

"In th' fr-ront dure comes th' Englishman with a coon king or ayether ar-rm that's jus' loaned him their kingdoms on a prom'ssory note, an' discovers th' Fr-rinchman emargin' frim th' rooms iv th' safe. 'What ar-re ye doin' here?' says th' Englishman. 'Robin' th' naygurs,' says th' Fr-rinchman, bein' thruthful as well as polite. 'Wicked man,' says th' Englishman. 'What ar-re ye doin' here?' says the Fr-rinchman. 'Improv'in' the morals iv th' inhabitants,' says th' Englishman. 'Is it not so, Rastus?' he says. 'It is,' says wan iv th' kings. 'I'm a poorer but a betther man since ye came,' he says. 'Yes,' says th' Englishman, 'I pro-pose fr to thruly rayform this onhappy country,' he says. 'This benighted haythen on me exthreme left has been injooed to cut out a good dale iv his wife's business,' he says, 'an' go through life torminted be on'y wan spouse,' he says. 'All crap games bein' particular ongodly'll be undher th' con-throl iv th' governmint, which,' he says, 'is me. Policy shops'll be r-run carefully, an' I've appinted Rastus here Writer-in-Waitin' to Her Majesty,' he says. 'Th' r-rum they dhrink is these par-rts,' he says, 'is fearful,' he says. 'What shall we do to stop th' ac-cursed thraffic? 'Sell thim gin,' says I. 'Tis shameful they shud go out with nawthin' to hide their nakedness,' he says. 'I'll fetch thim clothes, but,' he says, 'as th' weather's too warrum fr clothes, I'll not sell thim annything that'll last long,' he says. 'If it wasn't fr religion,' he says, 'I don't know what th' 'ell th' wur-ruld wud come to,' he says. 'Whose religion?' says th' Fr-rinchman. 'My religion,' says th' Englishman. 'These pore, benighted savidges,' he says, 'll not be left to ye're odjious morals an' ye'er hootchy-kootchy school iv thought,' he says, 'but,' he says, 'undher th' binif'cent r-rule iv a wise an' thruve governmint,' he says, 'll be thurly prepared fr Hivin,' he says, 'whin their time comes to go,' he says, 'which I thrust will not be long,' he says. 'So, I'll thank ye to be off,' he says, 'or I'll take th' thick end iv th' slungshot to ye,' he says.

"Th' Fr-rinchman is a br-rave man, an' he'd stay an' have it out on th' flure, but some wan calls: 'A base th' Chinnyman, an' an' off he goes on another thrack. An' whin he gets to th' Chinny-men he finds th' English 've abased thim already. An' so he dances fr'm wan par-rt iv th' wurruld to another like a riochous an' happy flea, an' divvle th' bit iv progress he makes, on'y thrubble fr others an' a merry life fr himsilf.'"—Chicago Journal.

BISHOP POTTER ON EXPANSION.

When we had reduced Spain to the point where it was inevitable that she must surrender her hold upon Cuba, Porto Rico, and possibly the Philippines, there was for a moment a curious consensus of opinion that, whatever disavowals of territorial aggrandizement had been made in congress or by the executive, we could not disown a responsibility of sovereignty which conquest had practically created. Few people seemed to remember that, if our own most solemn declarations were to be considered in any other than a Pickwickian sense, we had not undertaken any war of conquest, or any other than a business of righteous intervention on behalf of an oppressed people. We had brought their oppressors to their knees, and were in a position to say to them: "See here! These oppressive methods of yours, these deliberate cruelties, these monstrous extortions, must cease, and you must reform them altogether. See to it that you set about ending this reign of brutality and greed! And that you may do it, we will stop awhile and see that you do!"

This was the obvious line, in view of the grounds on which originally we had justified our interference. But that we did not honestly believe in our own professions speedily became apparent. The commercial class shouted: "Trade demands new channels, and the party in power must give them to us, or step down and out!" The Jingo screamed: "Here is a chance for an imperial destiny! Disregard it at your peril; for if you do you make yourselves the laughing stock of the civilized world! What is a great nation without colonies? And what are colonies but the credentials of empire!" And besides these, the philanthropists and missionary enthusiasts protested: "Consider what you have to give to these pagan or only half Christian and wholly superstitious peoples! Ours is the pure light of the Gospel! Look at the Sandwich islands, and read the history of the 'Sons of Missionaries,' and see what a blessing the 'American religion' has been to those benighted peoples!"

Well, we have been looking, but we do not need to look so far. The proposition before us to-day, whether in the farther or the hither islands that are this moment within our grasp, is substantially this: "Here are certain subject races. Come and rule them, enfranchise them, ennoble them." What now are the indications that we have any single qualification for such a task? The question ought not to be difficult

to answer, for in a comparatively short space of time—less than a century—three subject races, so to speak, have been dropped into our lap, and the record of our dealings with them may be known and read of all men. One of them is the Indian race, another the negro race, and another the Chinese. If any honest man, by any ingenuity—and in spite of our tardy efforts in connection with one of them, the Indian, to redeem the dishonor of our dealings with him—can extract any ground for anything else than shame and confusion of face in view of our dealings with these races, I congratulate him upon his ingenuity. The story in every case, in greater or less degree, has been one long record of cruelty, rapine, lust, and outrage. "The best Indian," an army officer has been quoted as saying, "is a dead Indian;" and the best negro or Chinaman apparently is one who has been strung up at a lamp post or grilled alive on a village bonfire. And this is the nation, with such a record to demonstrate its capacity to deal with subject races, which is to give a new and more benign civilization to the Spanish West Indies and the Philippine islands!

If, indeed, it is to be done, it is greatly to be hoped that our members of congress, Jingo newspaper editors, and political contractors may be drafted for service in the ranks—not anywhere above them—of our armies of occupation. These people are responsible for the tens of thousands of physical wrecks that have come back from Santiago, Chickamauga, Camp Alger and Montauk. Their principles of civic and military administration have given us the infamous results which have turned the glory of our victories into the shame of our most criminal incompetency in every department of the practical administration of a great army. And the fruits of such a policy—a policy that trades in positions of grave responsibility, and barter civic and military appointments for a political "pull"—are, it is to be hoped, teaching our people that the "imperial" idea has for this republic no better promise than identical results, only in far larger proportions; to the further degradation of subject races, and to the greater dishonor of those who are to rule them.—The Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, in Harper's Weekly of Nov. 5.

"CONFISCATION."

Henry George, while expressly stating that it was not necessary to confiscate land, did undoubtedly propose to "confiscate rent." This use of the word "confiscation" is, in my judgment, to be regretted, because it has been the