To be continued.)



Editorial

The Chinese Muddle

THE Chinese situation can scarcely be gratifying to the vanity of the European diplomatists, no matter how indifferently the masses of the people regard it. The diplomatists after months of diplomacy are very nearly where they were at the beginning of negotiations, and the time is approaching when inconvenient questions will be asked them. Russia, it is true, appears to know what she wants and to be getting it, but the fact that Russia is getting it makes the situation all the more uncomfortable for the other Powers. Japan will, if Russia does, and despite Anglo-German assurances German policy as enunciated by the Chancellor may make it necessary for Germany to acquire more Chinese territory if Russia persists in the game of requisition; in which case Italy must have some return for the money already spent, and John Bull can scarcely bear to see his prestige in the East further diminished, and France has yet to be reckoned with. So the game will begin all over again, and the Powers may be forced to do what they certainly do not wish to do: carve up and apportion China among themselves. Where are the United States in this game? Where they have been, recognizing the difficulties confronting the Powers, averse to land-grabbing, wishing only for the "open door" and right to trade with China, a right to be enjoyed by all countries. America's "new diplomacy" has been severely criticised, but we cannot see that the old diplomacy has achieved the desired end. The

new diplomacy based on fair treatment and the recognition of China's right to existence and self-government, could and would have settled this Chinese muddle ere this. Whatever the outcome, the United States in this matter have been consistent, and throughout have been the friend both of China and the Powers. That England has not joined the United States is cause for regret as well as surprise, for, like the United States, England can come out of this with advantage only in the event of peace and order being restored in China and the policy of the "open door" for trade being maintained.

An Expert's View on Professional Crime

An article in a late number of the *Nineteenth Century and After*, by Dr. Robert Anderson, Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police in London, bears the title of "Our Absurd System of Punishing Crime," and what the writer has to say is worthy of the attention of Americans as well as Englishmen. Dr. Anderson admits that crime in general is diminishing in England, but he sees an increase in professional crime, which is "precisely the kind of crime which is the most serious danger to the community and the severest tax upon police administration." He does not hold that professional crime will ever be extirpated by the present system of punishing it, and he says that its increase is due mainly to the fact that, owing to the decrease in ordinary crime, sentences are now so lenient that they have ceased to be a terror to the professional.

Dr. Anderson agrees with the late Sir James Stephen that if society determined upon the destruction of really bad characters, they might in a very few years become as rare as wolves, and that, probably, at the expense of a smaller sacrifice of life than is caused by many a shipwreck or colliery explosion. Of course, society is not ready for such drastic measures, nor to hang the professional criminal merely as such. Dr. Anderson believes that if an act were passed fix-

ing twelve months' imprisonment as a minimum sentence, and consigning the worst sort of professional criminals to the gallows, it would be better and more humane than the present method. He also thinks that one more step in the case of thieves is to abolish the market for stolen property, which he claims is not so difficult a task as it may appear. He says that the thief should be compelled, at the risk of imprisonment for life if he refuses, to disclose what has been done with the stolen property; and then the recipient, who has bought it at his own risk, should be compelled to give it up to the lawful owner.

Nor does Dr. Anderson believe that what may be called amateur crime will ever be eradicated. But "systematic, organized crime against property is entirely the creature of our present system. A single prison would suffice to hold the whole gang of known criminals who now keep the community in a state of siege, and a single wing of any one of our gaols would more than suffice to provide for the band of outlaws who may be described as the aristocracy of crime in England." In a word, Dr. Anderson is firmly persuaded that society should fight professional crime as it fights the cholera or the plague. "For while the germs of disease are subtle and secret, the criminals are known and easily detected."

This paper giving the views of an expert is particularly timely, as London has been for several months past terrorized by an outbreak of violence on the part of what are generally termed "Hooligans," who correspond, in some degree, to the "Toughs" of New York, the "Hoodlums" of San Francisco, and the "Larrikins" of Sydney. There is one difference, however, between the English "Hooligan" and his New York brother. The Englishman is not a political force, while the New York "Tough" cuts a considerable figure in city government and indirectly in the government of the country.

"Hooliganism" has been the subject of numberless

articles in the English papers and magazines within the last few months, and many have been the suggestions for reforming the "Hooligan." Those who take a straightforward view that a man should be punished according to his deserts are advocating the use of the "cat," for the "Hooligan" is notoriously sensitive of his skin. But, on the other hand, the humanitarians propose to overcome the "Hooligan" with kindness and make him a decent and self-respecting member of society by admonition. For the present the humanitarians are having it their own way. The "Hooligan" or "Hooligans" who beat old men and women, rob and murder, terrorize communities, and levy blackmail, receive light sentences when brought to trial, and every suggestion of the "cat" in their case is howled down. And "Hooliganism" goes on undeterred.

Another suggestion that has been made in dealing with these lawbreakers is that, as the "Hooligan" is invariably young, he be drafted into the army, where at least discipline and repression will do something to curb his predatory instincts. This suggestion has not met with the full favor that it would appear to deserve, and London seems as far off as ever from the satisfactory solution of this problem.

It is true that the "Hooligan" does not come within the category of the professional criminal, but he, like his New York brother, the "Tough," is an amateur criminal, and from the amateur ranks to the professional is but a step. Dr. Anderson is dealing in his paper with the subject of professional crime and the punishments therefor. He might, and may, give another paper dealing with this same subject of crime as confined to the amateurs, and lay out some plan for dealing with "Hooliganism" that would commend itself not alone to the hard-headed but to the humanitarians as well.

Fame

The passing away recently of Benjamin Harrison, ex-President of the United States, suggests a few thoughts on

this great man in connection with the death of Victoria, England's Queen, the two events occurring comparatively so near together in point of time. Victoria and General Harrison will each stand in history as the head of a great people; they will be remembered as heads of the two greatest branches of the greatest people this earth has yet known—the English-speaking people. But one is talked about, written of, pictured, and discussed to an extent far outdistancing what we commonly hear of the other. And this is so even in the United States.

If we think a moment, we shall see why. We simply obey the promptings of the ordinary human mind. Victoria, as head of the British nation, reigned for more than sixty years, and so, by very virtue of the office she filled, was for that extended period always more or less in the public mind. On the other hand, the ex-President acted as chief executive of the American people only a brief four years, by comparison a paltry little niche in the history of the century. Again, Victoria never lived to become an "ex" (that honorary, yet—in America—so little honored, titular affix); Benjamin Harrison did. One died, the ruler of her people; the other, a private citizen in a republic of seventy millions of other private citizens.

Probably, however, the one reason of all why the memory of Victoria is and will be honored more than that of Benjamin Harrison is that it was her lot in life to be the *sovereign* head of a state; for royalty, altogether independent of the personality of the one to whom it attaches, is looked upon by the subjects of a monarchy with profound respect, even reverence, and to be *Queen* carries with it also something of the maternal relation toward her people, by whom she is revered, if only for the high office with which circumstances, or heredity alone, may have invested her. If a certain line of political policy results badly for the nation, the *Queen* has done, can do, no wrong;—she has but been ill-advised. A ministry goes out, that is all. With the

President of a republic, how marked the contrast! Chosen as he is by party machinery, he is ever in danger of becoming the representative of, not the whole people, but a part only, perhaps the major part, it may be even less. Yet, if after election he follows a line of political conduct that estranges him from a great part of the people, possibly from those even with whom previously he has been most closely associated, he has never been known to resign his office, nor has a President ever been successfully impeached. Instead, he stays until his term expires (unless death removes him first). During his continuance in office he is the mark of every opposing newspaper, political clique, and personal enemy in the country. Abused, vilified, cartooned, subjected to the most hostile, and unfair as well as permissible, criticism, is it to be so much wondered at that an ex-President is a personage of no greater importance and held in no more universally popular esteem than he is? The censure that the *Queen* escapes, shielded as she is by the customary respect with which the high office she fills is held, the *President* not only cannot escape but actually invites by the exposed situation, prominent though it is, he occupies. Custom in one case respects the *office*, in the other case the *office* by custom carries with it very little to inspire awe.

In this case, the woman and the man each had a circle of loving relatives, warm friends, and sincere admirers, both personally and politically; each had enemies, as all who hold public positions have. Each has had a share in directing the historic progress of an illustrious member of the family of nations; to each was given the opportunity that power brings to mold important events in the life of nations; each was honored in life more than it is vouchsafed the ordinary mortal to be. Yet, when the curtain has finally fallen on the long life each enjoyed, the woman draws unto herself by far the major share of the world's attention. Not because of her sex, for there have been

other queens, and, commonly speaking, woman, in the past, at least, has ever been held as the "weaker vessel"; not because of her long life, for the man's was long, as well; not even on account of any evidence of superior intellect or natural ability was the woman honored, for, if anything, perhaps the mind of the man was the more keen, and his decision governed by a finer judicial temperament than was that of the woman—yet, after all, History and Biography will more frequently and at greater length record the name of Victoria, one time Queen of England, than of Harrison, one time President of the United States. In the nature of things it must be so, and so undoubtedly it will be. *Sic transit!*

Prosperity in Egypt

Dr. Donaldson's article in a recent issue of THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE on "Agriculture in Egypt" is lent additional interest by the latest report on the trade and commerce of Egypt, a report which apart from its statistical features gives an admirable view of the prosperity Egypt is enjoying and the value to the country of British occupation. All the figures go to show that Egypt has entered on an era of increasing prosperity. The condition of the native cultivators has materially improved in late years, and many of them are in so good a financial position that, though the present prices are high, they are holding back their cotton crop, gathered in September, in the expectation that there will be a further rise. It will be remembered that in the days before the occupation the humble native cultivator was absolutely at the mercy of the usurer, but now through equality of taxation and a fair distribution of water supply the native cultivator is in a position of greater independence and certainly has more material comfort. The requirements of the *fellahcen* increase, of course, with their improved condition, and British traders are looking to Egypt for widened markets. The

extension of railways in the Soudan is opening up a vast country to trade. The manufactured articles in greatest demand are textiles, metal goods, and machinery, but the report says that there is a fair field for many other articles. The condition of Egypt under British guidance is an object lesson that many who are disposed to look upon Great Britain as a land-grabbing nation purely would do well to study.

Editorial Notes

THE physiognomy of President McKinley has sometimes been likened by the cartoonists to that of the Emperor Napoleon I. Now cometh one William Jennings Bryan, commoner, who deposeth and sayeth that the people of the United States have in truth now an emperor over them—presumably William I., although as to that deponent sayeth not. Which reminds us of the ambition of this same Bryan, some few months ago, to succeed the said McKinley as "Emperor," "President-Emperor," or whatever it may be. (Really, these imperial titles are quite confusing.) But, as the world knows, instead of there being now a (presumably) William II., unfortunately (or fortunately?) the best that this other William could do in the race for honors was to come in a poor second (another kind of William the second)—"played for place," as it were. Something like the boy who stood "next to the head"—in a class of two.

APROPOS of the 17th of March just past, the following has been vouched for as an actual fact: A son of the "ould sod," just arrived in America, heard some one apostrophizing the Fourth of July, the significance of which the simple Irishman failed to grasp entirely. At last his emerald patriotism and propensity for combativeness would not permit him to remain silent longer. "I'll not stand for it, I'll not stand for it," he broke in, with contemptuous pity. "Your Fourth of *Ju*-ly, your Fourth of *Ju*-ly, is it? Sure, an' St. Patrick, blessed be his name! was worth a dozen of your Fourth of *Ju*-lys."

THE New York *Sun* criticizes the Lawson yacht because it is named *Independence* instead of *Declaration of Independence*. This is the converse of Admiral Dewey's criticism of naming warships after educational institutions. Speaking of the *Harvard* and *Yale*

during the Spanish war, the Admiral is reported to have said, sarcastically, "Next, I suppose, we shall have *The Massachusetts Institute of Technology*."

THE difference between the Anti-Saloon League and the Kansas reformer is that the former would do away with the liquor traffic by acts of law, while the latter thinks it can be done more effectively by another kind of axe.

A SPEECH in his native tongue by an Irishman in Parliament? Well, hardly. As well have a speech in Irish in Congress by a member from any one of several New York City districts.

IT is a close race between the *Commoner* and the *Smasher's Mail* as to which will reform the United States the quicker. One says free silver, the other free Nation.

THE Hay-Pauncetote treaty may be dead, but there is some consolation in knowing that so will be some of its opponents—politically—after Congress adjourns.

JUDGED by his record, Mr. Balfour is not Chief Secretary for Ireland, at all, at all. His position is rather that of Chief Secretary *against* Ireland.

IT is passing strange that no "anti-imperialist" has come forward to assert he saw Chief Justice Fuller offering any "kingly crowns" on March 4th.

IT takes more than English eloquence to move the Irish in the House of Commons.

SOME new "Alabama claims"—those by the Senator from there.

(P)*ax vobiscum*, says Mrs. Nation to the saloon-keeper.

Personal and Incidental

THE NEW BISHOP OF LONDON

THE appointment to the vacant Bishopric of London of the Rev. Winnington Ingram, Bishop of Stepney, has caused considerable comment in English ecclesiastical circles, but is received with general satisfaction : comment, because the Bishop-designate has no wide-spread reputation as a scholar and because of his youth—he is only forty-three ; and general satisfaction, because the qualities that have already made him famous will, it is believed, be of particular benefit to the church and the people of his new diocese.

Bishop Ingram is admittedly one of the leaders of that little band of devoted churchmen who have made the poor and outcasts of London their especial care. He has made himself a power in the East End, where his earnestness, piety, and manliness have touched the hearts of the people in a manner quite inconceivable to those who handle London's poor with the tongs of organized charity and who find a fashionable excitement in superficially ministering to supposed slum necessities.

He compels love because his heart is full of it. He has the broad charity of the liberalist ; he knows what the poor need, materially and spiritually, and he has worked loyally to give it them. His sympathies are boundless. He believes in work. His enthusiasm is unlimited and his optimism is contagious. He is not a great preacher in the sense that his thought is profound, his elocution perfect, and his sentences well balanced. In fact, the contrary is the case. Yet few men can so move a congregation or are listened to with such attention. It is his powerful conviction that compels men, and this is true of him whether he is talking in the drawing-rooms of the West End, where he

is very popular, or in the tenement dwellings of the most abandoned slums.

Pessimists deplore the decline of faith; they may be right. They deplore the luxury of the English bishops and their lack of consecration to the service of God and man; again, they may be right. But the work that the new Bishop of London has done and is doing shows that the old faith and consecrated works still live and thrive within the English Church. The character of the new bishop is an assurance that the priest in Fulham Palace will inspire the same devotion and work that the priest at the head of Oxford House has done.

THE ROYAL TOUR

On the 16th ult. the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York started on their tour to Australia and Canada. It is scarcely necessary to say that the colonies to be visited by their Royal Highnesses are looking forward to the visit with eager expectation. Recent events have demonstrated the loyalty and affection of the colonies to the mother country and the crown, and this visit will give the opportunity for still further demonstrations of the spirit which is binding the British empire more closely together.

TIME'S CHANGES

Among recent Canadian visitors in New York were Mr. and Mrs. Lewis J. Hesslein, Mr. Hesslein being the proprietor of the Halifax Hotel. Which reminds us that it is quite a different thing now for Americans to "Go to Halifax" from what it was in Revolutionary times. Not only do patriotic Americans nowadays take pleasure in going to Halifax—particularly when the provincial legislature is in session—but loyal Halifaxians are now not loath to visit the United States. Ancient loyalist relations are not perhaps forgotten altogether, but the unpleasantness of early days seems at least to have been forgiven. All of which tends to show how time smoothes over many once prominent difficulties.

AN INDEX TO "MODERN FICTION"

The following index will be found useful for ready reference to authors whose works have received mention in the series of papers by Edwin Ridley on "Modern Fiction," which series began in the December, 1899, *ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE* and ended in the October issue of this year :

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Book Reviews and Notes

ARIZONA IN THE SEVENTIES.*

With Arizona, New Mexico, and just across the line into Old Mexico, as a stage; with life at the frontier army posts, irregular warfare with hostile Apaches, human love of a kind wherein there is more unhappiness than bliss, and government policy toward its Indian wards, as materials; with General Crook, Geronimo, Victorio, and other lesser lights, as characters; throwing upon the scenes, placed in point of time a few years back, now the white light of scrutinizing publicity, then the softer tones and shades of philosophy, and anon putting the situations under the burning glass of sharp criticism, "The Heritage of Unrest" has been constructed. It may be called a historical novel, because it deals with events of history, even if comparatively unknown history; yet it is quite unlike most historical novels in nearly every particular. For this reason alone, if for no other, it should attract attention, although it may be the attention of the few rather than of the many. As a whole, it is a story of sadness, in parts to the verge of Tolstoian sadness, and it is this quality more than any other one element that may prevent its being a so-called "popular" novel with the kind of people that read principally only those books that run up into the hundreds of thousands. Tragedy in it predominates largely over comedy.

Here is one scene :

The Gila river cutting straight across the southern portion of Arizona, from the alkali flats on the east to the Colorado at Yuma on the west, flowed then its whole course through desolation. . . . For the most part, the basin was a waste of glittering sand and white dust and beyond, the low hills bare of every plant save a few stunted wild flowers, cacti and sage, greasewood and mesquite, rolled for miles and miles of barrenness.

Such was Arizona in the seventies (and such, for that matter, it largely is to this day). With, for the greater part, a setting like this, "the most god-forsaken" army-post in the Territories, it is not strange that the *dramatis personæ* introduced by Miss Overton

*The Heritage of Unrest. By Gwendolen Overton. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. 5¼ x 7¾ in. 330 pages. \$1.50.

should be somewhat ill-adapted to inspire unbounded admiration in the reader. Climatic discomforts spoil the average settler in Arizona something as depressing sociological conditions kill the finer instincts in certain of the peasantry of France, of which latter Emile Zola, with so much disagreeable realism, has told in his "La Terre."

Briefly, the story of "The Heritage of Unrest" is this: Landor, a United States army officer, stationed in Arizona, promises a former playmate, a private in his troop, who dies on the desert, that he will look after the soldier's child, his daughter by a half-breed Mescalero squaw. True to his promise, Landor takes the child from her savage surroundings and has her educated in the East, after which she returns to Arizona, where Landor, partly because he does not know exactly what else to do with her and partly because he loves her, makes her his wife. He is a man of many soldierly qualities, fearless, faithful, and a good officer; but he is also impulsive, at times hot-tempered, and occasionally stern to a degree that is a little forbidding. By his men Landor is beloved, but between Felipa (his wife) and himself there grows gradually a breach, a lack of sympathy, that results in unhappiness to both, but principally to him. Felipa has her share of good looks but is of a temperament striking in its contrasts. She is not particularly lovable, except for her fondness for children, and, on the whole, the Apache blood of her mother predominates in her over the gentler Caucasian nature she might be supposed to have inherited from her father. For the Indian Landor has a contempt he makes no pretense of concealing, and so, while he honestly loves his wife, it is a struggle with himself to keep at times from despising her for the Apache in her, which occasionally crops up in various displeasing ways. For her part, she trusts and has a sincere respect for her husband, even loves him, after a fashion, and is determined to be faithful to him, no matter at what cost to herself; yet, by some stroke of perverse fortune, she comes also, at first secretly, to love another man. Landor accidentally discovers this; still, though the discovery wounds him cruelly, somehow he cannot bring himself to cast her out of his life. He does offer her divorce, twice, but this she will not have. As long as he lives, she tells him, she cannot be any one's wife but his, and though she does not deny she cares for this other man, in the same breath she vehemently protests that it would be impossible for her, under any circumstances, to be other than faithful in conduct to Landor during his lifetime. He bows to her decision, knowing she is incapable of deceit. But, nevertheless, he is jealous and angry. Naturally, it is not for him a pleasant thought, this admission of

hers that she loves some one else. The understanding between Felipa and himself, however, prevents any open rupture, and she is true to him—until he is killed while generously saving from Apache bullets the life of Cairness, the man he hates, his rival in the affections of his wife. Then Felipa, to the disgust and plainly expressed disapproval of all honest people, with indecent haste marries the man for whom her husband sacrificed his life, and whom she has a strange affection for far different from that in which she had held the less sympathetic Landor.

This man, Cairness, is a Britisher, born in Sydney, of immediately evil parentage, though of good ancestry some ways back. He has degenerated into a drifter, now a soldier, then a cowboy, at times a government scout. He has admirable traits as well as less admirable ones. He falls in love with Felipa, who he knows is a married woman; but he manfully keeps as much as possible to himself this involuntary love he has for the wife of a man he admires and who has trusted him. The Kirbys, his countrymen, of the Circle K ranch, have, through the treachery of the ranch hands, been murdered by Apaches. Cairness, by indefatigable exertions, revenges their deaths and secures the punishment of their betrayers. He tries hard to forget Felipa, and almost makes up his mind to follow in the footsteps of many frontiersmen and marry a Mexican, "young and very pretty, also very bad." But he does not. Yet he is very unhappy, the unhappiness of a wasted life. When Felipa finally comes to him, after the death of Landor, he marries her, though, in spite of his passionate love for her, ashamed of himself for doing so. From that moment he is a man ostracized from the society of decent people. He moves to his ranch and lives there alone with Felipa, and the boy that is born to them later. She likes the life, lonely as it is, and is to him an affectionate wife. Still, though rich, he is not happy. He despises himself. One day he leaves the ranch to go to town. During his absence Felipa is warned that he will be waylaid on his way home for the gold he carries. She immediately saddles her pony and starts with some of the hired men to give him warning. She succeeds in this, but at the sacrifice of her own life, taken by the bullet of a desperado who had intended to hold up Cairness.

The present fad to dramatize novels of the day finds little encouragement in "The Heritage of Unrest," for Miss Overton tells her story without much regard for dramatic arrangement, such, for instance, as must mark a play like Augustus Thomas's "Arizona." But there is plenty of interest, notwithstanding. Among the curious

characters of the story, as also in Miss Johnston's "To Have and To Hold," there is an eccentric fighting parson. A striking example of the "set" ways of English people dwelling in a strange land is furnished in the description of the Kirby family. Kirby's wife

. . . clung desperately here in the wilderness to as many of the customs as might be of her south-of-England home. The log cabin was tidy. There were chintz curtains at the windows, much of the furniture, of ranch manufacture, was chintz covered, the manta of the ceiling was unstained, there were pictures from London Christmas papers on the walls, and photographs of the fair women at "home." There were also magazines and a few books in more than one language, wild flowers arranged in many sorts of strange jars, and in the corner, by an improvised couch, a table stacked with cups and plates of Chelsea-Derby, which was very beautiful and very much out of place.

The ranch hands ate at a long oilcloth-covered table, the Kirbys at a smaller one laid with linen. At five the Kirbys had "tea;" at seven they "dined," at the latter ceremony the men donning black coats and "boiled" shirts and Mrs. Kirby and the children dressed in white. These outlandish old-world customs the "help" could not understand, and so, fiercely resented.

Here and there in the book the author's philosophy is noticeable. For example, when telling of the miserable death, in the desert, of Cabot, Felipa's father, she observes: "It is one thing to be sacrificed to a cause, even if it is only by filling up the ditch that others may cross to victory; it is quite another to be sacrificed in a cause, to die unavailingly without profit or glory of any kind, to be even an obstacle thrown across the way."

And again, speaking of the cañon of the Aravaypa: "The lover of Nature, he who loves the soul as well as the face of her, receives, when he sees a photograph of a fine bit of scenery he had felt in a way his own property until then, something the blow that the lover of a woman does when he learns that other men than he have known her caresses."

"Desperation is at the most the keen agony of torture at the stake; but indifference toward all that is held by this world, or the next, is dying in a gradual vacuum," she says, describing the mental condition of Cairness.

Here are a few other passages, taken at random, but worthy of attention:

A woman who once grovels at a man's feet has lost thenceforth her power over him.

There is a majesty about the mountains of the desolate regions which

is not in those of green and more fertile lands. Loneliness and endurance are written deep in their clefts and cañons and precipices. In the long season of the sun they look unshrinking back to the glaring sky with a stern defiance. It is as the very wrath of God, but they will not melt before it. In the season of the rains, black clouds hang low upon them, guarding their sullen gloom. But just as in the sternest heart is here and there a spot of gentleness, so in these forbidding fastnesses there are bits of verdure and soft beauty too.

The young of the human race are short of memory, and their gratefulness does not endure for long. There is no caress so sweet, so hard to win, as the touch of a child's soft hand, and none that has behind it less of nearly all that we prize in affection. It is sincere while it lasts, and no longer, and it must be bought either with a price or a wealth of love. You may lavish the best that is within you to obtain a kiss from baby lips, and if they rest warm and moist upon your cheek for a moment, the next they are more eager for a sweetmeat than for all your adoration.

The civilization of the Englishman is only skin-deep, and therein lies his strength and his salvation. Beneath the outer surface, tubbed and groomed and prosperous, there is the man, raw and crude from the workshops of Creation. Back of that brain, trained to a nicety of balance and perception and judgment, there are the illogical passions of a savage. An adaptation of the proverb might run, that you scratch an Englishman and you find a Briton—one of those same Britons who stained themselves blue with woad, who fell upon their foes with clumsy swords and flaming torches, who wore the skins of beasts and lived in huts of straw, and who burned men and animals together, in sacrifice to their gods. And the savage shows, too, in that your Englishman is not gregarious. His house is his castle, his life is to himself, and his sentiments are locked within him. He is a lonely creature, in the midst of his kind, and he loves his loneliness. But it is because of just this that no scion of ultra-civilization degenerates so thoroughly as he does. Retrogression is easy to him. He can hardly go higher, because he is on the height already; but he can slip back. Set him in a lower civilization, he sinks one degree lower than that. Put him among savages, and he is nearer the beasts than they. It does not come to pass in a day, nor yet at all, if he be part of a community, which keeps in mind its traditions and its church, and which forms its own public opinion. Then he is the leaven of all the measures of meal about him, the surest, steadiest, most irresistible civilizing force. But he cannot advance alone. He goes back, and, being cursed with the wisdom which shows him his debasement, in loathing and disgust with himself, he grows sullen and falls back yet more.

Through the story runs some caustic criticism of government methods in dealing with the Indians, for while Miss Overton wastes little sympathy on the Apaches, she at the same time evidently

strongly feels that they have not been fairly treated by the authorities, the Indian Bureau, at Washington. In an instance or two she illustrates how the Indians have been lied to and cheated outright by corrupt government agents. Yet, perhaps a little inconsistently, she resents civilian newspaper criticism of the military as being generally unjust and based on woful ignorance or misapprehension.

The reading public is familiar with Frederic Remington's stories and sketches of frontier army life. Miss Overton adds a chapter to our literature on the subject. The field is a comparatively virgin one for the novelist, and in "The Heritage of Unrest" are some vivid word pictures, which, though they reveal some things not pleasant to think on, are yet full of interest. Not only this, but the story has value, also, as a contribution to a page of American history to which perhaps too little attention has been paid except by a very limited few.

By the way, Miss Overton is a young American, not an Englishwoman, as her reviewers rather generally have surmised. This is her first book, although she is known as a writer of short stories.

R. W. G.

CANADA UNDER BRITISH RULE: 1760-1900. (Cambridge Historical Series.)

By Sir John G. Bourinot. Published by C. J. Clay & Sons, University Press, London, and the Macmillan Company, New York. 5 x 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. 346 pages. (With maps.) London, 6s.; New York, \$1.50.

(A review of this work is reserved for the May issue.)

CHRISTIAN LIFE AND THEOLOGY. By Frank Hugh Foster. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 5 x 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. 278 pages. \$1.50.

"Christian Life and Theology," by Frank Hugh Foster, Ph. D., D. D., Professor of Theology in the Pacific Theological Seminary, is a very plain and thorough presentation of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Without any apparent effort along the line of "Church Unity," Professor Foster's work leaves the reader's mind more thoroughly convinced of it as a fact than anything else the critic has ever read. Professor Foster does not trouble the reader with a long array of questionable traditions or "proofs of the credibility of witnesses," but starts at once with the fact of the "new birth," which so many have experienced in themselves and the result of which, in changed life and tastes, every one can see in others. From these experiences, which he shows from Bible records to have been the same in the remote past as in the present, he proves the entrance

of a new spirit (new birth); shows that it must have a source outside of self; establishes the doctrines of God, prevenient grace, justification, authority of the Bible, the Holy Spirit, the incarnation, suffering, atonement, and "the Church." Professor Foster's careful account of these various facts of experience as observed in the individual, purged of eccentricity in the fires of religious controversies during the centuries, and confirmed in universal experience as identical with the life and words of Christ, furnishes a ground of faith which appeals with irresistible force to the mind of this practical age. "Christian Life and Theology" is a work that will help every Christian teacher or other seeker after the Truth.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF ETIQUETTE. By Emily Holt. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 6 x 8½ in. 444 pages. (Illustrated.) \$2.

If you wish to do "the proper thing," or say "the proper thing" in the way it should be said, and have your social correspondence got up in "the proper style," if you wish to dress in "good form" upon all occasions—if, in short, you would be quite *au fait*, it will be but necessary for you to consult this "Encyclopædia of Etiquette," which is, in compact, handy form, a book of manners for everyday use. Custom in so many ways dictates how we must, or should, conduct ourselves, you know. The present work is so arranged as to invite frequent reference; it is made to be used. One particularly commendable feature of this book is the excellent manner in which it is bound, for it opens readily at any point and the covers are so well put on that they may be bent back until they touch, if you wish, without injuring the volume in the least. The book, too, will stay open easily at any page to which you may turn. It is too bad more books are not bound equally well.

EXPANSION OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE (THE). By Edwin Erle Sparks. Published by Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5¼ x 7¾ in. 461 pages. (Illustrated.) \$2.

A unique work, tracing the growth of the American people, politically, socially, and intellectually, is that of Edwin Erle Sparks, Assistant Professor of American History in the University of Chicago. He treats his subject, "The Expansion of the American People," in a way quite different from that of the ordinary history; and while giving necessary facts showing how the Americans [for which read citizens of the United States] have developed from the earliest times to now, he carefully avoids any semblance of prolixity, and traces

the progress of ideas and those who have held them in a manner as entertaining as instructive. The author has evidently drawn his materials from original sources, and the illustrations, about one hundred and eighty in number, are especially unique, many of them being of a humorous turn. Such explanations of the origin of historical names and places as are given are both concise and lucid. The book is printed on enameled paper, and is altogether a handsome volume.

IRENE PETRIE; *Missionary to Kashmir*. By Mrs. Ashley Carus-Wilson. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 5½ x 8¼ in. 343 pages. (Illustrated.) \$1.50.

A very beautiful type of young womanhood is that described in Mrs. Wilson's biography of her sister Irene Petrie, an English girl of talent, beauty, and social position, and with all that usually goes to make life worth living, who voluntarily gave up the comforts of home in order to become a worker in the missionary field of India. She was an enthusiast from childhood, and early developed an unusual desire to be engaged as an active laborer in the vineyard of her Master. If ever woman's was, hers, indeed, was a Christlike life, her character ideal, her unselfishness sublime. It would be difficult to find anywhere a more nearly perfect model of devoted, happy, enthusiastic missionary endeavor than that furnished by Irene Petrie. Her chosen field was Northern India, the organization with which she allied herself the C. M. S. Four years were spent in Lahore, Kashmir, and Srinagar, when, in the springtime of her usefulness, she was suddenly taken with fever, of which she died after a very brief illness, and was laid away in the heart of those giant hills, the Himalayas, for the salvation of whose inhabitants she had so cheerfully given up her far-a-way English home. The story of the life of Irene Petrie is one that will be read by all Christian people with intense, sympathetic interest, to which, also, instruction is added by the pleasing descriptions of scenes and native people in the midst of which this young missionary martyr so faithfully labored.

VICTORIA; *Maid, Matron, Monarch*. By Grapho (J. A. Adams). Published by Advance Publishing Company, Chicago. 5 x 7¼ in. 252 pages 50 cents.

The writer presents a vivid view of the life of the Queen as she appeared in childhood, in her rise to the throne, in politics, in love and marriage; in her home with her children, her visitors, her peo-

ple; in the momentous events of her reign, the wars abroad, the reforms at home; along with pen pictures of the most noted statesmen, and rapid sketches of the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the Berlin Conference. Breezy and entertaining.

The spring announcements of the English publishers give promise of renewed activity in the book world. In Messrs. *Blackwood's* list are "The Life, Letters, and Diaries of Sir Gerald Graham" and Captain Trotter's "Hodson of Hodson's Horse;" in Messrs. *Chatts & Windus's*, Sir Walter Besant's "East London" and the remaining volumes of Justin McCarthy's "Four Georges;" in Messrs. *Dent & Co.'s*, Mr. Leonard Courtney's "Working of the Constitution;" in Mr. *John Lane's*, Mr. William Archer's "Poets of the Younger Generation," Mr. Herbert Paul's "Men and Letters," and volumes of verse from Mr. Stephen Gwynn and Mr. R. C. Lehman; in Messrs. *Longman's*, Andrew Lang's "Mystery of Mary Stuart," Max Müller's autobiography, the late Mr. Myers's, "Human Personality," a translation of Count Sternberg's "Experiences of the Boer War," Mr. W. H. Wilkins's "Caroline of Anspach," Mrs. Oldfield's "Harriet, Countess Granville," and Mr. Samuel Butler's "Erewhon Revisited;" in Messrs. *Macmillan's*, J. R. Green's "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century" and "Lybian Notes" by Messrs. Randal. MacIver and Anthony Wilkin; in Messrs. *Methuen & Co.'s*, Mr. G. S. Layard's "Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton;" in Mr. *Murray's*, the continuation of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary," "The Correspondence of Lady Sarah Lennox" and Dr. E. B. Tylor's "Natural History of Religion." There are reprints and new editions by the score, and the issue of works of fiction promises to overwhelm the reviewer, if not the public.

Messrs. *D. Appleton & Co.* have issued the following new books: "Commodore Paul Jones," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, written in his best style; "Cupid's Garden," by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, with preface and new portrait of the author; "The Eagle's Heart," by Hamlin Garland, a story of ranch life in the great West; "In the Days of Jefferson," by Hezekiah Butterworth, a fascinating historical romance; "The Individual; A Study of Life and Death," by Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University; "The Footsteps of a Throne," by Max Pemberton, a romantic story of Russian social and political life; "The Great People's Series," by well-known authorities; "Mrs. Clyde," by Julien Gordon, the story of a social career, concerning life in Boston, New York and Washington, a brilliant, interesting satire of social life in the great cities.

Emeritus Professor Masson, of Edinburgh, is hard at work on his "Reminiscences of a Literary Life," which will be without doubt a work of pre-eminent interest to every lover of letters. He has had personal knowledge of and acquaintance with all the most distinguished literary men of the past half century, for it is nearly sixty years since he began his literary life in Aberdeen. From 1844 to 1847 he was engaged in miscellaneous literary work in Edinburgh. From the latter year to 1865 he was resident in London, occupying for twelve years of that time the Chair of English Literature in University College, and five years ago he retired from the professorship he had held in Edinburgh University for thirty years. If Professor Masson's Reminiscences are published this year, they will undoubtedly be one of the literary events of the year.

The first number of the Duke of Argyll's Life of her late Majesty Queen Victoria promises well for the future installments of a work which will necessarily present features of special interest. Written by a son-in-law of the late Queen, the work will carry a weight of personal authority which would be wanting in any biographer who was not a member of the royal family. The first number reveals the national conditions which prevailed at the birth of the Princess Victoria of Kent, and then passes to her early days. The story is told in simple, sympathetic language that should go far to popularize the book, and is enriched with illustrations that add very materially to its beauty and interest.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. have issued "The Heiress of the Forest," by Eleanor C. Price, an exciting historical romance of the olden time, which will undoubtedly have a large sale; "Religious Spirit in the Poets," by the Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, D. D., Bishop of Ripon, a chaste and beautiful work, and a very valuable addition to this class of literature; "Hero Patriots of the Nineteenth Century," by Edgar Sanderson, M. A., a work full of interesting incidents in the lives of men who made the nineteenth century one of the greatest in the history of the world; and a little work "Questions of Empire," by Lord Rosebery.

There is in the possession of Mr. Frank Hollings, 7 Great Turnstile, Holborn, London, a unique volume from the private library of Queen Elizabeth. It is entitled "Meditationes in Psalmum XXXII," printed in Lausanne in 1578. The book is bound in brown velvet, ornately covered with silver embroidery, bearing the royal crown and monogram on either side. No similar specimen is known, and there is only one example from Queen Elizabeth's library in the British Museum bound in velvet of this color.

Messrs. *Macmillan & Co.* have recently issued a second edition of Miss Kingsley's "West African Studies," with additional chapters dealing with "West African Property," "African Religion and Law," "Imperialism," "Imperialism in West Africa," and "An Early African Voyage," the last named being probably the writer's last composition. To this second edition Mr. George Macmillan has contributed an introduction of particular value, in which the main facts of Miss Kingsley's life are given.

Messrs. *Samson, Low, Marston & Co.*, of London, have begun to re-issue the late William Black's novels in a new binding and at a low price. Black's work will be enjoyed for many years, for its simplicity, wholesomeness, and its descriptions of nature; and by this new edition, the excellence and cheapness of which are to be commended, the circle of Black's readers is certain to be widened.

Longmans, Green, & Co. have issued the Athenian Drama-Series, Vol. I., entitled "The Orestes of Æschylus," by Geo. C. W. Warr; "The Sources and Literature of English History," by Charles Gross, Ph. D., Harvard University; "Abyssinia," by Herbert Vivian, M. A.; "The Law and Policy of Annexation," with special reference to the Philippines and States of Cuba, by Curnan F. Randolph, of the New York Bar.

Funk & Wagnalls Co. "The Religion of Democracy," by Charles Ferguson, is *multum in parvo*—one of the best works ever issued by this house. It combines in a small number of pages the essence of Carlyle, Emerson, and other deep thinkers. It should have a large circulation and be read by everybody who thinks and reasons.

