

politics, not a politician." Observe again Burke's definition: "A politician is a philosopher *in action*." "You may note," said Emerson, in almost his latest public address, "that each aspirant who rises above the crowd at first makes his obedient apprenticeship in party tactics."

Never forget, then, that in practical politics it is to be found for beginners their real political work.

(2) Let this be a second general principle:

Direct your work under the conviction that the control of nominating bodies is an important condition in the success of your principles. It is the only condition which relieves you from the necessity of a severely restricted choice, and allows an adequate exercise of judgment in the selection of trustworthy candidates. All political effort should aim primarily at securing control in nominating bodies. The expediency of this principle is based on very simple reasoning. After the nominations are made, there are two, at the most three, candidates to choose from. What if neither is suitable? Is any positive good then attainable? Are we not reduced to a choice between evils? Of what avail is it to abide passively until the nominees are offered us, and then impotently signify that we accept neither of them? How much better to seek the fountain-head of nominations, the convention, and behind it the ward-clubs and caucuses, and therein to obtain power, and exercise free choice among an unlimited range of candidates! Success in the nominating body is far more than half the battle. Preliminary control of the convention, as it is the most difficult, is also the most important task. Note how the political managers of the great cities are content to possess simply the mastership of the political machinery. Note how they are found, not in public municipal offices, but in chairmanships and executive committees of political organizations. Can we not seize this lesson—that political power originates in the local political associations—that the lever of popular government rests on the hidden fulcrum of party organizations, and is wielded by the controllers of those agencies? Let the young men recognize that the best part of their political efforts are to be spent in lifting the control of ward and district politics from the hands of the unprincipled minority to the hands of the honest-minded majority. Let those who are entering politics remember that it is better to be the wire-pullers than the puppets, and that otherwise the only capacity which they can fill is that of helpless spectators.

(3) In your local political work, next (and here let me not be misconstrued into advocating anything but the deepest devotion to principles) learn not to rely too much on the power of abstractions as your rallying standard. Do not be too confident that the nobility of your cause will constitute a sufficient stock-in-trade. In the average citizen you will find that you can arouse little enthusiasm on behalf of abstract principles—whether of scientific truth, of government, or of lofty morality. Either in his political cynicism he smiles at their realization, or in his contempt for what is higher than himself he despises them. Success of principles must be sought through the success of individuals. Political work must aim to raise trustworthy men to power, and on them it is to rely for the practical fulfillment of the desired end.

For abstractions men will not vote; for individuals

they will. It is a principle of human nature that our emotions are stirred in proportion to the concreteness of the object of emotion that is presented to us. If you are to enlist men's support in politics, present the matter to them concretely. Make it a matter of friendship to yourself or to the candidate—of success of the party; use any honest argument that may promise to be effectual; but your political zeal runs exceeding risk of dying out speedily if you appeal to them solely on the ground of political duty, of reform, of unselfishness,—for you may as a rule expect ridicule, suspicion, and worst of all, failure. It is a hard fact, but it is too true to be disregarded. "The young man," was the dictum of a local political manager, "who is not going into politics to make something out of it, is either a fool or a tool." So say they all; and you will do well if you are prepared for it. Cynicism and selfishness nowadays among those who hold the suffrage shut up the avenues of political activity and reform. When unselfishness and zeal for political purity cannot thaw out these barriers, ply them with whatever honest argumentative and emotional weapons may be most apt to secure favor for your suit.

If I might add one more suggestion, as a prime and comprehensive principle of all practical politics, reformed or unreformed, it would be this: Organize, organize, organize! Combined knavery can be opposed only by combined honesty. "When bad men combine," says Burke, "the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, in a contemptible struggle." Do not think that desultory magazine articles and pulpit exhortations, or spasmodic seasons of political house-cleaning, can compass the desired end. There can be no effective substitute for such organized and persevering work as will undermine the enemy's stronghold—party organization—and possess it for ourselves. Such a work will be thorough and progressive. Such a work succeeds because it permeates the organic structure of our political system. Its process is subtle and slow, but sure. "Give me a fulcrum," was Archimedes's phrase, "and I can move the world." Give a political manager one hundred active young men, and with the results of their work he can control and govern a city. *In the city of the writer that task is accomplished with fewer.* Let the earnest young men of each locality work together, become each one a representative unit of influence, gather together the units, concentrate their power, and they will constitute a momentous governing force having the virtues without the vices of a political boss,—the power without the license, the use without the abuse, all the power for good divorced from all its debasement for evil.

John H. Wigmore.

A Great Historical Enterprise.

MR. HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT, the well-known historian of the Spanish-American States, was originally a book-seller and publisher. Being permanently established in San Francisco in 1856, he naturally began to collect books, pamphlets, and other printed matter containing information relating to the early Spanish occupation of the country. His interest being quickened by the results of his investigations, he pros-

ecuted his search as far back as documentary history and tradition would carry him, in the domain which he had at first only cursorily explored. Every collector knows how rapidly one's stores accumulate when once the habit of collecting has taken hold upon him. Mr. Bancroft's business and his library grew apace, and finding his first store-room too strait for him, he built anew, this time his goods and accumulations being housed in a large structure, five stories high, in San Francisco.

