

Not like to like, but like in difference.
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
 The man be more of woman, she of man;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw
 the world;
 She mental breadth, nor fall in childward
 care,
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
 Till at the last she set herself to man
 Like perfect music unto noble words;
 And so these twain, upon the skirts of
 Time,
 Sit side by side, full summed in all their
 powers.
 Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
 Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
 Distinct in individualities,
 But like each other even as those who love.
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to
 men;
 Then reign the world's great bridals,
 chaste and calm;
 Then springs the crowning race of human-
 kind.
 May these things be!

It was said in preface that the words of the prince were familiar; but very seldom do the first 16 lines we have quoted appear, and yet they are essential to the poet's thought. In "The Princess" Tennyson was the vates, the seer, to a degree he never equaled in aught else. "The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free." They should each be free, as Emerson has written in memorable words. In true union, they are free, and therefore one.—Springfield Republican of September 18, 1903.

A TRIAL WHICH SHOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN.

An extract from an Argument on United States Citizenship by Isabella Beecher Hooker, presented with a Memorial from the Connecticut Women's Suffrage Association to the Constitutional Convention assembled in Hartford, Jan. 1, 1902.

In 1872 Susan B. Anthony was able to persuade the inspectors of election in her own State of New York, three in number, to duly register her name, and in November she was allowed to vote for the U. S. Presidential electors and for members of Congress. This short triumph, however, became a new sorrow, for in 1873 Miss Anthony was arrested and held to trial for having "knowingly voted without having a lawful right to vote," and Judge Hunt of the Supreme Court of the United States, to his eternal dishonor, ordered the jury to find her guilty without submitting the case to them, and imposed a fine of \$100 and costs for this pretended crime.

That you may more fully understand and appreciate the level of iniquity to which a judge of our highest court was willing to descend in this refusal to submit the case to the jury who had listened to able arguments of counsel

on both sides and were prepared to render an intelligent verdict, I will read you a few pages from the printed report of the trial:

"Judge Hunt—(Ordering the defendant to stand up)—Has the prisoner anything to say why sentence shall not be pronounced?

"Miss Anthony—Yes, your honor, I have many things to say; for in your ordered verdict of guilty, you have trampled under foot every vital principle of our government. My natural rights, my civil rights, my political rights, my judicial rights, are all alike ignored. Robbed of the fundamental privilege of citizenship, I am degraded from the status of a citizen to that of a subject; and not only myself individually, but all of my sex, are, by your honor's verdict, doomed to political subjection under this, so-called, form of government.

"Judge Hunt—The Court cannot listen to a rehearsal of arguments the prisoner's counsel has already consumed three hours in presenting.

"Miss Anthony—May it please your honor, I am not arguing the question, but simply stating the reasons why sentence cannot, in justice, be pronounced against me. Your denial of my citizen's right to vote, is the denial of my right of consent as one of the governed, the denial of my right of representation as one of the taxed, the denial of my right to a trial by a jury of my peers as an offender against law, therefore, the denial of my sacred rights to life, liberty, property and—

"Judge Hunt—The Court cannot allow the prisoner to go on.

"Miss Anthony—But your honor will not deny me this one and only poor privilege of protest against this high-handed outrage upon my citizen's rights. May it please the Court to remember that since the day of my arrest last November, this is the first time that either myself or any person of my disfranchised class has been allowed a word of defense before judge or jury—

"Judge Hunt—The prisoner must sit down—the Court cannot allow it.

"Miss Anthony—Of all my prosecutors, from the 8th ward corner grocery politician, who entered the complaint, to the United States Marshal, Commissioner, District Attorney, District Judge, to your honor on the bench, not one is my peer, but each and all are my political sovereigns; and had your honor submitted my case to the jury, as was clearly your duty, even then I should have had just cause of protest, for not one of those men

was my peer; but, native or foreign born, white or black, rich or poor, educated or ignorant, awake or asleep, sober or drunk, each and every man of them was my political superior; hence, in no sense, my peer. Even, under such circumstances, a commoner of England, tried before a jury of Lords, would have far less cause to complain than should I, a woman, tried before a jury of men. Even my counsel, the Hon. Henry R. Selden, who has argued my cause so ably, so earnestly, so unanswerably, before your honor, is my political sovereign. Precisely as no disfranchised person is entitled to sit upon a jury, and no woman is entitled to the franchise, so, none but a regularly admitted lawyer is allowed to practice in the courts, and no woman can gain admission to the bar—hence, jury, judge, counsel, must all be of the superior class.