Stokes & Co. "In the Name of a Woman," by A. W. Marchmont, a striking, brilliantly written romance, serves to please many readers. "With Christ at Sea," by Frank J. Bullen, is the title of one of the best works ever issued, dealing with the influence of religion among "those who go down to the sea in ships."

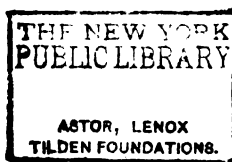
It is stated that the Dowager Duchess of Argyll is arranging to publish the memoirs of the late Duke, which are in great part written by the Duke himself. In accordance with her husband's wishes, the Duchess will continue them from documents bequeathed to her for that purpose.

A. S. Barnes & Co. have issued "The Mills of the Gods," by Louise Snow Dorr, an unusually good story of New England life. Miss Dorr evidently has had plenty of opportunity for observation. "Bird Gods," by Charles De Kay, is another of their new publications.

Major Martin Hume has for some time been at work on a history of the last years of Queen Elizabeth, dealing especially with the last struggles of the Roman Catholic party for ascendancy in England. The work will shortly be published under the title of "Treason and Plot."

Gertrude Atherton, whose novels have attracted attention on both sides of the Atlantic, is progressing with her life of Alexander Hamilton, and is in possession of letters and documents never before accessible.

Several new volumes are promised in the Famous Scots Series. The first of these, a sketch of David Livingstone, by Mr. T. Banks MacLachlan, is announced as nearly ready.



THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE

May, 1901

CANADA UNDER BRITISH RULE *

BY ROSCOE WILLIAMS GRANT

SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, in "Canada Under British Rule," pays a compliment to United States diplomacy that is the more gratifying because such compliments are so infrequent. After speaking of "the relations that have existed for more than a century between the Provinces of the Dominion and the United States, whose diplomacy and legislation have had, and must always have, a considerable influence on the material and social conditions of the people of Canada—an influence only subordinate to that exercised by the imperial state"—he says: "During the years when there was no confederation of Canada—when there were to the north and northeast of the United States only a number of isolated Provinces, having few common sympathies or interests except their attachment to the Crown and Empire—the United States had too often its own way

* Canada Under British Rule: 1760-1900. (Cambridge Historical Series.) By Sir John G. Bourinot. Published by C. J. Clay & Sons, University Press, London, and the Macmillan Company, New York. 5 x 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. 346 pages. (With maps.) London, 6s.; New York, \$1.50.

in controversial questions affecting the colonies which arose between England and the ambitious federal Republic. On the other hand, with the territorial expansion of the Provinces under one Dominion, with their political development, which has assumed even national attributes, with the steady growth of an imperial sentiment in the parent state, the old condition of things that too often made the Provinces the shuttlecock of skillful American diplomacy has passed away. The statesmen of the Canadian federation are now consulted, and exercise almost as much influence as if they were members of the imperial councils in London." That American—and by this is meant United States, in contradistinction to Canadian—diplomacy ever did shine with noticeable brightness is a fact that seems generally to have escaped the observation of most people—Americans, particularly—and this tardy credit is therefore all the more acceptable and pleasing.

And then Sir John proceeds to narrate briefly the negotiations that have taken place from time to time between the United States and Canada. Beginning with the treaty of 1783, which closed the war for independence, and the negotiations for which he says were "so stupidly conducted by the British commissioner" that the treaty "gave an extremely vague definition of the boundary in the northeast, and displayed at the same time a striking example of geographical ignorance as to the northwest"; taking up the Newfoundland fishery question; touching upon the Treaty of Ghent, which closed the war of 1812; the Anglo-American agreement of 1817, guaranteeing the neutrality of the great lakes; the *Caroline* complication of 1837; the threatened hostilities between Maine and Nova Scotia over the boundary line between them, terminating with the Webster-Ashburton treaty of 1842; the northwest boundary trouble over Oregon and the cry of "54° 40' or fight," settled in 1846; the several reciprocity treaties between Canada and the United States; the Behring Sea controversy, and vari-

ous other agreements and failures to agree; he brings matters down to the appointment of a special joint high commission in 1897 to endeavor to settle the questions in issue between the Dominion and the United States, and which so far has resulted only in an agreement to disagree, diplomatically called a *modus vivendi*. In nearly every one of these numerous negotiations between the two countries the outcome, it is shown, has been quite contrary to what Canadians had hoped. On account of these past grievances the Dominion historian evidently believes it is about time for Canada to have its share of diplomatic victories. That is, if "Turn about is only fair play."

Yet, while the Americans gained diplomatic victories over their northern neighbors, they were always balked in attempts of a more forceful kind to gain and keep possession of Canadian soil. In the Revolution the people of the Provinces remained loyal to the Crown, notwithstanding efforts to make them cast their lot with their countrymen to the south. Even the French Canadians, appeased by the provisions of the Quebec Act, persisted in being neutral during the struggle, and the credit for this the historian gives to the clergy and the *seigneurs*. "It was assuredly the influence of the French clergy," says he, "that rendered entirely ineffectual the mission of Chase, Franklin, and the Carrolls of Maryland—one of whom became the first Roman Catholic archbishop of the United States—who were instructed by Congress to offer every possible inducement to the Roman Catholic subjects of England in Canada to join the revolutionary movement."

At the opening of the Revolution, according to "John Adams and other authorities," there were 700,000 whites, or one-third of the entire population, who were Loyalists. At the war's close, of these Loyalists "more than 35,000 men, women, and children made their homes within the limits of the present Dominion." Says Sir John: They, "for the most part, had no other course open to them than to leave

the country they still loved [and against the declared interests of whose other two-thirds of inhabitants they had been fighting], and where they had hoped to die," for "Loyalists were warned to leave the country as soon as possible, and in the South some were shot and hanged because they did not obey the warning." At any rate, about five per cent. of the original Loyalist population migrated to Canada at the war's close. What became of the remaining ninety-five per cent. is not stated. These emigrants from the colonies to the southward are now known as United Empire Loyalists.

And, touching upon these Revolutionary times, though the Canadian historian admits the American colonists had grievances, he, like a loyal Briton, thinks the grievances might have been remedied in some way other than the way they were. An American, Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, recently said, in a speech delivered at an Evacuation Day banquet in Boston: "The mighty power of England had dwelt here more than 150 years, a space longer by a generation than the duration of our independence. That government was, in the main, a gentle one, much as our fathers complained of it. But it was an alien government. Her yoke was easy and her burden was light. But it was a yoke and a burden still. On the 18th of March, 1776, royalty went down the harbor and freedom came in for the country." Sir John would emphasize the lightness of the burden, but he thinks the measures taken by the colonists for relief were unnecessarily forceful.

In connection with American influences upon Canadian life, Sir John remarks (p. 97): "In Upper Canada for years the questions under discussion were chiefly connected with the disposal of the public lands . . . ; and this led to the bringing in for awhile of some undesirable immigrants from the United States—undesirable because they were imbued with republican and leveling ideas by no means favorable to the development and stability of English institutions of government." Yet these same "English institutions" seem to

have needed the leveling influence of some republican ideas, for does not the same historian say (p. 98 *et seq.*): "The early history of representative government in Prince Edward Island is chiefly a dull narrative of political conflict between the government and the assemblies. * * * In New Brunswick . . . the Loyalists who had founded the province controlled the legislature for many years, until a spirit of liberalism and reform found full expression and led to the enlargement of the public liberty." In Nova Scotia it was much the same. "The governors of those times became, from the very nature of their position, so many provincial autocrats, brought constantly into conflict with the popular body, and unable to conceive any system of government possible that did not place the province directly under the control of the imperial authorities, to whom appeals must be made in the most trivial cases of doubt or difficulty. The representative of the Crown brooked no interference on the part of the Assembly with what he considered his prerogatives and rights, and as a rule threw himself into the arms of the Council, composed of the official oligarchy." Perhaps a little republican leveling under such circumstances was not so misplaced.

Canadians, however, as a whole, have remained firmly loyal to Great Britain always—during the American Revolution, the war of 1812, and whenever the question of annexation to the southern Republic has been proposed. Even when popular education in the first half of the nineteenth century was "at the lowest possible ebb," such education as there was must have been of a loyal quality, for we are told that when, so late as 1833, Americans or other anti-British adventurers carried on the greater proportion of the common schools, where the youth were taught sentiments "hostile to the parent state" from books used in the United States, the practice was "stopped by statute." Even the rebellions that broke out in Lower and Upper Canada in 1837-8 were of very slight importance—about as important, perhaps, as

Shays' Rebellion in Western Massachusetts at one time was. And the French-Canadian element, though still "a distinct and visible element, which is not English—an element older than anything English in the land—and which shows no sign of being likely to be assimilated by anything English," is, in spite of this, as Sir John Bourinot says, contented. Contentment may not be conducive to ambitious progress, but neither does it breed insurrection.

In the history of Canada Sir John goes back to the times of first discovery and early settlement; to the Cabots, John and Sebastian; to Cortereal, Verrazzano, and Cartier; to Frobisher, Davis, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert; to Champlain, Pontreincourt, Frontenac, Father Marquette, La Salle, and others whose names and fame are familiar to us all. He tells us how Canada got its name from the Huron-Iroquois word *Kanata*, meaning a town; he speaks of the Sieur de Monts (Samuel Champlain) as "a man who stands foremost among the pioneers of European civilization in America," and of Monseigneur Laval, the first Roman Catholic bishop in Canada, as one than whom "probably no single man has ever exercised such powerful and lasting influence on Canadian institutions." He chronicles briefly the discoveries, settlements, wars, and other events of moment from earliest historical times to now. Of the French régime, with its romanticism; of British Indian policy; of the Quebec Act; the effect of the American Revolution on Canada; of the New England Loyalists; of the war of 1812; of slavery and its extinction in Upper Canada; of the "rebellion," first in Lower, or French, and later in Upper Canada; of the union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841; of industrial changes, tariff laws, and social conditions from time to time; of the Quebec conference, culminating in "The British North America Act" of 1867, the Dominion's charter, as it were; of the several Fenian "invasions" from the United States; of confederation, July 1, 1867; of the building of the Intercolonial, Grand Trunk,

and Canadian Pacific railways; of the history of the Northwest and Hudson's Bay companies, and the influence they had in retarding settlement—of all these topics he has something to say, and also of a host of other events, people, and matters of historic interest in connection with Canada. He adds an important chapter on relations between the United States and the Dominion, and in an appendix draws comparisons between the main provisions of the constitutions of the Dominion of Canada and the Australian Commonwealth.

"Canada: 1760-1900" is a most interesting work to read. In the compass of a single small volume it is compact. The author discusses in its pages many questions that have in times past vexed English, French, American, and Canadian statesmen, and in doing so is ever careful to approach them from the standpoint of a loyal, appreciative Briton. In consequence, therefore, the manner of treatment is naturally colored somewhat to tone harmoniously, perhaps unconsciously, with the opinions of the writer. At least, as a text book, there can be found no fault with it as containing "sentiments hostile to the parent state." Yet, when all is said that can be said, when the historian has laid down his pen with a feeling of satisfaction that comes to one who has earned the plaudit, "Well done"—after all, until a comparatively recent time, what Mrs. Jameson recorded at an earlier day remained substantially true at a later. As she "floated in a canoe, in the middle of the Detroit River, she saw on the one side 'all the bustle of prosperity and commerce,' and on the other 'all the symptoms of apathy, indolence, mistrust, hopelessness.'"

The historian of Canada has in truth scant materials from which to construct a great chronicle of stirring, momentous events. He cannot create from his own imagination and fertile fancy great achievements, world-famous personages, and blood-moving historical happenings, when there have been none. He cannot draw blood from a turnip. He can

do but his best with the facts as they are, and this the author of "Canada Under British Rule" has done. Canada has generally had the reputation of being "provincial," and the present history seems but to confirm the reputation as justified by the facts. There is this, though, to be said: the dissociation of the integral parts of Canada up to 1867 was reason enough for "provincialism" and "littleness"; but since the *Dominion* has come into being a marked change in Canada (and Canadians), politically, intellectually, industrially, and socially, has taken place, and the Canada of yesterday is no longer the Canada of to-day. Out of the decay of the past shall rise the sturdy, growing, erect pine of the future.

EVILS AND ABUSES OF THE PUBLIC LIBRARY SYSTEM

BY EDWIN RIDLEY

If public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, even foolish men might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a good book is *worth reading*, it is *worth buying*. No book is worth anything which is not *worth much*; nor is it serviceable until it has been read, and re-read, and loved and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory. We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries.

—"OF KINGS' TREASURIES." JOHN RUSKIN.

WHO that has ever entered a public library, with eyes in his head and powers of observation unimpaired by culpable neglect or abuse, has not been impressed and amazed by the singular exhibition which such an institution affords of the infatuation and ignorance of the greater portion of those who have resort to such mediums of mere book *exchange* and common current gossip? Watch for a few brief moments the haste, the uncertainty, the anxiety, of the few who really *do* care to draw a book they can read at all, but who have not the slightest idea *what* that book can or shall be; the indifference of others who come only to draw as *many* books as conditions will permit, and those as "new" as can be got, and who flit from open-shelf to open-shelf, like moths and gadflies, utterly regardless of what is *in* the books they seek, but mindful only of their covers and titles!

Then, again, you may observe another distinct class of public-library visitants: that of the loafing and gos-

siping variety—chatterers and chafferers merely, who have either made engagements to meet others there, and desire only to “kill time” meanwhile, or else who are actuated by vain motives and a mean spirit of vanity and emulation. Besides these, the observer will notice the more pathetic throng of hurried and worried fathers and mothers, who, under mistaken notions of their obligations and responsibilities as parents and citizens, come to the public library in the same spirit as that in which they perform any unpleasant duty, and who thereupon burden themselves with loads of books which they never read, and barely look at, in the interests, as they fondly imagine, of their children, and under the vague impression, but strong conviction, that it is their bounden duty, as citizens and taxpayers, “to get all they can” out of a public institution!

Thus the daily spectacle is afforded any one who has the time and inclination to witness it, of a crowded circulating library—of a crowd largely made up of illiterate people who care nothing whatever for books of any value, who know nothing of the *worth* of a book at all, but who, nevertheless, throng such resorts under all manner of pretexts and subterfuges, and “draw” numberless books, of one kind or another, and whose distracted and distracting practices and methods are a spectacle for the gods to behold! To see these elbowing their way along the open library shelves, and clutching and snatching at this book and at that in a vain pursuit after they know not what, is a surprising and pathetic sight. Small wonder, then, that such a soul as John Ruskin's should have revolted against such an abuse of privilege, and that he should have been shocked at the possibilities implied by such a revelation—the possibilities and well-nigh certainty of the ultimate utter degradation of the art of letters through such instrumentality and abuses.

For, in all verity and soberness, it is a lamentable public evil that so few among those who make such loud professions of devotion to literature (of those who compose the

“great reading public,” in effect), should ever buy books at all, not to say have well-stored book-cases of their own! Indeed it is a positive public calamity that such a condition should prevail; that people should be content to take their reading at second-hand, or to draw such books as they profess to read, or want to read, only from our free-circulating libraries. For we do not scruple to affirm, in consideration of the grievous abuses of these institutions, that they are positively the most mischievous sources of common public evils—directly tending as they do to the utter destruction of all rightful literary canons and standards, and to the utter subversion and confoundment of the minds and understandings of the great common aggregate of novel-readers. And this, inasmuch as they practically despoil the genuine author of his legitimate proceeds, and, what should be, his inalienable rights and privileges, by their gratuitous circulation of his books among the masses; while they as directly encourage the mean and sordid-minded to provide themselves and their families with books at the *public expense*, whereas, rightfully, they should *buy* them on their own accounts, and thereby add to their own household treasuries. But that is not all, nor by any means the *most* pernicious of the tendencies and influences of our free-circulating libraries, since they are a boundless source of human dementation and disturbance—inciting, as they do, the popular craze for sensational fiction, and stimulating the fictitious fervor and devices of the meaner order of writers and scribblers, who, alone among the authors whose books receive gratuitous circulation through such sources, in any measure profit by the same, since by means of the notoriety they attain through such instrumentality they are not infrequently subsequently hawked abroad throughout the land, in cheap editions, and find ready sales accordingly. On the other hand, the more worthy authors' books are simply read perfunctorily, when read at all, and *their* fame and worth are *not* enhanced by reason of the same; while, as has been already observed, they are distinctly handicapped, so to

speaking, by reason of the deprivations to which they are subjected on such account.

Briefly, our free-circulating libraries *are* something of a delusion and a snare—a public nuisance, in effect. They despoil the author of his proprietary rights; they unrighteously tax the resources of the already overburdened taxpayer; they directly conduce to the degradation of the noble profession of literature, and as directly tend to the contamination and subversion of the public mind and morals.

Inasmuch, then, as they directly stimulate an already inordinate passion for novel-*reading*, they just as mischievously infect and inflame the popular mind with a passion for novel-*writing* and “literary” notoriety; by foisting upon the public, gratuitously, a vast and measureless mass of spurious and senseless fiction—they immediately contribute to the sum total of human madness. For, as between the circulation by these institutions of books of *any* value and books of *no* value, the relative ratio is monstrously disproportional—the public demand for the latter kind being invariably overwhelmingly in excess of all requisitions for the former.

But such is the popular delusion in regard to the fondly-imagined advantages and desirability of free-circulating libraries that it will no doubt appear to many little better than sheer quixotism to so much as question their benignant purpose and common usefulness. Yet it is truly amazing—appalling and revolting in effect—the reflection that so many among even the more earnest-minded and better-balanced patrons of these public libraries should be content to carry home and to read at second-hand the fumbled, soiled, and stinking books and pages of their favorite authors! Better by far were it, and infinitely more creditable, that these same readers should buy, rather than borrow, the books they want and value. They would then better appreciate them, and would accordingly derive far more advantage from their perusal.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

By A. R. ABBOTT, M. D.

THE days previous to the assassination of President Lincoln were devoted to festivities exceeding in brilliancy and grandeur anything the writer had before witnessed. Washington was brilliantly illuminated and decorated, and the enthusiasm of the people ran up to white heat of felicitation on the downfall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee's army. All the resources of science and art were brought into requisition to give appropriate expression to the intense feeling of joy which thrilled the heart of the nation. People who thronged Pennsylvania avenue that memorable morning had no thought that a plot was brewing which would turn all that joy and splendor into sorrow's darkest night.

I wended my way homeward in the evening feeling somewhat hungry, for I had participated so freely in the general enthusiasm that I had neglected to eat anything since morning. After supper, in company with a friend, I again set forth, this time to see a torchlight procession which was to take place in honor of Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War. The light of the torches and the music of the bands told that the procession was approaching from the direction of the Capitol. As far as the eye could reach from the elevated position which we occupied, it appeared like a fiery serpent winding its sinuous course through the streets and avenues of the city. When it reached the Secretary's residence the

people sent up a shout that made the welkin ring. Mr. Stanton came out and addressed the crowd, calmly and earnestly congratulating them upon the speedy restoration of peace.

It was nine o'clock when he had finished speaking, after which my friend and I repaired to another friend's house, intending to spend the remainder of the evening in a social way. We were about to begin singing, and a young lady had but struck the first chords on the piano when at that instant a fierce ringing of the door-bell arrested our attention. After opening the door and ascertaining the cause of the interruption, our host returned with slow, hesitating steps, and, with an expression on his countenance that I shall never forget, said in a tremulous voice: "I have sad news to tell you. President Lincoln was shot at Ford's Theater to-night, and Secretary Seward's throat has been cut, and both are dying."

The effect of this announcement can be better imagined than described. "Oh, horrible!" exclaimed the ladies. "The Lord have mercy on us!" was the pious ejaculation of the hostess.

As soon as we had recovered from the shock I proposed that we should go around to Secretary Seward's, whose residence was but a short distance away, and learn the particulars of so tragic an event.

For the first time during my stay in Washington I was troubled with a feeling of uncertainty regarding my safety. I had been in the city on two other occasions when it had been greatly disturbed, but suffered no such apprehension at either of those times as I experienced on this occasion. To what extent does this infamous plot extend? Is Sumner safe? Is Chase alive? These were some of the thoughts that followed one another through my brain as we walked along. By this time it was half-past eleven o'clock. The night had become very dark, and Washington streets at that time were proverbially dark because of their width, they

being but dimly lighted with gas, and the dark shadows of alleys, areas, and porches affording convenient lurking-places for garroters, murderers, assassins, and thieves.

As we passed Secretary Stanton's house, we observed a cavalryman's horse at the door. . We supposed it belonged to the courier who had been sent to warn the Secretary of his danger. Lights appeared in houses where all was darkness before, and as the inmates received the startling intelligence the illumination became more general.

In the neighborhood of Secretary Seward's house we found an excited crowd of citizens and soldiers. By this time the sad news had been very widely circulated. Senators, Congressmen, clerks in the departments, citizens, soldiers, all rushed by in the frenzy of excitement. The soldiers seemed to be arresting every one who looked or acted at all suspicious. An unfortunate man had been found in Lafayette Park, opposite the Secretary's house. As the gates are locked at 9 P. M., the fact of his being in the park at so late an hour was regarded with suspicion. It required the strenuous efforts of the soldiers to prevent the crowd from lynching him. Two men who had been dragged from their beds in adjoining houses, clothed in their *robes de chambre*, were pleading for their freedom and lives.

We thought it prudent to keep at a safe distance from the mob. The writer was left in charge of the ladies, while his companion went forward to obtain further information. The latter soon returned with news which too painfully confirmed all that we had previously learned.

Everything seemed tranquil in the Secretary's house. In only one room could a light be seen, and only at long intervals did any one pass in or out of the house. A deep gloom hung over it, and the ominous silence within indicated that something serious was transpiring.

The crowd had grown much larger while we waited, and fearing that our egress would be entirely blocked we thought it prudent to retire. After escorting the ladies to their

homes we returned to our respective places of abode and were soon asleep.

But the writer's experience of the tragedy had not ended. About two o'clock in the morning a messenger came to the door with a request from Mrs. Lincoln that Mrs. Elizabeth Keckley, who usually dressed Mrs. Lincoln for her receptions, should come to her. I volunteered to accompany Mrs. Keckley, but it was with much difficulty that we reached the White House, owing to the crowd that thronged the streets. A further barrier to our progress we found in a cordon of troops that were drawn up in front of the White House, and so strict were the orders excluding every one that we found great difficulty in even getting some one to take in Mrs. Keckley's card.

However, after some persistence we succeeded, only to find that Mrs. Lincoln was with the President at No. 453 Tenth street. We had, therefore, to make our way to that point. A cordon of military was drawn up there also, but a card to Mrs. Lincoln furnished an open sesame for us. It was a three-story brick house opposite the theater, in one room of which was the dying President, while his companion was lying in an adjoining room prostrate with anguish.

Then I returned to my lodgings, thoroughly exhausted, and not long after had again succumbed to nature's sweet restorer. In fact, I was not conscious of anything until aroused by the first stroke of the bell, at twenty minutes past seven next morning, which announced the painful intelligence that our beloved President was no more.

A widespread apprehension existed next morning that the water in the city reservoir had been poisoned, so that the use of tea and coffee had to be abandoned. The report, however, proved to be false, but it was an indication of the feeling of anxiety which prevailed.

The city rapidly assumed a funereal aspect, in striking contrast to the gay and festive appearance presented the days previous to the assassination. The draping of the public

buildings, business houses, and residences was quite general. As the writer rode around the outskirts of the city, he noticed that even the cabins of the freedmen bore some emblem of mourning, even if, as in one case, it was nothing more appropriate than a black skirt hung over the door.

There was an ill-disguised expression of anxiety on the face of every one as to the extent of the conspiracy. The lives of Cabinet ministers and other prominent government officials were not considered safe, and special detectives were detailed to accompany them wherever they went.

At that time I was shown a cardboard box containing the index finger of a negro and a pen-picture of a coffin surmounted by a drawing of a skull and crossbones, with the word "beware" inscribed upon it, that had been sent to Senator Sumner. A colored man armed with a loaded revolver slept at the door of the Senator's sleeping-chamber for several weeks.

The surroundings of the White House were somber in the extreme. The heavy mourning drapery, the deep gloom of the interior, the hushed voices and muffled footsteps, all gave painful evidence of the presence of the remains of the illustrious dead. As the writer looked upon the pale, cold face of the President as he lay in state in the guests' room, a great sorrow weighed heavily upon his heart, for he thought of the loss to the negro race in their nascent life of freedom, of the great guiding hand that now lay paralyzed in death.

It would be ungracious to pursue this description into the circle of the afflicted family. Suffice it to say that the anguish of the widow in the privacy of her apartments, surrounded by her children, and with Mrs. Keckley as her sole companion, was pitiable in the extreme. It was so intense I think Mrs. Lincoln's mind never recovered its equilibrium after the shock of that awful tragedy at Ford's Theater.

The remaining weeks that Mrs. Lincoln spent in the White House, after the removal of the President's body to Springfield, Ill., were spent in disposing of her late husband's

personal effects. Several articles which he valued very much, and which were much used by him, were given away as mementos to his friends. The writer received the plaid shawl which Mr. Lincoln was frequently seen wearing of a chilly evening when going to the War Department to consult Mr. Stanton on important state business. This shawl has been preserved in my family for the past thirty-six years, and is regarded as a most precious heirloom.

It is thus referred to in the New York *Evening News* of October 12, 1867:

The shepherd plaid shawl which Mr. Lincoln wore during the mild weather, and which was rendered somewhat memorable as forming part of his famous disguise, together with the Scotch cap, worn when he wended his way secretly to the capital to be inaugurated as President, was given to Dr. Abbott, of Canada, who had been one of his warmest friends. During the war this gentleman, as a surgeon in the United States Army, was in Washington in charge of a hospital, and thus became acquainted with the head of the nation.

The report that the shawl formed part of a disguise is without foundation. At no time during the journey to Washington did the President assume a disguise. He carried the shawl on his arm when entering the carriage which conveyed him to the railroad depot in Philadelphia (see *Century Magazine*, January, 1884).

During the time Mr. Lincoln was in office he was the recipient of several canes. After his death one was given to the Hon. Charles Sumner, another to the Hon. Frederick Douglass, still another to the Rev. H. H. Garnet, and I was intrusted to deliver one to the late Rev. Dr. Caldicott, of Toronto, Canada.

HAWAII FIRST

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.

IX

THE KLUB IN TRANSIT

If sitting before a kamera entitles me to membership, that honor is certainly due me. As soon as the Nicaragua Kapal is completed, I am konfident that I kan induce Mrs. Cliff to make a trip in her kommodious yacht to the Sandwich Islands, and take me with her.
—*Frank R. Stockton.*

I hope the picture I sent you may not get you entangled politically.—*Th. Nast.*

I wish it was in my power to become an active instead of an honorary member.—*Walter Besant.*

As a spelling reformer, I am delighted to see that you have eliminated the letter "C," which is practically useless.—*Brander Matthews.*

I wish all manner of success to the Klub, that it may have a "good light," that its negatives may be positive, and that its developments may all be harmonious and beautiful.—*Charles Augustus Stoddard.*

When I come to Hawaii, Lil and I are going to sit for a picture representing Marius on the ruins of Carthage. I am going to represent Marius, and Lil and Paramount Blount are going to represent the ruins.—*Eli Perkins.*

THE President twisted his last Honolulu-laundered collar until it stayed in place, and then arose to say that there were present two honored honorary members, representing the States of New York and Illinois. According to custom he would give the chair to the oldest guest, which he did.

New York then took the chair, and announced that the Klub had resolved to start on a trip of exploration. Horses were already saddled, and badges would be furnished to

members. He desired to compliment those present upon their fresh appearance. Before coming to Kauai he himself wore a youthful look, but there was no barber in Koloa, and he couldn't shave himself. His heart, however, remained the same. He was thankful to the Kodak Klub. It was a noble institution, because it entertained strangers that never expected to return favors received. It fed, ornamented, and drove around these strangers, who, at this safe distance, could invite their entertainers to be sure to come and visit them



SOME KODAK KLUBBERS

the minute they set foot in America; but Hawaiian Kodak Klubbers must not take it to heart if when they did come to America these same strangers were too busy to receive them. On the same principle you could at home ignore your traveling companions. He said that he had come to Hawaii to make discoveries. Although some of these discoveries had been made before he came across them, he didn't know it at the time. That was the case once when he thought that he had discovered a wife in a very charming young lady, but very soon rediscovered that his was not a prior claim. He

did not feel so sad about it when he considered how many others had proved equally untenable.

The Klub now started. It may be well to quote from an article that appeared in the Hawaiian *Lava Flow*:

The Kauai Kodak Klub, like a tropic bird, spread its wings toward Hanalei last Saturday. With banners waving, and amidst the music of *poi* pounding, the sinuous column wound through the streets of Koloa from Monkey-pod Hall. As the triumphal procession moved along crowds flocked to see it, and it could be compared to nothing else so well as to the journeyings of a presidential candidate in the United States.

The writer of this article was evidently an old reporter. During the year he had used "departed" for "gone" 889 times, "inaugurated" for "begun" six times more. Such words as "enthused," "coincidence," "yclept," "nonce," "quondam," and "anent" were a joy to him; he had utterly forsaken monosyllables, and at one time had thought of starting a paper in Russian. What follows is told by the Secretary, whose report is official:

We left Koloa one bright morning feeling in the best of spirits. A few members rode in carriages, but the most of us preferred saddles. All the members had the red, white, and blue badges of the Klub, which flapped in the breeze. We soon came to Lihue, a place famous for its sugar and rice, rice especially. There are many Germans here, some of whom came as contract laborers. Lihue has two senators, both of them descendants of missionaries. One of them is a philanthropist who gives large sums of money for good causes but does not himself belong to any Christian organization.

"To tell the truth," remarked Mr. Musk, "usurers are generally strict Calvinists, or, at any rate, sticklers for orthodoxy, and whoever they get hold of is that day predestined to eternal insolvency. It takes a deacon to foreclose a mortgage. He rubs his hands, says, 'The laborer is worthy of his hire,' and forthwith proceeds to pull in his net."

The parson said that religion was much like a suit of clothes; it could be worn to advantage. It was civilizing, and covered a multitude of sins, and without it a man would be absolutely naked, but it could never make a man of something less.

"And as we think of it," he added, "the Bible speaks of a robe of righteousness. It is true, Scripture mentions a new heart, but what puts heart into a man quicker than a new suit of well-fitting clothes?"

Leaving the main road, we passed through a plain and came suddenly upon Wailua Falls, one of the sights of Kauai. The impression made upon the visitor is startling as he gazes down into the gorge and is brought to the view and sound of the waters tumbling into it. The Wailua River, beginning among the spurs of Waialeale, by five different sources, grows into two main ones, and reaches the sea as one, nearly two hundred feet wide, navigable for small boats as far as three miles from its mouth. It has the deepest water of any river on the island, and once, in 1812, gave shelter to a United States whaleboat that was running away from its British pursuer. If you sail up, it is between rocky sides sometimes two hundred feet high, partly wooded but often so sheer that nothing has found lodgment except small ferns. The lower fall is eighty feet high, and plunges over a partial crescent of solid rock into a deep bosom of white foam, forever agitated between the sides of encroaching cliffs. Lower down the walls have been degraded, and with the help of what vegetation has fastened itself there one may get down to the foot of the fall. When there has been a heavy rainfall the plunge may be fifty feet wide and five feet deep. Often a rainbow rises from the depths. We called this real spectacle "Howells' Falls," because, as Mr. Green said, nobody had ever romanced about it. There was more than had ever been told. A mile and a half farther up is the second fall, on another branch of the river. It is not so high and carries less water, but is well worth seeing.



RICE FIELDS

Everybody loves waterfalls. They appeal to a boyish sense in men and women. To see a sheet of water move along unconcernedly, then suddenly plunge one, two, or three hundred feet down into some chasm, with a roar like thunder, and a breaking up into white wrath, is exhilarating, stimulating; better than wine. One turns away from the sight feeling several years younger. At any rate, we soon fell into a sort of enthusiasm that took us on, talking, laughing, swinging our hats, and shouting "Hurrah for Hawaii! Hip-hip-hip, hurrah!" Then we rattled down—horses, carriages, saddle-bags, lunch can, everything—over the Wailua Bridge toward Kapaa.

The road keeps near the beach, here covered with many of the littoral plants that grow in Hawaii. Not far away, on a wide stretch of sand, human bones are found, and in a severe storm the wind plays billiards with the loose skulls that lie strewn about.

Our President alluded to the frequent battles of the early Hawaiians, their heartless slaughters, and, to our horror, of their methods. They fought constantly, and had no mercy. Once in a battle fought among the Wailuku sandhills all except two of a large attacking army were killed. We say that they were barbarians, without religion, uncivilized, cruel. Yet we turn to the Mosaic records and don't feel the same way at all about their horrible accounts. The massacres of the Amorites, of the people "north of the mountains," the battle "in the woods of Ephraim—a great slaughter that day of 20,000 men," and so on. The record says that the Lord fought their battles. Having become used to the thought that all this murder was done with divine sanction, we read it approvingly, unless we happen to feel in a just mood and realize that wrong is no better in one place than another. The Lord never had anything to do with quarrels that could have been settled peaceably. These old warriors laid the results of their own wicked acts upon the Lord, and the more people there were butchered the more praise the

Lord received from the butchers. The President said that it was strange how little we were affected by the worst crimes, if only custom sanctioned them. We failed to grasp proportions, and by a sort of teaching were made as genuinely blind as ever cave fish were. These fish had no eyes because their ancestors had grown in the way of not seeing. To-day, if a man stole or committed murder, or did other things perhaps worse, he went to the penitentiary. At the same time we uphold as examples for our children men who stole, killed, and were bigamists. Can wisdom, or a few good traits, or a pious impulse, or anything (except money) keep bad men out of jail to-day? The President ended by quoting what Beecher said a few years ago: "If the patriarchs and prophets were living to-day, the most of them would be in the penitentiary."

We passed the ruins of a large temple that had been a place of refuge for the ancient Hawaiians. The walls stand near the road, and are well preserved. There is another similar ruin at Waimea on this island. For several miles along the beach the land as far as the foothills is a grassy prairie, which, Dr. Krane said, reminded him of Illinois. But he had to shut his eyes to the mountains and the sea. In Kapaa we found a number of Chinese and Japanese stores and a photographic studio. As a circus was expected by the citizens of the place, we were taken for advance agents—a sort of fore-paw.

As we journeyed on, Mr. Green pointed out some specimens of native cotton with pretty flowers (*gossypium Sandwicenso*), and many white, crêpe-like poppies (*argemone Mexicana*), which are not so large as they grow in California.

Mr. Spaulding, who nearly owns the next town, Kealia, is rich. He lives much in foreign countries, and his residence, a quaint manor away in a field, with its garden, pond, and servants' houses, is sadly alone.

Down in Anahola, which is kept uncomfortably warm by its surrounding hills and trees, we turned and rested awhile.

The Assessor bought some root-beer, and we sat under *hau* trees to drink it. At the bend of the road stood Mt. Kalalea, pierced slightly above its base by a hole several feet in circumference. There is a legend connected with this opening, which the Assessor promised to tell us when we came to dinner, farther on, to a precious little brook, flowing across the road, sweet and clear. Here the horses dipped their noses into the water with a gratified snort. A little higher up we washed our faces in the same cool stream, then stretched ourselves on the grassy slope under the vines and trees, while the Junior Partner and her assistants spread the feast. It does not matter what we ate, it tasted good; for we were as hungry as Ulysses or any of the Trojans ever were. Certainly there were hard-boiled eggs, which, Dr. Jones said, a man's stomach never recovers from, cold chicken, pickles, sandwiches, cake, fruit, and ginger-pop.

When he saw the sandwiches, Mr. Musk remarked that he had heard several versions of the derivation of the name "Sandwich." Even Mark Twain's story of aboriginal hams was hardly probable. One fairly good account was that years ago a party of foreigners were wrecked near Waipio Valley on Hawaii, and, being taken for gods, one of their party was sliced up in layers, placed between slices of bread-fruit, and thus eaten by the cannibals. At once this unfortunate man's companions named the place "Sandwich," straightway settling down and marrying natives. President Essex objected to this on the ground that "Sandwich" was given to this group before the beach-combers ever reached here. Dr. Krane now related a story he had heard:

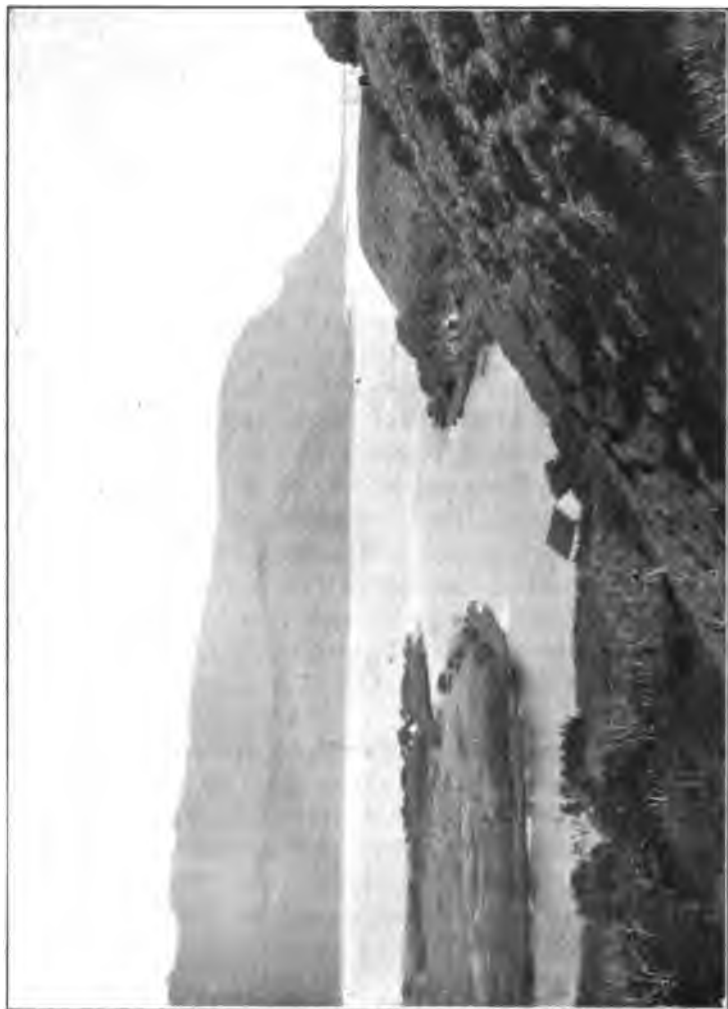
"It seems," said he, "that several hundred years ago three adventurers were cast up on the sand, and all they had preserved from the wreck were two beef tongue sandwiches put up in New Bedford. As they sat on the sand eating this rather dry meal, they saw approaching two strangely dressed native women, gray and wrinkled, who

waved their bony arms above their heads, crying, 'Awe, awe.' Almost unconsciously the men whispered to each other, 'witches,' and instantly left the beach. When they had gone some distance away they remarked that these witches had a good deal of sand to come there in that style. In time the men died, but left in a cave thereabouts documents giving a full account of the affair. Coming into the hands of Cook, he named the islands 'Sandwich,' leaving out the 't,' in order to kill two birds with one stone, and please his friend the Earl."

