

## THE ONLY FOE.

WILD, threatening sky, white, raging sea,  
Fierce wind that rends the rifted cloud,  
Sets the new moon's sharp glitter free,  
And thunders eastward, roaring loud!

A fury rides the autumn blast,  
The hoary brine is torn and tossed;  
Great Nature through her spaces vast  
Casts her keen javelins of the frost.

Her hand that in the summer days  
Soothed us with tender touch of joy,  
Deals death upon her wintry ways;  
Whom she caressed she would destroy.

Life shrinks and hides; all creatures cower  
While her tremendous bolts are hurled,  
That strike with blind, insensate power  
The mighty shoulder of the world.

Be still, my soul, thou hast no part  
In her black moods of hate and fear;  
Lifted above her wrath thou art,  
On thy still heights, serene and clear.

Remember this,—not all the wild,  
Huge, untamed elements have force  
To reach thee, though the seas were piled  
In weltering mountains on thy course.

Only thyself thyself can harm.  
Forget it not! And full of peace,  
As if the south wind whispered warm,  
Wait thou till storm and tumult cease.

*Celia Thaxter.*

## GEORGE KENNAN.

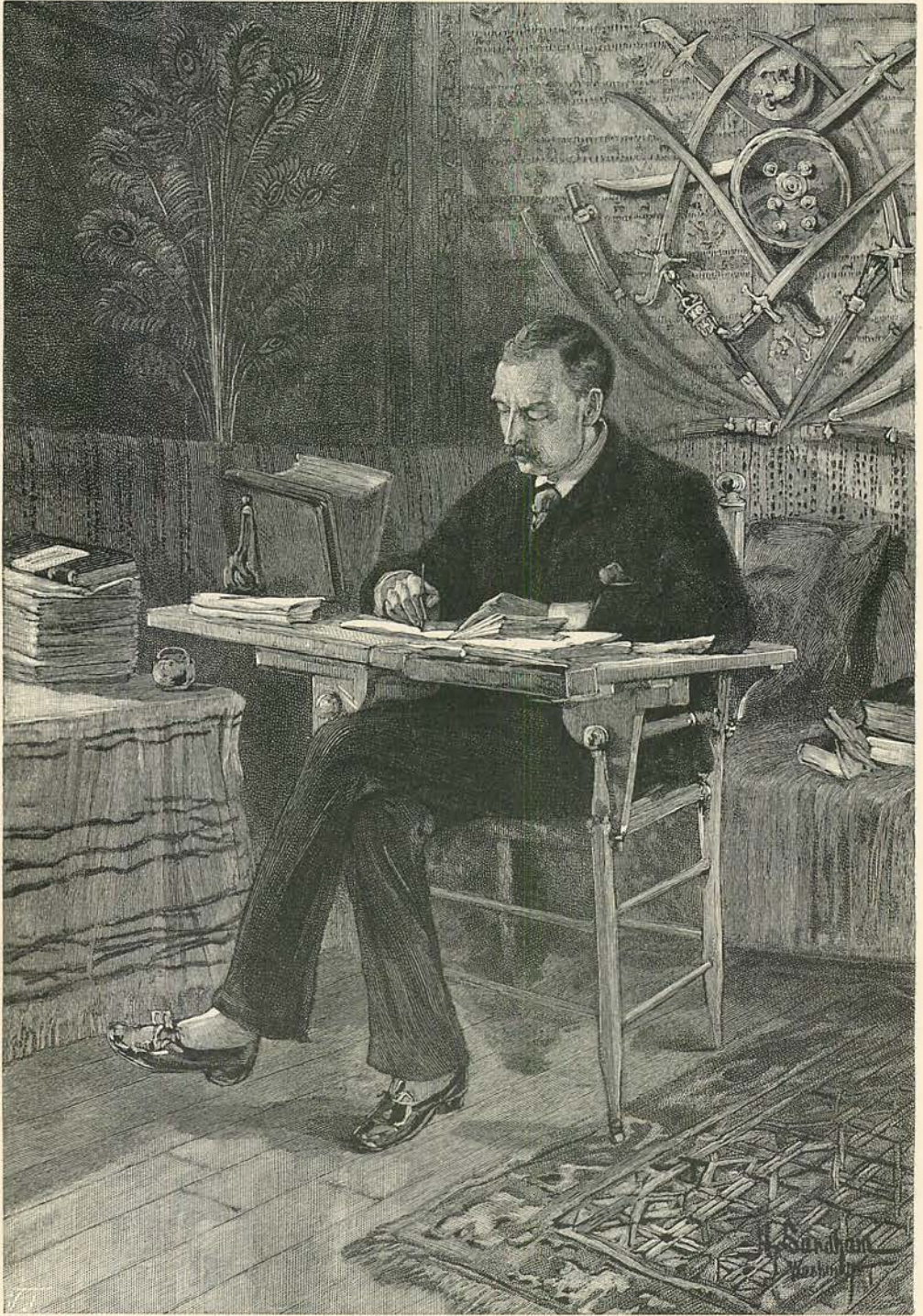


WELL-KNOWN literary man who met Mr. Kennan on his return from Siberia declared, "I have been talking with a man who has seen hell!" It is not strange that the world is curious about one whose experiences can be thus graphically described. We wish further knowledge of the personality of him who has traversed the awful circles and himself tasted the fire. Indeed, he who tells us such tales may justly be asked for an account of himself. Sober second-thought has a right to learn the quality of the man who describes inconceivable horrors as actual, living facts. There is reason in seeking to know the experience which gives value to the judgment of one who, standing on the basis of his own statements alone, asks the world to believe the incredible, and relates that which must from its very nature be unverifiable.

It may well enough be that not only to the readers of this magazine, but to all the world as well, Mr. Kennan's history is centered around the expedition of 1885 to study the exile system. His career up to that time was but a preparation for that high service; his mental equipment, his physical traits, his characteristics and qualities are of value as they show his power to do this work. The very facts of his life take on new importance as educators for it, or slip away unnoticed as out of relation to it. Large and small become relative

