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THE STUDENT.

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COMMENCEMENT.

COMMENCEMENT is over, and the class of '93, consisting of six from the Arts department of the University and two from the Normal have received their diplomas. The class-night exercises in which they celebrated their last meeting as a class and bade farewell to the undergraduates were grand and touching, we regret that we have not space in this issue for an account of the exercises. So many requests have been made to us by students, and by friends out side to publish the essays and orations, we gladly comply with the wish and dedicate this issue of THE STUDENT as a souvenir to the class of '93.

PIONEER LIFE AND CHARACTER.

R. P. CURRIE.

NO COUNTRY in the world has produced in so short a time so many distinguished men as the United States. During a little more than a century of growth, it has given birth to and fostered countless poets, soldiers, orators, statesmen and representatives of all departments of learning; men not only great in their own particular spheres, but men of noble instincts and passions, men whom the people of their own time and all posterity look up to as models of all that characterizes grand, symmetrical manhood. Naturally in contemplating these splendid records of true greatness the question arises in our minds, "What cause or causes engendered these noble characters? What opportunities presented themselves in the use of which they were able to win such glory and renown?" It is to one of these causes I now refer. Pioneer life; how and to what extent, does it effect character? No cause surely can be of greater interest in this land where so many of our great men were pioneers and are, to-day, pioneers.

It is a much disputed question which has the most influence in the formation of character; natural endowment, or surroundings. This we cannot attempt to decide but we will seek to show that environment has much to do with character and especially that peculiar kind afforded by pioneer life.

First then, let us consider briefly the molding and developing tendencies of environment. We turn to the realm of science. Darwin, the

great naturalist, shows conclusively what a vast influence environment has on the physical forms of animal organisms. For instance those plants or animals tend to increase and flourish that can most readily adapt themselves to external conditions. Without this power of adaptability, animal life would soon become extinct, for whether the organism is transported to another locality or left in the same place, its environment will constantly change. Examples of this influence may be found in both plant and animal life, in their wild condition and in the domestic state. Plants, which in a temperate or topical climate grow large and luxuries, if grown in a northern clime become short and stunted. Fruit trees, which in a sunny and warm country grow to moderate proportions and bear abundant fruit, in a cool, moist, rainy tract indeed grow luxuriously but they bring forth little fruit, and that fruit, lacking the mellowing influence of the sun, becomes (insipid and tasteless.) Precisely similar results follow from the like treatment of animals and of man. When from the birthplace of humanity mankind began to extend this way and that, to every point of the compass, what vast changes were wrought by external conditions. Those who, driven to the Arctic seas, were forced to contend against the severe cold and all the rigours of a northern clime, are now the short and puny Esquimaux; those whose lot was cast in the luxurious and mild climate of the Tropics, developed to the magnificent stature and build of some of the South Sea Islanders.

Change of habit to a great extent follows change of environment. For instance the Kea is a parrot inhabiting New Zealand. Its natural diet is honey, fruit and insects. But recently it acquired an appetite for flesh, and became very destructive by attacking live sheep. At times change of habit is the result of imitation. Birds under domestication reared on a certain kind of food, refuse other food until they observe others of their kind eating it. These are only a few examples, but they serve to illustrate this fact, viz:—That physical conditions have a great influence in shaping the forms and habits of plants and animals.

Now, turning to man let us see how his mental condition is so influenced. It is stated that in Australia where man is forced to live in solitude for months, nay years, at a time, taking care of the vast flocks of sheep, with no human being for companion, he becomes dumb, and if this solitude is too long protracted, insanity is likely to follow.

Examples in our own country are the stoical, laconic Indian, who is as much at home alone in the depths of the forest as in his village, and even whites who become accustomed to solitude, gradually assume these characteristics. Solitude also has a wonderful tendency to impress one with a sense of dependence on a higher power.

Yet man is not the creature of environment or circumstances to the same extent as the lower animals. We have seen that animals either succumb to adverse circumstances or change their form and character to adapt themselves to these conditions. Human beings however, are governed by a spirit which is all-powerful in overcoming environment and even in places and under conditions the most adverse, lofty characters are often formed. Every triumph of this spirit over adverse circumstances, builds up character and thus slowly but surely raises it to the pinnacle of excellence which we so admire in the great ones of the earth. Where do we look for our national heroes, for our great scientists, inventors and explorers? Do we find them beginning their career with bright prospects, with large fortunes, with opportunities for the best education, with the aid and sympathy of their fellowmen? With few exceptions we find our great men starting poor, compelled at an early age to earn a living, overcoming almost insurmount-

able obstacles in securing their education, and when they embark upon the stormy sea of life, each venture is made, each conviction demonstrated, in opposition to the ignorance and prejudice of the times, and the hatred and scorn of those who ought most of all to help them by encouragement and pecuniary aid. He is truly great whose every step upward as been resisted by adverse conditions. Who, instead of succumbing and being the slave of circumstances, overcome them, brings them into his service and makes them the means of lifting him higher and higher toward the summit of excellence which has been so eagerly sought but never reached.

Just so it has been with our great men, who passed the most of their lives in the wilderness of a yet unsettled country. What tender recollections come up before the mind of the young man who, perhaps for the last time gazes on those scenes of his childhood endeared to him by all the loving associations of a happy home. But time must not be lost in pining, he must turn to the forest looming up before him, he must commit himself to the guidance of providence and go forward. He must brave the storms of winter and the heat of summer, he must risk his life among the savage beasts and still more savage men of the forest. And then he must work, make a clearing in the forest, build a rude shelter and cultivate a patch of ground, which, together with the game he procures, must furnish him with food. Perhaps he has braved the hardships of frontier life for three or four years, and has begun to make a comfortable home, and has a store of provisions and flocks to provide against the time of need. And then destruction sweeps down upon him and all his hard-earned gains are lost; but to work he must go again and with patient toil build a new home on the desolate and smouldering ruins of the former.

Yet pioneer life has its advantages, and those who toil on steadily will in the end reap the reward of their labor. The pioneer surveys a new world. He can choose what portion of it he will and by cultivation make it his own. No harsh competition, no jostling and crowding, or certainly not to the extent to which it exists in settled countries. The squatter is truly monarch of all he surveys. No plague need he fear; no oppressive laws to hamper and annoy. How many men have set out as pioneers and by their grit and untiring perseverance have won for themselves worldly prosperity and the respect and esteem of those who have come later. When the wilderness became transformed into fertile fields and flourishing cities, these are the men who become the main stay of the country, who, in fact, occupy positions of wealth, honor and trust.

Look not amidst the bustling throngs for the lover of nature. Go to the primæval forest, hunt up the lone trapper, or frontier farmer, and bid him tell you of the beauties of nature. Living as he does far from his fellow beings, he makes the hills and mountains, the brooks, lakes and rivers his companions, and like Robinson Crusoe, he comes to love the birds and beasts around him, and treat them as friends. Upon nature he is dependent for his very existance, with nature he lives. Nature is a book, and he who will may read it. Companionship men must have, and if human associates are few or none, man instinctively turns to the birds which twitter and warble around him or the animals which, like him are dependent upon the bounty of the Creator for life. He who has been in this condition can come to know and love nature thoroughly and "Look through Nature up to Nature's God." No place can be more suitable for inculcating in the breasts of men love and sympathy for their kindred, for humanity in general. This is brought about in three ways:—1st, by interdependence upon each other, 2nd, by the existence

of like sympathies and interests, 3rd by a closer association than is the case in larger communities. This point needs no illustration. No grander trait of character is possible for man to attain. Love of nature and love of humanity have the greatest tendency toward strengthening man's knowledge, and love of the divine.

And now we come to consider those qualities which make a man successful, which make a man famous. Our faculties are developed by use, our powers trained by exercise. Men are not born great; men make themselves great. Those who must look alive, must drudge incessantly, must make the most of circumstances; these are our monuments of executive power. These the men who have an exhaustive fertility of resources.

Washington, our ideal of a true man, the pole star shining amidst our constellations of great men, spent his boyhood and youth in the wilds of the Alleghanies surveying for Lord Fairfax. Who can estimate the value of those hardships to him, what powers of endurance he gained amidst this wild freedom. Here, sleep- on his bed of boughs or listening to the sighing of the trees, and the roaring of the torrent, he had his first dreams of a glorious destiny.

Garfield our latest martyr President, began his career in a little log cabin on the frontier Ohio, one of a large family of children whom it was soon his place to support.

Abraham Lincoln who safely conducted the Union through its hour of imminent peril, passed his early life in Kentucky and Indiana. He was brought up in extreme poverty and among hardships and privations of the most bitter kind. To this rude boy, fond of wild sports and exciting adventures, it was left to raise himself from his lowly surroundings and preside over the destinies of millions.

