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KOSSUTH.

BY M. M. TRUMBULL.

The going down of a great man into his grave resembles in solemnity the sinking of a ship; and Louis Kossuth was a great man, cast in the old heroic mould. His mental and spiritual constitution was of the classic order like that of the ideal Greeks, and his eloquence was classic; stately and splendid as the oratory of the ancients who gave him inspiration. He dies in exile at the age of ninety-two, and his work is almost forgotten, for it was done forty-five years ago, but he moved the world forward a little; it may have been but a few paces, but he moved it forward; and the nations are nearer to liberty because of him.

In Louis Kossuth nature had harmoniously blended many of the qualities that make excellence in man, and he was endowed with a capacity large enough to hold all the learning possible to be acquired from books or by experience. As a scholar, orator, statesman, journalist, popular leader, and parliamentary leader, Kossuth is entitled to high rank, while as Governor, and Dictator of Hungary he showed creative and administrative ability enough to conjure armies out of heterogeneous and untrained materials, to get revenues for an empty treasury, to reanimate the people of Hungary, and to organise an armed resistance to the imperial power of Austria; a resistance that was overcome at last, only by the desertion of General Gorgey and the intervention of Russia with an army. Then, defeated and betrayed, Kossuth sought refuge upon Turkish ground.

As soon as the Hungarian refugees had found shelter on Turkish territory, the Austrian Government demanded that Kossuth and his companions be given up as fugitive criminals who had offended against the laws of Austria, but the Sultan replied that hospitality to strangers was part of the Mohammedan religion, and that it would be contrary to the law and practice of Islam to surrender a guest unto his enemies. The demand for the extradition of Kossuth must therefore be refused. Russia supported the demand of Austria, but the United States and Great Britain endorsed the answer of the Sultan, and Kossuth was therefore safe. In a few months an American ship sent over by Congress for that purpose gave him shelter under the American flag, and carried him to England.

Kossuth aroused in England sympathetic enthusiasm as much by his oratory as because of his misfortunes and his cause. His command of the English language was equal to that of the great orators, and some of his speeches are among the English classics now. The marvellous part of his accomplishment was that he had acquired it in prison, with no teachers whatever except a dictionary, a grammar, and a copy of Shakespeare's plays. Faithful he must have been to his chief master, for some of his addresses march along in dignity and grace like the declamations that we find in Shakespeare. In the United States his brilliant gift brought him disappointment and sorrow, for it caused the promised national welcome to be withdrawn.

In his address to the people of the United States, dated at Broussa, Asia Minor, March 27, 1850, Kossuth among many other things declared it to have been among his revolutionary purposes:

> "That every inhabitant of Hungary without regarding language or religion should be free and equal before the law—all classes having the same privileges and protection from the law."

That was the key-note of Kossuth's orations in England and in the United States; liberty, the right of all men to be equal before the law, and this it was that gave offence to the dominant caste in America, for at the time when Kossuth visited this country, slavery was our master here, while the "two great parties" of that era cringed and wriggled in servile obedience to it; and that is the reason why Kossuth's welcome was withdrawn.

In the crisis of his career, and when he was a fugitive in Turkey the sympathy of the American people was heartily with Kossuth, and that sympathy was never taken from him although he may have thought it was, and very likely died in that belief. At that time the interest of the American people in Kossuth and his fortunes was manifested in the most generous and enthusiastic way, and animated by it Congress invited him to be the nation's guest, an invitation which he accepted with extreme gratitude and pleasure, but when he came to New York he found, not that the people had grown cold, but that the politicians had

become alarmed, for slavery had given orders that the man who talked of liberty should not be the nation's guest; and slavery had its way.

The reception given to Kossuth by the citizens of New York was magnificent, but he felt sorely grieved because Congress had refused him a welcome as the nation's guest after having formally given him a national invitation; and speaking to a delegation from Philadelphia, he said:

"I must confess that I have received here in New York such a manifestation of the sympathy of the people as gives me hope and consolation; still I regard myself invited to this country by an act of Congress initiated in the Senate. Now, had I known that, in the same place where I was invited, the same body would now decline to give me welcome, I would not have thought that I was a welcome guest; so much the more as the President of the United States has formally invited the Congress in his message to consider what steps are to be taken to receive the man for whom he sent a frigate to Asia, complying with the will of the same body in which the resolution to give me welcome was withdrawn, on account of an expected opposition."

Kossuth was presented to the Senate in a private capacity as a distinguished foreigner, or something of the kind, but on condition that he would not say anything when introduced and invited to take a seat, and a similar performance took place in the House of Representatives. Something of an apology was offered in the shape of a big banquet given to the exile and presided over by the President of the Senate, with Daniel Webster at the table, but the slight put upon Kossuth by Congress wounded him, and his aspiring soul bore the scar of the wound even to the end of his life; but slavery was inexorable in those days, and slavery was king.

