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No I

Jan. 13. <sup>th</sup> 1894

## SIVA RESUMES

### An Interrupted Correspondence.

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To Grover Cleveland, President: It is nearly nine years since Siva first addressed you by this august title. Of the things which then seemed improbable perhaps none would have been regarded with greater incredulity than a statement that you would now be occupying the chief executive chair of the Nation, unless it were that Siva would survive to point out to the American people with what wonderful accuracy you have fulfilled the predictions then made, not only with regard to yourself, but also concerning that party of which you are one of the least worthy members, though altogether the luckiest of the political freaks it has from time to time exhibited to a wondering world. We should both be grateful to the Supreme Controller of human events for this merciful dispensation—you because there is still opportunity to redeem your name in part, at least, from the well-deserved obloquy which attaches to every man whom ambition, envy, lack of sympathy with harsh conditions, or an inflated idea of his own self-importance may tempt to become the willing instrument of a people's needless woe; Siva, because he is still spared to point out the ills sure to result from the exaltation of a man who esteems himself more highly than the Nation, and a party which rates power above prosperity.

It is beyond question that your career has been one of the most wonderful that human history records, full of unprecedented contrasts and transformations apparently inexplicable except upon the theory of a blind, insequent fate or a transcendent merit which enables you easily to overtop all other individuals of your time and without effort to appropriate the highest honors which your party or the country has to bestow. This is all the more remarkable from the fact that you have done nothing for your party save when you were the prime beneficiary of its success, and never manifested by word or deed any consciousness of the country's existence until it became essential to your own exaltation and enrichment.

Many a life has exhibited wonderful contrasts. The poor have grown rich, the frivolous grave; the vicious have become models of virtue; those whom the world has esteemed foolish have shown themselves the wisest of their times. History's pages are studded with wonderful tales of the Fredericks and Prince Hals, the Cromwells and Penns, the Napoleons and Grants, the Hamiltons and Lincolns, who have sprung from obscurity to fame under untoward conditions. Many an un-

promising youth has been the precursor of a brilliant career. But youth is elastic. Early tendencies are easily reversed. It is not strange that a frivolous and dissolute prince, confronted with grave responsibilities, should face squarely about and become a wise and discreet ruler. It is not strange that a people seeking an exponent of their thought or aspiration should pitch upon one unknown to fame, but of whose sympathy, devotion, or exceptional capacity they had, or thought they had, conclusive evidence, and make him their leader. Such transformations, marvelous as they may seem, have been so numerous in history as to constitute part of the stock furniture of fiction. But history has no parallel for such transformative success as your life has witnessed. To the believer in duty, patriotism, a virtuous life, and noble aspiration as essential elements of the highest political success in a republic, the story of your life comes as a stunning and bewildering refutation of all his preconceptions.

That a man who until he had reached the meridian of life had been wholly undistinguished among his fellows, either for attainment or achievement; who had shown no marked aptitude or inclination except for reckless self-indulgence; who was accounted exceptional in nothing; who was not known to have expressed an opinion on any great question or been suspected of sympathy with any popular idea; whom no sane man would have dreamed of commending as an example to his son—that such a man should be twice lifted by the votes of his countrymen to the highest place within the gift of a free people is enough almost to shake the faith of the stoutest believer in the theory of self-government or an over-ruling Providence. Apparently it reverses all the maxims of philosophy, all the teachings of religion, and all the theories of human progress, making the last decade of the nineteenth century to write your name beside that of Washington and Lincoln as the highest type and latest product of American civilization. The story of "Whittington and His Cat" is plain, every-day prose compared with the romance of your life.

Others have risen to as dizzy heights and a few from almost as low a starting point. Napoleon leaped almost at a bound from captain of artillery to Emperor of the French; Cæsar was today a dissolute insolvent, and tomorrow the dictator of Rome; Lincoln rose from a "rail-splitter" to be the President of the republic. But Napoleon had already shown himself the most accomplished soldier of his time, and gave sure promise of being the greatest military genius of the world. Cæsar had won more battles and conquered more peoples than any man since Alexander's day. Lincoln had proved himself more than a match for the stoutest of his party opponents on the stump, and was a leader of

unquestioned prominence in the great popular outburst for liberty. Grant rose to fame only on a ladder which his own genius made, every round of which was a hard-won victory. You alone have come to the pinnacles of renown having done nothing, the champion of no worthy cause, without knowledge of, preparation for, or participation in any great civil or military conflict. Yet your rise was no more an exception to the moral laws which govern the destinies of men and nations than the swift mutations of fortune which attended these renowned characters. The only difference is that they received exaltation in consequence of what they had done or had developed a capacity and willingness to do, whereas you were raised to your present exalted dignity because you had neither done nor manifested any desire to do aught that might redound to the benefit or advantage of any one except yourself.

Their exaltation was in every case the reward of recognized achievement; yours of phenomenal non-achievement. They were lifted up because they had shown themselves great; you because none knew how great you might be or realized how small you were. They were fitted to play leading parts in great National crises; you to meet a special party exigency. They were prepared to do mighty things; you to exemplify the potency of boundless pretense. They rose because the world had need of potent characters; you because the

Democratic party required a non-entity. Your elevation was the apotheosis of negation. The moral law from which it resulted was the popular tendency to believe what it desires to be true.

The South demanded a candidate who had never raised his voice or arm against the iniquity of slavery or the bloody crime of rebellion.

The copperheads clamored for one who would not dare to taunt them with the cowardice and folly of their conduct in the Nation's crucial hour.

The mugwumps desired one whom they believed capable of betraying his party.

The "bestest-best," greedy always for miracles, hailed a statesman taught in the slums, whom they deemed all the more reliable as a reformer because of a lifelong study of vice.

Those who were tired of hearing patriotism extolled as "the highest policy" were delighted to find a candidate whose policy showed no trace of patriotism.

The free traders were anxious for one having no affiliation with the laborer, but imbued with that contempt for the poor which comes from knowledge of their weaknesses derived from participation in their vices.

Each of these elements recognized in you their ideal. It was luck, amazing luck; as wonderful as that which astonished Bar-

But it is not, however, a luck which will wear, simply because its essential condition is lack of knowledge of your real character. Just as fast as that leaks out the illusion on which your luck is founded disappears. In your first term the veil behind which your true quality has been so successfully hid was lifted now and then. The people guessed a few things despite the vigilance of that wonderful servant who watched over your steps like a guardian angel. Among these—

That you were obstinate almost beyond human parallel.

That you despise advice and resent difference.

That you condemn law and precedent and count yourself a ruler in your own right, not by virtue of delegated authority or with restricted powers.

That you hate a soldier of the Union, because the memory of his courage and patriotism is a constant reproach to your own lethargy and cowardice.

That you resent the prosperity of the country, because it has resulted from the policy of a party which has presumed to question your infallibility.

Your true character could only be guessed during your first term, for your power was so restricted by the action of the Senatorial majority that you were compelled to do as you could rather than as you would.

During the ten months of your second reign, for reign it may well be termed, since your will has been supreme, with the usual infatuation of one who believes himself prefated to dominion, you have chosen to tear aside the veil of uncertainty on which alone your luck depended, and show yourself to all the world in your true character. Every one now sees the falsity of your borrowed pretensions.

They comprehend that you count public office, not a public trust, nor even a party perquisite, but simply a "private snap" to be dispensed for your personal advantage.

They realize that when a condition confronts a theory it is all the worse for the condition, if the theory is yours.

It is no wonder that the people whom you despise are beginning to reward your contempt with scorn. Even the marvelous quality of your luck is as nothing compared with the unprecedented character of the disasters which have come upon the country through the ascendancy of the forces you represent.

Never before in the world's history did a people's accumulations shrink in value more than \$3,000,000 a day for a period of ten months, with the end not yet in sight.

Lincoln and his stout-hearted coadjutors of the party of freedom, were able only with much sweat and blood, after four years of strife, to transform 3,000,000 slaves into 3,000,000 freemen. But you and your party, who believe in reduced wages and dependent labor, with apparent ease, in



only ten months of power, have transformed 3,000,000 of prosperous free men into dependent paupers!

A year ago want was practically unknown in the land. Even the tramp had almost disappeared. No man willing to do a day's work need lack for a day's bread. Today the child foregoes his Christmas toys and begs the sweet St. Nicholas to give instead a trifle of food or raiment to the poor and starving. Is it any wonder that the people to whose sufferings you are so stolidly indifferent, call it the "Cleveland Christmas," and shudder with apprehension of what the next may be?

But you say you are not responsible for these things. Are you ever responsible for any unpleasant fact? This is not the first time that Siva has called attention not merely to your inclination but to your exceptional capacity for wriggling out of responsibility. No President has ever before kept so large a stock of overworked scapegoats. Yet Siva would not be unjust, even to one whose quibbles are worthy of so little consideration. Millions who are now children will remember you unto their latest hour only to denounce you as the author of that tide of woe which robbed the Christmas of 1893 even of the pretense of gayety; yet in this they will be in a sense unjust to your fame. You are not the cause, but only the willing instrument of the twin causes.

What are the true causes? They are twain in form but one in substance:

First, that economic theory, born of slavery, which maintains that the most desirable form of labor is that which is wholly dependent on the will of the employer.

Second, that malign dogma which would tear down all restriction on the power of the strong and deliver to them the weak to be consumed at will, misnamed Free Trade.

These are the forces which drag the Juggernaut car in which you sit over the homes and hopes of American labor. The whistles and factory bells are silent, the forges dark, the shuttles still, the looms idle. Do you wonder that the millions to whom labor means life and comfort utter your name with groans and curses?

But there is a limit even to your power of evasion. If you are not the cause of these conditions, you alone have the power to cure them. In one minute, by a single stroke of your pen, if you only had the manhood and the inclination to write one plain, indubitable sentence, you might remove all apprehension of the future and transform the gloom that hangs over the new year into inconceivable brightness. How, do you ask? No, you do not need to ask; you very well know that you have but to write these words:

"I, Grover Cleveland, hereby pledge myself to veto any legislation that may be passed looking to material change in the present laws for the protection of labor."

of the American laborer by imposing a discriminating duty on competing imports."

You have only to write these words, subscribe your name and publish them throughout the land, to close the soup-houses, light the fires, start the wheels, warm the homes and cheer the hearts of millions who are today dependent upon charity. In thirty days the army of the destitute would be but a tithe of what it now is.

Of course you will not do it. There are few men so perfectly encased in the impenetrable mail of self-approbation as to be capable of resisting such an opportunity to give happiness to so many. But forty years of absolute indifference to everything

but the engrossing pleasures of self-indulgence have given you a callosity of soul outrivalling that of Nero, who fiddled while Rome burned. Instead of pity for those who suffer you have only reproaches. "What right have the poor to starve while you reign?" you say in your heart. Instead of sympathy you feel resentment toward them for casting discredit by their sufferings upon you and your theories. You have told them that it is best that they should have lower wages. It may be necessary that some should die and many suffer while they are adjusting their needs to the conditions your theory will produce. Did you not warn them of this in your inaugural? High wages produce extravagance and discontent. Low wages render thrift and contentment necessary. Strikes will be eliminated from the "labor problem" when the wage limit is so low that no "contingency fund" can be provided. Why will not the people trust you and be patient? Do you not know what is good for them better than they themselves? Have they not chosen you to rule over them? Are you not doing the best you can? Is not the tariff "a tax," and has not the mere fear of the assault you will make on it cut down that tax until the Nation is once more a bankrupt and a borrower? Was not the surplus in the treasury a result of shameful Republican extravagance, and is not the deficit already accrued and the \$75,000,000 deficiency per year provided for by the "Wilson bill" the result of traditional Democratic economy? "What the country needs is a campaign of education." "Let the people sit still and suffer until they learn what is good for them."

Such is the spirit of that policy which you absurdly claim as your own, but of which you are in truth only the instrument and in some sense the victim. This is the greatest "campaign of education" ever inaugurated. People do not learn political economy from books and speeches. The science of government is not taught in colleges or congresses. Theories are exploited there. Experience is the only school in which nations learn, and in which justice and liberty are really taught. Want is the

The American people are learning today some needful lessons in self-government. They have never quite realized that slavery was only the complete subjection of labor or understood that free trade is only a license to the strong to pillage the weak at pleasure—that slavery meant the dependency of labor secured through law, and free trade the same dependency secured through unrestricted competition. They are learning very rapidly from the object lessons you have put before them. Just now they are studying with the utmost intentness this proposition: "If the mere contemplation of the first step toward free trade makes one-twentieth of our population paupers, what will be the effect of that measure intended to provide for statutory stagnation and a legalized deficiency, which with characteristic modesty you recently order the Congress to pass and pass without tinkering, too?"

They are a brave people and will put their hands in their pockets to avert so far as they may the evil results of that folly which has set up some other standard of National prosperity than the individual security and comfort of the people. If, when the lesson has been fully conned, there shall be left none so low as to do reverence to the name, or even envy the "luck" which has so long attended your footsteps, you will have only yourself to thank for the malodorous quality of your fame.

# SIV

**Chicago, Ill.**

**JANUARY 13, 1894.**

**Stagnant System**

Dubious as to the wisdom of the present administration, the United States will, to all intents and purposes, remain a stagnant, unprogressive country, with no incentive to the most enterprising and efficient of our citizens to do more than to "LIVE OCEAN" in the "LIVESTOCK" forest.

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Jan. 20" 1894

# "THE MAN OF DESTINY."

Letters from Siva to the President of the United States.

SECOND SERIES—NO. 3.

(Copyright, A. Warren, 1894).

"Number 20 1-2."

To Grover Cleveland, President: Not many of the events of your remarkable career are of a genuine humorous character—perhaps none of them intentionally so.

In your late-coming political career, hardly a jest has fallen from your lips. Dumb as an oyster and impassive as granite, you have met the tide of unexampled destiny. If now and then there has come a glint of mirth across the billow on which you have floated in the sublime serenity of unruffled self-complacency, it has not been the result of any conscious levity on your part.

The American people are a race of humorists, and are sure to find an element of mirth even in the most terrible and exasperating evils. The American even jests as he buttons his coat about him and takes his place in line at the "Cleveland soup-house" waiting for the meal he has no opportunity to earn. There is something in the climate or the admixture of blood upon our soil that renders the American peculiarly susceptible to amusing impressions, bursting out into laughter on the very slightest provocation, and being all the year round that incarnation of unexpected good nature which the Englishman tries to make himself on Derby Day.

Much of your "luck" no doubt depends on the fact that they have been unable to take you seriously. Had you been called upon to play a like part before a people of such temper as the English who grow in "the tight little isle," the popular wrath over the results already obtained through the policy you have inaugurated, maintained and are even now pushing with all the power which your position enables you to concentrate, in sheer vengeance on those who dare to disapprove—if the American people were of the temper of their English cousins, you would never show your face in public without audible and perhaps visible tokens of disapproval. In that case there would be some sense in that tender solicitude for your personal welfare which has been a distinguishing quality of both your reigns. As it is, the American people make sport of their own sufferings and laugh at the timidity which surrounds your voluminous presence with a retinue of guards and spies which the autocrat of all the Russias would feel ashamed to know were in attend-

ance on him. As for the old soldier, he is glad as he notes the portable bomb-proof which is deemed necessary to protect the Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy in the time of peace, that you were neither his comrade nor commander in time of war.

It has probably never occurred to you that there was anything funny about sending a Southern fire-eater, more especially one of "the Blount family," to Hawaii, to arrange for the employment of the forces of the United States to secure the restoration of a "nigger" queen. But if you had been a professional humorist, you could have thought of nothing more comical. Only think of a Confederate hero of the genuine flannel-mouthed, "damn-the-nigger" variety, making his bow in public to a colored queen of shady repute and dilapidated charms! It would have been gall and wormwood to the Deputy "Paramount" had it not been for the \$10,000 and expenses which he was allowed from the secret service fund to restore the disturbance of his digestive apparatus after kissing the queen's hand! It is a curious thing how effective the "gold cure" is, even in the treatment of colorphobia.

So, too, it has probably never appeared to you a thing at all ludicrous, that you should send Mr. Willis, with his fine open mouth and self-enlarging occiput, to exploit your "big Injun" prowess in the mid-Pacific isles. But the average citizen finds it altogether convulsing to think of "your" Minister parading up and down the deserted porticoes of the Legation, and bringing his mouth to bear with solemn and reverberating emphasis upon your relations to the Hawaiian nationality in such terms as these: "The American flag will never wave over the Hawaiian Islands! Grover Cleveland is determined that it never shall! What has public opinion to do with it! Grover Cleveland is President and the Democratic party will control the United States for the next forty years, at least! I, who tell you these things, have sacrificed \$80,000 for the privilege of proclaiming his greatness to you."

By the way, that is a pretty high-priced envoy, even if he be "extraordinary," and have two sets of instructions and a double-barreled commission. If he talks much more the people will stop laughing and begin to wonder whether he has not drawn double pay as well as carried two sets of credentials, a double face, and an extra cargo of mouth.

But the most comical thing in the whole Hawaiian business is that recent scene in which Mr. Willis plays the leading part, with yourself as a very strong second; that is, you are the innocent victim, pointing in brief but passionate appeal to the wounds inflicted on your sacred honor, while Willis stands forth your vehement champion, his mouth loaded to the muzzle, his eyes "in a flash" flashing, his hands pointing to Dole, the presumptuous and unscrupulous

exultingly toward Washington to learn whether he shall exterminate the offender or whether the Presidential thumb will be crooked in pity and pardon for his offense. What has he done? Forsooth, he has "reflected on the President and his diplomatic agent!"

