

against the robbery of the citizens by favored corporations, wonder is expressed that a man of such wealth and business capacity can be willing to give so much of his time to the work of defending the public rights of his fellow citizens. The very expression of the wonderment thus excited is proof of the fact that we have degenerated as a nation and that we need a revival of true citizenship and a better comprehension of its duties. The very fact that men wonder at the labor of Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, for a salary which is no importance to him is of itself alarming proof of the degeneracy of the times. It is indication that we have come to look upon official position as means to personal ends. The simple truth is that Tom L. Johnson stands for a happily growing class in the state. He has convictions as to the real functions of government. He has the courage of those convictions and believes that he can attain the best ideal of American citizenship by so conducting a municipal office as to illustrate them to the world. How far such an ideal is above mere fads for the impossible purification of politics by enlisting men of wealth in the degrading and demoralizing work of alienating public rights and further increasing the power of plutocracy is becoming better understood by men of intelligence.—Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat.

THE DEATH RATE IN THE RECONCENTRADO CAMPS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

At the end of July the total number of people in different camps in the Transvaal was 62,479; of whom some 10,000 were men, over 23,000 women, and over 28,000 children of from one to twelve years of age. The total number of deaths in July was 1,067, of which 860 were children. In the Middelburg camp alone there were 342 deaths, mostly from measles. At Potchefstroom, where there is also a very large camp, there were over 133 deaths, including 109 children.—The Standard, of London, Eng.

The annual death rate among the children in the Transvaal camps is about 370 per 1,000. In less than three years, if the war goes on and the camps remain as deadly to their inmates, everyone of these babies, our prisoners, will be dead. The death rate for men, women and children in these Transvaal camps was at the annual rate of about 210 per 1,000. That is to say, if the present arrangements

were maintained for five years, every Boer inmate of the camps, man, woman and child, would be dead. There is no parallel in history, as far as we know, to this process of extermination, steadily continued month after month, in which the enemy's casualties in the field seem likely to be completely eclipsed by the holocaust of women and infants.—The Manchester Guardian.

AN AMERICAN REMEDY FOR ANARCHY.

Remarks made by Judge Amidon, in the United States court in Minneapolis, prior to granting a motion of adjournment on account of the death of President McKinley, as reported by the press.

The first impulse upon hearing of the terrible crime has been one, apparently, of vengeance; and that spirit seems still to prevail in many minds and many circles. One thing, however, is very certain; and that is that we shall not find a remedy for anarchy in lawlessness. It would be difficult to estimate how much the evil spirit of lynch law found lodgment in the brain of the man who slew the president. It is one of the features of our recent history that makes every patriotic American considerate if not humiliated, that over wide districts of this country there has been a suspension of the ordinary course of justice, and in place of it lynch law has been substituted. Now, lynch law is the very essence of anarchy, and the expressions that we hear in the north now, in the large cities, and that we read in this morning's papers, of laying aside all the ordinary forces of justice and resorting to lynch violence do not speak creditably for the sobriety and reserve judgment of those who share in these sentiments.

If history teaches anything, it teaches that the opinions and beliefs of men, however erroneous or wicked they may appear to be, cannot be cured by the sheriff or jailer, or by criminal punishment. We have the record of 1800 years of persecutions for belief to teach us that belief cannot be changed by violence or by blood. The safety of the country in regard to such matters was voiced by one of the great commoners of England, John Milton, when he said in defense of freedom of speech:

Let truth and error grapple. Who ever knew truth to be worsted in an open fight?

And when we come to deal with the evil that has led to this sad termination, as I said at the outset, our remedy will have to be an American remedy, a remedy consistent with those founda-

mental principles of civil liberty, of freedom of thought and freedom of speech, upon which this government is founded.

We shall not find our remedy in the despotic countries which have given rise to this very class of people who have come here now to trouble us. If drastic measures, if the eternal presence of the police, the dungeon and banishment were a remedy for anarchy, there would be no anarchists in the old world; but we all know that notwithstanding the exceedingly drastic remedies that have obtained there, the class has grown under it.

When we speak of freedom of speech and freedom of thought we, of course, do not mean to justify that speech which incites directly to the commission of crime. That is criminal itself, and ought to be punished. But that is a very different thing from freedom of speech, for example, which consists in criticism of the government. That is a very different thing, I say, which incites directly to the murder and assassination of public officers, from the criticism of governmental measures.

If our laws are insufficient now to deal with such matters, as they seem to be, they will have to be amended or new laws adopted. But those laws, when they are framed, will be laws consistent with the principles of civil liberty upon which our country is founded. We shall find our remedy for anarchy to be an American remedy, and not a foreign remedy. We certainly shall not find it in any method of violence.

IMPRESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH SPECTATOR AT THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

From a Private Letter.

My conclusions, after my day in Canton, are that the people I saw had not been rightly trained in either a noble cultivation of emotion, nor—what is of perhaps less importance, but still, to me, a matter of very great interest—in the artistic expression of the same. For, to refer to the latter first, I do not hold that the democratic necessarily means the plain, the inartistic, the commonplace. To my mind ceremonial and pageant are by no means the monopoly of aristocracy and superstition. Splendor and magnificence, especially in public matters, are perfectly consistent with democracy, so they express democratic principles, and are the outpouring of a catholic spirit. You can see trades processions in Manchester which breathe independence, not to say defiance, from start to finish, which are also most interesting and enjoyable spectacles.