terms in this view of things, and especially do some minor events take on a new interest. It is said that the hour brings the man: never was a truer instance of it than this work and this worker; never does a whole previous life seem more entirely a preparation for such work. Keen, quick, discriminating, yet especially just and accurate, strong in body and with a stout purpose, of an unconquerable will and an indomitable courage, and with an eager interest in all strange places and peoples, Nature had made him for her service. Nursed on difficulties, and trained by necessity, he yet had never parted company with industry and perseverance, while readiness of resource was both his inheritance and his habit. Books and life had equally been his tutors; he had learned to write readily, to collocate, and to compare. Business, law, and government had given him knowledge. The difficult speech of Russia was his familiar tongue, and a strange and sharp special training had made this far country like another home to him. Surely here was the man, and the hour also had come, for the world was waking to the faint cries of the oppressed and asking for the truth.

Born in Norwalk, Ohio, on the 16th of February, 1845, canny Scotch and impetuous Irish blood mingle with the sturdy English currents in the veins of George Kennan; but for four generations the Kennans have been Americans. His father, John Kennan, a young



DRAWN BY HENRY SANDHAM.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

GEORGE KENNAN.

lawyer from western New York, had found home and wife in what was then a small town of Ohio. His mother was Mary Ann Morse, daughter of a Connecticut clergyman, and it is not without interest to learn that she was of the same family as the great inventor of telegraphy, S. F. B. Morse. It may have been but a coincidence, but it may have been some subtle influence of heredity that determined the trend of life for the boy who sent his first message over the wires the day he was six years old, and who from that time onward found in their constant use both vocation and avocation. It is also curious to notice a passionate love of travel in the father, and a deep devotion to nature, and an unusual mechanical skill — qualities, all of them, which repeat themselves in the son, this last developed into an extraordinary quickness at supplying unexpected needs and a wonderful readiness of adaptation, whether in things physical or in more important matters. From his mother too came strong mental and moral impulses, making him a quick observer and a stern judge of life; and from her came the intellectual ability and love of literature so noticeable in the boy who would have an education at whatever cost, and so conspicuous in the cultivation of the man.

