

does it come that so many of them are tenants at will? How does it happen that there is a constant, never-ceasing decline in the number of those who own the farms they operate?

IN CONGRESS.

This report is an abstract of the Congressional Record, the official report of congressional proceedings. It includes all matters of general interest and closes with the last issue of the Record at hand upon going to press. Page references are to the pages of Vol. 25 of that publication.

Record Notes.—Speech nominally on civil government in the Philippines, but in fact on the American financial question, by Representative Fowler (p. 3553).

MISCELLANY

ENCOURAGEMENT.

For The Public.

"I am so tired!" I cried.

Vainly I strive against The Giant Wrong.
The world heeds not; still does The Wrong abide,

More cruel and more strong.

A thousand lives I'd throw

Into the fight and gladly yield them all,
Counting each pang a blessing, could I know

It helped The Wrong to fall.

But oh, to toil so much,

From weary year to weary year, and see
My brothers in The Wrong's most cruel clutch,

Far as before from free!

A Spirit to my thought

Whispers: "'Tis near—The Wrong's sure
overthrown.

The world indeed will know not how you
wrought,

But you and I will know.

ELIZABETH PHELPS ROUNSEVELL.

EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND WOMEN ENFRANCHISED.

The most significant political event of the century is the enfranchisement of 800,000 women of Federated Australia. This is the first time in the history of the world that a whole nation has enfranchised its women, and this object lesson will help the cause of human liberty throughout the earth. The adult suffrage bill, just enacted into law by both houses of the Australian Parliament, places the parliamentary ballot in the hands of the women of New South Wales, South Australia, Victoria, East Australia, West Australia and Tasmania. It is the greatest victory ever won for women, and assures the establishment of woman's complete equality in the near future throughout the entire southern hemisphere.

This is as though American women in every state in the Union should be empowered to vote for President and members of Congress and be made eligible to be elected to any of these positions.—Mrs. Joseph K. Henry, in the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune of June 24.

A POLICE MATRON'S GOOD WORK.

Mrs. Abbie Jackson, of Boston, has been a police matron for nearly 30 years. She has been of unusually great service at Station 3, where she has been on duty continuously, through her ability to manage refractory prisoners without physical force. Her mild, pleasant manner is successful even with the most hardened women. For saving human lives by prompt attention to sick and injured persons she repeatedly has been praised by the police commissioners. Her relations with the police department have been remarkably harmonious. Eight captains have come and gone at her station and not a man remains who was there when she began work, and from all she has received kindly consideration. She is held in affectionate esteem by the men who call her "Mother Jack." To care for over 20,000 erring or friendless women, to raise up a son and daughter of her own, and to "mother" the "boys" at her station, is a good 30 years' work, and Mrs. Jackson richly merits her first vacation, which she is about to take.—The Woman's Journal.

THE SELF-EVIDENT TRUTHS THAT CANNOT DIE.

An oration delivered by C. E. S. Wood, at the Fourth of July celebration, 1902, at Portland, Ore.

Why are we gathered together to-day? Why have we pushed aside for this day the weariness of our labor? From the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean the wheels are hushed and the tall chimneys have ceased to pour out their black clouds. Why are the people to-day everywhere keeping a holiday?

The Declaration of the Independence of the United States was agreed to by the colonies, in Congress assembled, July 2, 1776, and the next day John Adams, writing to his wife, said:

The 2d day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty; it ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore.

We are keeping holiday to-day because it is the celebration of the day of our deliverance, and we do celebrate with pomp, and parade, with bells and bonfires, from one end of this continent to the other. And

I trust we do celebrate it with solemn acts of devotion to the memory of those who were our deliverers.

The bells, the pomp, the parade, the guns, the illuminations of to-day are the echo of that wild exultation which rang out 126 years ago in the mad peals of the old liberty bell, until its brazen throat was burst in proclaiming: "These united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states."