Having eaten, we lay down and listened to the Assessor. He told the legend about Kalalea. Many years ago Kana-hoa, a giant who lived in Hanalei, came to a hand-to-hand fight with Kawelo, a very great, very tall, and very strong warrior chief. The latter had attacked him suddenly. Having no weapon at hand, Kanahoa passed his hand over the forest of an adjoining mountain, and, selecting the largest *koa* tree there, pulled it up and pitched it at his enemy as lightly as he would a spear. Kawelo dodged the tree, getting carefully out of the way of the branches, then hurled his own immense spear with such force that it shot clear through the mountain side, leaving the hole you saw. You may look through it and see the blue sky beyond. So we had.

We continued over hills and plains, down into valleys where breadfruit and orange trees grew by an old canyon that had served Kamehameha in some of his battles, to higher land again, then into a forest of candle-nut trees, which had the appearance of a well-kept park. Placards directed us not to injure the trees. Although we did not find any, Mr. Stamford said that fragrant *mokehana* berries (*Pelea Anisata*) were gathered here.

A native ferried us over the Kalihiwai River, pulling the boat over by means of strong wire stretched from shore to shore. Another ferry, and we were in the lovely valley of Hanalei—the unparalleled Waioli, or Singing Water—and we



HANALEI VALLEY

kept along the river's edge to the sea, to a wide, arching sand beach, upon which stood our hotel, "The Mission."

It was a roomy house of many small apartments, with an up-stairs, and verandas for both floors. The members of the Klub soon found their rooms, with clean beds in them, and came, one by one, into the sitting-room, after refreshing baths. The proprietor had a half-white wife and several bright children. He was deputy-assessor, overseer, photographer, and other things we did not burden our memory with, but, no doubt, just as important as the rest. This worthy personage was one of those men that don't consider what they are going to say until they have said it, speaking, as it were, extemporaneously. With him everything was nearly as big as Waialeale.

Here at our door was the Hanalei Harbor, said by some to be the most beautiful in the world. Probably the persons (other than our proprietor) that make such broad statements have seen every other harbor in the world—none of us had.

The river, about five miles long and at its mouth very wide, begins as a narrow gorge in the mountain, and waters a valley unusually extensive, the last three miles of its course being among richly cultivated fields. Oranges do well in the valley, and coffee is being planted. After looking upon the spot, we gave voice to W. D. Alexander's words, "Kauai has the greatest amount of fertile soil, the largest streams of running water, and the most verdure."

From the hotel veranda we looked up into the face of Waialeale, a perpendicular mass of rock hundreds of feet high, covered with trees, and worn by its numerous water-courses. No streams could be seen pouring over any part of the mountain when we were there; a very unusual thing, our proprietor said, "a very unusual thing, indeed." It must have been true, for Hanalei gets a rainfall of 99.24 inches.

We were impressed into silence by the beauty of it all;

by the serene majesty of the mountain, now lighted up with the shine of a full moon, cast up out of the earth and left there for the sun and wind and rain to wear away these 100,000 years! The same sense of gratitude that impelled me as a boy to kneel beside each newly-discovered bed of forget-me-nots and in the fresh May woods offer a prayer of thanks, touched me here.

In 1834 Mr. Alexander came to Hanalei with his family, in a double canoe given them by the native governor. They moved into a thatched house not far from the hotel. I believe that the hotel building was a part of the mission property, having been removed to the beach for other purposes.

The next day we secured fresh horses from our proprietor and started for Pt. Haena, the last really accessible place in this direction. The first stream that we crossed had quicksands, and the proprietor, who acted as guide, laid due stress upon the necessity of keeping clear of them. Men and horses had been known to sink up to their ears, and just at the last moment, when they had to close their eyes to keep the sand out, some person like the proprietor came along and rescued them. We escaped, however, and reached a high hill covered with grass that brushed the horses' knees. From here we looked out upon the bay. It was very beautiful—a beauty that makes one silent and sad.

"This beats Naples," said our guide; "nothing like it, nothing like it."

Then we turned around a wall of rock to our left, and, as Bunyan would say, descended into a beauteous valley. It is called Lumahai. Two rocky sides, and a river between. We had to cross the river twice, but it was shallow and clear, and the horses were glad to bathe their tired feet in it. When we came within a short distance of the caves the beach grew wider, and had upon it many pretty shells. A level space between the beach and the mountain was covered with pandanus trees, and upon the limb of one of these we hung our dinner basket while we went shell gathering. Since the

Secretary of the Klub had gathered shells under the palms of Sarasota Bay years ago, this was the first real shell-beach that he had seen, and it was like meeting an old friend.

The caves, ten miles from Hanalei, are what most persons come to see. They have a very Trophonian air. Into one you may enter on horseback, but a short distance brings you to darkness, and your horses refuse to go farther. It is said that an immense *Moo*, or dragon, guards the inner entrance; a Hawaiian Cerberus, probably. So far as we could learn, no one has ventured to the end of the cave, and Mr. Musk said nothing more about his love for exploration. The entrance is perhaps 25 feet high, the first chamber to the gate of Cerberus being 150 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 60 feet high. Jarvis says that the cave is 400 feet long, and that the natives at that time (1840) reported it to be sinking. With due formality we called this "Bangs' Cave," and christened the first chamber "The Deck," because in it the idea of the Cruise of the House-boat must have originated. It would be an easy matter to launch a boat in the next cave, and pass therefrom into the region of Shades. Indeed, the next cave is quite suited to that sort of thing. Its arched entrance, though somewhat low, has a water floor 40 feet deep, which rapidly grows bottomless as you pass beyond where man has ventured. The water is cold, silent, and dark. Cave number three has fresh water in it, one of the ponds being 50 feet deep, and covered with a peculiar incrustation of lime. The natives dread this cave, and say that spirits haunt it. The wet caves are called Waiokanaloa and Waiokapalae, respectively. Old natives say that Bangs' Cave was a place of burial for chiefs, and that here in the depths of this mountain were laid away the bones of kings arrayed in their feather helmets and cloaks. It is probably true, because that was the custom, and no matter how far men may depart from truth, we know that the ancients never departed from the absurdities of their forefathers.

Beyond Haena all is confusion, the northwest coast for twenty miles being piles of rock from 800 to 1,500 feet high. It is impassable, save for a few who are willing to risk the narrow trail that scarcely holds its own along the ridge. The man who cares to travel this way can hold on to the shrubbery. The plateau reaches a height of 4,000 feet and covers many acres. In the rainy season streams pour over the cliffs into the sea, turning to mist and rainbows before reaching the bottom, met often by the spray of angry waves that come dashing in against the battlements. The way we came a good carriage road goes for seventy miles to Mana.

We sat among the shells and pandanus trees and had dinner. It was cool and rainless. The weather had been perfect, and, as we sat, the President proposed a vote of thanks to all who had contributed to our pleasant expedition. Mr. Musk said that while he had not made any brilliant discoveries, he had found out the way of a horse with a man, and profited by it. The ovation that had been accorded to us by school children, natives, Portuguese, and Japanese, would have strangely touched men less accustomed than we were to such honors; but he was none the less grateful. Mr. Musk then told us that he was going to write a book about Hawaii; in fact, he was here for the purpose of collecting material, and he hoped that none would feel sorry for having been friendly to him. He wished the Klub to decide upon a name for his book, and he would consider it.

Thereupon Mr. Black arose. He did not feel hard toward our guest at all, but he didn't know how he should feel after the book was out. He had noticed along the way that Mr. Musk bowed to right and left, much as the men who stand on the cages in a circus procession, but he did not think much of it at the time. He would suggest as a name for the book, "The Land of the Unexpected."

Mr. White suggested the "Par——," but before he could go any farther he was interrupted by cries of "Order, order." It was resolved instantly that any one guilty of calling a

book "Paradise of the Pacific," "Paradise in the Pacific," "Paradise on the Pacific," "Paradise in the Middle of the Pacific," or giving it any paradisiacal title whatever, would be considered a public nuisance, and worthy of the epithets used by angry country editors.

The Junior Partner suggested "Grover's Pepper Patch," but Mr. Stamford, who was a Democrat, objected, and in derision proposed, "McKinley's Missionary Monehunes."

Other titles were, "Our New Possessions," and "The Green Oasic Isles of the Blue Pacific Seas."

Mr. Wahineliliimaikaihanahanawikiwikihelemaimahoepilikia said he thought that so much discussion over a name was waste of time.

(To be continued.)

"THESE FROM THE LAND OF SINIM"*

BY DRAPER E. FRALICK

SIR ROBERT HART'S illuminating papers on the Chinese troubles, contributed to various reviews, have now been collected and published in book form under the title: "These From the Land of Sinim." From these essays taken together, one can get a fair idea of the causes that led to the recent troubles in China, and can speculate upon the effects with a reasonable amount of confidence. This confidence may be accentuated by the fact that of all the Europeans who have had to do with Chinese affairs in an official capacity, Sir Robert Hart, the Inspector-General of Chinese Customs, is unquestionably one of the most able and the one in whom Eastern and Western thought most closely approach each other. Besides, he is an eminently sane and fair man, and his experience, fortified by a judicial cast of mind, enabled him to approach the Chinese troubles calmly (even though he was a sufferer) and give to his Western friends a plain story of the causes that led to the outbreak of last summer. Therefore, these essays are extremely valuable, not only because of the facts they give, but because they treat the subject in a non-hysterical manner.

The first of the essays, dealing with the siege of the Peking Legation, and written in August, 1900, has already been reviewed at length, and little more need be said of it here. In it Sir Robert expresses his fears of a "Yellow Peril." In it, also, he sounded the keynote of all these

* "These From the Land of Sinim," ; Essays on the Chinese Question. By Sir Robert Hart, Bart., G. C. M. G., Inspector-General of Chinese Imperial Customs and Ports. Published by Chapman & Hall, London.

essays, the plea for justice and fair treatment of China by the foreign powers.

"China and Her Foreign Trade" is the subject of the second article. Sir Robert says: "Many regard China as a far-distant land with an immense population, but so wanting in all that others possess as to be ready to purchase in unlimited quantities whatever is offered for sale; whereas, what is true is this: China needs neither import nor export, and can do without foreign intercourse. A fertile soil, producing every kind of food, a climate which favors every variety of fruit, and a population which for tens of centuries has put agriculture, the productive industry which feeds and clothes, above all other occupations—China has all this and more; and foreign traders can only hope to dispose of their merchandise there, in proportion to the new tastes they introduce, the new wants they create, and the care they take to supply what the demand really means."

He points out that while trade has grown and the revenue derived from it has multiplied, yet sixty years of treaty trade have failed to reach the point the first treaty-framers prophesied for it. The Boxer troubles closed an old chapter of Chinese trade, and the new one began with the diplomatic negotiations. That the troubles will long affect trade prejudicially may be taken for granted, and that the evil effects may continue to work harmfully for years to come is almost as certain.

Sir Robert in this paper deals with Chinese internal trade before the foreigners appeared, the changes that were effected by them, the tariffs and regulations of foreign trade, and the stipulations of treaties. He points out that foreigners have not been careful to avoid wounding the prejudices of the Chinese, and he sees in the "extra-territoriality" of the treaties, one of the prime causes of the disaffection which culminated in the Boxer troubles. This "extra-territoriality," it will be remembered, means that a foreigner charged with any crime whatever committed in China is amenable only to

the laws of his native country. The "extra-territoriality" stipulation may have relieved the native officials of some troublesome duties, but it has always been felt to be offensive and humiliating, and has ever a disintegrating effect, leading the people on one hand to despise their own government and officials, and on the other to envy and dislike the foreigner withdrawn from native control. China's treaties have been drafted by the foreign negotiators, and, suitable as they may appear to the foreigner, they were and are, in some of their more important practical points, condemned by the Chinese as damaging and unworkable, and in the interpretation of treaties the Chinese have seen the darker side of foreign intercourse, and foreign trade has continued to be regarded as at the best only something to be tolerated but not encouraged. "Both intercourse and trade would benefit China; but for the first to be welcome it must be sympathetic, and for the second to be encouraged, it must be so shaped as not to pinch." In a word, the status of the foreign merchant was, before the outbreak, satisfactory to the foreigner, but in the Chinese eyes he was too greatly privileged.

As to the future, Sir Robert Hart believes that the "extra-territoriality" and "most favored nation" clauses will be retained, whether old treaties are revived or new ones negotiated. He thinks that it would be fair to add to the latter a rider to the effect that whatever power claims to participate in any advantage newly accorded to another power by China will, on the other hand, accept and be bound by the conditions on which such advantage is granted.

In his first paper, Sir Robert simply skims over the possible solutions of the trouble; he has no definite plan to offer. In a later paper on "China and Reconstruction" he arrives at the conclusion that the first, and therefore the most important, step toward peace and reconstruction is the continued recognition of the Manchu dynasty by the powers, and the support of the Emperor. As he points out, in this

work of reconstruction there are two stages: what must be done to make peace, and what must be done to give effect to its stipulations—the first means negotiation, and the second, action. He warns the powers that Western methods are not always suitable for, or successful in, China; that the indemnities demanded by the powers must not be too heavy; that if the terms exacted are too harsh, the payment may plunge all concerned into the difficulty of a territorial guarantee; that the question of missionaries and converts will have to be reconsidered; that the missionary must confine himself to a missionary's work and avoid anything that savors of interference in litigation where Chinese official action is concerned; that it is only by insisting on an unswerving adherence to this principle that the hostility of local populations, provincial officials, and the central government can be disarmed, and evangelization freed from the disabilities it now labors under. But, viewing all the possible solutions, Sir Robert Hart cannot rid himself of the fear that all future operations in China by the powers will but intensify the Chinese hatred of foreign intercourse, and that the natural effect will be the fostering of a patriotic idea of "China for the Chinese." To him the "Yellow Peril" appears to be more than a remote possibility, and with his knowledge of Chinese conditions and his appreciation and understanding of Chinese thought, his statements are entitled to the most serious consideration.

As for the other side, Sir Robert states the position of the Chinese to be this: "We did not invite you foreigners here," they say; "you crossed the seas of your own accord, and more or less forced yourselves on us. We generously permitted the trade you were first satisfied with, but what return did you make? To the trade we sanctioned you added opium-smuggling, and when we tried to stop it you made war upon us! We do not deny that Chinese consumers kept alive a demand for the drug, but both consumption and importation were illegal and prohib-

ited. When we found it was ruining our people and depleting our treasury we vainly attempted to induce you to abandon the trade, and we then had to take action against it ourselves. War ensued, but we were no warriors, and you won, and then dictated treaties which gave you Hong Kong and opened several ports, while opium still remained contraband. Several years of peaceful intercourse followed, and then Hong Kong began to trouble us; it was originally conceded to be a careening place simply for ships, but, situated on the direct route to the new ports, it grew into an emporium, and also, close to our coast and rivers, it became a smuggling center; in your treaties you had undertaken a certain control of any junk traffic that should spring up, but when that traffic became considerable you dropped the promised control, and our revenue suffered. Originally uninhabited, Hong Kong now became the home of numerous Chinese settlers, many of them outlaws who dared not live on the mainland; these became British subjects, and you gave the British flag to their junks, which were one day British and another Chinese, just as it suited their purpose; and out of this came the 'Arrow war,' followed by new treaties and additional ports, legalized opium, and fresh stipulations, in their turn the causes of fresh trouble. Whether it was that we granted you privileges or that you exacted concessions you have treated the slightest mistakes as violations of treaty rights, and instead of showing yourselves friendly and considerate, you insult us by charges of bad faith and demand reparation and indemnities. Your legalized opium has been a curse in every province it penetrated, and your refusal to limit or decrease the import has forced us to attempt a dangerous remedy; we have legalized native opium, not because we approve of it, but to compete with and drive out the foreign drug; and it is expelling it, and when we have only the native production to deal with, and thus have the business in our own hands, we hope to stop the habit in our own way. Your missionaries have everywhere been

teaching good lessons and benevolently opening hospitals and dispensing medicines for the relief of the sick and the afflicted ; but wherever they go trouble goes with them, and instead of the welcome their good intentions merit, localities and officials turn against them. When called on to indemnify them for losses, we find to our astonishment that it is the exactions of would-be millionaires we have to satisfy ! Your people are everywhere extra-territorialized ; but, instead of a grateful return for this ill-advised stipulation, they appear to act as if there were no laws in China, and this encourages native lawlessness and makes constant difficulties for every native official. You have demanded and obtained the privilege of trading from port to port on the coast, and now you want the inland waters thrown open to your steamers. Your papers vilify our officials and government, and, translated into Chinese, circulate very mischievous reading ; but yet they have their uses, for, by their threats and suggestions, they warn us what you may some day do, and so help us indirectly, although that does not conduce to mutual respect or liking. All these things weaken official authority—therefore the official world is against you ; and they hurt many native traders—therefore the trading classes are indignant. What countries give aliens the extra-territorial status ? What countries allow aliens to compete in their coasting trade ? What countries throw open their inland waters to other flags ? And yet all these things you compel us to grant you ! Why can you not treat us as you treat others ? Were you to do so you would find us friendly enough, and there would be an end to this everlasting bickering and these continually recurring wars. Really, you are too short-sighted, and you are forcing us to arm in self-defense, and giving us grudges to pay off instead of benefits to requite."

Taking this Chinese view as the basis for his plan, Sir Robert Hart argues at length (and, from his knowledge of Chinese character, with conviction) that the anomalies of for-

eign intercourse be obliterated and that the powers treat China as a civilized country. It may be surprising to the world in general, and to the missionaries in particular, that Sir Robert urges upon the powers a trial of the "golden rule." "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you" is a rule for international application that he believes would be more satisfactory than the differential rules which now shape intercourse. It may be optimistic to hope that in their dealings with China the Christian powers will adopt this most Christian rule, but all who believe in fair play will applaud Sir Robert Hart for his enunciation of the simple Christian doctrine which should, even if it does not, guide Christian nations as it is supposed to guide Christian individuals.

The last paper deals with the Boxers, and gives a very clear idea of the causes which led to the formation of this body. Sir Robert evidently believes that the Boxer movement was in part a patriotic one, and, studying the causes, he sees the danger that the idea which animated the Boxers may spread and that future trouble will ensue.

To these essays are appended a Tsung Li Yamen circular to Chinese ministers abroad, and the Inspector-General's memoranda concerning commercial relations, which illustrate and complement the views embodied in the papers.

The authority with which Sir Robert Hart writes, his experience, his knowledge, and his sanity, make his statements deserving of the most careful consideration; and it is to be hoped that Americans and Englishmen will digest well what he has to say regarding foreign intercourse with China. He will not have worked in vain if English and American sentiment can be aroused to the necessity of treating China and the Chinese as England and America treat other great powers.

CAZIN AND THE FUTURE OF FRENCH ART

By C. W. DRAPER

THE death of the painter Cazin is a great loss to French art. He was not so old that his career could be considered as terminated. He died leaving some works unfinished, with projects unachieved and some sketches still upon his easel.

Henry Fouquier, who writes appreciatively of the dead painter and his influence upon French art, thinks that the latter part of Cazin's life was saddened by the rebuff recently received from the Institute. His place there was marked and retained in advance, but the pleasure of entering was denied him. To quote M. Fouquier fully, Cazin did not disdain (and how many artists are there who can truly say they do?) the official recognition and recompense of his talent. This talent was great and in the course of his life laborious. Cazin knew how to display it under diverse aspects. Painter of landscape before all else, he was nevertheless a painter of figures as well as a painter of great mural decorations, and quite recently he had received the commission to complete the work of Puvis de Chavannes on one of the French public monuments.

It is not my duty, says M. Fouquier, to trace the career of this artist, yet the personal souvenirs and recollections of my relations with him are not without importance. In the originality of his talent he realized the union of two traditions, or, to speak more correctly, two diverse currents. He had been for quite a long time a teacher of drawing in a school in England. The liberty of English artists could not fail to make an impression on his mind which prepared him for French impressionism and the school of *plein air*. These

new elements, combined with a profound knowledge of classic tradition, produced a method original and characteristic even though composite, and I ask myself whether, if the French school of painting should direct its efforts toward this method, it would not find that unity which it has lost. In art, in literature, and in politics, as well, almost all things end in a compromise. The number of revolutionists is very small who, when they arrive to power, are not constrained, and even content, to accept some point, often quite essential, of the tradition of those who have preceded them; the most obstinate defenders of tradition are forced to notice the influence of progress or the attempts that progress makes. As time goes on, in the domain of letters and art, the most unforeseen and the most unlikely reconciliations are accomplished at the moment of battle.

Who would have thought, half a century ago, that the quarrel between the romantic and classic schools would diminish to a point where these two designations would become words almost empty of meaning, or at least having no more value than as a historical curiosity?

"This will kill that," said one romantic device.

Nothing has been killed.

The classic and the romantic theaters have ended by perceiving that, in order to have been brotherly enemies, they have been none the less brothers. The fiery Auguste Vacquerie himself, who in order to call Shakespeare an oak had qualified Racine as a stake, finished by recognizing that, if the tree of many roots was of measured proportions, the other produced the most beautiful flowers. And in truth can one love Iago without loving Narcissus, can one weep with Ophelia without feelings of pity for Berenice?

I recognize, however, that in painting, a cessation of hostilities, in the sense that the work of Cazin seems to indicate, is far enough from declaring itself.

Our painters are still in a warlike humor. The classic tradition which has an ardent follower still in Ingres, and

which Romain and Baudry, in a moment, made to inflect toward Venetian grace, has not abdicated, especially in the art of teaching; there are still some followers of the romantic who have not turned aside from the formula of Delacroix and the "sauce" of his imitators.

The impressionists willingly exert their system to excess, making attempts more and more bold, which in themselves provoke certain railleries. The school of French painting (we were well assured of it at the last Exposition) has become very individualistic and goes to combat in dispersed order like our soldiers of to-day.

I am far from complaining of this. In spite of our unfortunate attempts the art is always gaining something. The initiative, the novelty, awaken and exercise the imagination, even if they do not always attain victory. I do not believe, however, that this multiplicity of diverse and opposing methods, which is at the present moment the characteristic of the French school of painting, will last forever. There is in the public taste, which progresses but which is still very uncertain, a current that the artists will be compelled to follow. Or, better still, among these latter will be found some man of genius, who, combining in himself all these diverse tendencies of the painters, will create a method which, for some time at least, will impose itself upon nearly all and re-establish the broken unity of the French school.

The history of painting shows us that such has always been the progress of art. Since the Renaissance Italy has seen several schools in succession, each very finely organized. These schools have been formed under the double influence of a social organization and a great master. Masaccio, Vinci, Raphael, Titian, have constituted all there was of painting in Florence, Milan, Rome, and Venice. It has been the same at Bologna with Carrache, at Naples with Salvator Rosa.

France has had her schools of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, perfectly adequate to the customs and liter-

ature of those times. The same observations may be applied to Flanders, because painting cannot escape that general law which governs all arts, and which is to represent, each in its own particular fashion, the state of mind and that subtle thing which is called the "taste" of a definite epoch.

It is true, and it is this which explains the disorder of our painters, that in our tumultuous democracy, full of contradictions, and formed from interests and passions more than from ideas, one does not find those uniform sentiments, those conceptions true to life, which make the force of powerful and normal epochs. The absolute lack of intellectual discipline is translated in art. The painters of our time who consecrate themselves to historical paintings, and even the *genre*, are more and more rare, more and more bizarre or mediocre, because no rule comes to them from the surroundings in which they live. I have seen them in despair because they were unable to arrive at a knowledge of what would strike the public taste and at the same time conquer it. There is also in our time a fashion to paint portraits and landscapes almost exclusively. Indeed, the representation of the human figure, sometimes resembling and decorative, which is skill, and sometimes profound and giving expression of character, which is genius, is an eternal theme for the painter. As for landscape, the infinite variety of the impressions of nature lend themselves more than all other things to the daring of innovation. The essential theory of the impressionists is that color and light, the latter especially, determine form in a manner sufficient to evoke the idea of truth. This is less exact for the human, the human figure, and especially for historical painting, which must express movement (which the drawing alone gives) and harmony in the ensemble, which springs from the genius of the composition. But as historical painting was abandoned one might truly say that ours was the time of landscape artists.

It will not always be thus, because the historical painting

corresponds to (or satisfies) an artistic need of humanity, and perhaps more elevated than the pleasure one finds in regarding an impression of nature upon canvas. Historical painting will flourish again in our country, expressing, as it did in Rome, Venice, and Holland, the state and the ideal of a society, and it will flourish again in a form in which the labor of the landscape artists will not have been useless. This is to be noticed in certain works by Cazin and Puvis de Chavannes, without doubt, but also, without doubt, the actual procedure of the landscape painters does not suffice for historical painting, since this will never be able to separate itself from perfect drawing. Like Delacroix, the painters of history will be able to give it a liberty more apparent than real, but under diverse envelopes the foundation will remain the same. This is readily established by an intelligent study of the works of Puvis de Chavannes. . . .

The future will see a combination of classic rule and modern procedure of the expression of light, and it appears to me only just to say now that Cazin, who has just died, has been sometimes in his lifetime the pioneer of this future.

THE GRAND TOUR TO MUSKOKA

BY W. R. BRADSHAW

THE journey from New York to Albany, by way of the River Hudson, is one of the most pleasurable experiences. The vessels that make the trip between sunrise and sunset have been specially constructed to yield the greatest amount of comfort to their passengers, and are veritable steam-yachts of immense size, their speed being twenty miles an hour.

Conceive the journey on one of these floating palaces, all white and gold, a marvel of mechanical skill and of architectural and decorative art, moving swiftly under the serene blue of the American sky, between the historic shores of the lordly Hudson echoing the soft splash of the paddles that urge us onward with unwearying speed.

When the vessel leaves New York one enters a world of delightful experiences. The haste and roar of the city are exchanged for the quietude of a couch on a vessel whose charmed flight brings us to regions supremely beautiful. A strong, keen north wind disputes the passage of the steamer, but the prow of the vessel plunges no less swiftly into the water, throwing to right and left immense waves, which are further agitated by the paddle-wheels that cause the water to rush past the stern of the vessel in seething rapids, flashing with an unbearable brightness in the morning sunlight.

Nothing can be in greater contrast than the long palisade of buildings which constitute the city of New York and the grim Palisades of igneous rock which form the opposite New Jersey shore, extending northward a distance of twenty

miles. These twin constructions of nature and of art form the sublime portal of the river where it meets the sea; the gateway of a region that might well be called a land of enchantment, so varied, so extensive, and so beautiful are its thousand scenes of delight.

Before us is the noble river itself, then Lake George the incomparable, the vast and gracious Lake Champlain, the ideal wilderness of the Adirondacks, the noble St. Lawrence, the haunting splendor of the Lake of the Thousand Islands, the long day's journey by the opaline Lake Ontario to Toronto, the plunge through the Canadian forest to Muskoka the "Land of Unclouded Sky." With all these delights in anticipation, the journey begins to be as exhilarating as it is healthful and luxurious. There is a sense of exultance and deep satisfaction as on either side of the vessel is unrolled the swiftly-moving panorama of wooded mountain heights, park-like ridges, and sunny slopes, clothed in the living green of summer foliage and starred with the houses of those who love to dwell in sylvan solitudes.

It may be safely asserted that there is no single day's journey anywhere else that combines such freedom and ease of travel, such gala effects of climate, sky and river, forests and mountains, such historic associations, so flowery an arabesque of landscape and history. It is a joy that must be experienced to be realized.

Almost as straight as a canal, and deep as the sea, with neither rock nor waterfall to interrupt navigation, the river stretches due north to Albany, a distance of 150 miles.

The steamer calls at Yonkers, seventeen miles north of New York, for her last consignment of passengers; having passed Washington Heights and Fort Washington on the New York side and Fort Lee on the New Jersey side, the scenes of stirring events in the war of the Revolution.

Leaving Yonkers the vessel enters a lake-like expansion of the river, about four miles in width and ten in length, known as Tappan Bay. The shores on either side are as

picturesque as rich in historic associations. Irvington is seen on the right, the former home of Washington Irving, and a little farther on is Tarrytown, the scene of André's capture and Arnold's treason. Sing Sing, with its massive prison, looms up, and across the river is Stony Point, with its memory of the gallant old Anthony Wayne.

A sudden bend in the river brings Peekskill into view, nestling in a curve of the sheltering mountains. What a splendid picture we behold—a town held, by enchantment as it were, against the uplifted crags, luminous amid the all-surrounding forest !

The most scenic part of the river is that section between Peekskill and Newburgh. The shores have been growing more bold and precipitous, and finally rise in mountainous heights, filling the heavens with their majesty, diademed with forests, through whose exultant peaks flows the tranquil river, a pass cut deep into the heart of the rocky hills. On the left shore rise the mountains known as Dunderberg, Bear Hill, Old Crow Nest, and Storm King, while on the right tower Anthony's Nose, Sugar Loaf, and Breakneck Mountains, with their elevations rising from 1,000 to 1,500 feet. These are the Highlands of the Hudson, the most northern spur of the Alleghanies.

Right in the heart of these mountains the river makes a sudden curve, so abrupt that both the north and south reaches of the stream are hidden from view, and the vessel floats in a lake with no apparent outlet. We seem to sail straight toward the mountain ahead, and in the hush of wind and wave the echoes of the soft splash of the paddles are distinctly heard. Suddenly the orchestra on board discourses a refrain of sweet music, which reverberates amid the hills, and the most potent spell of the journey is upon us. It is a temple of nature in which we move and have our being. No architecture is more thrilling or satisfying than this environment of precipitous heights shaggy with emerald depths of verdure, with balsamic declivities of pine

and laurel, and canopied with heaven's eternal blue. The vessel swings upon the liquid pavement, and emerges from the sanctuary as one passes out of a cathedral to plunge again into worldly consciousness, regretting the exchange of ecstatic contemplation for nervous unrest.

But there are other joys awaiting us. Soon West Point is reached, fifty miles from New York, the site of the most famous military academy in the United States. The surroundings are picturesque to the last degree, and the site is of great strategic importance. The war with Spain gave a fresh interest to this birthplace of heroes, and being one of the stopping-places of the steamer it cannot be passed without loss to the tourist. The various notable buildings, the famous monuments and trophies, the museum, the new Culom Memorial, the superb parade-ground, on a plateau commanding a majestic panorama of the Hudson, all inspire enthusiasm.

The next point of importance is Newburgh, famed as one of the headquarters of Washington. The house he occupied is still preserved and contains a valuable collection of the relics of the Revolution. The vessel stops but a moment, and then passes on to Poughkeepsie on the eastern shore of the river, which is seventy-five miles from New York, just half way to Albany.

The long stretches of deep blue water framed in vivid green form panoramas of exceeding beauty. The three decks of the vessel constitute altogether an extensive promenade, and the absolute freedom and rest one enjoys prevent the journey from becoming wearisome.

The chief object of interest at Poughkeepsie is the great bridge across the river, built for the accommodation of the railroad traffic between the Eastern and Middle States. From an artistic standpoint the bridge is not a success, and it is to be hoped that it will be rebuilt in a form that will make it as decorative as it is useful.

The next stopping-place is Kingston Point, the southern

gate of the Catskills. These mountains have probably been seen and admired, if not visited, by more travelers than any other mountain group on the American Continent. The village of Catskill is soon reached, where a great many passengers land for the many mountain resorts, which are swiftly reached by the Catskill Mountain Railroad and by stages. The Otis Elevating Railway and the Catskill Mountain House are prominent objects on the landscape, but above all tower the crests of the mountains themselves, enriched with the legends of Rip Van Winkle and Hendrick Hudson. For a long distance the mountains are in sight, dominating the landscape.

Bearing away toward Albany the afternoon sun enflames the decks of the vessel with its beams. The banks of the river are less imposing, but more picturesque, than in the Highland regions. There is a keen sense of freshness, gladness, and serenity in the undulating heights, alternating with openings, giving bright glimpses of rural felicity and peacefulness beyond. Here and there are quiet reaches of the river, where grassy islands variegate its now calm surface, for the breeze of the morning hours has died away.

The long afternoon is filled with the enchantment of new landscapes, and the spirit is wooed with the most delightful witchery of earth and sky. The expenditure of energy deep in the heart of the vessel contributes to the nirvana of pleasurable calm that steals upon the senses, for the rest of the body, during the steadfast progression of the vessel, and permits the mind to indulge in careless contemplation.

We traverse the gardens of the Empire State, and the liquid boulevard between leads to a thousand perfumed sanctuaries amid the mountains away to the north that are filled with forests of pine and lakes and rivers without end.

As the boat approaches Albany, the magnificent Capitol crowns the scene. The State Arsenal, State Library, Dudley Observatory, and other buildings of public interest adorn the city, which stands at the head of river navigation.

Albany was formerly a Dutch settlement, known as Rensselaerswyck, being founded by Van Rensselaer, the patroon, lord of the manor, in 1640.

SARATOGA.

On the wharf, where the steamer terminates her voyage, the train for Saratoga awaits its passengers. The run is made in an hour, the distance being thirty-eight miles. Saratoga is a good place to stop overnight, or, in fact, to stop a month in, if time will permit. It is one of the most fascinating of public resorts. The air of gayety that pervades it is ultra-Parisian. Its streets, drives, and walks, its stores, hotels, and amusements, are cosmopolitan in character, and an intense animation and cheerfulness are in the air everywhere. Of course, the springs are the chief attraction, and as remedial agents for the cure of specific disorders have a national reputation. Dancing, racing, visits to the Indian encampment, Saratoga Lake, Saratoga battle-ground, where General Burgoyne was defeated by the Americans in 1777, and Mount MacGregor contain delightful possibilities; Congress Park, Woodlawn Park, Excelsior Park, the Spouting Springs, and "The Pompeii," a reproduction of the House of Pansa in Pompeii, are most interesting resorts.

But the greatest attraction of all is the journey to Lake George, thirty-two miles distant. The proximity of this peerless lake overshadows all other pleasures, and no visitor to Saratoga, who has the least sympathy with nature in her most romantic moods, ever omits a trip to the "Queen of American waters."

LAKE GEORGE.

As the train from Saratoga approaches the lake, the mountains assume grander proportions, and anticipation of the enchantment in store for us is excited by the towering heights on either hand. The train sweeps past Bloody Pond, the scene of the massacre of the English by the Indians in 1755; and arriving at the ruins of Fort George, the lake, vast

as an inland sea, splendid as a dream, and peaceful as a sleeping child, reposes in the sunlight, begirt with its amphitheater of mighty mountains. The scene bursts on the vision so suddenly and so unspeakably beautiful, that the soul is thrilled at the sight. This, then, is Lake George, with its keen airs from heaven, its hundreds of islands, its forest-clad shores, its pellucid depths, its endless bays and promontories, its comfortable hotels, perhaps the most delightful summer retreat on the North American Continent.

The train rolls along the wharf, alongside of which lies a steamer on which the tourist makes the journey to Baldwin, at the head of the lake, thirty-three miles distant, *en route* for Lake Champlain.

The vessel moves forward on the clear, sparkling, blue water, the grand undulations of the mountains forming bastions of beauty that guard this sacred retreat from the profane outer world. We pass islands of picturesque beauty, on whose shores are seen the white tents of campers. The vessel crosses and recrosses the lake, depositing at each hotel its quota of guests, and receiving the departing pilgrims in quest of fresher scenes. The Narrows are a part of the lake, engorged with islands of fairy-like beauty. The rugged declivities of the mountains and the intervening forest-clad shores, the pine-crowned islets and the sunny beaches, with the intermingling purity of air and water, are wonderfully æsthetic. The impression of beauty, the emotional content, is so satisfying that one realizes the scene as a compendium of all the finer elements of scenery. What a sense of freshness and freedom, what a bursting of the soul from the earthly life of trade and commerce, here only to enjoy a lotus life in a region of profound peace. Scarred walls of rock rise from forests of pine and birch, as these rise from pellucid bays of water, all fascinating with the impressions of deep solitude.

To realize how much of beauty and health is to be found at Lake George one should join a few choice companions

and camp on one of the islands for at least a month. With such portable luxuries as a tent, rubber pneumatic beds and sleeping bags, canoes, cooking utensils, and provisions, as the necessary foundations for making the sojourn yield its maximum amount of delight, there is hardly a greater pleasure known to man. What explorations of fairy-like islets, of the bays, of the promontories that form the surrounding mountain shores, here overhung with thickets of pine and laurel! Here are hundreds of mimic beaches having every variety of rock formation, interspersed with sandy bays, that can be visited in a single afternoon, if need be. And the islands themselves are the most delicious retreats imaginable—minute models of more gigantic scenes, and bathed in such brilliant sunshine and caressed by so exquisite an atmosphere, that every sylvan retreat is a salon of blessed repose, an enchanted chamber, surrounded by water of extraordinary clearness and freshness. Over all this captivating archipelago, known as The Narrows, stands the giant form of Black Mountain, the monarch of the surrounding heights, giving grandeur and dignity to the scene.