Ulysses S. Grant who turned the tide of the civil war in favor of the north spent his boyhood is the newly settled region of Ohio.

It has been well said "The mill-streams that turn the clappers of the world arise in solitary places."

Strength of character is not formed or developed in luxury and ease, but must phoenix-like be tried in the fire.

Our country, before it could be what it now is, had to pass through the roar of artillery, the shriek of shells, the groans of the slain, through rivers of the blood of its valiant sons. Our warriors and statesmen before reaching their goal must be tried in the fire of hardship and affliction and come out refined, resplendant, ready to be enrolled in the lists of Columbia's heroes, undying as the land to which their lives were dedicated.

CURRENT PROBLEMS.

C. F. E. FISET.

THE ADVANCED stage of civilization and culture which graces this fair land yet leaves to a great extent unclear certain economic and social problems of vital importance to the well being and continuity of the state. The question which arises concerning the practicability of the doctrines advanced for the solution of these problems must be considered with great seriousness. On every hand are constantly appearing some would-be philosophers, who with essays, novels, lectures and other forms of literature, attempt to rectify the real or imagined wrongs.

In truth something must be done. The nation must be preserved as a unit and nourished on wholesome government. Citizens must receive a proper benefit for the brains and money they expend in the furtherence of their country's welfare.

Let us attempt to remove the perplexity which generally conceals these questions from the views of many.

Paternalism, the first considered, is that body of economic doctrine which advocates the

more or less complete control on the part of government of industry. Its advocates declare that under this system staples will be cheaper, more uniform employment will be given and immense wealth will be saved to consumers.

This is partly true in some industries, but they forget to add that with our present conduct of affairs, with appointments to office based too often upon party favoritism rather than upon known competency, the productiveness of labor would be very small compared with what it is now, and, what is more important, the opportunity for corruption on the part of those in office would be enormously magnified.

It is undoubtedly a sound principle that the higher the intelligence and consequent capability of the citizen the less should government interfere with him in his labor.

All of us acknowledge that governmental control of the postoffice is wise. The step from postoffice to telegraph is short, thence to express systems, and, following this up, to railroad, factory and farm.

But this is too much. Where shall we stop? At that place is it safe for government to rest where it will give the people the greatest return and do the work in the simplest and most effective manner.

Yet when there is interferance on the part of government, individual liberty is likely to be transgressed. Animosity arises on the part of those hindered. Although the good of the majority should be considered, yet it is not always sound policy to hamper the rights of any.

One question which is now arousing great concern in the industrial world is that of strikes.

Vast hordes of workingmen on order from the walking delegate leave their work, lose the wages they would have earned and sometimes suffer want, simply because they blindly obey their petty chief.

But the fault does not alway belongs to the laborer. Many instances occur in which the employer is to blame. That which made the southern planter, before the war, believe that slave labor was necessary to cheap production, makes the modern manufacturer believe that so-called cheap labor is essential to his own welfare.

He has therefore when times are a little hard reduced the wages of his men. He has in this manner opposed the bettering of the most important class, and sometimes with brute obstinacy waged bitter warfare on them. But the employer like the slave owner is wrong.

The unbiased opinion of educated economists founded on careful observation of the facts, asserts that free labor is by far more economical and productive than was ever the labor of slaves.

Look at the increased prosperity of the country within the last twenty years. Look at the gradual reduction of working hours, the larger wages paid, the higher intelligence of the worker, the cheapening of necessaries; and notice well, also, how the manufacturer has gained in wealth, in business prosperity and is now coming to accept the truth of facts which must appeal to all.

Strikes are certainly injurious to every one. But the advantages which accrue to the laborer in some cases counter-balance the harm done.

When the striking man has justice on his side it is beneficial to mankind for him to demand more money and less work. He is a man and not a machine. He must have good food and good wages. If his wishes are granted he labors more cheerfully and efficiently, he buys books and comforts for his family, thereby increasing the general intelligence of the world and lessening the cares of many.

About one strike in ten is directly successful but the number in which the laborer is indirectly benefited is much larger.

Some of us, and many employers imagine that labor unions are simply for the purpose of raising strikes. Far from it. The object which is held in view by men when they organize into well regulated bodies is for their common improvement. They meet and discuss current topics, and this encourages sound reading. Sometimes the more experienced give advice in domestic economy. Taken all in all labor unions tend to make the workingman more intelligent, cheerful and conversant with affairs. When he asks for more pay it is after calm thought and as a rule his demand is highly reasonable.

Another problem that is troubling the minds of many is the frequent formation of monopolies.

It is claimed they drive thousands of people out of trade, they make a few rich at the expense of the many and their object is to raise prices.

Truly it does seem strange that a number of capitalists should combine. Their object must be to make more money than they have been accustomed to make. But it becomes plain when we notice that if articles, are manufactured on a very large scale, they are produced cheaper and may be sold with a larger profit at a less price than was before current. Indeed it takes a very great amount of wealth to start a gigantic enterprise such as a railroad, a telegraph system or a postal service.

Under one management the comparative cost is less, the returns greater and the service more suitable than if performed by several companies.

There is a temptation when the control of an article is in the hands of one company to raise its price. Rarely is it though that one management has the entire control of a certain industry. But the people might by proper legislation cure the evil.

Strangely enough manufactured goods are becoming cheaper and labor, being in greater demand, is becoming higher priced.

We must regard with calmness the concentration of capital for industrial purposes and view with pleasure the reduction in price of almost every manufactured article.

All such intricate problems may be partially solved if we educate ourselves to treat them practically. If we wish to do our best for our country, to have the glorious stars and stripes on every land and sea, to have the American nation the leading one in the future and to carry our name down in history as synonomous with power and justice let us do our duty to ourselves and fellow men with all love for the right as God gives us light to see it.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

MATTIE R. GLASS.

YOU REMEMBER the story of the shield, with one side silver and the other gold, which hung from the bough of an oak. As two knights approached from opposite directions the one declared it was made of gold while the other as stoutly held that it was silver. Each believed he was in the right and neither would yield, so they drew swords and fought it out. Not till both were badly wounded did they discover, as they reeled from side to side, that truth was on both sides and neither was altogether right nor altogether wrong.

But if our knights had looked upon the same side of the shield, their thoughts might not have run in the same channel. The mind of one might have seized upon the intrinsic and æsthetic value of the precious metals, and there would have appeared in his imagination various forms of beauty for ornament and utility. The other, blind to all this, would have insisted that gold was the only safe basis of a national currency, or he would have proved that the only salvation of the country was in free coinage of silver. This, being interpreted, means

that the point of view is the product of the surrounding object of sense and the peculiar mental qualities which make possible and actual the individuality of men.

This fact meets us all along the stream of history. When, in primitive times, the Aryan hive became over-crowded, as always happens, a swarming process began. Some found their home in Greece. They looked upon the mountains rising toward the skies and heard the voice of the gods. They listened to the music of the sea and heard the mermaid's song. They breathed the air of the vine-clad hills and were fanned by the balmy breezes of the blue Aegean. The thoughts of these men followed along the curved lines of beauty and turned to poetry and eloquence. They made Athens the nursing mother of art, science, and philosophy, and her children in all generations rise up and call her blessed. Others settled on the plains of Italy. Here, hemmed in by no mountain barriers, they looked to the north, east, south, and west, with covetous eyes and said "All that joins us shall be ours." The spirit of conquest seized and led them on, and they rested not till "Rome from her seven hills ruled the world." Others from the same race took up their abode in the impenetrable forests of Germany. Scorning empire and the refined elements of civilization, they laid the foundation of Saxon liberty and independence.

In our own land various results of different forces are visible. The New Englander from his story outlook has as much respect for the breezy freedom and doubtful culture of the west as for his own neglected 'r's. The wide sweep from Alleghanies to Rockies and from pole to Gulf produces a busy people, a level of prosperity, but an equal level of art and romance. The far west, with its lofty peaks and wonderful valleys, its silicified forests and spouting geysers, is equaled by its freaks in civilization. Perhaps the most typical feature of our point of view is our hopefulness. We are a cheerful nation, with brightest expectations for this world and the next. Our views of life are bright as our sunny clime, and broad as the vast expanse of our national hertitage.

Unquestionably a nation's point of view is greatly influenced by climate and topography. It is equally certain that the lives and characters of prominent men are directed and moulded by many ever varying and persistent forces. Among these may be noted personal experience and local surroundings; the spirit and the leading thought of the age in which they live; together with the pre-natal influences of other lives, thoughts, and characters, involved in peculiarities of race and mysteries of heredity.

