without an aristocracy." Later he said that "if the western people get the power into their hands they will ruin the Atlantic interests." That reads like an editorial from a modern Republican speech or an editorial from the New York Sun.

Mr. Wilson again threw his weight against the assembled aristocrats, but in vain. He said: "The majority of the people, wherever found, ought in all questions to govern the minority. If the interior country should acquire this majority, it will not only have the right, but it will avail itself of it, whether we will or no."

Peace to your ashes, James Wilson, Democrat from Pennsylvania. You were a true prophet, and your prophecy, though not yet come true, will soon be verified, unless all the signs in the heavens are misleading. Your associates in 1787 bound the west and the new south as wage and bond slaves to the east, and her money lords yet wax fat at the expense of the yeomanry of the Mississippi valley and the land beyond the Rockies. But the day is at hand when the withered parchment, drawn by hands long dead, shall no longer deny to the producer the fruits of his toil or bind a majority to the brutish will of a wealth-fortified minority.

James Wilson "could not agree that porperty was the sole or primary object of government and society. The cultivation and improvement of the human mind was the most noble object." This man Wilson must have been an awful socialist.

Mr. Ellsworth said that he observed "that a new set of ideas seemed to have crept in since the articles of confederation were established. Conventions of the people, or with power derived from the people, were not then thought of." This remark clearly shows how little headway democracy had made up to this time, and how much the constitutional convention was swayed by regard for popular rights.

Madison made a good prediction when he said "in future time a great majority of the people will not only be without landed, but any other sort or property." He should be here today and see how dismally his forecast has come true. He feared that these penniless people would combine politically, in which case the rights of property would be threatened. Mr. Gary uttered an aphorism which Mr. McKinley should have framed. He said, "Confidence is the road to tyranny." The McKinley brand of confidence seems to be "the road to bankruptcy," as well.

Mr. Randolph refused to sign the constitution. He said it was a bold stroke for a monarchy or an aristocracy. He would not support a plan which would surely end in tyranny. Mr. Mason said, "It would end in a monarchy or a tyrannical aristocracy, which, he was in doubt, but one or the other he was sure." Most of the delegates signed the constitution, a motion to destroy the journals of the session was defeated and the convention adjourned. I have paid no attention to the triumph of the slave owning delegates over those from the northern states, but it was signal and complete. I have quoted but a few of the thousand and more denunciations of democracy made by the delegates during the convention. One reason for their bitterness toward the people may be found in the fact that the masses weer in favor of paper money, while the delegates, with one or two exceptions, were as bitterly opposed to it. There is not the slightest doubt that the constitution would have failed of adoption had the debates of the convention been made public, and the friends of the constitution used good judgment in suppressing the journal for two generations.

These quotations are not used for the purpose of casting any reflection on the men who framed the constitution, but for the purpose of throwing a clear light on the ideals and motives which actuated them. They lived before the spirit of modern democracy was born. They had no sympathy with real self-government, and aimed to create a constitution which would appease the growing love of the people for power and at the same time withhold it from them.

You can best estimate the character of the constitutional convention of 1787 by examining the roster of the great men who were absent. Thomas Jefferson was not a deegate. He later became the leader of those who opposed the undemocratic features of the constitution. Samuel Adams, the father of American democracy, and who inspired and led the movement which resulted in revolution and independence, was not a delegate. He bitterly opposed the adoption of the constitution and predicted the evils which we today experience. Patrick Henry was not a delegate. He warned the people against adopting the constitution and refused to serve as a member of Washington's cabinet. Thomas Paine was not a delegate. The man whose pen did more for American freedom that did Washington's sword, and who inspired the Declaration of Independence was not deemed fit to sit among the drafters of our first charter.

Jefferson, Adams, Henry, Paine! The four great men of that day, whose hearts beat responsive to the hopes and ambitions of the people, took no part in founding the constitution of their country. Their places were filled by bankers and slave-holders.

Democracy is a growth. It is stronger today than ever before in the history of the world. In spite of the restrictions of the constitution the people has at times asserted themselves. They have tasted power and they like it. They have established the fact that power can be safely entrusted in their hands. The shortcomings of the government cannot be charged up to the people, and the grandest triumphs in history have been made when the masses have arisen superior to the constitution; as witness the suppression of slavery which was legalized and recognized by that document.

It is time that the majority restricting and anti-democratic clauses of the constitution were repealed by due process of law, as provided in that instrument. We are no longer an ignorant people. A time has come when we are not a confederation of bickering colonies, but a great homogeneous nation. The busy feet of six generations have dimmed and well nigh effaced the sacred state lines. The United States senate, modeled as it was on the English House of Lords, has survived the day when its aristocratic prototype has been stripped of power by the democrats of a monarchy. It is grim irony that a day has come when England is a monarchy only in name, while the United States is a republic only in name. It is with dismay that the careful student of modern government notes the fact that of all the civilized countries the United States least conserves the demands of the majority of its people.