On moves the vessel in quest of fresh delights, where the shores are long sweeping lines of mountains, the high valleys between being thickly wooded virgin wildernesses. Sunny parks sloping gently to the water's edge, studded with hotels and cottages, are frequently observable. These delightful declivities harmonize with the abrupt precipices in the background and with the placid stretches of the lake. Promontories, sculptured with savage sternness, plunge perpendicularly into the water, and others of low elevation are gracefully drawn out to a point, the crest bearing an observatory or pavilion amid a grove of trees.

At Baldwin we exchange the steamer for the train that awaits us, and in twenty minutes roll down the Ticonderoga pass, reaching Fort Ticonderoga on Lake Champlain, which lies 247 feet lower than Lake George. Here we find a large paddle-wheel steamer waiting to convey us to Plattsburgh, a distance of ninety miles.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

No sooner do we reach the deck of the vessel and gaze around us than we feel we are in an enchanted land. The romantic ruins of Fort Ticonderoga stand on a promontory, a mile north of the steamboat landing. Lake Champlain being anciently the only highway between the northern and southern regions of North America, this bluff was the battleground between the Algonquins of the North and the Five Nations, or Iroquois, of the South. With the struggle for dominion between the French and English, Fort Ticonderoga became a place of extreme importance. It was originally constructed by the French, although defensive works against Indian attack were erected by the English on the site as early as 1690. Baron Dieskau occupied it in 1754, and Montcalm in 1755. In 1758, English troops numbering 16,000, under General Abercrombie, made a disastrous attempt to capture it, being defeated with a loss of 2,000 men. In 1759, Lord Amherst with 11,000 men and 54 cannon laid siege to the fort, whereupon the French abandoned it, blowing up the magazine. On May 10, 1775, the fort was surprised and captured by Ethan Allen and his eighty-five Green Mountain Boys, but it was afterward retaken from the Americans under General St. Clair by General Burgoyne, who was himself afterward defeated at Saratoga in the great battle that turned the tide of war in favor of the American cause. Ten weeks afterward the fort was again captured by 1,000 New England troops under General Brown, and 100 American prisoners were liberated. Since 1780 Fort Ticonderoga has been deserted, but it will always remain a classic spot in American history.

The scenery of Lake Champlain in the vicinity of Fort Ticonderoga presents a series of wonderfully poetic and charming landscapes. The eastern shore, being low-lying, is illumined by a great expanse of sky, and when the lake is calm every convolution of the land is mirrored in the clear water. In the west, where the shores run into the mount-

ains, the water lies darkly shadowed, reflecting the grim heights, shaggy with profuse vegetation.

The steamer with majestic motion carries us past sunny fields where farmhouses sleep in the tranquil sunshine. How gratifying to care-haunted humanity to bathe the weary soul in these elysian fields!

More rugged slopes attract the eye, bosky, park-like terraces, where the flat grass is compacted with pine needles and the resinous breath of pine and juniper perfumes the landscape. Trees, stern in their grandeur of strength and immobility, clothe the rocky promontories that guard peaceful happy beaches, where sparse timber permits views of the open champaign beyond.

We soon reach the narrowest part of the lake. Chimney Point is on the right, while Crown Point is the fine promontory on the left. Here, in 1731, Louis XV. of France caused Fort Frederick to be built, his project being to establish a new Canadian province extending from the Connecticut River to Lake Ontario, with Crown Point as its capital. In 1759, after the fall of Fort Ticonderoga, the place was evacuated. In the same year the English, under Lord Amherst, began the construction of the still greater Crown Point Fort, which cost \$10,000,000, and its extensive walls and earthworks are still visible crowning the peninsula. In 1773 the barracks took fire and the powder magazine blew up, and in 1775 Warner's Green Mountain Boys captured the fort and its armament of 114 guns. In 1777 Burgoyne made this place his main depot of supplies in the advance on Albany.

But long before the French or English soldiers arrived at Crown Point, Samuel de Champlain, in 1609, with two Frenchmen and sixty Hurons, landed on this point and gave battle to the Iroquois. Champlain claims that he shot three chiefs with the first discharge of his arquebuse, and the enemy was so astonished at the discharge of firearms, which they had never seen before, that they took flight immediately, hiding in the depths of the forest.

Passing Port Henry, the lake expands to from one to two miles in width, and the scenery grows more romantic. Away to the northwest we obtain a glimpse of the Adirondack Mountains, whose peaks rise purple and splendid in the afternoon sky.

The section lying between Westport and Essex is the most picturesque. Split-Rock Mountain, which for a distance of eight miles forms the western shore of the lake, is a precipitous wall of rock, indented with bays in places, but preserving a fairly regular trend, which, rising from deep water, presents an adamant wall of naked rock that echoes the measured splash of the paddles.

How much swifter the vessel seems to move, now flying along within a few yards of the massive masonry; and towering above the scene are the high undulations of Split-Rock Mountain. The palisades terminate in bold headlands, one of which stands quite detached from the parent mass, thus giving the name of "Split-Rock" to the mountain of which it formerly was a part.

Essex, the rendezvous of Burgoyne's flotilla in the advance on Fort Ticonderoga in 1777, lies ten miles north of Westport. Beyond the village are seen the purple peaks of the Adirondacks sharply defined against a bright gold sunset sky.

The steamer approaches the widest expansion of the lake when headed for Burlington on the Vermont shore, a city of 15,000 inhabitants. From Burlington the course is almost due west to Port Kent, ten miles distant. On this section of the journey, as on the sail from Essex to Burlington, the vast expanse of Champlain gives the impression of an inland sea. It is a wonderful thing, this far-reaching expanse of fresh water, solitary in the radiance of sunset. The depth is nearly 400 feet. The horizon on the north meets the line of the sky, with unbroken severity, bounding a wide and solemn view of unruffled sea.

Bluff Point, with Hotel Champlain commanding a mag-

nificent view of the ancient territory of the Algonquins, is only a few miles south of Plattsburgh, the last stopping-place of the steamer.

From Plattsburgh the journey north is continued by rail. The boundary line between the United States and Canada is reached at Rouse's Point, twenty-four miles distant, and here we enter the Province of Quebec. It is fifty miles from Rouse's Point to Montreal. The tourist is made aware at the various stations *en route* that he is in a different country by the quaint French-Canadians who enter the cars and converse in their French dialect.

The St. Lawrence, that most magnetic of rivers, is crossed by means of the Victoria Tubular Bridge, 9,184 feet in length, supported by twenty-four piers and two terminal abutments.

The city of Montreal, the commercial capital of Canada, is situated on the southeast side of the triangular island formed by the mouths of the Ottawa River, where it joins the St. Lawrence. The city is European in its characteristics; it is very solidly built and contains 200,000 inhabitants. What most impresses the stranger is the enormous size of the cathedrals and churches. The Church of Notre Dame, the Jesuits' Church, the English Cathedral, Notre Dame de Lourdes, and several Protestant churches, are particularly interesting to strangers.

Back of the city rises Mount Royal, 700 feet in height, on the summit of which is a fine park commanding a magnificent view, the course of the St. Lawrence being observable for fifteen miles.

MONTREAL TO TORONTO.

The direct route from Montreal to Toronto is by way of the Grand Trunk Railway system, which runs along the St. Lawrence and the northern shore of Lake Ontario, a distance of 750 miles, between the two cities. The train is solidly built and vestibuled, the track is as smooth as a billiard

table, and the express cars fly along the vast Laurentian slope that faces the south, with amazing speed.

All the way to Lake Ontario the land slopes gently to the river, affording frequent glimpses of the mighty stream. The soil thus turned to the sun is very fertile and grows vast crops of hay, oats, barley, rye, and wheat. Corn is also grown, and in most places it yields exuberantly.

The river winds more frequently than is indicated on the maps and often approaches within half a mile of the track. Then, again, as the train rushes onward, the river has receded a distance of several miles, exhibiting a marvelous change of geography.

All new regions enchant the eye of the traveler, and to gaze for the first time on the lordly flow of the St. Lawrence, while afloat upon whirling wheels, the strange combination of placid current and the swift approaches and recessions of the river is a hypnotic experience. The spasmodic movement of territory is only the reflex of our own invincible flight borne onward by valiant steam.

Beyond the track a deep silence broods upon the landscape, above which hangs the blue canopy of heaven. The fields of golden grain, the apple orchards, the grasses and flowers, and the forests themselves are a picture of supreme felicity, underlying which are two great forces, the steam cars that carry civilization to the wilderness and make possible a market for the product of the soil, and the lordly river, which, whether seen or unseen, is always a potent factor in the landscape, and a highway that long antedates the age of steam.

We know the river is at many places convulsed with rapids, but these are not discernible from the car window. The distance is too great, and the frequent obliterations of the river by forests and fields too prolonged to get an intimate view of its current.

At Brockville half of the passengers leave for the trip through the Lake of the Thousand Islands, where for fifty

miles stretches an archipelago that is a veritable fairyland, and is the connecting link between the meandering river and Lake Ontario.

At Kingston some islands are sighted, lying peaceful and dreamlike beyond the serene gladness of warm, bright fields. Again the forest surrounds us, and where a young growth of pine has supplanted the vanished generation of a larger growth there is an unspeakable gladness in the prodigality of dainty plumes, a pristine freshness that soothes the spectator. Growths of maple, beech, elm, pine, and cedar are commingled, beautiful to behold.

Lake Ontario lies placid in the sunlight, gleaming like an opal, a vast, sea-like expanse without a sail, looking like a sea seen in a dream. But the shore is serene and hospitable. There are park-like champaigns with nothing ancestral, but all new and vigorous, interspersed with fields of golden grain and orchards whose trees are freighted with fruitage. Vast pastures, full of sleek sheep, reach from town to town, whose principal buildings are churches and schools. Long lines of lonely beaches are traversed, where are heaped ridges of wave-worn pebbles. There are diminutive headlands crowned with rank vegetation.

Banks of wild grasses, that are being slowly devoured by the water, give the impression of a remote shore, a solitary region, abandoned by man and beast, but such stretches of beach are swiftly supplanted by the evidences of human occupation, by well-kept fences and well-tilled fields. These warm slopes of Ontario are congenial with the presence of man, who, mostly unseen, has created an overpowering evidence of his labor. Whatever his private sufferings or disappointments may be, nothing appears in the landscape but the rich harvest of his toil, a vast abundance to minister to his material needs.

We flash past smiling farms, happy homesteads, and quiet graveyards studded with the simple memorials of the dead, and all too soon the idyllic sweetness of the country gives

place to the metropolitan bustle and importance of the city of Toronto.

TORONTO TO MUSKOKA.

Toronto resembles an English city. It is a clean, well built, prosperous center of trade and commerce, and is the capital of the Province of Ontario. Situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, it is the natural gateway of the vast region lying to the north and west. Due south, across the lake, a distance of forty-five miles, are Niagara Falls, the greatest of cataracts, and due north, a distance of 112 miles, lie the supremely lovely Muskoka Lakes, in a land of unclouded sky.

The train carrying the traveler thither traverses a rolling country where large spaces of cleared territory studded with farms and villages alternate with sections of the aboriginal forest. Lakes and rivers abound everywhere. Owing to the hardness of the rocky surface the streams have been unable to erode channels deep enough to draw off the lakes that fill every hollow of the earth's surface hereabouts, a fortunate circumstance from a picturesque standpoint, for each lake, reflecting the splendor of the sky, cheers the solitude with its quiet beauty.

We skirt the western limits of the Kawartha Lakes district, a labyrinth of waterways as extensive and as full of wildness and beauty as the glorious region we are traveling to.

There is water everywhere; water in the form of rivers rolling through endless leagues of green forests; water in the form of sinuous lakes hidden between mountain walls; water spread out in magnificent lakes with horizons of infinite distance that seem like pavements of sapphire.

With a sense of security, power, and exultation we rush through such scenes, and bring up at Allandale, on Kempfelt Bay, where we suddenly discover a picture of loveliness splendid beyond expression. This immense arm of Lake Simcoe, glorified by a beautifully timbered shore line, glitters and flashes in the sunlight, a liquid poem, the soul

and center of an enchanted world. And it is no haunt of solitude either, for the town of Barrie rises at its extremity on a series of terraces, beautiful as a town in Italy, delightful as the city of a dream.

The train curves around the echoing shores, and we are again lost in the all-surrounding forest. For several more hours we traverse the wild and picturesque glades of a new world, full of unusual beauty and salubrity, nor does the iron horse pause until we roll along the Muskoka wharf, where steamers await us to explore the loveliness of the Muskoka Lakes.

To sail the enchanted waters of Lake Muskoka, Lake Rosseau, and Lake Joseph is to revive the lost illusions of youth, without which the world is flat, stale, and unprofitable. Here is a region of health, pleasure, sport, and social charm, varied enough to suit every individual, and if the opportunities for enjoyment are not enough, there are the long journeys with canoes and guides for hundreds of miles through the trackless forests, or the trip to Georgian Bay, where 30,000 islands await enthusiastic exploration.

IN DISTRICT No. I

(An Economic Novel)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE BATTLE OF HAVANA

CUYLER and I arrived at Clyde just before noon on the Fourth. We had insisted on there being no reception or fuss of any kind, and we had arranged for some dinner to be ready for us in Mr. Simms' office at the depot, so that we might remain quietly there until the time should come for going to the Mote-house. Our motive, of course, was to avoid interference with the popular festivities. Hence, it came about that we saw no one and heard nothing whatever in connection with any of the events that had been taking place prior to our arrival. Our knowledge of them was acquired afterward.

While dining we felicitated ourselves upon our course of action, if only by reason of the weather. The day was intensely hot and yet murky. The sky was no longer blue, and the sun was of a deep red color. Every now and then the air would move as though a breeze were commencing, but in a minute or two the motion would cease, and it was noticeable that such little movement of the atmosphere as did take place was simply a surge of heat instead of a cool fanning. The yellow clouds that had made their appearance on Tuesday morning had gathered in volume during Wednesday, and were now banked up in huge, ominous masses on the horizon, where a quivering and flashing of

strange light was seen at intervals. Some peals of thunder, curiously muffled, had also been heard on the morning of our arrival. Altogether, the meteorological conditions were such as to take all zest from the festivities; and when, at length, Cuyler and I drove from the depot to the Mote-house, we saw many an anxious-looking throng, but never a merry crowd.

The Mote-house was crammed and jammed. An oration by "Missy Doc." was always, as theatrical people say, a "drawing card." She never spoke but to full houses. On this occasion, however, the people seemed to have been fairly bitten and inoculated with what I can term only as a wild yearning to see and hear the marvelously beautiful and good Lydia. The happy contagion was in the air of the Burgh. Cuyler and I felt it, in spite of our years and presumed gravity—presumed, that is to say, in the case of my colleague. It cheered our hearts and protected us from the depressing influence of the weather; and, I dare say, if the truth were known, it would be found that much of the dullness and anxiety we observed in the people on the green in the Burgh, along the road and avenue, on the College-green, and around the College and Mote-house, was owing to the fact of the last-named building being full to overflowing.

We entered through the private door reserved for the Legion officers, and were received in the waiting-room behind the platform by the County Directors and Township dignitaries. All were there except Admiral Spinks, Captain Westeron, and Dr. Boreen; and, of course, all were in the very fullest of full uniform. Conspicuous beyond all others were Dr. Blauenfeld and Miss Drax, but not because of their attire. It is true their robes of rich velvet, the delicate drapery of their silken skirts, their tricolored scarfs, and their glittering decorations and insignia of office, were such as to attract every eye. But what the eye rested upon, and would not stray from, were the personalities that adorned, instead of being adorned by, the splendid cos-

tumes. What sparkling tinted radiance of jewels could outshine the glorious glances? What sheen of satin could equal the shimmering of the tresses? What visible softness and warmth of velvet could glow so tenderly as the milky luster of the necks and arms? What flowers of rich enamel could compete with the exquisite hues of cheeks and lips? What scarfs of lustrous color could prevail against the beauty of the forms they outlined? What draperies could outgrace the lines they clothed? What silken filigree of stocking and buckled gold of shoe could divert attention from the delicate carving of ankle and foot? Earth never had before and, until the last wrack shall come, never again will have so fair a sight.

The girls were standing near the door leading onto the platform and were talking in a low tone together. No one was near them. The Legion officials stood aloof, looking in evident wonder, as well as admiration, at the amazing spectacle, which was all the more dazzling by reason of the ruddy golden glow that the afternoon sun shot through the tall windows of iridescent glass upon the talkers. Far back in one of the bays, we noticed a handsome young fellow, very pale and resting his head in seeming weariness upon his hand, while his elbow was supported by the arm of the chair in which he sat. He, like every one else, was looking at Lydia and Eliza. Such love and such worship as there were in that look!

I need hardly say that Cuyler and I were also in the regulation robes of office, and immediately we entered the room we were recognized. It was usual, on such occasions, for us to be at once surrounded by our good friends and welcomed with many a hearty salutation. Now, however, there was, as I have said, a contagion, a high madness, in the air. As though by pre-concert, the gentlemen fell silently back, bowing courteously and forming two lines, between which we were free to advance toward the brilliant figures I have attempted to describe.

The greeting we received from those dear souls will never be forgotten by either Cuyler or myself.

And then we formed into procession and entered the great hall of the Mote-house, Cuyler giving his arm to Dr. Blauenfeld and I giving mine to Miss Drax. The remainder of the officials followed in order of precedence; but as I passed through the door giving access to the platform I noticed the handsome young man was still sitting in his corner.

The vast building, with its noble, vaulted, fretted roof and pillared walls, offered a magnificent sight. It was richly beflagged and garlanded with a wealth of leaves and flowers. A peculiar and very effective feature among its decorations consisted in a prodigious number of golden stars that glittered high up in the air through the whole length and breadth of the hall. They appeared to be self-poised, but, in reality, were suspended by fine wires, being, indeed, the electric lamps with which the place was illuminated at night. Other lamps, of torch-like form, were held by sculptured arms projecting from the piers between the tall windows on each side of the hall, and beneath each window stood the marble statue of some American worthy. Other statues were ranged along the richly-ornamented wall at the back of the platform, and facing the audience. At the other end of the hall was the world-famous organ presented to the Burgh of Clyde by the bankers of the United States in honor and remembrance of the true, mutually-benefiting alliance between Capital and Labor which the Legion of Labor had shown to be practicable. This organ was played by means of an electrically-connected key-board on the platform.

The hall was built to hold four thousand persons. On that particular Fourth of July, it is estimated that ten thousand were present. This may be an exaggeration; but in view of the ample seats and aisles and the ample distances between the rows, it seems possible that more than twice

the normal number could at a pinch find room. Certain is it that, as we looked down from the platform upon the throng, every seat seemed to be occupied by two and sometimes three persons, while the aisles and passage-ways were packed closely with people who stood. The heat would have been altogether intolerable if the numerous doors of exit had not stood wide open. This precaution, aided by the Birnie ventilating tubes and open louvres in the roof, made the atmosphere within the building, screened as it was from the sun, cooler than without, and, except for being overcrowded, the huge audience was comfortable enough. The acoustic properties of the hall were admirable, and a hush of expectation pervaded both the assembly and the outside world. The elements and man alike seemed conscious of approaching storm.

A mighty shout arose and reverberated from the roof and walls when our procession made its appearance on the platform. It was repeated again and again as we bowed and took our seats.

And then, suddenly, there was a silence so absolute that I distinctly heard the ticking of my watch. A musical wail had come stealing down from the great organ, high up in the far distant wall. A universal whisper, like a giant's sigh, had uttered the words, "Miss Drax!"

Eliza's soul was in some greater, nobler world. I watched her face as she sat at the key-board. It beamed with inspiration. She was living in some realm of ravishing harmonies and ineffable love. *How* she played that day; how she triumphed over every heart; how she commanded by turns the panting breath, the welling tear, the rippling smile; how she transformed this weary world into a limbo of joyful rest and sweet, magical pleasure; how she made us all, for the time being at least, nobler and better—all this it is idle for me, with my clumsy pen and in my rude, untutored way, to pretend to depict. Music visited the earth that day in more majestic and ecstatic guise than ever before; and Fame

stood there, too, listening, and pluming her wings for a flight through every land.

When Eddie had ceased playing and stood by my side, bowing in response to cheering such as seemed to imperil the very Mote-house itself, I had to interpose and beg for mercy. I doubt if it would have been granted, had not Cuyler hit upon the happy idea of leading Lydia forward by the hand. A wave, nay, a whole ocean of enthusiasm, broke loose and surged through the hall, drowning everything in one chaotic din; and, in the midst of the joyous tumult, Eliza was able to regain her seat while Cuyler introduced L. B. in dumb show, and then retired, leaving the lovely, solitary figure in face of the people.

At this moment a singular thing occurred. A sudden peal of thunder crashed from the sky outside, so abrupt, so surpassingly loud, so hideous in its clamor, and so terrible in its might, that the very hall trembled and every heart beat wildly. I think no one noticed any premonitory flash of lightning. The awful sound took us all by surprise, in the very climax of our mad jubilation. It silenced us as by some swift stroke of doom. We all held our breath.

"Fellow legionaries," began a still, small voice.

It was the counterpart of Eliza's prelude on the organ. The soft, sweet sound stole throughout the crowded hall from end to end, from side to side, into every niche and corner. It restored our quietude of mind. It stilled our beating hearts. It bade terror give place to peace and awe to love.

"You have just heard," continued Lydia, "a voice from the great universe of which we all form so small a part. Its mighty sound bids us remember that we are ever in the presence of something infinitely greater than ourselves. And yet, while we are thus taught humility, are we not also called upon to learn the ennobling lesson of aspiration to that which is higher? There is no fact in the world around us, or in the heavens above, that indicates a limit to our advancement. All history, on the contrary, whether of indi-

viduals, of nations, of terrestrial life, or of the cosmic spheres, is the tale of progress, and, whatever our present lot may be, we are entitled to believe that it is capable of being changed for the better. To all of you, to the weakest, the humblest—I will not say the poorest and most miserable, for I am speaking beside the very cradle, as it were, of our loved Legion——”

Here she was interrupted by a mighty outburst of applause which made the fretted roof tremble.

“To all of you, I say, the voice of Nature is ever exclaiming, ‘Hope on! Strive stoutly! Press forward on the path of life! Climb upward to the amaranthine heights!’

“It is on this day, among all others in the year, that we should listen to the sweet teaching of Hope and attune our souls to the summons of Action. It was because our forefathers looked forward with believing minds to a future of liberty that they, on the glorious Fourth of July, 1776 (great cheering), set their names to the immortal Declaration of Independence (prolonged applause). It was because the makers of the United States of America were men whose lives were spent in tireless *trying* and dauntless *doing* that we are now the freest, the most prosperous, and the mightiest nation that the world has ever seen.”

Here again the orator had to pause while her hearers relieved their rapidly growing enthusiasm by repeated cheering. I wish I could do justice to Lydia's voice and manner of delivery. The effect she produced was not due to any extraordinary power or volume of sound. There was no ringing, resounding delivery or thunder of eloquence. All was said sweetly and in tones of exquisite, musical modulation. But her elocution was perfect, and her gestures were gracefully appropriate and intensely dramatic; while, as her fascinating, sympathetic voice rose and fell, there was such a corresponding play of life and passion in her beautiful face that the hearts of her audience were spell-bound and responded to her speech from moment to moment, as imme-

diately and truly as did the pipes of the great organ to the pressure of Eliza's delicate fingers on the key-board.

"But," continued Lydia, "my purpose to-day is not to dwell at any length upon the great achievements of those noble souls who have passed away from us. We of this present generation have been privileged to see the Fourth of July made memorable afresh by yet another instance of high Hope and Effort. It is true that the strife was waged under conditions differing vastly from those of the eighteenth century. The victors were far more powerful, the vanquished were far more weak. Taken altogether, the war between the United States and Spain was one that no patriot will ever regard with pride. Honor and glory are not achieved by a great power smiting a small one. Indeed, taken by itself, warfare is neither honorable nor glorious. I, a weak woman, do not appear before you to-day as the advocate and panegyrist of butchery, torture, fire, rapine, and all the atrocities that can be devised and committed by all the passions of hell. The 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war' are but the veneer of devilish deeds. Far be such horror from you and your children to all generations!

"Yet even in warfare occasions may arise where men may act nobly and where the bright virtues of Hope and Action may shine clearly. One of these occasions presented itself on the Fourth of July, two years ago (tumultuous cheering). My main object in addressing you to-day is to remind you of that occasion, and how it was seized upon in such a manner as to add a new and ever green leaf to the laurels of our country. I am, indeed, in a position to do more than tell a thrice-told tale. Information has recently come to my knowledge which enables me to clear up the great mystery that has always attended the Battle of Havana, and to do this in a way that will shed fresh honor and glory upon our nation's share in that terrible contest, and will make each one of us take fresh pride in the glorious words, 'I am an American.'"

(To be continued.)



Editorial

The Situation in the Far East

IT must be admitted that the tension of the Chinese situation has been increased rather than diminished during the past month. Contrary to general expectations, the Russo-Chinese convention relating to Manchuria has not been signed; but, signed or unsigned, Russia occupies Manchuria to-day, and is evidently determined to stay there.

Europeans and Americans can scarcely know the attitude of the Chinese toward the foreign powers. The diplomats themselves are baffled. If negotiations have come to aught, they have amounted simply to this: that the Chinese have refused to sign the Manchurian convention.

But Russia is in possession, and in this case possession appears to be all the points of law.

Reports filter through that Japan is hastening preparations for a conflict with Russia. Inspired Russian papers openly advocate an alliance with Japan. Russian diplomats tearfully appeal to the powers not to misjudge Russia's motives, while on the other hand it is asserted that Russia will squeeze China in indemnity to the uttermost ruble. The great game of negotiation goes on. The Chinese Court is inaccessible to the powers. Well-meaning souls profess to

see in China's refusal to sign the Manchurian convention a patriotic impulse on her part to resist Russian aggression, these same well-meaning souls not realizing that all "foreign devils" are alike to the Chinese.

It is not easy to prophesy what the outcome will be. The longer the negotiations are protracted, the greater will be the danger of serious conflict between the powers. It must be frankly admitted that if there is any desire on the part of the European powers to follow the lead of the United States in this muddle, the desire has not received expression. Of all the powers, the United States alone has been consistent in its treatment of the Chinese.

To add to the complexities, letters from trustworthy witnesses tell of the unspeakable atrocities committed by the soldiers of several of the powers, honorable exceptions being the Americans, English, and Japanese.

Without any desire to be pessimistic, it seems to us that the powers, diplomatically and through their armed forces, are driving the Chinese to a condition of still greater hatred, and fanning into flame a spirit that nothing but their complete conquest by force of arms will subdue. That complete subjection would mean the division of China between the great powers, a proposition so fraught with peril to the peace of the world that it can scarcely be entertained.

Canal Treaty Prospects

Because of the failure of the proposed Hay-Pauncefote treaty to become law, there is no good reason for giving up all hope of an Anglo-American isthmian canal treaty and, in childish despair, abandoning optimism for its unhealthful antithesis. If we look at the matter with a cheerful and earnest desire to succeed, instead of with a countenance sour and premonistic of failure even before the work is fairly begun, of course it will be much less difficult to arrive at something like an amicable understanding. Differences may be reconciled, but that they may be, doubtless, compromises

will have to be resorted to. Both sides may have to back down some before anything like a satisfactory termination to negotiations is reached; but before this backing down process can be begun it seems to have been necessary that, like the cat which is being stroked, we first get our backs up. Having taken this camel-like attitude, we are in a favorable position now to back down. The point is to do it gracefully, not disgracefully. National pride and flamboyant patriotism must be duly taken into account, but when a final settlement is come to, that settlement must be on a sound, common-sense basis, marked by the wisdom of sober statesmen, and sealed with the grip of honest hands in token of genuine friendship.

There is no cause for alarm, such as Mr. W. T. Stead exhibited when he said not long ago: "If I am not mistaken, we are on the verge of a storm across the Atlantic that will rudely shatter our peaceful calculations. When the United States Congress meets, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty will be torn into shreds and flung in our faces. We shall have to choose between fighting and eating humble pie." This is sad, very sad to contemplate, the more so after the late Stead Peace Conference. But, fortunately, the lamentations of this English Jeremiah are grounded only in a pessimistic imagination. Mr. Stead may pose as a prophet, but the value of prophecy is in the correctness of what it has foretold as proven by subsequent happenings. About a year ago Mr. Stead predicted that "The next Presidential election in the United States will be fought on the question, Which party is more opposed to England?" And, almost needless to say, that was not "the question" at all. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty may be torn into shreds, but we trust there will be no flinging of shreds, and no fighting.

If both parties go about it in the right way and in the right spirit, a canal treaty will be proposed and entered into between Great Britain and the United States that need not

result in loss of dignity to either. The outcome would be an inter-oceanic canal that will benefit both. To attain this so much to be desired end, let us get our heads together—not by butting them as some of the lower animals do, but in the fraternal get-together fashion of members of one great human family. It will take time, of course, to formulate and ratify a canal treaty acceptable to both England and the United States, but, according to the most reliable advices, it seems likely to be done.

Editorial Notes

DR. PARKHURST is criticised by the New York *Times* because he says he would "crystallize" an "endeavor" into a "juggernaut that would ride over the vice-strewn trail of Tammany." The *Times* remarks:

As a mere matter of form, this is a "derangement of epitaphs" that Mrs. Malaprop might envy. A juggernaut crystallized from an endeavor, riding on the trail of Tammany and stamping out vestiges and reminders, is an unthinkable contrivance. It is calculated to make Tammany men and all others with a rudimentary knowledge of the use of English smile in pity and derision.

A little further on, the *Times* itself, in another editorial, speaking of Chamberlain, says: "And yet the Minister whose feet were so swift to shed Boer blood . . ." Perhaps the figure of "swift" feet shedding blood is a very suggestive one—we do not say it is not—but the "juggernaut" idea may be suggestive, also—to Dr. Parkhurst. And "Tammany men and all others" smile at both Parkhurst and the *Times*.

IN connection with the reminiscences of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln furnished by Dr. Abbott in this issue of THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE, it is appropriate that we should have our attention called to the removing of the remains of the martyred President from the temporary vault in which they have rested at Springfield, Ill., to the crypt of the National Lincoln Monument, where, sealed in a marble sarcophagus, they will probably remain hereafter for all time. This removal occurred on April 24th last. But whether the remains of Lincoln are permitted to lie henceforth undisturbed in their new resting-place or not, the memory of this typical though extraordinary American will never be lost to the nation which not only honored him but was honored by him.

AGUINALDO's proclamation—his last one—reads very well. It is high sounding, and, to American minds, appropriately patriotic. But would not his untiring efforts to pose in the eyes of the world as a great hero and unyielding lover of his country's welfare have been crowned rather more successfully if this same proclamation had not appeared? Repentance is good for a man who is converted to see that he has been in the wrong, yet a too sudden right-about-face in one's political attitude is open to criticism. It looks very much as if Aguinaldo had been overrated by some of his admirers. Either his sincerity is open to doubt or he is a man whose point of view is liable to change radically in a brief time. Truly great men do not shift as the Filipino has shifted.

IT was a rather remarkable coincidence that about the time a report was given out that the British Government was seeking a new explosive (presumably to take the place of cordite and lyddite), the American Government reported highly satisfactory tests of a new explosive invented in the United States. Of course, it was an "ite"—an explosive would not be an explosive without that appendage. But what we were going to suggest was that perhaps some American inventor could give the British an idea or two. For instance, Maxim-might.

A PROPHET in the *Toronto Saturday Night* predicts that an effort will be made to elect Mr. McKinley for a third term. The effort may be made, as similar efforts have been made before; but the impossibility of the thing's success is as certain now as it ever has been in the past.

WE hope the warships *Petropavlousk* and *Matshushiashima* may never meet in battle during the prospective Russo-Japanese conflict. It would be cruel—for the reporters. And think what would happen should the Germans, too, get mixed up in it!

THE difference between actors and other good people who earn their living by working for it, is that, with the former, to be a Rat is to be in the union, while with the latter, to be a Rat is to be outside the union. So there are rats and rats.

THE *New York Times* heads a leading editorial "Where the Taxes of England Fall." Most Englishmen, we believe, have had the impression heretofore that England's taxes have been marked more by "rise" than by "fall."

WITH Joseph Chamberlain and Joseph Choate so prominently identified with statescraft, the House of Joseph has not been so in the ascendant since some thirty-six hundred years ago.

IN the Empire State of America there has recently been considerable agitation over osteopathy. There have been instances before of empires being agitated over the bony-parts.

"OUR Lady of the Snows" has melted into "This Land of Sunshine." Which shows that in Canada, at least, Goldwin Smith is a bigger man than Rudyard Kipling.

AN exchange observes: "The new 'Railroad King' in Wall Street is Mr. James J. Hill." Whoever heard a King called "Mr."? It's King James, of course.

AND now some one claims the two most formidable nations are "Vacci-nation and Carrie Nation."

THE magnet that attracts most attention just now appears to be the steel magnate.

A RECORD not to be broken—a phonograph record.

Personal and Incidental

IN HONOR OF ST. GEORGE

WHAT HO! St. George and Merrie England! This patron saint, says the *British Californian*, is thought to have been born in Cappadocia in the third century, and the scene of the slaying of the dragon is held to have been either Selene, in Libya, or Beyrout, in Syria. The daughter of the King of the city (whichever it was) had been claimed by the dragon one year as his annual victim, but St. George with his good sword Ascalon struck the monster to the ground, and led him captive to the city gates. Then, having reassured the populace as to the brute's helplessness, he entered the city and despatched it in the presence of a rejoicing multitude. St. George is said to have been martyred by the Emperor Dacian for refusing to abjure the Christian faith. Some legends relate that he married the Princess after killing the dragon. It was Richard I. who placed England under the patronage of St. George, and Edward III. who dedicated St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to him, 1348. In England the anniversary of his death derives additional interest from the fact that it is the birth- and death-day of Shakespeare, and the death-day of Wordsworth.

At Delmonico's, in New York city, on April 23d, the St. George Society, of New York, held its annual banquet, at which some three hundred guests gathered to celebrate an Anglo-American love feast. From the *New York Times* the following sympathetic report of the proceedings is taken :

The spirit of St. George ruled on the third floor of Delmonico's last night, where the members of the St. George Society assembled for their annual dinner; and if there had

been any dragon's teeth showing to mar the feeling of amity between this and the country which Justice of the Supreme Court Scott called "our sister across the water," they would have been incontinently drawn while the company sang "America," "God Save the King," and other patriotic songs of both nations. Justice Scott further remarked that he thought the expression "Mother Country" was a misnomer, as this nation had grown so large that it would chafe under an appellation that indicated childhood.

Sir Percy Sanderson, the British Consul-General, presided, and there were about 300 guests seated at forty tables. The room was decorated with British and American flags. Presidents of other New York societies sat on the platform as guests of honor. A toast was drunk in silence to the memory of Queen Victoria, cheers for King Edward and President McKinley followed, and a letter of fraternal greeting was read from Gilbert Parker, M. P., Chairman of the London Society, after which the speechmaking began.

James McKeen responded to the toast, "The Day We Celebrate." Mr. McKeen said that St. George was an ideal saint, that his name stood for old-fashioned English chivalry, and that he was glad the time had come when, before a company like that assembled, the battlefields of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill could be mentioned without provoking heartburnings. April 23d was not the day of St. George's birth, but the anniversary of his martyrdom; for that reason his followers invariably did penance by listening to after-dinner speeches, thus suffering a martyrdom themselves out of respect to his memory. There was no antagonism between this country and Britain, except that inspired by the Jefferson Bricks of the press, and normal people were content to let journalists of that stripe work out their own salvation, as they harmed nobody and contributed to the gayety, if not to the destiny, of nations. Mr. McKeen further said that he was personally aware of the fact that at a time, comparatively recent (referring evi-

dently to the Venezuelan controversy), when there was a dispute between the two countries, England's regard for America was made known, not through the ordinary diplomatic channels, but first found vent through private letters from Lady Salisbury, the Premier's wife, to personal friends in New York.

Justice Scott, of the Supreme Court, responded to "The Land We Live In." In speaking of this country's expansion policy, he approved of it, saying: "I am among those who believe that this country is capable of solving any problem that comes to it in the march of events. We have extended our sovereignty in a way that permits of no turning back, and now that Aguinaldo has become a loyal citizen I hope the day is not far distant when his fellow-insurgents of Boston will come in, take the oath of allegiance, and thus bring the war to an end. I only hope that in carrying out our policy beyond the sea we will be as successful as England has been with her colonies planted at remote distances from the seat of government."

The Rev. Dr. D. S. MacKay responded to the toast of "The Army and Navy," and talked about the glory of Scotland, England, and the United States. When he advised those who had settled in this country and were not satisfied with its institutions, to pack up their household goods and to pick up their household gods and get out, Sir Percy Sanderson led the applause, which was long and loud.

In London, Gilbert Parker, the author and Conservative member of the House of Commons from Gravesend, presided at the St. George's Day banquet. A message was read from the St. George Society of New York, and a reply thereto was cabled to that city.

DEATH OF MR. ROBERT GRANT HALIBURTON,
K. C., D. C. L.

This distinguished Canadian passed away at Pass Christian, Miss., on the 7th of March, aged seventy years. For several years he had been in feeble health, and spent the winter season at Pass Christian and his summers in and

near Toronto. He was a son of Mr. Justice Haliburton, famous as the author of "Sam Slick," and was a brother of Lord Haliburton, formerly Sir Arthur Haliburton, who recently retired as Permanent Under Secretary for War. Mr. Haliburton left Toronto last September for Jamaica, accompanied by his valet, in search of health. After a few months on that island he went to Pass Christian in a weakened physical condition, and in his advanced age he gradually sank.