Free and independent states they have been from that day to this, and may it please the everlasting powers which control the destiny of man to so direct our future that a thousand years from now, aye, even when man shall look back at us to-day as we look back through the mists of years to Rome and Greece, still shall these United States of America be truly independent and wholly free.

We are not Democrats or Republicans to-day. We strike hands as brethren: we are all fellow citizens of the greatest republic the world has ever seen; nor are we met only to tickle our ears with the rhetoric or feed fat our pride with vainglory. We are to-day solemnly before the altar of our beloved country on her Sabbath, her day of days, to take thought on the past and on the future; to dedicate ourselves to the dead and to the unborn.

What is more honorable than reverence for the memory of the noble dead? What is so ennobling as gratitude to those who died that we might live? Must not the most selfish man be grateful to those who ate bitter bread that he might live at ease? And so to-day as a first office we lay the sweet-smelling wreath of gratitude upon the graves of our forefathers. We honor the memory of the men and women who made us free. Not only do we honor and extol Washington, Samuel and John Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Hancock, Warren, Prescott, Putnam, Madison and the long roll of honor we know so well, but also we bless the memory of the men and women whose names can never be known to history—the plain people—the masses of the people, the great common people—the men and women unknown who fought and died and wept and suffered for us. We see the mothers, sisters and daughters at the spinning wheel and loom, even at the plow and the harrow, earning a coarse living for themselves, their children and their soldiers. We see them weeping over

their dumb, white dead. We see these soldiers in all manner of homespun, in buckskin coats and with buck tails in their hats; in various militia uniforms, and in no uniforms. There are they all—the stern-faced elderly men and the eager-faced young men; the people in arms. We see these soldiers with bleeding feet and ragged clothes in the snow at Valley Forge; we see them without pay and on scant rations at Newburgh; we see them at Morristown, half starved and half mutinous, crying to the continental congress that they have had no pay for half a year, and their families are asking for bread. And when the British general offers these mutineers full fare and full pay in the army of the king, they hang the messengers.

The plain people of America are with Marion and Sumter in the swamps of the south, and with Ethan Allen and Stark in the mountains of the north. They are on Bunker hill with Warren and Prescott, fighting until their powder is gone, and then fighting as men who fight for freedom should, with clubbed muskets, to the death, dying with their feet to the foe and their faces turned up to the unchained and limitless blue.

We see the Minute men, with Capt. Parker, at Lexington, where Pitcairn's loud cry rings out: "Disperse, ye rebels, lay down your arms and disperse! Damn you, disperse!" And we hear Capt. Parker's bid for martyrdom and immortality: "Do not fire unless you are fired on, but if they want war, let it begin here." And then was fired the volley whose echoes break against the walls of time.

We see them with Paul Jones on the decks of the first American man of war, and under the very first American flag which ever hung between the sea and sky—American sailors—true patriots—weaving between its threads such courage and honor that the flag itself is gilded with their glory. We see them in the splendid panorama at Yorktown, when the great drama is ended, and the army of the king has surrendered finally to the army of the republic, and marches out to the tune: "The World Is Upside Down." And the world is upside down, indeed, for kings are under foot, and at last the people are on top. How glorious this American army; how sublime its cause. The only armies which have ever moved the world and the only armies which are truly glorious are the people under arms, and the only

war that is truly just is that to win freedom or to hold it.

There is in the Tower of London the sword of Richard III., and there is in the old town hall of Boston a flintlock musket of a Minute man of Lexington. Richard has been lost in air these centuries, but his sword survives—a symbol of absolute despotism and selfish power, the power of the one man over the many, the power of the king over the people. The Minute man has also gone, but there in the old town hall of Boston lies the very musket he used when he took his life in his hand and went out to do battle against kingship and oppression for you and for me. It was he, and such as he, who wrote indelibly on the page of history:

Governments derive their just powers only from the consent of the governed. When a government ceases to express the will of the people, rebellion against that government is just.

We may gather the seas together in the hollow of our hand. We may bind the earth with the girdle of our power. We may pave our very streets with the gold of our prosperity; but under the eternal vault of heaven there is no glory we can win shall match the deathless glory of the forefathers who made us free.