In Jay Gould, Maximilian Robespierre, and Wm. Gladstone, we find three tendencies of three different nations culminating respectively in three different types of men, They are the interpretation of the financial, revolutionary, and reform spirit. At no other time, in no other nation, would any one of the three have been possible. Their points of view are creations of their time. Their lives are radiations from these points.

Jay Gould as a boy went barefoot and picked out thistles like many another American boy. Like many another boy, too, life from his point of view was not bounded by the limits of his father's farm. He inherited the native shrewdnesss of the Puritan stock yet missed their stern sense of duty; he learned early lessons of "steadiness" from the yellow meeting-house round the corner, and began his sharpening process by working his way through school. Wall street with its bulls and bears had its attractions and lessons for him, and the worst any can say of him is: He learned his lesson too well. He was but a concentration of American coolness, shrewdness, and sharpness, with a dull business conscience; the type of thousands of his admirers who possess an equally dull

conscience but lack the other requisites or a bonanza stock-wrecker.

From the man who demolished fortunes that he might add to his own millions, pass to the man who was a master-workman in the destruction of justice and life; that moral bigot and monster who, too strict-minded and straight-laced at the beginning of his career to condemn a criminal to a merited death, became a nightmare to his age; who, with the best of motives did more harm than any other man of his century; Robespierre, whom Carlisle called "the resolute-tremulous, incorruptible, sea-green man."

The wrongs of a nation, gathering for centuries, burst forth like a torrent in that frenzied age when the populace had gone mad as they shouted liberty and equality; and, perverting this man's point of view, made a remorseless fiend of him who might have been, amid other surroundings, an excellent subject for a funeral eulogy.

From these two with their distorted views and corresponding lives, turn to the greatest man of the century,—if greatness is measured by beneficient influence—Wm. E. Gladstone. Let us measure the height and compass of his view by his work. Of him it can be said more truly than of any other, "He is an all-round man," for he does more things better than any other living man. What a range! From a review of Marie Bashkertseff to a five hours speech on finance! It is equalled only by his uniting in himself the qualities of the shrewd politician, the accomplished scholar, and the devout Christian. He represents at once the best in the conservatism and the liberalism of England; love for the old and tried, and recognition of what is worthy in the new. Right has been his point of view and nobly has he followed that guiding principle. His is

> "A name to fright all tryants with, a light
> Unsetting as the Pole star; a great voice
> Heard in the breathless pauses of the fight
> By truth and freedom ever waged with
> wrong."

As with nations and prominent men so with each of us. No two inherit the same tendencies, no two have the same experience, the same surroundings, so no two see life at the same angle nor in the same colored light. Scott and Hallam, novelist and historian, lived at the same time, on the same island, and looked at the same object,—the life about them. The one drew for us a picture in which we meet men and women life-size, with garb and manners of a by gone time. They take us over their houses, seat us at their tables, show us the contents of their wardrobes let us into their secrets. The other gave his thoughts in plainer prose and we meet cold, critical facts and arguments, with men and women acting as puppets obedient to certain springs of motion and causes for decay. The angle of observation made the difference.

You sit beside your neighbor listening to the same words, the same music, with many common sympathies, but each has a different world. You see but one aspect of each other as you see but one aspect of the moon; in either case there is a dark half which is unknown to the other. Behind each external self which appears in company, which smiles good morning and says graceful conventionalities, there is another self which lives alone. This the real self, the height where the point of view is reached. If you discover this in any man you will have solved the mystery of personality, you will have the key to all character.

Of the large class of people whose point of view is self-interest the politician is a fair type. By some peculiar movement the molecules of this man's mind are so arranged that from his ordinary point of view he sees self, and the earth connected by special wires with that self. He decides on the good or evil of a policy with

reference to his particular interest, but wraps that interest in the party cloak. When his party is in power he says "To the victor belong the spoils," and takes a pass for Washington. When his party is undergoing a four years' repairing he loudly declaims on Civil Service Reform, and lays his plans for an office when a new hand is dealt. You can scarcely accuse him of illiberal views—there are too many anti-election testimonials to the contrary. His principles are broad,—for do they not cover a multitude of votes?

With self as the point of view how can the picture be otherwise? Self-interest is a good thing within certain limits, for by it the wheels of competition are kept running; but when one stops at self and never goes beyond, when one never gets near enough others to feel their pulse-beat, to look on life through their joys and sorrows, their hopes and disappointments; then to live is but to feel the way along a narrow path over-run with brambles, never to know the grandeur of a broad outlook, the glorious expansion of a world-wide sympathy.

Though points of view vary widely when the object is something external, the variation is much wider when the object is self. How astonished some of the departed would be could they look at themselves from a *post-mortem* point of view! Jay Gould would scarcely be able to collect the bits into a recognizable shape of his former supposed self; but if he did succeed, what points he might learn in the art of railroad manipulation. Phillips Brooks would be at a loss where he to stow away all the admirable qualities which he never dreamed of possessing. Shakespeare even would find invaluable suggestions for his tragedies and for the development of his characters; while Gœthe would flounder in his psychological revelations.

Different points of view explain the strife and arguments of the world. There are no symmetrical human beings. Each of us has a tendency to look at things from a certain angle and we see but one side in one view. Unfortunately most people are inclined to stick to the first view and forget that there are other sides, till some other one-view man thrusts forward his mental picture for comparison, and lo! There is a war of opinions; truth is at stake; and the air is made blue with contention,—all for the lack of a little more breadth, for the lack of a common standpoint.

In the world's progress every forward movement met with opposition, each age had its special need. The cry of the last century was Freedom. At that call this new nation came forth. At that name the thrones of Europe tottered. Much was gained. The farm of freedom was enthroned; but the soul, that which penetrates within the veil, which reaches the hearts and minds of men, *liberality*, was *not* gained. It is a want to-day as in all past time; but we are beginning to realize this want, which is the first step toward fulfilment. Look about in all walks of life. In politics, in science, in theology, as well as in the social world, the cry is the same:

"Alas for the rarity
Of christian charity
Under the sun!"

When mankind shall be reached by the sweet and gentle spirit of that charity which "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, seeketh not her own, rejoiceth in the truth," then will a true and generous point of view have been attained, and our race have approached the realization of the poets aspiration,—when

"Man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a'that."

PARTY SPIRIT.

JOHN S. MACNIE.

GOVERNMENT is rendered requisite, for the general wellfare, by the inability of individual human beings to judge in an unprejudiced and impartial manner, concerning the

well-being of the whole. In a perfect civilization in which man is endowed with every virtue and possessed of an infallible judgment, we can conceive of a condition where government would be unnecessary; just as in a community blessed with perfect permanent good health, physicians and surgeons would be superfluous. But as things are, with man influenced by evil passions and liable to infirmaties of understanding, it becomes necessary to place restraints upon the bad, to protect the weak from the strong and to direct in right courses the imperfect abilities of individuals, by a dominating power. From the beginning, as far as we know, humanity, obedient to this necessity, has been governed by some form of social regulation, which varies to adapt itself to the progress of civilization. To-day we have as the legacy of thousands of years of experience, the representative form of government, almost universally considered as most nearly meeting the requirements of modern society, as being the most practical and beneficial means of administering public affairs. It is a triumph of popular right over injustice, achieved by long years of contention.

Great as may seem to be our progress in the science of government, the most ignorant or credulous will not assert that we have yet attained perfection. There exists evils and dangers lurking under the smooth surface of apparent peace and security, which may need only favoring circumstances to burst forth in a torrent of intense and destructive passions.

The great evil attending a representative form of government, such as ours, is the necessary division of the body politic into antagonistic political parties. The necessity of parties is attested by the almost magical prompitude with which they sprang into existance at the birth of this republic, continuing to this day, controlled by organizations as firm as the constitution itself and prompted by an intensity of party spirit which burns as fiercely now as one hundred years ago, commonly considered as a time of unusual political bitterness.

It is a strange phenomenon that a great peril, a constant menace, should be ever threatening the American people, as the natural and absolutely necessary outcome of their political institions. Yet such is the case. In order to carry on our government, to insure its existence in fact, the people must be divided into parties. Yet parties may become just as much an evil and a threat, as they are a necessity. Statesmen recognizing the wealth of mischief inherent in party spirit, have striven to devise some manner of government doing away with the necessity of political parties, yet leaving the choice and responsibility of government with the people. We see what success that exceptionally able body of men met with, who in 1787 formulated that monument of statecraft, our constitution.