Kossuth lived long enough to see the great events in which he bore so conspicuous a part fade away almost into ancient history; crowded out of memory by more tremendous deeds, and among them the regeneration of Italy, the defeat of Austria by France, and afterwards by Prussia; and greatest of all, the abolition of slavery in America. If he had comfort in revenge these things may have given him consolation, for in his exile Austria was never generous to him, although in a critical hour he had been magnanimous to Austria, and to the imperial dynasty. Referring to the ingratitude of Austria, Kossuth speaks as follows in his letter to the people of the United States:

"Two years ago, by God's providence, I, who would be only a humble citizen, held in my hands the destiny of the reigning House of Austria.

"Had I been ambitious, or had I believed that the treacherous family were so basely wicked as they afterwards proved themselves to be, the tottering pillars of their throne would have fallen at my command, and buried the crowned traitors beneath their ruins, or would have scattered them like dust before the tempest, homeless exiles bearing nothing but the remembrance of their perfidy, that royalty which they ought to have lost through their own wickedness."

The patriotism of Kossuth overflowed the boundaries of Hungary, and covered all the world. His was not an insular or a provincial spirit. He wanted nothing for the men of Hungary that he was not willing all other men should have. He desired freedom, justice, and prosperity for his own country, but he was willing to share those blessings with all the other nations of the earth; and this is patriotism.

MIRACLE IN RELIGION.

BY CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

THE intelligent mind is no longer concerned with questions of the validity or reasonableness of miracles, and the tone of discourse on the part of those professing belief therein grows daily more feeble and apologetic; but it is still worth while to examine this side of the religious life for the light it throws on the intellectual development of the race. We should try to study this subject in large and unbiassed fashion, not in a spirit of narrow criticism or vain self-glorification over the past, whose efforts at truth-seeking were as honest as our own. The grossest superstition, carefully examined, will be found to be the logical, perhaps the only possible outcome of the current knowledge and experience which gave it birth. In his beliefs about God and the universe, as in the tools he has fashioned in aid and support of his physical existence, man has done the best he could.

We must travel back of Christian tradition here, back of all written records to pre-historic times. Not theology but anthropology must be our guide. Most of the scientific writers on this subject declare that religion is born of fear; but this has never seemed to me more than a half statement of the truth. Religious belief undoubtedly has its origin largely or mainly in feelings of dread of the unknown and desire to propitiate the same; but along with this element of fear may be traced another as old and more vital. The sense of mystery at the bottom of the religious life is not expressed as dread alone, but also as admiration or adoration of the beautiful and good; this sense of beauty is awakened as soon as the sense of power, and the religion of love begins with that of fear, though held in abeyance to it.

It is this element of love that saves religion from sinking into complete superstition even in its lowest forms; it is the element of growth. The miraculous element in religion belongs to the fear side. Belief in miracle is the direct outgrowth of belief in a supreme and arbitrary power, responsible neither to himself nor anything outside himself. Under such a scheme man is but the victim and puppet of the Almighty, whose salvation is dependent on the whim or caprice of his Creator. Salvation itself is the prime miracle.

This miraculous element in religion dies hard even

in many liberal minds, who associate it with that wealth of traditionary fable and lore which belief has evolved in the past and which modern criticism threatens to destroy. As they are afraid that imagination will die out in literature if there are not ghosts and fairies, Cinderella's slippers, and Jack's beanstalk for it to twine upon, so they distrust that religious faith which does not include a little miracle. Or if they have rejected all superstitious belief for themselves, they still think a little superstition is good for the masses, to inspire respect for authority and keep them in order.

The miracles of the New Testament arose from the wonder-loving mind of man working backwards, trying not only to rescue an exalted name and tradition from oblivion, but to elevate it to a new godhead. The idea of incarnation had long before taken firm hold of the human mind, growing naturally out of belief in the multiple intermediary agencies between God and man, supplied in the various ancient mythologies; an idea which the larger part of Christendom finds it painful to dispense with to-day. Early Christian history, following the line of the New Testament narrative, shows two sets of miracles. Later historians do not pretend to defend the post-apostolic miracles, but some of them employ very curious reasoning on this subject. Philip Schaff tells us that miracles ceased with the apostolic age because the Church was then established and no longer needed the support of such testimony. The subject, he adds, is surrounded with difficulties, "in the absence of inspired testimony or of ordinary immediate witnesses"; but he does not explain where he finds the immediate witnesses for the healing of the blind Bartimæus or the raising of Lazarus from the dead. He asks no further proof of Paul's conversion, and the heavenly vision and warning that led to it, than the record supplies, but finds four reasons why we should reject the story of similar import in the history of Constantine. Here the occurrence may have been "an actual miracle," a "pious fraud," a "psychological illusion," or an "event explainable upon some natural phenomenon." But the latter-day student will find as many hypotheses on which to account for the Gospel miracles. Another division in the Christian miracles is that which separates those in the accepted canon from the rejected Apocrypha. For a long time Biblical criticism and revision consisted of this winnowing process, separating the supposed wheat from the chaff. But, again, the student of a later day is at a loss to understand what just principle of selection operated in tasks of this kind. We shall have no more attempts at revision on this line, for we have reached a more rational view of the entire subject and are no longer concerned to distinguish between the so-called divine and human attributes of a book we now know we honor most to accept in its human character alone. We are learning how much more valuable the Bible is, looked upon as history, literature, life, rather than as miracle and dogma.