No man lives to himself alone. The seed our forefathers sowed we have reaped; and as we plant, so shall the unborn children gather. There is nothing which rises suddenly and is born to-day. The past is the mother of the present, and the present is the mother of the future. The Declaration of Independence was not struck out new and original in 1776. Back of the American revolution was the English revolution; and back of the English revolution was Cromwell and Marston Moor, and that day when the divine right of kings fell with the head of Charles, when the head of the Lord's anointed was picked up out of the bloody sawdust and held aloft with the daring words: "This is the head of a traitor." Back of Marston Moor and Cromwell was Runnymede, and back of Runnymede was the Roman republic, and back of the Roman republic the Athenian democracy, and so on to the very beginnings of time.

No one can ever say: "Assuredly, here was the beginning of man's struggle upward to freedom." No one can ever say: "Here at last the goal has been reached." I say no man lives to himself alone, and no people lives to itself alone. Nothing is wholly born of to-day. More than a hundred years before the Declaration of Independ-

ence the royal agent, Randolph, had written to his master, Charles, reporting on the rebellious spirit in Massachusetts colony: "The laws made by your majesty and your parliament obligeth them in nothing but what consisteth with the interest of that colony."

It is true, this effort of the colony at independence and government of the people, by the people, for the people, was suppressed by the strong arm of the restored monarchy, and Massachusetts and other colonies were deprived of their charters; but the effort at self-government was none the less true and the spirit of it never died. Truth is not to be measured by the success of the moment. If true, it is always true till the inevitable triumphant end. Nearly one hundred years before the Declaration of Independence, Algernon Sydney went to the block and his head was held up as the head of a traitor, because among his papers was found an essay in his handwriting maintaining that the will of the people was the true foundation of all government and that rebellion against a government which was not the will of the people was lawful resistance. At the same time that Sydney died for the truth, one Filmer was rewarded for writing a treatise announcing that even though the royal command was known to be unlawful and oppressive, resistance on the part of the people was wicked—the doctrine of passive obedience. And at the same time Milton's works advocating the rights of the people against kingship were publicly burned by the University of Oxford. Was Sydney less right because he was beheaded? Was passive obedience less false because Filmer was rewarded? Was Milton wrong because his books were execrated by a great seat of learning? The truth cannot die. Though it be slain a thousand times, still it is alive; and behold, in one hundred years after the death of Sydney the philosopher Franklin, one of the great minds of the world, and John Hancock and Thomas Jefferson and John and Samuel Adams, and all that immortal company, were writing on parchment and on the hearts of men the truth for which Sydney died—governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, and rebellion against oppression is righteous resistance.

The pulpit, conservative as it has always been, was with royalty and kingship. Property, conservative as it has always been, was with royalty and kingship, and the wealthy people of

New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore were as a rule royalists. But the plain, common people, under the leadership of Washington, Hamilton and the giants of those days, took up the truth which seemed to die with Sydney; took up the truth which seemed to die with the Massachusetts charter, and founded the greatest democracy and the greatest republic this globe has ever seen; founded it on the foundation rock that all men are created equal in their rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; that it is the right of the people to alter or abolish any government and institute a new one which shall more effectually promote the general welfare of the whole people. And these truths never again shall die from among men. The right of any man or set of men to govern a people against their will is denied forevermore. The right of the people to rebel is true forevermore.

