

Hur" is a parallel to a naval battle in "Salathiel." In the latter story we find these words written: "— and the huge ship, disparting timber by timber, heaved and plunged headlong into the bosom of the ocean. — — — With a new terror of the death I had so long resisted, I felt myself go down. I was engulfed in the whirlpool. Every sensation was horribly vivid; I had the full consciousness of life and of the unfathomable depth into which I was descending. — — The solid darkness, the suffocation, the furious whirl of the eddy that spun me around its huge circle like an atom of sand, every sense of drowning passed through my shattered frame with an individual and successive pang. — — — I was darted to the surface—a broken mast rolling by entangled me in its cordage." This was the experience of Salathiel, but if he had told Ben Hur his story the accounts could not have tallied much more nearly. This was the adventure of Wallace's hero: "The floor, when he reached it, seemed to be lifting and breaking itself to pieces; then in a twinkling the whole after part of the hull broke asunder, and, as if it had all the time been lying in wait, the sea leaped in, and all became darkness and surging water to Ben Hur. — — — The darkness and the whirl and roar of water stupefied him. Even the holding his breath was involuntary. — — — Fathoms under the surface the hollow mass vomited him forth, and he arose along with the loosened debris. He gained the top, filled his lungs with a great gasp, and climbed higher upon the plank to which he held."

I might go on and show many other instances of similarity in the two books, but these are enough. It will be seen from reading the books that the plagiarisms if any exists, is in minor passages. But I cannot believe that Wallace robbed Crowley of his work. If he did, it was to his own detriment, for those parts of "Ben Hur" which are the finest, are the most unlike anything in "Salathiel." If Wallace had read the latter book, and had thought his own work was to be anything like it, he would never have written "A Tale of the Christ," for he would have been wearied to such an extent, that he would never have dared to inflict upon the reading public a book with an equal lack of interest.

CURRENT COMMENT.

The celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the inauguration of Washington is full of interest not only to every American, but also to every civilized man. One hundred years ago the republic was in experiment in the science of government. Conservatives the world over predicted all manner of evil things. They pointed to the abuse of power, oppression, and anarchy, which ruined the Roman republic, as evils inseparable from popular government. Democrats, on the contrary, foretold a wonderful future for the infant nation. They saw here a government in which all citizens had equal political rights; a government without a royal family, a titled aristocracy, or a state church; a government with a continent, rich in every variety of natural resource, from which to carve out a farm for every citizen. If in addition to all this they could have foreseen the wonderful increase in productive power which has come with the multiplied inventions, what would they not have foretold. It would have seemed certain that poverty, with its train of evils, starvation, crime, drunkenness, and greed, would be unknown in the republic that was to have an over-production of all the things that help to civilize men. If there was to be a superabundance of wealth, there would surely be enough for every one. Both monarchist and democrat have been disappointed.

The little western republic has, without doubt, become the foremost nation of the earth. A continent has been covered with cities. Every state has its colleges. The railroad and telegraph have become indispensable to our everyday life. Chattel slavery has been abolished. Three wars have been fought and won. Surely, the republic is a success.

But the picture has a somber shade. We have multi-millionaires, but we also have tramps. We have many very learned men and we have little children working in mines and factories. Never were private citizens so rich as here and now, and yet a constantly increasing number of our citizens regard a chance to work long hours for a bare substance as a precious privilege. We have hardly fenced in this great continent, the stores of natural wealth are not yet touched and yet there are, according to the American Federation of Labor, a million idle men in the United States. We have magnificent public buildings, private residences that rival royal palaces, and tenement houses whose inmates are doomed to death by the most infernal torture that man can devise, death of body and of soul for want of the necessities of life. The small farmers of the East complain that they cannot make a living and half the farms of the West are mortgaged. Our great cities grow in wealth and splendor and yet we have labor organizations, mobs, and anarchists. Political power tends more and more to concentrate itself in the hands of hummer politicians and machines. Corruption in public as well as in private life is regarded as quite the proper thing. Surely, the republic is not so much of a success as it might be.

Dr. Warner in his lecture on the cause of pauperism made it very clear that charity is not the remedy for this social evil, that indiscriminate giving instead of alleviating the condition of the poor, and thus tending to solve the social problem, has a strong tendency to cause the poor to become paupers, and in this way to introduce a new and troublesome factor, the professional mendicant, into an already too intricate problem. What men need is not the ostentatious charity that gives for what Ruskin would call the lewd sensation of it, but plain, simple, justice. The true citizen will study the present organization of society, will question fearlessly every social institution until he finds the evil and when he has found it he will not rest until he has persuaded men to remove it. He will, perhaps, be called a crank by the thoughtless, or be crucified or hung by those whose material interests are assailed but he will have the reward that comes to him who does his duty.

Dr. Warner exhibited an elaborate genealogical table of a collection of families, more or less closely related to each other, known as the tribe of Ishmael, which has for the last fifty years subsisted upon charity. These families are parasites, living upon the social organism, doing nothing to make the world richer or better but existing at the expense of the world's workers. It is true they live cheaply, have few brown stone fronts, broad cloth suits, fast horses, servants, diamonds, splendid dinners, or things of this sort that come only to those who are industrious and honest and frugal, but still they are a heavy weight upon the laborers of the country.

There is in New York City a tribe that for a great many years has done hardly anything that could, by any stretch of imagination, be regarded as productive work. They have produced very little but they have consumed a great deal. The tribe of Astor is very much like the tribe of Ishmael.