The subject of miracles has a literature of its own. The first most notable essay of modern times was Hume's, who undertook to show the manifest improbability of miracles, a method which Professor Huxley, in his "Life of Hume," shows to be a mistaken one, employing much the same argument that Lecky does in his chapter on Witchcraft. "Scientific good faith" prevents us from believing in the probability of these marvellous occurrences, but can do no more. Another important piece of writing on this subject in its day was Gibbon's famous fifteenth chapter in the "Decline and Fall of Rome." Prof. J. H. Allen has summed up the merit and usefulness of Gibbon's method of reasoning, who, after praising his general work in high terms, adds that it is nevertheless in some ways "a masterly and very perfect model of what our study of history ought not to be." He is without "historic sympathy." He tells the undoubted truth about the mixture of pagan idolatry with the new faith, speaking in a tone of harsh and sneering scepticism that could not but arouse the fear and indignation of the religious world of his day, but which is cheap and shallow wisdom for the present age.

Protestantism, with its appeal to individual judgment and its condemnation of religious tyranny and fraud, did much to abolish grosser forms of superstition, but there was never a more pronounced supernaturalist than Luther, who burnt witches and threw his inkstand at the Devil. Protestantism, gave every man a copy of the Bible, with implied permission to judge its contents for himself. The human mind was free at last and would work its way; but belief in a dual order of things, in God *and* Satan still stood in the way of rapid progress. Not until our own era was the doctrine of miracles disputed on moral and scientific grounds. The last contribution to this discussion is found in the life and work of Theodore Parker. The distinction which he insisted upon between the "transient and permanent in Christianity" marked the next step in the evolution of the religion of reason and character. As the ripest scholar of his day Theodore Parker knew what he was talking about when he pointed out the spurious nature of the supernatural claims of the Bible, while as a man of the largest and most humane instincts he felt the affront put upon God and his own manhood in a religion founded on miracle. Thanks to his strong outspoken words, more than to any other single source perhaps, but more to the spread of general knowledge, belief in miracles is no longer made the test of religious character. "A weak and adulterous nation asketh after a sign," but our age is one

which will be remembered as that in which man began to forego his trust in signs for greater trust in himself. Faith grows more open-eyed every day.

But while the age of miracle and the need of miracle are passing away, there remains a wide range of phenomena in our own day which seems of analogous nature. The peculiar phenomena that accompanies certain modern beliefs and theories, spiritualism, Christian science, theosophy, hypnotism, etc., are of that exceptional order which demands special explanation. The majority of us have but second-hand testimony of these things, as the believers in miracles have. All that we have yet learned of these peculiar experiences is that they are peculiar, i. e., outside the ordinary rule and understanding. It is due, however, to those professing these new forms of faith to bear in mind that they themselves set up no claim to supernaturalism. It is higher, less familiar law that governs here, we are told, but law still. The spiritual nature of man, and that other pressing question, of man's existence after death, are, according to these new beliefs, no longer matters of mere hope and trust, but have become subjects of demonstrable knowledge. In so far as modern spiritualism and its allied faiths are aiming to establish the spiritual existence of man upon a scientific basis, we should honor them and hold our minds open to receive all the light and information they have to offer. All of these theories are tentative, but suggestive, being signs of the world's advancing progress on the psychical side. More and more we are living in the world of thought, of moral ideas, of spiritual striving and reward. We may live in this upper world of mind and spirit in ways that uplift all that lies below on the plane of man's practical activity or in ways that neglect and dishonor these practical needs. Unless, like the monk in the Legend Beautiful, we have strength to tear ourselves away from the vision to carry on the work of our daily lives, it will desert us. It is the choicest souls that willingly accept their share in the drudgery of life, and for whom the vision waits. It will not desert them until they have deserted something better than it.

It is this thought of the moral import of belief in miracle that should weigh most seriously with us. There is a weakened will and moral inertia that grow directly out of the love of the marvellous. Add to this that thought of a misdirected and irresponsible power which goes along with belief in miracle. This irresponsible power can no more justly be attached to our conceptions of divinity than to a human ruler. God and man are both best honored in the faith of reason and law. The miraculous is fading out of religion and of life. There is a wider basis for faith in the reign of cause and effect than in all the miracles that were ever recorded. Man is born for the light, he is saved through knowledge, not through grace; he must earn whatever good he is to obtain, here or hereafter, not purchase it with money or the sacrifice of the innocent. His own experience will prove his best guide and inspiration.

DEATH SHALL NOT PART YE MORE.

BY VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE.

"He that loseth his life shall find it."

DISCIPLE.

Master, my friend is dead. Around the world
I seek, and find no other heart like his;
And all my life-dreams are as dead leaves whirled,
And all my life-work as the bare sand is.
I would go down into the grave, and kiss
The dust of him who held me in his heart
Living, and dead has left me passionless,
Bloodless, from wounds that still have power to smart,
But which no hand heals, since Death tore apart
His life and mine. Master, I fain would rest!
I am unloved, un-understood! All scarred
With bitter stripes of Hate! The Grave is best,—
The Grave, and the dark mould upon his breast.