A price to make the very soul shudder has been paid for this freedom of the common man. Think of the dungeons and the bloody streets of Rome. Think of the rack, the wheel, the stake and the noble army of martyrs who in all the centuries have died for free thought, free speech and free press. Think of the Tower of London and the Bastille; think of the centuries of patient people driven like cattle by their over-lords, and like cattle murdered. Think of the horrors of the slave ship and the auction block where mother was torn from child, and husband from wife. Think that in my own lifetime states of this union had on their statute books laws which made it a crime for a man to learn to read or write. Think of the measureless ages of torture and oppression, and dumb, patient human suffering, of the mountains of groans and rivers of blood, and of tears which for centuries have made every clod of this round world of ours to cry out to heaven: "Justice! Justice! Justice! O God, only Justice!" And then, let us go down on our knees in thankfulness that we at last have seen the godlike face of Justice lighted by the first flush of freedom's dawn. Let us say: "Oh, ye men and women of Cromwell, of Washington, of Lincoln, and all ye unknown hosts who fought the fight against oppression, who led Justice out of the bondage into the broad light of eternal day, we, here assembled to-day, thank you, and we swear to pay our debt to those who shall come after us. How shall we pay

it? We may be sure that as we sow so shall our children reap. In so far as our forefathers followed the path of eternal Justice we have been blessed—in so far as they followed greed and forgot Justice we have been cursed. The Declaration of Independence was not a mere war measure. It was not a political tract. It was not a mere deed of separation. It was a declaration of self-evident truths. It was thought to be true at all times and everywhere—for truth does not sit in any corner, but is universal as the air and far-reaching as thought. Side by side with the declaration that all men are created equal in their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that just government is only founded on the will of the people, stood slavery giving the lie. But nevertheless the declaration was the truth and slavery was the lie, and in the end, as it will always be, or else man is created in vain, the truth strangled the lie. Let us mark the slow turning of the wheel of God as a lesson to ourselves, as an illustration in our own history, that it is truer with nations than it is with families that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Let us be convinced of the changeless truth that they who oppose themselves to Justice will be broken as butterflies beneath a chariot wheel. Only in a constant effort to do right does a nation grow.

In the original draft of the Declaration of Independence Jefferson had written a clause denouncing the king of England for opposing his veto to every measure framed by the colonies against the slave trade, and declaring that slavery had been forced on the colonies and maintained in them in the interest of British traders. This article was stricken out, because of the opposition of South Carolina and Georgia. They had grown to covet this trade.

In the Constitutional Convention slavery was again attacked. Gouverneur Morris said where slave labor existed free labor could not come, and where free labor could not come the full measure of population and prosperity could not be. Col. Mason said it was a crime against God and man. But Randolph and Rutledge insisted that slavery was necessary to the prosperity of the South; that white labor could not work in the swamps of South Carolina and Georgia, and they triumphed in the convention, because the majority said it was not a question of morals but of interest and the interest of a part was the interest of all. Therefore slavery was retained

on the distinct ground that profit, money, greed should be considered above righteousness.

They who knew from revelation and from history that wrongdoing brings its own punishment, knew then, though they knew not when or how, that retribution was sure to come. Thomas Jefferson said: "I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just." But mark how far beyond their foreboding was the awful retribution, for it seems to be the law of the universe that the retribution is ever heavier than the sin itself. Justice, which had been biding her time and gathering the wages of sin for more than three-quarters of a century, burst upon this afflicted land as the wrath of God, swept in its path both the just and the unjust, deluged the land with the blood of brother against brother, and covered the country with a gloomy pall. The nation rocked to and fro, and the very foundations which had been laid in 1776 seemed apt to be carried away by the crime against right which sleek and comfortable men had committed to favor material interest.

The Declaration of Independence was a stumbling block to slavery from the very beginning, because it was the truth and slavery was the lie. Abraham Lincoln found in it strength for his courage and consolation for his hope. It was an armory of weapons against his adversaries, and in the end, as it always has been and always will be, Truth strangled the lie. But the end of our atonement is not yet. Our children and our children's children shall suffer for the wrong which poisoned the fountain of our existence.

Selfishness governs men and people, but there is a selfishness of to-day which is ruin in the end, and there is a selfishness which looks to eternity and builds on the belief that justice to all is safety and prosperity to self.

Which shall rule us to-day? What of those who shall stand here where we stand now one hundred years hence? Shall they bless us for the truth we have given, or pity us for our blindness?

