

do for campaign disbursements if the trusts did not respond to their solicitations for money in return for favorable legislation? Both of the political parties are opposed to trusts—so they say, at least—and yet, notwithstanding this, neither of them prescribes any other remedy than the showy and harmless one of a penal statute.

When Sumpter was fired upon, Mr. Emerson summed up the cause of the strife in a single sentence: "We have been trying to do without justice." And the whole problem of the trusts today can be summed up in the same language—they exist because we have been trying to do without justice. We cannot impose burdens upon seventy millions of people for the benefit of less than a million; we cannot subject our legislators to the great temptations which exist when they are allowed to lay foundations in legislation for the prices of necessities, and still hope to avoid the corruption and injustice which are sure to follow.

The existence of the trust imperils the very freedom of our government. It has already turned thousands of independent employers into employees. It is rapidly destroying individual initiative in the establishment of business. It must go, and it will go whenever we take away the very causes which have brought it into life.

DECAYED GENTILITY.

Very many and very touching are the pictures, drawn from masterly fiction or from still sadder reality, of the noble-born and finely bred, accustomed to elegance and abundance in past time, now fallen from their high estate, and constrained to all manner of degrading offices. One takes up his new burdens with dutiful resignation, and appears nobler than before, in his humbled condition. One is spirit-broken, and can do nothing but mourn departed comfort—hardly greatness, as that would not depart by outward accident; one, embittered, cherishes a grudge against things in general. Another, and there are many of this genus, seeks to hide the fact of the decline, from others, and from himself. We have heard of one who continued all the rest of his life pronouncing orders to a ghostly valet, which he then fulfilled himself. By every possible assumption of possessing what one no longer holds, it seems to be supposed that the chasm between splendor and disgrace may be smoothed over, instead of kept in more glaring openness.

But among all instances of such decay, the most tragic are those where loftiness of principle is depraved in its natural utterance to the base uses of vulgarity and greed. All the nobilities of our nature have to suffer much from this degeneration; religion as the noblest suffering worst. Love of country is a

woeful victim: whatever sentiment upheld the purest ideal of a land in which all the nations of the earth were to be blessed, must now be prostituted to the purpose of national pillage. To achieve the independence of that country, to preserve it from destruction in an hour of mortal peril, were matters of glory; therefore, glory must appear in the form of mere foreign spoliation. The sacred flag, which bore the record and reminder of these consecrated struggles, well might grow to be an emblem of impassioned zeal and love; therefore, anything done beneath its folds, though it were the deeds of Tartars, is to be sustained and sanctified. The grandest examples of duty have shown forth in the course of these national conflicts; hence if the nation or its agents see fit to plunder a neighbor, sure of weakness there which cannot long resist, that plunder must be called by the name of duty. And whereas the history of our country, its nativity, its rise, its deliverances and its progress, call aloud for our devout acknowledgment to God; therefore, in the name of God we advance to murder and depredation.

It must be very apparent to reason, and it is abundantly verified by record, that the more questionable a war may be in the matter of right, the less dictated and compelled by palpable necessity, the louder will be the proclamation of righteousness and holiness by its advocates. Supply follows demand, and it is then that they are most needed. When we are flagrantly oppressed and invaded, then we have little occasion for moral rhetoric, the condition speaks for itself; but when there is not the slightest compulsion to arms, then indeed it behooves us to work our humanity, duty, destiny and religion for all they are worth. If these are not brought well to the fore, what have we to bank on? When England was struggling against Napoleon, we do not generally recall much of this phraseology in her public utterances; no doubt it was used, to round off discourse, but the recollection of it is lost in the grinding stress of action. To denounce the usurper at home, and fight him abroad, was the plain business of the hour. But what hymns and pæans arose, about the sanctity and beauty of the cause, in prose and numerous verse, when she took a notion to fight Russia in the Crimea; an invasion which English writers now are apt to refer to as "a crime." Just that spiritual whistling then was needful to keep the moral courage up. A little account has to be taken of these considerations, when we hear good men practicing at that kind of mouth-music.

Ex-Representative Outhwaite, prominent among the gold democrats of Ohio, says that "the gold democrats, as a rule, are going to vote against the nominee of

the Zanesville convention. They regard the platform adopted there as even worse than the Chicago platform. Here in Columbus and at a few other points in the state, a small percentage may vote for McLean because his friends have urged upon them that he does not believe in free silver at 16 to 1 any more than they do, and that, if successful, he will help overthrow Bryan and Bryanism at the next national convention. Very few sincere gold democrats will be caught by that sort of cajolery."

A HORSE STORY.

A member of THE CONSERVATIVE staff was talking the other day with a man who owns a horse, and in order not to appear ignorant in horse-matters referred to the one fact that he thought he was sure of, namely, that there are no white colts. For the first time in his life this resource failed him. The man in question said he had once owned a white colt.

"I was hauling wood one winter about a mile above the water-works," he said, "and I had a bay mare that was heavy with foal. It was pretty slippery, and the banks was pretty steep in places, and the first thing I knowed, all of a sudden my team went over the bank into the river. Course, I jumped in after 'em and got 'em by the bits, and held 'em there till the boys got ropes and poles and pulled 'em out. The ice was running and it was pretty cold, all right. I blanketed 'em and put a man on each one and run 'em up and down for a half an hour, and it never hurt 'em a particle. But, sir, when that mare's colt was born, blest if it wasn't a white colt; all right in every other way, only pure white all over. The old mare was that bad scared, I reckon. But that's the only white colt I ever did see."

HOW?

The men who insisted upon the ratification of the Paris treaty which gave sovereignty over the Philippine islands to the United States and made that treaty binding as the constitution itself upon every citizen of this republic do not now tell how to reconcile their lobbying then with their present denunciation of the treaty and its consequences.

Gen. Victor Vifquain declares that except for the personal presence and aid of Colonel Bryan that treaty would never have been ratified. Senator Caffery, of Louisiana, gave a perfectly correct forecast of the logical results of bloodshed and waste of treasure which would follow the ratification of the treaty. How can the savior of the treaty and his followers now denounce its disastrous results? How can they wash their hands of a war upon which they insisted and for which they enlisted to remain until let out by resignation?