Until some one coins a word to express "government by the minority," there will be no way to designate our form of national government. Nowhere does the majority rule. The so-called popular branch is elected by the people, but not necessarily by a majority of the voters of a given district. A few men belonging to a party select a candidate, hold primaries with instructed judges and place their man in nomination. Other parties do the same. The voters take their choice on election day. The candidate who receives the most votes—not necessarily a majority—is declared elected. In England, France, Germany, Austria and other countries, if no candidate obtains an actual majority, second elections are held. In a republic we should at least concede as many rights to the majority as they do in monarchies.

The senate is selected by the state legislatures. The people are not consulted. The people are not permitted to vote for president. They vote for electors and the ballots are cast by states. Few presidents have received a majority of the votes of the people. John Adams was elected president after nearly 70 per cent of the people had voted against him. Samuel Tilden received an actual majority of the votes of the people and was defeated by a crime which darkens out national history. The supreme court is appointed by the president. Where or how are the rights of the majority considered? Their representatives cannot pass a popular measure if the senate objects. Both houses cannot jointly pass a measure if the president interposes a veto without resource to a two-thirds vote. The Senate makes rules by which an insignificant minority of its members can block all legislation in both houses. The speaker of the house has assumed autocratic powers. Above and beyond all stands the supreme court, with its usurped power to declare null and void any measure which has succesfully run the gauntlet of party caucus, convention, lower and upper house of Congress, the president and his veto, and finally reaches their august hands. They have no such rights. Every time the supreme court of the United States declares unconstitutional a law passed by congress and signed by the president it has committed an act which in itself is unconstitutional. There is not a word nor a line the constitution giving them any such power. Read it and see. In the constitutional convention Hamilton proposed such a thing, but it was voted down, the delegates fearing that the people would not ratify a document which contained this insurmountable check against popular rule. The modern supreme court is a tribunal which has usurped an authority higher than that ever wielded by a king. The ancient despot did not knowingly go counter to the will of the people. He did not dare to. He attempted to follow the wish of the people as he understood it. If he made a mistake a revolution followed, and the king was deposed and sometimes beheaded by the victorious majority. But the supreme court, specifically denied any power over legislation by the founders of the constitution, has dared usurp soverign jurisdiction over all laws, and has the effrontery to hurl back into the faces of the people a law which they have passed after years of labor, agitation and education. Some of these days the people will elect a president who will call the supreme court into his private office and present them with a copy of the constitution of the United States and instruct them to govern themselves accordingly or go to jail.

All the liberties of America have been won on fields of battle; all the liberties lost have been stolen in halls of legislation or before judicial tribunals. The fruits of Bunker Hill were more than lost in the constitutional convention. While the tounder of Grant's cannon sounded the death of slavery and secession, legislative thieves in Washington were forging new fetters and designing new forms or serfdom.

Representative government is a failure. It is wrong in theory and vicious in practice. The day has come when no intelligent and honest man can make a valid defense of representative government. The statement that this country has succeeded because of it is childish. We have succeeded in spite of a government which has been corrupt almost beyond the power of language to express. A public official is an object of public suspicion. We have reason to look upon our representatives, be they aldermen, congressmen or senators, as unconvicted criminals, and the more we know about them the less we respect them. Of course, there are exceptions, but it is a sad and awful fact that the trail of corruption extends from the booth of the primary precinct to the fountain sources of our government.

Why? Because politics is a business. It is as much a business as buying and selling any commodity you can name.

The representative buys and sells his constituents. He buys them of the party bosses or bosses in his district. He may pay a trifle to some of the people in the way of campaign expenses. He buys his way into the office he seeks. He then becomes a seller. He has purchased something and he now puts it on the market. What does he offer for sale? Franchises, privileges, positions, contracts, blackmail and other assets which come to him as the representative of the people. Is not this so? Is the picture overdrawn? Is this why we are a great country. Is this the reason for the success of our peculiar republican form of government?

It has become almost impossible to interest the people in public affairs. They know that something is wrong and they have clear ideas of what should be done, but they know that their vote counts for nothing. They realize that they cannot elect representatives to do their bidding. Many of our best citizens remain away from the polls, realizing that reforms are hopeless under a representative system. The absolute failure of representative government to record the wishes of the people has been shown in a startling manner in the last two presidential campaigns. In 1892 Grover Cleveland was elected president on a platform pledged to a lower tariff and in a campaign in which the tariff was practically the one subject of debate and discussion. The money question was not mentioned. He had no sooner taken his chair than he called a special session of congress. What for? To pass a tariff bill which the people supposed they had voted for? Not by any means. Congress was called for the purpose of repealing the Sherman silver law. It was called in response to resolutions passed by the banks and various stock exchanges. The people looked on in amazement.