MASTER.

Thou seek'st thy friend? Unhappy, thou hast sought
With eyes turned inward! And thy search is vain,—
Vain all the purchase that thy tears have bought,—
Thy tears, and all the weary winds of pain
That blow upon thy mouth the bitter rain,
And cast upon thine eyes the stinging sleet;
Aye, vain thy purchase, and all dross thy gain!
Yet I command thee, turn once more thy feet
Into the ways; and seek once more to meet
The undying Heart of Love, that understands,
And soothes, and turns the bitter into sweet,
And fashions life to kindness with kind hands.
Only this key I give: wouldst find thy friend,
Seek not in Man to *be* known, but to know;
Not to be pitied, but to pity; blend
Self in All-Self,—and *thou shalt find him. Go!*
Yet, take these flowers; from thy friend's grave they blow.

. . . . . .

DISCIPLE.

Master, I bring from many wanderings,
The gathered garner of my years to thee;
One precious fruit of many rain-blown springs
And sun-shod summers, ripened over-sea.
Years, years ago Thou gav'st the seed to me,
Wrapped in the bloom of Roses of the Dead;
Behold the shining Heart of Love! and be
Assured the grave-bloom was not vainly shed,
And partly are thy sweet words merited.
Yea, I went hence with wonder in my soul,
With bitter wonder that thy great lips said
My pain was worthless, and my longed-for goal
Was but blind seeking of myself, that stole
The face of Love and wore it as a mask!
Yet knew I TRUTH. I folded up the scroll,
The useless record of the useless task,
And set my Heart before my Soul to ask:
"What was thy friend?"—And slow the answer came:
"Love that thought not of self; Pity so vast
It felt all tears, nor measured It, by name,

Those whom it pitied,—felt not any blame
Toward those who injured It; Peace, so profound
That no shock might uncentre, and no shame
Shake from Its sympathy,—no unsightly wound
However cankered, no discordant sound
However rasping, turn aside its face,
This was thy friend. Thou, Self-torn, hast not found,
Because thou hast not sought! The phantom chase
Of Self has driven thee from place to place,
'With eyes turned inward'—so the Master spoke,—
An idle, weary, marsh-set, rock-wrecked race,
A goalless way, with epitaphs of hope.
Turn now and seek *thy friend*; long mayst thou grope,
But light will break."—Master, the dawn is broke.

MASTER.

Now hast thou found thy friend!—Depart in peace,
Thy prayer is heard; thou shalt go down and rest:
Death shall not part ye more, nor shall ye cease
To dwell together in the world ye blessed,
So—sleep! with these dry flowers upon your breast.

ALDERMAN COBDEN OF MANCHESTER.

BY THEODORE STANTON.

I HAVE just had a glance at two belated gifts to Cornell University and Williams College presented *à propos* of the recent celebration at those two institutions. I refer to copies of a curious work entitled "Alderman Cobden of Manchester," by Sir E. W. Watkin, Bart., M. P., the English railway magnate and indefatigable promoter of the Channel tunnel, who, like his father,[1] was a warm friend and ardent supporter—"old followers," Sir Edward expresses it—of Cobden throughout the corn-law struggle and his subsequent labors, though Sir Edward was then quite a young man. The inscription on the fly-leaves of the two volumes—*édition de luxe*, with heavy paper, broad margins, each volume numbered, and only four hundred copies in all—read as follows: "To Cornell University on the celebration of the 25th anniversary of its prosperous existence"; and "To Williams College on the celebration of its first centennial, as a token of respect for Professor Perry and his good works."

The gift to Williams College is particularly appropriate, for it is one of the three or four institutions to the students of which the Cobden Club awards an annual medal for work in political economy; and the reference to the venerable Professor Perry, who has done so much to advance the cause of free trade in University life, is most appropriate.

The *raison d'être* of this volume, the prefatory notice informs us, was the publication of a series of Cobden's letters addressed to the author and his father, which were not used by John Morley in his biography of Cobden and which are here published for the first time. "I may add," continues Sir Edward, "that an additional object has been to endeavor to place before Manchester the great services of Mr Cobden, well nigh forgotten, in the foundation of the Manchester Athenæum, and as the man above all men dead or living, to whom is due the credit of the establishment of popular local self-government in our city. . . . After long heroic labor for a couple of years in giving Manchester its local self-government, and in seeing it through the early trials of a new existence, it was to those higher and wider flights of politics with which he had begun, that Alderman Cobden immediately returned. . . .

[1] "My father was associated with the League from its birth to its triumph, and spoke, wrote, and worked admirably in the cause. He was, however, a man who, prompted by his convictions, did his work and never cared for credit or applause. His work was his reward." Absalom Watkin was born in 1787 and died in 1861. This volume contains a photograph of William Bradley's painting of him, and represents a man with a fine, intelligent, gentle face and a head very high above the eyes.