It is safe to say, that with the present standard of human nature, we have here in the United States, in actual operation as nearly a perfect form of government as can at this day be operated. Every American citizen can legitimately boast that we exist as the model of an enlightened and progressive civilization. Yet every sober minded citizen in the same breath with this boast, is constrained to confess that there is yet much amiss. Our government does not accomplish all that might reasonably be expected of it. The people do not always rule, through their representatives. Our institutions are too frequently perverted to further personal ambition and private greed. With a few notable exceptions, it is not the ablest and most upright man who attains the political honors in the gift of the people.

It is accordingly the duty of every lover of true liberty to inquire into the causes of existing evils. To modify them by striving to remove the cause itself.

Responsible for nearly all the corruption and

perversion of public trust surrounding our government, is the curse of party spirit, selfishly exalting party interests above all else, unscruplously regarding the peoples interests as altogether subordinate to party ends.

As already intimated, party spirit is necessary. Interest and enthusiasm in political affairs is justifiable and praiseworthy. But like all things left to human nature to regulate it may be carried into a vice should there be temptations to excess. Structural organization within the party to direct party policies, is necessary, and such organization can not exist without considerable party spirit. But to bring about this result it should not be necessary to excite party prejudice to an intensity approaching intolerant fanaticism, sacraficing the public good to factional success. Thanks to the admirable good sense bred of American institutions, this excess is modified to a great extent as it should be to a greater degree. But it is too frequently forgotten that party is a means not an end. Unbending partyism is too apt to be regarded as consistency, by our intelligent citizens, instead of being held in contempt as probably prompted by narrow mindedness, or by baser motives, greed or ignoble ambition. It should be kept in mind that the man who servilely wears the party collar and blindly votes the party ticket, is unworthy the name of freeman, is more despicable than the slave, driven by the despots lash into battle, more despicable for his servitude is self imposed.

The dangers arising from an excess of party spirit have always been recognized and deplored by the best intellects in our history.

It will be remembered that Washington, with far-seeing statesmanship, preceived an element of vital weakness in our institutions in the growth of parties. He dreaded and discountenanced them during his presidency. Repeatedly he warned his countrymen against a too tense drawing of party lines. He especially emphasizes the warning in his farewell address, and admonishes posterity as well as his contemporaries against party spirit, in language as pathetic in its patriotic anxiety as it is strong and dignified.

A close scrutiny of all the perilous positions in which this nation has been placed will reveal the fact that they are all directly or indirectly traceable to a too intense party spirit, inspired either by scheming politicians to further their ambitions, or by a popular frenzy. We mark with justifiable pride through what trying ordeals this nation has passed unscathed and erroneously infer that our country is invincible to all dangers, that experiments may be tried and perils dared with impunity. But there is danger in over confidence. Within the past few months there was recalled to us by the death of a respected ex-president, an occasion of such intensity of feeling between the two great political parties that many then feared a civil war was iminent. The stress was removed, however, by the final installment of Mr. Hayes as president, when it may be said to the glory of American citizenship that things soon returned to their accustomed order and political animosities were generally forgotten. But it will be remembered that the highest tribunal in the land, the supreme court, was effected by the contagion and when the duty devolved upon them to decide the contest, they divided on strict party lines. This should serve as a warning, not to be soon forgotten, to what self-destruction an otherwise patriotic people may be led by party spirit stimulated to excess.

This evil has always stood in the way of reform. Instances too numerous to mention could be recalled from the history of this country of needed reforms delayed for party ends. But it is not necessary to go to the past. To-day we are witnesses of a monetary instability which may be only the precursor of another of those financial panics which seem to

recur periodically. It does not need an extraordinarily keen discernment to find out the cause of the present distress, for the cause has already been traced, nay, was even predicted for us, months ago, by some of the ablest financiers in the country. Last winter we witnesses of the disgraceful spectacle presented in the United States Senate, of one party refusing to repeal an act, at the earnest prayer of its originator, himself a member of that party, simply to embarass their political antagonists who had just been proclaimed the people's choice. This was done with the full consequences of their behavior known to them, for to this act, the Sherman silver purchase law, had been already predicted what has since been confirmed in the present stringency in the money market. But so firmly fixed, had loyalty to party become to these men, that they utterly ignored their country's welfare, for the supposed good of of their party.

Seeing the dangers arising from a perversion of party spirit from the legitimate and helpful, to selfishness, does it not behove us as patriotic Americans, to watch over and strive to alleviate this perhaps unavoidable evil?

Irrespective of party every good citizen should insist that not only national affairs be carried on with regard only to the public welfare, but that the powers of the state down to the most humble municipal office be intrusted only to the best men available and be managed on strict business principles. For corruption and mismanagement in federal affairs does not cause so much individual distress, as in local and municipal offices. We find a too frequent lack of interest and of active participation in political affairs on the part of many of our most intelligent citizens, and a mischievous activity on the part of the least desirable elements of our voting population. It is no valid excuse for an intelligent citizen to plead lack of time, still less to complain that politics are too corrupt for a respectable man to meddle with. The man too indifferent or cowardly to go to the polls and the man who goes merely to drop the ballot put into his hand by the party boss, are equally unworthy the honor and privilege of American citizenship. The latter is the more dangerous to the stability of our institutions. Occasions of great exigency may stimulate the indolent man into activity. But the servile voter of the straight party ticket, the individual who goes to the polls, not to express his own carefully considered decision upon some public policy, but to register the decree of a self appointed and corrupt party boss, is deterred by no sentiments of honor and of patriotism from greed and selfishness. Such men are as much agents of despotism and retrogression as the armed and drilled Russian mujik, blindly carrying out the orders of a Czar.

What then it may fairly be asked, is the duty of good citizens in these premises? Bearing in mind that no higher duty exists for him than the duty inhering in citizenship, of helping to guard the common liberties and welfare, yet perceiving the dangers arising from parties, is he to reject all party affiliations and vote merely as caprice may dictate? By no means. To accomplish anything by human agencies, union is necessary. But the very fact of union implies sometimes a surrender of individual preference. The citizen must be prepared at times, to see his views in regard to men and measures overruled by the wishes of the majority of his party. Practically a man must belong to one of the great political parties if he desires to have his ballot count. So long as the party continues honestly to carry out the policy for whose purpose it exists, he will continue to give it honest and intelligent support. When however the inevitable deterioration which overtakes every human organization overtakes that party; when, corrupted by its own success, it ceases to represent a policy,

and becomes merely a tool in the hands of ignoble intriguers to administer to their appetites and ambitions; when no longer able to do in regard to the present, it can point with pride only to the past; then it becomes the duty of the patriot to lay aside party loyalty for the good of his country, to which he owes a duty far superior to any claim of party.

Parties may rise and fall, may change their names and even their purposes, but continuing steadfast through all surrounding variation our country lives on. The American citizen, taking pride in her glorious past and in her noble possibilities, should remember that to our keeping is entrusted the fame and welfare of our common country and ours it is faithfully and honestly to fulfill that obligation to the best of our ability and understanding. If, rising to the grandeur of their opportunities, citizens learn to regard party as a means, the country's good as the sole aim, then will these United States be enabled nobly to fulfill their apparently predestined mission, to lead the vanguard of liberty and progress, to serve as the example and adviser to all future generations.

THE HIGHER LAW.

GOLDWIN S. SPRAGUE.

THERE is, perhaps, no better test of a man's character than his attitude in regard to law. A good citizen hears in the law the voice of his country, the common parent of us all, commanding or forbidding, and, in all ordinary cases, he unhesitatingly obeys. That man is not a patriot, who says, "Such a law is unjust; therefor I will break it and pay the penalty." The account between a disobedient citizen and the state is not to be squared in that way. The patriot knows that if a good man breaks an unwise law, bad men will use the precedent as a justification for breaking all laws, and no man's property, reputation, person, health, life, or liberty will be safe. A bad law is usually better than no law. The remedy for it is not to *break* it, but to *enforce* it. If the regulation is *good*, of course it should be enforced; if it is pernicious or unworthy, enforce it, and a repeal or modification will soon follow.

These are principles of almost universal application. But there are exceptions, and to one of these exceptions I invite your attention for a moment.

Human law, if binding at all, is binding because it is an embodiment or re-enactment of a divine, a higher law. "The powers that be are ordained of God; for there is no power but of God." Such is the language of St. Paul.

At the centre of all things is a Being all-wise, all-powerful, all-directing. No one questions the unerring potency of physical law, the expression of His will impressed on every atom and molocule from the centre to the circumference of the universe. This form of the higher law, however manipulated or directed by intelligent agents, has been enforced since the dawn of creation; and every scientist declares that it will continue to stand pre-eminent in all its glory, shining as the centre gem in the crown of laws, irresistable, working its mission, unifying all, ruling every particle of matter and every world, until heaven and earth shall have passed away, and the cycles of a new eternity shall begin.