Ah, what a thrill the weekly message which has taken the place of the Sunday morning dispatch from the White House which was always looked for during your first term—what a thrill of possible tragedy the brief message brought: "I transmit, etc., a most extraordinary letter signed by Sanford B. Dole."

What a hint of sulphurous wrath the words contain! What power! What dignity! What agony of injured innocence they express! An "extraordinary" letter! How terrible that must be! "Extraordinary" may mean anything. It is nearly as bad as "incendiary." What can it mean? Has President Dole declared war? Does he mean to train Mauna Loa on our ships? Has he given Willis his walking papers, and is that worthy bringing his \$30,000 month back here to run against the income tax? What is it? "Let us not burst in ignorance!" How many hands trembled as they turned the pages and scanned the myriad columns of the mighty Sunday morning papers!

Ah, here it is! "No. 20½, Mr. Dole to Mr. Willis." Now we shall get at the whole matter.

What does he say, what does he dare to say, to the slayer of men of godlike front and long-range mouth?

Just this; in effect, he tells your Extraordinary Mr. Willis:

"You have been prancing round here, talking about your intentions and the policy of your government in an ambiguous way, long enough. You have been holding interviews with a deposed sovereign, devising ways and means to restore her to the throne, and telling about something startling that will happen when you get a good ready. Now, I want to know if you, as the representative of the government of the United States in these islands, intend to use or have any authority to use force in effecting the restoration which the President seems bent upon, in

defiance of the rights of this government. Our people are greatly disturbed. A faction claiming the approval and support of a foreign power through its duly accredited minister is threatening outbreak and revolution.

"You have openly demanded that the government to which you are accredited shall be dissolved and another established. Now, we want to know if you propose to use force to do this—if you are authorized to do so, in any event."

This letter is a remarkable one; perhaps "extraordinary" was hardly too strong a word for "your agent" to apply to it, and



you to echo as a seemingly effective means of prejudicing the American people against a little band of patriots who for steadiness, sagacity, and courage have rarely been matched in the world's history, a company of men who have not hesitated to resist the machinations of the lottery and coolie rings, backed by untold millions, joined with the reactionary forces of heathenism and supported by the man who has usurped the powers of Congress and insulted the American people by making himself the third party to this infamous triumvirate.

It is a remarkable letter, in that it put "your" swivel-jointed agent—the Minister who was accredited in the name of the people of the United States to one government and ordered by you to set up another—the Deputy Joab, who was willing to lose \$30,000 in order to carry out the treachery you had conceived—it put this agent of a thoroughly despicable purpose in a most uncomfortable predicament. He did not dare say "Yes," lest he should offend his master; he dare not answer "No," for that would destroy his power to invite rebellion and stir up strife against the government to which he was accredited by the vote of the Senate of the United States in the performance of its constitutional function. So he resorted to the usual course of the cowardly bully. His portion of "No, 20½" would serve exquisitely for a cheap miscellany if it were not so very common. Every bully since Cain's day has made the same answer to a like explicit demand.

"Your communication," says Mr. Willis, his caput evidently expanding like the head of an angry cobra as he writes, "your communication would have received an immediate answer, except for the statements reflecting on the President of the United States and on his diplomatic agent in this country, which in view of their gravity should, I respectfully submit, be set forth with more particularity."

Now, unfortunately for Mr. Willis bluff—which he proudly posts off to you, and you, with your usual contempt for the intelligence of the American people, seek to play upon them by your message—every allusion to the President of the United States in Mr. Dole's letter in "No. 20½" is of the most explicit character possible, and his allusions to Minister Willis are equally explicit, except in the case in which he alludes to his public declaration of what he would do when the proper time came as "ambiguous," and ambiguity cannot, of course, be particularized. He does say, with a particularity that even Mr. Willis does not care to have improved: "The fact is well known that you, as admitted by yourself, in your communication of Dec. 19, without the consent or knowledge of this government, have held communications with the deposed Queen for the purpose of overthrowing this government."

One would think that by thus openly charging him with having become a con-

plator to overthrow the government to which he was formally accredited—one of the few facts which strip the person of the ambassador of the immunity with which he is clothed by international law—would have been enough to satisfy even this farcical apology for a diplomat that the Hawaiian minister had not only the right to ask his intentions but also to give him his passport and require him to bless the little nation he has so troubled by his immediate absence. But Mr. Willis is not one to answer on compulsion. What is the use of an \$80,000 mouth if one can make it utter a plain "Yes" or "No" at will. Nothing of the kind. He shows himself worthy to be the diplomatic agent of our Joab Falstaff: "I could tell you what powers I have and what is the policy of my master"—such is the tenor of what he writes in insolvent evasion—"but unless you inform me what you mean by my attitude, and answer me six other conundrums which have no more to do with your inquiry than with the consultation of Venus, I will not answer a single word."

It was an astonishing display of puerility, excusable only on the hypothesis that this "Minister Extraordinary" was forbidden to disclose his power or purposes, but it is the most gravid wisdom in comparison with the other things he narrates in "No. 20." The arrival of your celebrated crawfish message, in which you explicitly declared that Minister Willis never had any power, nor you any intention to subvert the provisional government of Hawaii by force, answered Mr. Dole's question, and he so informed Minister Willis. But that worthy had not brought the full force of his giant intellect to bear upon his counter queries to be defeated of the glory he hoped to win by their discussion. He was anxious to show the back-action capacity of his intellect, as well as the point-blank range of his mouth.

"No, you don't" is the purport of his next communication. "The President's message may have satisfied you that I have no power to use the naval forces of the United States to revolutionize Hawaii, but you haven't answered my conundrums. You must answer them or withdraw your letter or I'll, I'll—"

He doesn't tell what he will do, but the tone of his dispatch makes clear to every thoughtful mind what every one having the slightest knowledge of your moral qualities might have foreseen from the outset that Grover Cleveland, while professing to have yielded his purpose to restore the savage Queen, who never had any more right to rule in Hawaii than in the moon, is yet determined that the present government shall be overthrown.

There is no doubt that the "cuckoo" who, knowing your insatiable greed for flattery, insists on being recognised as "your diplomatic agent," needs but a hint, a wink, or a nod to do your bidding and plunge the unfortunate country which appealed to us for



peace into bloodshed, strife, and ultimately into the arms of England; for while you are ready enough to bully a weak nation which objects to treachery, one single growl of the British lion would bring you to your knees, thrilled with the same palpitating terror you felt in the old days when you read your name among those drafted for the country's service.

It is not at all likely you can be deterred from this purpose. Ignominy has small terrors for you. You have so long defied public sentiment that you imagine it can always be safely set at naught. You think you are in no danger because the American people, unlike their English cousins, do not cut off the heads of those who betray their "public trusts." They only relegate them to private life where they are powerless for farther harm.

It would have been well, however, for you to remember that this people, who have laughed at your clumsy attempts to crush a puny government hardly a year old, merely to gratify your envious hate of the predecessor whose wisdom had adopted an established policy of your party and opened a way for a permanent lodgment of American power in the mid-Pacific, from whence it could strike at the commerce of any foe who may dare to menace—though they have laughed at your pettiness and the ease with which a few brave men have

baffled your treachery, I pray you do not forget that they can strike as well as laugh. Just as soon as a drop of blood is shed or a single gun fired in the attempt, direct or indirect, to overthrow the government of Hawaii, that very moment your destiny is sealed. Down you go into the inky blackness of universal detestation.

Do not think your shallow plea of an uncontrollable desire to do justice will avail you. Aside from the knowledge that it is negated by the plain facts of the case, showing that you were neither named as referee nor gave any hearing to the parties between whom you professed to adjudicate, it will be well for you to remember that the American people have even less confidence in your purpose than in your acts. They do not like the lordly way in which you arrogate to yourself the functions of a monarch, and speak of "my government," "my commissioner," "my minister," "my ships," and the like. They are willing you should address the man you meant to betray as "my good and great friend" for it shows that the treachery is yours and not that of the Nation. The American people do not like treachery and they do admire courage. The little group of men who have dared to resist Grover Cleveland, the lottery, Claus Spreckels, and the Queen who is the figurehead of the conspiracy, are looked upon as worthy examples of American pluck. Be very care-

ful that "your diplomatic agent" in his zeal to serve your malice does not awaken the resentment of this people. If he does they will soon show Mr. Willis that he is their servant, not yours. Remember impeachment may reach him, and when he finds himself in danger his mouth will be an element of immeasurable peril to his master. The man who will betray for favor will betray also from fear.

You and I have lived through exciting times—from the epoch of sacrifice and victory to the era of selfishness and soup-houses! In every moment of this wonderful period the American people have shown themselves capable of marvelous things. They put down rebellion! They freed the slave! They forgave their enemies! They paid two-thirds of their public debt! They kept the national honor unsmirched! They doubled the Nation's wealth!

They are proud of these things and well they may be. That is happening today of which they will be equally proud; without a murmur they have put their hands in their pockets and given money to feed 3,000,000 whom the bare prospect of Democratic rule with Grover Cleveland in the lead has made helpless and dependent.

It will not do for any man to despise and condemn such a people. When their wrath bursts forth it overwhelms as surely as their bounty cheers or their enterprise up-builds. If you were capable of belief in anything besides yourself, you would see that it is no time to trifle with or attempt to deceive such a people.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY, N.Y.

Chicago, Ill.

Siva

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Jan 27 1894

"THE MAN OF DESTINY."

SECOND SERIES, NO. 2.

## The Hawaiian Question

[Copyrighted, 1894, by A. Warren.]

To Grover Cleveland, President: A man's friends are often his worst enemies and his enemies his best friends. This is one of the reasons, no doubt, why we are especially commanded to love our enemies.

This injunction of the Great Teacher should especially commend itself to your approval, not only as a religious principle, but as a most profound practical maxim for a political character in this country or any other has owed so much to his opponents as you. This is not because they have pointed out opportunities of which you have taken advantage or errors which you have avoided. So far as your conduct, public or private is concerned, you are just as oblivious to the animadversion of your enemies as you are to the advice of your friends, or rather both have the same effect to confirm your absurd belief in your own infallibility and your unreasoning hate of any one who dares to doubt it. Your debt to your enemies consists of two elements—what they have failed to do to prevent your phenomenal rise and what they have succeeded in doing to restrain your acts.

The folly of the Republicans of Buffalo in nominating candidates who could not command the votes of the party made you successively Sheriff and Mayor. The interference of a Republican President with the action of a Republican State convention made you Governor.

The only reason that could be given for your first nomination as a Presidential candidate, which had even a shadow of validity, was the eloquent aphorism of that Wisconsin leader, whom you embraced the first opportunity that came in your way to to flout and humiliate because he was of too rugged a nature and too sturdy a manhood to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," with sufficient readiness at your beck—the gallant leader of the "Iron Brigade" who flashed across the hesitating convention the one ray of crystallizing light that illuminated its "turgid oratory"—"We love him for the enemies he has made."

The services of your enemies did not end with your nomination. For four years they allowed you free rein and gave you the most distinctive quality of your culture.

the quality of self-excuse. For four years there came from the White House one long-drawn wail of simulated agony because you were unable to do the things you yearned unceasingly to do. Across your path stood the Republican Senate. You pitied yourself, you mourned for the country, you condoled with the world because your benignant designs were thwarted by this pestiferous body. As a picture of baffled beneficence you were attractive, if not always impressive. Some imagined you to be in very truth a chained tornado of reform; others, knowing your character better, smiled at the thought of your irrepressible desire to do the many things you were held back from doing by that Senatorial Mordecia which sat ever at the gateway of absolutism, and prevented you from having your own way with the things that belong to the American people. But for this, you would never have been even a second time the nominee of your party.

My neighbor Smith, on whose premises I look down as I write, has a dog which is fastened by a chain which slips along a wire strung between two posts. He is a very savage beast. Judged by his own report of purpose and capacity, it would be unsafe for any man or beast to set foot upon the premises he guards. The post which is farthest from the kennel is perhaps twenty feet from the sidewalk; the street has been graded down so that the level of the yard is some three feet above the flagstones. The children peer over the wall in terror at the savage brute, who strains and tugs at his chain, uttering the fiercest of canine protestations of eager desire to masticate and consume each and every one of them, if only the chain did not prevent. He is a burly fellow, with a broad back, bow legs and ears which have grown bloodshot from much barking and perpetual strain upon the father. He has a big mouth, very formidable-looking teeth, and a voice which would chill down the youthful spines of dog-owners speculate on what would happen if the chain should break.

The dog is the quadrupedal hero of the neighborhood, and has a host of juvenile admirers, who until lately were ready to put their last agate on his ability to "chaw up" any living thing within half a dozen blocks at least. Some few, claiming superior knowledge of canine attributes, have doubted his prowess, and even made derogatory remarks in reference to his courage. There has, indeed, been more than one affray between his champions and detractors. My own grandson carried for some days a black eye for having spoken disparagingly of him as an apt illustration of the one Latin phrase, which the young man seems to have adopted. The dog's name is "Tommy," and he is a "bitch" of the most formidable kind. He is a "bitch" of the most formidable kind. He is a "bitch" of the most formidable kind.

succeeded at once to do battle for his favorite, whose ignoble bonds prevented him from avenging the insult to his conscience because of the unknown tongue in which he was clothed. I was rather glad to know that the scion of our house got the worst of the contest which followed, for I had a notion he had been putting on airs with his playmates of the lower grades, which his general familiarity with the ancient Roman tongue by no means justified. However, he did not make any complaint, though I heard him declaring with much exuberance of gesture, a hint of tears and an emphasis which displayed far more familiarity with the vernacular than the well-known quotation showed that he had with classical lore, that he would be "dod-dinged if he didn't get even with them fellers yet!"

It was only a few days afterwards that I noted a somewhat larger crowd of juveniles than usual gathered in front of my neighbor's premises. They were divided into two groups, and were evidently engaged in the usual controversy as to the dog's ferocity. Presently I saw my grandson go up the steps into the yard and cautiously walk toward the beast, who strained upon his tether and howled and choked and bellowed with rage at such temerity. Knowing that my neighbor was mortally afraid of his own dog, never daring to go near him, and even pushing food and drink within his reach with a long stick, I felt no apprehension for the lad. This very fact, indeed, gave me all the more reliance in the good fortune that attends youthful folly, for I felt because of it the utmost confidence in the chain with which my friend had tethered his savage favorite. Even while I looked, however, the chain snapped, and the furious beast, with a gurgling cry of brutal joy, hurled himself upon the apparently helpless lad. I sprang up, seized the brass poker standing by my grate, which for size and weight might have served Hercules far better than his club, had brass been as cheap then as it has become since your second term began, and started for the stairs on my way to rescue the lad's mangled frame from the dripping jaws of his fierce assailant.

A last glance which I gave out of the window, showed that my apprehension was entirely unnecessary. Almost within reach of his victim that dog stopped, and after a few silly passes in the air with his forefeet, turned and made his way back to his kennel, the broken chain rattling at his heels, his tail safely stowed between his hind legs, and a series of resounding yelps attending the "quickest passage on record." Even when he had reached the seclusion of his carpet-curtained box, he did not cease his piteous and resounding yelps. I do not know just what the deco-



tion was with which ~~the dog~~ <sup>the president</sup> had loaded up the rubber bulb which he held concealed in his right hand, but whatever it may have been the spray, which fell fair on the dog's gaping muzzle at short range, was too much for his fiery purpose, and it was evident that surprise and disappointment mingled in his yells with what seemed to me a very just resentment against the chain which did not hold him back from attempting his fell purpose.

Those who had been the stoutest champions of the dog among that group of boys, now hooted at him even more contemptuously than those who had decried him hitherto. Both flung sticks and stones at him and the dog howled piteously every time the missiles struck his kennel. Even to their shrill derisive yells he responded with piteous howling.

I laid aside the poker and sat down to my table. Somehow I could not resist the thought that what the broken chain was to that dog during the months when he was making a reputation for ferocity, that and even something more, the Republican party had been to you during the years when you were manufacturing your fame as a statesman—a fame which hung always on an "if" or a "but," those seemingly insignificant hypotheticals over which many a promising genius has tripped and fallen into oblivion. No doubt the poor canine had growled and barked, bristled and choked and glowered, until he really believed himself well-nigh invincible. When he launched himself against the lad he probably thought he was about to make a pretty meal off the youngster's tender flesh and juicy bones, but the first unexpected douche revealed to him the surprising fact that the chain was not the only obstacle in the way of achieving his desire. Such a lesson you learned when the day after your second inauguration, you gathered your ponderous personality for a drop upon the little handful of men who had thrown off the rule of a sham sovereignty in that island group which will, no doubt within a very brief period, be the master-key of the Pacific world. They had only asked to be joined to that Republic from which all that is worthy in their civilization has come, but it was evident to all that you expected to overwhelm them with the potency of your exalted station. Somehow, though the chain was broken, and the Republican party no longer interposed a potent majority to restrict your acts, the result was not quite what you hoped for, the projected crush was nothing like the success you anticipated. Though you sent in advance a "special commissioner," with your private label "Paramount" about his neck, to find if the way was clear, yet when you launched yourself against the frail "provisional government" it did not fall nor even tremble, but instead that stood calmly blowing into your face.

spray of defiance and ridicule which stung and smarted, while the world laughed and you were glad to turn tail, hide in the White House and shriek through the key-hole your famous message, which, being freely rendered, means, if it has any coherent significance:

"It was not I! I did not do it! There was a conspiracy! Lill is the rightful sovereign! It was that little man Harrison that made the trouble! Stevens is a liar! So was Blaine! I wanted to do right—that was all. The 'provisional government' has no right to exist unless with my consent! I meant to put the Queen in power, but she wouldn't accept my terms! That is all there is of it! Let Congress do as it chooses! I did not mean to hurt anybody or do anything, unless everybody was willing! What right has anybody to throw sticks at me? There was a conspiracy, I say! A conspiracy to cheat Lill! A conspiracy to get new territory! A conspiracy, don't you understand! A conspiracy!—Con-spir-a-cy!!"