Robert Grant Haliburton, K. C., D. C. L., according to Morgan, was born at Windsor, N. S., June 3, 1831. He was educated at King's College, Windsor, graduating with honors above the other men of his year. He was for years connected with the volunteers, rising to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and in 1861 was appointed Colonel and A. D. C. to the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. He was called to the bar in 1853, and in 1854 was offered a law partnership in the country and a safe seat in the House of Assembly, but declined in deference to the wishes of his father. He enjoyed an extensive practice at Halifax. In 1860 he was leading counsel for the proprietors before the Prince Edward Island Land Commission, and in 1875 he served as one of the commissioners for the settlement of the troublesome question as to landlords and tenants in that colony. He was created a Q. C. by the Nova Scotia Government in 1876 and by the Dominion Government in 1878. In 1877 Mr. Haliburton removed to Ottawa, and acquired there a large practice in connection with the then newly organized Dominion Court of Appeal. He had already been active in public affairs, fighting hard for Confederation, and had founded the Nova Scotia Institute of Natural Science, the Coal-owners' Association, and the Fruit-growers' Association. As a coal-owner he commenced in 1867 an agitation in favor of putting a duty on American coal. He wrote in 1868 a pamphlet entitled "Intercolonial Trade Our Only Safeguard Against Disunion," which, amongst other things, advocated the securing of new markets in the West Indies and South America.

It was in 1870 that Mr. Haliburton's most signal political

act occurred. In July of that year a casual remark made by the Governor-General, Sir John Young, afterward Lord Lisgar, gave Mr. Haliburton a clue to a profound Cabinet secret—that the Red River expedition was to be withdrawn and an amnesty declared. A telegram to the "Twelve Apostles" of Toronto (as the subsequent leaders of the "Canada First" party were called) enabled them to set on foot the memorable agitation which resulted in the preservation of the great Northwest for Canada. For fourteen years no one but Mr. Haliburton knew how the Cabinet secret had been betrayed.

In 1871 Mr. Haliburton went to England in connection with the Nova Scotia coal properties in which he was interested. While in Great Britain he was active in Imperial politics. In 1872 he published his celebrated "Dream of the U. E. Loyalist of 1776," a bitter exposure of the disintegration policy of the then Government. He bought the old *St. James' Magazine*, and turned it into *The United Empire Review*. He carried the war into Mr. Gladstone's constituency, Greenwich, by lecturing upon "The Necessity for a National Policy and a United Empire." He was active on the Conservative side in the general election of that year. During his stay in England he was elected to the Council of the Royal Colonial Institute, being the first colonist by birth to receive that honor.

In 1881 ill-health obliged Mr. Haliburton to give up his legal practice and to spend his winters in a warmer climate. He spent some time in the West Indies, and his stay there was marked by an agitation which brought about substantial improvement in the treatment of the poor. Since 1881 Mr. Haliburton gave himself to scientific investigation. He was especially devoted to ethnology and anthropology. Some of his earlier essays related to the Pleiades and the feasts and ceremonies connected with them. One of his feats was the discovery of the existence of a race of dwarfs in northern Africa. A long roll of scientific essays and articles exists to his credit. Mr. Haliburton was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, the Royal Society of

Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Corresponding Member of the Canadian Institute, La Société Kediviale de Géographie, Cairo, Egypt, and the Geographical Society of Lisbon. He was unmarried. His will is in favor of a nephew in Halifax.

Mr. Haliburton was an esteemed member of the well-known scientific and literary body, the Canadian Institute, whose members, on March 9, 1901, passed a resolution of sympathy, as follows :

Moved by Mr. J. Cleland Hamilton, seconded by Mr. Arthur Harvey, and resolved, "That the members of the Canadian Institute, having learned of the decease of Robert Grant Haliburton, K. C., D. C. L., on the 7th instant, at Pass Christian, Miss., express their sincere regret at the loss of their distinguished and esteemed corresponding member."

During the last four years Mr. Haliburton resided mainly in Toronto, and, though in failing health, continued to take a lively interest in the affairs of the Institute, contributing two instructive papers to its proceedings, "The Dwarf Domestic Animals of Pygmies" and "Indian Ghosts and Conch Feasts." He also published a volume of his later essays.

On the 17th December, 1897, the occasion of the centenary of the birth of the Honorable Judge T. C. Haliburton, the Institute, by resolution, expressed its high estimation of the work and character of that famous Canadian.

It is pleasant to know that, though far from all his relatives, the last hours of the distinguished scientist and critic were watched over as if surrounded by his nearest friends. His casket was covered with floral offerings. The beautiful service of the Episcopal Church was performed, and he was at his own desire laid to rest in the little cemetery at Pass Christian.

THREE EMINENT ENGLISHMEN

Death has recently removed three Englishmen of eminence in their widely different careers, three men who have done much for the intellectual and artistic life of Great

Britain, and whose influence has been felt throughout the civilized world—Sir John Stainer, Mr. R. D'Oyly Carte, and Mr. George M. Smith.

Sir John Stainer was without question the leading church musician of his day, and until failing sight compelled his retirement he was one of the leading organists of his country. His work as organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, as professor of music in Oxford, as composer of music of a sacred character, gave him this undisputed position. He was a student with, and friend of, the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, and there was a lifelong association between the two eminent musicians, though their artistic paths diverged. Sir John Stainer's name is quite as familiar in American church and musical circles as it is in England.

To the American public, also, the name and work of the late Mr. D'Oyly Carte were familiar, and as the producer of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas Mr. Carte deserved as well of Americans as he did of Englishmen. The history of the association of Gilbert, Sullivan, and Carte is known to every one at all familiar with theatrical and operatic matters. That Gilbert and Sullivan created an English comic opera, clean and intellectual as well as amusing, is beyond question, and to the coöperation of Mr. D'Oyly Carte, to his positive genius for operatic production, to his artistic ideals and desires, the English and American public owe a debt second only to that they owe the creators of the operas themselves. The cleanliness of Mr. Carte's productions was a justifiable boast with him, and his influence in raising the standard of stage productions was very great.

To the American reading public the name of the late Mr. George Smith, the distinguished book publisher, is probably not as familiar as the names of Sir John Stainer and Mr. Carte are to the musical and theatrical worlds, but Mr. Smith's services to English literature were so important that it seems something of an injustice that he did not receive in his lifetime official recognition from the State for those services. It was Mr. Smith who discovered Charlotte Bronte; he was Thackeray's publisher and friend;

and the now famous *Cornhill Magazine* was established by him in 1851 with Thackeray as the editor. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was founded by Mr. Smith in 1865, and he continued as its proprietor for fifteen years. When the ten thousandth number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was published four years ago, its first editor, Mr. Frederick Greenwood, told the story of its birth. Mr. Smith's idea was to have a journal independent of party, and there was also in his mind a very lofty ideal of a journal without the advertisements of money-lenders and quack medicine venders. Since it was founded and since it passed from Mr. Smith's hands, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has seen many vicissitudes and has departed somewhat from the ideals of its founder. Among the writers in the first number were Anthony Trollope and Sir Arthur Helps, while among the later contributors were Mr. Leslie Stephen, George Henry Lewes, Charles Lever, Thomas Hughes, Matthew Arnold, John Tyndall, and a host of others of greater or less importance in the literary and scientific worlds.

Smith, Elder & Co., of which firm Mr. Smith was the head, has been distinguished among English publishing houses for the what may be called "solid" character of its publications. It has been prominent in all departments of literature, and from Thackeray to Mrs. Humphry Ward, the list has been one of which any great publishing house might be proud.

Mr. Smith crowned his achievements as publisher by the "Dictionary of National Biography," a work so vast and comprehensive that it would have seemed to be beyond the powers of most publishers, and to be, in fact, a work for the State. Mr. Smith and his house carried the great undertaking to a successful conclusion. Mr. Smith's only reward, beyond the knowledge that he had done a great work, was an honorary M. A. of Oxford. It is possible that he was quite satisfied that his work should not be recognized by the State, but it speaks volumes that, where a soldier receives an earldom and a brewer a peerage, with honors scattered thick and fast for mere party services, a man

like Mr. Smith should be unrecognized. Perhaps it is well as it is, for the honors that reward a party hack would seem paltry recognition for the man who gave to England the great "Dictionary of National Biography."

THE DEATH OF MR. COPPELL

In the passing away of Mr. George Coppel, the financial world loses one of its most distinguished representatives. He was the senior member of the firm of Maitland, Coppel & Co., a house whose history extends back more than a hundred years. Under its original title, says the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, the house was established on July 1, 1796, the founders being James Lenox and William Maitland. Later the firm became Lenox, Maitland & Co., then Kennedy & Maitland, next Maitland, Kennedy & Co., then Maitland, Comrie & Co., and on January 1, 1847, Maitland, Phelps & Co. Under this last title the firm was continued until July 1, 1896, when the present name was assumed. Mr. Coppel became a member on January 1, 1880.

In corporate undertakings Mr. Coppel was best known as Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Co. He was very prominent in the reorganization of that property, which occurred in 1886, and he guided the finances of the new company from that date until his death. The existing prosperity of this company attests the way in which it has been administered. Mr. Coppel also took part in numerous other railroad reorganizations. The Wisconsin Central was one. Mr. Coppel was Chairman of the Board of Directors of the new company, which is now firmly established with a better future than it ever previously had. Mr. Coppel likewise was connected with the reorganization of the Norfolk and Western, and the Wheeling and Lake Erie, of both of which railroads he was a director at the time of his death.

As indicating the great range of his interests and the wide scope of his activity, it may be noted that he was a trustee of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company, and

of the Metropolitan Trust Co.; a director of the Mercantile Trust Co., of the Western Union Telegraph Co., of the Audit Co., of the American Car and Foundry Co., of the Denver Union Water Co., of the Rapid Transit Subway Construction Co.; Vice-President and Director of the United States Guarantee Co., and of the McKenna Steel Working Co., of Joliet, and President and Director of the Railway Equipment Co. He was also a member of the St. George Society of New York.

In private life Mr. Coppel was much beloved. Of a genial disposition, kindly and considerate in manner, liberal in his tastes, he made friends readily—and kept them, too. His loss will be sincerely and widely mourned.

MORE ANGLO-AMERICANISM

The scheme proposed a year ago for bringing Anglo-Saxons of different countries into closer social relationship has taken shape in the formation of what is known as the Atlantic Union, says a special dispatch from London to the *New York Sun*. The subject is set forth in this way : "It has long been a matter for concern with those who desire not only to maintain friendly relations with the people of our colonies and the Americans, but also to cultivate personal friendships with them, that so many visitors from the United States and the colonies come over every year, stay for a time in London, travel about the country, and go away without having made the acquaintance of a single English family and without having entered a single English home. Some of them bring letters of introduction, which open certain houses to them. Some are of such distinction that all doors are open to them. The greater number, however, carry no such letters and are not known on this side of the Atlantic. They stay at hotels, go to places of amusement, and drive through streets and squares where every door is closed to them. They go away without any knowledge of English life except that which can be gained from the outside. The Atlantic Union will be an attempt to meet and overcome this reproach."

The names of the members of the council include Lords Aberdare of Duffryn, Ashley, Brassey, Coleridge, Duncan-non, Kinnaird, Monkswell, and Rosmead ; Deans Reynolds, Hole, and Farrar ; various professors, and a number of members of the House of Commons.

ANGLO-AMERICAN CHESS

Anglo-American chess this year appears to have honors divided equally, although by comparison with last year's results the Americans in 1901 have a shade the better of the record. In 1900 the Americans in the contest for the Newnes trophy won 6 games and lost 4 ; in the college cable match they won $1\frac{1}{2}$ and lost $4\frac{1}{2}$, a total of $7\frac{1}{2}$ won out of 16 ; this year the Americans won 5 of the Newnes trophy games and 3 of the college games, a total of 8 out of 16 games played. Last year, however, the Americans won the Newnes trophy match and lost the college match ; this year both matches ended in draws.

The record of the Newnes trophy matches to date is :

Year.	American.		Great Britain.	
	Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.
1896.....	4½	3½	3½	4½
1897.....	4½	5½	5½	4½
1898.....	4½	5½	5½	4½
1899.....	6	4	4	6
1900.....	6	4	4	6
1901.....	5	5	5	5
Total	30½	27½	27½	30½

The international college cable matches have resulted as follows :

Year.	American.		Great Britain.	
	Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.
1899.....	2½	3½	3½	2½
1900.....	1½	4½	4½	1½
1901.....	3	3	3	3
Total.....	7	11	11	7

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF CHICAGO

The English press, which is giving particular attention to American encroachments on British trade, has been quoting from a recent report by Mr. Wyndham, British Consul at Chicago, on the business enterprise of the great inland metropolis and urging English business houses to recognize the advantage of American methods as set forth in the Consul's report. This report, which is too lengthy to quote here in full, gives a graphic picture of Chicago enterprise, and some of its excellences are not as well known to Americans themselves as they might be. Mr. Wyndham says, among other things:

"The Chicago manufacturer has had a prosperous year, and is endeavoring to obtain a larger share of the world's trade. Owing to the high tariff he has a great advantage in his home market, but he is showing that he can compete with his European and American adversary on equal terms in any part of the world. He is not only making great strides in commerce in South America and the British Colonies, but he is also looking for more trade even in Great Britain. He is continually changing his methods and machinery, and will remorselessly cast aside a nearly new machine if a new invention does the work better or more economically. The product at most factories is continually improving, and will soon be able to compete in quality as well as in price.

"While the tendency in retail business in Chicago seems to be toward large general stores, where everything is sold, the manufacturer finds it more profitable to specialize both in his product and in the work of the men.

"In comparing American with British machinery the rough casting of the former compares unfavorably to the eye with the high finish in all parts of the latter, but where perfection is necessary in the working parts the American machinery could not be better finished. A great saving is thus made in the manufacturing, no unnecessary time or expense being laid out on finish simply for show.

"The Chicago merchant leaves nothing undone that can benefit his trade, and sends or goes himself to any country

where he thinks there is an opening, and advertises largely. He will also make experiments with any machine or method which is brought to his notice, and which he thinks may be an improvement, and he will investigate, try, and, if it is satisfactory, adopt it, while his European and even his Eastern States rival is making preliminary investigations.

"The retail merchant makes a clearance at least twice a year at whatever sacrifice is necessary, and in this way does not carry over to another year goods that will be out of fashion and deteriorate, causing bigger loss than the cut in price at the end of the season. In the big retail stores the buyers are very good judges of the probable trade and buy very close to the demand, and in some cases under- rather than over-buy.

"It is impossible to recommend any new imports at this time to the British merchants who are engaged in supplying wholesale merchants or who have a representative here, but it seems most important to point out the growing manufactures with which they will have to compete in the world's markets, many of which they have for years controlled.

"Merchants, manufacturers, and labor leaders would find themselves repaid by visiting the States, especially this great center, and, studying the conditions and demands, draw their own conclusions as to the steps to be taken to benefit their trade.

"One of the great faults found is the slow delivery of British goods. In Chicago, if a factory is busy and cannot, with the ordinary hands, fill the orders that are offered, the staff and works are increased, and all concerned are satisfied even if it entails closing the works entirely for two or three months in the year. It prevents rival businesses being started either here or in some other part of the States which may in future cause the workmen here to be idle for a large part of the year.

"A letter was received in Chicago in November from London asking for information as to the demand for some Christmas goods, and whether it was thought advisable to send a representative. The Christmas trade was already

going on, and the goods had probably been bought in the spring.

"An example of the keenness with which foreign trade is being sought is that a man who has had considerable business experience in South Africa, Australia, South America, and Mexico, and who has many acquaintances among the merchants in those countries, has started an office sending out catalogues of Chicago manufacturers to his friends and asking for their trade. For this he has a charge of £1 1s. a week and 5 per cent. commission on sales made through him.

"The Chicago press is also a great assistance in free advertising, making the most of any contract obtained by a local firm, and in this way calling attention to the openings for American trade.

"New industries in Chicago started in 1900 include manufacture of flags and banners, men's stiff and silk hats, formerly manufactured in the Eastern States, toys, novelties, and druggists' supplies, formerly made in France and Germany, cut glass, a spike factory with a capacity of twenty tons a day, tinplate, and brick. A lace factory, the first in the State, will be started in the spring in a suburb, and there are now four beet sugar factories in the State of Illinois.

"The factories are increasing annually in size, variety, output, and quality, and have had a most successful year. Many of them have been closed for two or three months during the slack season, and advantage was taken of this to make many improvements, new machinery and many labor-saving devices having been put in.

"The value of the output of the Chicago factories and workshops now amounts to about £148,000,000.

"Many manufacturers have stores, wholesale and retail houses, and do as much business as possible direct with the consumer.

"The manufacture of shoes, which a few years ago was a monopoly of the New England States, is now rapidly moving its center to the West. Twenty years ago the percentage of shoes sold in Chicago which were made there was very

small, ten years ago it had increased to 50 per cent., and now few shoes are brought West.

"Not only in Chicago, but all over this consular district, and even in Utah, the business has sprung up, and shoes from there, of every description, are now being sold abroad as well as in the United States.

"For the fiscal years 1899 and 1900 the exports of boots and shoes from the United States were valued at £542,277 and £854,835 respectively, while in 1893 the amount was £118,151.

"No trade has been so benefited by the inventions in machinery as the shoe trade, and all these inventions are American. The company that controls the patents on these machines does not sell, but leases them for a fixed initial price and a certain sum for each pair of shoes produced, a minimum of production being agreed upon. The company also agrees to keep the machines in working order, the lessee paying for any new parts that may be necessary.

"The largest factory in Chicago produces about 2,000 pairs a day, and employs 400 hands. Each shoe is handled by thirty-five persons, each doing only a small part, but, as they do nothing else, they are so expert that they are almost part of the machine.

"The export trade to Europe has been affected to some extent by the retail dealers running out of stock and having to wait until supplies arrive from the United States, but there is a movement now to start warehouses in Europe, which will always be kept filled, and from which retailers' orders can be immediately filled.

"The highest price obtained for the factory shoe made in Chicago is 16s. 8d. wholesale and 25s. retail, but shoes are made at as low a price as 3s. 9d. The manufacturer is said to make a profit of 4s. 2d. per dozen.

"In the trade in the United States the word boot only applies to high boots, shoes being the equivalent to the English boot; English shoes are called Oxfords. There are a number of Europeans now in the United States learning the trade.

"A citizens' committee has pointed out the necessity of

teaching fewer subjects in schools, and geography, history, and English more thoroughly. It also calls attention to the attendance of 10,000 children at the high schools, of whom two-thirds are the children of men who could not give them an education of this character unless it was free, and expresses the hope that nothing would be done that in any way should make the education inferior, and so keep away the children of those who could pay for the education, which would tend to pauperize the system and spoil the effect of the present democratic training.

"Attention must be called to the inadvisability of men without a trade of some kind coming to the States. Unskilled labor, except for two or three months in the year, is over-supplied, and even tradesmen have often great difficulty in obtaining work. Especially should the emigration of young men from the British public schools, with little or no capital, be discouraged, as it is almost impossible for them to find employment of any kind. Clerks in offices and stores, even with some experience, receive a bare living wage in many cases, and in agricultural or other manual labor they come into competition with emigrants who have known nothing but manual labor from childhood."

FRENCH CANADA'S POET-LAUREATE

A correspondent writes, by way of correction: "I thought you might like to have your attention called to an inaccuracy in your issue of April. 'Fréchetti' (on pages 346 and 347) should read Fréchette [final e instead of i]; otherwise one would not know that the poet-laureate of French Canada (crowned by the French Academy) was meant. I am sure of this, having an intimate knowledge of French-Canadian matters."

Book Reviews and Notes

A KING'S FAVORITE

In the title page of Mr. Hazelton's "*Mistress Nell*," which the *Scribners* have just published, is the quotation "Let not poor Nelly starve" appearing under a crown. As every one knows, these are said to have been the last words of Charles II, and the Nelly he

spoke of was Nell Gwyn.

Could the famous beauty of the giddy period following the Restoration have lifted the curtain of the future and seen, two centuries and a half ahead, a vast continent talking of her and her beauty and the romance of her life, she would probably have counted all other triumphs, even the enslavement of a King, as vain beside it.

For half a year, now, the Nell Gwyn craze, so called, has been gathering impetus. With two first magnitude stars and half a score of minor companies in



From "*Mistress Nell*." Copyright, Scribners.

Nell Gwyn plays, with much writing and rewriting of her history in the periodicals, the time seems just ripe for Mr. Hazelton's sparkling novel.

As has been announced and generally published through the country, this story covers in part the same ground as the play of the same name, which enabled Miss Cressman to score so heavily on the

stage, and gave Mr. Hazelton so wide a reputation as a brilliant and witty playwright. His novel is likely to add to his repute, as it is not a mere turning over of the materials of the play, but a new, original, and refreshing handling.

The real Nell Gwyn was born in Hereford, England, February 2, 1650, and died in 1687. Her first known appearance on the stage was made at the age of fifteen. Her sprightly rendition of the piquant bustling parts, so popular with theater-goers of the time, took the public by storm and brought her into the royal favor. Doran, author of "The English Stage," writes of her acting: "For tragedy she was unfitted: her stature was low, though her figure was graceful; and it was not till she assumed comic characters and stamped the smallest foot in England on the boards, that she fairly carried away the town and enslaved the hearts of city and court. She spoke prologues and epilogues with wonderful effect, danced to perfection, and in her peculiar but not extensive line, was perhaps unequaled for the natural feeling she put into the part most suited to her."

"MAKE THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME"

The foes of rum who insist so strenuously that alcohol is a poison, says E. S. Martin in *Harper's Weekly*, may get a point or two from consideration of the British beer scare. There really has been poison in the British beer—to wit, arsenic from glucose used by brewers. It has poisoned so many beer-drinkers, and even killed so many, as to fairly frighten the survivors off, with the result that it has given the cause of temperance such a start in England as it has not had in the memory of man. Moreover, the brewers can't get their beer clear of the poison. They have stopped using glucose, but the arsenic is in their vats and barrels and everything they use, and gets into the new beer in spite of their best efforts. Their predicament will not unduly distress observers. The punishment seems nicely adapted to the crime, and the most harm a dearth of safe beer is likely to do in England is to increase the demand for gin. All the same, these British trials indicate that when drinks are really poisonous, drinkers find it out without the help of either tracts or chemists.

GWENDOLINE KEATS

"Zack," the author of "The White Cottage," which has just been published, is Miss Gwendoline Keats in private life. She is an Englishwoman from Devonshire. She writes under a pen name because

of her "natural veneration for a name which I felt belonged in literature to the poet alone." This quotation comes from a London literary magazine which interviewed her after her first great success two years ago. She is a relative of the poet Keats; she is said to be his grandniece. "Zack's" first published story was "Widder Vliet." It was in the Cornish dialect and appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in November, 1896. The year following two others in the same dialect appeared in the same magazine. Her talent was recognized almost immediately, and stories followed in rapid succession in other magazines. Her first book, "Life is Life," published two years ago, was made up, with one exception, of these stories. It won instant recognition on both sides of the Atlantic, and Miss Keats was hailed as a coming power in literature. Force and concentration are her essential characteristics. Her ability to get at the very heart of humanity was the dominant note of praise in the innumerable criticisms of her work. The year following, her first whole book story was published simultaneously in London and New York. It was entitled "On Trial," and was a study of cowardice, done with a pitiless comprehension and a power of characterization that set her place in literature once for all. "The White Cottage" is the next in order. Like the others it is published by the *Scribners*. It is a story of marvelous force and ability, marking distinct progress. It is a book that is bound to advance her reputation.

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN AUTHORS. By O. F. Adams. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Fourth Edition, revised and enlarged. Crown 8vo. \$3.50.

This book stands alone in its field as a handbook of American writers. It contains over 7,500 brief biographies of authors, comprising statements of the life, services, and writings of each person named. As a handbook for editors, teachers, and all who have occasion to know concerning American writers, it possesses uncommon value. Important additions were made to the second and third editions, and with the present (fourth) edition the number of names is increased by 1,000, and by 1,500 more than the first edition—reaching 7,500. It is a reference book which should be in every public library, and in every private library as well.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIOLOGY. By Wallace E. Nevill. Published by the Author, San Francisco. 4¼ x 6½ in. 96 pages. Paper. (Notice, later.)

EASY FRENCH PLAYS. (Lake French Series.) Edited by Charles W. Benton. Published by Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 4¼ x 6¼ in. 236 pages.

In this little volume are included the three plays: "La Grammaire," by Eugène Labiche; "La Joie Fait Peur," by Madame Emile de Girardin (Delphine Gay); and "Les Doigts de Fée," by Eugène Scribe. All of these appeared originally during the middle half of the nineteenth century. There is "point" to each, which is more than can be said of some plays of a later day. The plays are in the original French, but there is an introduction in English, an extensive vocabulary, and notes. To the student of French the book is valuable.

TECHNIQUE OF THE DRAMA. By Gustav Freytag. Authorized translation by E. J. MacEwan. Published by Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. 5¼ x 7¼ in. 395 pages. \$1.50.
(Notice, later.)

Harper & Brothers' series of American novels are very popular. The March number, "Martin Brook," by Morgan Bates, is a very interesting book and is having a good sale. The April number, "A Victim of Circumstances," by Geraldine Anthony, is a very clever story of New York society. The May issue is "Days Like These," by Edward W. Townsend. New fiction by W. D. Howells, "A Pair of Patient Lovers," is a book of short stories in this popular writer's best vein.

R. H. Russell. "The Bab Ballads," by W. S. Gilbert, are an exceedingly clever satire on well-known people, told in this author's inimitable style of verse. "The Rose of Dawn," by Helen Hay, is issued in two styles: \$1.25 and édition de luxe \$3.50. "Racing Rhymes," and other verses, by Adam Lindsay Gordon, will appeal to the sporting reader. The pictorial souvenirs issued by this house are in the highest style of the printer's art, and are greatly prized.

In his forthcoming book of adventures in China during the Boxer uprising and the siege of Peking, Henry Savage Landor will have some interesting things to say about the looting by the Allies. He makes little distinction on the score of nationality so far as the prevalence of looting is concerned, but he differentiates the national styles of it most delightfully. However, Mr. Landor does not think looting a high crime, and advances some interesting reasons.

Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Grahame, in "A Vanished Arcadia," to be published shortly by Mr. Heinemann, gives a history of the work done by the Society of Jesus in South America, and more particularly in Paraguay. He deals with the aims and policy of the Company of Jesus in regard to savage nations, and shows the building up and final development of their efforts up to the time of their expulsion at the close of the eighteenth century.

Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.'s publication, "American Characters," by Amos G. Warner, Ph. D., is one of the best authorities on this subject. The statistical matter has been very carefully prepared, and the work is now recognized as the standard of its class. "Julletty," a story of Kentucky life, will shortly appear.

The *New Amsterdam Book Co.* have just issued "Four Hundred Laughs, or Fun Without Vulgarity," a much-needed book. Also, "Here Lies," a collection of ancient and modern queer inscriptions on tombstones, by Wm. H. Howe.

The *American Book Co.* have many new works of interest to both the student and general reader. The "History of the United States," by Prof. John Bach McMaster, and other late works will be reviewed in our June number.

The first edition of Mr. Clive Bigham's "Year in China" being practically exhausted in advance of publication, Messrs. *Macmillan & Co.* are at once printing a farther supply.

Eaton & Mains have published the "Religion of Democracy," by Charles Ferguson, which has attracted a great deal of attention.

The *Alliance Pub. Co.*, publishers of the *Arena*, have issued "Where Dwells the Soul Serene," by Stanton Kirkhame Davis.

The *Grafton Press* has issued "Ondemon," a story of travel, and the doings of an unknown people, by Henry S. Drayton, M. D.

Pott & Co. issue an attractive little work entitled the "Love Letters of a Violinist."

THE
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June, 1901

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY IN LONDON

BY R. NEWTON CRANE

ALTHOUGH it has been in existence for comparatively a few years, the American Society in London has achieved a very great success, and has established itself not only as one of the leading social organizations in London, but as one of the most important agencies for promoting good-will and friendly feeling between the people of England and America.

The Society was organized seven years ago by a few prominent Americans in London who assembled for that purpose at the Consulate-General. Beyond a general desire to establish some means by which Americans permanently residing in London might be brought into closer touch with one another, the promoters had no thought in common as to what the Society might accomplish or what shape it should take. Suggestions were made that a social club should be formed with permanent quarters in clubland, and it was urged that if this were done its headquarters would afford a meeting-place not only for Americans living in England, but for Englishmen who had business relations with

America, or were sympathetically attached to Americans and American institutions, and also for the thousands of American travelers, many of whom, it was assumed, desired the convenience of a social club in London.

Fortunately, among the gentlemen assembled were several who had extremely unpleasant recollections of the circumstances under which an American club in London, organized upon the lines suggested, had come to an untimely end, and of the debts which it had left behind and which its directors had had to make good. Their experiences put an end to the social club idea.

It was finally agreed that the Society should have no other social functions than public dinners on the Fourth of July and Thanksgiving Day, and, at the option of the general committee, some kind of an entertainment on Washington's Birthday. The first chairman of the Society was Mr. Benjamin F. Stevens, the doyen of the American colony in England, who has been succeeded by Mr. Henry S. Wellcome, Mr. Newton Crane, Col. James L. Taylor, J. Walter Earle, Frederick C. Van Duzer, and John Morgan Richards. The banquets of the Society, which were at first restricted to the members and their invited guests, ladies being entertained at the Thanksgiving dinner, have steadily grown in importance, and, now that distinguished Englishmen and Americans temporarily in England are invited to be present, these gatherings have become conspicuous incidents in the year's festivities in England. It is doubtful if upon any private occasion for years past so many distinguished representatives of government, literature, science, and art have been gathered together in England or America as were assembled at the Fourth of July banquet of the American Society in 1900. The chairman, Mr. Van Duzer, was supported, as guests of the Society, by the American Ambassador and Mr. Henry White of the American Embassy; Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief of the English Army; Lord George Hamilton, the Earl of Onslow, the Earl of Jersey, Sir Henry

Campbell Bannerman, and Sir John Gorst, as representatives of both of the great political parties in England ; Hon. J. G. A. Leisman, the American Minister to Switzerland ; Senators Chauncey M. Depew, Frank J. Cannon, Hon. Roger Wolcott, and Josiah Quincy, representing statecraft in the United States ; Lord Kelvin, Sir William McCormack, Sir Squire Bancroft, and Sir Walter Besant, representing science, literature, and the drama ; Mr. Justice Grantham and Lord Coleridge, representing the Bar, and the Rev. Canon Wilberforce and the Rev. Dr. Lorimer, representing the Church. At the Thanksgiving Day banquet in November last the Lord Mayor of London, the Sheriff, the City Recorder, and many members of the Corporation were the guests of the Society.

But it is not alone by its social functions that the Society is doing a good work. For years past resident Americans have had their generosity severely taxed and their feelings worked upon by applications from Americans who claimed to be in distressed circumstances, and who naturally turned to their fellow countrymen for relief. Many of these cases of mendicity were apparently fraudulent, while others were undoubtedly genuine. A busy merchant or professional man has neither time nor facilities for acting judicially in such matters, and relief was often given carelessly in the selfish desire to be rid of unfortunates as well as in the hope that it might perhaps accomplish some good. In order to relieve genuine suffering, as well as to afford protection against impostures, a benevolent fund was organized within the Society, and its members were invited to subscribe to it. Offerings were also made by some of the banking and other large corporations. The subscribers were urged to refrain from attempting to give individual relief but to send all applicants for aid or charity to the Society's offices. In every case in which this course has been adopted the Society has first relieved immediate necessities and then carefully and kindly investigated the circumstances. Altogether, 129 men,

women, and children have been sent by the fund to America, and in some instances to as distant parts as San Francisco and Galveston, while many men have been kept in food and lodging until relief could be obtained from relatives or work could be procured. Fortunately, the professional begging class has been exposed, and a number of plausible people who have lived for years in London on the kindness and credulity of their countrymen have been obliged to seek other fields for their labors.

In still another field the American Society has rendered timely and effective work. The fund in England for the relief of the sufferers by the explosion in the harbor of Havana of the U. S. S. *Maine* was raised by the Society, and although the American Victoria Jubilee Memorial and the work of fitting out the hospital ship *Maine* as an offering by American people to alleviate the suffering of English soldiers in South Africa and afterward in China was initiated by others, the organization of the Society gave valuable assistance to these movements. At the present time committees are being organized in England and the United States by the Society to raise funds as a contribution from Americans to the Victoria Memorial. The King has communicated to the Society how much touched he has been by the spirit in which the offer is made, and has indicated that the scheme of "the memorial will, in all probability, assume a form which will permit of a clear designation for all time of the offering made in memory of the Queen by the citizens of the United States."

The Society is also considering at the present time the formation of a standing committee in the nature of a chamber of commerce, which shall have offices in the city, if necessity requires, and which shall serve to keep Americans in London and Americans in the United States in touch with each other and thoroughly informed upon all movements of politics and commerce and trade relations which may affect American interests.

PROFESSOR REINSCH'S "WORLD POLITICS"

BY GEORGE BRINTON CHANDLER

IN "World Politics," by Professor Reinsch, of the University of Wisconsin, we have the best and at the same time the most misleading book that has appeared on the question of imperialism. It is the best because the author has collected and sifted the vast fund of data bearing upon his theme with greater skill and discrimination than any previous writer. He has clothed it in uniformly clear and vigorous English, and arranged it with the perfect command of a thorough understanding. It is misleading because, while claiming to be "entirely free from *a priori* conception and prejudices," it has running through it a pronounced vein of hostility to the expansionist movement as a whole. An open advocate is never misleading; the reader is forewarned, and instinctively adopts a judicial attitude. But whenever a writer assumes a non-partisan position, and then consciously or unconsciously allows bias to pervade his work, the result is damaging to the cause of truth. It is unfortunate, just at this time, that the most available book which has appeared should not be less dangerous to the open-minded reader.

To condense its main features into a single paragraph :
(a) The tendency of the century just closing has been toward nationalism — toward enlightened national selfishness, intenser national patriotism, national individuality and unification. Germany may be considered the typical example of this. The old humanitarian dream of a world federation and a common civilization, in which all the elements were to be harmonized and to work together for a common end, has given way to that of family, of self-centered political

organisms, chief among which are Great Britain, Russia, the United States, Germany, and France. (b) In the latter half of the century this nationalism has been shading off into imperialism. Great Britain has taken the lead, and Germany and France have followed her example. Russia is *sui generis*. This modern imperialism should be carefully distinguished from the ancient and mediæval ideas of world empire. It is rather the policing and exploitation of the disorderly and undeveloped areas of the earth's surface. Its origin was not in the conscious ambition of monarchs or ministries, but rather in colonization, in the investment of capital, in the initiative of explorers, missionaries, and soldiers, and in what Prof. Reinsch terms "unconscious social development." At first the movement was natural and spontaneous, but as it became necessary for governments to interfere to protect the persons and investments of their citizens from disorder and the maladministration of justice, it gradually became more conscious and concerted. While this exploitation and subsequent supervision has in some instances wrought temporary hardship, its net result, through the introduction of railroads, improved methods of manufacture and farming, and stable form of government, has been beneficial to the subject races. The great unoccupied areas are China and South America, the former of which presents the commanding problem of the epoch. It is probable that this outward movement of the more powerful races will not cease until all the unoccupied areas shall have been either reduced to a condition of law and order, or, as in the case of Japan, voluntarily reformed from within. (c) In conclusion, it should be the policy of the United States to avoid participating in this movement. While it seems to be expedient for us to accept the consequences of our Spanish war in good faith and to safeguard our interests in the Orient by supporting the so-called "open door," the general tendency of the policy of expansion is unwholesome. It will break up party government; it will unduly strengthen the

power of the executive; it will divert attention from internal affairs, such as civil service reform and the adjustment of the interests of labor and capital; it marks the downfall of the liberal movement. The United States has by no means developed its own resources to their limit, and its energies can be better employed at home than in what is termed a "head-long policy of territorial aggrandizement." Our policy should be a negative one. It should be the part of the United States to "counteract everywhere, at home and abroad, the ambitions of universal imperialism."

Such is Professor Reinsch's advice to the American people. Let us take the liberty of substituting a set of conclusions of our own, based upon his statement of conditions in the world to-day: Each stage of political progress has some dominant idea. That of the nineteenth century has been nationalism; that of the twentieth century promises to be imperialism. Like all large movements, it will bear within itself the possibilities of a great good and a great evil. We see unmistakable marks of both these tendencies at the present time. Some of the leading nations in the movement are inclined to demand exclusive privileges in the territories under their charge and to adopt a reactionary policy in their administration, while other nations stand for equality of opportunity, gradual introduction of self-government, and a world-wide application of the fruits of the preceding age of nationalism and liberal ideas. Each of these two forces is struggling for the mastery. Results momentous to humanity hang on this contest.

The policy of the United States in this crisis should be a positive one. To stand aloof would be national dishonor. Just as in its infancy the Republic gave the first impetus to the reform movement of the century, so in the might of its young manhood should it bear its part in the shaping of the new tendencies of the century that is to follow. It should stand ready to identify itself, heart and soul, with any group of interests that share its purposes and ideals. To carry to

the uttermost parts of the world the products of this wonderful age of industry and liberal ideas—law and order, stable government, railroads, accumulated wealth, manufactories, education, practical Christianity—and to make them do their work of profit both to giver and receiver, should be the undeviating purpose of the American people. This may at times make large drafts upon our resources, material and moral. It may check temporarily some of the desired reforms at home. But the movement is upon us and cannot be blinked. We could not avoid it if we would, and we would not if we could. If this nation were to remain neutral and if in the struggle between absolutism and universal liberalism, between national monopoly and the "open door," the forces of despotism and reaction should finally triumph, posterity never would forgive us for our selfish inaction in the moment of the world's need.