Meantime, as profits flowed in from the book-trade, the mania for collecting took a firmer grasp upon the publisher. Finding that much valuable information concerning the early history of the Pacific States was slowly dropping out of existence, as men died and oral traditions vanished with them, Mr. Bancroft began the arduous work of collecting written narratives taken down by scribes from the lips of surviving Spanish and American pioneers on the coast. The area of his research was extended until his books, tracts, and documents represented all attainable knowledge relating to the western half of the North American continent. Then, consumed by an unquenchable thirst for more information, he went to Europe and ransacked public archives, libraries, and other depositories, in quest of coveted lore. At the sale of the Mexican collection (intended by the unfortunate Maximilian as the foundation of an imperial library), which was held in Leipsic, three thousand volumes, many of them being unique, were secured. The Ramirez sale in London, and that of the Squier manuscripts in New York, also yielded the indefatigable collector valuable additions to his library. And in this manner a remarkable collection of material slowly accumulated.

Next, having gathered this rich harvest of historical knowledge, Mr. Bancroft began to arrange, catalogue, and classify the abundant but heterogeneous mass. During six years he had secured ten thousand volumes, among which were the standard chronicles of the earlier historians, Peter Martyr, Oviedo, Las Casas, and Purchas, as well as the histories of Ferrera, Haman, Robertson, and others of their class. To these were added original manuscripts, some of which are of priceless value, and printed documents such as the "Documentos Inéditos," "Izabalceta," and the like. When we consider that the dictations of pioneer settlers, copies and originals from colonial, mission, county, and state archives were added to this vast mass, the extent of the labors of the indexer may be estimated. The field thus covered embraces an area equal to about one-twelfth of the earth's surface; and if the collector's activity had stopped here, he would have accomplished an undertaking for which civilization would have owed him a debt of gratitude.

But the collector resolved to become a writer of history. He would separate the wheat from the chaff in his collection, and would give the results to the world. Accordingly, the library was removed to a fire-proof structure built in the middle of a large lot in the outskirts of San Francisco. Here it was arranged, and, assisted by a staff of competent men, Mr. Bancroft began his arduous undertaking. Ten years were required to index the library, the work being conducted precisely as in indexing a book. The several topics desired to be reached were indicated, references made, and information drawn forth in the shape of rough

material. This was revised and divided into chapters, and other chapters were written from them; and the work was then put into Mr. Bancroft's hands in a state advanced as far as possible. Mr. Bancroft rewrote, revised, and, in many cases, went back to the original sources and took out for himself the original rough material.

Under the plastic hand of Mr. Bancroft has thus arisen a valuable structure of historical literature. The design of this industrious author comprises the issuing of thirty-three octavo volumes. The first five, "The Native Races," have been before the reading public for several years. History proper, so to speak, begins with the sixth volume of the series, which is devoted to Central America. As the first points touched by Europeans when they landed on the North American continent were on the Isthmus of Darien and northward, the propriety of beginning the history with that of the Central American States is apparent. Mexico occupies Volumes IX. and X., as the discovery and conquest of that country followed the events described in the previous volume. Then the work is resumed in the second volume on Central America, which brings the reader down to A. D. 1800. The thread of Mexican history is taken up again in Volume XI., and the recital is brought down to 1800 also, and in the succeeding volumes is carried forward, as "History of the North Mexican States," to the same year. Having thus concluded the history of the lower Spanish-American States, Mr. Bancroft goes northward and gives us a history of California in five volumes, the first of which — Volume XVIII. of the entire series — is just now published. This fascinating volume begins with the earliest mention of California by fabulists, chroniclers, and historians, and, drawing liberally from the rich accumulations of which mention has previously been made, ends with 1800, when the rule of the Spanish Viceroy, Don Diego de Borica, closed. Future volumes will contain the history of Nevada, Utah, the North-west coast, Oregon, Washington Territory, Idaho and Montana, British Columbia and Alaska. These are to be followed by two more volumes on California, entitled "California Pastoral" and "California Inter Pocula," the first embracing a history of the country under Roman Catholic mission rule, and the second that during the gold-seeking epoch. Two volumes of essays and miscellanies — the scattered and otherwise unmarshaled stragglers of this vast literary column — bring up the rear of this, one of the most enormous undertakings in historical writing ever projected by one man.

It will be seen from this cursory review of Mr. Bancroft's work that his task has been to furnish and classify vast stores of historical material, rather than to erect a monument of literary beauty. There is no attempt here to popularize history, as Knight and Macaulay have popularized English history. It is true that graphic and vivid chapters appear throughout every volume of this long procession; and the skill with which material points are made salient, and immaterial facts are subordinated, is worthy of high praise. But the author, embarrassed with his riches, must needs hurry on to the completion of his apparently interminable labors.

