

queathed they (the Spaniards) are excluded from that great European movement, which, first clearly perceptible in the sixteenth century, has ever since been steadily advancing, unsettling old opinions, destroying old follies, reforming and improving on every side, influencing even such barbarous countries as Russia and Turkey, but leaving Spain untouched. . . . While Europe is ringing with the noise of intellectual achievements, with which even despotic governments affect to sympathize, in order that they may divert them from their natural course, and use them as new instruments whereby to oppress yet more the liberties of the people; while, amidst this general din and excitement, the public mind, swayed to and fro, is tossed and agitated—Spain sleeps on, untroubled, unheeding, impassive, receiving no impressions from the rest of the world, and making no impressions upon it. There she lies, at the furthest extremity of the continent, a huge and torpid mass, the sole representative now remaining of the feelings and knowledge of the middle ages. And, what is the worst symptom of all, she is satisfied with her own condition. Though she is the most backward country in Europe, she believes herself to be the foremost.—Buckle's "History of Civilization in England."

#### NATIONAL COVETOUSNESS.

The nation that destroyed piracy in the Mediterranean, that fought for and secured common freedom on the high seas, that opened the ports of Japan, that promulgated arbitration as a substitute for war, that by its example has revolutionized governments in Europe, that by its inspiration has given birth to numerous republics, need not go in a flutter over the possession of distant territory. It may be that we shall need remote naval stations; but already it is seen, as in the case of Hawaii, that we can secure coaling stations without owning the country where they are located.

But, however that may be, not all the exigencies that may arise will necessitate our abandoning the spirit of our policy throughout our whole history. Let us have no revival of the dreams of national avarice that would have a larger golden circle with possessions around the world. The American idea is not that of possessions or dependencies; but the ownership of the country by its inhabitants. We hear much of our having made history rapidly during the last few weeks. Let us be sure we are not going back a couple of hundred years. We need no land whose inhabitants cannot be Americans in-

fluencing our own government. We need no territory for the plutocratic adventurer to exploit, or for our politicians to fatten on by the sale of franchises and privileges.

Whatever new responsibilities may come to us in foreign affairs, it will not do for us to be no worse than other nations. The policy of most other nations is handicapped by ideas and institutions that were formed in darker ages. We have a nobler heritage, and a long growth in freedom and light. If we have obligations in respect to the Philippines, we must discharge them with a more enlightened and humane consideration than such affairs have been wont to receive. This new duty must not be left to the sordidness and graspingness of our worst popular instincts; our better national faith and conviction and hope must make their voice heard and their power felt.—New-Church Messenger.

#### THE LOVE OF LIBERTY THE SUREST GUARANTEE.

It is questionable, if Gomez had retaliated in kind, whether a more merciful end would not have been subserved, and a conclusion put to the long line of Cuban patriots who, in Cabana prison, have been murdered behind those granite walls for their espousal of their country's cause. It is melancholy reading, and the contrast of Cuban magnanimity is all the more pitiful when we reflect that the lesson it should have taught has passed unheeded. Those who dread the results of Cuban independence, who fear the kind of government that a mixed negro Cuban population may give the island, should have their apprehensions allayed by the magnificent spectacle of humanity and self-restraint which, in the face of awful exasperation, the forces of "Cuba Libre" have offered to the civilized world. It is magnificent. . . .

To question whether the Cubans can govern themselves is a gratuitous doubt, having no warrant in reason or history. Nothing, on the other hand, is more certain than that the government of one country by the sojourning natives of another, even with the best of intentions, must result in injustice and bad government. As for the blacks, they are rapidly disappearing, and must soon cease to be a cause of any future race prejudice. The ranks of the Cuban army are of an average intelligence above that of the Spanish population, which is fearfully ignorant and credulous.

The Cubans have not been a turbulent people. Though their history has been a long series of revolutions, they

have never resorted to arms until every peaceful means of redress had been tried.

There are higher questions, too, to be considered. There is no whining tone in the indomitable self-reliance of the Cuban leaders. They die, too, with cries for "Cuba free," as they did in the Ten Years' war—the thought of independence last in their hearts and on their lips. Their unconquerable souls go forth to that freedom they could not win on their narrow stretch of earth. Love of liberty is the surest guarantee of representative government. That these men have given to the world the purest example of such devotion that history has known, proves them fit for self-government.—Joseph Dana Miller, in Godey's Magazine.

#### THE RAW MATERIAL.

In the civil war a Kansas cavalry regiment two days old was standing on a hill in Missouri, watching a fight. A company of confederates took a position on a hill back of the Kansans. In a rash moment a Kansas horseman galloped toward the newcomers. The colonel saw the private, and called:

"Oh, Tom, come back here."

"What do you want?" asked the private, checking up.

"Well, you come back here. What you goin' over there for? They'll get you," answered the officer.

"What if they do? If I want to get killed it's none of your business," replied the private.

"Tom Jennings, I command you to come back here," roared the colonel. Then the officer added, as Jennings didn't move: "Aw, Tom, don't be a fool; come on back."

"Say, Marsh Murdock, you think you're mighty smart because you've gone and log-rolled and got to be colonel; but I'm right here to tell you that no little four-by-nine editor can boss me around. I'm goin' over to see who them fellers are."

He started to turn around, when Col. Murdock cried: "Hold on, Tom. I'm responsible for you. Say, what you s'pose I'd tell your wife if I let you go over there and get killed?"

After some further argument the private returned. That evening the regiment took a vote on the question whether to stay where it was, to go into the fight, or go back to camp. On the road to camp the Kansas fellows, mistaken for confederates, were charged by a Michigan regiment. The Kansans, running helter-skelter, frightened a confederate company into flight. When the Kansas men got into Kansas City, they bought the colonel a sword as a