The coveted "education" was no light matter to this seeker after knowledge, as appears by the price he willingly paid for the hope. A college course was the goal at which he aimed, if indeed that can be called a goal which is intended only as a sort of landing-place in an upward way already planned. But it was one thing to plan and another to accomplish the end. Circumstances that could neither be helped nor hindered laid upon the shoulders of this boy the duty of assisting in the support of the family, and at the somewhat tender age of twelve George Kennan began that life as a telegraphist which prevented any further regular school-going, but which, with equal pace, led the way to a very different career. Courage and endurance and industry were not the least of the qualities that were at once exhibited and educated in the struggle of the years that followed. It has already been said that he became a regular operator at Norwalk at the age of twelve. For the next five years, not only there but at Wheeling, Columbus, and Cincinnati,—for thoroughness and skill brought rapid promotion,—he never ceased both study and recitation, whether it was 3 or 4 o'clock of the night when he laid down his work. It was at Cincinnati, in the latter part of 1863, that he finally gave up the hard-fought battle; and from that time on there was no more school for Kennan, and of the plan of a collegiate course only the unconquerable

desire remained. It was now in the midst of our civil war, and the extreme pressure of work at this important junction of lines, added to the unremitting mental and physical strain of double duties, had well-nigh broken down a constitution not used to give way. Pursued, however, by the failure of life-long hopes and seemingly hemmed in by an inexorable future, the young man fell into much despondence. He was filled with the patriotic fervor of the time too, and the spirit of adventure had already taken hold of him so that he left no stone unturned to procure an appointment as telegraph operator in the field, and, failing in this, besieged the authorities for other difficult service.

It was perhaps as much because wearied with importunities as on account of old family friendship, that General Anson Stager, then Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company, at last acceded to his request for a place in the Russian-American telegraph expedition. That brilliant scheme has been so long forgotten that it may not be amiss to remind the reader what it was, the more especially as its work had a determining influence upon young Kennan's whole future. The failure of the first Atlantic cable made it seem for a time as if no such medium of inter-continental communication could be accomplished. In this emergency the Western Union Telegraph Company saw a possibility of a land route through British Columbia and Alaska on the one side, and over the vast barren spaces of Siberia on the other, with the short and quite possible cable across Behring's Straits to connect the two. Work was actually begun upon the line, but the success of the second Atlantic cable put an end to the overland experiment midway in its career. While it was still a plan however, the restless and gloomy youth in Cincinnati, sitting one day at his place in the office, thinking hopelessly of his appeal to General Stager, suddenly jumped into life at the receipt of a laconic message sent over the wires by that gentleman's own hand, "Can you start for Alaska in two weeks?" and with the confident courage alike of his age and his temperament replied, "Yes, in two hours!" This eager candidate for hardships was still to undergo six baffling weeks of desperate fever and many months of rough life and adventure in Central America and California before the expedition actually left for eastern Asia on July 3, 1865. Scarcely twenty years old, there were eight years of work behind him in which unwearied industry and much professional ability had already been evidenced and appreciated,—years in which the burdens of life had fallen somewhat heavily upon shoulders eager for other tasks,—but as

the ship sailed out of the harbor of San Francisco and he turned his face to Kamtchatka, the very golden gate of promise opened before him.

