

dential nomination be sought by such a man and with such methods, and not raise an issue of morals in politics in which the whole country will take a vital interest? No American who has faith in his country and in its capacity for self-government believes it possible that, if such a candidate were to succeed in forcing his nomination upon a party, he could be elected. The moral sense of the country would be so aroused by the insult that it would sweep away all party lines, and unite all honest men in a grand committee of safety to defend the nation's honor from so base an assault. It would be a national disgrace for a great party to confer a nomination upon such a candidate, for its doing so would be a confession that half the voters of the country were in slavery to machine rule; but when the righteous indignation of the people made itself heard at the polls, the disgrace would be wiped out forever.

Regularity and Independence.

THE most useful word in the vocabulary of the man who makes a mere business of politics is "regularity." The "regular" politician, when he sincerely desires votes for his side, is eloquent in calling upon every man of character, principle, and independence to cease voting for the other party, and to come and vote for the politician's party. In fact the calls to national conventions of all parties are largely made up of such appeals,¹ and are based upon the idea that a human being not only can, but should, think independently and vote independently. It is only when this independence becomes troublesome that men of independence of character are covered with the politician's inelegant abuse.

And yet there is nobody more irregular than a regular politician of the unprincipled sort. He is essentially and brazenly irregular. His very rules are often constructed for entirely irregular purposes. While making certain apparent use of rules, his whole scheming is against rule; that is, he lends all his energies to falsify public opinion; he misrepresents majorities; he is autocratic, tyrannical, and purely self-seeking. The securing of fair dealing and just regularity is the very life and intent of rules; whereas this is exactly what the regular politician labors, through his use of regulations, to avoid. We say through his use of regulations; but it is notorious that nobody can break his own rules with more effrontery than the most pedantic of regulars.

¹ See "Partisan Recognition of the Independent Voter," Topics of the Time for October, 1890.

As for independence, there is no one, in a sense, so independent as the regular politician. It is he (with the assistance, perhaps, of a little group of cronies) who decides—often with complete indifference to public opinion—what shall be the "principles" of a party, and who shall be its candidates at any given election. When the regular politician, therefore, denounces independence and irregularity, he does it with his tongue in his cheek; and yet there are good men who are innocently beguiled by this sort of talk at every election.

We are not of those who denounce the idea of party. Every good movement, every valuable idea in human progress, tends to the formation of a party and the breeding of partisans. Primarily a party is nothing other than the association of men to put into practice some principle of government to which they are attached. It is only when party names are degraded to mere pretexts for plunder and means of selfish aggrandizement that they become a menace to the public good; and that this is the tendency of all large political associations history proves.

It happens that in the career of every great party a moment arrives when the mere machine politician endeavors to use an organization sacred to a purpose and a cause for ends solely personal and corrupt. In other words, a moral crisis is sure to arrive in the course of every political association. Then comes throughout the length and breadth of the land a sure test of clear vision and integrity. One of the saddest sights at such an epoch is the pitiful and apologizing use of clean reputations for the bolstering of sordid causes; the alliance of fair and cherished fames with all that is sinister in the forces that influence the destinies of a people. Look around, and look back over the political history of America! It is always so. The weakly good, and the cynically and selfishly decent, just at the time when designing and corrupt manipulators should be opposed by all the strength of public opinion, lend their names and services to the cause of immorality, and conspire with evil men for the degradation of government. But discouraging as is this melancholy phenomenon, there is always deep encouragement in the spectacle presented in moral crises such as we have described of brave and cool-headed independence, of unselfish devotion to principle, of right feeling showing itself often in unexpected places, of wide-spread enthusiasm for moral ideals, and for sound and elevated views of public duty.

OPEN LETTERS.

The German Emperor and the Russian Menace.

THE German Emperor shares with the best-informed men in his army the belief that Russia intends to attack him at the earliest convenient opportunity. It is not the Czar who is urging war. Those who know that monarch well scout the idea. He loves peace and quiet, and does not wish to be disturbed. How long he can make his personal wishes prevail we cannot say, for he may have to choose between war and disquieting agitation. His ministers, who see more clearly than their master, realize that the economic condition of Russia has been going from bad to worse under a system of protection and repression that has no parallel in mod-

ern times. Commercial enterprise is hampered by a swarm of police, who are able to levy blackmail upon any tradesman who is not "protected." Inquiry of every kind is carefully stifled, and even French newspapers are "blacked out" by the censor if they contain news contrary to police wishes. Popular discontent exists, and it is the object of the Government to divert attention from domestic affairs to the enemy beyond.