We catch glimpses of princes, potentates, and powers famous in history; of knights-errant, avaricious con-

querors, and bloody-minded zealots; of simple-minded and pastoral tribes, warring savages, and willing converts to self-denying missionaries; of far-voyaging and ignorant adventurers, fearless explorers, and covetous gold-seekers; and of an uncounted host of builders who laid on the shores of the Pacific the foundations of many States. The narrative marches on to its close. But much cannot be said in praise of the literary quality of the work. When there has been so satisfying a display of zeal, industry, and enthusiasm, the critical reader would prefer to believe that the turgidity and the affectation of high style which occasionally mar these pages are the contributions of unlearned assistants. The student of history, however, must overlook the ambitious attempts at fine writing, and confine his quest without diversion to the contents of this store-house of available and well-arranged material. From these stately tomes must be drawn hereafter the only trustworthy history of that part of the North American continent which lies between the Arctic Ocean, the equator, the Pacific, and the Rocky Mountains.

Noah Brooks.

Old Questions and New.

NATURALLY, there is a good deal of interest manifested in Mr. Cable's statement in the concluding chapters of "Dr. Sevier" that the cause of the North was just. There is also a good deal of interest felt in his reply to the gentleman who challenged his statement. It was inevitable that the statement should meet with a challenge in some quarter, but perhaps the most remarkable fact in connection with the whole matter is that it should have been challenged in only one quarter. So far as my observation extends, no Southern newspaper has taken Mr. Cable to task, and yet it would be safe to say that there are not ten editors of Southern newspapers who have not read "Dr. Sevier" from beginning to end. To a thoughtful person, this fact is very significant—as significant, indeed, as Mr. Cable's concession.

Five years ago such a statement made by a Southern man would have aroused quite a little tempest of indignation; but a great change has been going on in the South, and one of the results of this change is the tacit admission of those who are supposed to be the chosen defenders of the South that Mr. Cable, as a Southern man, has a right to hold opinions of his own, even though they may run counter to the opinions of other Southern men.

I am free to confess that Mr. Cable's declaration that the cause of the Union was just shocked me a little. It slipped in ahead of expectation; it seemed to be, at first glance, somewhat flippant. But a little reflection showed me that it is only a bold and fresh interpretation of the attitude and expressions of thousands and thousands of Southern people. For instance, it is safe to say that there are not five hundred thinking men in the South to-day who believe in secession either as a principle or as an expedient. There are not ten who would vote to secede to-morrow, even though such a movement was entirely practicable. In other words, there are not ten thinking men in the South who feel to-day (no matter what their feelings may have been in the hot days of war, and the hotter

days of reconstruction) that secession would give them any rights or advantages as valuable as those they now have as citizens of States that are a part and parcel of the American Union. I am not giving my opinion merely, for that is worth little or nothing; I am giving the result of observation, association, experience, and discussion.

Mr. Cable, aroused from a dream of the Civil War, discovers that that conflict was a very curious affair indeed. Reflecting over it, he is moved to say that the cause of the Union was just. Others, waking to the realities of events, and recognizing facts as they stand, are moved to admit that the South, taken as a whole, is in a better condition to-day than it was in 1861. Nobody wants slavery, nobody wants secession, and everybody feels that we have as many rights and as much freedom as the people of the North. Such a situation must have a deeper meaning than we have been in the habit of attaching to it. What is that meaning?

The substance of all this has been stated and re-stated hundreds and hundreds of times in the leading papers of the South, by the leading men of the South in Congress and other public places, and by thinking men of all classes. The facts have been variously used by the politician, the place-hunter, and others who have only a partial and fleeting interest in facts of any kind; and it now remains for the statesmen of both sides to reconcile their notions to this most mysterious result of the integrity and elasticity of our republican institutions, namely, that by some queer twist of fate or fortune the vanquished share the fruits of victory, and are as devoted to the Union as it stands to-day as those who fought to preserve it intact.

All this sounds paradoxical, and so it is. The result I have attempted to describe is a part of the stupendous paradox of the war. Over the remains of this paradox History is even now holding her grand inquest, but the witnesses summoned are by no means agreed. One from the North says it was a war to maintain the American Union; another from the North says it was a war against slavery. One from the South says it was a war in defense of the reserved rights of the States; another from the South says it was a war in defense of the institution of slavery. Well, History will settle this matter to her own satisfaction, and we may be sure that few will dispute the justice of the verdict.

Who shall say how many compromises of opinion and prejudice are necessary to give us a clear view of the truth? Assuredly compromises are necessary, and thus it happens that all the concession need not come from the South. There is not a Northern man whose opinion is worth having who will not frankly admit that the South made a gallant fight for what it conceived to be right—a fight that thoroughly illustrated American valor. Moreover, there is not a thinking man at the North who will not admit that American slavery seems to have been a provision of Providence for the advancement of a large part of the negro race. This is a phase of the slavery question worthy the attention of reflecting minds. The negroes came to this country barbarians. They were savages; but they were not savages when freedom found them out. On the contrary, it may be said that, in the history of the world, there has never before been an instance where a race of people only two hundred and fifty years re-