While I was thinking of the queer parallel between my neighbor's dog and the Chief Executive of this unfortunate Republic, there came to my ears every now and then from the kennel, curious, pitiful, remonstrant howls:

"Ki-yi! It wasn't I! Ki-yi!"

By and by my neighbor came home. I saw him standing by the window, his wife talking to him and pointing toward the kennel. Then he came out into the yard, caught hold of the chain and pulled the dog he had always been so afraid of out of the kennel down upon the ground. I knew he was swearing at him, though I could not hear a word. His actions showed that. One does not like to find the dog, of whose ferocity he has boasted for years, howling and shivering because a boy has squirted cold water on his nose. The dog spread out his forefeet, curled his tail close under him, and remonstrated louder than ever at this fresh indignity. Then his master kicked him—in the short ribs—under the jaw—on whatever portion of the sleek anatomy presented the fairest opportunity for causing pain. Think of it! Such treatment of a dog he had never approached before without trembling!

No wonder the poor brute cried out in amazed protest:

"Not I! Ki-yi! Oh why! Ki-yi! Twan't I! Twan't I! Ki-yi!"

I thought he said something about "Stevens" and "Cresham," but I may have been mistaken; for just about that time, the chain slipped from my neighbor's hand, and the dog hustled back into his kennel as fast as his corporosity would permit.

Then my neighbor went into the woodshed and presently came back with a board which he nailed over the opening of the kennel, using, as I thought, a great deal

unnecessary vehemence in the transaction. The dog howled every time the master fell. When he had driven in all the nails, my neighbor kicked the kennel savagely. I wonder what he means to do with the dog. The dog wonders too. My curiosity is so strong that I raise the window and ask my neighbor in the most sympathetic tone, if his dog has hydrophobia. He turns quickly away so that I hardly understand his reply, but so far as I can gather its significance, it sounds like a very profane wish that the dog which but yesterday was the pride of his life had not only that fell disease, but a lot of other much worse things. To which cruel wish the dog responds, "Ki-yi!" And the master angrily rejoins, "Shut up!" as he goes into the house and slams the door. I am afraid the days of that dog as a household pet are numbered.

The Hawaiian imbroglio is all the more unfortunate for your fame, because of its clear exposure of your real mental and moral qualities. Most men, even if inspired with equal malice and envy against your predecessor, would have been content openly to have renounced the policy that had been inaugurated, to have withdrawn the treaty and left the provisional government of Hawaii to settle its own destiny. To this course, in your mind, there were, however, insuperable objections. You knew that such a course would result at once in an English protectorate, and the opportunity to secure the islands, which will be of incalculable advantage to the Pacific trade, if we are ever to have a Pacific trade again, would thereby pass away forever. Besides, such a course would deprive you of the pleasure of posing in the role of dictator, and to the even greater pleasure, to you of your nature, of exercising your undoubted talent for subterfuge and treachery.

You had, it is believed by those who know you best, at no time any idea of releasing your grip on the Hawaiian group. You wished to hold the fruits of your predecessor's quiet, manly and straightforward policy, but to do it by indirection, bluster and a great show of indignation over a pretended conspiracy which had no motive or shadow of reason for existence except in your too fertile fancy, which ever teems with foul innuendo, with which you delight to besmirch every adversary's fame, and not seldom to chill even your friends' devotion. In this case you had three purposes in view; to hold Hawaii; to do so by force and as the result of a policy of your own; to asperse the fame of your predecessor and perhaps, in sheer defiance of that public opinion which you regard with such contempt, to shock the sentiment of the civilized world by using the power of the United States republic, to set up and maintain a



monarchy of the most debased and inexcusable character. No doubt a certain sympathy with the personal repute of the sham sovereign and the moral quality of her government, inclined you to favor her claims; but that counted little in the determination of our policy; its purpose was to exalt yourself and depreciate your predecessor. Outside of these results you cared for nothing; it is doubtful if you are capable of really caring for anything which does not primarily concern yourself.

Unfortunately, your idea of statecraft and diplomacy is the ordinary notion of the ordinary ward politician. It has three elements—secrecy, treachery, and falsehood. So you kept your purpose secret, set your agents at work to falsify the record of your predecessor's administration, and stamped the diplomacy of a great Nation with the ineradicable stigma of treachery. Seldom in the world's history has there been an instance of such inexcusable falsehood in the message an ambassador was commissioned to bear as in the letter, which could only have been intended to deceive, that you sent by the hand of your double-barreled minister to President Dole.

"Punic faith" is a weak designation of such needless and detestible treachery. With all the power of a great Nation at your back you could not muster the manhood to utter the truth even to the head of the youngest and weakest government in the world.

To add to this supreme humiliation of the Nation whose servant you are, the weak, puny, unsupported provisional government of Hawaii penetrated your duplicity, detected your treachery, defied your power, and foiled your schemes. You were outplayed and outmaneuvered at every stage. In the hands of President Dole and his associates you were as helpless as a blind baby in a game of chess with Morphy. Without losing either their temper or their dignity they put the brand of cowardice and falsehood upon your unblinking front and the stigma of treachery upon the Nation they had honored with the ready request to assume dominion over them.

All of this the American people might have forgiven, though it is not likely. There is hardly an attribute of your real nature which they are inclined to tolerate, much less respect. It is what you have pretended to be, not what you are, that they have honored. This incident strips away the pretense and throws a calcium light on the reality. When the Corwin was stopped on the shore of California and her officers and men forbidden to disclose what had taken place at Honolulu prior to her departure, the disgust of the American people became as difficult of expression as my neighbor Smith's sentiments toward his neighbor Jones. There was and could be no explanation of such conduct.

part or the part of that deputy commander-in-chief of the navy to whom you had delegated the control of every government vessel plying between that port and the United States. The officers were forbidden to permit any knowledge of what had happened in a foreign country, from coming to the ears of the American people as long as the could. Why? There could be but one reason, and that was that the President of the United States might have as long a time as possible, with the aid of hired attorneys paid out of the secret service fund, to concoct and color such false and misleading report concerning his responsibility for revolution in a foreign land as he might see fit to make and publish to the world.

The idol is broken! The American people laugh at the idea that they once believed in your "luck" and spoke of you as "the phenomenon from Buffalo!" Even impeachment—that most terrible fate that hangs over the English-speaking usurper—is freely mooted in connection with your name. If there is bloodshed in Hawaii because of the action of your minister few things are more probable. While it is true that your party controls the House of Representatives by an overwhelming majority, they know that their only hope lies in the repudiation of your conduct. Besides that, four-fifths at least of that majority would far rather see the Vice President in the chair you occupy. It is quite possible that you may yet owe the privilege you prize so highly of drawing the Presidential salary for the major part of the quadrenniate to the mercy of the Senators of that party, to whose weakness and folly you already owe so much of that good fortune you have been accustomed to vaunt as "Destiny."

Chicago, Ill.

SIVA

Siva

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"A MAN OF DESTINY."

Letters from Siva to the President of the United States.

SECOND SERIES—NO. 4.

Our Jack Falstaff and His Cuckoo Brigade.

[Copyright, A. Warren, 1894.]

To Grover Cleveland, President.—Sir: "A false character," a very wise man has said, "is like a false face, a very small hole in it is sufficient to destroy the illusion."

In your case the holes are neither small nor few, yet the illusion has continued much longer than could have been expected. This is chiefly due to the fact that the mask you have worn has been, in very large degree, the product of self-delusion on the part of observers, who, having predetermined the character of the man they expected to see, were unable to see the real one. Another reason is, that long practice in concealing the most significant part of your life from the public ken has given you, in connection with your wonderful luck, a sort of blundering skill, by which you have been enabled to impress, terrorize, and subordinate men infinitely your superiors in intellect, character, and capacity, so that they have not dared to speak the truth in regard to you.

There are some singular things about this mask behind which you have so long hidden.

It was at first so perfect that no one seemed able authoritatively to trace the lineaments it concealed. Each one painted on it the features of his own ideal.

To the fervid fancy of a great poet you appeared a combination of all the best qualities of Washington and Lincoln, with a host of other virtues added, making you the one typical American—of a homely ruggedness and pristine virility that only the slums could nourish, but of a transcendental calm and elevation which storms could not daunt nor earthquakes disturb. He saw in you, too, that genius which overleaps all error and fastens instinctively truth, making study, preparation, and experience unnecessary in the performance of herculean tasks of statesmanship. Alas! alas! Many wonder, while but the keener few guess whence the poor poet's inspiration was drawn.

The mugwumps also found what they sought beneath your mask—features of Roman sternness, brow as hard as adamant, cheek flushed with boyish modesty that flashed rebuke to every office-hunter's plea, eye that hid its fires behind thick-veined lids, from very pity for the corrupt self-seeker whom otherwise their angry light had burned to ashes with the fervid glow of patriotic fury.

They painted you a Democrat without any note for spoils or favor for the spoils

man, and of such incalculable equipoise that the clamor of the hungry host who lifted you to power would be vain to flex your sense of patriotic purpose. Alack! Alack! They found that of all the features on their tawdry canvas only the bull-dog neck and jaw were true, and these augured not the destruction of the spoilsman but the mastication of the reformer.

One section of your admirers saw behind the mask features of such benignant purity as would shame the traditional impeccability of the "Father of His Country," who could not tell a lie. They claimed that though you were quite able to tell a lie, and had an intimate knowledge of the ways and means by which deception is effected, such was your phenomenal uprightness that you not only would not color the white light of truth so as to show the slightest chromatic aberration, but you would not even permit another to lie for you.

Others read in the features which they thought they saw an inflexible determination to serve the country to the death, no matter what became of the Democratic party; while still others saw in the voluminous expanse of your receding brow a Democrat impervious to reproach, who would see to it that the party began a new epoch of supremacy which a generation would not conclude, even if the country went to rack and ruin in the meanwhile.

There were Democratic leaders, too, who welcomed the rising sun with proffers of allegiance and worship, hoping that their own hopes might bud and blossom into richer promise in the warm effulgence of your greater glory.

Still another group thought they saw in your countenance unmistakable indications of that divinely tutored genius which the ages now and then evolve out of nothingness, whose destiny is to establish on the earth, or among a particular people, some political system so simple, grand, and beneficent as to constitute an epoch from which all future progress shall be distinctively dated.

Alas! alas! All these groups have seen the holes you have yourself punched in the mask which kindly fortune had provided, and behind it have found the artful, selfish nature, fond of duplicity and indirection which Siva had long since painted from life, with infinite sorrow for the country, with some pity and even a spark of hope.

It is a blessed thing for the youth of our land that the self-revelation of the last ten months has taken place. No man can any longer hold you up as a model for the young American to pattern after. Who indeed could read your letter to President Dole, whom you had already determined to betray, and think of Washington without a blush! Even if the "Father of His Country" were not actually unable to formulate a falsehood, every one knows full well that

he would never tell a lie where the truth would do better, nor play the part of Josh when there was no need of treachery.

Then, too, the solemn avowal which you made that you held back "dispatch No. 8" from the monthly herald of your potency in the mid-Pacific "because the public interests required it!" What was the public interest which could be endangered? What fact did "No. 8" reveal when published? Only the savage nature of the mongrel Queen you were striving to restore and the further fact that such conclusive evidence of her character had been in your hands for more than a month.

Who will ever see in your features again the semblance of a statesman while 8,000,000 of our people, the first fruits of your Falstaffian recruitment, throng the soup houses and clamor for bread—Cleveland conscripts for the grand army of poverty, in which no "substitutes" are allowed!

Who shall name your name in connection with administrative reform when it is openly charged by members of your own party that you use unblushingly the public patronage to coerce the legislative action of your followers to such an extent that those who yield to such corrupt compulsion are openly denominated "cuckoos" by one of the leading Senators of your party—a man, by the way, whose Southern birth and experience has not tended to make him squeamish about such things, but one whose experience as a Democrat and a Confederate long before you were discovered entitles him at least to an opinion where the verge of decency lies, beyond which even a President cannot go in bulldozing a Congressman to vote against his conviction.

Even your own partisans are forced to admit that long evident truth, that you regard the public service, not as a "trust" for the public benefit, nor even for party advantage, but as one to be used solely for your own personal gratification in fostering a dependent brood whose only hope depends on the doing of your will—cuckoos reared in stolen nests and having only one unlovely song of adulation.

Your dispensation of public place and honor has of late provoked not a little comment, especially among the most distinguished men of your party, not only because of the shameless boldness with which you have debauched the representatives of the people, but also because they seem all at once to have awakened to certain facts:

First, that your method of dispensing the public patronage has been the result not of accident, impulse or a lack of knowledge of the needs and interests of the Democratic party, but of a system exquisitely adapted to a specific purpose and applied with a skill so subtle as to have concealed its art even from the most astute of its victims.

Second, that regarding yourself charged with the entire responsibility of government, you naturally esteem the legislative and judicial departments as the mere



instruments of your will, which it is both a duty and a pleasure for you to control by any instrumentality that fortune may have placed in your hands. You, therefore, feel no compunction in offering a Senator or Representative a slice of patronage for his vote, or threatening him with its refusal should he decline to submit his conscience to your direction.

Third, that you regard yourself as the supreme tutelar or grand seignior of the Democratic party, in whom the sole right to prescribe its policy, direct its action, and disburse its rewards inheres.

These comments of your party associates, in so far as they have reflected on your intelligence or capacity, are not only unjust but absurd. The distribution of public patronage so as to secure specific ends is to your mind the supreme function of the office which you hold. For this phase of what you deem the Presidential duty, you were admirably fitted by your experience both public and private, before you were called to this high position, and to it you have addressed yourself with the most unwearied patience and supreme delight.

To say that you have succeeded to a degree quite unappreciable even to your most zealous adulators, is only weakly to praise the skill, amounting to nothing less than genius, which you have displayed in this congenial work. In this your intimate knowledge of the lower levels of society has come in play with marvelous effect. The man who seeks to debauch the public sentiment by the application of public plunder, must know with the greatest nicety the character of men who can be corrupted, the quality of each one's vulnerability, and how they may be most effectively approached.

It is common knowledge that some men, who would not be swerved from their conviction by the tender of any available wealth, may yet be so enraptured with an empty bauble of distinction or so terrified by the fear of losing popularity, that they cease at once to have any individual character, and simply bow and chatter at the will and beck of him from whom they receive the morsel which delights or kiss the hand which holds the rod they fear. In the application of this power it is not too much to say that you infinitely excel any, if not all your predecessors.

In order to fairly estimate your skill in the distribution of patronage one must consider the purpose and object you have kept in view.

There have been three epochs in the matter of appointment to official station in this country. During the first, the only claim made was that of personal efficiency or individual merit. This was by no means the graded-merit system of our modern civil service theorists. The fathers of the Republic were not mere mechanical scionists, who thought the best man for a particular place was the one who was able to slip through the greatest number of holes in

successive screens set up to catch him in some scientific or literary deficiency. The civil service of that day was thought to be an instrument which should be used solely for the benefit and advantage of the country.

The second epoch was ushered in by Andrew Jackson, who enriched our political history by adopting as his rule of official action the infamous aphorism of one of his lieutenants, "To the victors belong the spoils." In his case it was claimed that the party was the victor, and the spoils ought to be so distributed as to secure the future predominance of the party to which the President belonged.

This has been the philosophy on which our American parties—a type of organization which was just getting on its feet when Jackson breathed into its nostrils the lust of plunder—have since been organized. By this plan the party, as an organization, has become not what it set out to be, a voluntary republic, but a feudal system designed to secure and disburse spoils as a bait and incentive to the voter's support. Under this system grew up the "Boss" of various degrees. He has been well designated as "Big Boss, Little Boss, and Boss-ee." As a fact he represents the most detestable feature of American politics. From highest to lowest degree he is simply the jackal which feeds on the refuse of the Republic's life.

The third epoch is the system you have carried to such perfection. It retains the Jacksonian philosophy, but rejects the feudal organism which has grown up under it. It ignores the "bosses," and established instead one supreme, almighty Joss, whose fingers drip fatness and through whose favor alone may be secured the taste of plunder. Your system contemplates an autocracy of spoils rather than subordinate chiefs on whose grace and favor the henchmen and servitors depend. Under it the boss can only hope to hold the show of power by becoming a satrap instead of a liegeman. Prostration, confessed dependence, and the continual burning of incense are the conditions of favor. Under this system, now for the first time thoroughly applied on so great a scale, no man receives anything in recognition of the services of a subordinate leader or local chief; neither does party service in the past enter very largely into the schedule of merit by which favors and rewards are graduated, but each man is fairly and patiently weighed with reference to his value to the "Big Joss" as an element of power in any struggle that may arise between him and any aspiring or rebellious leader.