Change there must be. Change is the order of the universe. The man who thinks the United States of America can remain unchanged seeks to tie the flight of time. Shall the progress be upward or downward? Unless the change be continually toward truth and right it will be downward, no matter what the glitter of a generation may be.

The man who does not wish this country to change must believe our institutions perfect. Let me urge upon you this thought: The individual is of little consequence in that great march which man is making out of the eternity of the past into the eternity of the future. The mere individual, be he good or bad, counts for little in the perspective of history. Therefore, put your faith in institutions, not in men. If you find a system has worked for bad rather than good for more than a generation, do not seek to remedy matters by turning bad men out and putting good men in. We seem continually to be butting against a wall—always hoping a change of men will bring a change of result. It never can, except for the moment. Look deeper and see what the causes are.

It is useless in my opinion to trouble ourselves about agitators, call them by any name you please.

If there be no cause of discontent, no living man can stir it up, and if there be just cause for discontent no government on earth can allay it till the cause be removed. The fanatics and demagogues of to-day are often the martyrs and patriots of to-morrow. Samuel Adams was called a fanatic and a demagogue. The abolitionists were called fanatics. Abraham Lincoln was called a demagogue. Change there must be, and agitation there must be, for as the change in men is brought through death, the change in governments is brought through the death of institutions. A government truly of the people, by the people, for the people, has never yet existed. We have, it is true, taken power from the king and placed it nominally with the people; that is to say, with the people's representatives. And in some respects, very slowly we have annihilated certain old time tyrannies and set the individual free, but more remains to be done than has been done. Changing the seat of power from king to legislature is a small change compared to a clear perception of the fact that legislatures have no just powers beyond keeping peace and order.

By the old navigation laws of England the colonies were required to buy all supplies through England. But in the freedom of Cromwell's time they took to dealing directly with France, Spain and the Indies. After the restoration the merchants of London by petition showed to the king that whereas formerly they had done a lucrative business with the colonies in

silks too old-fashioned for the London market, now these were left on their hands at a great loss, because the colonies had the effrontery to deal directly with France.

The complaint of the silk merchants seems to us absurd, and some day to our descendants it will seem absurd that we are compelled to buy American made products at a higher price than the foreigner buys them.

And we will be considered dull that we did not recognize the truth that there is no just power anywhere in legislature or king to take from even one man and give to another, to compel even one man to buy at a higher price than he need.

What is now New Hampshire was originally all granted to one man—Mason, and Maine to another man—Gorges. A slip of parchment, a seal, a king's signature, and it is done, for did not all the land on this continent belong to some crown or other? We think this very absurd, that two states of our union might to-day be owned by two men; and yet it does not seem to us absurd when congress makes gifts of lands quite as valuable, and we fail to see that the real title to land is in the actual occupation and use of it.

Again I say, this is not in fact a government for the whole people. True, the people go to the polls and vote. But we know that in fact, taking our history year by year, a set of men who make politics a business really make the laws and hold the offices, and the only laws which are important either directly or by some twist give special privileges to the cunning few.

Take, for example, the public domain, the land—and nothing is so important as the land, out of it comes all else;—run your minds back over the swamp land acts. Ostensibly they were for the benefit of the common people through the medium of the state. In reality it was a scheme by the cunning and skillful men to get through the state vast tracts of land; and you know as well as I do the swamp land acts were practically steals.

There is no use to rail at the sharp men who arranged this, nor at the representatives who betrayed the people. Far better to have denied the power in congress to dispose of lands.

Again, the timber and stone acts, ostensibly for the common man, for everybody, as all these steals are. They were really intended to facilitate a grab of the whole timber of the United States by a few men.

The ordinary man had no use for a timber claim, except for speculation, and so, by means of dummies, the entire timber area of the United States is gone. To complete the matter and show how the people are hoodwinked and betrayed by their so-called representatives, and to show how a worthy cause may be turned to robbery, look at the forest reserve. A proper step in itself. It was quickly turned by the predatory few into another grab, and an act was passed allowing one having land in reserve limits to exchange it for land outside such limits. Of course no man will deliberately make a losing exchange, so the railroads and others have exchanged all their burnt and worthless land for good timber land, and if any is left to be taken, you may look to see the limits of the reserve extended to permit the swapping to go on.