But how is it when we pass from the world of matter to the world of mind? Do we leave the realm of the higher law? Not at all. The difference is this: Unlike unconscious matter, intelligent beings are free; they have the power to disobey. The law is there, all the same. The pagan Cicero describes it well—

"There is a true law, a right reason, congruous to nature, prevading all minds, constant, eternal; which calls to duty by its commands, and repels from wrong doing by its prohibitions; and to the good does not command or forbid

in vain, while the wicked are unmoved by its exhortations and warnings. This law cannot be annulled, superceded nor overruled. No senate, no people can loose us from it; no jurist, no interpreter can explain it away. It is not one law at Rome, another at Athens, one at the present, another at some future time, but one law, unchangeable and eternal, it presides over all nations and all times, the universal sovereign. Of this law the author and giver is God. Whoever disobeys this law, flies from himself, and, by the wrong done to his own nature, though he escape all other punishment, incurs the heaviest penalty. How true that "no senate, no people can loose us from it!" For it so happens, though fortunately very seldom, that human statutes sometimes command us to do what is essentially a sin or prohibit from doing what is essentially a duty. Such was the case with those who were commanded to worship the golden image set up by the haughty king of Babylon. Like the bugle-call their answer stirs the heart of man. A few weeks after the great crucifixion, the Apostles, were forbidden by the Jewish senate to teach or preach in the name of Christ. They answered, "We ought to obey God rather than man. Whether it be right in the right of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." They broke the lower law that they might keep the higher.

But we need not go to far off lands or distant ages to find examples of obedience to the higher law in disregard of the lower.

The corner stone of our constitutional fabric is Equality of Rights. Dear to every true and noble heart in all this land, in all this world; prized above all earthly riches; valued more than limb, than life—is the grand ideal our union was established to secure—human liberty! But for two hundred and forty years after the first negro slaves were introduced the Slave Power was steadily increasing, until, at length, nearly four millions of persons of African descent in these free United States were held in bondage as property; bred, bought, and sold, for gain, like cattle. Multitudes of them escaped from their prison house, and fled to the free states or to Canada. The Constitution, the supreme law of the United States, was understood to command that these fugitives should be delivered to their masters. Then the great senator from New York, the illustrious William H. Seward, announced in the Senate of the United States that there was a higher law than the Constitution. The announcement was greeted all over the Union with hoots and shrieks of indignation. The multitudes on every hand undertook to howl down the higher law. The abolitionists retorted scorn for scorn. Theodore Parker on the platform of Music Hall in Boston told the vast assembly, "There is a God that keeps both the white man and the black man, and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that breaks his just, eternal law. Howl down the higher law? You may gather all the dried grass and all the straw of both continents; you may braid it into ropes, and bind down the sea! While it is calm, you may laugh, and say, 'Lo, I have chained the ocean!' and howl down the law of him who holds the universe as a rosebud in his hand, its every ocean but a drop of dew! But when the sea rises in his strength, he snaps asunder the bonds that bound his mighty limbs, and the world is littered with the idle hay!"

In 1850, a stringent fugitive-slave law was passed by the congress of the United States, forbidding, all persons to harbor, or shelter, or in any way aid the escaping bondmen, and commanding all men to aid in seizing and returning them to bondage. The higher law, recorded in the Old Testament, was explicit and unmistakable, "Thou shalt *not* deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee." The brilliant senator

from Massachusetts, Charles Summer, denounced the fugitive-slave bill as immoral, unconstitutional, null and void. Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio rose in his seat in the House of Representatives and told the southern congressmen that he would never obey that law, but would continue to feed and shelter the black fugitive in his Ohio home as he had always done in former times. A southern representative interrupted him with the question, "Wouldnt you go a step further than that?" and Giddings replied, "Yes I would go a step further: I would kick the slave hunter from my door!" Henry Ward Beecher, from his pulpit in Plymouth church, Brooklyn, thundered these defiant words: "But as for those provisions (of the law) which concern aid to the fugitives, may God do so to us, yea, and more also, if we do not spurn them as we would any other mandate of Satan. If in God's providence, fugitives ask food or shelter at my hands, my own children shall lack bread ere they; my own flesh shall sting with cold ere they shall lack raiment; and whatsoever defense I would put forth for my own children, that shall these poor, despised, persecuted creatures have at my hands and on the road. The man who would do otherwise, who would obey this law to the peril of his soul and the loss of his manhood, were he brother, son, or father, shall never pollute my hand with the grasp of hideous friendship, nor cast his swarthy shadow across my threshold."

Such sentiments, expressed by men who placed the highest value upon their manhood; who spoke and acted according to the highest dictates of their consciences, were not to be overlooked. Few are the men who would have dared to make such sweeping assertions and fling defiance in the face of a government such as ours. But they were well aware that even our greatest institution to which the whole world looks with reverence, even the supreme court, though its chief justice had declared that "blackmen had no right that white men were bound to respect,"—even the supreme court could not long disregard the verdict of a growing and enlightened Public Opinion.

Soon the war came.

Was it not the higher law that put down the evil? Had not the cry of the oppressed rent the skies? When the armies of the Union were at last victorious, and the multitude of statutes, that in thirteen states had upheld the accursed system of slavery, were trampled into dust by the iron heel of war, did not each general, each private of that grand army realize with Lord Brougham that "there is a law above all the enactments of human codes, the same throughout the world; such as it was when the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages and opened to one world the sources of wealth, power, and knowledge, and to another all unutterable woes; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, loathe rapine and abhor blood, they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man!"

But just here we are confronted with one of the most difficult of questions. What *is* the higher law? How shall we recognize it? The stately saying Vox Populi, Vox Dei, cannot be proved valid. Upon the slightest investigation it is found that the voice of the people is no safe guide; it is often anything rather than the voice of God; it can sanction nothing. "The chief priests and the rulers and the people cried out all at once, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" Were they not the populus? But their voice was assuredly not the voice of God. Again, if populus means the people speaking through the organs and in the forms of law, the case of Socrates arises at once in our minds. It was the people of Athens, speaking by their constituted authorities, that bade this greatest and best of the Athenians drink the deadly hemlock.

What blasphemy to say it was the voice of God! Was it the voice of God, was it not rather the voice of the *devil*, that commanded they sway of the guillotine in the first French revolution?

There are, indeed, periods in history in which for centuries, it would seem as if a power from on high had been given to whole nations or to the leading minds of leading classes, to bring about some comprehensive changes. When the whole of Europe was animated by one united longing to conquer the Holy Land, it appeared undoubtedly to the crusaders, for two hundred years, that the voice of the people was the voice of God. So that remarkable age of maritime discovery, which has influenced the whole succeeding history of civilization, would seem at first glance to have received an impulse from a breath not of human breathing. Yet we find on close examination that these results were brought about simply by natural causes, and were not the effect of any miraculous manifestation or interposition of a superior power.

Will it be said that unanimity is a safe guide? There was fearful unanimity all over Europe in the sanguinary and protracted period witch-trials, joined in by church-men and laymen, Protestant and Catholic, Teuton, Celt, and Sclavonian, learned and illiterate. What fanaticisms have not swept over whole countries with deplorable unanimity! The Romans were unanimous enough when they slaughtered the worshipers of that God whose authority is invoked to dignify the voice of men in the fallacious maxim, Vox Populi, Vox Dei.

If the unanimous voice of the people were the voice of God, it should not only be unchangeable,—not shouting "Hosanna" to-day, and "Crucify" to-morrow,—but there could be but one people only. Two nations, each unanimous, draw the sword against each other and revel in a carnival of blood, each proclaiming, Vox Populi, Vox Dei. Unanimity is no test.

But there is no infallible test, for the simple reason that human judgment may err in applying any test. Therefore the utmost caution should be exercised; every resource of investigation, of reason, of persuasion, of kindness, should be exhausted, before appealing to the higher law in defiance of the lower. Let every change be peaceful. We have a better remedy than insurrection or civil war or any violence. For every evil that we feel or fear in the state, we have a sure prevention or a final cure in an enlightened public opinion and a sensitive public conscience. It is only when a lower law, cruel and apparently unchangeable flatly commands us to do wrong, that we can rightly defy it, and exclaim in the words of James Russell Lowell,—

"Man is more than constitutions, better rot beneath the sod
Than be true to church and state, while you're doubly false to God!"

Such a condition of affairs, we surely shall not see again. Now that slavery is gone, it does not seem possible that any political evil should arise which the ballot box-cannot peacefully and quietly remove or destroy.