"The party, it is I," is the form in which you paraphrase the haughty monarch's autocratic formula. The looting of the public crib is to you merely an instrument by which to secure autocratic control of the Democratic party. The "cuckoo" pays for favor with his song; the "anti-snapper"

with antagonism to the feudal chief who dares to claim as a right what you would disburse only as favor; the "special contributor" buys national honors by liberal disbursements for your success, while the "new convert" outranks the veteran of many party conflicts by the vague but vast penumbral following, which each professes, like a comet, to drag after him from outer darkness toward the orbit of your destiny.

In the game of American politics no one has before realized the potency of combined disaffection and futility. By a little study of your method its controlling principles are easily formulated. Without having given the matter absolutely exhaustive scrutiny, one can see that among its distinctive features are the following:

Rule 1. In all States likely to present a rival for party favor encourage by liberal slices of plunder the disaffected elements.

In proof of this one has but to note the favor extended the "anti-snappers" in New York, the State of Senator Hill, and the character of the appointments in Illinois, from which State the Vice President comes. The friends of these party leaders in both States are recognized only to be slaughtered.

Rule 2. Establish as strong a following as possible in the safely Republican States. A "cuckoo" is likely to be of more value where there is no State patronage to create a diversion.

Instances, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Nebraska—all Democratic impossibilities, but representing large votes in the national convention, and peculiarly well adapted for the raising of able-bodied and reliable "cuckoos."

Rule 3. Let it be well understood that while the song of the "cuckoo" is very sweet, and "anti-snappers" invaluable in securing nominations, "money makes the mare go" when it comes to an election, and the man who writes a check has the pas of him who only makes a speech, when it comes to "ladling out the soup."

Unfortunately, it is not necessary to cite instances of this. Every Democratic leader knows that you would mortgage every office in your gift to raise a corruption fund to be used for your benefit, or that of any candidate willing to stand as the heir of your favor. They know, too, that the men who would buy public honors rather than win them have such confidence in your firm reliance on this article of your political faith that they would "whack up" to buy delegates or seduce voters at the beck of your lieutenants, to an extent that no other man can hope to rival. It is because they realize this that your party enemies in the Senate have begun to make war upon your appointments. It shows a manly courage on their part, but it is as hopeless as the contest Satan waged with the great archangel

whose sword was of celestial temper. The weapon you wield is irresistible by any Democrat, and so blinds the opponent's sight with circling rays that he finds himself wounded where he least expected to feel its prick. Mr. Hill and Mr. Morgan are sure to join the "cuckoo brigade," or sink abandoned and despised into the ranks, unconsidered and unesteemed of their party fellows, because the smell of plunder is not upon their hands.

The magic wand which enforces Democratic subserviency is in your hands, and no man has ever been your equal in its effective use.

SIVA.

P. S.—As the closing lines are written the telegraph brings information that "in the interest of economy and reform" you have decided to dispense with the flag upon the President's mansion during the remainder of your term. It is quite in harmony with your character that you should do so, though it would be still more consistent with your moral quality to profess a raging thirst to save the \$13 which a new flag would cost, and then not do it. It would, however, be a most useful object lesson to the millions of school children throughout the land, who sit day by day in the sacred shadow of the bright banner, to have it removed from the White House during your occupancy, since it would enable them to rightly estimate the perversity of a man who, having ordered his subservient "cuckoos" to prepare and pass a bill creating an annual deficit of \$70,000,000, seeks to pose as an economist by proclaiming a desire to help stand it off by refraining from the purchase of a thirteen-dollar flag! There is, however, a certain fitness in this order which may not have occurred to you when it was promulgated. No one who followed that flag into the red crater of battle will wonder that its shadow should seem rather chill to one who served it only by proxy; while every one who recalls how you have made it a symbol of treachery and falsehood abroad, and the emblem of suffering and woe in the midst of overflowing abundance at home, will be glad that the sacred symbol is to be spared the shame of flaunting its own debasement. It is a little hole in the mask you have worn, but it lets fall a deal of light upon the man within.

SIVA.

Chicago, Ill.

#### The Flag at Rio.

Milwaukee Journal.



Siva

No. 5"

Feb 10" 1894

## "A MAN OF DESTINY."

Letters from Siva to the President of the United States.

SECOND SERIES—NO. 5.

To Grover Cleveland, President—Sir: I must be growing apparent, even to you, that your contemptuous estimate of the American people is grossly incorrect and unreliable. Like all brave, intelligent, and aspiring peoples they are easily deceived. They are inclined to take every man at his own estimate if it is a fair and reasonable one; sometimes even if it is absurd and preposterous. Your claim to public favor, ruffly and even coarsely made, was that of exceptional honesty. You did not attack the policy or acts of your opponents so much as their motives. You impugned the patriotism and integrity of every man who represented the Republican party. No word of compliment or even courtesy concerning any living leader of a party, great not only in its achievements, but in the character and quality of its membership, ever escaped your lips, which, indeed, were rarely opened save in express or implied imputation. Its soldiers were robbers whose claim of patriotism was only a cloak for plunder; its statesmen thieves whose love of liberty was only a sham behind which they hid while dividing the spoils. You had little to say of the Democratic party, but much of the need of an epoch of honesty of which you were the prophet, exponent, and special exemplar.

It was a bold and insolent game, for it was based on two assumptions of very questionable and dangerous character; the one that a great party was built upon fraudulent and false pretense; that those who had risked life for the Nation's safety did so not from love of the Nation, but merely for the chances they might win in the lottery of gain; that those who sounded the praise of liberty did so only to blind the eyes of those they wished to despoil, and that you, Grover Cleveland, alone, had the will and the desire to purge the Augean stable and establish an era of simple, common honesty.

It was all the more perilous because there was nothing in your career to justify any such claim. You had even been, in some well-known instances, regrettably amiss in regarding the obligations of material honesty as a character which most persons are quick and eager to redeem, because conferred under circumstances which give them almost the sanction of a sacrament.

It was an arrogant appeal to the worst element in popular thought, suspicion and distrust of their fellows, made with such confident consciousness that its inherent im-

wide-spread acceptance. Because brusqueness is often an element of sincerity, the popular mind is very apt to regard the two as inseparable and count the one an evidence of the possession of the other. It was so in your case. For a time there is no doubt you were regarded as a phenomenal example of brusque, bellowing, bovine honesty. Whatever failings you might have, there were thousands who regarded you as almost the one personally honest American in public life. This impression it has taken much to overturn, considering the slender foundation on which it rested; but, for some mysterious reason, at the very moment when you put the greatest strain upon it in order to impeach the motives of your predecessor in the Hawaiian matter, it has grown so weak that the man who today refers, even incidentally, to your honesty of purpose in the discharge of your functions as an official, in whatever company he may be, is almost sure to be greeted with a storm of incredulous murmurs, which make him wonder what has become of that cult which was wont to worship you as "the honest man from Buffalo."

This is all the more unfortunate, as it takes not unfrequently the lowest form of imputation. I deeply regret this, for, little esteem as I have for your moral character, devoid of regard as I am for your sincerity, and utterly incredulous as I cannot help being of anything like patriotism on your part, which would incline you for a single moment to prefer the comfort, the happiness, and prosperity of the American people to your own personal interests, I regret exceedingly that the idea should become prevalent that the policy of the Nation is being shaped by any such consideration on the part of the executive head of the government.

This matter was first called to my attention by a widely expressed incredulity among the common people in regard to the carefully prepared statement of personal losses you had incurred through these hard times resulting from apprehension of Democratic control under your leadership and administration of national economics, which was so sedulously circulated in the public press some little time ago. Undoubtedly the purpose of that publication was to awaken sympathy for you as a patriot who suffered uncomplainingly with his people and even smote his own pocket in the fervor of his convictions as to what policy is for the public good. It was skillfully done. One felt rather than saw in it the matchless hand of your former private secretary. Its apparent lack of purpose—its mere incidentalism—being related as if only to account for an access of ill temper so acute as to be noted as remarkable even by those best accustomed to the turbulence of the Presidential atmosphere, shows that although now occupying the exalted position of Secretary of War, your late private secretary

still fills the place of head lackey in the Presidential ménage.

The plan was well conceived and brilliantly executed, as everything done by the gifted chief of the War Department must be, but the time was unpropitious. The common people, whom you so unwisely despise, have diagnosed you more correctly than they once did, and from East to West and North to South ran an incredulous murmur. It is quite impossible to make those who know that want is at their doors, because of the policy you advocate, believe that you would take such a course if it were really inimical to your personal interests. So I was greatly grieved, but can hardly say surprised, when I heard an intelligent Irishman, who had always been an enthusiastic supporter of yours, remark to his fellows:

"Be jabers, an' if Grover Cleveland is losin' money by the hard times, an' still kapes on makin' 'em worse an' worse, it's my opinion he knows the very men that'll make it up to him, two for one. He could give ivery man in the counthry work in a fortnight if he'd just promise that the tariff shouldn't be tinkered. That he won't do; what's the consequence? The English fellers over the wather'll be makin' the money we ought to have. D'ye think they'll let the man starve that's doin' it for 'em, or that he'd do it if he didn't know jest where he was goin' to git his pay? Be jabers, then, I don't. Grover's not the lad to forgit himself, no matter how hard it may be for him to remimber other payple."

I was greatly shocked to hear this open aspersion of your motive in the mouth of one of the common people, but I could not deny that it was a legitimate result of those campaigns of malicious invective and depreciation by which the Democratic party has achieved that success which you control and dominate by confessedly corrupt means. No man who insists that his opponents are thieves and robbers, and openly uses the patronage of the government to corrupt its legislators, has any right to complain if his own motives are impugned and the common logic of those who suffer by his acts seeks a motive suited to the character he displays.

The Irishman, who, since his feet touched American soil, had never known a time when a fair day's work would not command a fair day's wage until the shadow of your personality, backed by the still more malignant force of that sectional animosity whose motto has always been "rule or ruin," and which is now vengefully determined to ruin that it may rule, rose to be the dominating force on the political horizon, was not altogether wrong in his analysis of your character. There is no fact of your life to indicate that you would voluntarily sacrifice your personal interests to promote the public welfare—hardly that

you would forego any advantage out or consideration for another. It is not strange, in view of this quality of your nature, that those who suffer from your "pernicious activity" and open corruption of the national legislature should seek for a personal motive and pitch on one which you yourself have freely imputed to those who have shown by their acts a willingness to sacrifice even life for the common good.

There is, it is true, one quality of your nature which your sometime worshiper may have omitted from his later estimate of your character, to-wit, that which your admirers are never tired of vaunting as your courage. Strictly speaking, it is the not very unusual quality of sacrificing others to secure your own way. There is no one who believes that you would not allow your friends, your party, or the country to suffer untold evils rather than yield to advice or abandon a course of action you have marked out for yourself. This is not at all because of unusual confidence in the correctness of your deductions, but as was written of the President of the Confederacy, a man whom in obdurate egotism you singularly resemble, though wholly lacking in that patriotic purpose which made him a consistent champion of what he deemed the rights of his people, because "no cumulation of evils or concurrence of advice could divert him from exploiting his own infallibility. He was unquestionably devoted to the cause he represented, but would not hesitate at any moment to imperil its success to crush an enemy or maintain a theory he had once proclaimed, no matter how absurd."

This quality of your nature is so overwhelmingly developed that nothing less than personal loss or individual danger would induce you to yield an opinion once expressed. You do not take delight in others' sufferings; there is nothing of the Nero in your character; yet you would regard with entire complacency the destruction of American industries and the impoverishment of the American laborer, both because you declared in your inaugural that a long session of depression and want would be good for the people and also because so many of these classes, by voting for your opponent, came to be regarded with singular intensity of resentment as your enemies. This quality is of so unusual a character, especially among men who have attained to high position where the consideration of the public welfare becomes a common subject of thought that it is hardly strange if the people ascribe to your conduct the more frequent motive of personal gain.

The Republican party has always been singularly indisposed to attack the motives of individual leaders among its opponents. On the other hand, such imputations have been the chief stock in trade of the Democracy. The result has been that the more ignorant of the Democratic masses, those who derive their political aliment



...sely from the Democratic press and Democratic orators, actually believe that the leaders of the Republican party, its Presidents, Senators, and Representatives, have been simply the corrupt and willing tools of lobbyists, swayed only by corrupt motives and making carnival with funds secured through the sale of their public functions. Even now, it is among your own political associates that you may look for the most serious imputations of your own motive. They have been trained, both by practice and teaching, to believe in corruption as the mainspring of political action.

I was especially impressed with this by a conversation recently carried on in no restricted tones in a public resort, where I happened to be. One of the parties only was known to me. His face has been familiar in the Democratic gatherings of his State for a period antedating by a score of years your discovery and exhumation.

Various matters connected with public affairs had been under consideration by the little group; among others, the tariff, the condition of business, Hawaii, and yourself.

"Don't you make any mistake," said the gentleman alluded to. "Grover Cleveland will never grow poor in the Presidency; if he manages to escape impeachment he will leave the White House the richest man that ever lived in it."

"You don't mean to say he will work the office for his own profit?" said one.

"What is the use of being a fool?" was the impatient reply. "How came the purchase of Red Top to be such a rare investment? Was it accident or the extension of an avenue and a 'boom' based on the Presidential purchase? Do you imagine the purchaser was ignorant of why it was that others felt confident of the improvements that would be made? If you do you are more innocent than I believe."

"I never thought much about it," was the careless reply.

"Now, in this Hawaiian business," the first speaker resumed, "I want to know where the money is. On one side is Claus Spreckels, the sugar king; the Queen, who has been virtually under his control for years, and the lottery. What do they want? A chance to run the lottery undisturbed by American laws, unrestricted importation of coolies, and such other opportunities for plunder as a government of the character of the deposed Queen would naturally furnish to such a crowd, with unlimited cash behind them. Restore the Queen and they will make these islands the Monte Carlo of the Pacific with all the world for its prey. Then the postal laws of the United States cannot disturb their nefarious traffic, nor will it be liable to interruption from legislative qualms. How much would this crowd be willing to pay for the privilege of making these islands a modern 'pirates' retreat' for even a dozen years? A mil-

Two millions—how many millions of dollars? How much would Dick Croker make out of such an opportunity?"

"Oh, Dick—of course—"

"Well, what better is Grover Cleveland than Dick Croker? If Dick were President and bound to 'make his Jack,' would he not take exactly the course Cleveland has taken? Of course he would; anybody who wanted to get a share of what is going on would."

"But I hear nothing of any lobby in Washington," suggested one.

"What is the use of a lobby when the President uses the whole force of public patronage to compel Congressmen to submit to his control?"

"Sure enough," was the reply.

"Besides, there is no need for Congressional action. He has only to keep on fomenting discord through his Minister and Consul General until the provisional government is obliged to succumb, and then allow the Queen to be restored through British influence. That's what he means to do, too. He don't care anything about the right or wrong of the matter; that isn't the sort of thing that sticks in his crop. He is determined on two things, first, that his gang shall run Hawaii, and second, that the islands shall never belong to the United States. He wants to secure the latter just to spite the people whose clamor

kept him from restoring the Queen in his own way. He means to effect the other—because Spreckels and the lottery want it done. That's all there is of the matter."

"But you don't think he is doing it for so much money?" remonstrated the other.

"Fudge! How do I know?" was the reply. "If it isn't for that what is it for? It's certainly not for popularity, for no man was ever more soundly cursed for dead open and shut foolishness; it can't be for patriotism, for the country needs those islands about as bad as it can need anything, and has been scheming to get them for half a century, and the man who thinks it is from any conscientious scruples doesn't know Grover Cleveland; that's all I've got to say about it."

"But you ought not to say it," protested his friend.

"Just what you would say and keep on saying every day, if he were a Republican President?"

"Likely enough," laughed the other, "but he isn't a Republican, you see. There are plenty of others to say these things and we might as well keep still."

"Yes, there are plenty of others; four-fifths of the men who have been hit by the hard times will swipe the party on account of the President's bull-headedness. Look at the Congressional elections in New York the other day! That shows! We used to talk about the 'Cleveland luck,' but the people are beginning to see through the whole business, and they are going to wipe

up the ground with us when they get a chance. I, for one, am not inclined to see the party smashed and the country ruined just for Grover Cleveland's pleasure, or for his profit either!"

To say that I was surprised at the virulence and outspokenness of these remarks would hardly express the feeling that came over me as I listened to these words. Yet when I came to consider them seriously I could not but admit that the apprehension of the popular verdict in regard to the motive which inspires your acts is not altogether unreasonable.

The truth is that when a man's popularity stands solely on an unsupported assumption of phenomenal honesty there is a very slender chance of avoiding a disastrous "slump" when that assumption is seen to be wholly illusive. Nobody ever has had much opinion of your statesmanship or patriotism, and now that the common people and your own partisans are beginning to test your professions of exceptional honesty with the acid of common sense it behooves you to take heed to your footsteps, since one more slip may waken into flame the smoldering distrust. There is no man falls so fast or sinks so far in the mire of universal contempt as the popular favorite whose claim of exceptional virtue is finally seen to be sheer pretense. Siva.

Chicago, Ill.

ant. Wilson's bill

Ira.

No. 6

Feb. 17<sup>th</sup> 1894

## "A MAN OF DESTINY."

Letters from Siva to the President of the United States.

