MORE ANGLO-SAXONS. It is a fine lot of Anglo-Saxons that have been mauling Spanish ships to pieces this summer, under the flag of the United States. Evans is a Welsh name, Schley pure German. Taylor and Clark came to England with the Normans in the XII century, and Dewey probably as well. Philip is Greek and Sampson more or less Hebrew; both monuments to the curious time when our forefathers had no faith in themselves, but thought that nothing could be of any account which did not come from Greece, Rome or Jerusalem. Wainwright—the wagon-maker—is the only Anglo-Saxon name in the group.

We have received copies of J. Sterling Morton's paper, THE CONSERVATIVE. It is needless to say that it is ably edited. Considerable space is devoted to old times in Nebraska. No one is better fitted to write of the events of early days in Nebraska than is J. Sterling Morton.—Nebraska Advertiser.

We are in receipt of the first two issues of J. Sterling Morton's new paper, THE CONSERVATIVE. Should democracy follow its advice, that party would miss many a pitfall in the troublous times ahead of it. THE CONSERVATIVE would amply fill the mission of a balance wheel to the isms which the pops would tack to democracy. As a republican, our estimate of the new venture would be that it is a sterling democratic sheet without populistic frills.—Culbertson Era.

The first number of THE CONSERVATIVE, a weekly edited by J. Sterling Morton at Nebraska City, reached our table last week. * * * * *

The writer has been privileged to have a limited acquaintance extending over twenty-five years with J. Sterling Morton, who is one of Nebraska's most early pioneers. He served in many honorable and responsible positions, from Secretary of State or Territory, back in the fifties to a member of President Cleveland's cabinet as Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Morton has lived all these years on his farm, known as "Arbor Lodge," near Nebraska City. He is the father of Arbor Day, which has given us the name of the "Tree Planters' State." Mr. Morton was endowed with a rare literary talent that has been used by him either through his pen or from the rostrum largely to the advantage of the people of his state. We have heard him on the political stump and on the literary and scientific platform, and on Nebraska early history and always contributed to our pleasure and edification. We believe that THE CONSERVATIVE, just launched by Mr. Morton, will fill a niche in Nebraska's newspaper field, covering a long-felt want, a conveyor of mature, intelligent thought based on practical experience shorn of demagogy and political bias. We may honestly differ with THE CONSERVATIVE on some features of national policies, but it will always be with the utmost respect for the views of its able editor.—Burt County Herald.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Bismarck and William II.

The new book of memoirs of Bismarck by Dr. Moritz Busch is like another volume of an autobiography, following two predecessors. After reading it one is tempted to doubt whether Bismarck really left anything more to be published in the way of personal revelations. He seems to have looked on Dr. Busch as his literary executor and Boswell, for he certainly emptied his heart and memory into the voracious diary of this servile and faithful expositor, who had that first requisite of a biographer, boundless admiration of his subject. Bismarck needed such a confidant in his brutal and garrulous cynicism, knowing that the world would thus get his views pretty much as he thought them, without the immediate responsibility of publication over his own name. It is not for the purpose of reviewing the book, but to call attention to a certain Bismarckian phase that the present comment is written. This is the great empire builder's relation to his sovereign, William I. It seems that he gloried in his career as the "alter (majorque) ego" of Prussian king and German kaiser, yet running all through his expression of affection and devotion toward William there is a tone of contempt which sometimes reaches the verge of scornful mirth. There was something fierce and hard in the arrogance of the great chancellor, even in reference to one for whom he had the most sincere affection, and who lay under such a burden of obligation to him.

William I was a ruler of noble disposition, but narrow minded, obstinate and conscientious to such a painful degree that his industry and alertness impelled undue supervision of detail. He did not know how to leave responsibility where he had placed it. Bred in the old days of absolutism, he expected uncompromising obedience, though this haughty will was often the insidious voice of the chancellor, crafty as he was resolute, speaking through the imperial mask, the living mask unconscious that it was only a "vox et præterea nihil." Bismarck indeed knew how to play on this difficult instrument with infinite skill, yet at times we learn from Dr. Busch that it tested all of the mentor's nerve and audacity to manage William. The uncomplimentary expressions which sometimes fall from Bismarck's talk in reference to William's intelligence are as blunt as if they were spoken of one of his own grooms. The ruler had sometimes to be pitched into a policy, as it were, by the "scruff of his neck," only to feel grateful afterward for his minister's audacity. The episode of the doctored dispatch from Ems, which precipitated the Franco-German war, whereas the text of that dispatch as William wrote it would probably have averted the war, is only one of many coups similar in character. Bismarck was wont to describe himself as his sovereign's "soul doctor," according to Dr. Busch. The relation was a peculiar one. With all his personal reverence for his king and emperor, into which genuine affection entered as well, the great chancellor scarcely concealed a sentiment of contempt for his master. Yet he knew that only with such a king on the chess-board could he have played his great game in European politics in his peculiar fashion. Bismarck was fortunate in having just such a master, even as William was lucky in a minister so supremely dexterous and unscrupulous in adapting means to an end.

There is so much which is tragic and revolting in the various manifestations of the Dreyfus case that it is a genuine relief to find a ludicrous phase associated with it. This smile gets its wrinkle in the antic performance of the young Bourbon pretender, Philippe, Duc d'Orleans, whose main recommendation is that he was the son of that very sensible and decent fellow, as princes go, the Comte de Paris. This young gentleman has been shrieking in the van of the anti-Dreyfus mob and accusing the French ministry of everything short of high treason in admitting a revision of proceedings. His princely heart, all quivering with patriotic fire, burst out as follows:

> Frenchmen, we are masters in our own country. Your servants, subject to occult and pernicious power, presume to impose upon you the will to which they submit under pretext of proving the innocence of a man whom the military tribunals have condemned as a traitor. It is the army they are trying to destroy and France they are striving to ruin.
>
> Frenchmen, we will not allow it!

How reckless Paris, always ready to be amused even at death and disgrace, always keenly susceptible of a joke, must have guffawed at the sonorous sound of the royal "we" and made faces at the great-great-grandson of that arch scoundrel among princely renegades, Philip L. Egalite.

The eminently respectable citizen of New Jersey, Mr. Van Hise, who suspends its criminals at call, shakes his head with dissent at a proposition to go to South America as executioner on a big salary. He has his eye bent in fatherly affection on certain persons now in the Jersey prisons, it seems, and he cannot tear himself away from his native land, according to an enthusiastic reporter, till he has soothed their passage to another world with his effective ministrations. It is a highly creditable devotion to home industry.