Russia's active hatred of Germany dates from 1878, and is one of the many legacies of the Bismarck era. Every one remembers that the Russian army was in sight of Constantinople, and was prepared to take pos-

session, when England interfered. The Russians returned from the war expecting to receive at the Berlin Congress, in a diplomatic way, all that they had given up on the battle-field. In this they were mistaken, and their ambassador returned from Berlin to tell his people that the fruits of the war of 1877 had been lost to them through German perfidy. From that day to this hatred of Germany has been preached as the national gospel of Russia, and in this hatred have been included Jews, Poles, Swedes, Finns—in short, all the unorthodox whose civilization draws inspiration from the western neighbor. "Russia for the Russians!" is now the cry, and the orthodox Russian Church shouts louder than any one in the congregation.

The famine which spread over part of Russia last year does not abate this cry of revenge. On the contrary, there is not a peasant who does not believe that in some mysterious way the heretic Jew or German is responsible for his misery, and for that matter German and Jew are one to him, for both are unorthodox, both un-Russian. With this aspect of the case in mind, it seems strange indeed that the government of Russia should be acting in a manner to alienate the sympathy of subjects on her western frontier. It is possible that the Czar's ministers disapprove of the extreme measures taken in the Baltic provinces to expunge the German language and the Lutheran faith, but they know the power of the orthodox clergy, and dare not resist the only expression of what has to pass for public opinion.

The famine in Russia is real, although it is equally true that there is always a failure of crops somewhere in a country so vast. I lost no opportunity during the height of the newspaper discussion of the subject to make inquiry in proper quarters regarding the nature and extent of the alleged distress. The Government seems incapable of giving friends of Russia any satisfactory idea of the situation, and, worst of all, does not inspire any great confidence in the breasts of sympathizers. One day a minister reports that the famine is of no serious character; soon afterward the press announces that twenty millions of people are perishing. In any event, the situation is not cheering, famine or no famine.

If, however, a famine really exists on a large scale, then is there all the more reason to expect war. The peasant suffers first; next suffers the storekeeper, who supplies the few things the peasant cannot make himself; next suffers the wholesale dealer, who gets no more orders; next suffer the merchant and the banker of the capital and the seaport; at last suffers the only one worth considering—the Government, which feels it finally in the confession of hundreds and thousands of police officials that the peasant has been taxed to his last copeck. At this point the news becomes serious, for the Government is a costly one, and only money can sustain it: money for the interest on a huge public debt; money for the huge military machine; money for the police; money for the imperial family; money for secret service; money to maintain political jails; money to guard prisoners on the way to the mines of Siberia. When the Government finds that money is wanting to sustain its prestige, and that empty stomachs are growling, it may choose war as the lesser evil.

Germany is not blind to the dangers that threaten her, particularly from France. She will have one army on the Rhine, another on the Vistula. Von Moltke clearly

foresaw the intention of Russia to attack, and never failed to urge upon William I. the military necessity of forcing the war as soon as possible. His reasons, of course, were purely military. "Russia," he argued in 1875, "is arming against us; each year she becomes more formidable. We, on the contrary, remain stationary. Our duty is to fight now, while the heroes of 1870 are still fresh, and not wait until they are retired from active service." Von Moltke saw more clearly than Bismarck. William I. was old, and relied on his prime minister, who kept telling him that Russia was Germany's natural ally; that Russia must be humored at any cost. On the part of the venerable William I. there were strong family reasons dictating friendship for the Russian Czar; but this does not explain Bismarck's apparent indifference to the fact that, for the last fifteen years, Russia has been cultivating hatred of Germany, second only to that prevailing in France.

The present German Emperor foreshadowed Russia's attitude of to-day three years before he came to the throne. He has been nearly four years in power, and has not only not declared war, but has not made a single warlike demonstration of a practical kind. His military family, if I may use the expression, are ready to anticipate the blow of Russia; but Germany keeps the peace because her Emperor is too conscientious to precipitate the conflict. Personally he is deeply pained by the hostile attitude of the Russian government; his efforts in the direction of closer commercial intercourse have been met by sullen objection; he has been treated with personal discourtesy by the Czar; his own people are outraged by the daily account of persecution to which Germans in Russia are subjected; he knows that the line of the Narew, the Niemen, and the Vistula is fortified by a chain of strong forts, and that Kirghis Cossacks patrol all the roads crossing his frontier. He is perfectly well aware that France is ready to cooperate with Russia, and that her forces are better organized than ever before.

