

CONCERNING HOBSON.

The last number of one of the big weeklies contains a picture, showing how young Mr. Hobson is interfered with on the streets by people who wish to shake his hand and give three or more cheers for him. There is also a series of portraits of Mr. Hobson at various times, from the age of two years onward; there are portraits of his father and mother, and a view of the Hobson residence; and there is a display of these and many more Hobsons on the Hobson front door steps, together with the Hobson family-servants, who are black, and the young lady visiting at Hobsons', who is white.

So far as the public is concerned, this is all very well. If we are to have war, we want our fighting to be as well done as possible. And if the young men who are doing it are encouraged in their efforts by looking up to Hobson, as we may suppose Hobson to have looked up to Cushing, Cushing to Decatur, Decatur to Jones, and so on, then the more ado we make over Hobson the better for us.

But as to its effect on the young man himself, such a course of treatment may not be by any means so desirable. It may be doubted if he will return, after some weeks of it, to the duties for which we have educated him, with a mind so well attuned as before to the consideration of problems of naval construction, or if he will be as comfortable to deal with for those whose duties call them into contact with him; in a word, if he will be as valuable an assistant naval constructor as he is said to have been before he blew up the Merrimac.

And if not, what is to become of him? Clearly, he must either be straightway forgotten (which would be hard on him and all the Hobsons) or he must be made a personage of, with a prospect of ultimately coming to the position now occupied by those venerated leaders of the Civil War, whom we have been accustomed to seeing led about, like fat oxen, for occasional exhibition in small towns. And is this a career that we would like to see lie before any young man in whom we feel an interest?

Then there is the matter of glory, and the inevitable descendants, in whom pride of race is observed to increase directly with the distance from the glorious ancestor. The more the glory now, the greater will be the uplifting of the remote progeny, and the great grandchildren of young Mr. Hobson will be quite unapproachable to the great grandchildren of us, who remained quietly at home in 1898 and blew up nothing more noteworthy than, say, the iceman.

A SPANISH SUBLTLY.

In the year 1640, when Spain's American colonies were perhaps the least prized of all her holdings of land, a French army was laying siege to the town of Arras, which had been taken

and garrisoned by a Spanish force from across the Belgian border. The following singular episode of this siege appears in a narrative of the time, which has just been republished, and which has never been translated into English:

"These failures excited the insolence of the besieged. They placed upon the walls pasteboard rats, which they confronted with cats of the same material, and the besiegers asked themselves the signification of these emblems. Well, having taken some prisoners in a sortie, they requested of them the explanation. These prisoners were real Spaniards, and as such possessed the wit that is observed in people of that nation, especially in the soldiery, and much more than among the officers; for in those times, when a merchant became bankrupt, he purchased with his last pennies an officer's commission, and brought with him into his new calling all the clownishness of his first trade. However this may be, these prisoners were neither stupid nor bashful. They replied boldly to Marshal de Chatillon who was questioning them, 'That they were surprised that a man of his capacity should not have understood at once that that meant, *when the rats shall eat the cats, the French will take Arras.*' The marshal dared not laugh at this allegory, as he would have done if the conduct of the siege had been in better shape. He pretended not to have understood their speech, as if scorn had been the only return he could make to so impudent a response."

The American nation is as honest in peace as it is valorous in war. It will not be long before the truth will come home to the minds and hearts of the people that Cuba, by which is meant a great majority of its home-loving, property-owning people, had as good a government under the Spanish monarchy as they were capable of maintaining. It will also be likely to occur, indeed it is already occurring, that we shall come to know that the organized cries of "Spanish oppression," "Spanish cruelty" and "Spanish crime," largely emanated from as merciless a gang of brigands as ever infested the Italian Alps. If this is not so; if it is as true as the Proctors, Masons, Thurstons, and other professional patriots would have us believe, that Garcia and his blood-thirsty "patriots" have been oppressed by bad laws and government, why does the president refuse to change the laws or distrust the courts, or private rights, as Spain long since ordained and established them? And why, oh, why does he outlaw Garcia from all part in the new order?

THE CONSERVATIVE, Hon. J. Sterling Morton's new paper made its first appearance from the new office of publication, at Nebraska City, July 14. It is a neat sixteen page, three column paper, devoted largely to the discussion of eco-

nomie, political, agricultural and horticultural topics. It is ably edited and full of good thought. Mr. Morton has always been a persistent advocate of the gold standard, and has been favored many times by his party in his state, with the nomination for governor. He was then regarded as the most able exponent of democratic principles in this state. He is today as strongly advocating the same principles that he did in former days but the great bulk of his party have gone off with the pops on the 16-to-1 business and left him and a few others to fight the battles of the old-time democracy alone. Mr. Morton does not seem discouraged however in this wholesale desertion for he advocates as persistently, those same doctrines, as he did fifteen or more years ago. Some of the wanderers are returning to the democracy of old and Mr. Morton is not without hope.—Sterling Sun.

"Oh, Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name."

If Madame Roland did not say exactly those words, she did say something very like them.

The curtain begins to rise on Cuba. The American people, through the president and General Shafter, are already beginning to see what "liberty" means to General Garcia and other freebooters on this island who have been waging barbarous warfare on the property-holding and law-abiding subjects of the Spanish monarchy who constitute a large majority of the people of Cuba. Cubans would neither fight nor work in the late campaign, but the moment our gallant troops captured a coast city, they fell to plundering, robbing and taking murderous revenges upon their loyal, industrious populations. And was it to give "liberty" to these brigands that the flower of American youth laid down their lives at Santiago, and thousands of millions of money is being expended by a patriotic people?

THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRODUCTS.

THE CONSERVATIVE is under renewed and increased obligations to its active and efficient friend, Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston. He has just presented (with the compliments of the author) "The Distribution of Products," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in New York and in London. This book has already entered upon its fifth edition. It treats intelligently and lucidly of three subjects, viz:

1. What makes the Rate of Wages?
2. What is a Bank?
3. The Railway, the Farmer, and the Public.

It would be a good teacher in every farm house, factory, bank and railway reading-room in the United States. From time to time THE CONSERVATIVE will quote this instructive and useful volume.