### SECOND SERIES—NO. 6

#### The Temple of American Industry.

Grover Cleveland, President: Any man not wholly blinded by egotism or rendered incapable of estimating the force and tendency of public opinion by a profound contempt for it would readily perceive that present indications point to a condition of affairs altogether unprecedented in our history before the close of your "reign." The very readiness with which this term is accepted and the frequency with which it is employed to indicate the openly autocratic character of your control ought to teach you that a crisis in our national affairs is quite possible which shall not only leave your name the most universally execrated in our political history, but also link you with those whose names are consigned to an immortality of obloquy because of the inexcusable scath which they commit.

It was for this reason that Herostratus was promised undying fame if he should destroy the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Though this temple was counted one of the wonders of the world in that ancient day, its riches and glory were not the only reasons why the oracle supposed its destruction would secure to the reckless incendiary an eternity of infamous remembrance. Diana was about the only decent character in Greek or Roman mythology. She was both beautiful and pure. She was the protectress of the chaste; the nurse of the weak, and the guardian of those in peril that new lives might be ushered into existence. It was not supposable, so the oracle thought, no doubt, than any man should so greatly desire to be remembered with anathemas as to be guilty of sacrilege against this benignant goddess in order to secure so barren a fame.

The temple of American Industry, when your sacrilegious hand first threatened it with destruction, was not merely one of the seven wonders of the world in its primeval days, but was the one great marvel of all the ages of its existence. In all recorded history there had been nothing to compare with it in magnificence. The nations of the world looked on it with jealous amazement. In a hundred years it had outtopped them all, not in liberty alone, but in prosperity and success. Its eastern porches showed burnished columns of marble and iron and steel, so varied and exquisite that the Old World life was stirred with irresistible desire to walk its corridors. Its western gateway was pillared thick with gleaming shafts of gold and silver, which looked back to the setting sun as bright as a night greeting as he sent across the waves.

The foundations of the Temple of Diana, we are told, were laid on 1,000 hecatombs of fleeces and as many measures of coal, so that even the earthquake's shock might not mar the matchless beauty of its pillared porches. Millions of fleeces and millions upon millions of tons of crystal carbon underlay the foundations of our Temple of Industry. Seventy millions of people dwelt in abundance in its shadow. Never in all the world's history had there been so little want among so many. They were better fed, better housed, better clothed, and better educated than any people the world had ever known. In all these millions there was not a man or woman, who would work, that need suffer for food; nor a child whom the open door of the schoolhouse did not invite to enter. This was the result of a single century of the stimulating influence of self-government, on which the monarchs of the Old World looked with fear and their subjects with unceasing hope of deliverance. The only fault the most censorious could find was that industry and ingenuity had so increased the productivity of the soil and so multiplied the potency of man's activities that more food was raised than the world could consume and more cotton picked than the world could wear.

As the Temple of Diana could only be destroyed by fire and the incendiary could get a chance to apply the torch only by deluding the virgin priestesses who guarded its limits, so our temple of industry was secure from assault from without, and could only be destroyed by corrupting or beguiling those who had shared its beneficent shelter. As the silly priestess, won by we know not what dazzling promises, admitted the incendiary to the sacred precincts with the smoldering torch hid beneath his cloak, so, deceived by the false promises of your party, you were permitted to enter the *sanctum sanctorum* of our prosperity. We know the promises they made—that wages should be higher, work abundant for all, food and clothing cheaper, and that everything the earth yields should command a higher price. The laborer's hire, they said, should increase, but the products of labor should be cheapened; the price of wheat should be doubled, but the price of flour be halved. Jack Cade's demand was reasonable in comparison with this wild dream of folly. He boasted that "seven half-penny loaves shall be sold for a penny, and the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops," but he did not at the same time promise the baker and brewer double price for their bread and beer. However improbable the song your cuckoos sang, it took away the wits of those who guarded the temple, just as Herostratus' protestations addled the brain of the young priestess, and you also were admitted within the temple you had sworn to destroy. He hoped for fame; you meant to have your



own way and revenge yourself upon those who had presumed to question your right to rule. His motive was that of a fool; your impulse that of a despot. He carried a torch concealed; you an untried and unformulated theory. He had a piece of tinder hid under his himation; you had the Wilson bill hid in your heart, if not in your pocket.

The American people, when they chose you a second time to the highest position in the gift of the Republic, had no more comprehension of the quality of the man on whom they were conferring autocratic power than Diana's silly priestess had of the purpose of him she admitted within the peristyle of the shrine on that portentous night when Alexander of Macedon was born. They looked upon you as a coarse, but strong and honest, embodiment of common sense. Very few, if any, supposed that you would sacrifice your ease or inclination in order to promote the public welfare. Fewer still, perhaps, imagined that any other than a purely personal motive would govern your action in that position. Knowing that you cared no more for your party than for the country they naturally concluded that the controlling motive with you would be personal popularity. In this they made a great mistake. While no man known to history ever delighted more in burnt incense, it is as a master, a ruler, one who determines without accountability to another, that you desire to be worshiped. The man who serves you never so faithfully, the moment he begins to have ideas as to what you ought to do or leave undone, for the success of the party or the welfare of the people, becomes at once not merely an object of suspicion, but usually of aversion to you.

This is not because you are jealous of the popularity of such persons. You care but little what the people think or say of him so long as he is not compared with you or credited with influencing your action. That, however, you cannot tolerate. Only one man was ever capable of swaying your purpose even for your own advantage, and he excels all other men in our political history, not even excepting Martin Van Buren, in the very rare power of self-obliviation. While he was for years the steersman of your political craft, there is no one who can point to a single measure which he favored, or even an appointment he is known to have championed. Yet every one knows that the success of your first administration, such as it was, was chiefly due to the wisdom, the subtlety, the instinctive perception of the trend of public thought and knowledge of methods by which it might be reached, of the faithful servant who gave the best of his life to the service of one so notably his inferior that the world still wonders at the strange conjunction.

Freed from his tactful direction, your character is coming to be truly appreciated.

Not a few of your followers are becoming bold enough to express their real sentiments. One of the most ardent of your former worshippers, whose devotion was long since cooled by a glimpse of your inherent selfishness and brutality which revealed the glaring falsity of the estimate he had formed of your character, said not long since in a published interview: "Mr. Cleveland is a master rather than a leader. \* \* \* His point of view is that of a master, not of the leader, of the egotist, not of the statesman. \* \* \* He dominates everything on his side of the House at Washington. The Wilson bill is an exact reflection of his inability to grasp either the temper of his party or the true principles of tariff reform. It is a bad bill. It will do no good and much harm."

This is a fair picture of the mental attitude of the best of those who submit unwillingly to your dictation. They see the folly of your conduct regarded from a party standpoint, and its inexcusability when considered from the point of view of the patriot, the statesman, or the theoretical economist. They recognize the fact that this monstrosity has been forced upon them by one who is "a master, not a leader;" that it is a product of that fatty degeneracy of brain, dogged obstinacy of will, inveterate suspicion of the friend who offers advice, and insatiable hatred of the opponent who criticizes your acts, and that supreme egotism which blinds you to the needs of your party, rather than of patriotism, statesmanship, philosophic conviction, or astute party leadership. Instead of leaving the representatives of your party in Congress to perform their proper function as the majority of the legislative branch of the government you laid your commands upon them and cracked the whip of "the master" over them. Instead of performing the co-ordinate function of a party "leader," or exercising the wise persuasion of a statesman, you demand obedience, rather than collaboration, because your "egotism" is so overwhelming that you deem yourself indeed "the master" and think it only a proper thing that you should decree that the "cuckoo" who will not obey shall be starved into compliance by being shut off from the public crib.

It is clearly evident that the Wilson bill, which was made to order by one whom you found willing to do your work in your own way despite his party's protest by the promise of we know not what reward, can be defended on no reasonable ground. No national need, no party interest, no economic system were measured for this mongrel policy. A free trader cannot defend it, for it is professedly protective in character. It cannot be upheld on the ground that it is "a tariff for revenue only," for its chief feature is the creation of a deficit. It cannot be defended as "protective" in its character, both because that is violative of your party's policy, and because the pro-

...it professes to grant is illusive and insincere. It is evident that the only directions you gave to the author of this bill were: "Change everything that is in the McKinley law—the theory, the system, the rate of duty, and the method of computing it."

Your idea of statesmanship is simply to undo what your opponents have done, without regard for the need of change or its consequences. When we come to examine the motives and the statesmanship of the "Wilson bill," which you are prostituting all the power of your position to force through Congress unmodified and unamended, harmonious only in its incongruity, one finds there the same policy of malignant pettiness, as in the miserable fiasco, the stench of which comes to our nostrils with every breeze from the Pacific. "The Republicans did this, therefore, I will undo it," is the only test of statesmanship that your colossal littleness seems able to apprehend.

It is not strange that the terms "despot," "usurper," and "tyrant" are freely applied to you by those who were but recently your submissive followers. But the end is not yet. The tide of obloquy has not reached its height. Even the "cnakcoos," who have unwillingly obeyed your behests, have no idea of the storm of wrath and hate that will beat upon them when this bill shall become a law—when it shall have shown itself more disastrous in its results than it now appears in anticipation, and the only hope of relief lies in your assent to its repeal.

Already the rumor is prevalent in Washington that one supposed to represent you very recently declared your determination that "when the Wilson bill has passed the Senate not a line or syllable of it will be changed during your term of office except it be done over your veto. Good or bad, you are determined it shall remain unaltered for three years." It did not need the peculiar expletive with which he avouched the correctness of his information to convince any observant mind that he expressed your thought. Your highest idea of government is to play the part of a "master," to make slaves of your partisans, and to compel the people of the United States to submit to your will. If you force the Wilson atrocity through the Senate you mean to keep it on the necks of the people until the 4th day of March, 1897, no matter how disastrous its results may be. You think the people forget, as they are too apt to do, the wrong-doings of those to whom they delegate authority. But this is not true of a continuous act, the sting of which is felt by a whole people. Near half a century ago men prophesied that the wrath evoked by the enactment of the fugitive slave law would soon pass away, and it would be accepted as a final solution of the slavery question; but it served only to fan the



flames of liberty, which grew fiercer every day, until the act and its cause were swept into oblivion.

Three years is a long time for a people to suffer who already are permeated with distrust and animosity against the chief executive as the one individual who is personally responsible for the evils which they suffer. There was a day when a popular uprising against the executive branch of the government was looked upon as one of the most probable dangers of the American Republic. Thus far there has been no such event in our history. Laws have been resisted, but there has never been any thought of combination to coerce or terrorize a President because of any policy which he has inaugurated or enforced. You feel now very secure in your place. However great the majority in the next House of Representatives may be, you think yourself able to defy impeachment because of the strength of your party in the Senate. So you may be, but if you were half as much given to studying the people as you are to asserting yourself their "master" you would soon hear enough to convince you that they are not in a mood to be trifled with. If you were as shrewd as you are obdurate you would in this case, as you have in so many others, lay the blame on a

scapegoat. By getting out from under the "Wilson Bill" and leaving it to its fate in the Senate you have an opportunity to put in practice again your favorite tactics, asserting that you did all you could, but your "enemies in the Senate" defeated your beneficent intent. Such a course is really the only one that offers any chance for you to retain the good will of your party or for your party to retain a vestige of hope in the elections of next November. With the Wilson bill going into operation during the coming spring or summer, its most malign effects upon the American will just be coming apparent, and the campaign will be one prolonged and angry howl, culminating in an avalanche of repudiation on the day of election. Then you will be confronted with the alternative either to back down completely, deny your own bantling, or stand by it against the voice of your party as well as of the country.

To do the one means to admit the incapacity, the arrogance, the stupidity that has been charged against you; to do the other is to drive the American people to demonstrations which will compel your resignation, even if they go no further. Already your party has served notice upon you of its readiness to repudiate your action. Not only have several of its most influential journals joined in depreciating your capacity either as a leader or a statesman, but even the cuckoos of the House of Representatives, under the fiercest application of the "master's" lash, could not be forced

up to even a complimentary approval of your Hawaiian policy. The most they would do was to vaguely blame the policy of your predecessor. Such a verdict shows how weak a hold you have upon your party and should warn you not to provoke the blistering wrath which the Wilson bill should it become a law, is sure to evoke from an exasperated people.

The pertinacity with which you insist on binding this millstone about your neck by trying to force it through the Senate to the corrupt use of the public purse astonishes even one who is no stranger to your phenomenal obstinacy, and almost inclines him to the belief that you really expect improved conditions from it. Had you permitted the McKinley law to stand, or threatened and financial disaster had then occurred, it might have been possible for you to have cherished this delusion. But having voluntarily burned down the fair temple of American industry, you must build up another as lavish in comfort and as rich in promise before you can relieve yourself from the opprobrium of its destruction. This can never be achieved under such an act as the one now pending. Any party which destroys prosperity in order to establish stringency and deficit must suffer defeat; and the man who forces such a policy upon his party will earn their oburgations as well as the hatred of the people.

Stripped of patronage, present or prospective, you are one of the most insignificant men of your party. When the time comes for the Nation to call to account those who have wasted her prosperity and despoiled the opportunity of her children, the cuckoos will deny their own work and leave with you the burthen of your own foolish and unlawful urgency.

It is high time for you to consider carefully what may be the outcome of such a corrupt and despotic reign over a people made sore by disappointment and angry by usurpation. The time is sure to come in the history of the Great Republic when a President will stand at the bar of the Senate and answer to the charge of having corrupted the Representatives of the people with offers of patronage and power in exchange for their votes. Will that President be Grover Cleveland?

It is for you to answer. Thus far your conduct has laid as pretty a foundation for such a charge as any gifted tribune of the people might desire. The hour may come when even your skill in bribing those who represent the sovereignty of the people will be powerless to save you from the fate your acts have invited. The American people do not like a dictator, whether he exercises power by published edict or by overt corruption of their Representatives; and it is quite possible that in the good Providence which watches over the destinies of nations you have been selected to serve the cause of liberty on this conti-

ment not by self-sacrifice or devotion, but  
as a memorable example of the fact that those  
who dare to use the power intrusted to  
them for the general welfare - to destroy  
the independence of the legislative depart-  
ment by corrupting those chosen to do the  
will of the people therein. It is not seldom  
in the world's history that those who have  
sought to destroy the liberties of a people  
have thus become positive influences to se-  
cure their firm establishment; and there  
is little to indicate in your past or present  
either ability or inclination to promote the  
cause of popular government in any other  
way.

Chicago, Ill.

SIVA.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2013



Siva

No. 7

Feb 24" 1894  
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## A MAN OF DESTINY."

Letter from Silva to the President of the United States.

### SECOND SERIES—NO. 7.

A Beaten Chanticleer.

To Grover Cleveland, President.—Sir: The events which the progress of your "raign" forces upon the attention of those whose rights and interests suffer from your inability to grasp the character of the government, the power of which you employ without scruple to promote your own views, of gratifying your personal malice, with little conception and less regard for the interests of the people, are of so varied a character that in order to do them anything like justice it is necessary to adopt the paragraphic form, so as to include several subjects in one letter.

The public thought has been sharply directed to your conduct in the nomination of a Justice of the Supreme Court. This interest in the matter of filling an important office did not arise from any feeling with regard to the outcome of the struggle between yourself and the Senator from New York; from preference for any particular candidate, nor to any great degree from apprehension of evil results to be anticipated from the influence of the individual selected upon the action of the court.

Strange as it may seem in a people struggling toward self-government in practice, as in theory, they have long since given in their adhesion to it, have manifested very little concern with regard to the preconceptions of law and government entertained by the members of this august tribunal on whose action the rights and liberties of so many millions depend. So hardly an inquiry was made as to the bias of your nominees upon those great questions which are sure to come before the court in the near future for determination, concerning the power of the State over the individual, and of the Nation over corporate organizations whose action may be harmful to individual right or the general prosperity.

This lack of scrutiny of the intellectual or moral bias of candidates for this exalted position does not arise, as some civic writers have supposed, from any widespread and profound reverence for this tribunal or any blind acceptance of its decrees as final and immutable truth; rather, indeed, the very reverse.

The American people are pessimists in theory, but the most enthusiastic optimists in practice. They do not hesitate to denounce what they disapprove, though they are slow to do what they think should be done. So far from commanding universal respect, the opinions of the Supreme Court are regarded with a freedom unheard of in other land. As its most important decisions are political in their

character, this is readily seen to be essential to the perpetuation of our liberties. The country has had sore enough lessons to demonstrate the fallibility of the members of this court and the peril that may result from the application of the political pre-notions of the judges to unexpected conditions. On more than one occasion the Supreme Court has been the herald of untoward destiny. The people of the United States have not forgotten that if men had not sat upon that bench whose political bias blinded them to the force of ordinary terms the most terrible page in our history would have been unwritten. They have not forgotten that for three-fourths of a century this court held that "all men" meant "some men," and that "we, the people of the United States," included only the "white" people of the country.

They have not forgotten that as the army of liberty and union crossed the Potomac the then Chief Justice, Taney, hurled after them his impotent anathema in the form of a writ of habeas corpus. The American people are too intelligent to accept a tribunal of which they have such memories as final or infallible arbiters of the national destiny.