Mr. Cobden had been in the United States, and he had seen the big crop of 'Institutions' there. In Manchester he found nothing but the 'Mechanics' Institute'—nothing for the 'middling classes,' including our clerks and helpers in warehouses and stores." Mr. Morley devotes only a few paragraphs to Cobden as a local reformer, so that Sir Edward's work fills a lacune in Cobden biographies.

Of course the most interesting part of this book to the general reader, especially if he be not an Englishman, is the series of Cobden letters, which, though many of them are of slight importance, afford many delightful and characteristic glimpses of Richard Cobden.

Cobden's breadth of religious view is seen in this *post scriptum* to a letter addressed by him to the author's father and written—the date should be noted—in 1838. It ran as follows: "I heard a hint that you were going to oppose the opening of the Zoölogical Gardens on Sundays. Before you bring your judgment to a verdict upon this subject (one of the most important that can be discussed) I should like to give you a few facts connected with the observance of Sunday abroad. I don't mean to refer to Catholic States, but to Prussia, Saxony, Switzerland, etc. May we not be possibly wrong and they right? At least let us judge of the fruits."

Cobden was not only radical in his religion but in his politics, too. Perhaps he might be called the Jefferson of England. However that may be, these letters show him to have taken a very advanced, democratic stand. As far back as 1841 he came out squarely for universal suffrage, as is shown by this extract from a letter written in that year to the author: "I have sometimes thought it would be a good step to start another universal suffrage newspaper, either in London or Manchester, advocating democratic principles. . . . I am in general very mistrustful of newspaper undertakings, and would not like to advise any such step; therefore take my suggestion merely for consideration. . . . You alluded to me in a former letter as a leader of the masses, but I know my own qualifications, and they are not such as are required. I have not the physical force and the tone of my mind is opposed to such an undertaking, I know exactly my own field of usefulness—it lies in the advocacy of practical questions, apart from mere questions of theoretical reforms. My exertions are calculated to bring out the middle classes, and that will lead the way for a junction with the masses, if they can be brought to act under a rational and honest leader."

In another letter, written in the same year, occurs this passage:

"If we ask the legislator (who admits the right of the people to the franchise, but denies it on the ground of expediency until the people be educated) *when* he will undertake that the people shall be educated, he tells you he does not know. And if you ask a chartist *when* he will obtain the suffrage, he does not know. So that the expediency of the one and the other amounts to an indefinite withholding of justice—an admirable plea for despots and knaves, but one which honest politicians will never, unless they be fools, listen to for a moment. Would not the substance of this letter make a good short letter for Condy's paper [the Manchester *Advertiser*] on Saturday? If you think so, pray write it and send it."

In 1862 he wrote: "How and when the electoral system in this country is to be altered, so as to give to the masses at least a chance of doing somethiog better for themselves, is a question which I cannot pretend to answer."

Household suffrage in boroughs was established five years later; ballot ten years later; household suffrage in counties not till twenty-two years later, and a farther extension among agriculturists is believed to be near at hand.

The following, though written in 1848, is timely to-day:

"I am not surprised to see that even your father has caught

the contagion of the day, and is for having a special fight with the malcontent Irish. Never were my peace-doctrines so much at a discount as at the present moment in England. Wait till we count the cost of all this marching, arming, and drilling, and then John Bull will be more open to pacific overtures. Depend on it, there are faults on both sides when a government and its population are so often brought into attitudes of defiance. To have to resort habitually to physical force to sustain political institutions will, in the end, place them in the wrong in the eyes of the whole civilised world, and then, when their moral support is gone, they will fall some fine morning about our ears, as they have done in so many other countries; that is to say, unless we contrive in the meantime by moral means to bring the vast majority of the population on the side of the said institutions."

We get glimpses and explanations of Cobden's "eloquence unadorned" in the volume. "You know," he said, at the end of one of his speeches, "I never perorate." "Disregard of mere form was characteristic of him," says Sir Edward. "No one could speak with less of gesture in his more animated moods; yet his manner and movements had none of the restraint or deliberation that belong, by nature or art, to men of different build or temper. Long after the League had triumphed, and his widest fame been won, Cobden, at forty-five to fifty, was still to be seen half skipping along a pavement, or a railway platform, with the lightness of a slim and almost dapper figure, and a mind full bent on its object. . . . Cobden was a speaker never unmindful of the circumstances in which he spoke, or the kind of audience he had before him. . . . He was always careful to speak down to the ears of an audience, not to soar in the space overhead," a very important thing in the public meeting-room of the Manchester Town Hall of those days where "the voices of most speakers got lost in the glazed dome of the roof."

The first time Cobden addressed a large assembly was October 28, 1835, in Manchester in connexion with the foundation of the Athenæum. "He was the 'new light,'" says Sir Edward; "he was to most people then an unknown man. He spoke rapidly, but epigrammatically, and 'took' with the audience all through. His was the speech of the evening."