If in the pursuit of this comprehensive ideal, territories and peoples come under our charge, let us not shirk their firm, just, and sensible administration. If, on the other hand, we can lead any people to reform from within and stand alone, let us grant them our generous and patient aid. If it shall become necessary to drop old practices and establish new precedents, let us no more shrink from them than did our forefathers at the founding of our government. Let us not become intoxicated with the generalities of a former epoch. Let us not stagnate in the obsolete devices of an earlier stage of political reform. In holding fast to old landmarks let us avoid the errors of past experience. At all times let us look to the sources at home and keep them clear and strong; but let us not shrink from obvious duty out of fear that we may not be able to keep them so, for that would be the sure way to invite pollution.

This, instead of the one drawn by the author, we believe to be the lesson the American people will read from the valuable data contained in Professor Reinsch's book. His negative policy will not appeal to their active temper and

strong common sense. He evidently is so infatuated with the purposes and ideas of the liberal movement that he never would have the world outgrow any of its methods. It apparently never has occurred to him that the expansion of western civilization may be only a larger development of the same great tendency. Neither has it occurred to him that such morbid and fantastic movements as radical socialism, anarchy, and the application of self-government to degenerate or belated races, may indicate that we need a readjustment and clearing of the atmosphere. Truly, we have just passed through a noble epoch. It has witnessed popular suffrage, orderly liberty, political altruism, social reform, religious liberty, and a degree of industrial progress unparalleled in recorded history. Professor Reinsch can see no way for the American people to propagate these among the less advanced races except by the familiar machinery of conventions, clubs, pamphlets, and missionaries. He can see no beacon of hope in the territorial or political expansion of a mighty republic surcharged with these elements. He has no word of enthusiasm for the incomparable work done by England in India during the past half century. A Cape-to-Cairo trunk line, running through the heart of a virgin continent, and the vision of a great African empire do not fire his imagination—although he turns aside on several occasions to vent his spleen against the Boer war and to lament the passing of the unique liberal practices indulged in by President Krüger's government. The sense of American responsibility for the disorderly brood of republics in South and Central America does not disturb his conscience; neither does our meager participation in their paltry commerce seem to disturb his pride. "The White Man's Burden" has no place in his decalogue. There is not between the covers of his book a line of explanation of how, if at all, the fruits of this age of invention and reform are to be transmitted to untaught peoples, without *external* enforcement of law and order. His advice

to us is to stay at home and develop our country, but he makes no note of the rapidly declining interest rates and the increasing surplus of produce. He discourages American expansion, but places no embargo on the initiative of capitalists and merchants. He warns us against imperialism, but suggests no stanch and approved means for protecting American investments and commerce in disorderly or contested areas. He offers no panacea for the murder of missionaries or the interruption of trade. The splendor of the opening of the twentieth century, the interlacing of remote regions by railways and telegraph lines, the introduction of the truths of science among people who believe the phenomena of nature to be subject to the caprice of gods and devils—all this extracts from him no more enthusiastic note than a lament at the decline of liberalism.

Professor Reinsch would have no difficulty in selecting isolated sentences and paragraphs from his book to disprove the validity of many of these criticisms. Of this we are entirely conscious. But as against the whole spirit and tenor of his work they are just. He lacks robust optimism. He would disarm American aggressiveness. He would emasculate national character. His work possesses neither virile partisanship nor broad impartiality; and its doctrines, if followed out, would lead to a flaccid policy of unpreparedness, such as would invite disaster and dishonor when we finally came to be swept into the movement against our will.

EDUCATIONAL PROBLEMS IN TORONTO

BY J. CLELAND HAMILTON, M. A., LL. B.

THE University and University College, Toronto, being under the paternal care of the Provincial Government, have received much attention within the last few months. The result has been an act of the Legislature making a more marked separation in the government of the two bodies, providing for an increased endowment and the erection of a further Science building that will be an important addition to the group now in the Queen's Park. Professor Maurice Hutton, the accomplished Grecian, is gazetted principal of University College, Dr. Loudon remaining president of the University.

The University has for years been struggling to maintain its literary and scientific departments, library, laboratories, museums, and teaching staff of fifty members, on an income averaging \$121,500 a year. A deficit of \$31,600 is the result, the starving process being most felt in the departments of mineralogy and geology. Their demands will be now alleviated to some extent, with Professor Coleman, a gentleman of practical ability, at their head.

The controversy developed in the press, the Legislature, among the alumni and alumnæ, numbering fully twelve thousand, and the twelve hundred undergraduates, has been of marked interest. Hon. G. W. Ross, the Provincial Premier, in an able address admitted the responsibility of the Government in the matter, showing that \$775,000 a year was spent in Ontario for support of education, including public and high schools, out of a revenue of \$4,000,000. "We did not expect," he said, "to make our University a post-graduate school, like those great institutions which have endow-

ments of millions to maintain them. Our educational progress is like the progress of the country. First, we were a purely agricultural community. Then, in the past twenty years, every one will remember the great development of manufactures. Now we are at the beginning of a new era—industrial—and development of the great wealth in our mines and forests and natural resources. In my youth the goal of every student was a learned profession. He wanted to be a lawyer, or a physician, or a preacher, who could tell the people unpleasant things from a position where they could not answer him back. Now we are in another age, when the cry comes up from the manufacturer and the business man for trained men for their work."

Mr. Ross referred to the institutions abroad, in which technical education, with abundant means, was prospering, and which attracted many young Canadians, especially to post-graduate work. Hon. Mr. Harcourt, Minister of Education, speaking in the Legislative Assembly, reminded the House that "when Prussia suffered defeat at Jena at the hands of the first Napoleon, its statesmen deliberated as to the best means of retrieving their lost fortunes and regaining prestige, and the conclusion arrived at was, that to bring about the desired results the first step to be taken was to found a great University. Acting on this resolve, Humboldt laid the foundations of the University of Berlin. Similarly, when France met disaster thirty years ago at Sedan, her statesmen, in order to regain the ground she had lost, set to work to reorganize the national school system, and ere many years had gone by France established an excellent system of normal schools for the express purpose of training superior grade teachers."

Referring to the study of the classics, Mr. Harcourt said: "Our regret is that so few of our students are so circumstanced as to be able to pursue them thoroughly and usefully. We need a knowledge of the culture of the ancients, of their history, their art, their philosophy. We cannot

afford to discard such studies and thus to make applicable to our curriculum the words 'wisdom by one entrance quite shut out.' At the same time the great majority of our students, having regard to what is to be their life work, can more profitably give their time to other studies. We must strengthen the scientific side of the University, and in doing so we will certainly render good service to its every other department."

Regret was expressed that, while denominational and other academical bodies had been endowed and supported by private benefactions, comparatively little benefit has been so received by the Provincial University and College. Party political interference is blamed for this, and the appointment of placemen and mere politicians to the governing bodies and even to academic honors. Though the graduates have had the legal right to meet in convocation to discuss and recommend, that body has fallen into desuetude and a voluntary alumnaal association has practically taken its place. It was also suggested that the succession duty tax, the proceeds of which aggregate a large annual amount, preys on the minds of wealthy testators, who might otherwise be disposed to make bequests in aid of the cause of higher education. Mr. Whitney, the opposition leader in the Assembly, indeed strongly advocated that a percentage of these duties should be devoted to University endowment.

A full solution of the problem how the state may safely guide, and yet not annoyingly interfere in, the management of these institutions, is not yet reached. Some creditable attempt is made toward this end; the full result will probably be reached as the Province becomes richer in alumni and other citizens of culture, affluence, and leisure.

It was refreshing to find some active business men joining heartily in the late discussions. Among them Mr. E. V. Clergue, the able exponent of scientific industry at Sault Ste. Marie, urged the fuller equipment in the Queen's Park of the means of technical training. He has since followed with a

generous offer to subscribe \$1,000 toward a fund of \$50,000 in aid of such education.

Queen's University at Kingston was not forgotten, the Legislature granting a considerable sum to erect buildings for its scientific department.

Some of the older graduates of Toronto University, imbued with classical instincts and pleasant memories of their course under the genial Dr. McCaul, his successor, Sir Daniel Wilson, and their learned associates, rejoice in the broadening of the river of learning. They still trust that this may be accomplished without drowning out the flowers of classical and historic culture which have so long flourished in the precincts of Alma Mater.

THE HALLS OF ALMA MATER

This fair June day, from far and near,
All greet the halls we hold most dear;
Where erst we climbed Parnassus' hill,
And slaked our thirst at Isthmian rill,
Penelope in every tower,
Satyr and faun in every bower,
When young was Alma Mater.

"Apameibomenos ephé,"
Full many a Grecian sang his lay,
Achilles sulks his tent within,
Brave Hector leads the Trojan din,
Horace we scan, the wars in Gaul,
And Carthage read with good McCaul *
In halls of Alma Mater.

By parasang and stadion,
We journey on with Xenophon,
Through Asia's plain in proud array;
Then comes the fratricidal fray;
The leaders fall, the stricken bands
Now seek, through floods, o'er Median sands,
The sea—their Alma Mater.

* Rev. John McCaul, LL. D., president and professor of classics.

Here Croft displayed alchemic arts,
Cherry his logarithms and charts,
Wilson his rich historic lore,
And Young, with master spirit, bore
Our minds the world within to scan,
And learn the Godlike part of man,
In halls of Alma Mater. *

Genial and loved yet wise were these,
As "tyrants of the Chersonese;"
Their will our law, their cherished aim
To show the path that leads to fame,
To broadly think as Plato thought,
To bravely fight as Cato fought,
O dulcis Alma Mater!

And when arose the clarion call,
How quickly from each college hall,
With sword and gun begirt, were seen,
Her sons arrayed to serve the Queen.
At Limeridge and on Erie's shore,
The foul invader back they bore,
Brave sons of Alma Mater.

O tempora! O mores all!
No longer, under beeches tall,
Do fauns and satyrs grim converse,
But nymphs, sweet lisping Browning's verse,
X-rays, microbes, conchology—
Each modern ism and ology,
Now grace our Alma Mater.

Aeöa and primal molecule
Are weighed with scientific rule,
Fair Canadensé Eozoön,
With blue-green algæ decked, is shewn,
And oft the Soph completes his term
A wise Kiplingii blastoderm †
In halls of Alma Mater.

* Dr. Henry Croft, professor of chemistry; Dr. J. B. Cherriman, professor of mathematics; Sir Daniel Wilson, LL. D., professor of history and English literature, and president after Dr. McCaul; Dr. George Paxton Young, metaphysician.

† Vide "Plain Tales from the Hills."

"How out of time the song you sing!"
Says Portia, gown'd—with jewel'd ring,
"Nymphs, satyrs, fauns and epic lays
Are themes for wet vacation days;
E'en from your old blind poet learn,*
And cease our modern arts to spurn
In halls of Alma Mater.

"On Vulcan's shield, which Thetis bore
To her sad son by Ilion's shore,
Were graved, beside Mars' bloody strife,
The lowing herd, the ways of life;
Jove's mystic works, the starry vault;
Of these to know were scarce a fault
In halls of Alma Mater.

"The-unseen powers of air are caught;
Titan and Nereid now are taught,
At Mary's flood, Niagara's gorge,
To turn the wheel and fan the forge.
Culture and science, hand in hand,
Hail victory won o'er sea and land
From halls of Alma Mater."

Toronto, June, 1901.

* Vide Iliad, Lib. XVIII.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES OF CANADA

BY W. ALBERT HICKMAN, B. SC.

IF one glances at one of those maps of the world in which the possessions of his Majesty King Edward VII. are tinted a uniform pink, the various pink patches have a tendency by their physical relations to suggest certain political and economic problems. There are times when one is tempted to think that if that great body, the British Public, and its representatives, studied these pink patches and their relations a little more carefully before acting, it might not only be better for the said pink patches but for the British Public, as well. This applies especially to the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

But where and what are these Maritime Provinces of Canada? If we look at the map in question again, we note that of all the pink patches—and they are becoming many and great—the largest is the Dominion of Canada, and it is, near the mother land. In its extreme east, stretching out into the great Atlantic, with shores incised by hundreds—literally, hundreds—of bays and harbors, are the Maritime Provinces: New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island.

If nothing but their position were to be considered, this would be sufficient warrant for English-speaking people to take a more than superficial interest in them, for they lie *nearer Great Britain than any other important food-producing area of the Empire*. This is a considerable distinction, and to the Provinces themselves must ultimately be of enormous economic importance.

The Maritime Provinces, as I shall try to show in a few

words, are almost peculiar in the advantages offered by their climate and their physiographical and geographical position, and in the tremendous variety and quantity of their natural resources. Yet the country has not advanced in some respects as might have been the case. This has been due to a number of circumstances.

A paragraph or two of very much condensed history will serve, perhaps, to explain this. From the time when Eric the Red sighted the shores of Nova Scotia, and later, as it is supposed, sailed up to the grape-covered islands of the St. John river in New Brunswick and named the country "Vinland," the whole district has been famed for its timber. In those days the country was one great forest, fifty thousand square miles of woodland, easy of access and in a splendid climate. Little wonder that even in the time of the French occupation wooden shipbuilding developed apace, and still less wonder that when the masters of the seas came on the scene this became the one great industry of the country, to the detriment of everything else, and St. John, New Brunswick, though a comparatively small city, became the fourth shipowning port in the world. The sound of the axe never ceased, and the noise of trunnelling and the click of the caulking mallet were incessant. The Maritime Province shipowners made fortunes. Scientific agriculture and the other industries were neglected. Then came the introduction of iron vessels and the rapid decline of wooden shipping.

The people turned from the shipyard to the farm; from a trade they did understand to one they did not. With this came the introduction of the so-called national policy, a policy designed to protect the manufacturers of Canada. The people of the Maritime Provinces were not essentially manufacturers, and the national policy served to lessen their prosperity and their increase in population.

Later came the gradual and steady building up of general industries, and the active encouragement of advanced agri.

cultural methods by the Provincial governments. Though the advances have of late become phenomenal, there has been, on account of the very steadiness, no tendency toward the disastrous "booms" that have characterized the development of other portions of the American continent. With the development in agriculture and the technical industries have come developments of a social character which have placed these Provinces in a position to claim the majority of the advantages coming from long settlement, coupled with all the advantages of a new country.

Let us look at the Maritime Provinces themselves. They are situated in 45° north latitude, half way between the north pole and the equator. North of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia roll the waters of the great Gulf of St. Lawrence, whose waves thunder on the fertile red-soiled shores of the smallest of Canada's Provinces, Prince Edward Island, the "Garden of the Gulf." To the east stretches away the broad Atlantic, while between the two larger Provinces the great tides of that most remarkable body of water in the world, the Bay of Fundy, rush foaming in and out over the shining brown mud flats, terminating their fertilizing career in the far-famed tidal bore of the Petitcodiac. The Maritime Provinces have the ports most convenient to the greatest fishing grounds in the world, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

The surface of the country may be generally described under that all-embracing and most inappropriate geographical term, as rolling. Prince Edward Island is typically a rolling country with no elevations over five hundred feet. So attractive have its red-soiled uplands proved to its inhabitants that they have never turned to fishing to any great extent, though within a sail of a day or two, in many cases, of the Grand Banks themselves. As shipbuilding was, so agriculture now is the all-dominating industry, and the markets of "the Island" are famed throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. From low, white sand

dunes, through whose coarse grass hisses the breeze from the Gulf, or from the brilliant red banks, the green, well-cultivated fields slope up from the sea, which supplies the kelp and mussel-mud that add so much to their fertility. The Province well deserves the name of the "Garden of the Gulf," for a veritable garden it is.

Nova Scotia, just saved from being an island by the narrow isthmus of Chignecto, has taken much more interest in the great fishing-grounds than has Prince Edward Island, and hundreds of thousands of dollars are invested in the fishing industry. This Province has long been famed for its timber resources, which are still very great. The country is splendidly suited for mixed farming, and as fruit-raising sections the Annapolis, Cornwallis, and other Nova Scotia valleys have become world-famous. Great quantities of the most important minerals of commerce have been discovered, and need, above everything, thorough, systematic development. Enormous deposits of the best coal are found beside equally great deposits of iron ore, and these, as is rarely the case, near what have proved to be considerable quantities of gold. Though iron and steel have been manufactured for some years in Nova Scotia, it is only now that the roar of her blast-furnaces is making itself heard among those of the rest of the world.

Of New Brunswick one geography popular in English schools vouchsafes as its entire stock of information concerning the Province that it is "a country of many and beautiful rivers." Now, though this is perfectly true, needless to say it is not the whole truth. New Brunswick is most decidedly a country of many and beautiful rivers. It is a perfect network of rivers, streams, and lakes; rivers from the size of the St. John, which flows for half a thousand miles through one of the most fertile territories in the world, to crystal brooks that splash their ways through the woodland toward the sea; and lakes from a pond-hole in the deepest forest where the moose goes down to drink—a pond-hole which,

perhaps, a white man has not seen for a hundred years—to Grand Lake itself with its busy steamers and plodding wood-boats. New Brunswick has great areas of forest and great areas of farming land of unexcelled fertility. There are, as in Nova Scotia, three distinct types of farming land: upland, much of it rich and deep; intervale land, an alluvial land deposited in the river valleys and rendered self-sustaining by being overflowed by the rivers twice each year; and dyke-land, which depends for its existence and fertility on the great tides of the Bay of Fundy. This latter needs no manure under any circumstances, and bears the distinction of being the most fertile land in temperate latitudes. New Brunswick, like Nova Scotia, has great areas of coal, iron, and other minerals, but these are very much less developed than in the latter Province.

This brief survey of the prominent characteristics of the three Provinces has been so cursory and inadequate as to be almost useless, and yet, as it was intended merely to convey a mental picture containing most salient features, it is to be hoped it has served its purpose. Let me recapitulate, as far as the picture is concerned, and cite a few developments which are of the utmost importance not only to the country itself directly but in its relations with the rest of Canada, Great Britain, and the United States.

The Maritime Provinces. Nearer Great Britain than any other at present economically important area of Canada, the greatest British colony. A rolling, fertile, and most resourceful country, with elaborate transportation system by water and rail. (New Brunswick with more miles of railway per head of population than any other country in the world.) Splendid harbors everywhere. Unlimited coal and iron beside each other and on the very shores of the harbors. Copper, gold, antimony, manganese, and other minerals abundant. Farming lands of unexcelled fertility, and a climate which, though with forty inches of rain in the year, and consequently no droughts, has about twice as many hours of bright sunshine as is the average in Great Britain. Winters clear, cold, and bracing. Farming districts and towns well situated with relation to transportation facilities by land and water, many on excellent shipping

ports. Forest areas and farm lands well localized, and consequently an absolute lack of isolation in the latter. Churches everywhere and advanced free school system. Lands cheap and taxes extremely low.

Surely this is a list of advantages hard to equal, especially when we add to it the fact that about 99 per cent. of the population has been born within the British Empire. There are still great areas of good land to be taken up, and the government of New Brunswick has within the last year begun to make special efforts to attract the better class of settlers from the United Kingdom. In shipping to the British market the country has an enormous advantage over the Canadian Northwest, as the railway haul of two thousand miles is entirely eliminated. The British farmer can get the ordinary type of crown lands in the Maritime Provinces, and he can, especially in New Brunswick, buy outright a farm, including woodland, cleared and cultivated land, and buildings, for about £2 per acre, not more in some cases than its annual rental would be in Great Britain.

Since the Provincial governments have commenced the practical encouragement of agriculture in these Provinces the developments have been most rapid. For instance, in 1891 there was not a government-supervised butter and cheese factory in New Brunswick; this year there are close on a hundred. In 1894 there was not a modern roller wheat mill in New Brunswick, and the farmers bought their fine flour from the West; last year twelve mills turned out 80,000 barrels of New Brunswick flour, and this season sees no less than nineteen mills in operation.

The great developments in lumbering that have made St. John one of the greatest lumber shipping ports in the world, if not the greatest one, are too well known to need comment, and of late years the manufacture of wood pulp has taken rapid strides and now offers a large field for the profitable investment of capital.

While speaking of the forests it would not do to neglect

their denizens. For fishing and for big and small game shooting no country in the world has more to offer than the Maritime Provinces. Salmon are plentiful, and the names of such rivers as the St. Mary's, Miramichi, Nepisiquit, and Restigouche are familiar to every devotee of the two-handed rod. Trout simply teem in every stream, and New Brunswick is credited with being the best trout country in the world. Canada geese, brant, and the various species of ducks are very abundant, and snipe, woodcock, and grouse afford splendid sport. The Provinces are especially noted for their big game, Virginia deer, caribou, and especially for the large numbers of the greatest of all the deer tribe, the gigantic moose, which, under the protection of the game laws so rigidly enforced, increases in numbers year by year and attracts sportsmen from the ends of all the earth.

One other feature I must mention, and it is an important one; so important in fact that it will probably be the means in the next ten years of bringing the Maritime Provinces into the prominence they deserve. I have already said that the mineral resources of the country have never been adequately developed. Antimony, of which there seems to be an endless quantity, was taken up for a time and then dropped, more for lack of capitalization than for any other reason. Manganese has been worked in a desultory manner. Copper was hesitated over at first, but is now in a fair way for being thoroughly exploited. The output of gold is being constantly and steadily increased.

It is the proximity and the enormous quantity of coal and iron that the Maritime Provinces will have to thank for rapid advancement. The great furnaces now going up at Sydney are but indications of what is to come. The situation, only 2,000 miles from Great Britain and within a few hundred miles of the markets of the United States, is ideal. The supply of raw material is good and apparently unlimited. The general convenience could not be surpassed. The result of all this is that iron and steel can be produced

in the Maritime Provinces cheaper than anywhere else in the world. The country possesses the same concentration of resources as found in Great Britain itself, and there can be but one result. The Maritime Provinces will again become a great shipbuilding country, perhaps the greatest of all shipbuilding countries, only the ships will not be of wood but of steel. Already preparations are being made, and it seems as if very soon indeed Sydney, Halifax, and St. John must ring with the sound of the riveting hammer.

One thought in closing. The Maritime Provinces are nearer Great Britain than any other important section in the colonies. If England wishes easily to retain her supremacy in iron and steel and coal, why not devote some attention to the Maritime Provinces of Canada?

“COAL CIVILIZATIONS”

By S. J. MacKNIGHT

JOHAN M. ROBERTSON is a contemporary English historian of immense learning, though characterized by a somewhat harsh and eccentric mode of utterance. His recently published work “An Introduction to English Politics” is misnamed. It is really a collection of historical essays on subjects both British and foreign, and contains the following very curious and remarkable comments on the historical development of Brazil. Mr. Robertson says:

“The rapid commercial development of the United States [of North America] is excessively capitalistic, in virtue largely of the factor of coal, and the consequent disproportionate stress of manufactures. The outstanding result is, as in England, a feverish and hard-driven competitive life for the great mass of the population, with the prospect ahead of industrial convulsions, in addition to the nightmare of the race hatred between black and white; a desperate problem from which Brazil seems to have been saved. . . . The revolutions of South America, all told, represent less evil than did the North American civil war, and they are hardly greater moral evils than the peaceful growth of financial corruption in the North. . . . In fine, Brazil—in common with other parts of South America—has a fair chance of being the scene of a future civilization, morally and socially greater and higher than that now evolving in North America. What may be termed coal civilizations, with their factitious and joyless rapidity of exploitation, are in the nature of the case at once ugly and impermanent. That cannot well be the highest civilization which

multiplies by the myriad its serfs of the mine, and by the million its slaves of the machine. In South America the lack of coal promises escape from the worst developments of capitalism, in as much as labor must therefore be mainly spent on and served by the living processes and forces of nature, these so unmeasurable and so inexhaustible of beauty. Fuel enough for sane industry is supplied by the richest woods on the planet."

Again, when speaking of the enormous national debt of Portugal, Mr. Robertson thus attacks the coal problem: "A similar evolution [increase of national debt] will probably take place within the next century or two in England. . . . When the English coal supply is exhausted, a vast debt, it seems probable, will be left to a population ill-capable of sustaining it; and the apparently inevitable result will be such a drift of population from Britain to the United States as now goes from Portugal to Brazil, leaving the home population all the less able to bear its financial burden. It is difficult to see how any arrangement, save a composition with creditors, can meet the case."

Again, when speaking of the progressive ruin of Italian agriculture under the Roman Empire, he says, "Modern England, which has grown rich by burning up its coal in manufacture and selling it outright, but in the process has acquired a share in the national debts of all other countries—England is almost stable in comparison. While it lasts, the coal at least educes manufactures, which in turn support a good deal of agriculture even against the competition of better soils."

These views are certainly novel and erratic, but I suspect that there is in them a certain substratum of truth. They may constitute a text for a sermon which needs to be preached, and is being preached more and more. The alarm at the impending exhaustion of the coal fields and iron mines of Britain now resounds on every side and is becoming commonplace. The history of the coal era in

Britain, when it comes to be written, will be essentially a history of criminally misused opportunities. The coal deposits have been worked altogether for the aggrandizement of individuals, without the faintest thought of national benefit. When the outburst of machine production began, women and children were used as slaves in both mines and factories. The cotton products which came from the toil of these white slaves were forced by cheapness on the natives of India, who had before not only used but exported their own fabrics, and many of them had to die like dogs of starvation in consequence. This phase of Anglo-Indian history has been very vividly sketched by Horace Greeley in his work on political economy. After a time the factory acts and the introduction of free trade put matters on a somewhat better footing. But the capitalistic system has made England a country of foreign investments, has ruined English home agriculture, and has altogether disturbed the natural and healthy equipoise between manufactures and agriculture.

There is something altogether unhealthy and abnormal in foreign investment when carried beyond certain limits. The interest on such investment partakes of the character of tribute, and paralyzes home industry, sows thistles over the fields, drives men from the country into the towns. It also leaves the nation in a certain peril should war break out and should there be a shortage of grain. The British climate is not suitable even for the storage of grain. What will England be with nothing but big holes where the mines were, and weeds growing in the fields? But a check to manufacture would at once revive agriculture to some extent, so that the two evils would not be exactly parallel. American coal is now finding its way to England, the opening of a new page, and the beginning of a new song.

The recent scarcity of English coal is, I presume, rather the result of labor conditions than of exhaustion of the mines. Yet the time may soon come when the difficulty of working deep mines will become a factor in international

competition. Will England be able to continue her present manufacturing industries when she is obliged to import coal? If so, it will only be as the result of the great capacity and effectiveness of English labor. A failure of manufacture might lead to a revival of agriculture, and from that point of view might be a benefit in disguise, for a healthy and well-balanced industrial life requires a larger development of the agricultural factor than exists in the England of to-day.

Mr. Robertson's main contention, in the passages which I have quoted, is that coal civilizations are essentially impermanent and wasteful. He does not shrink from applying this doctrine even to the United States, whose coal resources are so enormous, and as yet so slightly used. His pessimism brings us right down to the root question, What does our Anglo-Saxon civilization aim at? Are its aims sane aims? These aims undoubtedly are, a desire for increased population, increased wealth, increased exports, and we may perhaps add, increased intelligence and mental progress, though not necessarily intelligence of the highest kind. Now, what we call wealth is in its nature, for the most part, an annual and perishable product. It is as evanescent as the soap-bubble. Mere population also is no advantage in itself, unless the social and economic conditions are satisfactory. The mere pride of achievement, the mere ostentation of a small wealthy class, does not count for much. A country to be really great, ought assuredly to have the prospect of handing down its greatness to posterity. Otherwise its character, to use the phrase of Burke, is merely like that of flies in a summer. The real wealth of a country is to be found not so much in its mere annual product as in its permanent resources. Of course, the sleeping resources of a country may be nullified by bad government and lack of intelligence. But we can hardly hope that any possible intelligence can altogether take the place of depleted resources.

HAWAII FIRST

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF SOME DOINGS OF THE KAUAI
KODAK KLUB IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

V

By E. S. GOODHUE, M. D.

Author of "Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars," "Verses from the
Valley," Etc.

X

WE CROSS A CHANNEL OR TWO

The best thoughts come to a man when he isn't thinking.

"If you don't at first succeed," go to the sea and learn perseverance.

If you want to stay at home all your life, wait until you have money to travel.

EACH island is isolated by a channel that has its own peculiar effect upon the unfortunate victim that attempts to cross it. No one can say which body of water surpasses the others in its power to produce sea-sickness until one has tried them all. This have we done.

It was five o'clock in the afternoon when we stepped into the small boat at Nawiliwili and were transferred, with other freight, to the restless *Mikahala*, possibly a quarter of a mile off. Other passengers were aboard: some half-whites, Chinese prisoners, one negro, two Japanese men with their wives and babies, native men and women adorned with *leis*, three Gilbert Islanders, and whites. There was a fat German who literally filled the cabin next to ours, while, on the other side, the room was occupied by a hollow-chested, sour-looking American. It turned out that he was a humorist.

We went to bed early, as is the custom on these vessels, first the women and children, then the men who never get sick (on land), and, last of all, the deluded mortals that had experimented on themselves with Brush's Sea-sick Cure. The particular channel we were trying to cross on this

memorable night is called Kaieie Waho, and it is sixty-one miles long, if you go from Honolulu to Kauai, but much longer on the return trip.

The gong sounded, but we refused to go to dinner, having dined heartily the day before; instead, we had the steward bring us some rugs, which we spread on the state-room floor, where the Junior Partner and Autolycus lay, while I crawled, without any serious concussion, under the upper berth. Soon darkness began to brood over the face of the deep, and the racket commenced. Up and down the *Mikahala* went, first one end, then the other, with a hop, skip, and a leap. Once in a few moments a shudder would pass along the ship's frame, vibration following vibration, to end in a "sickening thud." Nobody ever received such a rocking, even in the old-fashioned days. Since I have become acquainted with the Hawaiian channels I never long for the song, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep;" even the music worries me and seems to play along my pneumogastric nerve.

With occasional snatches of sleep the interminable hours went on till midnight. Just as the clock struck twelve (we carry a small clock in our valise) I was startled by the moonlight striking my face, and, on rising, was horrified to see a centipede crawl toward the foot of the Junior Partner's rug and perform the most abominable contortions ever seen in a civilized country. He was sea-sick. Rising on the end of his tail, he would open his mouth, describe a semi-circle with the fore-part of his body, double up, then fall flat, completely exhausted. Finally he moved off under the berth.

The *Mikahala* goes to Kauai Wednesdays with mail, freight, and passengers, and returns Saturdays, reaching Honolulu Sunday morning before church. This boat and the *Ke Au hou* belong to an inter-island company. Sometimes a tramp steamer—which is one that has no schedule time—makes a trip to the island, bringing mail and what-

ever there may be. From Koloa the ship passed on to Niihau. Steamers course along the Kauaian coast on their way to Japan and China. The inter-island freight consists principally of sugar and rice, with the usual small commercial exchanges between the island and Honolulu. Everything has to come to Honolulu, or, rather, everything does.

Honolulu proved the same warm place it always was to us. Autolycus used up four different nurses in the course of a week, broke several glasses, one flower-pot, caught cold and had to see Dr. Day, spilled iodide of iron over his white dress, and ended by rolling out of bed. City life seemed to excite him.

Wednesday the Klub, accompanied by a friend, went to visit the Kamehameha school for girls, an institution quite up to any of a similar nature in larger cities. There are three school buildings near together, one for boys, one for girls, and a preparatory school for lads. These structures stand on their own estates, about two miles west of the city, and were built through the generosity of Bernice Pauahi Bishop, who endowed them with valuable property and wishes, which her husband has carried out. Mr. Bishop, who is a banker in San Francisco, gave \$20,000 toward building expenses, and some 96,000 acres of land on Molokai and other property in Honolulu, as an endowment. The preparatory school was a gift of his to the trustees. The girl's building is of soft tinted stone, quite imposing, with grounds ample enough for the largest ideas of beautification. Within the school every convenience and comfort may be found: parlors, offices, recitation rooms, halls, kitchen, laundry, and dormitories. The principal took us to the top into a round room circled with windows, from which we looked out upon the city and the Waianae mountains. The Junior Partner says that the girls are taught "sums, sewing, and sense," which is a bit of alliteration quite appropriate. Theory and practice are combined in a pleasant way by a large staff of female teachers. When we had gone through

the beautiful rooms we came to one larger than the rest where the tables were spread for dinner. Then, as we took our seats at a private table, surrounded by ten or twelve young lady teachers, the native pupils filed in.

There were no men except Autolycus and myself. What was far worse—for this was not bad at all—they asked me to return thanks, not to them, but to the Lord. I shall never know why this thing was done. Every one had seemed friendly to me. It may have been because I wore a frock coat and a silk hat that day—a thing I seldom do, especially after crossing a channel. Possibly, too, I have a grateful look. James Whitcomb Riley told me once that the first time he saw me he took me for a minister. “Although you have a genuine New England face, you have a benevolent look,” he said.

“Goody-goody, benign, sanctimonious?” I answered.

“No, not that,” said Mr. Riley; “you—well, you bear a strong resemblance to Sol Smith Russell. Haven’t you been told so before?”

I should like to ask Mr. Russell if he has ever been asked to say grace. However, I finished without serious damage to any of the dishes, for I always do feel grateful (generally to the Junior Partner) at the prospect of a tempting dinner, such as we had before us. I think, too, that an old experience helped me out. When we were boys at home we had to take turns at “saying grace.” Sometimes Charles said it, and sometimes I did. I shall always believe that father took a grim delight in getting this much of English composition out of us. Once in awhile Jack’s turn came, but a trick of his was to stay away until blessing was over, then join us for the rest of the meal. Father made it a rule to return thanks for breakfast, but we had to attend to the other meals. In this way we learned several formulæ, or styles, as Jack called them, and we often compared notes when we went fishing. We went so far as to compose a few and put them in a book (although our parents were Baptists), then de-

claim them in different tones of voice, to get at the best. One of Charles's favorites was, "We thank Thee for this manifold provision from Thy bounty. Bless whatever Thou hast given us, and in our desire for food may we not forget wisdom." This had the true ring to it, and Charles kept it up until we began to twit him of the repetition, when he swung off to something else for a week or two.

The great difficulty was to have a change, for the same form grew monotonous. Like all children, we were rather close observers, and we noticed that the different men who came to our house and who were constituted to say grace at all, varied greatly in their formulæ. These afforded us valuable hints. Judge Hemming always went over his at a break-neck speed, so that you couldn't catch a word, all the time rapping his salt-cellar on the table in a sort of accompaniment. He was an Episcopalian, and accustomed to having his prayers, like his meals, already prepared. Father offered thanks gracefully and to the point. He never hesitated to say what he wanted, even to the Lord. The worst guest for thanks was Deacon Haddon. He never cut short his exhortation until the potatoes were cold. We felt much abused, believing that the Deacon owed us as much as anybody for the meal he was about to receive.

The most embarrassing occasion was once when Dr. Symes came to tea. Symes was a good doctor, but very poor at saying grace. Father asked him to return thanks. Instead of saying, "Excuse me," or "I would rather not," he went right into the thick of it, looking straight at my sister in an appealing way: "Will the good, m-e-r-c-i-f-u-l fath—" then stammered, turned red, and said something to himself, beginning again in a high-pitched voice, "May the u-n-i-v-e-r-s-a-l Holy One re-s-t-o-r-e sto-r-r—" "Amen," said my mother, always anxious to relieve the embarrassment of any one at her table. But it was too late. Father burst out laughing, and, finally, mother joined in, and we all laughed until the tears ran into our plates. Dr. Symes disappeared,

and no one saw him for six weeks. He went off on a fishing expedition to Moosehead Lake, and stayed until nearly all his patients recovered.

As I said, my early training assists me materially, but to this day I dislike to be taken unawares, or to be required to repeat thanks three times a day, before meals, as one does a dose of bitters.

The next day was warm, and so I visited the public library, where it was cool and inviting. The librarian, dressed in a gauzy white gown, was talking to a native girl, who held in her hand a copy of "The Gates Ajar." The pastor of Central Union Church was reading a Boston paper, and near him a short man with a goatee turned the pages of *Le Figaro*.

XI

ANOTHER VOYAGE

"'An observer of human nature,' sir," said Mr. Pickwick. "Ah, so am I; most people are when they've little to do and less to get."

IN ten days from the time we arrived in Honolulu we began preparations for a voyage to Maui. It was necessary to get to this island, and there was no royal road. The steamship company had an inviting schedule out, praising the steamer *Kinau*, "the largest and fastest steamer in the Hawaiian islands." But the *Kinau* would land us at Malaeaa, while the *Claudine* took us five miles nearer our final destination. Wednesday morning we found ourselves landed at Kahului, in full view of Haleakela, where the sun was just rising.

Kahului is situated in the neck of the island of Maui, which resembles the bust of a woman, Lahaina district forming the head, Oluwalu the nose, Malaeaa and Kahului bays the throat and back of neck, respectively, with the breast south. The face is Irish, with a pug nose. The neck of the

island is nothing more than sand-hills, that still shift in the wind, and an isthmus seven miles wide, separating East from West Maui. The name Maui means broken in two. The island has an area of 760 square miles, is 48 miles long, and 30 broad. The principal mountain of West Maui rises out of Iao Valley, and is named Puu Kukui (lamp, or candle, hill); it is 5,800 feet high. The soil generally is fertile and fairly well watered. Maui stands second in agricultural importance. Its principal town, Wailuku, now appeared to us, and very soon we entered the only hotel there was in the place, or, in fact, on the island. We were doomed to stay in it for several weeks, but as the Chili Con Carne had wide verandas, a shady lawn, and interesting guests, we became reconciled to the situation.

Down under the hotel proper, on the dingy ground floor, sat for most of the day, a genuine old negro from Alabama. He was the owner of the whole place, and other places besides, a bloated capitalist, familiarly known as "Uncle John." I tried to interview him several times, but he was as uncommunicative as a diplomat. He said he didn't have much property to brag on. I asked him about his native State.