On the contrary, they regard it as a farce to be overcome in the assertion of correct principles and the establishment of just government. They know that in the past it has been the bulwark of slavery and the nurse of treason. They expect it to stand in the way of personal right and the public welfare hereafter. Their seeming indifference to the character of the men you chose to select for that place depends on two things—first, the amazing self-reliance of the average American, who looks upon a decision of that court as a fact to be overcome just as much as a majority in Congress, and by much the same means. In the second place, they realized your absolute imperviousness to public desire; what the people wish you like best not to do.

In addition to this, it is fair to admit that no one expected from you an appointee favorable to the liberties of the citizen or the prosperity of the people.

Very few knew anything of the politico-legal convictions of Mr. Hornblower. Of Mr. Peckham there was a somewhat fuller knowledge; but even that was derivable chiefly from opinions delivered as counsel, which may or may not have represented his real views.

Nobody doubted, however, that these men were State-rights Democrats having something of the same impenetrable torpidity of conscience and narrowness of view which characterize yourself. No one questioned that they would be willing to strain the English language to the point of fracture in order to prevent the Nation from protecting the rights of the individual citizen or avoid interference with corporate supremacy. To look for anything else from an appointee of yours would be to expect water from a bitter fountain.

Strange as it may seem to you, who imagine your acts to be the focus of the world's attention, because they concern yourself, the public has taken amazingly little interest in the matter considered merely as a fight between the President and the Senator from New York.

For this, I imagine, there are several reasons. A great majority of your party, saving always the cuckoos who come at your call and feed from your hand, incline to the side of your opponent. Whatever may be said of Mr. Hill, as a party man he is immeasurably your superior. He does not require to be approached with prostrations, does not assume infallibility, nor regard the advice of an associate as a crime. His interest in the success of his party is not bounded by his own candidature, nor does he desire to monopolize all the results of success. He aspires to be a leader, while you assume to be the "master" of your party. It is not strange, therefore, that even the cuckoos should take a quiet delight in seeing you "knocked out" every time your adiposity ran up against the clean, fine-trained muscle of the man whom you hate, not because of his political acts or associations, but because he will not submit to your dictatorship.

As to those not of your party, I fancy their lack of interest in the result was due, in the main, to a belief that between yourself and Senator Hill there is little choice, so far as political methods are concerned, though personally he is so greatly your superior in intellectual, to say nothing of moral, character, as to make any attempt at comparison a most ungracious task. There was the general impression, too, that you were deliberately using your position as President of the United States to make a personal enemy eat humble pie. The American people do not like a bully and when the Senator showed fight their sympathy naturally inclined to the one who had been hit. Politically, they regard

Mr. Hill as "a bad lot." Tammany Hall, the seizure of power in the State of New York by false and fraudulent election returns and rewarding the active instrument of such a crime by appointment to a high judicial position, constitute a category of wrongs which no respecter of the ballot or lover of liberty and constitutional government can ever condone or forget. In the history of our government he will stand with the few that have risen to prominence under it, who have shown themselves willing to tear down its constitutional safeguards in order to secure their party's supremacy.

Of this fact, however, no advantage can be taken in your behalf. What Hill and Tammany stand for in New York, that you also stand for in the Nation. While Tammany buys votes and corrupts legislators in Albany with money for the benefit of "the gang," you buy Congressmen and corrupt the national Legislature with plunder for your own personal gratification.



The popular interest in these successive nominations was confined almost wholly to the amazing spectacle of a President of the United States openly bartering Presidential offices for senatorial votes.

Economics is not the only phase of political science which the American people are intelligently studying by the lurid glare of your maladministration. They have been studying a great deal of late years, and have gone far in advance of party leaders and political theorists. They have come to believe that government is a question of rights and duties. Politics is no longer counted "a game which a few men play for their own advantage," but a function which a community performs for the welfare of the individuals of which it is composed. They believe that the right to govern inheres in the people and cannot be divested from them. They may commit its exercise, for a longer or shorter time, to one or many agents. It is not a gift, only a trust and that conditional; the condition being that the power granted shall be exercised, not for the personal benefit or gratification of the individuals to whom its exercise is granted, but for the greatest good of the greatest number of the people.

In our form of government, the people have granted certain powers to Congress and still others to the Senate. The President is not the ruler or director of National destiny. He has no constitutional right to prescribe the policy of the government; that power rests wholly with Congress. He has no power to create or fill offices. The Congress prescribes what offices there shall be, and the powers, duties, terms, and emoluments of their incumbents. The President may suggest the enactment of laws; in fact, he is required, to some extent at least, to do so. But he has no more right to dictate to Congress what laws it shall enact than the veriest pauper in the shabbiest poorhouse in the land. That is the very essence of American liberty. The Congress was created, given the law-making power, and made independent of the executive, because the American people did not want a king, and could not trust a President with even temporary power over National policy or individual right. He may veto the acts of Congress, but if two-thirds of each House are opposed to his view, his objection can no longer prevent the measure from becoming a law. So, too, the President may nominate to office. If the Senate approve his selection, the constitution permits him to appoint. Only during a recess of the Senate can he appoint without its consent, and then only until it again convenes. In both cases, his function is that of suggestion merely. He is not the source of power or the fountain of authority.

That a President should use his appointive power to corrupt the legislative branch of the government is unfortunately true in American politics; but it is not a thing which you have done.

in the future, by demonstrating to the American people, in a peculiarly open and shameless manner, its dangerous and debasing character.

A private citizen who should offer a cheap Congressman a few dollars or other things of value for his vote would be counted guilty of felony; but a President with several million dollars of patronage in hand can send his emissaries in open day through the lobbies of the Capitol hawking offices for votes to confer place on a favorite or secure the passage of a bill intended to impoverish the labor of the country, to aid foreign manufacturers, and compel the issue of more bonds for the advantage of capitalists, whose money has been driven out of legitimate business by the apprehension of such legislation.

The people are beginning to realize not only the absurdity but the enormity of this offense against a great constitutional liberty. The editor of a great paper said a few days ago: "It is just as bad to buy a vote with the promise of an office as with the promise of money." The people have gone beyond the editor. They realize that it is infinitely worse to buy a vote with the promise of an office than with money.

In the first place, the office is not yours to sell. It belongs to the people and they intrusted the nomination thereto to you, not for your personal gratification nor even for the benefit of the Democratic party, but for the promotion of the general welfare. The corruption fund, by the aid of which you seek to impose your will upon the people, is in fact a stolen fund. Besides that, corruption of the Legislature by bribing the members of Congress with official patronage is worse than bribery with money, because it means the corruption of two officials.

When you bought a vote for confirmation of your nomination, by promise of another appointment, two officers, the highest in rank known to our government, were corrupted and debased, to wit: The President and one of the Senators of the United States.

Considered as a fight between yourself and the Senator, whose only hold on popular sympathy is resistance to your autocratic purpose, the outcome was as insignificant as its conduct was despicable. The exultation of the most subservient of your cuckoo organs reminds one of nothing so much as of a mongrel fowl, who, battered and bleeding, flies over the barnyard fence to escape the assaults of a better bred rival on whose domain he had encroached, hops dizzily upon a barrel, and, with a quavering falsetto, proclaims himself a victor. And so he is; he has overtopped the palings and escaped from his enemy, but it is a very tender "cuckoo" who will not dare to try conclusions with him now. It is greatly to be feared that the lash, with which you were wont to threaten the slender legs of your followers will hereafter play some havoc among the most lively members of



of your expansive corporosity. Yesterday you had, by the mere force of coarse self-assertion, the *vis inertia* of a lymphatic temperament and a notably impenetrable epidermis, the reputation of being a hard hitter. Today you are a fallen leader, beaten in a fight of your own-seeking on a field of your own selection, and no amount of crowing, either in person or by proxy, can serve to better one whit your pitiable condition.

Liberty and good government are an evolution. What is today a sin against the public weal and an irreparable shame to the American Nation was, perhaps, but yesterday esteemed a venial and insignificant matter. Marcy's infamous apothegm and Jackson's revolutionary practice has made the American people so familiar with this form of crime against liberty that it never occurred to you until recently that

you would seriously object to your arrogant display of corrupt methods. Even now you are amazed to find that the popular conscience you thought was dead shows such vigorous signs of life.

This, however, is only the ordinary rule of progress. When my lord of Verulam was impeached for receiving gifts from suitors in his court he made answer, first, that the gifts he had received had in no way affected his conduct as a judge, and, second, that for hundreds of years it had been customary for English judges to receive like courtesies from suitors and servitors. No doubt both allegations were literally correct; but the conscience of the English people, which had slumbered for centuries, waked up about that time, with the result that the name of Bacon has been a synonym for judicial corruption ever since. That conscience has kept awake, too, until now an English judge dares not break the seals of letters or parcels from an unknown source, addressed to him during term time.

The fact that such corrupt practices as yours have been hitherto condoned by the American people does not at all stand in the way of your condemnation for them. The conscience of the American people is being stirred, as was that of their English neighbors 800 years ago, by the accumulated weight of long-continued evil, which is made plain, not only by your practice, but by the evils which attend your supremacy. Such is their temper today that the popular thought would approve your punishment for this gravest of all political crimes, save only the levying of war against the government, just as Bacon's punishment, though compassed by enemies, was less guilty than he, has been substantially approved by succeeding generations as well as by his own time.

But the American free peoples, are apt to exhibit various complexity of motive. At one time, as in 1846, they exalt some

dull and undeserving wight to the very highest pinnacle of favor and of power; they cast themselves down and worship him as something miscellaneous and half-divine; they endow him with strangely incongruous attributes. By and by they wake from the stupor of self-deception. They see the clay in the feet of their idol. They note that his legs, which had seemed to them clothed with thunder, are only cracked and splintered pottery. Anon, the eye that to their fancy flashed with the fire of genius grows dull and the voice at whose echoes they fancied all the world must tremble is only a husky vehicle of baffled rage. Then their wrath is all the more unappeasable because of the self-contempt which the memory of their folly brings. They blame the idol for not being what they thought it, though the poor clay image may have been guiltless of any misrepresentation save that of silence as to its own infirmities. No matter; they tear it down; break it in pieces; trample it under their feet; grind it to powder; anathematize it ever after.

One who wins popular favor and rises above his fellows, not by worthy acts or noble thoughts, but by the delusive force of popular fancy, inflamed by artful suggestion, stands on a dizzy pinnacle and when he falls sinks lower than another can, since he carries the burthen of what he is not but was thought to be, to add to the momentum of what he is. Pretense, whether of the active or passive sort, is a gay balloon to lift a small soul into undeserved prominence, but is a millstone of many a ton's weight to drag him down when once the delusion bursts.

Chicago, Ill.

Over

No. 8<sup>4</sup>

March. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1894

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March 8, 1904.

## "A MAN OF DESTINY."

Letters from Siva to the President of the United States.

Second Series, No. 8.

To Grover Cleveland, President.—Sir: The American people have come to look upon your utterances with such distrust that they have even contracted the habit of taking you by contraries.

When you had emphatically declared that you had remitted the whole Hawaiian matter to Congress, they were not surprised to learn that "my diplomatic agent," Willis, of the Mouth, had been instructed to proceed to accomplish by seditious conspiracy what he was unable to do by threats. When the press of the country teems with strenuous and angry protestations of your superabundant and irrepressible health, the country always expects you to take a shooting trip, which is distinguished by two things, viz., the peculiar seclusion in which your sacred person is kept and the amount of game which is not secured. In like manner they have come to know that when an epidemic of peculiarly fulsome eulogy of the domestic bliss that reigns in the White House runs through the newspapers of the land, something especially discreditable to the executive head of the Nation may be expected soon after.

This condition of the public mind is not especially complimentary to you, as an individual, but it shows no little progress on the part of the public; they are learning to understand and appreciate the—what shall we call them? Peculiarities! The term is both too weak and too strong. Suppose we say idiosyncrasies. That is better. The country is coming to appreciate the idiosyncrasies of the President.

With this fuller knowledge the country wonders just a little at your choice of a companion for the trip. If it is one of business it is easy to understand the desirability of an official companion; if it is for pleasure the presence of the Secretary of State can only be explained upon the principle that "misery loves company." From any point of view it would seem difficult to imagine a pair capable of less mutual consolation than the defeated leader and the disappointed apostate, whose hope hung on your buoyant destiny.

Whether health or pleasure takes you down the Potomac at this time it is a matter of small surprise and no visible regret that both you and the Secretary of State should have chosen this particular journey to absent yourselves from the national capital. The events which are likely to occur during the next few days in the

Legislature are not of a character to amuse you of your dictatorial proclivities or prove all consoling to a man who abandoned an independent and honorable career in the belated hope of becoming the heir of your luck and thereby your successor in imperial power.

The climax which has been reached in the Senate is a most singular and well-nigh an unprecedented one. The chairman of the foreign relations committee, Mr. Morgan—by all odds the ablest man of your party in the Senate if not in the whole country, a man, who, besides his great ability and large experience, is regarded even by those most bitterly opposed to him as a patriot of sterling worth and sincere conviction—on the very day of your departure reported to the Senate a most masterly and scholarly review of your Hawaiian policy. Clear as "an icicle that's curdled by the frost from purest snow and hangs on Dian's temple" this report is in striking contrast with the labored, verbose and amateurish letter, in which your Secretary of State, with the aid it is currently averred of a certain eminent lawyer paid out of the secret service fund, with infinite arrogance and the most solemn assumption, laid before the American people, not a justification of your course, but the programme by which you proposed to use the power of the American Republic to establish a monarchy of the most debased and inexcusable character in that western world, dedicate to freedom while yet hidden in the womb of obscurity.

Few things in our political literature are finer than the firm, yet delicate and consistent, clearness with which this veteran statesman elucidates the fundamental principles of American policy, and while striving to retain something of popular regard for his party points out the pitiful incapacity of the President and his Secretary of State, who, in the infinite littleness of their self-absorption, would substitute envy for policy and personal resentment for principle.

Yet even while he does this Mr. Morgan shows how great is his desire to shield the Democratic executive from popular condemnation by laying great stress upon your right to appoint Mr. Blount to go to Hawaii and learn and report to you what the night of the condition—past, present, and prospective—of the affairs in those islands. The fallacy of this treatment of the Blount episode lies in the fact that no one has ever seriously questioned your right to appoint a commissioner to act as your informant, to represent your eye and ear in gathering knowledge in Hawaii, or any other country, if you feel such special information to be necessary or desirable for the intelligent performance of your duty.

Such a person you had a right to clothe with diplomatic immunity, as representing



your official station, but you had no right to invest him with any portion of the power attaching to your station, over the officers and men, or the action or disposition of the naval or military forces of the United States.

The objection made to the appointment of Mr. Blount was not that you sent him to examine and report, but that you sent him to command—to overthrow and haul down; in short, that you attempted to confer upon him the power of an officer of the very highest rank without the advice and consent of the Senate," and, therefore, in defiance and subversion of the constitution.

It will be peculiarly irritating to your Excellency to perceive, as you no doubt readily will, that the true reason why Mr. Morgan is so anxious to justify the appointment and conduct of Mr. Blount is not because of special consideration for the "master," but of desire not to offend the servant.

Of course the exercise of such unlawful power on your part cannot be wholly reprobated without reflecting seriously on the instrument. Whatever else Mr. Morgan may be, he is first, last, and all the time a "Southern" man. He is a patriot just as far as he believes the interest and sentiment of "the South" will permit. It is possible that he would stand for the national honor and interests against that sentiment, but not at all probable. The bias of a long and active life is altogether against such a hypothesis. Though he has in a measure, no doubt, renounced the peculiar ideas which once led him and his associates to array themselves in arms against the Nation, the habit of yielding to the force of "Southern sentiment" is so strong that very few have ever dared to do so, even under the pressure of the most profound and patriotic conviction, and those few have been doomed to an ostracism so fierce and bitter that any man may well tremble at the thought of facing it. Longstreet, Wise, and Mosby are well-known examples of the animosity which patriotic conviction awakens against a Southern man. There are hundreds of others, men who have been forced into silence and obscurity because they dared to have convictions broad enough to include the country's welfare even in defiance of Southern prejudice. It is a sad lesson which they teach—that the country cares nothing for those who uphold its interests and honor, and that "the South" never forgives one who even admits the fallibility of its prejudices. The "Southern man" may be as patriotic as he chooses, provided always that he does not reflect upon or question any act, institution, prejudice, or tendency of "the South" or that modicum of our population which terms itself the "Southern people." Should one of its public men do that, "it were better a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast

into the midst of the sea." If he disapproves, he must restrict his dissent to the realm of the unexpressed.

Mr. Morgan is aware of this supersensibility of his people and knew that hostile comment on the "Paramount" commissionership would be regarded as a reflection on a "Southern man," and, therefore, disloyalty to "the South." He is brave enough to defy your power and designate the obsequious creatures of your will "cuckoos." He is even said to have been greatly elated at the report that his wit struck home so keenly that you ordered the cuckoo clock to be removed from the marble mantel of the White House because its lugubrious greeting sometimes started a smile upon the face of a visitor. But he would not risk the frown of "the South." It shows very plainly how trivial he counts your hold upon that "Southern sentiment" you think you have placated by abject subserviency to its behests.

The discussion of this masterly report will necessarily bring into renewed prominence the letter which President Dole sent to "your diplomatic representative" in reply to Mr. Willis' truculent demand to know what the Hawaiian President meant by his allusion to the mouthy Minister's "attitude."