The two years spent in the wilds of eastern Siberia, with its camps on the boundless steppes, its life in the smoky huts of the wandering Koraks, its arctic winters, its multiplied hardships, and its manifold interests and excitements, proved a very preparatory school for another and vastly more important Siberian journey. Not the least of its advantages was the knowledge of the language then first acquired in those months of often solitary life among the wild tribes of Siberia. Among this man's many qualifications for his work is an unusual linguistic ability. Not only is a language very easy to him, but almost without his own knowledge he possesses himself of a certain inner sense of its use, and a facility at its idiom. He has been called among the first — if not, indeed, the best — of Russian scholars in America. However this may be, a strong sense of the genius of the language is his to that degree that those fortunate friends who have been introduced by him to some of the leading Russian novelists are sometimes heard to express the wish that he would give over more important work and take to translating. It goes without saying that his acquaintance with Korak and Caucasian, Georgian and Kamtchatkan, wild Cossack and well-to-do citizen, nihilist and soldier, has given him a range of speech seldom possessed in a foreign tongue by any one man, and obviously of inestimable value in the difficult work before him. Certainly no other Russian traveler can equal him in this indispensable adjunct to investigation. Mr. Kennan's brilliant story of these strange months of work and travel for the telegraph company is too well known to require any retelling of its experiences, but it is only between the lines that we get knowledge of the physical endurance, the unbounded resource, the nerve, the skill that made the result possible, the high spirits and buoyant temperament that filled with gayety the most tedious days, and upheld the little party of three or the lone worker in the most appalling surroundings. Nothing was impossible to the man who so successfully made that journey and did that work. It is well to remember also that this was the first great opportunity for adventure which had opened before one whose scanty boyhood was spent over travelers' tales, whose favorite study was geography, and whose very babyhood laid out his blocks into towns and cities, among which his toy ships sailed their complicated voyages. Long horseback rides through beautiful scenery never yet spread out before civilized eyes; adventurous journeys and

hair-breadth escapes from snow and seas; life in sumptuous homes, or frozen tents, or dirty huts, as fortune chanced; tedious and enforced idleness, or hard and responsible labor — all this filled up the long days that were in some sort double days, divided only by the twilight of the arctic night. This was indeed the taste of blood to the lion's scub, and life seemed made for travel. All too soon the brief experiment ended; but our young telegrapher was a full-fledged traveler now, and much too loath to go home again for any haste. A whole winter he spent in St. Petersburg, clinging to a thread of chance that the telegraph project might be revived; but he was by no means unemployed, as always and everywhere he was watching, observing, studying; while the quick, eager glance, the extraordinary perception of detail, and the equally quick recognition of under-currents and the reasons of things, served him as well among the varied elements of the Russian capital as it had done among the fierce savages of the provinces. It was to be expected that so friendly a man would make many Russian friends; and it was equally a matter of course that so close an observer would learn much of Russian habits, and still more of Russian life. All unconsciously to himself he was laying broad and deep the foundations of his life work, and preparing the way for an unparalleled undertaking as brave and heroic as any deed of knight or warrior, and far-reaching in its results beyond any knowledge of his or ours.

Both the work of the telegraph company, and the overland journey from Kamtchatka to St. Petersburg, had given him much knowledge of the people, and he had frequently turned aside to explore the prisons. Thus it was that when he came home in the spring of 1868, his portfolio was full of material for lectures and magazine articles, all of which he meant should furnish him the sinews of travel for a certain journey into the Caucasus. It was then that Kennan first appeared in print. With the exception of a few private letters printed during his absence in the local newspapers, his first work as a writer was an article in "Putnam's Magazine" for that year, called "Tent Life with the Wandering Koraks," and this and the series which followed it were shortly after expanded into the book already referred to, "Tent Life in Siberia" being published in 1870. The story of the lecturing experience is eminently characteristic both of the temper of the man and of his mental habit. Lectures to crowded halls alternated with audiences of a round dozen. To great cities and little hamlets, to church societies and female seminaries and dignified assemblies, wherever he could find place, he offered his strange tales of an unknown land. It was still the palmy time of the lyceum lec-