I say that state legislatures and Congress, take it all in all, have existed to swindle the people and to grant openly or indirectly special privileges. It is useless, I say, to rail at the men who betray the people. The men come and go, but the result is always the same; therefore there must be something wrong in the theory which gives such powers to any body of men. All the anthracite coal of the world is in a corner of Pennsylvania, and a very small corner at that—less than 500 square miles. It is owned by three or four railroads. It is a common saying that every man in this country has an equal opportunity. That is not so. It is less and less so. The babe unborn will find all the timber, the coal, the iron appropriated; all the railroad routes and water power appropriated; and if our laws continue as they have been in the past, he will find the more cunning and scheming few using Congress and legislatures so that the practical result will be that the common people will live under a feudal system. We may not argue logically on these things. We may not agree on the remedies. But what I have said suggests that changes must come, for the next generation will say, What opportunity have we had, when our birthright was given away by the stroke of a pen before we were born?

These are not thoughts to add to our exultation, but we have said that we are before the altar of our country to take thought on the future. It is not by blinding ourselves that we shall progress, but

only by keeping our eyes wide open to the truth. Struggle and suffering are still before us. The struggle is upon us all, but whose it shall be to suffer no one knows. It is my belief we have as good a government as we deserve. By that I mean our government, with all its faults, its excess of power over the individual and misuse of power, still is as good as the people deserve, for if they wanted a different form they could have it. In Sweden the other day, when the question of universal suffrage was pending before the legislature, 300,000 workmen walked out and said they would await the action of the legislature. The act passed. The people can always have what they clearly understand they want. And not till the people understand their own rights and the equal rights of all others, do they deserve to truly govern.

Fifty years after the Declaration of Independence Thomas Jefferson was asked to come to Washington and there rejoice with the new generation over the work which he helped to do. The weight of approaching death prevented his going, but he wrote of that Declaration which we here celebrate to-day:

May it be to the world what I believe it will be, to some parts sooner, to others later, but finally to all, the signal of arousing man to burst the chains and to assume the blessings and security of self-government. That form which we have substituted, restores the free right to the unbounded exercise of reason and freedom of opinion. All eyes are open or opening to the rights of man. The general spread of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor the favored few, booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately by the grace of God. For ourselves, let the annual return of this day forever refresh our recollection of these rights, and our undiminished devotion to them.

Since that day how has this country grown, like a young giant covering with its shield the struggling republics of this continent, and now by the accident of war it finds itself 10,000 miles from home with an Asiatic people in its charge. Some of us have believed that the courageous duty of this country is to lift these infant peoples to their feet, and guard and protect them in the right way, exercising power over them for their own good. Some of us have thought that we have no right by force to govern any people, not even to help a people against their will. And some of us have thought that a wise selfishness would keep us at home busy with our own problems, with our own poor, and not diverted

to and perhaps corrupted by colonial dependencies. And some have thought we need these colonies in our struggle for world power.

As we look back on the lesson our course of slavery teaches us, we must believe nothing we can gain will compensate us for any violation of human rights and eternal truth. One destiny of this world is toward Justice. Nothing survives which is not in that line of march.

It is as if in the beginning the great first cause had placed in the hands of man two torches—Life and Justice—and had pointed with fingers of living light onward to the goal at the end of time, and from that moment man has been struggling onward in the race, sometimes stumbling, sometimes falling, sometimes the torch of Justice has seemed blotted out, but while life itself burns it can never expire. These twin torches are kindled from the fountain light itself, and they will burn to the end of days. Serene in this belief and confident in this hope, in the name of you and all my countrymen, I pray that our country may be in the days to come a white-robed minister, teaching to the world—justice, which is indeed the truth of God. So only shall she live long in the earth; so only shall she avoid death.