How stunning and yet how deft and neat is the blow your representative in Hawaii so stupidly invited! The head of the youngest government on the planet shows himself well able and quite willing to inform the anxious inquirer not only what he meant by "attitude," but what he thinks of the Minister's "attitude," of Mr. Heir-of-Luck Gresham's "attitude," of "Paramount" Blount's "attitude," and even of your own "attitude" as a treacherous and bungling conspirator. And in it all, he is so cool, so courteous, so outwardly unruffled, while the facts he recites constitute such a terrible arraignment for falsehood, duplicity and treachery against the President of a great republic, and the Minister of State in his Cabinet! I do not wonder that you and he desire the mists of the Potomac to shield you from the myriad eyes which will burn with shame and anger as they read again in the debates that will occur of the dishonor you have brought upon the Nation in your absurd endeavor to prevent a free people from seeking to become a part of our nationality.

Perhaps nothing in the whole business shows the petty, personal character of your administration so clearly as the fault-finding report which Minister Willis transmits of the doings and sayings of the members of the provisional government on "the first anniversary of Hawaiian independence."

There is no surer way to get a true view of yourself than to note the reflection in the words and acts of a genuine admirer. If you wish to know how the American people regard you and the unfortunate



of your luck you have only to note what the utterances are of which Minister Willis complains, and which seem to him to merit condign punishment at the hands of his "master." It seems that, despite all that you have done, the members of the provisional government still have the highest regard for the American Republic and expect and desire annexation thereto, a fact which Mr. Willis regards as the gravest possible insult to the President, who has evidently informed his "agent" that he does not approve such purpose and means to do all in his power to prevent it.

These are samples of the speeches which stir his wrath to fever heat:

One member of the government said: "We wish no permanent government; no change which does not make for annexation; no republic but the Great Republic!"

Another said: "Annexation is manifest destiny and we are bound to have it!"

To most people such utterances would seem to be the very essence of sound, straightforward, United States common sense. It would seem as if a country thus earnestly and sincerely applauded ought to stretch out its hand and say "shake." Even "Cuckoo" Gray, when he was singing the song that he hoped would give him the seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court, which in very despite you threw at length to the Louisianian, could not refrain from eulogy of that true American pluck, which having conquered a realm from anarchy and misrule, stretches out clean hands, undefiled by debt, corruption or oppression, and asks of the United States to make them a part of the Great Republic.

But Mr. Willis objects! There are two good reasons. The autocrat of the White House has fulminated against annexation, and Mr. Willis' job would terminate and its emoluments cease if annexation should occur. Even you would find it hard to make a place for so faithful an adherent. The Senate is in no mood to confirm him for another appointment. They have had enough of him where he is, and one of the influences which make strongly for annexation is the hope that the country would be rid of "your diplomatic agent," in whose face forever shines too plain a reflex of his master's thought.

Another reason which makes your absence at this time very opportune, whether it be for the purpose of securing professional privacy or undisturbed jollity, is the now evident fact that the Senate has broken away from your dictation. Instead of having the Wilson bill imposed intact upon the country, the cover screwed upon, and your ponderous adiposity heaped upon it to hold it in place until your term expires, it is now reasonably certain that the "three Brigadier bosses" whom you will, are doomed to be heard. The bill will be amended; the bill will be heard. The bill will go back

in the House. It is even possible that the shadow of the wrath to come will be so terrible that the "Cuckoos" may faint, and you thereby fail of your revenge upon the workmen of the North whom you would condemn to poverty and want for having dared to oppose and ridicule your view of what is for their good.

The election in Pennsylvania has been a great eye-opener to the people. The refusal of the lawmakers made at your demand to allow the people to be heard in earnest plea for their shattered prosperity, even before the committees of Congress, has awakened a most unprecedented storm of indignation. Even the slave has the right of petition and only the most infamous and debased of tyrants closes his ears to the protests of those he oppresses. Such an outrage was never before attempted with the American people save when slavery dominated the national life and forbade not only the slave but even the freeman to petition for liberty.

You have an idea that this bill once passed the people would submit to its injustice and matters would so improve that they would forget the horrors they have suffered. Your capacity for self-delusion is very great. Whatever you wish you believe in—as much as you believe in anything except yourself. But the people have ceased to share your faith in theoretical specifics. When you took the American sheep by the tail and sought to throw it overboard in order that you might win fame by importing a free trade ram you pretended to imagine was of the pure golden-fleece breed, the people laughed at your folly, but many felt so kindly disposed to your theory that they were willing to let you make some fresh experiments. The very prospect brought disaster. Then you assured them that a repeal of the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman law would cure the evil. When it failed and you proposed as a remedy to make what had only been feared a fact, to reduce wages and make profits impossible as well as uncertain, as a remedy for lack of employment, restriction of business and reduced wages, the people began to see that as a statesman your policy was based wholly on your wishes rather than their interests.

They are waking up to the right and duty of protest, and I should not be surprised within a few weeks to find the general indignation expressing itself in a series of public meetings throughout all the land, demanding the free exercise of the right of petition and regard for the interests of the people. Certainly before the midsummer solstice is reached, you and your coadjutors will receive a popular "roasting" that will make the dog days seem cool and grateful even to natures so arrogant and pachydermatous as yours.

Meanwhile the "mists of the lower Potomac" hide your purposes and even more effectually than your false words hid your intended treachery to a government whose only fault was a desire to become American.

Chicago, Ill.

C. J. J. J.

No 9.

March, 10th 1894

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 10, 1894.

## THE MAN OF DESTINY.

Letters from Silva to the President of the United States.

SECOND SERIES, NO. 8.

A Legatee of Luck.

To Grover Cleveland, President.—Sir: In the general wreck of spurious reputations which characterizes your present "reign" there is none more pitiable than the utter collapse which has befallen your Secretary of State. From the Circuit Court of the United States to the Cabinet of a President is, at best, a doubtful preferment; but for one who had won deserved distinction in the field, had served with honor in two Republican Cabinets, had occupied a place both upon the District and Circuit bench, had been once a candidate, and twice an anxious possibility, for the Presidential nomination of his party, to say nothing of a very pronounced flirtation with a party of immature years and somewhat magnified charms, the position of head lackey to a President whose courage never rose above the level required to serve his country in the person of a substitute, whose party is dominated by the very same political impulse which he won all his renown by brave endeavors to repress, is one of such doubtful honor that only the most potent incentives could have impelled any man to risk so questionable an experiment.

It is only in the single instances of the establishment of a new party upon issues not before dominant that such renunciation of the old and adoption of new party affiliations has hitherto been successfully accomplished by men who have already risen to distinction in public life.

This fact is no doubt bottomed on a universal principle of human nature. We naturally distrust a man who, having battled lustily through all the years of an active manhood for certain specific principles and been profusely honored because of his advocacy of them, after he has passed the meridian of life turns his back on all he has declared true and worthy and proclaims what he has before denounced to be the only reliable form of government.

It would seem as if an instinctive perception of this truth induced Judge [Name] as soon as the fact that he would

service in your Cabinet became known, to take unusual care to have it clearly understood that by so doing he did not become a Democrat." For thirty odd years embracing practically his whole political career, he had been a Republican. During that time the principles of the two great parties have not materially changed. The Republican party was founded on individual right and individual welfare as opposed to Democracy, which was the champion of State rights, State supremacy, and the paramount allegiance of the individual to the State.

Because of this fundamental difference the Republican party was naturally opposed to slavery and in favor of the exercise of national power to promote liberty and enhance the individual prosperity and welfare of the people. The establishment of universal liberty and equal rights for all was an achievement in entire harmony with its theory of the purpose and function of government. So was the guaranty of protection to American industries. Both spring from the same theory of government, and especially from the same view of the scope and function of national power. As elements of party policy both rest on the assumption that the general government has a right, and it is its duty, to consider the conditions and relations of individuals—whether they are bond or free, ignorant or intelligent, self-supporting or dependent—and that the policy of the general government should be so shaped, within the express limitations of the Federal power, as to promote the individual welfare of the greatest number of the people. It was, therefore, an anti-slavery and protection party, which became, by natural evolution, an equal rights and protection to labor party in the years that followed.

The Democratic party, on the contrary, insisted that the general government had nothing to do with individual conditions; they were entirely within the control of the States. If the State chose to keep half its population in bondage, or adopt an economic system that promoted pauperism instead of prosperity, the general government must not take any step that would interfere with such results. Slavery produced raw products, but manufactured nothing. Therefore, slavery, that is the interest of the slave-owner, demanded free trade. It cared nothing about the condition of the laborer, because it owned him. What it desired was the cheapest possible form of labor, ignorant, ill-fed, ill-clothed, and scarcely housed at all, within the requirement of civilized domicile. The Democratic policy of "a tariff for revenue only" was simply the expression of this idea, that the national government must not concern itself with the individual conditions of the people.

The two parties have fought over a good deal of ground during the time that Judge Gresham has been a Republican, but all



that time the same underlying distinction has been maintained. The Republican party has not always been loyal to its own professions and the Democracy has sought to hide its real character under various ambiguities; but first or last the fundamental difference has cropped out in every political contest.

Judge Gresham has too subtle a mind not to know that no casuistry can make the American people believe one who has been as good a Republican as he has professed to be could now be a genuine Democrat. Apparently, it was to avoid this charge of insincerity that, at the very moment of taking office under you, he avowed himself "not a Democrat."

But if not a Democrat, why did he resign the honorable life position in the National Judiciary to take the position of Secretary of State in your Cabinet?

This question naturally recurred to every one at all conversant with political affairs, and various answers were proposed, differing from each other according to the bias of the individual or his view of Judge Gresham's character. One is the reason the Secretary himself apparently desired to have accepted as the controlling motive of his conduct, since it was widely published as an "interview," claiming to have been authorized by him. So far as I have been able to learn, such authorization has never been denied.

In this interview it was distinctly stated that Judge Gresham resigned his life position on the Federal bench and assumed that of Secretary of State solely because of a profound conviction that he would thereby "best subserve the true interests of the whole country."

As a statement of personal motive this declaration leaves nothing to be desired. If he honestly believed that in this position he could perform any great and notable service to the country which without such sacrifice would remain unperformed, it was not the duty of the patriot to consider either his interest or reputation, but to go forward and do what needed to be done regardless of consequences to himself. The only question in the public mind was whether the statement was literally true or whether his conviction as to the public need was helped out by certain considerations of a personal character. It seems a little ungracious to pry into the secret motives of a man who volunteers an explanation of an apparently

incongruous act which is pitched on so high a key of self-sacrificial patriotism.

But a free people, as you have learned, Mr. President, when once their suspicion is aroused, are perfectly ruthless in the expression of their distrust. Even the fact that you are a married man, and the equally remarkable fact that you are the proud father of two babies, seem no longer



to be accepted by them as conclusive evidence of your inherent superiority and indubitable right to have your own way. We not seldom hear the flippant and unfeeling remark that men have been married before, and that no harm would have resulted if you had shown an earlier tendency toward the matrimonial estate. There is every reason to aver that some presumptuous mortals entertain the sacrilegious thought that their own wives and babies are inferior, neither in moral worth nor personal charms, to those whose affectionate regard is so sedulously advertised as proof positive of your amiability. It is no wonder that a people who will question a fact so frequently and emphatically asserted should even doubt that pure and undiluted patriotism was the sole motive which induced the gallant Secretary to doff the ermine and take up the pen of the diplomat.

There were not lacking people who were so uncharitable as to doubt whether even Judge Gresham's self-appraisal was so egregiously at fault as to lead him to suppose himself the one American who could run the office of Secretary of State during your Presidential incumbency in such a manner as to make sure that the Republic should receive no detriment.

Some of these intimated very good-naturedly—it is amazing how considerate his old party associates have been of the ex-Judge's feelings—that his ambition had gotten the better of his discretion, and, believing that your administration would be a very successful one, he desired to end his public career in a blaze of glory as its Premier.

It is one thing greatly to your credit that you sat down, with all the ponderosity of which you are capable, on the "Premier" idea. It is un-American and absurd in the highest degree. The friends of Mr. Blaine very unwisely claimed for him this relation to two administrations. During the interval between the announcement of your having offered the portfolio of State to Mr. Gresham, and the organization of your Cabinet, a good deal of the same sort of twaddle appeared in the public press. It was soon apparent, however, that you did not take kindly to such innovation, and when you appointed Mr. Quincy, your pet puppy of the Massachusetts stock, who is now very busily engaged in pulling his paws out of a very dirty mess into which he apparently put them in the hope of turning an honest penny through the friendship of his "master"—after he was put in the office to run its politics under your personal supervision—everybody seemed to recognize how absurd it would be to tack the title of "Premier" upon a Secretary of State who was not allowed even to name the Consul to St. Kitts, if there be such a functionary.

There is in fact no analogy whatever between the office of Secretary of State, under our form of government, and that of Premier under other constitutional governments.

The Premier is a responsible officer; the Secretary of State is merely a servant of the President. Except the fact that his name comes first in the list of Cabinet officers, there is no more reason why he should be called the "Premier" than there is for calling Mr. Morton the "Dernier." Indeed it would be quite appropriate, when we consider either the very recent organization of his department or the caliber of the man who runs it, to term him not only the last but least of Cabinet curiosities. I hope this carefully expressed belief in the microscopic character of the Secretary of Agriculture will not be considered treasonable. The newspapers have reported that an American citizen was sentenced to fine and imprisonment in Nebraska recently for having assisted in burning him in effigy. If it be true and the same doctrine prevails elsewhere, I do not see why you should not revive the practice of Gessler, hang your hat upon a pole set up in the public square, and require the people to do obeisance to it under penalty of the law. Surely, if there is anything to Mr. Morton except the fool's cap of an unimportant office which you have put upon his head, the world has never found it out. If it is crime to burn in effigy such a mere symbol of nonentity what would it not be to reveal some of your favorite antics when "on a lark?"

The Secretary of State, except at state dinners and in case of foreign embroilment, is really a much less important officer under our government than Mr. "Dernier" Morton, of the Agricultural Bugaboo. The latter has much more power and is invested with quite as much discretion, and, indeed, it cannot be truly averred that he has not shown himself quite as discreet. It is supposed by some that the Edmunds law of a few years ago, which established the order of succession in the Cabinet, in case of the demise of the Executive, lifted the Secretary of State to a dignity before unapproached by that officer by giving him priority over the other members of the Cabinet as a stop-gap of possible power. In fact it can hardly be said to have affected the character of the office to any appreciable extent. Even in case of your demise there would be two lives between him and the Presidential chair—the Vice President and the Speaker of the House of Representatives. In our history, thus far, there has never been a lapse of even two of these, so that the contingent dignity is hardly more appreciable than the availability of the Secretary of Agriculture as a Presidential candidate—a fact so patent to him that he is kept in a state of chronic

irritability by the other fact that no one else perceives the exalted destiny which hovers like a bright portent above his head.

As a matter of cold, hard fact it would be nearly as difficult to make the American people believe, especially since the development of the Hawaiian scandal, that Mr. Gresham's controlling motive in accepting office under you was the one he proclaimed, as it would be to induce Mr. Watterson to indorse your politeness or Mr. Whitney to rely implicitly upon your plighted word.

It is sad to relate, but it is undeniably true, that the popular belief is that of the motives affecting Mr. Gresham's conduct patriotic consideration for the national welfare was the very least, while a thrifty regard for his own political prospects dominated all the rest.

This is a most uncharitable view to take of one professing such a poetic ideal; but facts are stubborn things, and it is not strange that the people who deal with facts should grow stubborn also. They have long memories, too, and like to put their own construction on known or imaginary conditions. They say, therefore, that in addition to a consuming desire to serve the Republic, Judge Gresham had a very laudable ambition to become either the President of the United States or a Justice of the Supreme Court; and that he entered your Cabinet with those two strings to his bow, feeling very confident that if he missed the one he would be sure of the other.

It is the belief of not a few, also, that among the unrecognized impulses which inclined him to lend a willing ear to your proposal was a certain hope that he might be able to pay back in that position certain grudges which he had long entertained

against a rival who, in one sense at least, had somewhat outstripped him in the race for popular favor. For many years the feud between him and Benjamin Harrison has been a matter of public knowledge. There were many who blamed the late President for not putting his old enemy upon the Supreme Bench, or at least tendering him that position. Some even went so far as to urge that course upon him. It would have been an act of sound policy, so graceful and sagacious in character as to have commended universal approval. But Mr. Harrison's nature, though so undemonstrative as to induce the belief in an unusual coldness of temperament, was not such as to enable him to forget what he counted wrongs and insults of the most inexcusable character, in order to win either a personal or a political victory.

And it must be confessed that the conduct of your Secretary of State, thus far, has been of a character to fully justify his adversary's estimate of his inherent quality. His course in the one important matter with which his department has been con-

cerned showed him to be animated by envy and malice to a degree rarely exhibited by public men—except such accidents of fortune as yourself. It has, indeed, done much to console his warmest friends for the failure of the hopes they cherished on his behalf.

It is generally believed, too, that there was more or less of truth in the rumor that he had some reason to expect he would be chosen as the legatee of your luck; that you would so shape your administration as to make his selection as the Democratic nominee for the succession possible if not probable, without a profession of Democracy on his part; that he believed his old Republican and new Populist following would then join hands and contribute to his triumphal elevation to the Presidency.