ture, and well he improved his opportunity. If failure were his portion on one night, he made it the entering wedge of success the next. Full of industry, courage, philosophy, above all possessed by the determination not to fail, come what would, he laid siege to success. The literary skill evinced, considerable as it was, was the least of the qualities brought out in this little *entr'acte* of his life. Most of all it exhibited those elements of character which later held firm in the tremendous strain put upon his whole being by this explorer of human life and death. It is almost unnecessary to mention that the money was secured and the trip to the Caucasus enjoyed. The fall and winter of 1870 were spent in a solitary horseback journey through Daghestan. It was then that occurred that famous ride down the face of a precipice, a feat rarely performed by mortal man, and made a test of courage by a fierce Georgian nobleman; it was in the strange country beyond the mountains that he became the companion of gypsies, and made one of a merry group of peasants greeting their governor with feasts and games; it was here that he saw the wild horsemanship that makes the glory of those remote regions, and learned for himself anew to fear nothing and to be a brother to all. The whole tour was full of the wildest adventure, testing the physical courage of the man almost beyond belief, abundantly proving once more his extraordinary ability to adapt himself to the most adverse conditions, to render the least promising environment tributary to his ends, and showing his remarkable power of bending men as well as things to his purpose, and his success at winning their confidence, whether in palace or hut. A single ride across the mountains gives him a prince for a companion, a single night around the camp-fire makes the wildest Tartar his friend.

It is pertinent to speak particularly of these journeys, since they give the answer to the question as to what knowledge Mr. Kennan possesses as a basis of judgment on Russian affairs; but the next few years of his life, although spent in less exciting pursuits, have perhaps no less bearing upon his ability to judge correctly of men and things. He was now a hardened traveler, an accomplished Russian scholar, and possessed of wide and varied experience of that strange and many-peopled empire, but he knew little — almost nothing since his busy boyhood — of life in its normal conditions. It was therefore of the utmost value to his after-work that on his return to this country he engaged in various apparently irrelevant occupations, although these attempts were in no sense intended to be life pursuits. The boy had dedicated himself to travel and literature, and the man would fulfill the vow, but there

were other considerations to be taken into account — there was a *meanwhile* to be undergone. One of these temporary undertakings was in the law department of the Mutual Life Insurance Company in New York City, and this resulted eventually in an engagement by the Associated Press to report the decisions of the Supreme Court at Washington. Thus there came to him a certain acquaintance with the law; and in a seven-years' life in Washington he learned much of government, its duties and functions. As editor for the Southern States, and afterward for some years as "night manager," of the Associated Press in that city, the man — as did the boy — worked all night and came home to work all day, for even this busy profession was not enough for his superabundant energies. His passion "far countries for to see," to which a human interest had now been added, was by no means satisfied. Many plans of many kinds occupied his mind, one of the more important being a well-grounded scheme for the rescue of the *Jeannette* expedition. It is enough to say of this that Commander Gorrings offered to sacrifice his Egyptian collection, if need be, to furnish the funds for it. Kennan also gave much thought and work to the efforts for the relief of Lieutenant Greely. But all the time his chief desire, the end he wished eventually to attain, was another journey to Russia to study the exiles, and this he was always trying to bring about. That small portion of his time not occupied by his regular work he filled full of other labor, leaving his pen no more time to rust out than his body; and in the constant stream of articles he put forth and the lectures he delivered — including an extremely successful course of "Lowell Institute lectures" at Boston — he invariably spoke of the exile system in the most kindly manner. As he himself has told us in his preface to the Siberian papers, all his prepossessions were in favor of the government as against the revolutionists, and so again he unwittingly paved the way for the journey he was to make, and rendered possible the tour which was to be so full of horrors and yet so valuable to mankind. Various reasons moved him to this desire. Mr. Kennan is a great lover of accuracy, and time and trouble count for nothing with him until he is sure of all his statements, even in those minor particulars which sometimes seem immaterial. Therefore he wished to verify more completely certain assertions he believed accurate, but which had been fiercely disputed, and to see with his own eyes further details of a life with which he thought himself very familiar; and, whether the result should agree with his accepted views or not, he was entirely ready to meet it. Yet feeling,