Yesterday's function seemed to me crude in plan and conception from beginning to end. Some of this was perhaps involuntary disappointment and longing for those things which in England would not have failed in creating an atmosphere. The muffled peal—faint, musical, exquisite—like a welcome in the very bells of heaven, and yet by their weird softness suggesting the spiritual and unseen. Sad music—the trained music of great composers—Beethoven, Chopin, Handel—this was absent, and one almost resented the omission. Bands there were, but second rate, and the music they made unimpressive. Matters were very much delayed, which is always an artistic mistake, speaking generally; perhaps, however, this was unavoidable.

I was not at the church, so I cannot speak of the effect which would have been produced on us there. The papers this morning, however, inform us that after the organ prelude a ladies' quartette sang: "The Beautiful Isle of Somewhere." They only give the title, but I do know that that is downright pagan, and all that is unworthy and inappropriate.

I did not go to the cemetery, but of the procession I will say that to me it was unimpressive, cold and only redeemed from vulgarity by the evident effort made by these composing it to do the right thing. It was neither a military, nor a religious, nor a civic affair, being largely composed of masonic organizations, whose quasi military character is to me very tiresome. They don't do what they attempt to do well, so instead of order and solidarity, which are inspiring, we have irregularity and "slipshoddiness."

The procession itself was ill-arranged in my estimation—ill-proportioned. The equipages were ill-ordered, and the horses ill-mounted and ill-groomed. Democratic simplicity might not merely allow, but will appreciate the country vehicle driven many miles to pay tribute of affection, but the attempt was at an organized function.

Now, as to the people. It seemed to me there was a general indifference. I did not notice any case of personal emotion during the day at any time. On the line of procession the crowd was good-natured, not gay, perhaps, but at any rate thoughtless. During the funeral procession one marked that the people were quite passive. While the bier was passing, to get a better view I got upon a low wall,

and was ordered off. "But you can come inside for 25 cents." The dead president was to that man worse than nothing.

The bright spot in the procession was Tom Johnson in the midst of his politicians, dignified, grave, thinking, doubtless, most seriously.

I came to the conclusion that the people could not—happily enough—exhibit what they did not feel—that the occasion was not one to teach an obvious lesson, but yet I should like to have been six hours earlier one of the 6,000 in St. Paul's in London.

THE GOSPEL THAT WILL SAVE FROM TERRORISM.

A portion of a sermon with the above title delivered at the First Universalist church, of Buffalo, Sunday morning, September 16, by Rev. L. M. Powers.

There is one thought in all our hearts at this time. All this week we have been asking: Why? Why should a man of the highest personal character, an admirable type of American manhood, a man who went through two fiercely fought campaigns with no blot on his escutcheon, be laid low by the hand of an assassin? For however little one may have agreed with the president in his foreign policy, of his personal worth no one ever had any doubt. A loyal friend, a most exemplary and devoted husband, a good citizen in whom his neighbors took pride, a president with fewer personal enemies probably than any other who has occupied that difficult position, and, as the last few days have shown, a man of magnanimous spirit. Why, we ask, should anyone seek the life of such a man?

And when we pause to think, we see that it was not the life of this friend, or citizen, or husband, or large-hearted man, that was sought. That shot was fired at the president, and solely because he was the president. The fact that he was the president of a particular party had nothing to do with it. He was killed because he was the president of the United States. That shot was aimed at church and state.

Let us think together. Ever since the Christian church was established, from all its pulpits men have been preaching: "God is love," "All men are brothers," "Love your enemies," "Overcome evil with good," and yet every now and then we are startled to find how near the surface hate lies in all hearts. Once in awhile one appears with hate so deadly that in order to give that hate its deepest expression he is ready to throw away his life. Then comes the answering rage. Min-

isters who read for a Scripture lesson: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," manifest hate, and counsel murder. Reason is displaced by a blind desire to do something we know not what. Society feels a sense of impotency, a feeling which always expresses itself in unintelligent anger. As in a flash we see how ineffectual is all that we have relied upon for safety. A few desperate individuals insane in their rebellion against society, and we know not what widespread evil might result. Such is the apprehension which the wild and awful deed of one man has spread over the whole land.

How can this evil be cured? How can this danger be avoided? For the question is not how to deal with one murderous individual. All feel that. There is nothing to fear when one man hurls himself against 70,000,000. A mean and worthless individual may indeed exchange his life for one most precious and valuable, but that is all he can do. Against society he is powerless. But somehow we now feel that we are confronting an evil that does not reside in an individual, but in a class—a small class to be sure, as yet, but still a class.

In our country now, as in all other lands, are men who have a deadly hatred of government. This is startling, but if this is not so, then all our fears are foolish. This is startling, because for the first 75 years of our history the dissatisfied of all other lands found a refuge here, loved our government with a passionate love, and terrorism found not a friend among all those who lived beneath the flag. This was the land of opportunity, the land of social equality, the land where all might hope to rise. An early president used to ride unattended on horseback where he chose, safer in the protection of the people's love than he would have been if a standing army had kept them from him.

How can we account for the change? It will not do to place it to the account of foreigners. From the first there has been a ceaseless stream of immigrants to this country, who have become and are to-day its loyal and devoted citizens. No man of foreign birth has ever raised his hand against the head of the nation. We must bear the responsibility of having educated all the men by whom our presidents have been killed. It cannot be charged to sensationalism in the press. The newspapers are of incalculable value to society. If they promote terrorism at all it is by the law of opposition, and because they