In 1896 William McKinley was elected in a campaign devoted entirely to the money question. Free traders elected him in order that the gold standard might be maintained. The tariff was not an issue. And the first thing that McKinley did was to call an extra session of Congress and pass a tariff law. That is how the people rule under a representative form of government.

It is now time to study the science of government and conduct public affairs on a common-sense basis. Have we not out-grown a constitution written by men who never saw a locomotive, talked into a telephone, received a telegraph message, rode on a steamboat, saw an electric light, or who never dreamed of our modern civilization, with its new problems and its changed environs? Is it not practical to suggest that in a republic a majority should rule? Shall it be said that a people capable of harnessing Niagara are not wise enough to devise a system by which the majority can render its verdict?

The advocates of direct legislation offer a simple, practical solution of these problems. They hold that an ideal government is one which profits by the lessons of the past, govens for for the people of tomorrow. That is democracy, and when it shall prevail man will start anew on his resistless march, wreathed with new laurels, armed for new conquests.

THE WANDERING JEW.

BY EUGENE SUE.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

THE PENAL CODE.

Dagobert had remained silent and pensive. Suddenly he said to Frances, taking her by the hand: "You know what metal your son is. To prevent his following me would now be impossible. But do not be afraid, dear wife; we shall succeed—at least, I hope so. If we should not succeed—if Agricola and I should be arrested—well! we are not cowards; we shall not commit suicide; but father and son will go arm in arm to prison, with heads high and proud, look, like two brave men who have done their duty. The day of trial must come, and we will explain all, honestly, openly—we will say, that, driven to the last extremity, finding no support, no protection in the law, we were forced to have recourse to violence. So hammer away, my boy!" added Dagobert, addressing his son, pounding the hot iron; "forge, forge, without fear. Honest judges will absolve honest men."

"Yes, father, you are right, be at ease; dear mother! The judges will see the difference between rascals who scale walls in order to rob, and an old soldier and his son, who, at the peril of their liberty, their life, their honor, have sought to deliver unhappy victims."

"And if this language should not be heard, resumed Dagobert, "so much the worse for them! It will not be your son, or husband, who will be dishonored in the eyes of honest people. If they send us to the galleys, and we have courage to survive—the young and the old convict will wear their chains proudly—and the renegade marquis, the traitor priest, will bear more shame than we. So, forge without fear, my boy! There are things which the galleys themselves cannot disgrace—our good conscience and our honor! But now," he added, "two words with my good Mother Bunch. It grows late, and time presses. On entering the garden, did you remark if the windows of the convent were far from the ground?"

"No, not very far, M. Dagobert—particularly on that side which is opposite to the madhouse, where Mdlle. do Cardoville is confined."

"How did you manage to speak to that young lady?"

"She was on the otherside of an open pailing, which separates the two gardens."

"Excellent!" said Agricola, as he continued to hammer the iron: "we can easily pass from one garden to the other. The madhouse may perhaps be the readier way out. Unfortunately, you do not know Mdlle. de Cardoville's chamber."

"Yes, I do," returned the work-girl, recollecting herself. "She is lodged in one of the wings, and there is a shade over,the window, painted like canvas with blue and white stripes."

"Good! I shall not forget that."

"And can you form no guess as to where are the rooms of my poor children?" said Dagobert.

After a moment's reflection, Mother Bunch answered; "They are opposite to the chamber occupied by Mdlle. de Cardoville, for she makes signs to them from her window; and I now remember she told me, that their two rooms are on different stories, one on the ground-floor, and the other up one pair of stairs."

"Are these windows grated?" asked the smith.

"I do not know."

Never mind my good girl; with these indications, we shall do very well," said Dagobert. "For the rest, I have my plans."

"Some water, my little sister," said Agricola, "that I may cool my iron." Then, addressing his father: "Will this hook do?"

"Yes, my boy; as soon as it is cold we will fasten the cord."

For some time, Frances Baudoin had remained upon her knees, praying with fervor. She implored Heaven to have pity on Agricola and Dagobert, who in their ignorance, were about to commit a great crime; and she entreated that the celestial vengeance might fall upon her only, as she alone had been the cause of the fatal resolution of her son and husband.