The life of man is too short to show us how inexorable are the decrees of Justice. The tyrant man and the tyrant generation often seem to have bound her hands as they enjoy themselves in the sun of prosperity. But as we are to-day still suffering for our sin of slavery, so the history of every nation the world has ever seen shows that the lash of Justice is as certain as God and as merciless as death. They who were once insolent in their power are brought down to the dust and fed with fire.

Talking of pure English, says the London Speaker, the historic Babu will have to look to his laurels now that the "educated Kaffir" has entered the field. The following is the text of a letter sent by a Government employe who had been officially rebuked for his intemperate habits:

Having promulgated my conduct of drinking presumptuously, I beg to tell me nominally the person informed you. Consulted by speculations, the case should be reprimanded for the derogation of my name. When you addressed your inspection I perceived dishonest intermeddling; otherwise I am not a controversial acumen. Remember you are forced to tell me; the matter is not to be approbated clandestinely, because it was proclaimed publicly. Quickness of the answer will so oblige yours truly —.

BOOK NOTICES.

TIBERIUS THE TYRANT.

The upsetting by modern writers of many long-settled opinions on historical events and personages is an evidence not so much of a spirit of iconoclasm as of scholarship and extended knowledge. It is entirely true that modern scholars in many instances both know more and are better able to judge about the men and affairs of the ancient world than either immediate contemporaries or intermediate historians.

This book, "Tiberius the Tyrant," by J. C. Tarver, published in this country by Dutton & Co., is an attempt to reverse the common opinion in regard to the work and character of Emperor Tiberius, successor of Augustus, and ruler of the world between the years 14 and 37 A. D. Following mainly the great historical Tacitus, most readers have learned to think of Tiberius as a thrifty tyrant, who made way with all who stood in the way of his accession, who ruled, while he did rule, with caprice and oppression, and who withdrew towards the last from the duties of his office in order to spend his time with jugglers and mediums.

Two facts it is necessary to bear in mind while studying the interesting and important period of the early Roman Empire. First, that the masses of the people were undoubtedly freer, happier, and more prosperous than they had been under the so-called Republic. Secondly, that the writers, the literary men of the time, representing the culture and education of the upper classes were sympathetic with the oligarchical ideals of the old regime, which Julius Caesar had overthrown and his successors continued to oppose.

Bearing these facts in mind, we should be prepared to welcome any further authorities that may have been generally overlooked, and any resetting and restating of facts that a competent hand may offer. We say specifically "restating of facts," because Tacitus was a supreme master of the art of putting facts in such a way as to make them tell for his side.

Mr. Tarver has evidently been at great pains to put forward any new facts that might be forthcoming, and to show us how unfairly Tacitus and Suetonius presented many of the facts which have been thought to tell against Tiberius. For example, the really noble sentences of Tiberius in declining the title of "Father of his Country," are turned by Suetonius into a charge of irony and conscious unpopularity. Mr. Tarver well sees that the character of Tiberius was, to say the least, not vain, and that he was preeminently one to despise an empty compliment.

It is altogether probable that the character of Tiberius was a partial cause of his being misunderstood. He was a man of few words. He had neither suavity of words nor grace of manners. He was an aristocrat by birth, but he saw through the sham and degradation to which luxury had brought the existing Roman aristocracy. He hated humbug, and was singularly sincere for his day. The probability is that he disliked the life to which he was called. Before his elevation, he had once withdrawn to Rhodes, then a famous seat of learning, and seems to have returned to Rome with reluctance. His withdrawal to Capri, and the lovely shores of Campania, in 26 A. D., at the age of 68, was due, we may well believe, not to a sinister desire for evil and foolish lusts and practices, but to broken health, desire for rest, and a hearty disgust for the life of the Roman court.

It may be that at times Mr. Tarver has written his case too deftly, for he is an undisguised partisan, but on the whole he has given us a work for which all students of history are to be thankful. His style is somewhat uneven. Sometimes his sentences are over long and his discussion a little tedious. But this is not often. He can be very happy in hitting off apt phrases, as, for example, in speaking of