as he did at this time, that the Russian administration was much traduced and misrepresented, his strong sense of justice and fair play led him to take every occasion to dispute this position from the basis of personal knowledge. He was always and everywhere, both publicly and in private, a sincere defender of the Czar's government, insisting upon his own acquaintance with the facts to the entire confusion of his opponents for the most part. The writer of this remembers certain private encounters of such a nature, and his vigorous, energetic, even combative, and altogether unconquerable advocacy of the lenient treatment of political prisoners by Russia, mingled with a sort of contempt for the nihilists, and a rooted belief that the public was altogether deceived by false statements, both as to their character and condition. However, since his facts were questioned, he became yet more determined to see again for himself and more thoroughly this Siberia, that he might know still more certainly of what he spake, and answer altogether both his own questions and those of his opponents. He would retrace his steps that he might verify his words. Either he would recede from his well-known position, or he would, once and forever, put an end to these complaints against a great government. Notwithstanding all his efforts, however, public events and personal affairs held him in the United States for some time longer. But already *THE CENTURY* had determined to be sponsor for this great undertaking, and after two short preparatory trips to Europe, Mr. Kennan sailed from New York on the 2d of May, 1885, sent out by that magazine, and with him went a skillful artist, Mr. George A. Frost, to supplement his work. At last he had entered upon the service he had so long dreamed of, and for which so many experiences had unconsciously prepared him. Just half his life had been given to Russia, either in travel or in thought, and the years spent in America had been no less valuable to his equipment than the others. Again he sailed away from our shores as he had done twenty years before, on a voyage of discovery, full of exultant hope. From this journey he returned in August, 1886, and it may safely be presumed that he will not go to Russia again!

With this last trip all the world will shortly be familiar from his own graphic account of the terrible journey. Let us hope that he will not fail to show how much his success was the result of his personality, his knowledge, ability, and genius for his work. His own feeling about it was epitomized in a private letter written soon after his return. He says:

My last trip to Siberia was the very hardest and at the same time the most interesting of my whole life. I would not have believed two years ago, that at my age and after my tolerably varied and extended experience of life, there were yet in store for me so many strong, fresh, horizon-breaking sensations. I do not mean that I regarded myself as an extinct volcano of emotion, or anything of that kind,—my emotions never were volcanic,—but I believed that I had already experienced the strongest sensations of human existence, and that I could never again be as deeply moved as I had been in the early years of manhood, when the whole world was strange, fresh, and exciting. But it was a mistake. What I saw and learned in Siberia stirred me to the very depths of my soul—opened to me a new world of human experience, and raised, in some respects, all my moral standards. I made the intimate acquaintance of characters as truly heroic in mold—characters of as high a type—as any outlined in history, and saw them showing courage, fortitude, self-sacrifice, and devotion to an ideal beyond anything of which I could believe myself capable. It is about some of these characters—some of the people we call “nihilists”—that I wish to talk to you. I can refer to you only a small part of the influence they exerted upon me, but I can at least explain to you how it happened that I went to Siberia, regarding the political exiles as a lot of mentally unbalanced fanatics, bomb-throwers, and assassins, and how, when I came away from Siberia, I kissed those same men good-bye with my arms around them and my eyes full of tears. You will, I am sure, understand that it was no ordinary experience which brought about such a revolution as that.

In 1879 Mr. Kennan married Emeline Rathbone Weld, the daughter of a prominent citizen of Medina, N. Y., and brought her to Washington. Of this part of his life it is enough to quote the words of a close friend: “The side of his nature displayed in his home relations is of the most tender and charming character—indeed, the home life is ideal.”

Mr. Kennan is of slight physique, somewhat delicate in appearance,—so thin, so white, so dark is he,—but possessed of great powers of endurance, especially in the capacity to bear strain. Lithe and active, his nervous energy is intense, and a considerable muscular development enables him to perform feats, both of action and of endurance, apparently quite beyond his strength. Siberia and the Caucasus alike assent to this, and many times he has proved its truth in less conspicuous places. A buoyant and sanguine temperament is joined to a wonderful recuperative power physically; these things and a sound body enable him to recover at once from the awful strain he so frequently and lightly puts upon himself, and allow him to play with hardship like an athlete in a race. The man who meets him for the first time is struck with his hearty, reassuring manner, his cordial hand-grasp, his steady, square, and penetrating look, his ease and readiness of speech. An erect and active habit of body goes along with an alertness of mind; but just as his steps are both sure and quick, so is decision joined to the ready mind, and with them is a certain