The German Emperor is not unpopular in Germany. This fact cannot be too strongly presented, because many important consequences flow from it. He has done many things to disquiet moderate Liberals; has done things indicating a disposition to assume responsibility which might better be shared with Parliament. He has made many impromptu speeches which a prime minister would cheerfully have recalled; he has written texts which a strictly constitutional ruler would wish relegated to privacy. Granted all this and much more, for the sake of argument, let us come to what he has positively done, in order to understand why, in spite of this, he is Emperor in the German heart as well as in the German army. He has shown himself accessible to complaints from all classes of the community, and has interested himself in remedies; he has abolished the special laws against socialism with most excellent results; he has removed much of the irritation on the French frontier; he has met the grievances of the Polish Prussians in the same spirit; he has shown a liberality in dealing with the press and platform agitators unknown in Bismarck's day; he has inaugurated a commercial policy which, if not free trade, is a complete denial of the principle that one class has a right to enrich itself at the expense of another; he has drawn together the trade relations of Germans so wisely that Vienna, Budapest, and Berlin seem now like sister cities

of a free federation, and has spread the blessing of commercial freedom more widely than was ever before known in Europe; he has instituted legislation for the benefit of wage-earners and wage-payers, not as a socialist, but in the spirit of arbitration and fair play. In all of this he has moved independently, fearlessly, moderately, and in opposition, not merely to the teachings of Bismarck, but to the school of politicians created for him by that master of medievalism. Not only this, but he has interfered energetically on behalf of the soldier in the ranks; has insisted upon his troops being treated with proper respect by officers, and particularly by corporals and sergeants. He has vigorously put down gambling and fast living among his officers; he has at last interfered on behalf of the overworked school-children, and is the first to say that a teacher shall not cram the pupil's brain at the expense of general health.

All this sounds as though a stroke of the pen could make such reforms real, but it is not so. All academic Germany sets its face against school-reform, and the utmost exercise of tact and persistence is necessary on the part of the Emperor to make his proposals bear fruit. These instances suggest some of the reasons why Germans respect their Emperor. There are others of a negative kind. For instance, we have yet to hear of anything he has done for the gratification of selfish tastes. He is a plain liver; he has never indulged in the vices sometimes associated with royalty; no officer in his army can say that the Emperor taught him to gamble; in his family he is exactly what a German would wish him to be; and the keenest sportsman could not wish a better companion. Finally, he is a thorough soldier: he has served from the ranks up; he can do sentry duty with a guardsman, and can also maneuver combined army corps according to the principles of strategy and modern tactics. He has his faults, and none sees them so well as the German general and the German parliamentarian. But he has elements of strength and popularity which vastly outbalance any faults so far discovered—and this is what outside critics are apt to ignore. He has sources of strength totally closed to the Czar. The Kaiser is a man of flesh and

blood; he feels as a German; his work is in harmony with the spirit of German progress; his failings, such as he shows, are German. There is no German who does not admire him in his private relations, even though differing from him in matters official; and we all know that in times of political danger the people are drawn to the man of strong personal character rather than to the cautious and colorless figurehead.

The forces behind William II. are such as have never been cultivated in Russia, whose Czar lives in hourly dread of assassination, and whose people are so many items of an official budget, so many units in a military report. The German Emperor walks about the streets of his towns as fearlessly and naturally as any other man, although the life of his grandfather was twice attempted. One day, in November of 1891, he was walking with a guest through the narrow and crowded thoroughfare of a city not far from Berlin. The sidewalks were narrow, and, as the Emperor is a fast walker, he frequently had to step out into the street to pass other pedestrians, and especially clusters of people who stopped for a chat. His companion, who had been in Russia, was struck by the democratic manner in which the German Emperor rubbed in and out amongst porters, fish-wives, peasants, and the rest of the moving crowd, chatting the while, and acting as though this was his usual manner of getting about. He was struck still more by the fact that no precautions against a possible murderous fanatic appeared to have been taken, and ventured to speak of this. The Emperor laughed heartily, and said: "Oh, if I had to stop to think of such things, I should never get through with my day's work."

It is with this man that Russia will have to reckon when her Cossacks start for Berlin; and this man is strong, not merely because he represents a strong army and a strong political administration, but because in him center the feelings of unity and development, of pride of achievement, and of promise of a still greater future which lie dormant in the hearts of those who regard Germany as the bulwark of civilization against barbarism—Europe against Asia.

Poultney Bigelow.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Sleeping-Car.

CELEUM NON ANIMUM MUTANT.

WE lie with senses lulled and still
 'Twixt dream and thought, 'twixt night and
 day,
 While smoke and steam their office fill
 To bear our prostrate forms away.
 The stars, the clouds, the mountains, all
 Glide by us through the midnight deep;
 The names of slumbering cities fall
 Like feathers from the wings of sleep.
 Till at the last, in morning light,
 Beneath an alien sky we stand;
 Vast spaces traversed in a night;
 Another clime, another land.

T. W. Higginson.

The Arbutus.

ARBUTE, blossom of the May,
 Thou and the wind together
 Make, whatever the almanacs say,
 The spirit's brightest weather.
 When youth is gone and fancy flown,
 When thought doth little and dwells alone,
 The blooming foot-paths open a way
 To many a long-past holiday.
 Though youth be flown and fancy gone,
 The mind's sweet memories may live on.
 Only let the south wind blow,
 Thou and the South together;
 For thou and the balmy south wind make
 The spirit's brightest weather.

James Herbert Morse.