

words were between his teeth, "destiny" was preparing us a new birth: "We went to war, with an evil nation"—"new lands west and east"—and, of course, "We must account for them before God and man, at our national peril." Impressive, how religious people grow, when they have occasion for their neighbors' goods. And thereupon, all our home politics being a carnival of grime and plunder, we must ordain a pure colonial regime, which the people can have if they demand it. Now it is not our intention to argue this question—really we do not feel capable of it; we would only wish it inspected, exactly as presented. Our political life is so foul that few care to enter it: what remedy? Cast the beam out of our own eyes, one would suppose; if 70,000,000 of our own people have worked out this result over 3,000,000 square miles, how many more cities shall we be ruler over for our purification? Which rule must proceed from that same political life. This is no caricature; thoughtful men we have heard before, on the same line of reasoning, if such it can be called. Stewards of a grand estate proving drunken and thieving, give them smaller ones beyond, with an awful vow that there they are to be sober and honest.

There are cases in which the opposite order of progress may have a chance of success. A youth of boundless fire and capacity, cooped within oppressive limits, may be obstreperous and mischievous, until given some larger field he may develop nobly. This is in a figure the actual history of England. But the "opportunities" she found abroad, we had at home; and this is what we made of them, according to these instructors.

Here we find ourselves once more in that eternal "hole" that sinks such quantities of good intention, and even of honest effort—imitation. To do the same that others have done, instead of as they have done, but according to our own condition—this is one of the "last infirmities." Suppose I am at any trade, let it be a cartoonist, and mean to be the greatest in the world. The present greatest cartoonist has reached his pinnacle and stamped his immortal genius, in the perpetual travesty of Mr. Statesman's nose. No art has ever rivalled that embellishment. Do I then proceed with that same nose, and that same travesty, to outdo or resemble my predecessor? If no genius at all, that is what I am likely to do; for then, I can only think in forms of what has already been done. But if I have any ability of my own, I will find work of my own to do, not the repetition of another's. When the imperialist aspiration is delved to the bottom, this is likely to be the root of it—the impulse to do what England has done, and because she has done it; not to find our own proper doing.

One nation does her work by vast extent upon the territories of the world,

like ancient Rome or modern England, and her historical effect is great. Another sits apart, a grain among the nations, making it her virtue to abjure all alliance, almost all relation with them; and her historical effect, at least by any regard to size or numbers, is far greater: none has penetrated and leavened humanity like the Hebrews from their solitude. Each finds its own, and learns what growth belongs to it, what is mere excrement. We have sought to indicate from time to time what the finding of America might be, material and spiritual; it is a vast subject, good for an illimitable future; and it seems to us quite as inspiring as the most wholesale slaughter of our last year's trusting allies in the Philippines.

There is expansion when the tadpole becomes a frog, and there is expansion when the frog would become an ox. But the inward phase, the ethic standpoint, is different. In the first expansion the creature sought not and knew not its destiny, but only grew its proper stature; in the other, a big bull, parading before it, had but excited vain envy, and suicidal imitation.

**A SEEDY  
SPEAKER.**

Colonel Henderson has always been an enthusiastic advocate of the free distribution of seeds by congressmen, and his constituents have been highly favored in this regard. His known fondness for a joke has made him the subject of considerable banter upon this line, and he has probably stood more ridicule upon the free seed fad than other congressmen. One of Colonel Henderson's postal-cards anent this topic, in a woman's handwriting, bore this message:

"John's influence can't be got with 15 cents' worth of free seeds, but if you will send me a box of hairpins, I will look after him. His wife."

Another communication read:

"Why not let up on seeds for a while and send jack-knives? Everybody could use them, and there would not be so much waste. In that case radish seeds would not come up poor turnips, and the congressman would be saved much ridicule which he now often gets."

**SALE OF A RUSKIN MS. OF 1836.**

There has just been sold in Sheffield, a Ruskin manuscript of 1836, when the great critic was only sixteen or seventeen years old. The essay "Does the perusal of works of fiction act favorably on the moral character?" was discovered in the desk of his tutor, Dean Dale, after his death. It was stated to be probably the earliest Ruskin MS. ever offered for sale. Mr. Scharratt became the purchaser at £22.—Westminster Gazette.

**AN EVIL.**

Now that all country papers have gotten into the way of buying a large share of their reading matter in the form of ready-made plates, which are put together by concerns organized for the purpose in the cities and sold by the foot, there oftentimes results the curious phenomenon of matter going up to the city as news, being there embodied in these wholesale plates, and sent back to the place where it originated. We admit with regret that our home papers habitually publish telegrams from Nebraska City, which are some days old and treat of matters already fully handled in those papers; this is of course due to the practice in question, and to the exercise of a wise frugality, which forbids anything being thrown away which has been paid for and can fill up space. Even The Atchison Globe, the most carefully edited of the smaller good papers of the West, and which has an especial abhorrence of shams, is sometimes betrayed into giving a second publication to some of its widely-quoted bright sayings, which have come back to it in the manner mentioned. And it is not very long since a careless foreman of The Globe allowed himself to include in his day's make-up a plate biography of The Globe's editor, which was distinctly laudatory in character and included a portrait. This was so revolting to the editor's idea of the good, the true and the beautiful that he published an abject apology in his next issue.

THE CONSERVATIVE employed some plate-matter in its first few numbers, while it was gathering momentum, and suffered the humiliation of seeing some of that neutral stuff quoted as from THE CONSERVATIVE, and commented on as representing the sentiments of THE CONSERVATIVE'S editor.

A writer in J. Sterling Morton's paper unearths with some exultation an extract from a letter of Thomas Jefferson in which the great democrat says that if men and women could be bred with a view to race improvement it would be the real means of a nobler earth by the production of a race of aristocrats to rule. This, the gleeful writer contrasts with the remark of Colonel Bryan that "the great common people do not need any particular class to tell them what to do." The probabilities are that, when addressing the honest yeomanry at the hustings, Jefferson said the same thing as Colonel Bryan. There's a big difference between public speeches and private letters.—Kansas City Star.

Public affairs should be administered with the same deliberation, carefulness, caution and economy which bring success and fortune in the management of personal business and affairs.