Nearly ten years later, referring to this meeting, he said that when he rose to speak he could see no one; that he felt he was speaking his prepared speech very rapidly; that as he proceeded, and the audience cheered him, first one head and then another popped up into sight, till finally what was at first an aggregated and indivisible mass, appeared in individual and distinct shape before him. Though in later years, practised as a speaker before all sorts of audiences, and under all sorts of conditions, he usually felt, as Wendell Philipps was accustomed to say he also felt, some nervousness at starting. In a speech in 1846 Cobden said on this point: "Many people will think that we have our reward in the applause and éclat of public meetings, but I declare that it is not so with me, for the inherent reluctance I have to address public meetings is so great that I do not even get up to present a petition to the House of Commons without reluctance."

Cobden, it will be remembered, visited the United States two or three times. So it is natural to find references to us in these letters. The earliest one is in a letter dated January, 1852, mentioning Sir Edward's recent sojourn in America and requesting a copy of the book giving an account of his travels. Cobden then goes on to say: "I feel very anxious to know what you think of the United States. I have long had my notions about what was coming from the West, and recorded my propbecy on my return from America in 1835. People in England are determined to shut their eyes as long as they can, but they will be startled out of their wilful blindness some day by some gigantic facts proving the undisputable superiority of that country in all that constitutes the power, wealth, and real greatness of a people."

After reading Sir Edward's volume, Cobden says in another letter:

"You could not have done a wiser and more patriotic service than to make the people of this country better acquainted with what is going on in the United States. It is from that quarter, and not from barbarian Russia, or fickle France, that we have to expect a formidable rivalry, and yet that country is less studied and understood in England than is the history of ancient Egypt or Greece. I should like to go once more to America, if only to see Niagara again. But I am a bad sailor, and should dread the turmoil of public meetings when I arrived there."

A few days later he writes again:

"You talk of my going to America, and then coming back to tell the people here what is going on beyond the Atlantic. I have never missed an opportunity of trying to awaken the emulation and even the fears of my countrymen, by quoting the example of the United States. But the only result is that I am pretty freely charged with seeking to establish a republican government here. To shut our eyes to what is going on there is almost as sage a proceeding as that of the ostrich when he puts his head under a sand heap. However, whether we will or no, we shall hear of the doings of the Americans."

The following extract was written on December 10, 1862, in the period of the cotton famine in England in consequence of our civil war, which is referred to in these words:

"I am very glad to see some public meetings being held in London to show to the world that the *Times* and other aristocratic and club organs do not, in their sympathy for the slave-owners, represent the feelings of the English people. I look on such demonstrations as very desirable in order to counteract the efforts of those who will try to induce Parliament to offer some opinion in favor of recognition or mediation. I think it very desirable that more should be done to elicit the sympathies of the masses for the North. It will be necessary to have some such counterpoise to the pressure which the blockade will put on public opinion in a direction hostile to the Federal Government. It is also probable that there may be some isolated acts of violence by slaves on their owners in the spring after the proclamation of freedom comes into force, though I hope such will be rare. They will be laid hold of to excite the indignation of the country. This will at least make it desirable that the true state of slavery in the South should be kept as much as possible before the public eye. If the American civil war goes on for a year or two the consequence to Lancashire, and indirectly to all this kingdom, will be more serious than is dreamt of by people generally."

Another interesting feature of the book are its illustrations. It contains several portraits of Cobden. There is a photograph and a crayon likeness made by Lowes Dickinson representing Cobden at the age of fifty-seven. He has a gentle, benevolent looking face. There is also a photograph of him at twenty, taken from a miniature likeness. Another represents him sitting on the sward, among the croquet wickets, before Dunford House, the place of his birth and residence, when he had rebuilt it. Then there is a reproduction of the historic painting of J. R. Herbert, R. A., representing Cobden addressing the Corn League Council. It includes portraits of John Bright, Lord Kinnaird, P. A. Taylor, Sir Thomas Potter, etc. There are portraits of Cobden's father and mother, taken just before their marriage, both having strikingly refined faces, that of the father being handsome even. Cobden's only son, who died when a boy, is seen in two portraits taken at the age of five and fifteen. There is a strong family likeness running through all three pictures. A photograph is also given of Cobden's big plain house in Quay street, in Manchester, where, afterwards Owens College first met and which is now the County Court House. Fac-similes of letters of Cobden, Carlyle, Dickens, Disraeli, etc., and a pretty full index, complete this valuable work.

CURRENT TOPICS.

In the early settlement of Marbletown, old Washington Griggs and his three sons cultivated a farm and a blacksmith's shop together in the edge of the timber near the village, and whenever any of the neighbors met him and said, "How are you Uncle Wash?" he candidly replied, "Well, I ain't a complainin', me and the boys is makin' money"; and this was literally true, but it was counterfeit money they were making, for old Wash had a private mint in the garret, as the officers discovered when they came to search the place. I suspect that Uncle Wash and his boys when they came out of the penitentiary moved over to Nebraska, for I see by the papers that a private mint has been started there, and that the anonymous firm that owns it in some undiscovered place has coined about half a million silver dollars, and put them into circulation "to relieve the tightness of the money market." Whether the Nebraska mint is owned by the firm of Griggs and Sons or not, the partners in the business are "makin' money" after the plan of Griggs, excepting that they use a different material. The Nebraska coiners make genuine silver dollars, like those the Government coiners make, and exactly the same in weight, quality, and personal appearance. They can afford to be as honest in this matter as the Government itself, and coin fifty cents worth of silver into a dollar, taking the other fifty cents for "seigniorage," and making a fair profit. The Government is hunting for the Nebraska coiners to punish them for infringing on its exclusive right to make dishonest money, and this illogical proceeding is borrowed from the ancient practice. For centuries the kings of England were in the habit of adulterating the coin, and pocketing the "seigniorage" as their own. When a private citizen did the same thing he was hanged, but the king never was.