"How'd. you know I cum from Alabamy? Well, I reckon I did, goin' on fohty yeahs now. I'se 'bout twenty then. I cum heah, an' went f'om one thing to anothah, an' made right sma't wages. The little I'se got I made that a-way. Yuh, I lef' befo' the wah in de Souf, an' I'se mighty glad I did. No slave wah fo' me. We has no class 'stinction heah; ebbery man's as good as the othah, an' that's the way it ought to be. I don't lay no stress on havin' a black skin, but since I's got it by no fault of mine, I don't want to be kep' down fo' it. I don't like to be made a slave nor kep' a specialty of nuthah."

Then he went on smoking and paid no more attention to me. He had none of the negro's love of display, was quiet, uncommunicative, and rather sober.



WAILUKU

We grew tired of the noise about the hotel, and the continual clang of the telephone, so one day we moved down to a little cottage that commanded a full view of Iao Valley from its front porch, and a glimpse of Haleakela from its back. We met first one, then another here, and told them that our house was being finished, and told them that for nearly a month—then suddenly went into our house, and became housekeepers ourselves.

I sat talking to Mrs. Sanderson. She was a languid woman, who gave one the impression that she had endured more than she had any intention of complaining about. She was somewhat literary, too, and artistic. She didn't have enough children to keep her busy, but there were the cook and the yardman to manage, and the various teas to attend.

"This is a peculiar place," she informed me early. "No club, society, or organization can last more than a month. There are two factions, one the followers of one physician, the other the friends of the other physician." (It is hardly necessary to add that the doctors were at swords' points, as usual.) "We have tried organizing, but it is of no use. At Makawao they have well-attended literary meetings, started about fifteen years ago."

"Yes," I ventured, "they are higher up, where peace dwells. The oracles were on mountains, and the commandments came from Sinai. The best things since the days of Olympus' popularity have been on mountains."

We fell to talking of authors, and, of course, Mrs. Sanderson had read the latest novel. She didn't like Stevenson; she knew too much about him. That is the case with any one who stays here long enough, for few of us are perfect.

"C—— is another author we don't like, although he has the knack of writing. He stayed here and lived off his brother-in-law." (I noticed, for the first time, a little twist about the woman's mouth, which struck me most unpleasantly. It showed most when she was critical.) "He has no purpose or energy" (energy was the only redeeming quality

her own husband had); "he is an old man now, and has idled away nearly all his life. His family are all poor, and the far-famed Ulupalakua, where he slept away the precious hours, is growing old and dilapidated. I like his books very much, but should like them better if I didn't know so much about the author." She sighed, as if burdened with her knowledge of the personal history of writers.

"In writing his books, don't you think he did as much as, if not more than, the rest of us who are living in the tropics?" I asked of the critic of men's lives. "Possibly, too, we can't say how much he was doing that was preparation for work to come; and, as for his board bills, it seems to me that the persons whom he owes should be the first to complain. I knew a quiet, studious man, who stayed at home and prepared himself for work in life, while the gossips said that he was lazy. In the same place lived a little, insignificant ignoramus, who was always bustling about, doing nothing with many muscular twitches, until the whole community thought that he was the most industrious man among them. The fact was he hadn't *done* a thing for twenty years. The other man gained a new fact each day, or made a valuable observation, and, finally, wrote something that helped two persons, anyway, to succeed in life."

"Well, I think it's a safe rule to adore authors at a distance," said Mrs. Sanderson, with a disdainful toss of her head; "meeting them is such sad disillusionment sometimes."

She went on: "I suppose you know that W—— has a very disagreeable disposition. A friend of mine came with the party to California, and she told me that Mr. W—— was very petulant and irritable, and made his wife's life a weariness. But then it's so general. Look at Milton, Lytton, and hundreds of others—in every case the author part of the house was to blame. Sometimes it was a man, and sometimes a woman. Divorce and disaster are written large over the lives of literary men. I have made a study of the subject."

"I must differ from you," I answered, almost vehemently, "although I cannot discuss the subject in a general way. You will find a very different record if you turn to our more modern poets and authors. They have nearly all been happy with their families. But here, whoever comes here, or within the reach of any that live here, especially if he have some marked quality which places him above the crowd, will find social vultures to feast upon his human weaknesses, and who, pray, is without them—the vultures?"

The next time that we decided to embark we went to Malae Bay, and took the *Mauna Loa*. The day was perfect and the sea as calm as it ought to be once in a great while. We seemed to be floating on some river, the shores of Maui, Molokini, Lanai, Kahoolawe, Molokai, and then Oahu, clearly outlined from our bow.

The Kohala court had adjourned, and half a dozen lawyers were aboard. At the table sat the Attorney-General of the country, a quiet, sensible man, who had little to say. What he did say was in a low voice. By his side was a rattle-brained, red-whiskered island man, nervous and anxious to monopolize his friend. Next to us was a royalist, an ex-Minister of Finance under Lilioukalani, with whom we had already made one trip on the *Australia*, and next to him sat the Bishop. A better view of this remarkable personage was to be had later, when he stood upon the hurricane deck, facing the other passengers. He was dressed in the costume of a bishop of the Anglican church—a thin, slim, spindle-legged man, with a long alpaca coat, a small, black felt hat, the regulation vest, and leggings. And what leggings!

"Why on earth doesn't he pad his calves?" asked a young lady, whose name I never learned.



THE BISHOP

This was his lordship the Bishop, big enough to break up his church into two, anathematize Mr. Dole and the government generally, and make more enemies than any one man in Hawaii. He is very light weight physically, and has a small, piping voice, but was great enough to go to the city of London some time ago, and have his opinions reported all over the country. Said he: "The feeling in the islands is against the United States, and in favor of British annexation. A third of the capital of the country is British. If Great Britain does not take the country, the next best course is for Japan to reinstate Queen Lilioukalani. The proposal to annex Hawaii to the United States is only advanced to please certain politicians. America does not want the islands."

As a prophet the Bishop was not a success, for shortly after this statement annexation took place. At his services in Honolulu the Bishop prays for all the crowned heads and the presidents of all the republics except the executive officer of his own country. As a Christian, one would think that he could not very well escape praying for Mr. Dole—because we are told to pray for our enemies.

(To be continued.)

GAMBLING: ONE POINT OF VIEW OF IT

HOW PUBLIC SENTIMENT PERMITS A MONTE CARLO TO BE
OPENLY CONDUCTED IN THE WEST

TO many people of the East and South—especially the East—the Monte Carlo of the West is unknown. But to Westerners the Inter-Ocean Club of Denver, Col., is as well known as, for instance, the Metropolitan Opera House is to residents of New York City. At this club you may see some of the heaviest playing in America, both at roulette and the faro-bank.

Gambling is as "open" in the West as it is "closed" in the East. Yet in the former section there is less poverty and misery in proportion to the population than in any other section of the country. The question, Does gambling cause poverty and misery? I think, with few exceptions, may be answered in the negative. The majority of the people who play games of chance do so, I believe, with their spending money, most of the heavier players being wealthy and easily able to stand such losses as they may incur. The poorer classes, as a rule, play with what they can afford to lose, that is, with money which if not spent in play would go for other amusements. But, win or lose, the pleasures of play cannot be denied.

I have stood many an evening in front of the Inter-Ocean and watched the different types of people entering and leaving the establishment. Among the most frequent habitués of the place may be observed judges, lawyers, doctors, legislative officials, business men, shopkeepers, mechanics, and a few laboring men. Women, too, are among the patrons—women of all grades of society, by no means excepting those of the better class. Richly gowned ladies of the smart set come in their carriages, attended by male

escorts equally fashionable. A few of the fair sex make up "hen" parties and play in private rooms away from the public, where they can be more at ease and among their immediate friends. These parties generally play from early evening till early morning. In the main salon, however, you see, side by side, the employer playing his bank roll and his employe his silver dollars, each equally interested. The whole is a unique sight. To these people playing games of chance is an amusement as natural as the theater is to others.

Gambling is as old as the hills and probably always will be with us in one form or another. It seems as impossible to suppress it altogether as to go up Niagara Falls in a row-boat. Human nature is permeated with the gambling spirit and prone to indulge whenever opportunity permits. Life itself, in fact, is more or less of a gamble. Playing faro, roulette, and other games of chance is certainly no worse than certain forms of stock-gambling.

In New York and other large cities of the East those who desire to gamble do so mostly by stealth, either at their homes, private clubs, or at a few gambling places that are run "on the quiet." The law is very strict and the police have to be careful in order to avoid stirring up reformers and others who are always on the alert. So the few places that are run under police protection have to be very cautious. There are in New York a few honest gambling houses, but the majority are "crooked." In these latter the patrons are fleeced. Nearly all the men I have met in New York who conduct gambling places say the amount of money they must pay for "protection" is extortionate, and they cannot make it pay to run a "fair" game.

In France and some other European countries the government derives a revenue from gambling institutions—instead of "hush" money to dishonest officials the government exchequer is strengthened. Perhaps it would be better for the public in this country if the law permitted a few reputable houses to exist, run by responsible people, under police supervision. This would be better than a merely outward

semblance of suppression and in reality a city honeycombed with disreputable dens. By charging a fair amount for a license the municipality or State would derive a good revenue, and, in addition, the people who will play anyway would be protected from fleecing methods. To prevent the misery and despair that follow losers who can ill afford to play, it might be well to issue to all who desire to gamble a monthly license, thus shutting out those who cannot afford



"MOST OF THE PLAYING IS DONE IN THE MAIN SALON"

to play. Any house allowing a person without one of these licenses to gamble could be suppressed.

If in the United States there were a few more houses like the Inter-Ocean, it would, at least, be better for the public in general than it is at present with cities full of disreputable and dishonest dens that it seems impossible to suppress. One of the features of this Western Monte Carlo might be copied to advantage by similar institutions throughout the world: the barring of players in the last stages of intoxica-

tion, and young men and bread-winners of a family whose members have requested the management to refuse them permission to play. Many others who it is known can ill afford to lose are also barred.

I have seen many a man who was a stranger in town and had gone "broke" receive his railroad fare home. Others receive carfare or living money sufficient to last until they receive their next remittance. It seems, in fact, that one of the principles of the management is to let no one go away dissatisfied with the house. This applies not alone to heavy players, but to all. I have seen a man come in with his last dollar, hoping to add to it, but losing, and then, after telling the manager he was "broke," receive a present of three dollars. Incidents such as these are numerous. Besides this, many a worthy man in need is helped along. The charity list of the establishment is quite a large one, and many a poor supplicant has had his or her letter answered with a little money inclosed. If other places of a similar kind were run with as much fairness, the public would have less cause to complain of gambling as an unmixed evil.

A brief description of this unique institution may not be uninteresting. The building itself was formerly the mansion of one of the wealthiest of Denver's citizens, and covers nearly half a block on Curtis street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets. The rooms are elegantly furnished, with valuable paintings and engravings on the walls, and waxed floors on which are handsome Oriental rugs. Most of the playing is done in the main salon, but there are many smaller rooms where private parties can play any kind of a game they choose. A large reading-room contains files of all the standard magazines and newspapers, and there are writing tables for those who wish to attend to correspondence. There is also a café and bar, where cigars and temperance and alcoholic drinks are served free to all who may desire them. The house gives work to about forty employes, all well paid. These consist of faro and roulette dealers, wheel players, bartenders, waiters, and porters.

Play begins at nine o'clock in the morning and continues until four o'clock the following morning. If there are any players who desire to remain at closing time, the game does not stop until the last one leaves.

Many judges of human nature say the surest way to tell a man's character is to see him when he is intoxicated. For my part, I say watch him while he is playing a game of chance, when he is in his sober senses. You can pick out the miser,



ANOTHER ROOM

the liberal man, the hot- and the cool-headed one, the hard-hearted, and the generous. Some players exhibit no outward signs of emotion, losing or winning, and these no one knows how they really feel. Others make exclamations and remark on their luck, while some are as cool as ice and do not move a muscle of the face or show in any way either pleasure or pain. There are faces on which you can read avarice and a greed for gain. By their looks one would

judge that they put their money away in an old stocking, hoping thereby to hatch out more to keep company with it. When through playing, some simply sigh, and either pocket their winnings or go away losers. The flushed faces of others betray easily whether they have won or lost.

I am not advocating or defending gambling *per se*; but if gambling cannot be stopped, and to stop it seems impossible, it would be better all around to permit the existence of a few establishments such as the one I have described than to have others, in so many respects less desirable, exist in defiance of the law. If any one is disposed to doubt the existence of such an openly conducted Monte Carlo of the West as I have pictured, he has but to visit Denver and verify for himself any statement I have made.

A. A. A.



DENVER'S MONTE CARLO

LONDON'S UNIQUE MUSEUM

BY F. M. KETTENUS

LONDON possesses many museums, and the great British Museum is known throughout the civilized world. All visitors to London go there at least once. Some, but not so many, find their way to the quaint, old-world museum, founded by Sir John Soane, situated on the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, one of the finest and most unique of its kind to be found in all London. Strangely enough, it is almost unknown to the average Londoner, though it is a regular resort of art-lovers and admirers of the antique. It contains a handsome library of rare books, MSS., prints and drawings, maps and models, and a variety of works of art, including paintings by Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Turner, Paul Veronese, Bartolozzi, and other famous artists. Before giving a brief description of the treasures contained in this fascinating museum, a few words concerning the life and career of its founder may be of interest to readers of this article.

Like many another who has risen from a lowly station in life to wealth and honor, Sir John Soane came of humble parentage. His father was a small builder and bricklayer, and John was the eldest son of a large family. He was born near Reading on the 10th of September, 1753, and it was through the aid of a sister that he gained the first opening to his subsequent brilliant career. This sister, it seems, went to London as housemaid in the service of George Dance, R. A., and shortly after her arrival she heard that a boy was wanted in the office of her employer, and asked

her master to give her brother a trial. John was accordingly sent for, and in time began to show such intelligence and ability that he soon attracted the notice of Mr. Dance. Finding that the boy was well educated, could both draw and sketch very cleverly, and was far too intelligent for the menial duties he had undertaken, George Dance spoke about the lad to a friend, an architect of the name of Holland, who eventually took John Soane into his employ as a pupil.

So well did the boy repay the interest taken in him, that in a few years he entered for an examination at the art school founded by George III., where students were granted scholarships for painting, sculpture, and architecture. There he gained the scholarship for architecture, which enabled him to go to Italy for three years. In Italy he made the acquaintance of the eccentric Bishop of Derry, a member of the Fox family, and there also he was introduced to the Marquis of Bristol, both of whom took a great interest in the young student, and it was chiefly due to their influence that on returning to England Sir John Soane obtained his first government appointment. Though only a small thing in its way, this appointment was the first stepping-stone to his success, and from this period he rose rapidly in his profession until he eventually became Professor of Architecture to the Royal Academy of Arts in London and architect of the Bank of England, of which establishment he designed the four façades as well as the rotunda and most of the public offices. He received a knighthood in addition to the many other honors conferred upon him, and was certainly one of the most distinguished men of his time. In addition to the letters after his name, R. A., F. R. S., F. S. A., he was Architect to the College of Surgeons, Grand Superintendent of Works of the United Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, and member of the Academies of Vienna, Parma, and so forth.

He married a niece of George Wyatt, who, on her uncle's

death, inherited a fortune of some £30,000 to £40,000, in addition to the property she already possessed.

There were two sons of the marriage, John and George, both of whom were sent to college and received a first-rate education. John was earnest and studious, but as the two grew up, George, the younger son, became a spendthrift. His wild manner of living was the means of his running deeply into debt, and three times did Sir John Soane pay great sums to extricate him from his difficulties. Eventually he fell in love with a Miss Boaden, whom he married, in spite of the entreaties of his parents. After this marriage Sir John Soane disowned him. The elder son died at the early age of thirty-seven, and Sir John Soane provided handsomely for his grandchildren and his son's widow. Visitors who go to the museum cannot fail to be struck by the character in the faces of the two boys in the life-size portraits in the south drawing-room, by W. Owen, R. A., painted in 1804. The face of the elder is strong and earnest in expression, with a tinge of sadness in the large, soft eyes, while the handsome, bold face of the younger boy has a reckless, defiant air, with willfulness writ large upon it.

Sir John Soane was at one time unfairly and unjustly accused of having left his own family to starve in order to leave the nation the handsome bequest of the house and museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Needless to say, the statement is entirely false. At his death, which occurred at his residence, No. 13 Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the 20th of January, 1837, it was found that he had left several thousand pounds each to the children of his eldest son, and a small annuity (sufficient to keep them from want) to his son George, his wife, and each of the children.

Doubtless the bulk of the fortune that would have been inherited by George Soane, had he not displeased his father, went toward the endowment of the museum, but few people are aware that Sir John—even though justly angered—did not

forget to provide for the son who had wronged him so deeply. It was because Sir John Soane expected that disputes and altercations would occur after his death concerning his property that he took the precaution of obtaining an Act of Parliament, entitled "An Act for Settling and Preserving Sir John Soane's Museum, Library, and Works of Art, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the County of Middlesex, for the Benefit of the Public, and for Establishing a Sufficient Endowment for the Due Maintenance of the Same."

The museum is opened to the public on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, from April till August, public holidays excepted. The chief charm about it, and one which adds considerably to its attractiveness, is that all the rooms are left in exactly the same state as when Sir John lived there, and thus the place lacks the usual primness and coldness of the ordinary museum. In the dining-room, the library, and the breakfast-room, bright fires are burning during the chill spring days, and to heighten the cozy and home-like effect, vases of fresh spring flowers are placed on brackets and in quaint shadowy corners, lending an indescribable charm to the old-world surroundings. (This dainty touch is due to the curator of the museum, George H. Birch, F. S. A., who is a great lover of flowers.)

The first room one enters is the library, or, one should say, the dining-room and library thrown into one, as the partition has been removed and the room now measures forty feet long and twenty-one feet broad. The ceiling of this room is formed into compartments enriched with paintings by Henry Howard, R. A. The walls are painted of a deep vermilion color, the moldings, the soffits of the arches, in imitation of bronze, and various mirrors reflect back the numerous *objets d'art*. In the library are eight chairs of singular beauty, richly inlaid with mother-of-pearl, dating from the seventeenth century. The book-cases contain numerous volumes of drawings and designs by Sir John Soane, and many rare and valuable books, among

which are Boydell's Shakespeare, with proof impressions of the plates selected by Alderman Boydell, the copy of Hogarth's works presented to him by his friend Schomberg, and many more rare volumes too numerous to mention here. Busts of Homer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Camden, and Inigo Jones surmount the book-cases in the two deep recesses. Greek and Etruscan vases are also to be seen, a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, a splendid MS., exquisitely illuminated (about 1450) by Giulio Romano, a pupil of Michael Angelo, and many more priceless works of art.

The picture-room is especially interesting. Though only thirteen feet eight inches in length, twelve feet four inches in breadth, and nineteen feet six inches in height, it nevertheless contains as many pictures as an ordinary gallery of the same height, forty-five feet long and twenty feet broad. The secret lies in the fact that the north and west sides are, in reality, cabinets formed with movable planes, and on the south side are two movable planes with sufficient space between for the additional pictures. When the movable planes are thrown open, the visitor is astonished to behold a deep recess—almost a small chamber in itself—containing a statue of a nymph by Sir R. Westmacott, R. A., from the original marble in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle.

In this room is the famous series of pictures by Hogarth entitled "An Election," formerly belonging to the well-known actor David Garrick, who purchased the pictures from Hogarth before they were painted. The story runs thus: Hogarth, like many other painters of the day, endeavored to obtain orders for his pictures before they were completed, to avoid unnecessary waste of time in disposing of them. When about to paint the series above mentioned, he called on David Garrick and told him his plan, which was to obtain a hundred subscribers at two guineas each. The actor, who did not think that Hogarth would be successful in his efforts to obtain such a sum, and yet was anxious to

assist the artist, made the proposal that Hogarth should paint the pictures and sell them to him for the sum of two hundred guineas, and in the meantime also raise what he could from other subscribers. To this Hogarth eagerly assented, and the pictures were purchased by Garrick in 1758 and were hung in the dining-room in his house (the center one) at Adelphi Terrace until the year 1823, when, at the sale of Mrs. Garrick's effects, they were bought straight from the walls by Sir John Soane for 1,650 guineas. Thus the pictures have passed through the hands of only two purchasers since they were painted by Hogarth. "An Election" comprises four paintings, namely, "The Entertainment," "The Canvassing for Votes," "The Polling," "The Chairing of the Member."

Over the chimney-piece in the picture-room is another series of eight paintings by Hogarth: "The Rake's Progress" — "The Heir," "The Levee," "Orgies," "The Arrest," "The Marriage," "The Gaming House," "The Prison," and "The Mad-house." These were painted about 1734, and were bought by Sir John Soane in 1802 for 570 guineas. Two paintings by Canaletto, formerly in the possession of the Earl of Bute, and many more noted paintings hang in this room, in addition to several architectural drawings—most of which have been exhibited at the Royal Academy—of buildings designed by Sir John Soane, including designs for a royal palace, a triumphal bridge, and several public and private buildings.

Quaint and mediæval-looking is the room called the monk's parlor, filled with a variety of fragments and casts in plaster of different parts of ecclesiastical and other structures of the Middle Ages, besides a number of exquisite carvings in wood and ivory. The one large window in the room contains twenty-two different specimens of ancient painted glass, representing saints and other religious designs. In front of this is a quaint altar, on which is placed a fine specimen of ancient Flemish carving in wood, representing

the Crucifixion. There are also glazed cases containing a collection of old vases and other antiquities found in tombs in the interior of Peru. In the niches were placed vases of bright, golden daffodils; and the high-backed old chairs, the faded carpet, and the softened light, imparted to the small room a strange glamour of dead and gone days.

In the lower part of the museum is the sepulchral gallery, which is lighted from the dome of the gallery above it. In the center of this chamber is the marvelous Egyptian sarcophagus said to have contained the body of Seti I. of the nineteenth dynasty, who reigned about 1350 years B. C., and was the father of Rameses II. This splendid sarcophagus of oriental alabaster was discovered by Giovanni Belzoni in 1817, in a royal tomb in the valley of Biban-el-Molouk, commonly known as the Valley of the Tombs of Kings. It measures in length, at the top, nine feet four inches; breadth in the widest part, three feet eight inches; depth at the head, two feet eight inches; depth at the foot, two feet three inches. This marvelous work of art was bought by Sir John Soane of Mr. Salt in the year 1824 for the sum of £2,000. It is sculptured inside and out with many hundred small figures and is perfectly transparent when a light is placed within it. These figures and hieroglyphics had been previously filled in with blue paint made of some preparation of copper—evidently this being done to show up the writing to better advantage. At the bottom of the sarcophagus is the figure of Nepte, the goddess of heaven, extending her arms to receive the body of the Pharaoh death had consigned to her charge.

The breakfast-room has a spherical ceiling springing from four segmental arches, supported by the same number of pilasters, and the spandrels of the dome and the soffits of the arches are decorated with a number of small mirrors. In the center of the ceiling is an octagonal lantern light adorned with eight scriptural subjects in painted glass. Here also are book-cases containing a collection of rare volumes, some

bronze vases of peculiar design, pictures and noted busts, portraits, and, under the window, a glass-case containing illuminated MSS. of the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, in addition to many other treasures not mentioned here.

The ceiling of the south drawing-room is enriched with a variety of architectural ornaments, and the doors are of solid mahogany inlaid with ebony. In this room are several family portraits of the Soane family, notably the two each side of the fireplace, painted by W. Owen, R. A., to the right a portrait of Sir John Soane, painted in the year 1803, and to the left portraits of John and George Soane, the two sons of Sir John Soane, painted in 1804. In the left corner, almost underneath this picture, are placed a richly carved and gilded ivory table and four ivory chairs of wonderful Indian workmanship, said to have been formerly in the palace of Tippoo Sahib, who died in 1799 at Seringapatam. In the glazed case in the middle of the room is the second volume of the translation of Josephus. This rare manuscript dates from the latter part of the fifteenth century, and probably formed part of a series of historical books and romances executed for Edward IV., whose arms are found in the margin of one of the pages. The first volume of this work is in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris.

On a large stand in the middle of the north drawing-room is a model in cork of part of the ancient city of Pompeii, showing the two theaters, the excavations around the Temple of Isis, and several points of interest as they appeared in the year 1820. This room also contains a large number of the drawings and designs of Sir John Soane and a glazed case filled with a collection of ancient and modern gems, cameos, intaglios, and other rare and curious stones.

In addition to all the treasures contained in these rooms the visitor has yet to examine the corridor, ante-room, catacombs, and new chamber in the lower part of the museum. Also, on the ground floor, the new picture-room, containing paintings by Turner and others, and the gallery around and

under the dome. On the staircase leading to the drawing-rooms are the Shakespeare and Tivoli recesses.

Of the children and grandchildren of Sir John Soane, only one granddaughter, a Mrs. Chamier, left posterity. All other descendants in the direct line are extinct.

When Sir John Soane's will was read, it was found that he had left three locked cupboards, with injunctions that they were not to be opened, the first, until forty years after his death, the second, fifty years after, and the third, sixty years after. Of course, rumors spread that Sir John had hidden away untold treasure in these locked cupboards, and great was the astonishment and disappointment when it was found that they contained nothing of more importance than a mass of correspondence relating to Sir John's family and domestic affairs, chiefly letters of dispute between the sons' wives. The reason these cupboards were forbidden to be opened is evidently that Sir John Soane thought that at the expiration of each period the people most concerned in these disputes would in all probability have died before the correspondence could reach the hands of strangers.

There are at present nine trustees of the Soane Museum, four of whom are life trustees, the remaining five being appointed by societies. The late Prince Consort was a trustee, as was also the Duke of Sussex, and all the presidents of the Royal Academy have in turn acted as trustees since first the museum was thrown open to the public. The life trustees are Alfred Waterhouse, Esq., R. A.; Edwin Freshfield, Esq., LL. D., Tr. S. A.; J. Macivar Anderson, Esq., F. R. I., B. A., and Ashton Webb, Esq., A. R. A., F. S. A. The additional trustees are Charles Hercules Read, Esq., Sec. Society of Antiquaries; Alderman Sir John Whittaker Ellis, Bart., Corporation of London; Sir Edwin John Poynter, P. R. A., R. A.; Sir George M. Birdwood, K. C. I. E., C. S. I., M. D., LL. D., Society of Arts; and Professor Arthur H. Church, M. A., F. R. S., R. S. The curator is George H. Birch, Esq., F. S. A.

IN DISTRICT No. I

(*An Economic Novel*)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT"

CHAPTER XXXIX—(*Continued*)

A GAIN the listening multitude shouted in a wild frenzy of delight; but this time there was throughout the hall a movement of curiosity and anxious expectation. The sunlight also was becoming dimmed, though the heat and oppression of the atmosphere remained unchanged.

"If I find myself compelled, for the sake of clearness, to repeat some things you already know, I ask you to bear with me. You are all familiar with the events of the day preceding the battle. The skirmish of Bahia Honda had taken place. The gallant little *Catamount* (great applause), under the command of a young hero, the child, and, alas! the victim, of victory (here many feminine handkerchiefs were significantly observable), had sunk the Spanish torpedo cruiser *Esmeralda* (renewed applause), and the remainder of the Spanish fleet—a force of nineteen vessels—had fled to Havana, away from the ten American ships (frantic cheering).

"Now I want you to picture to yourselves the problem that confronted our good old sea-chief, Admiral Spinks."

At the mention of his name every one in the hall and on the platform stood up. Cuyler rushed forward and acted as fugleman for "Three times three," which were given with such magnificent zest that the cheering was taken up by the crowd outside, and spread from group to group, until even the people on the green in the Burgh itself were all huzzaing and hurrahing for Admiral Spinks.

"I say I want you to form a mental picture of the problem. The American fleet, consisting of five battleships, three cruisers and two torpedo-boats, lay, in the early hours of the fateful morning, some ten miles to seaward of the port of Havana. Inside the port was the Spanish fleet, composed of nine battleships, a torpedo-ram, five cruisers, one torpedo-cruiser, and three torpedo-boats. The entrance to the port was a straight channel, nearly a mile long and about 900 feet wide, flanked on the left-hand side by a line of formidable fortresses and on the right-hand, or city, side, by the Castillo de la Punta and numerous earthworks. This channel was thickly planted with submarine mines.

"The inland extremity of the channel was the great Bay of Havana, which terminates in four lesser bays. The most easterly of these is the Regla Bay, in a line with the entrance; here were stationed the nine battleships. The most westerly is the Bay of Tallapiedra, protected by the peninsula which forms the western side of the entrance, and which is occupied by the city; here were stationed the five cruisers. In Guanabacoa Bay, which, midway between the other bays, extends southeast from the main harbor, lay the *Toro*, the huge torpedo-ram. The torpedo-cruiser, *Gitana*, was stationed under the lines of Casa Blanca, where the left shore of the entering channel curved around to the east, and thus formed the north shore of Regla Bay. The three torpedo-boats were lying off the Royal Arsenal, on the south shore of the peninsula.

"Thus, then, if Admiral Spinks ventured to deliver an attack, he would, first of all, be exposed for some twenty minutes or so to the fire of the Castillo de la Punta and the Castillo del Morro as he approached. Then he would have to proceed for a mile along a channel studded with mines, and commanded by numerous heavy guns on both sides. Assuming this to be traversed, he would find himself in front of a line of formidable battleships, and would be flanked by the Casa Blanca fortifications and the *Gitana* on the left and by the three torpedo-boats on the right, while, not far

distant on his starboard bow, would be stationed the terrible *Toro* and the five cruisers, ready to rush in immediately he should engage the battleships. Add to these perils the fire of the various forts on the land sides of the several bays, and bear in mind that, owing to the narrowness of the entering channel, it was impossible to advance from the sea into the Bay of Havana, except in a single line of ships, each of which would of course be destroyed in succession on reaching the Spanish fleet. You will see, therefore, that for our Admiral to advance against the enemy was to leap into the very arms of defeat.

"Obviously, I cannot pretend to be an authority on matters of warfare (here some one in the audience cried out, 'The Camp on the Delaware,' and immediately a storm of cheering arose). It is very good of you to remember the slight actions that alone were possible to these poor, powerless arms, this weak head, and this American heart."

It is impossible to describe the charming, touching grace with which she humbly, pleadingly, extended those arms, and then placed one little hand upon her forehead and the other on her bosom. The listening people were wild with excitement and hoarse with shouting.

"I said I could not pretend to be an authority on the strife of armies and fleets. But I have read and heard and talked of such matters, and I know that mere fighting does not win battles and campaigns. Bribery, espionage, and craft have more to do with victory than is commonly imagined, and gold is a more potent metal than either steel or lead. No great commander, even if he be a George Washington, can dispense with the aid of lies and spies. Let it then be not accounted dishonorable in our great Admiral if he, too, had recourse to such means. During the night preceding the Fourth he received a visit from a Spanish official in our pay, who gave him information as to the disposition of the enemy's fleet, such as I have just described it to be. Most commanders would thereupon have called a council of

war ; and, as councils of war never fight, the Fourth would have passed by without any victory, and, in all probability, the American fleet would have retired from its perilous proximity to an adversary so overwhelmingly superior in force. No one would have assumed any responsibility, and no one could have been blamed. *But no victory would have been won !*

“ A great man, my friends, is one who does not fear to trust himself. Admiral Spinks showed that he was one of those men. He felt that he, and not a council of war, was the commander of the American fleet. He scorned to rid himself of responsibility by shifting it to the shoulders of his captains. Yet he was neither hot-headed nor foolhardy. He appreciated, perhaps better than any one else, the absolutely impregnable character of the Spanish position, and he knew that he would, indeed, prove false to his country if he were to order its fleet into purposeless, useless annihilation. He felt that the whole situation was one which called for craft, in addition to courage. He had discovered that Admiral Hernandez, the Spanish commander, had run into Havana only because of a belief that a second American fleet was coming up, and this knowledge supplied him with the ideas for as pretty a stratagem as was ever employed. Before the break of day he despatched the torpedo-boat *Fox* with a light of truce to the shore. She carried a letter for Admiral Hernandez, couched thus :

“ ‘ Admiral Spinks has the honor to inform Admiral Hernandez that the American fleet consists of five battleships, three cruisers, and two torpedo-boats. The Spanish fleet is composed of nine battleships, a torpedo-ram, five cruisers, a torpedo-cruiser, and three torpedo-boats. The world at large will say that Admiral Hernandez commands such a preponderance of force as to make victory certain. If, however, the Spanish fleet shall remain, badger-like, in its hole, it will be evident that Admiral Hernandez does not share the world's opinion ; and, in that case, Admiral Spinks

will do himself the pleasure of engaging the badger in its hole.'

"Imagine for yourself the state of the Spanish commander's mind on receiving such a missive. He immediately proceeded to the Governor of Havana, who convened a council of every fort-commandant and naval captain. The hot Spanish blood boiled over. Now that the small force of the American fleet was known, it was determined to sweep it from the sea, and a reply to Admiral Spinks's letter was delivered to the captain of the *Fox*. It was thus worded:

"'Admiral Hernandez informs Admiral Spinks that the badger will issue from its hole at seven o'clock this morning, but does not expect to find any curs remaining in sight.'

"Our Admiral's *ruse* was succeeding. He had played to good purpose upon the strings of Spanish pride, and the Spanish Admiral had not been great man enough to brave ridicule.

"The day of the Fourth dawned quietly enough. The sea was smooth. There was no wind. A light mist hung over the water, impeding any distant view.

"Shortly before six o'clock the American captains and lieutenants gathered together on board the flagship, where Admiral Spinks explained the plan of action. Most of you whom I am now addressing have heard that at this conference—it was not a council of war—every officer present, except the Admiral himself, expressed an opinion to the effect that victory was impossible in face of such odds. No ordinarily great man would have persevered. Our hero, though, was and is an extraordinarily great man (prolonged applause). He thanked the officers for their opinions and reminded them that he was giving instructions rather than asking for counsel. He added that if each man would bravely and loyally carry out those instructions, he felt convinced the coming evening would find the Stars and Stripes waving above the Spanish flag.

"The *Fox* and the *Catamount* were darting forward and backward through the mist, watching lest the Spaniards should issue from Havana before the appointed hour. This, in war, would have been a legitimate manœuvre, but the haughty Dons disdained to attempt any trick. They got under way at half-past six o'clock, it being calculated that the period of thirty minutes would be sufficient for the whole of the nineteen vessels to pass in single line ahead through the entering channel and out into the sea beyond. The torpedo-boats went first, followed by the ten battleships, the flagship of Admiral Hernandez, the *Santa Ysabel*, leading. After the battleships were to come the torpedo-cruiser and the five cruisers, and the big, sharp-horned *Toro* was to bring up the rear. Far away to the west, on the sea-front, near the Hospital de San Lázaro (as being probably out of the line of fire), was gathered a large part of the city population, laughing and joyful, and eager to witness the defeat of the Yankees.

"The American fleet also got under way at half-past six, and immediately advanced at full speed, so as to be close in upon the shore before the mist should lift completely. The three cruisers steamed rapidly on a port course toward the Castillo del Morro, while the *Fox*, the *Catamount*, and one of the battleships, the *Washington*, took a starboard course in the direction of the Castillo de la Punta. The remaining four battleships, headed by Admiral Spinks's flagship, the *Roosevelt*, passed straight ahead, and were steered for the entering channel.

"When even the American captains had regarded an attack on Havana as hopeless, you will not be surprised to learn that our friends, the enemy, had not taken any such contingency into account at all. The utmost they expected was the exchange of some long shots far out from shore, and the speedy flight of the Americans. When, therefore, the sun's rays dispersed the fog, at about ten minutes to seven, just as the Spanish torpedo-boats steamed into the open,

prodigious was the surprise of their crews, of the garrisons in the forts, and of the people on the sea-front, to see the hostile craft close at hand. Nor were they allowed to recover from their surprise. The rapid-fire guns of the *Roosevelt* were trained on the Spanish torpedo-boats and sank them, all three, before they could fire a shot, while from the three cruisers on the left, and the *Washington*, *Fox*, and *Cata-mont* on the right, there was thrown into the two forts, at the entrance of the channel, shell after shell, charged with emmensite and bromine. The forts were of stone and unarmored. Their casemates were pierced, their traverses shattered, their ramparts overthrown. Huge guns were dismounted and their carriages wrecked. Fragments of stone, iron, and wood scattered death in every direction. Blinding dust and suffocating vapors filled the air. The electric communications were rendered useless. Soldiers and officers were alike incapable of action and direction; and it is now well known to have been the literal fact that only five shots were fired from the forts—two from the Castillo del Morro and three from the Castillo de la Punta—during the entire engagement. Even these shots were discharged so hurriedly that three of them missed their marks. One struck the *Roosevelt* and exploded against the 15-inch armor without doing any material damage. The other struck one of the cruisers in a plunging direction, passing, first, through the 3-inch deck, and then through an unprotected portion of the side, without exploding, but killing a lieutenant and a seaman as it flew.

“All this, you must bear in mind, was the work of only some two minutes, and already the position of the contending forces had vastly changed. The Spaniards, and not the Americans, were engaged in a long defile—in friendly hands, it was true—and were exposed to be crushed and beaten in detail as they issued forth, while the American fleet were experiencing a complete immunity from hostile fire. Admiral Hernandez began to realize the trap into which he had

fallen. He saw that egress from the channel was hopeless, whereas, if he were to regain the bay, all the chances would veer round in his favor. Accordingly, in spite of his intense mortification at having to re-enter his hole, he would not allow a feeling of false pride to tempt him to disaster. He signaled to his fleet to stop and move full speed astern, and then form in two divisions, to port and starboard, respectively, on reaching the throat of the channel. He himself with the *Santa Ysabel* would move back at half-speed, engaging the enemy and drawing their ships on into the mined waters.

"The movement of retreat had barely begun when, with a shock and thunder, as of some terrible earthquake, the Castillo de la Punta shot into the air in the form of a huge column of flame, dust, smoke, and fragmentary masses—a column that spread, curving, into a majestic cloud, and then fell in an awful shower of death-dealing missiles, included among which were many a human body and limb. A bromemmensite shell had found and exploded the magazine of the fort, where, through some official blundering, a large stock of explosive gelatine had been temporarily stored, pending conveyance to the powder magazine at the head of the inner bay.