If the opinions of the best men in their best moments can be any guide, the higher law is manifest in each just, wise, unselfish act of man; in that liberty which is formed in perfect obedience to the commands of enlightened conscience; in the spirit of self-sacrifice, and in true patriotic love. Napoleon's fatal mistake was the exaltation of himself and his family. Wellington's chief merit was his modest patriotism.

Your duty and mine is clear; patiently, incessantly to labor to improve the minds and hearts of ourselves and of all the people, until every human statute shall be but an echo of the divine will.

To each faithful lover of his country, the higher law opens the way to the higher life. It bids him shun political corruption, despise

fraud and partisan intrigue, do all in his power to promote the general welfare; and as a final admonition to each and every one of us it commands:—

> This above all, to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not be false to thy country or the just eternal law.

POLITICAL FOAM.

H. G. VICK.

AMERICANS of to-day are accustomed to to read the early history of this country with a feeling of reverence almost sacred. We think of Washington crowned with a halo of glory rather than with a wreath of laurel. It is hard for us to think of the heroes of that day as men. And those were indeed heroic times. The men of that day surpassed us in true political spirit and genuine love of country. They had just entered upon a gigantic experiment—a new and untried system of government. The Republic was to them a theory. But belief in it as the ideal was universal and unshaken.

How different the sentiment of the American of to-day and the American of a century ago. Then he was a believer, now he is a skeptic. Then profound faith in Republican institutions filled every heart and found expression by every tongue. Now is an age of anarchists, socialists and political pessimists of every kind and color. From the plains of Texas to rock-ribbed New England, from the swamps of Florida to misty Oregon—everywhere, from the storm of the Atlantic to the calm of the Pacific, a spirit of mistrust and restraint is abroad in the land. Every backwoods stump supports a calamity enthusiast; on every college rostrum the smooth-faced Sophomore wildly predicts ruin and disaster to his country. Nor are they alone. By their influence, the ignorant, the criminally inclined, those suffering from real and imaginary oppression join in the universal cry. The land grows darker at their predictions. Anarchy and real danger actually seem to threaten the nation.

Amid this tumult the intelligent man calmly asks, "Is there real cause for alarm?" The unlearned but intelligent laborer, the true statesman and the college professor, even the college boy will ask this question, "Is there real cause for alarm?"

The political pessimist takes up some catch phrase as, "The poor are getting poorer and the rich, richer." He adorns it with his rhetoric, pictures the laborer in his thatched hut and the millionaire in his marble mansion; the soulless capitalist and the bloated bond-holder grinding the laborer and the farmer to powder, or suffocating them under a thick blanket of mortgages. But he avoids giving all the facts. His logic is unsound, his statements are false. Political economists, true statesmen, and correct students of history all give him the lie. He forgets that men like Elias Howe and Commodore Vanderbilt, by their enterprise and good fortune, brought a thousand times as much into the pockets of the laborer as into their own. Let him return to the feudal system of his "good old days." Let him compare the huts of a century ago with the homes of the workingmen of to-day. The poor are not getting poorer. The rich are not getting richer at the expense of the poor. Every just comparison of the past with the present proves the assertion false. Call it the scream of the American eagle, if you will, but I firmly believe that never was wealth more evenly distributed; never and nowhere was equality more universal than in the United States to-day.

What great and burning issues have we not successfully met! Well nigh three centuries ago, England, who now proudly boasts that no slave can breathe English air, implanted upon our reluctant soil an institution which proved a curse, both to the white man and to the

black. When the time for action came, the large ungainly hands of Abraham Lincoln broke the bonds of the unfortunates. The Declaration of Independence was no longer a mockery. We have conquered the dragon of human slavery. Shall we shrink and flee from its hideous but harmless corpse in pretending that we are unable to care for the negro free?

When we think how nobly Saxon and Celt stood shoulder to shoulder for the Union; how in the senate hall and battle smoke they fought for their adopted country, need we fear the evils of immigration? Who comes to America? not the infirm, the weakling, the destitute; he stays at home and bewails his unhappy lot. But the young, the strong, the bold, the lover of liberty, crosses the raging billow and finds a home in the land of the free. Do we not love to call ourselves "the best blood of the Old World?" With the shades of our uncouth foreign forefathers looking down upon us, let us, upstart Americans, beware how we shut the gates of Freedom on our brethren less fortunate by birth than we.

Our nation has been tried in the crucible of many a financial crisis. It has come out pure gold. We have settled the question of a great national debt to the admiration of the world. True, there are those to-day who would steer our gallant ship of state upon the death shoals of an unsound currency, but it is to be devoutly hoped that, like Ulysses of old, we can stop their deluded ears with the wax of wisdom, and the song of the silver siren may be passed unheard and unheeded.

They tell us we have no statesmen at Washington to-day. If true; what cause for alarm? What need of a Sumner or a Webster to appoint postmasters or dispense party patronage? In our real need have true statesmen ever been wanting? The cluster of political heroes who fought for our freedom, who framed and formulated our government, is unsurpassed in history. When in its infancy our country wanted a strong, trusted, guiding hand, was not a Washington at the helm? When our system needed a defender, did not a Hamilton stand forth? When our Constitution lacked an exponder, had we not a Marshall on the Supreme Bench? Later, when the great question of "states' rights" threatened to rend the Union in sunder, had we not a Clay to compromise, a Webster like thundering Jove to awe into silence, and a fiery Jackson ready, as he swore "By the Eternal!" to "string you up around the Capitol, every rebel of you, on a gibbet, high as Haman's!" When the delayed civil strife began, had we not a Lincoln, of whom it may be said the world has produced but one, and that one in our time of need.

The pessimistic cry of political corruption is heard on every hand. But is America worse than other nations? Is she worse than half a century ago? Ask some one who knows what American politics were in those early days. Ask some one who knows what European politics are to-day. We need not fear the answer. Our politics are indeed corrupt, but when did political corruption meet with a stronger and more universal condemnation? You remember the fate of the recent lottery scheme in our own state. Let such a great moral question come before the people and see whether they recognize and approve of the right. Politics are not growing worse. The names of our greatest demagogues have been dropped from the roll of honor; the Tweed ring with like institutions are things of the past, and the Tammany tiger, worried in the last campaign, wounded by the winged arrows of Grover Cleveland, shall be led in chains before the triumphal car of the next Republican administration, and we shall yet have him stuffed and mounted in the museum of the University as a warning to the politicians of North Dakota.

The dismemberment of former great empires, of those of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Charlemagne is no argument against large governments to-day. In this age of steam and electricity a whole continent is no larger than was a county to our forefathers. The extension of the American domain will not be the cause of our failure if fail we must. We may adapt the words of Lady Macbeth to her husband who shrank from the cowardly act of murder most foul, "We fail? Do you screw your courage to the sticking point, and we'll not fail."

The opinions of leading men of other nations are not to be disregarded. They are nearly all in our favor. Gladstone praises the excellence of our Constitution; Salisbury eulogizes our Supreme Court. From every quarter of the globe come expressions of confidence in our institutions and admiration for our country.

Facts like these should silence the "calamity howler." His day is not yet. Let not his cry in the wilderness be heeded. All his rantings and ravings are but the idle froth, the "foam on the river, a moment bright, then gone forever." The majestic river flows serenely on and carries to the sea, the commerce of a peaceful and prosperous nation.

When in our day we venture to speak of patriotism as a remedy we are told that it survives only on the lips of scheming politicians. God help them for such an expression! That is the false patriotism which Dr. Johnson called the last resort of a scoundrel. It is no patriotism. That the patriotism of the intelligent citizen is something nobler, grander—the highest virtue —witness the millions who have died that their country might be free; witness the thousands who sleep on Southern and Northern battlefields —Blue and Gray—who fought, and bled and died for their interpretation of country. Said the Great Master, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Judged by this lofty standard, the Republic will not go down for lack of friends. Patriotic hope freed this nation. Patriotic faith sustained and saved it during its infancy. It alone can keep it now. In the midst of all these expressions of pessimism and unbelief where shall we look for a true example of patriotic faith and hope? To the east we must turn. Far across the Atlantic, on the borders of the Old World lies a fair but unfortunate isle. Here, "Thro' the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years," in the hearts of the sons and daughters of Erin, the love of liberty has ever burned fiercer and brighter. In spite of all misery and oppression they ever look forward with a faith that never falters, with a hope that never dies. They see not Ireland chained, Ireland starved; they ever turn their eager gaze to Ireland free. Let us take a lesson in love of country. With such patriotism we can never fail. With such patriotism the Republic can never fall.