soberness of judgment. Enthusiastic and romantic, his sympathies are quick and tender. But although a certain frank disclosure of himself awaits any friendly seeking, he is a man of reserved nature, and his confidence is difficult to reach. It may indeed be objected that some of these qualities are contradictory; be that as it may, they each and all appear and reappear in this man in quick succession. His affections are particularly deep and strong, and he holds his friends by a firm grasp, even unto death, through good and evil report. Much might be said of his friendships— not only of the devotion he gives, but of that which he receives. A curiously strong magnetic power draws men to him. His friends know no bounds to their admiration, and they love him like a woman.

Mr. Kennan's peculiar buoyancy of temperament appears in his spirits, which reach both the heights and the depths. In his happy hours of a joyous temper,— almost frolicsome in those rare moments when work is forgotten,— fond of story-telling, a wit, and in particular a good talker, he is a much-sought companion for the lighter hours of life: a diligent student of men and affairs, with a quick perception and a steady grasp of a subject, based on unusual experience, he is equally ready for the more serious discussion of causes or events. At work again, he is altogether at work. Few men are so entirely and strenuously at work as he. It is laughingly said, albeit with something of truth, that he will spend hours over a statement and take a whole day to verify a fact. He produces his results with the greatest care and by the most painstaking methods. There is constant physical and mental strain, and even a temporary cessation of actual labor brings no relief from tension until the work is done, when, the pressure off, it is altogether off. At play, pleasure, or work, thoroughness and entire absorption is the note of his life. Says the friend already quoted:

When he is off duty and on a holiday, there never is a more genial, lively, quick-witted, merry fellow than he. His appreciation of fun is great, and he not only enjoys it, but is willing to bear a goodly share in the frolic. He is apt with a good story, and very responsive to wit and humor. No one ever presented two so totally different phases as he. When he is in the midst of the winter's work, when every minute is precious, he is as silent and pre-occupied as an oarsman in an inter-collegiate race. The pressure is so constant, and the breathing spells so rare, that, when they come, there is but little inclination for anything but the breathing. There is no sparkle, no liveliness, only that intense concentration and painful pre-occupation. It is mental travail of the most distressing kind.

Mr. Kennan has a deep and abiding love of Nature, a careful and affectionate regard for her beautiful things— her clouds and flowers,

her mountains and sea. A lover of music, he is possessed of a quick ear and is not without a working knowledge of the art. A man of wide reading and of fine intellectual tastes, always given free rein, he has not only much acquaintance with general literature, but some particular lines of reading he has pursued with the thoroughness which characterizes all that he does. It is obvious that this is true in regard to Russian affairs, for only a constant reader of both periodical and standard literature in that language could so keep abreast of the life and thought of a foreign country. His books are well read, and the wide range of subjects they embrace is no less noticeable than the fullness of certain departments. One might almost trace his mental development in these books, but surer ground would be found in the complete card index which marks the steps of all his reading and thinking. Nothing makes greater impression of the thoroughness and accuracy of the man, and of his equipment for his work.

George Kennan's mental and physical characteristics peculiarly fit him for the task of observation, while the qualities of his character give especial value to his judgment of facts. Great physical courage, partly temperamental and partly the result of character, combined with a natural confidence in his own power, break before him the most impassable barriers. A phenomenal readiness at expedients furnishes him with a device in every most desperate situation. To these he adds the peculiar facility of adaptation to strange peoples, and the great talent for languages already alluded to. Fortunately he has the scientific habit of mind to a marked degree, and, be the occasion large or small, he sees and sets down the minutest particulars of his surroundings. Details are both noted and recorded. He does not so much select salient points as put down *all* he sees. If for this reason he sometimes fails to give due proportion to matters and events, he believes it his business to give you the facts— you may draw your own conclusions. This is not to say that he draws no conclusions of his own. Quite the contrary. He is a man of much thought and has thought well on many things. Probably the first impression he would make upon a stranger would be that of balanced judgment, and this certainly is the expression of long acquaintance. Just and fair, a man who sees all things and who weighs well both sides of a matter, his final conclusion may safely be trusted.

