

purely human traits, but on the possession of traits which they have in common with brutes and in whose mouths bulldog courage is equivalent to manhood."

Concerning the consequences of the influence of such men as Chamberlain he remarks that "the United States furnishes a fit looking-glass, for since the days that there grew up local bosses, to whom clusters of voters were obedient, there has been a development of bosses whose authorities extend over wider areas until now men of the type of Platt, Hanna and Croker mainly determine the elections, municipal and central."

He refers specially to Julian Ralph's South African letters to the Daily Mail as illustrating the injurious tendencies of journalism observing: "Of the Boers, concerning whom, until recently exasperated by farm burning and women driving, the accounts given by captured officers and men are uniformly good of whom the late Sir George Grey said: 'I know of no people richer in public and private virtues than the Boers'—of these same Boers, Ralph wrote that "they are neither brave nor honorable; they are cowardly and dastardly, semi-savage, inhuman, filled with Satanic premeditation."

With the foregoing somewhat pointed remarks each reader is free, to agree or disagree according to his leaning. But, I venture to believe, no one will deny to the trenchant writer a courage of the highest quality. The mere brute quality of animal courage is widely distributed and common. On the other hand, moral courage is as scarce as diamonds. A thousand men could easily be found in almost any country to face a shotted battery for a consideration when, perhaps, not one could be got to utter an unpalatable truth. The "English fair play" of which we hear so much—especially from small politicians—in this case at least, resorted to the bitterest criticism and stooped to the vilest abuse of the aged philosopher and critical writer for having dared to tilt at accepted conventions and most cherished ideals.

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It appears as if that energetic literary irritant, our own Professor Goldwin Smith, D. C. L., had been peeping over the venerable shoulder of Mr. Herbert Spencer while the latter was writing his