Have we not greater cause for grander feelings? The heart of the monarchist indeed swells with pride and patriotism as he breathes his beloved song of "God save our gracious Queen." Should not we be animated by a nobler zeal, inspired by higher sentiment, as we sing to the same music the purer and far more patriotic words:

"My Country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing."

I stand in the presence of the immortal Garfield, as with that true eloquence, on that memorable occasion, the death of the Great Martyr of America, he quelled the mob at New York. His voice is as one speaking with authority and it re-echoes with tenfold power and prophesy:

"Fellow citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and Judgment are the establishments of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow citizens! God reigns; and the Government at Washington still lives."

The following are the essays of the Normal class.

THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE.

J. U. HEMMY

THE MOST powerful and most progressive race on the globe, is the Anglo-Saxon race. This term includes all English-speaking people. More than half of them are citizens of the United States. A more patriotic people than the Americans would probably be hard to find. It is well that they are so; but it may be well to remember that there is a broader, a higher patriotism than state or national patriotism. The man who glories in the fact that he is a citizen of the world is imbued with the truest, the highest patriotism. Americans tend to look with distrust upon everything that is English, and yet both peoples are the same in all essential respects. Why cannot both lay aside national prejudices, and glory in that larger division of humanity to which they both belong—the Anglo-Saxon race.

Has not this race claim for the highest consideration? It has always been the chief representative of a great principle—a principle which has thus far preserved it and will continue to preserve it to the end of time. Every nation that has deeply impressed itself upon humanity has been the exponent of some leading idea. Among the ancient Egyptians this central idea was life; among the Persians it was light; among the Hebrews it was religion; among the Greeks it was beauty; among the Romans it was law; but among the Anglo-Saxons it was, and still is, civil liberty. All other nations were at some time or other crushed and spirit broken, the Anglo-Saxon, never. Through all trials and difficulties he exhibits the same spirit of personal independence and love of freedom.

The early Anglo-Saxon was the union of two peoples of Tentonic origin, the Angles and the Saxons, who came from what is now southern Denmark and northern Germany. About fourteen hundred years ago, shortly after the Romans withdrew from ancient Britain, the native inhabitants were assailed on the north by the Picts and Scots, and the Britons, "being no longer brave in war or faithful in peace," imploringly besought the Roman Emperor for assistance. But Rome was at that time unable to help them, so they resolved "to fight fire with fire" by inviting the Saxons to form an alliance with them. The invitation was accepted by a tribe of Jutes, the Picts and Scots were driven back, after which the Jutes seized the fairest portion of Kent for themselves. The success of the Jutes incited their neighbors, the Angles and Saxons, who came and appropriated to themselves the eastern and southern partions of the island. This was the beginning of Anglo-Saxon rule in England. Henceforth Britain was British no longer, but Anglo-Saxon; and although the English were conquered six hundred years later by the Normans, England was not Normanized but the conquerors were made Saxons.

A puculiar gift of the Anglo-Saxon is his wonderful power of dissolving and assimilating foreign elements. There seems to be in this race a "certain element which is more than an element." Something which attracts and absorbs all other elements. Says E. A. Freeman: "If after adopting so many foreigners, we remain Englishmen none the less, surely a new witness is brought to the strength of the English life within us—a life which can do the work of the alchemist, and change every foreign element into its own English being." In Canada, in the United States, in Australia—in fact wherever you find him, he is no less Anglo-Saxon than in England. And not only does he remain the same, but that peculiar "element" which he possesses, has absorbed and Anglo-Saxonized vast infusions from foreign nations. We find

this fact illustrated in the results of the Norman conquest, and the same principle is at work in the United States to-day. The children of foreign parents, born in this country, having imbibed the sentiments and assimilated the ideas of the land, can scarcely be distinguished from the native population. They are even more American than the Americans in their desire to put on the character of the new country.

This party explains why the modern increase in power and population of the Anglo-Saxon race is so phenomenal. Two hundred years ago this race numbered less than six million souls, to-day it numbers more than one hundred and twenty millions, while its territory embraces more than one-third of the earth's surface, and more than one-fourth of the world's inhabitants is subject to its rule. And, if the Anglo-Saxon race has thus increased in numbers during the last two hundred years, and extended its sway so widely, what may we not expect of it in the future. It is estimated that a hundred years hence this race will number no less one thousand million souls. Darwin says that everywhere civilized races are supplanting the barbarous, while another writer states that not only is the Anglo-Saxon multiplying more rapidly than any other nation, but he is multiplying more rapidly than all the nations of continental Europe. Already the aborigines of North America, Australia, and New Zealand are disappearing before him. With his indomitable will and perserverance, his unequaled energy, and his wonderful instinct for colonizing, does it not seem to be evident that in a short time he will occupy the fairest portions of the globe, and exercise the controlling power of the world. Whether the extinction of inferior races before the advancing Anglo-Saxon seem sad or otherwise, it at least seems probable, and hence we may expect that the language of Shakespeare will soon be the language of the world.

Now that the essential characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon all over the world are the same, having common laws, a common literature, a common religion, the same spirit of personal independence and love of freedom, and above all, a common language, it needs but a conviction and the establishment of a community of of interest to enable these mighty forces to work out in some future time the confederation of the English speaking race all over the world. A few years ago Sir Edwin Arnold suggested to President Harrison that all Anglo-Saxondom should be represented in an international council for the settlement of all international questions, and from which there should be no appeal. Even that would be a loose kind of federation. It would be a step in the right direction. Should some such confederation be established, the greatest safeguard for the peace of the world and the welfare of humanity would be obtained. May we not hope to realize an Anglo-Saxon union? Is not the time ripe even now for such a confederation? Moreover, in the event of such a union, how long would the weaker nations continue to maintain enormous standing armies at ruinous cost, with the result of augmenting discontent among their subjects? Would they not sooner or later agree to a system which would enable them to disband their armies, lessen taxation, and banish discontent. And what would be the result of all this? Why, a brotherhood of humanity! What a glorious culmination for the work of high souls! For the accomplishment of that works the Anglo-Saxon seems destined.

> "The death of nations in their work begun;
> They sowed the seed of federated man.
> Dead nations were but selfish hordes, and we
> The first battalion of humanity,
> All other nations while our tokens shine,
> One after one shall wheel into our line."

RURAL LIFE.

HELEN V. KELLOGG.

TINTED with the glorious colors of a summer sunset, Rural Life seems all one could desire. Here we find perfection of nature, and what could be more beautiful? The beauties of Rural Life seem to have alike inspired the poet and the artist.

The inspiration of the theme often gives to prose a beauty which makes it seem poetry. And why should it not? For to the summer boarder, the gentleman of leisure, the pleasure seeker, the poet or the artist, the country seems a enchanting spot, a place where beneath some leafy tree, gazing into the blue dome of heaven, and listening to the music of nature as it murmurs about him, he may lie and dream the sunny hours away.

"To him who, in the love of nature, holds communion
with her visible forms
She speaks a various language."

The rustling corn leaves, the murmuring brook, the buzzing insects—all, in their unassuming way, seem to tell him of the glories of creation. He translates the song of the bird into his own tongue and sings it after her with a new meaning. The very flowers to him seem living things, and with the skill of experience he seeks to find their names and families.

In the heart of nature an observer feels with Lowell that

"Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear Life's murmur and see it glisten."

The country pleasure resorts usually afford delightful pastimes. It is not alone country, but woods, flowers, hills, the lake or seashore and pleasant companions that combine to make life happy. Each day new regions to explore and new wonders to be discovered.

Why should they not call it a haven of rest and a bower of beauty?

It has been said that Englishmen take more delight in the country than any other class of people. Thus it is as soon as the first lark makes his flight and sings his sweet song, the Englishman packs up and moves into the country. London is almost emptied of its citizens who have departed to live a season among birds and flowers.

We also find a love of country life imbedded in the Anglo-Saxon race. All classes are ambitious to become sole owners of some portion of earth they may call their own, theirs by indefeasable right.

What a superior life the farmer leads—in being able conduct his own affairs. In fact what a blessing land is. Just think of Castle Garden—how each year it is filled and emptied by those who come in search of a home. Nothing has done more to preserve the virtue and lift the race of mankind than farming.

But let us take another view—that of the tiller of the soil. Is not his life altogether different from that of the pleasure seeker?

This hum-drum insect, bird and earth life is just the same day by day, and even if it does contain beauty, he has not the time to notice it.