"Judge Hunt—The court must insist—the prisoner has been tried according to the established forms of law.

"Miss Anthony—Yes, your honor, but by forms of law all made by men, interpreted by men, administered by men, in favor of men, and against women; and hence, your honor's ordered verdict of guilty, against a United States citizen for the exercise of 'that citizen's right to vote,' simply because that citizen was a woman and not a man. But, yesterday, the same man-made forms of law, declared it a crime punishable with \$1,000 fine and six months' imprisonment, for you, or me, or any of us, to give a cup of cold water, a crust of bread, or a night's shelter to a panting fugitive as he was tracking his way to Canada. And every man or woman in whose veins coursed a drop of human sympathy violated that wicked law, reckless of consequences, and was justified in so doing. As then, the slaves who get their freedom must take it over, or under, or through the unjust forms of law, precisely so, now, must women, to get their right to a voice in this government, take it; and I have taken mine, and mean to take it at every possible opportunity.

"Judge Hunt—The Court orders the prisoner to sit down. It will not allow another word.

"Miss Anthony—When I was brought before your honor for trial, I hoped for a broad and liberal interpretation of the Constitution and its recent amendments, that should declare all United States citizens under its protecting aegis—that should declare equality of rights the national guarantee to all persons born or

naturalized in the United States. But failing to get this justice—failing, even, to get a trial by a jury not of my peers—I ask not leniency at your hands—but rather the full rigors of the law.

"Judge Hunt—The Court must insist—

"(Here the prisoner sat down.)

"Judge Hunt—The prisoner will stand up.

"(Here Miss Anthony arose again.)

"The sentence of the Court is that you pay a fine of one hundred dollars and the costs of the prosecution.

"Miss Anthony—May it please your honor, I shall never pay a dollar of your unjust penalty. All the stock in trade I possess is a \$10,000 debt, incurred by publishing my paper—The Revolution—four years ago, the sole object of which was to educate all women to do precisely as I have done, rebel against your man-made, unjust, unconstitutional forms of law, that tax, fine, imprison and hang women, while they deny them the right of representation in the government; and I shall work on with might and main to pay every dollar of that honest debt, but not a penny shall go to this unjust claim. And I shall earnestly and persistently continue to urge all women to the practical recognition of the old revolutionary maxim, that 'Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God.'

"Judge Hunt—Madam, the Court will not order you committed until the fine is paid."

"Madam, the Court will not order you committed until the fine is paid!"

Susan Anthony in jail for refusing to pay this unjust fine! Judge Hunt knew full well that this would toll the great liberty bell till it was heard all over the land and would rouse all true manhood to the rescue, so he quietly allowed the fine to go uncollected and the penalty unenforced.

Nearly thirty years have passed and the fine and costs have not yet been paid, and never will be. Not only so, but I make the prediction that before many years Congress will make Miss Anthony an appropriation sufficient to cover, with interest, all that she expended in her defense, and probably enough more to make it a testimonial of the public admiration of her grand championship of a great right. She will be remembered with honor when Judge Hunt is forgotten, or remembered only as a disgraceful participant in this great wrong.

The church is an inward feeling of the nearness of God, and the man holds

service in it when he thinks of God and wills good to his neighbor.—Adolph Roeder, in The New Christianity.

AN OLD CORN LAW RHYME.

In view of the food tax proposals, reprints of the old Corn Law Rhymes are becoming popular in England. Here is one which was read in the house of commons just before the final assault on the corn laws.

DIED OF STARVATION—CORONER'S INQUEST.