* * *

Some time ago a correspondent wanted me to tell him what the "seigniorage" was that the Government intended to coin into silver dollars, and I answered that in my opinion it was moonbeams, but since then a better definition has been found, and Mr. Hewitt of New York describes it as a "vacuum." To coin a vacuum into silver dollars worth fifty cents apiece, and then redeem them in gold dollars worth a hundred cents apiece is a financial feat never equalled since Aladdin's lamp was lost. It is the logical folly of the "legal tender" system. Once allow Government the power to declare gold, silver, or anything else a legal tender in payment of debts, and the way is opened for wild-cat finance unlimited. All a man has to do now when he loses in a trade is to add his loss to what he expected to gain, and coin them both into dollars, for such is the plan of Congress. We bought in round numbers 140 000,000 ounces of silver, for which we paid 126,000,000 dollars, and according to the present price of silver we lost 36,000,000 dollars by the trade; but if we had coined the silver into dollars of the present weight it would have made 180,000,000 dollars, and so the difference between the 126 millions that we paid for the silver, and the 180 millions that we might have coined it into, makes a vacuum of about 54 millions. This vacuum we now propose to coin into imaginary money, issue it as legal tender, and in this way get back the 36 millions that we lost and something more besides. If the dishonest legal tender principle were abolished altogether, Congress could not perform fantastic tricks with money; the finances of the country would soon be on a natural and scientific foundation, and coinage would be free.

* * *

The killing of two "game-keepers" by a "poacher" within a few miles of Chicago, reminds me of the feudal game laws that linger still in England. It appears that Albert Looker had been shooting game "on or near" the hunting grounds of the Tolleston Gun Club, a corporation of rich men living in Chicago; and it also appears that last Wednesday evening Conroy and Cleary the game-keepers found the poacher in a Tolleston saloon and began to punish him, whereupon Looker drew his revolver and killed them both. A coroner's inquest was held the next day, and the jury rendered a verdict of "justifiable manslaughter." The Tolleston Gun Club owns a very large tract of land, and this land is devoted exclusively to the pleasures of the gun. By a hunter's fiction, all the game that roams or flies over Illinois and Indiana belongs to the Tolleston Gun Club, and if any hungry hunter, not a member of the club, wanders on to the sacred wastes and shoots a duck or a deer, he himself is very liable to be shot by the game-keepers, or pounded into insensibility with a stick. According to the papers there was "near the centre of the marsh a stand which the game-keepers would mount with a field-glass, and if any unfortunate hunter was near they would open upon him with shotgun or with Winchester; and they claimed they were obeying instructions given by the club." As to this latter statement, it is only fair to say that it is contradicted by Mr. F. A. Howe of Chicago, the President of the Club, who went out yesterday to the scene of the tragedy, and said: "Conroy and his companion were hired to watch the grounds and allow no outsiders to trespass or do any shooting upon them, and that was as far as their authority went." Mr. Howe's version must be believed until it is fairly contradicted; but at the best, it is melancholy enough that thousands of acres of land within walking distance of Chicago are used exclusively as hunting-grounds for a few men who kill animals for "sport."

* * *

For a number of years, Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the celebrated evangelists, have had wonderful success in converting sinners, and so this winter they appointed a revival at Washington to try the effect of their sermons and their songs upon Congress; but the result was a failure, as might have been expected considering the hardness of the material, for although the "Houses" have chaplains of their own, paid by the nation to pray for them every day, the members remain impenitent and hard; in fact, they are like some regiments of soldiers I knew in the army, of whom the chaplain said: "The more they are prayed for the harder they get." According to the latest information, which, however, is open to correction later on, not a member of the House of Representatives was converted, and only one member of the Senate, Mr. Blackburn of Kentucky; and there are some doubts about him, for it is the general opinion that his conversion could be depended on with more certainty if he came from almost any other State than Kentucky; they have so many temptations there. For all that, Mr. Blackburn appears to be a promising convert, and there are well-founded hopes that he will stand firm upon the ice, for he is doing a little missionary work among his fellow-members of the Senate, distributing tracts and other light reading judiciously adapted to the size and strength of the senatorial mind. One of the tracts is entitled "The Song of the Sparrow," and the moral of it is that God cares for the most insignificant of his creatures, and that even a Senator is not outside the plan of salvation. I have room only for the first verse of the poem, but it is all equally good. Considering that the sparrow is not much of a singer, his poetry is entitled to more credit than it would be if he were a competent person like the mocking-bird. He says:

> "I am only a little sparrow,
> A bird of low degree,
> My life is of little value,
> But the dear Lord cares for me."