The insects are but pests which destroy his crops, and their buzzing annoys him; the birds destroy the corn and garden fruits and even their singing cannot make up for the trouble they cause; sometime he gazes fiercely into the skies and wonders why the life-giving rain is with-held from his parched and withered fields, or wallowing round in mud and rain wonders if the rain will ever cease that he may gather in his harvest before it is too late. Everything is uncertain and there is always a burden of care and anxiety weighing upon his mind that makes the man old before his time.

Then too, incessant drudgery hardens men, and years of unrequieted toil, seem to have entirely shut out the beauties of life.

There are many prosperous farmers who, perhaps live as well as they desire; they may have comfortable homes, pleasant surroundings

and all that tends to make life happy; but this class does not include all, in fact it is very small—let us look at the more common conditions of farm life about us.

As a rule the farmer rises with the sun and works till it is too dark to work any longer. Some are said to work even nights and Sundays. And what is the result? Surely he has produced sufficient of the necessaries of life that he may live as well as those who produce nothing. But no, his wealth goes to support these, and he lives on in the same old log or sod house, wears the same seedy clothes, and his faithful toil-worn wife proudly shows to her neighbors the new calico dress, or perhaps the long coveted shawl, or the children's new clothing. She goes through the same routine of work day after day and gazes on the same monotonous landscape, "Variety is the spice of life" yet for her, life is not varied, and is it any wonder that so many inmates of the insane assylums are farmers's wives?

But what has been added to the library? Very little if anything, they haven't time nor money for that.

What has become of the crop? It has paid for machinery and interest or perhaps the rent. These swallow up the greater portion of it and there is very little left for comforts, to say nothing about sending the boys and girls away to college, or the old folks spending the winter in the south.

The children may go to the country schools but as soon as they are old enough all hands must work.

Then there are the independent farmers, these surely are the most fortunate class of people the earth affords—but wait, over thirty per cent. of their farms are mortgaged, and in five agrarian states, while the honest industrious citizens have toiled from boyhood past the meridian of life in a land wonderfully blest by nature, they have as a heritage, $1,762,091,362 of mortgaged indebtedness.

Among all these mortgages there are many foreclosures and here we cannot consider it as merely an economic problem, but let us think for a moment of the rivers of tears flowing from the sunken sockets of half-starved eyes; the muffled sobbing which speaks of vanished hopes from millions of once buoyant lives; the laughter of childhood frozen by the atmosphere of dread if not despair. Youth and maidenhood unschooled in books, bowed with incessant toil, and wearied in soul and body, while the sum of life is far below the meridian age, pitiless beyond words, broken beneath the wheel of fruitless toil; health gone, hope vanished, and home lost, that the usurer may be satisfied! Ashes of hope floating from thousands of homes where a decade ago joy fed the flame of jubilant expectation, and where buoyancy of spirit found expression in laughter inspiring music, Such indeed are some of the pictures which the sad story of these mortgaged homes calls up in the contemplative mind, and yet they only feebly suggest the magnitude of the misery experienced during the past decade by millions of hearts as the clouds of debt overcast the sky of life.

And yet the millionaires go on piling up their millions while the government helps them out with bonus, land grants, and by sanctioning all their demands. And why should it not? Government is controlled by them.

Can anyone deny the statement that no person can add to the actual wealth of the nation $1,000,000, unless he be an inventor, yet in a list of multi-millionaires, published in the *New York Herald*, the combined fortunes of twelve of these equalled $825,000,000.

How, then, was all this money gained? Most of it was taken from the farmer by the devious way, and slimy paths known only too well to those who control these millions.

Nature provides bountifully for all, but a

few have taken possession of the wealth produced by the many, and amid an abundance half our people are fighting for a mere living. The backs bent with unremitting and exacting toil, the gnarled hands, stooping shoulders, the ill-clothed wife and children, the stare from the eyes of children and women whose life has been shut in to the cheerless monotony of dead routine. Who read no literature more elevating and inspiring than the weekly newspaper. To whom a sermon once every three weeks in the district school house is a bit of mild dissipation and recreation, this is what has made these millionaires possible.

"God made the country and man made the town," this should be so, but until the injustice of man to his fellow is righted—until the grinding burdens now resting upon the farmer are removed—Rural Life is not what the poet has sung or the artist painted.

The people must be educated and thereby giving all an equal advantage in the struggle for existence the farmers will be enabled to see through the mist which now overshadows them.

"Our government is a government of the people, for the people and by the people," and if the people are ignorant can we expect anything but an imperfect government? The elevation of the masses must come through the education of the masses, and toward this end we must direct all our energies—then will nature speak to all in her various language and all will understand.

The future of the farmer is not altogether gloomy, there is a silvery gleam of light piercing those lowering clouds. The farmer should strive to occupy the position in society to which the dignity of his calling and the ownership of the soil entitle him.

Banish from his household the false and pernicious sentiment that his sons are too talented to become farmers; and that there are other pursuits in our country, other than agriculture, that will open to them a surer way to wealth and honor. From the beginning the cultivation of the earth has been the delight of the wise. The great ancestor of our race was ordained husbandman by the Creator and placed in a garden,

> "Chosen by Sovereign Planter, when He framed
> All things to man's delightful use."

Princely patriarchs, prophets, kings, philosophers—the great of all ages have honored agriculture with their fondest regard.

Let us recognize the fact that the *present* condition of farm life is the outcome of a social revolution, resulting in a wonderful cheapening of the means of transportation and that for the present the tiller of the soil suffers from the unequal adjustment to the new status. The increasing attention given by the farmer to education will gradually help him to increased prosperity, the fact that day by day is developing a greater demand from the farmer for the best the schools can give for himself and children is very encouraging. As soon as the farmer has grown convinced that if he would take from off his land as much as the professional man takes out of his profession, it will be necessary for him to put as much thought and study into it, then will come the brighter day—and that day is near at hand when the noblest name under the sun will be that of the tiller of the soil.

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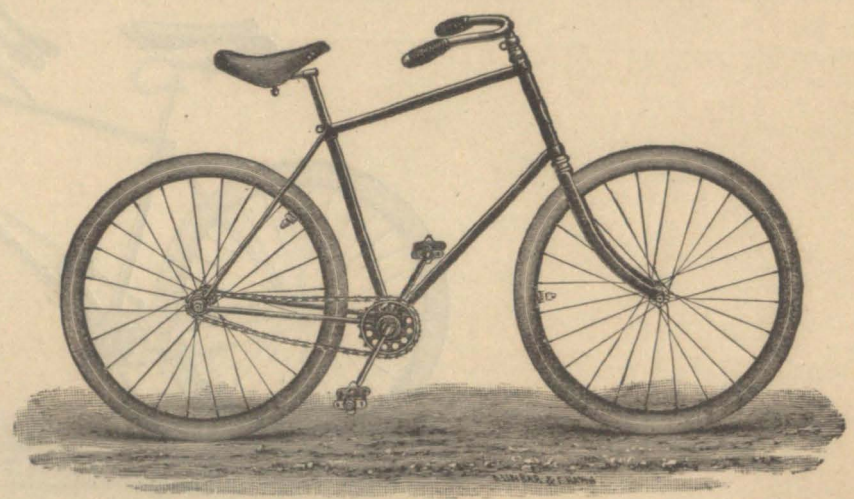

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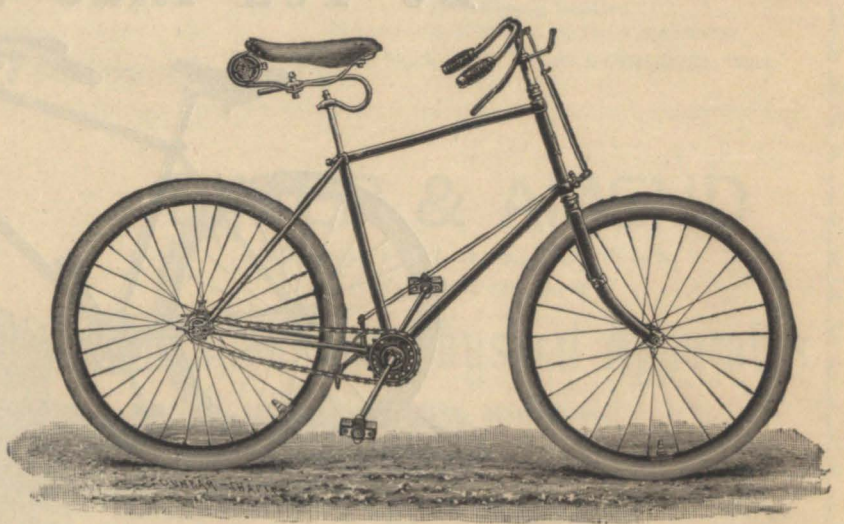

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