Equally striking is his tremendous will power, ever pushing him on to success. To this there seems to be no limit. He has a feeling of pleasure in overcoming obstacles, he loves a difficulty, he delights to match his

powers against opposition; as he himself expresses it, he has a certain pride and pleasure in doing, by the sheer force of his own manhood, something which all nature conspires to prevent. In every direction his standards are exacting. His ideals are fine and high. Purity, sincerity, honesty, truth, and honor are dear to him. Character is the sharp test he puts to himself and other men, and on that standpoint alone he finds common ground with those about him. To him the purpose of life is an ever-heeded question, and its best use a never-forgotten aim. Life means much to him, and constantly more and more. Being asked on one occasion what end he proposed to himself when as a boy he sought so eagerly for a wider field, he answered somewhat after this fashion: "I wanted a full life, a life in which all one's self is satisfied. My idea of life was one into which were crowded as much of sensation and experience as possible. It seemed to me that if I should grow old and

miss any of the sensations and experiences I might have had, it would be a source of great unhappiness and regret to me." Mr. Kennan has not grown old, but he has already tasted more sensations and experiences than most men, and these experiences have wrought upon him until he wishes more than to feel them for himself—he would make them factors in the world's progress. He has put his life in jeopardy every hour, and he would make that risk the price of hope for the prisoners of despair. He has come home to cry aloud, that we who think ourselves too tender to listen to the story of such suffering may feel and see the horror and the glory of it. He is no longer content to tell the traveler's tale; but to-day, and to-morrow, and until the deed is done, he must needs strive to open the blinded eyes of History, and help her to loose the chains that bind a whole people.

*Anna Laurens Dawes.*



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### An Administrative Novelty.

WHAT is the remedy for the lawlessness of law-officers? Who will keep the keepers? The fact is notorious that, all over the land, plain statutes are disregarded by those who are plainly bidden to enforce them; that sheriffs and constables and policemen stand and look on while the laws which they have sworn to execute are dishonored before their faces. This is the feature of our political administration that is most troublesome and discouraging. That evil and desperate men may be found among us, who, for selfish purposes, are ready to defy the laws, is not marvelous; that the men who are intrusted with the execution of law should, in so many instances, appear to be in league with the law-breakers, guaranteeing them immunity in their transgressions, is certainly alarming.

This is more particularly true with respect to the laws which restrain liquor selling. It has come to be the settled policy of the dealers in strong drink to resist all laws which interfere with their business. Not unfrequently, in organized bodies, they vote to disobey the laws of the State. Such action is, of course, the essence of anarchy. It would seem that the custodians of law should resent conduct of this kind as especially

insulting to them, and that they should be ready to try conclusions with those who thus defy them. But in many cases we find the police authorities ignoring this challenge, and apparently taking their orders, not from the statutes, but from the anarchical groups who have assumed the power to annul the statutes. This spectacle is more familiar than it ought to be. The complete paralysis of the police force of many cities, in presence of certain vicious classes, is a lamentable sign.

It is sometimes said that this is due to a failure of public sentiment; that if the people were determined to have the laws enforced, they would be enforced. But this is not altogether just. Often the police department is so organized that the people cannot bring the power of public opinion to bear upon it in any effective way. It is under the control of commissioners who are not elected by the people, or who are elected for such terms that it may require several years to bring in a majority of trustworthy men. And it must be admitted that it is difficult to keep the popular attention fixed on a question of this nature, and the popular indignation up to boiling-point, for three or four years at a stretch. This is one reason why municipal reform often goes forward so haltingly. If the executive departments of the city are so organized that it will take several years