* * *

Even a sparrow, when he gets religion, can mix pride and humility together in his poetry, after the manner of self-righteous men in more pretentious hymns. Waiving that for the present, the sentiment of the song is a plea of the weak for more merciful treatment by the strong; and it is an appeal, not only for sparrows, but for men and women and children. The ethics of it is generous and humane, but the theology of it is open to some doub'.

for the sparrow is an outlaw in this very Christian land. In the State of Illinois there is a price upon his head, and the reward for slaying him is two cents. This looks like a vote of censure on the "dear Lord," for taking care of the sparrows, but it shows how feeble are the efforts of human legislation when directed against the divine government, for in spite of the destructive ingenuity of men and boys, excited by a bribe of two cents, to exterminate the sparrow by sticks, and stones, and bows and arrows, and guns, and traps, and catapults, and poison, the chirping nuisance increases and multiplies, and grows more mischievous day by day. With impudent sarcasm he says to his persecutors as emphatically as a sparrow can say anything, "Your laws are vain, for the dear Lord cares for me." And, if the argument from design is worth anything, he does. Although the sparrow sometimes appears in a false character as a "reed-bird," or as a "quail on toast," in the restaurant, he is really not good eating, and this is evidence of providential care. In addition to that, the "dear Lord" has endowed him with superior abilities for taking care of himself; he has given him besides a good appetite and a hardy constitution, a fighting talent that keeps other birds far away from the sparrow's hunting grounds. And then, he is not particular as to his diet, animal or vegetable, worms or wheat, it's all the same to him.

M. M. TRUMBULL.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE WORLD'S PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS An Illustrated and Popular Story of the World's First Parliament of Religions, Held in Chicago in Connexion with the Columbian Exposition of 1893. Edited by the *Rev. John Henry Barrows*, D. D., Chairman of the General Committee on Religious Congresses of the World's Congress Auxiliary. Two volumes. Chicago: The Parliament Publishing Company. 1893. Pages, 1600. Price, $5.00.

NEELY'S HISTORY OF THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS AND RELIGIOUS CONGRESSES AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION. Compiled from Original Manuscripts and Stenographic Reports. Edited by a Corps of Able Writers. *Prof. Walter R. Houghton*, Editor-in-Chief. Two volumes in one. Fully illustrated. Chicago: F. T. Neely. 1893. Pages, 1001.

REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS CONGRESSES OF THE WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION. By *Rev. L. P. Mercer*, Member of the General Committee. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally, & Company. 1893. Pages, 334.

A CHORUS OF FAITH AS HEARD IN THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS HELD IN CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 10-27, 1893. With an Introduction by *Jenkin Lloyd Jones*. The Unity Publishing Company. 1893. Pp, 333 Price, paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1 50.

The four books above listed are the chief works relative to World's Parliament of Religions which have yet appeared. The last, that of the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, is a short collection of extracts, chiefly taken from the reports of the *Chicago Herald*. Its virtue is its conciseness (three hundred and twenty-eight pages). The passages chosen bear almost exclusively upon the common ethical features of the different religions and on such general ideas as the brotherhood of man, the universal belief in God, etc., etc. The book is not a record of the Parliament's proceedings. But it is legibly printed on good paper, is inexpensive, and, bearing in mind its scope, may be recommended.

Rand & McNally's "Review" is the production of the Rev. L. P. Mercer. It *is* an account of the Parliament, but a very imperfect one. It contains a few portraits. The type is large.

The second volume listed above, that of Neely, is known to the public chiefly in connexion with an advertising venture of *The Chicago Tribune*. It contains about one thousand pages and some portraits; the print is small, the binding poor and tasteless. It is furnished with an introduction full of platitudes and cant. One merit of the book is,—and it is a great one,—that aside from its thirty-one pages of Introduction and Preface, it contains only concise notes of the proceedings, without superfluous comment. The full addresses are not always given, but what is given, it seems, is given as nearly *verbatim* as the circumstances permitted. Where condensation was necessary, non-evangelical and liberal speakers chiefly suffered.

Dr. Barrow's work, the Chairman of the General Committee on Religious Congresses, is called "an illustrated and popular *story* of the World's First Parliament of Religions." It is a complete and detailed record of the Parliament. Its two volumes take up together sixteen hundred pages. It contains all the addresses delivered at the Parliament, those of the first volume, nearly *verbatim*, those of the second, owing to lack of space, condensed; photographs of the speakers, and photographic illustrations of the different churches, mosques, pagodas, and towers of the various religions, together with views of their principal monuments and ceremonies. It is, of course, the best and most complete book of reference yet published on the Parliament. The manufacture of the work was a task of great magnitude and one that demanded much critical knowledge and skill. Considering the difficulties and the haste with which it was prepared, the performance is a creditable one; but it can hardly be said that it is a really scientific piece of work. Its cost is five dollars, which, considering the general excellence of its form, is not very expensive.

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