"The *Roosevelt*, dashing onward, was now within the arc of fire of many of the batteries on both sides of the channel, and became their target as well as that of the *Santa Ysabel's* bow guns. She was, however, supported by the converging fire of the *Washington*, the three cruisers, and the two torpedo-boats, all of which poured a rain of shells upon the *Santa Ysabel* during the brief interval that elapsed before the *Roosevelt* had actually entered the channel and thus come into close quarters with the Spaniard, after which the American vessels directed their attention to the shore fortresses on both sides, and, by reason of their raking position, they fired no idle shot.

"The battle had now lasted just five minutes. Three

torpedo-boats had been sunk. Two forts had been silenced and one of them blown up. An American cruiser had been pierced through and through. The great battleship *Lincoln*, which followed on the heels of the *Roosevelt*, had received many a shot destined for the latter, and had one of her bow-guns dismounted, her conning-tower carried away, her funnels riddled with holes, and her sternmost turtle-back lifted by the explosion of a shell charged with paraffined gun-cotton, as, indeed, were all the Spanish shells. She had moved out of line, and was heaving to, allowing the *Cleveland* to take her place, while she investigated the condition of her screws and rudder and took a draft of men from one of the cruisers, her own complement having been diminished more than one-half by deaths and wounds.

"The *Roosevelt* had fared better. Her speed and her advance almost in the very line of fire from the forts along the sides of the channel had caused her to escape the greater part of the missiles, which flew over her and struck the *Lincoln* astern; and her own bow fire, added to the fire of the two flanking squadrons, had rapidly silenced the bow battery of the *Santa Ysabel*. She had lost twenty men killed and thirty wounded. Such little top-hammer as she had was wrecked, but her conning-tower and signal-mast still stood unscathed, with Admiral Spinks in the former. Her plating had been cracked in several places, and, as in the case of the *Lincoln*, a gun-cotton shell had made its way in under the sternmost turtle-back, but, fortunately, had failed to explode.

"On board the *Santa Ysabel* the confusion was very great. Not only was the bow battery silenced, but the military masts and other encumbrances, which the relatively old-fashioned Spanish vessels still carried, had been shot away and lay about in every direction, obstructing all movement. Of the two turrets, the aftermost had become jammed, with its guns trained broadside on, and, therefore, the unfortunate vessel was practically defenseless

against the pursuing *Roosevelt*, which, in the course of the five minutes of battle, had advanced some two miles, and was now just within the jetty-heads, and only some five hundred yards, or, say, one minute in time, astern of the *Santa Ysabel*.

"The Spanish Admiral, however, was cool and collected. He mounted to the platform of his conning-tower and stood there in full view of friend and foe. He would have been shot by some of the *Roosevelt's* men had not Admiral Spinks issued peremptory orders that no one should make the attempt. He was seen to be looking at the pursuing enemy with an amused smile on his face. He knew that the *Roosevelt* was just entering the mine zone.

"A sudden cry was heard from the direction of the bay, so loud and universal that it pierced through all the thunder of the combat. For a moment all action was suspended and all eyes were turned toward the place of clamor. A pillar of water and steam, accompanied by black objects of indefinite form, was seen in the air.

"A mine had been exploded, but it was at the wrong end of the channel. One of the Spanish battleships, which was moving astern and had just reached the commencement of the bay, had been destroyed.

"Then, before men's minds could recover from the shock, another cry arose, this time accompanied by a fearful explosion. A second mine had been discharged, and, while wrecking a second Spanish ship, it had exploded her magazine.

"A third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth, a seventh, an eighth mine-explosion followed, each attended by the sinking of a battleship, and, in two cases, made more horrible by the explosion of a magazine.

"While these unexpected and fatal events were taking place, the battle had been suspended by the Spaniards in the forts and on the *Santa Ysabel*, who were all too much absorbed by the heart-shattering spectacle to look elsewhere

than at the destruction of their ships by their own mines. But Admiral Spinks and his captains were men of rapid perception and instant action. The former closed in upon the *Santa Ysabel*, and, followed by a boarding party, sprang into her torn and gaping bow battery. The steam-pipes for repelling boarders had already been shattered, and the valves closed by the Spaniards themselves. Hence, when Admiral Hernandez at length removed his eyes from the maddening spectacle abaft, and looked around in the direction of his foe, he saw, on the deck below him, Admiral Spinks and a group of men with leveled rifles and revolvers. He had no option but to surrender, and his submission was immediately followed by that of the remainder of his crew. Our gallant chief, though, did not allow himself to be carried away by so wondrous a victory. He would not allow the Spanish flag to be lowered, but ordered the *Santa Ysabel* to still press astern at full speed, followed by the *Roosevelt*, *Grant*, and *Cleveland*, while the two flanking squadrons outside were to maintain their fire on the forts alongside the channel.

"In the meantime Captain Vanderbilt, of the cruiser *Farragut*, had run in close to the Castillo del Morro, and had found the sea-face deserted. He immediately landed an armed party and made his way in. The garrison had abandoned the fort and could be seen running at full speed in the direction of the Castillo de la Cabana, the large intrenched camp and fortress on the eastern side of the channel. Accordingly, Captain Vanderbilt determined to occupy the Morro, and make it a base of operations by land. Up went the Stars and Stripes in sight of friend and foe, amid the rousing hurrahs of the American fleet, and in another minute the guns that still remained serviceable were adding their thunder to the din.

(To be continued.)



Editorial

The Difference a Line Makes

WHY do United States export valuations range higher per unit than Canadian valuations? For instance, a recent issue of the *Crop Reporter*, published officially at Washington, shows that Canada during a given year exported 956,458 barrels of apples, valued at \$2,578,233, while for the same period 562,636 barrels of apples, valued at \$1,444,655, were exported from the United States. That is, Canadian apples were worth only about \$2.69 per barrel and United States apples \$2.74, or five cents more per barrel, which is not much, of course, but still something that counts up in a great aggregate. But perhaps the Dominion apples were not so good. Let us see. How about the dried product? The exports of dried apples for the year from Canada amounted to 4,181,038 pounds; from the United States, 34,964,010 pounds. The former, however, were valued at something over five cents a pound, the latter at over six cents—again a difference in favor of the States' product, and a cent a pound is not such a small difference, either, if you are dependent on selling fruit for your income. Perhaps, though, apples are a poor criterion to go by; they are not of great importance, any way, even if they have been

the occasion of considerable trouble in the human family from the family jar in the Garden of Eden down to now. Let us take an item of more weight. The *Crop Reporter* supplies another subject for comparison in the case of cattle shipments. Canada's valuation of these for the year was \$8,689,970 on 205,524 head. The United States during the same period exported 396,977 head—not such a very great many more, but—valued at \$30,623,708. In other words, Canadian cattle were worth about \$42 per head, United States cattle \$79. Whew! What a lot of difference it sometimes makes whether an apple tree grows on this side of the line or on that, or whether a herd grazes just south or just north of that same line! All the same, we do not place great faith in these comparisons. Figures may not lie, but valuations are fragile affairs. Still, the difference between \$42 and \$79 per head of cattle is, to say the least, queer. Now, isn't it?

Gambling

Anything concerning gambling has special timeliness these days. For one thing, the American people during recent months have been speculating in stocks. This to some is gambling; and, though unquestionably there are differences, sufficient, indeed, to give legal sanction to one and withhold it from the other, the two habits have similar causes, to be found deep down in human nature, and similar evil effects, mental and moral as well as material. The evil *material* effects have recently been impressed upon many, on whose minds will doubtless ever be indelibly stamped the 9th of May, 1901. And then, too, gambling itself is just now a subject of much agitation by reason of certain "raids" in the City of New York, which have gone far toward proving (what all believe) that not only are the gambling laws continuously broken, but they are broken with the bribed connivance of those whose duty it is to enforce them.

Such facts as these are ever raising the question of the relations that should exist between legislation and morals.

Which is better, to make laws against vice that will inevitably be broken so long as the human race is no better than it is, or to license vice and by certain regulations do away with many of its evil consequences? The discussion has been for the most part in connection with the social evil, but one does not have to go far in the consideration of the subject of gambling before being confronted by the same dilemma.

The writer of the article in this issue of *THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE*, entitled "Gambling: One Point of View of It," seems to have little trouble in deciding to which horn of the dilemma he shall hang. Without misgivings, he takes the view that gambling should be licensed, and he appears to believe that it can be so regulated as to make of it as innocent an amusement as the theater, for example. His suggestions are interesting and rather ingenious, but his attitude is too conciliatory. He has not a true and full conception of the nature of the evil. It is not the evil material effects that are the worst thing about gambling, but the effect on the mental and moral fiber of a man. The gambler, and the speculator in stocks, as well, must needs adopt bad theories of life; he becomes unfitted for legitimate work. It is quite possible to gamble occasionally for amusement without harm to one's self, but it is also quite dangerous. Though a man may feel that he will derive more amusement by losing five dollars at poker than by spending that sum on the theater, it is wiser for him to get rid of his money in the latter way. If he wins, the possibilities of the game as something else than an amusement may occur to him, and those bad theories of life will begin to develop. Regulations might minimize the evil material effects of gambling, it is true, and in so far as thereby innocent parties would be protected they would be a blessing; but is it wise to take away any of the risks that a man runs when he indulges in a vice? Would there be fewer transgressions if the way of the transgressor were easier? Is a gambling place any more desirable for the fact that "many a man who has gone broke" is given

"his railway fare home"? Would not a walk home lessen the danger of repetition?

Public sentiment in the United States is generally strong enough to pass laws against vice, but not strong enough to enforce them. The West, however, sometimes permits what the East forbids. They have not got so far out there, it seems, as to license vice, but at least as to gambling, they do not always legislate against it. Latin races generally have gone the full length and adopted the system of legalized vice, but notwithstanding their example and the many strong arguments that may be advanced in favor of their position, it will always be difficult to convince an Anglo-Saxon mind that anything evil should ever be given legal sanction.

Editorial Notes

At a New York Bowery meeting recently General Joseph Wheeler, who ought to know, paid this tribute to the Irish. He said: "I must say, without any undue discrimination, that I have found the Irish as fighters to be surpassed by none." This ought to receive the endorsement of the sergeants-at-arms in the English House of Commons.

IN letters so large that he who runs cannot fail to read, a New York sign says:

"HIDES AND SKINS."

That is usually the case, the two go together—only, generally, it is transposed. A fellow first "skins" and hides afterward.

FORTY Boers a month ago are said to have "solemnly re-elected Mr. Steyn President of the Orange Free State." Will General Kitchener please point out on the map where this Presidency is located?

A NEWS item from Maine says: "Deer Isle sailors want more money." That's remarkable; as if any one could want more money! No landsman, certainly, would be guilty of such an atrocious want.

WE hope there is no special significance in the name of Sir Thomas' new cup-challenger *Shamrock II*. That was the misfortune of the other boat—*Shamrock*, second.

REVOLUTIONARY history tells us of Morgan at the Cow Pens ; current history of Morgan in the stock market.

THE bricklayers of New York are on a strike. So long as the egg-layers do not strike, the country's safe.

Personal and Incidental

“**T**HE Anti-Saloon League : Its Object and Accomplishment,” a carefully prepared paper on this organization, by a trustee of the New York State Anti-Saloon League, will be published in the July number of **THE ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE**. This article will continue the general subject opened by the essay on the Prohibition Party, which appeared in our April number, and we believe it will command the interest of sociologists and politicians, as well as all temperance workers.

IS ANTICOSTI A FRENCH MENACE TO CANADA?

One of the most threatening problems of statecraft, affecting British North America, says a special dispatch to the *New York Times*, is that of M. Menier's ownership of the island of Anticosti, at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, and dominating the water gate of Canada, which that river really is. M. Menier is the great chocolate manufacturer of Paris, and he purchased the island four years ago with the ostensible object of making it a great game preserve, while he also contemplated developing its varied internal resources—mineral, agricultural, and forest.

The island is about one hundred and thirty miles long by thirty miles wide, and its area is estimated at 2,500,000 acres, so it forms a principality much larger than many a European ruler exercises sway over. The Canadian government claims sovereign rights over it, as part of the Dominion, but the peculiar geographical position of the island would make the assertion of such authority very difficult in the event of friction between England and France ; and M. Menier's proceedings since he acquired the island have been such as to indicate that he is little, if at

all, concerned about the sovereignty of Canada or the feelings which the majority of Canadians bear toward him.

M. Menier's latest achievement was to hoist the French tricolor over all the little coves which dot the coast line, and these flags are visible to every ship passing up and down the river, provoking bitter expletives from the Britishers who see them, while the French-Canadians chuckle gleefully. When Queen Victoria died "Gov." Commettant sent from Anticosti a cablegram of condolence couched in such terms of equality that Lord Minto, the Governor General of Canada, refused to accept it, holding that it was equivalent to an assertion of independence. It is now given out that M. Menier will allow no language to be spoken or taught on the island except French.

These circumstances have tended to awaken apprehension in the minds of Englishmen and Canadians that Menier's ownership of Anticosti may bear bitter fruit if war should come about between Britain and France; and Mr. Chamberlain has been moved to inquire into the terms under which the landlord holds this vast estate, so that it might be seen what prospect, if any, existed of transforming it into a French outpost within the limits of British territory in this quarter of the globe. Though some people profess to disbelieve the feasibility of such an outcome, the present status of Anticosti constitutes a very serious menace to Newfoundland, while Canada is also likely to be as injuriously affected. In considering M. Menier's relations toward Anticosti the fact must not be overlooked that the French have already the right to catch and dry codfish along portions of the coast of Newfoundland, which they have made use of to provoke the most unpleasant relations between the colony and the empire. Anticosti lies directly off the west coast of Newfoundland, where the main interests of France in this quarter are centered. It is 130 miles further up the St. Lawrence, and is situated just where the stream broadens out into the Gulf. A channel fifty miles wide separates it from the mainland on either side, but it could command all the shipping of those waters if conflict ensued.

Mr. Chamberlain is now engaged in attempting to settle the famous "French shore question," which includes the possession of St. Pierre-et-Miquelon, the French islets off the south coast of Newfoundland; and should Britain succeed in inducing France to relinquish her hold on these little holdings, M. Menier might offer his dispossessed compatriots the shelter of his seigneurie of Anticosti. St. Pierre has a population of about 6,000, as many more men are brought over every year from France to engage in the codfisheries, and another 1,000 fish on the Newfoundland shore. All these men are engaged in a pursuit which is liberally supported by bounties from the French Government, and if through any cause they were forced to leave St. Pierre they would seek another base of operations.

Anticosti is the obvious alternative. It is in the near vicinity, the climatic conditions are similar, access to the great fishing banks is almost as easy, its own shores abound with food fishes, and it offers inducements for permanent settlement which St. Pierre does not possess. The latter is but a barren rock, the area of the whole group being but ninety-five square miles. Anticosti has 3,500, and its resources promise vast possibilities. Its chief defect is lack of natural harbors for heavy shipping, but that is a difficulty by no means beyond modern engineering skill, and M. Menier himself has set to work to construct a breakwater at Ellis Bay to shelter his own cargo ships which ply to and from Quebec.

The activity he has displayed in developing the island since it came into his hands has given a somewhat sinister aspect to the whole matter, for the piercing of the island by strategic roads leading to the several harbors is the work which is being most rapidly pushed forward. Hundreds of intelligent Canadians believe that he is in alliance with the French Government to make Anticosti the center of the French fishing industry hereabout when the condition of things existing as to Newfoundland is no longer tolerated.

The chief evidence of value tending to support that argument is that after M. Menier's purchase of the island he

secured from the Quebec provincial administration, in alliance with the vendors, a document stating that under the decision of the Privy Council three years previously, the province had no longer any claim to the property. This made his title unassailable, and would no doubt be put forward to justify any repudiation by him in the future of the authority of the provincial or federal authorities.

In the present Anglo-French negotiations over the "French shore question," the fact has become apparent that France must be prepared to quit Newfoundland waters just as soon as Britain is in a position to attempt aggressive action against her. This may follow upon the termination of the South African war, or it may grow out of some combination of powers hostile to France, but whatever shape it takes it will have as a basis the idea of getting rid forever of French authority on this continent. It is not probable that the desperate alternative of an appeal to arms will ever be resorted to, for the rights of France in these waters are not worth fighting for, but some unmistakable means will assuredly be found to impress upon her the wisdom of a withdrawal.

However, even in such an event there would be another opportunity to outwit England. M. Menier could not be prevented from forming, for instance, a gigantic codfish combination, as he did with chocolate, and carrying on the industry with Anticosti as a base instead of St. Pierre. Whatever diplomatic objections might be urged against French fishermen continuing their present practices and hampering British settlers along the western shore of Newfoundland, M. Menier would be quite within his right in prosecuting the same fishery, under much more advantageous conditions, by shifting its headquarters to his own island and excluding everybody but his own countrymen.

France has always contended that the chief value of her fisheries in Newfoundland waters has been that they formed a naval nursery for her, and to this end she has been sustaining them by bounties for fifty years past. The Breton and Basque coast towns place their main dependence on this

fishery, in which thousands of their people find a livelihood; and France, therefore, to prevent the collapse of the fisheries which would certainly follow upon the settlement of the "French shore" dispute, will resort to any expedient to prolong her stay in this quarter of the globe. The fisheries of the St. Lawrence Gulf are sufficiently valuable to satisfy the needs of the French in this region, and the ease with which Anticosti could be converted into a base for their prosecution throws a significant sidelight upon M. Menier's plans.

With himself in the position of lord and master of the island, and with none but French subjects residing there, what is to prevent its being ultimately fortified and made a menace to the whole commerce of Canada, which traverses adjacent waters?

That M. Menier should fortify his island and make it a weapon against Britain and Canada may be regarded by many as visionary, but it must not be forgotten that Anticosti occupies a position in the gulf which gives it a natural advantage of great importance from a strategic standpoint. During the summer months, when hundreds of steamers pass into and out of the St. Lawrence, in sight of Anticosti, M. Menier, or France, with a few gunboats and a shelter port adequately fortified, which would be their headquarters, could play havoc with the huge but defenseless cargo carriers.

It is true that France might find it difficult to send war vessels there unless the British ships in North American waters were lured elsewhere, but that would not be an impossible achievement, and if a foreign power once got a foothold on Anticosti it would not soon relinquish the place. And M. Menier has actually provided the beginning of a "navy"; he has two steamers which patrol the island's coast, with an armed crew, and a gun in the bow of each ship, to drive away venturesome fishermen who would squat upon the strand to carry on their business in spite of his regulations. If war occurred, even one of these would be more than a match for an ocean "tramp."

In view of the tenacity with which France has clung to the last vestige of her lost empire on this continent, and the position she assumes as regards St. Pierre and the Newfoundland shore, she may be counted upon to support M. Menier's many claims which he may advance as to Anticosti when she can do so without danger to herself. The history of the Newfoundland trouble and of France's gradual encroachments there warrants the suspicion that M. Menier's presence in Anticosti has a sinister meaning. When all the facts are taken into account it must be admitted that many of the materials are here for an even prettier quarrel between the two powers in the future than has arisen for many years past.

CANADIAN ATTITUDE TOWARD THE MONTGOMERY MEMORIAL

This is what the *Philadelphia Press* says :

"The proposition to erect a memorial tablet in Quebec to recall the deeds and death of General Richard Montgomery, the American Revolutionary hero who fell before Quebec, has aroused a tempest in a teapot in Canada. As is natural, it has given the strict old line Tories of Canada, the descendants of the old 'loyalist' families of Revolutionary days, a chance to dissemble their love for America by pouring out their spleen upon us in truly withering style. General Montgomery, who was the beau ideal of the American army and had warm respect of his foes, as was shown after his untimely death, has had his character torn to pieces by the controversialists and a general indictment of American soldiers in all times has been made.

"There is in this a certain amusing aspect, since it reveals the existence in Canada of a group of implacables who do not know the war of the American Revolution is over. To them we, some 76,000,000 strong, are still rebels against his Gracious Majesty George III, and as rebels only worthy of the bitterest detestation of the loyal souls. But while these 'loyalists' seem to us an absurd anachronism, and

amusing as well, they have been by no means a joke to Canada. As a prominent French-Canadian, the Seigneur Papineau, of Montebello, points out in a letter which is quoted in a Montreal dispatch to the *New York Sun*, the 'loyalists' have been a curse to Canada both because they prevented Canada from joining the Revolution of 1776 and on account of their bitter anti-American attitude ever since.

"It is difficult for Americans to-day to realize the force and potency of the loyalist traditions and their effect on Canadian life. The 'loyalists' were the British and Tory sympathizers who fled to Canada when the Revolutionary war broke out in the Southern colonies. Losing their all, they had to begin life over again, having little besides a vain pride in their former high social position in colonial life. Whatever their social qualities may have been they made little of their opportunities in Canada, and both in Ontario and the maritime provinces handed down little to their descendants but bitter memories. It is, however, 'loyalist' tradition that has given Canada its most un-reasoning anti-American bias, and Seigneur Papineau is quite right in objecting to loyalist virulence to-day and declaring that the influence of the loyalists has been the bane of Canada, which to-day has a population no greater than that of the United States in 1801 and is in many ways a weakling state. The 'loyalists,' instead of abusing Montgomery, ought to save their energies for state purposes. Canada needs it badly."

And here is what another Pennsylvania newspaper, the *Scranton Republican*, thinks about it :

"It has been proposed to erect a memorial in Quebec to the brave patriot, General Montgomery, who lost his life in the attack upon that city by the colonial army early in the Revolutionary war. The proposition, however, has met with strenuous objections from certain loyalist Canadians, who regard Montgomery with abhorrence, as befits their monarchical souls. To them he is nothing but a rebel against his lawful and beneficent sovereign, George III. Montgomery's fate is not to be commiserated nor his mem-

ory perpetuated by a monument in the city which he tried to seize, and which if he had succeeded might to-day be part of the vulgar American republic instead of being under the benign rule of his Gracious Majesty, Edward VII. The very idea makes them shudder. Raise a monument to Montgomery, indeed. Raise a monument to the devil or to Judas Iscariot, if you will, but to an American officer who died fighting against the King, never.

"And after all, isn't this the proper view for loyal Canadians? How would the people in this country regard the suggestion to erect a monument in Washington for General Ross, who burned the Capitol and who was afterward killed in an attack on Baltimore? Or how would we view a proposition to put up a memorial in New Orleans to General Pakenham, who was killed in the British attack on that city? You say that is different. Well, so it is, but if the Canadians are really loyal to the British monarchy they must hold Montgomery in just such regard as we hold Ross and Pakenham or any other invading general. The fact that it is a small minority of Canadians who object to the Montgomery memorial shows how lightly the great bulk of the population hold their allegiance to the English crown. It gives promise that some day Canada will take her rightful place in the sisterhood of American States."

OFFICERS OF RANK AS MILKERS

WANTED—A few Generals able to milk ; good wages. Address, —.

The above advertisement in a Scottish paper has attracted some comment of late from the London press. It is a rather funny "ad." when you first read it, although its intended meaning is obvious if a moment's thought be given to the matter. The *general* subject, however, recalls to mind an experience of one who is now a Rear-Admiral in the United States Navy. Admiral Robley D. Evans, in his "Sailor's Log," relates this experience, as follows :

"The paymaster [of the U. S. S. *Shenandoah*, of which—at that time—Lieutenant-Commander Evans was navigator] was very ill at this time, and growing worse. Many of us, who knew him well, thought the best thing he could do would be to die—the best for all hands, particularly the wife [who was with him on board to look after him in his sickness]. The captain, at the instigation of the doctor, purchased a goat in order that the patient might have the advantage of fresh milk on the passage over. We left Madeira early in the morning, and at eleven o'clock that night the orderly turned me out, saying the captain wanted to see me on deck. I was at a loss to know what he could possibly want with me at that hour, but, supposing it to be something of importance, hurried into my clothes and reported to him on the quarter-deck, when the following conversation took place: 'Evans, you know the paymaster is very ill, and may die?' 'Yes, sir; I hope he will.' 'Well, he surely will, unless he can have some goat's milk. I have sent for you to ask if you won't milk the goat for us. I know you can do it. So far we have not succeeded in getting a drop of milk from the beast, though she seems to have plenty.' To this proposition I was naturally disposed to make a sharp reply, but, having a great regard for the captain, I only said, 'I was not aware, sir, that it was any part of the navigator's duty to milk a goat.' 'Of course not, Evans, of course not. I ask you to do it as a matter of humanity, and to oblige me.'

"That, of course, settled the question, and down I went to tackle Mrs. Goat. I found her in a very excited state of mind apparently, having butted out the captain's steward and a marine orderly who had attempted to relieve her of her milk. One of them had tried to hold her while the other went for the milk. I remembered how the darkies in my young days had treated a cow under the same conditions, and, procuring some warm water and exercising a little patience in the premises, soon relieved her of the milk, which was evidently giving her pain. This I sent to the cabin, and went back to my sleep. At breakfast in the

morning the whole mess knew what had taken place, and I was, of course, the subject of no end of chaff.

"In the afternoon I was again sent for and requested to milk the goat. I declared I would be 'jiggered' if I would; but the captain again persuaded me to do it. This time I found the goat standing on her hind legs, snorting at the steward, who was being unmercifully jeered at by the crew because he failed in all his attempts to produce milk. It now looked as if I would have to go on milking the blessed goat all the way to St. Thomas. However, I found a young marine who seemed willing to assume my duties, if the goat would let him, and I succeeded finally in teaching him the trick of milking her successfully. This was my first and only experience with goats."

All of which goes to show that the Scottish "want ad." is not the first instance on record where a "General" (or something near his equivalent) has had his services requested for the purpose of milking—even if by the Scotch idea of a "General" is not exactly meant an officer of rank.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE (?) LETTERS

What looks very much like revenge for the slightly complacent composure with which Americans hear the current stories about England's industrial decadence, says the *Times*, of New York, editorially, is taken by an Englishwoman residing in Washington and sending letters to the *London Chronicle*. This observant person has been moved to ask, in the most serious way, "Are the Americans a dying nation?" To this startling question she proceeds to hint an affirmative answer, declaring that she finds among American women of all ages and classes "a fearful muscular debility" that makes it safe to prophesy that unless "the American stock is replenished by the sound, strong stock of Europe, the people will disappear after ten generations." Our children and young women, she says, have ashen lips in strange contrast with

those of English girls, the consumption of adulterated and unnutritious food saps the vitality of the nation, and the resulting evils are emphasized by overheated houses and schools, and a common indisposition to take out-door exercise. "You take hold of the arm of an American of the city type of the old stock," declares the foreign critic, "the arm, say, of a young woman of nineteen or twenty years, and there is only a soft, flaccid, limber apology for muscle. In Great Britain or on the Continent of Europe, if you take hold of the arm of a girl of the same age you will find the muscular tissue hard, firm, and not easily yielding to the grasp. It is the difference between debility and health, between the vital strength and tenacity of the Old World people and the dying vitality of the New World." The writer of the letter is especially severe in her comments on our schools. "The system of education," she says, "of which the average American never ceases to boast because it is free and universal, tends to develop weaklings physically, and abnormally sensitive creatures mentally. Indeed, the results of the free school as now conducted seem to educate the boy and girl out of all sympathy with manual labor. They come to regard physical toil, even in its less burdensome features, as undignified, degrading, and something to be avoided as a plague. The result is graduates who swell the already overcrowded ranks of professional life and an insistence upon employment of the clerical kind at ridiculously small wages, when by a system of industrial training these same persons would enter the healthier vocations, where the remuneration is greater and the welfare of the State materially benefited."

THE KING'S THANKS

In reference to the message of sympathy upon the death of the Queen (see p. 282, March *ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE*) sent by British residents of New York to King Edward

VII., the following official announcement of thanks has been made through the British Consul-General in New York, Sir Percy Sanderson :

BRITISH CONSULATE GENERAL,

NEW YORK, May 9, 1901.

GENTLEMEN : In obedience to the King's commands, signified to me by the Marquess of Lansdowne, I have the honor to convey to the British community in New York his Majesty's sincere thanks for the highly appreciated message of sympathy and good will contained in the address of the community on the occasion of the great loss which has been sustained by the King, his royal house, and his subjects throughout the world, by the lamented death of her Majesty Queen Victoria, Empress of India.

His Majesty has noticed with much interest and appreciation that ex-British subjects, now naturalized American citizens, were by their desire included in the address from the British community in New York.

I have the honor to be, gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant,

PERCY SANDERSON, Consul-General.

To the representatives of the British community in New York.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF JOHN BULL

Since we must seek in Yankee land
The very boots in which we stand,
Their steel for rails, their corn for bread,
Their heiresses for peers to wed—

Since standard libraries we sell
Spelt in the way they choose to spell,
'Tis time the Bull that once we knew
Assumed their national costume, too.

—*London Daily Mail.*

M'GILL UNIVERSITY ALUMNI DINNER

The sixth annual dinner of the McGill University Alumni was held in May, at the Hotel Majestic, New York. Dr. Wolfred Nelson presided. Among those present were Sir Percy Sanderson, the British Consul-General ; Presi-

dent Patton, of Princeton University; Dr. Roddick, M. P., of Montreal; J. A. Irwin, President of the British Schools and University Clubs of New York; President Bartindale, of the Canadian Society, and others. Standing toasts were drunk to President McKinley and King Edward. The following cablegram was also sent to King Edward:

The New York Graduates' Society of McGill University of Canada, this evening assembled at the Hotel Majestic for the annual dinner, send heartfelt greetings to his Imperial Majesty, King Edward VII. God bless the King and Anglo-American amity.

Toasts were also drunk to the Emperor of Germany, the Governor-General of Canada, and one in memory of Queen Victoria.

Book Reviews and Notes

"IN TUSCANY"

Fair, smiling Tuscany! We have always longed to visit her—but after reading Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's "In Tuscany," published by *John Murray*, London, we feel that we *must* visit her. Indeed, we feel that we must not only visit her but go and take up our abode with her. Mr. Carmichael speaks as one having authority, not only from his long residence in the country, but from his evident love and understanding of the people. He speaks of himself as a plain, stolid Anglo-Saxon, but he certainly has looked upon Tuscany as a poet would look, with a seeing eye and understanding heart. In a charming way he has set before us the simplicities and complexities—the incongruities, the goodness, and badness, and withal the fascinations of the Tuscan people. The innate refinement, the kindly courtesy, the cheerful patience, and the naïve rascality of these people win our hearts. "Ciali" with the face of a Mephistopheles and the bearing and manners of an Archangel! We feel a thrill of pride for him as he is borne to his grave by British seamen—his coffin covered by the Union Jack—the people and the flag that he loved so well. And who can help but admire the sharp-witted idiot—who begged his living, yet earned it by his realistic acting. The cook, the gardener, the serving man, all become fascinating studies under the sympathetic pen of Mr. Carmichael. And gentle, humble, noble Fra Pacifico! he lingers in the memory of us all, and we all breathe a sigh and a prayer over his grave.

The chief charm of Mr. Carmichael's style lies in its frank, fresh simplicity. There is no attempt at florid description or psychological analysis. He tells us of the people and places he has known in a simple matter-of-fact way that is yet imbued with all the charm of a poetical temperament, an artistic eye. The author has been very wise in choosing for his book, not the show-places of Tuscany, frequented by tourists and trippers, but the places that, though comparatively slightly known, still abound in natural beauty, in historical and legendary interest. At Leghorn, which Baedeker says "contains little to detain the traveler," and where Mr. Hare says "there is nothing whatever worth seeing," Mr. Carmichael finds enough to detain and interest us for a long time, particularly the old British cemetery and the home of Shelley. Then there are the

luxurious sea-bathing, the wonderful views, the miracle-working picture of Montenero, all the memories and beauties that give Leghorn her title of "la cara," the dear. So it is with every place Mr. Carmichael visits. He succeeds in bringing out all the charm and beauty of each place. Recondite Lucca, "a city that is free of Philistines and a country that recalls all the glories of the Promised Land"; Volterra, "with its lordly bearing," its "intense antiquity," and wonderful alabaster; Portoferraio and Elba; Camaldoli, the charming Italian watering-resort, with its quaint hermitage and monastery; Montecatini, with its miraculous waters and delightful excursions; Orbetello and the Spanish *præsidia*, with its ever-changing, baffling history—all these "byways of Tuscany" are indeed made more beautiful than the highways; and perhaps their principal charm lies in the fact that they are not beloved of tourists and mere sightseers.

Mr. Carmichael devotes one chapter of his book to the Italian national game of pallone, and makes us wonder, with him, why the exciting and sporty game has never been introduced into England. Also, there is an interesting chapter on the state lottery and innocent gambling of these people.

Most particularly I must speak of Mr. Carmichael's handling of the monasteries and religious orders of the country. One of the most interesting chapters in the book is that on Mount La Verna, that wonderful mountain, well beloved by the gentle Saint Francis of Assisi, where he founded the famous convent of La Verna, and received the Stigmata. Most beautifully does this author tell the story, and our hearts are hushed with the feeling that here, indeed, is holy ground. All the orders of monks and brotherhoods Mr. Carmichael touches with an unusually sympathetic and loving hand, and fills one, in spite of convictions, with reverence for the beautiful, self-sacrificing, and kindly living of these Brothers.

"In Tuscany" is a book to be highly and cheerfully recommended to all those who love simple charm and pleasurable instruction in literature.

M. W. D.

A SAILOR'S LOG. By Robley D. Evans, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5½ x 8¼ in. 468 pages. (Illustrated.) \$2.

"My yarn of forty years of naval life is spun," says Rear-Admiral Evans, U. S. N., in concluding "A Sailor's Log," and it has been spun in a way that cannot fail to entertain any admirer of "Fighting Bob," who is a fine living example of the American naval officer and

gentleman. He tells his story in a hearty, honest fashion characteristic of the man, and from his journal cites numerous passages descriptive of people, scenes, and events, some of them of thrilling historic interest. Probably of greatest concern are the accounts he gives of his brief service as inspector of a lighthouse district and its attendant complications with political jobbery as in vogue during the Arthur Administration; his important and delicate duties in the harbor of Valparaiso, Chile, just subsequent to the time of the *Baltimore* trouble there; his arduous and valuable services in the Behring Sea; the international naval display at the opening of the Kiel Canal, when he commanded the *New York* and met the German Emperor; and, finally, his vivid account of the naval battles at San Juan and Santiago in the late Spanish War. Admiral Evans is a splendid type of the American naval officer, whose period of service extends back to Civil War days, when, although a Virginian by birth, the young Annapolis cadet espoused the cause of the Union, and later gallantly participated in the assault on Fort Fisher, where he nearly lost his life from wounds received in that affair. He tells of cruises and visits to a great number of places in various quarters of the globe during his long life in the service, and recounts hunting, fishing, and fighting episodes enough to hold the interest throughout. It is certainly a record of which any man might well be proud, and because of his open, straightforward, candid nature, as it is indelibly impressed upon every page, we may easily forgive some few faults. His manliness, faithfulness to duty, and vigorous honesty are admirable. Every patriotic American, every lover of the sea, will surely appreciate "A Sailor's Log" by a man who is indeed "every inch a sailor."

OUT OF THE PIGEON HOLES. By E. S. Goodhue, M. D. Published by The Geo. F. Butler Pub. Co., Alma (Mich.). 5 x 7½ in. 194 pages.

A book of moods and tenses—moods, because the various chapters show the author's varying moods, with each of which, at the particular time it is being read, the reader must be in sympathy if he would thoroughly enjoy it; tenses, because the parts that make up the volume were evidently written, not at one time or at all continuously, but at times ranging from years back to now. Poetry, philosophy, grammar, religion, criticism, and manners are a few of the topics touched upon—all necessarily briefly and all in simple, amiable fashion. Some descriptive scenes are particularly enjoyable, notably "One Week in a California Cañon" and "Among the Quebec Habitants." Dr. Goodhue's "Out of the Pigeon

Holes" would make an admirable companion to take along on a summer's vacation ramble, or in winter to have in the study at home.

SCIENCE OF SOCIOLOGY (THE). By Wallace E. Neville. Published by the Author, San Francisco. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ in. 96 pages. Paper.

Why this should have been called the *science* of sociology is not easy to see, for it seems to be reduced to almost anything but a science. It is rather a nebulous impression of the author's opinions that remains with the reader, if, indeed, the author may be accredited with voicing any opinions that are particularly novel or striking. Perhaps, as, in fact, one of his chapters is devoted to proving, there *is* nothing new under the sun. The little book abounds in selected passages briefly quoted from the works of well-known writers, in a liberal use of words and phrases printed in capital letters, and appropriate modesty on the part of the author. There is nothing in the rather extended essay to set the world on fire or to breed very extreme revolutionary ideas; but, on the whole, Mr. Neville apparently means well, his deductions are often correct, and some of his similes are not uninteresting.

SOULS IN PAWN. By Margaret Robinson. Published by F. H. Revell, New York. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ in. 308 pages. \$1.25.

Not since the days when the "Five Points" district was the exponent of all that was wicked in the life of a great city, have we had such a vivid and truthful presentation of it in book form as in "Souls in Pawn," Miss Robinson's latest work. It is realistic in the extreme, because its scenes and characters are drawn from life as it is at the present time. In its scope, "Souls in Pawn" covers a multitude of sins, and in many instances provides a remedy for these evils.

TECHNIQUE OF THE DRAMA. By Gustav Freytag. Authorized translation by E. J. MacEwan. Published by Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{3}{4}$ in. 395 pages. \$1.50.

This is an old work in the German, but now for the first time translated into English. In 1863 "Technique of the Drama" was written, and it has gone through six German editions, which is testimony to its value as an authority on the subjects of which it treats. The work is truly "an exposition of dramatic composition and art," and while too technical to be of great interest to the average general reader, is an excellent text-book to be studied by those to whom the higher essentials of the dramatic art particularly appeal, for it is accurate, thorough, and scholarly.

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