Dagobert and Agricola finished their preparations in silence. They were both very pale, and solemnly grave. They felt all the danger of so desperate an enterprise.

The clock at Saint-Mery's struck ten. The sound of the bell was faint, and almost drowned by the lashing of the wind and rain, which had not ceased for a moment.

"Ten o'clock!" said Dagobert, with a start. "There is not a minute to lose. Take the sack, Agricola."——"Yes, father."

As he went to fetch the sack, Agricola approached Mother Bunch, who was hardly able to sustain herself, and said to her in a rapid whisper: "If we are not here tomorrow, take care of my mother. Go to M. Hardy, who will perhaps have returned from his journey. Courage, my sister! embrace me. I leave poor mother to you." The smith, deeply affected, pressed the almost fainting girl in his arms.

"Come, old Spoilsport," said Dagobert; "you shall be our scout" Approaching his wife, who just risen from the ground, was clasping her son's head to her bosom, and covering it with tears and kisses, he said to her, with a semblance of calmness and serenity: "Come, my dear wife, be reasonable! Make us a good fire. In two or three hours we will bring home the two poor children, and a fine young lady. Kiss me! that will bring me luck."

Frances threw herself on her husband's neck without uttering a word. This mute despair, mingled with convulsive sobs, was heart-rending. Dagobert was obliged to tear himself from his wife's arms, and striving to conceal his emotion, he said to his son, in an agitated voice: "Let us go—she unmans me. Take care of her, my good Mother Bunch. Agricola—come!"

The soldier slipped the pistols into the pocket of his great coat, and rushed towards the door, followed by Spoilsport.

"My son, let me embrace you once more—alas! it is perhaps for the last time!" cried the unfortunate mother, incapable of rising, but stretching out her arms to Agricola. "Forgive me! it is all my fault."

The smith turned back, mingled his tears with those of his mother—for he also wept—and murmured, in a stifled voice: "Adieu, dear mother! Be comforted. We shall soon meet again."

Then, escaping from the embrace, he joined his father upon the stairs.

Frances Baudoin heaved a long sigh, and fell almost lifeless into the needlewoman's arms.

Dagobert and Agricola left the Rue Brise-Miche in the height of the storm, and hastened with great strides towards the Boulevard de l'Hopital, followed by the dog.

CHAPTER XIII.

BURGLARY.

Half-past eleven had just struck, when Dagobert and his son arrived on the Boulevard de l'Hopital.

The wind blew violently, and the rain fell down in torrents, but nowithstanding the thickness of the watery clouds, it was tolerably light, thanks to the late rising of the moon. The tall, dark trees, and the white walls of the convent garden, were distinguishable in the midst of the pale glimmer. Afar off, a street lamp, acted on by the wind, with its red light hardly visible through the mist and rain, swung backwards and forwards over the dirty causeway of the solitary boulevard.

At rare intervals, they heard, at a great distance, the rattle and rumble of a coach, returning home late; then all was again silent.

Since their departure from the Rue Brise-Miche, Dagobert and his son had hardly exchanged a word. The design of these two brave men was noble and generous, and yet, resolute but pensive, they glided through the darkness like bandits, at the hour of nocturnal crimes.

Agricola carried on his shoulders the sack containing the cord, the hook and the iron bar; Dagobert leaned upon the arm of his son, and Spoilsport followed his master.

"The bench, where we sat down, must be close by," said Dagobert, stopping.

"Yes," said Agricola, looking round; "here it is, father."

"It is only half-past eleven—we must wait for midnight, resumed Dagobert. "Let us be seated for an instant, to rest ourselves, and decide upon our plan."

After a moment's silence, the soldier took his son's hands between his own, and thus continued: "Agricola, my child—it is yet time. Let me go alone, I entreat you. I shall know very well how to get through the business; but the nearer the moment comes, the more I fear to drag you into this dangerous enterprise."

"And the nearer the moment comes, father, the more I feel I may be of some use; but, be it good or bad, I will share the fortune of your adventure. Our object is praiseworthy; it is a debt of honor that you have to pay, and I will take one half of it. Do not fancy that I will now draw back. And so, dear father, let us think of our plan of action.'

"Then you will come?" said Dagobert, stifling a sigh.

"We must do everything," proceeded Agricola, "to secure success. You have already noticed the little garden door, near the angle of the wall—that is excellent."

"We shall get by that way into the garden, and look immediately for the open piling."

"Yes; for on one side of this piling is the wing inhabited by Mdlle de Cardoville, and on the other that part of the convent in which the general's daughters are confined."

At this moment, Spoilsport, who was crouching at Dagobert's feet, rose suddenly, and pricked up his ears, as if to listen.

(To be continued.)