I met Famine on my way
Prowling for her human prey,
Clogg'd with filth and clad in rags,
Ugliest of all ugly hags.
Lo! a scepter wreath'd of snakes
In her withered hand she shakes,
And I heard the hag proclaim,
"Bread Tax is my scepter's name."
On remorseless mission bent,
Maiming, murdering as she went,
Spreading death from street to street,
Oh! I hear the hag repeat
(Shuddering while I heard and saw),
"Mine is Right and Might and Law!"
Then to solitude I flew,
Gracious Heaven! can this be true?
On my trembling knees I fell.
"God! thou God of mercy! tell—
Can the very fiends of Hell
In Thy name their pandects draw,
And declare their license law?
Dare they in Thy Holy sight
To proclaim their robbery right?
Rouse Thee, raise Thine awful rod,
Lord, how long? How long, O God!"
—Arena-Sun, of Melbourne, So. Aus.

BOOKS

THE BALLAD OF READING GAOL.

Not in a generation has anything stronger been published in English literature than this Ballad of Reading Gaol, by Oscar Wilde (Alfred Bartlett, Boston). It was written in 1896, while the author was himself in jail, in the midst of the horrors which he tells. It is a piece of writing that is sure to live, because it comes hot from a human heart, and is besides in the highest sense of the word, a work of art. It was first published in 1898, but is still little known in America. There is not much story to the poem. A trooper of the Royal Horse Guards had killed a woman—

And blood and wine were on his hands
When they found him with the dead,
The poor dead woman whom he loved,
And murdered in her bed.

After the death sentence, he had three weeks in jail before the hanging. He was there with the others, till he was taken out to "the black dock's dreadful pen"—

And I and all the souls in pain,
Who tramped the other ring,
Forgot if we ourselves had done
A great or little thing,
And watched with the gaze of dull amaze
The man who had to swing.

With a power that cannot be transmitted to prose, the poet tells the musings and the fearful meditation of the fellow prisoners—

I only knew what hunted thought
Quickened his step, and why

He looked upon the garish day
With such a wistful eye;
The man had killed the thing he loved,
And so he had to die.

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard;
Some do it with a bitter look,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss,
The brave man with a sword!

Some kill their love when they are young,
And some when they are old;
Some strangle with the hands of Lust,
Some with the bands of Gold;
The kindest use a knife, because
The dead so soon grow cold.

Some love too little, some too long,
Some sell, and others buy;
Some do the deed with many tears,
And some without a sigh;
For each man kills the thing he loves,
Yet each man does not die.

There are bitter lines on prisons and prison life, which are sure to become the classic arraignment of a crude and cruel penal system—

I know not whether Laws be right,
Or whether Laws be wrong;
All that we know who lie in gaol
Is that the wall is strong;
And that each day is like a year,
A year whose days are long.

But this I know, that every Law
That men have made for Man,
Since first Man took his brother's life,
And the sad world began,
But straws the wheat and saves the chaff
With a most evil fan.

—The vilest deeds like poison-weeds
Bloom well in prison-air;
It is only what is good in Man
That wastes and withers there;
Pale Anguish keeps the heavy gate,
And the warder is Despair.

—Each narrow cell in which we dwell
Is a foul and dark latrine,
And the fetid breath of living Death
Chokes up each grated screen,
And all, but Lust, is turned to dust
In Humanity's machine.

There is indeed in the poem a fierce power that takes possession of the reader, holds him throughout, and compels him to read it over and over. The introduction to the present edition says, "the ballad has poetic distinction that gives it rank beside Coleridge's Ancient Mariner in our permanent English literature"—surely neither in power of thought nor in high artistic qualities can it be said to fall below that famous poem, and its purpose is deeper.

J. H. DILLARD.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

—"Conquering Success; or Life in Earnest." By William Mathews, LL. D., author of "Getting On in the World," "Words; Their Use and Abuse," "Oratory and Orators," etc., etc. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price, \$1.50 net. To be reviewed.

PERIODICALS.

In a leading article in the Arena for October Chief Justice Walter Clark makes a startling statement. "Plain as is the Federal statute," he says, referring to trusts, "this section of the country has known of but one attempt to enforce it. Then the district attorney, a brave, honest, and able man, was on the point of convicting the American Tobacco Company, when he suddenly received a telegram from the attorney general to come to Washington. There he found the attorney general closeted with the general counsel of the trust and a United States senator from that State. On the demand of these two, the attorney general ordered a nol pros to be entered, which the district attorney refused to obey till the order was put in writing. The senator had made himself solid with