It was a prospect to turn the head of a man much less given to magnifying his own deserts than the brilliant soldier and somewhat dramatic Judge. It had certain elements of probability, too. His following was a large and devoted one, if he could hold it. It was known that you would rather the Democratic party went to eternal smash than that your enemy, the Senator from New York, should be chosen as its standard-bearer to succeed you. Should there be any prospect of such a thing, or should Mr. Hill be nominated, you were known to be quite capable of throwing the party overboard, applying the lash to the "cuckoos," and prostituting the patronage of the government to the support of such a mongrel combination, with the Secretary at its head.

Such a prospect would seem rather remote for a sane man, accustomed to the vicissitudes of politics, to bank upon, but it is contended that he felt no fear of evil consequences to himself, because he did not doubt either your ability or your willingness to transfer him to some position of equal dignity and value with that he relinquished before the close of your term, should any necessity for such course arise. It is easy to see how mutually satisfactory such an arrangement may have seemed, both to your Secretary and to yourself.

Alas, alas, for the fragile character of human hopes! Only a year has elapsed, and every pillar on which the Secretary's dream rested has crumbled to dust! Well may that be counted a "Dismal Swamp" in which his regrets mingle with your anathemas on the failure of your luck! You are no longer respected by your own party nor feared by any other. Were a convention to nominate your successor to be called tomorrow, it is doubtful if you could control a score of votes in it for any candidate you might prefer. Even the "cuckoos" are ashamed of their servitude.



The Secretary is, indeed, the legatee of your luck, but it is now the wrong kind of luck. The Democracy not only hate him as an intruder but despise him as a sycophant. The Populists, who loved him so well when he had a following, mock at him now that he has none. The Republicans, who loved him as a faithful leader, turn silently away, wondering that they should have so mistaken his true character. He is a broken idol, fallen from a high pedestal. And you, through whose luck he hoped for success, are not only powerless to aid him in his sad estate, but have literally fallen upon him. Today, instead of being a significant figure in American politics, you would be unable by the utmost exercise of your power to secure his confirmation by the Senate to any office at all commensurate in dignity and importance with that which he resigned. So passes from our political horizon one of the most attractive figures it has ever known.

SIVA.

Chicago, Ill.



March 17<sup>th</sup> 1894

No. 10

Oliver

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1894.

## THE MAN OF DESTINY.

Letters from Siva to the President of the United States.

SECOND SERIES, NO. 9.

### Bear Slaying—Ancient and Modern.

To Grover Cleveland, President—Sir: It has been duly heralded throughout the land, on your trip to the Dismal Swamp, that you killed a bear and returned decorated with the skin.

The slaughter of a beast of prey or one peculiarly difficult of access, has always been accounted an achievement worthy of a man, because it presumed the possession of many qualities. He who meets a lion or a tiger in his native jungle has need of a keen eye and a steady nerve, if he would bear away the skin as a trophy. He who encounters a bear or even a wolf, pressed by the pangs of hunger and unused to the presence of man, has no reason to be ashamed if by good fortune he comes out of the combat unscathed. If he is able to see the sights of his rifle at all, with a cinnamon or a grizzly trying to peer into the muzzle, twenty or thirty steps away, he has a certificate of courage which no man of sense will ever seek to impugn. So, too, if one comes unexpectedly upon the common black bear at a time when he is not disposed to accept notice to vacate in good part, he may have need of a good deal of nerve and quickness of hand and eye. Though a clumsy looking fellow, Bruin has a nasty way of getting over the ground between himself and an intruder in an unexpectedly brief space of time. He has a most unpleasant fashion of seeming to be in downright earnest, too, which makes one feel that any mistake about the one shot there is barely time to get in may lead to most unpleasant consequences.

To kill a bear, under such circumstances, is a feat of which a man may well be proud, and the skin of one thus slain outspread before the hearth may well warm his heart with pleasant self-appreciation whenever his feet press the springy ebony surface.

More than one man has become famous among a class of men not given to accepting a claim of manhood without an unimpeachable certificate of its verity by killing a single bear.

This usually occurs when the bear has a decided advantage in the scrimmage that

results from an unexpected meeting, as where the rifle has been discharged and a man has to settle conclusions with his furry antagonist with a knife, an ax, or even a club. There is a story told in one of our Northwestern States of a man armed only with a steel husking-pin who being set upon by a bear while returning from his work thrust his right hand into its mouth and when the big jaws closed upon his arm held it there, while with his left he gouged out his assailant's eyes.

There is no doubting the courage or fertility of resource of such a man. You and I would hesitate a good while before provoking him to a fight, even if he had no husking-pin concealed about his dexter self—unless, indeed, he would kindly permit one to put in a substitute.

At least one noted American achieved something like fame by an encounter with a wolf. His name was Israel Putnam. You may have heard of it, though there is little reason to suppose that your reading has been of a character to make you especially familiar with it. It does not seem like a very remarkable achievement; he merely crawled into a hole in a rocky ledge, with a musket in one hand and a torch in the other, and shot at the varmint's eyes while the torch lay burning on the ground beside him. When he fired, the fellows on the outside pulled him out at a lively rate by a rope which was fastened to his left leg. I suppose he was really in more danger from his friends behind him than from the demoralized wolf in his front. At the same time one of us would have been more likely, I think, to have offered a reward to some other fellow to do the job than have volunteered to do it ourselves—unless we knew, that is, that the wolf's teeth had been pulled beforehand.

One understands after reading the story, however, just why it was that "Old Put," on hearing the news of the fight at Lexington, unharnessed one horse of the span with which he was plowing, left the other standing in the furrow, and set out for the scene of hostilities without even waiting to inquire the price of a substitute.

He showed the same sort of reckless folly in the famous leap he made to escape from General Tryon's men. A soldier, as you have often set forth—and in all the world's history there has never been a man who has written so much in regard to a soldier's duty or displayed such keen and critical knowledge of what he ought not to do—a soldier has no right to incur such risk of bodily harm in running away without orders. Nobody gave "Old Put" any orders to retreat, and if he chose to do so on his own responsibility, he ought to have dismounted and led his horse down such a steep place instead of going at breakneck speed just for the sake of doing something

to make the small boys of posterity wonder. Neither has he any right to take such risk of bodily harm merely to escape the discomforts of imprisonment. If he had fractured all the bones in his anatomy in his mad rush down the steep hillside, and had made an application for a pension on account of it, I have no doubt, had you been President, it would have been vetoed on the ground that he was "not in the line of duty" at the time the hurt was incurred, but just charging down the hill for the fun of the thing.

So highly was the bear-slayer esteemed in the early days of the Republic, when Democrats and Republicans vied with each other in the ardor with which they advocated protection for American industry, when a "tariff for revenue only" was unheard of and such an abortion as the "Wilson bill," either in its present battered estate or far worse original condition, undreamed of, that one of the most enthusiastic admirers of "Old Hickory," Colonel Davy Crockett, is alleged to have set up as his chief claim to Congressional honors that he "had killed more b'ar than any other man in the State of Tennessee." The validity of this claim seems to have been admitted by his repeated election.

It is said that the only time General Grant was ever known to approach the verge of self-laudation, was in recounting how he brought down with his pistols two wolves out of a band that pursued him while returning to his post somewhere in the far West, while he was yet an unnoted subaltern. As he had no more ammunition, he regarded these two shots as having saved his life. Providence had other work for the square-jawed lieutenant with the massive brain, and it is by no means certain that those two pistol balls were all that stood between the wolves and the supper they hoped to make. A man of such dogged resolution has chances of life which another would never see. He had no business to go a dozen miles away from his post merely to visit a friend, however, and if he had been killed in that ride, and his wife had received a pension on that account, you would undoubtedly have directed its suspension and revocation as a fraud. The world would never have known the limitations of a soldier's duty and privilege had not a kindly Providence raised you up to define them for him. It is to be hoped that before another war shall come a digest of

these vetoes, which have rendered your name immortal, will be prepared and put in the hands of every man who may be so foolish as to desire to enlist in his country's service.

President Arthur used to tell with a quiet chuckle and that pleasant blink of the eye which was the only sign of his appreciation of its drollery, a quaint story of a bear

which showed him the way to camp, when he had wandered off and lost his bearings on one of his fishing excursions in the Queen's dominions. He did not kill his bear, at least not that day; but, as he used to say, he "proved conclusively that he could outrun one on the worst kind of a track."

It is not at all probable that any of these men felt the necessity of vaunting these exploits. Most of them had performed much more notable achievements which they had no need to advertise, since the trump of fame spread them throughout many lands, without aid from them or effort or expense to their henchmen. Certain it is, however, that none of them detracted from the merit or popularity of those who did them.

The world loves a sportsman almost as well as a lover, and the man who tries conclusions single-handed with a bear is almost as dear to every boy's fancy as one that conquers an army or captures a city. I suppose "Old Put's" adventure with the wolf is a good second in popularity with Ethan Allen's "In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," and has the advantage of that rather shaky-limbed tradition in probability, since it depends not wholly upon the hero's own statement and is not rendered dubious by the fact that there was not at that time any "Continental Congress."

Even a man whose sport extends no farther than shooting ducks, killing salmon or taking trout, by that very fact comes nearer to the hearts of the American people. We like to know that the man to whom we have committed so large a modicum of the power we delegate to our servants, sometimes throws aside the cares of state, puts on an old hat and trousers tucked in his boots, makes his way sweating and blundering along the course of a trout stream, dropping his fly in the likely pools, letting it float down dashing ripples into shaded nooks where the gamey fish love to hide, getting it caught upon the alders, and losing perhaps his take, his temper, and a large installment of his religion at the same time. It seems to bring him nearer to the body of the people, and one almost envies the lucky countryman to whose house he goes for an hour's rest at noon, a dinner of ham and eggs, a glass of milk, or even plain spring water with or without "a stick" in it.

The country likes to have its President enjoy life and enjoy it in a manly way. It has small use for milksops in the White House or out of it. Even you yourself, sitting in the stern of a cat-boat, trolling for bluefish, with a big straw hat tied bonnet-wise under your chin and a gray flannel shirt hiding a larger portion of your exuberant corporosity, afforded a spectacle of healthful sport which the country regarded with interest and approval. No one concerned themselves with the con-



tents of your lunch basket in the morning, or of the "well" at evening. Every one was at least glad that you were engaged in nothing worse. And the fact that one is not doing evil is sometimes a more comforting assurance than any possibility of well-doing could be.

The hope of securing popular applause has sometimes induced certain weak-minded persons to seek an evanescent notoriety by simulating such achievements. Some of the game battues conducted for the entertainment of crowned heads are mere slaughterings in which neither skill nor courage is called into play. Such indiscriminate killing awaken the contempt of the true sportsman, who would rather tramp all day for a feather than make the biggest bag that ever fell to one hand in such an affair. It is to be remembered, however, that whatever may be said of the game slaughtered in a battue, it is at least wild.

It is told of at least two of the the Roman Emperors, the two most noted for cruelty and oppression by the way, that they were so infatuated with the idea of being regarded as able to cope successfully with the most dangerous beast that they had tamed lions and tigers, perhaps also bears, but of them I find no record, who had been deprived of teeth and fangs, turned loose in the arena that they might slay them in the presence of the populace. Some even declare that they were mock lions, leather and prunella affairs, which these self-designated gods knocked in the head without even the danger of being scared to death by their roars or knocked down by their disarmed claws. This seems a little "thin;" the Roman people were too good judges of the real article for even an emperor to dare attempt to put them off with any pasteboard imitations.

Our American official Nimrods have thus far been genuine sportsmen, who cared less for the name of "mighty hunter" than for the game they bagged. One can hardly imagine Israel Putnam charging a fettered wolf or Chester A. Arthur whipping a "salted pool." Even when a few years ago it was charged that you had made a famous bag by such means I could not believe it true; yet the allegations seemed so well sustained that one could hardly doubt that the political methods you had so long practiced had overcome even the instincts of the sportsman and made you a fakir with the rod as well as with the pen.

Those who know the habits of the bear, which rarely infest the region of your recent pretended exploit, the character of the paths by which they must be sought, to say nothing of the physical and moral qualities of the slayer, entertain no doubt that the one which fell by your hand was a trusting individual of the family *Ursus Americanus*.

which was conveniently "planted," if not actually "staked," in a convenient spot to which you allowed yourself to be "steered" in assumed innocence in order that the American people might be mildly thrilled by the headline, "The President has shot a bear!"

Of course, nobody believes so shallow a "fake," but what shall be said of the President who makes himself a party to so silly a deception. If you had gone down into the White House cellar and shot rats—it has been said there is no lack of them there—and had the tally of their scalps telegraphed from Maine to California, it would have been a far more creditable thing. Such a feeble imitation of Nero is only too apt to provoke comparison of your deeds as a hunter with your achievements as a statesman.

If you could only realize that the American people do not like shams and "fakes," that they would have more respect for a President who killed a skunk at close range, equipped for battle and in no mood to fight, than one who should kill even a "planted" lion innocent of his presence or guileless of hostile purpose, you would be saved some of the displays of cowardice and duplicity with which your "reign" has been so thickly studded. Somehow the Dismal Swamp "fake" reminds one unpleasantly of the Hawaiian fiasco.

It is a little matter; but the trouble is, it was a great official who lent himself to a fraud so puerile that any honest sportsman would feel his cheeks tingle with shame to have his name linked with it.

It is no doubt true that such things are often done. Many a sporting "bum," and

some political ones besides you, have no doubt made a "bag" out of a "planted" field or a "salted" pool, and boasted without a hint of shame while displaying the mounted trophies to admiring friends as genuine testimonials of their skill and prowess. Indeed, I have a friend, one of the shrewd but uncouth sons of the forest who has guided many a true sportsman's steps in search of the joy of actual encounter with the denizens of the wild region where he has his home, who tells me that he turns many an honest penny out of the cubs he raises each year and sells for "plants" to men who wish to claim credit of killing without the courage or fortitude to track the game to its lair or face the red and angry eyes with which he comes forth to resent intrusion.

It is a silly notion, but nothing starts a true sportsman's gorge quicker than the thought of such a fraud. There is many a man who makes a poor bag over barren water or in a deserted field and owns up to its leanness because he could not respect himself if he did otherwise, who when he reads "that the President brought back the skin of an immense bear which he shot in his recent trip in the Dismal Swamp and

will have it mounted for a rug," paraphrasing the angry Lady Constance, will exclaim in unconcealable disgust:  
"Thou wear a bearskin rug! Doff it for shame  
And hang a calfskin on those reccent limbs!"  
SIVA.

Chicago, Ill.

Siva

to 11.

March 24<sup>th</sup> 1894

## THE MAN OF DESTINY.

Letters from Siva to the President of the United States.

SECOND SERIES, NO. 11.

### Master or Servant?

To Grover Cleveland, President.—Sir: There is an aphorism uttered by one whose divine character has done much to obscure the wisdom and human subtlety of his words of which your past conduct and present condition furnish an apt illustration, "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant."

This has been generally considered as a religious injunction to the followers of the Nazarene concerning the character of the man who should be chosen to administer the affairs of the church.

This view is no doubt correct, so far as it goes. The clearer light which a ripper knowledge throws upon the language and character of its inspired author leads to the conclusion that very few of his words were intended for a specific class, but that most of them were the unfolding of immutable principles as broad as humanity and as eternal as the intelligence from whence they sprung. In this case the Master struck the keynote of self-government and formulated the essential principle of democracy, whether in church or State.

With the preterhuman wisdom which characterizes his utterances he directs his appeal not to the obligation of duty but to the impulse of ambition. "If any man desires to be chief among you, let him make himself your servant" is evidently the significance of this injunction, because a self-governing society, whether religious or political, chooses for its chiefs those who, it is supposed, will best subserve the interest of those by whom they are chosen.

Under a government by parties there is always some room to doubt what may be the specific advantage which the whole body of people, that is, the country, expect to secure through the success of any particular party. But there is never any sort of doubt with regard to two things:

1. That no party ever has or will claim the support of the people except upon the plea of intent and purpose to subserve the general welfare in the administration of affairs.

2. That no candidate ever has been, or ever will be chosen to high position except upon his own explicit pledge, as well as that of his party, to make the general welfare of the people the rule of his official conduct.

It is especially true in our government, therefore, that he who would be chief among us must be our servant, or at least profess and engage so to be. Presidents, however, are not elected to rule but to

serve. It is not their province to administer the power of that position for their own gratification, or to exemplify any pet theory, but simply to promote the individual welfare of the greatest possible number of Americans.

In addition to this there is another bond of servitude with which the candidate of a party is bound—the pledge of service to his party.

Viewed in its true light this obligation is not at all in conflict with his greater obligation to the people. That man does his party the worst possible service, who does any act which militates against the general welfare, or fails to do any act within his power which would evidently promote it.

While it is true that party lines are, in the main, coterminous with specific policies of administration or financial or economic methods, it should be remembered that these theories themselves are only maintainable as means by which the ultimate end of government, the welfare of the people, is to be promoted.

There are two methods in which it is assumed, perhaps not unwisely or unjustly, that the President will serve his party and also his country:

1. By making such appointments to Federal offices as will, by the character and ability of his appointees, reflect credit on the party and enhance its chances of success in future elections.

2. By carrying into effect the fundamental theories of his party—except when they shall appear to be permanently or temporarily detrimental to the welfare of the people.

In all these relations the President is most emphatically a servant and will be counted chief among his countrymen in proportion as he serves well or ill—with a wise discretion, rather than blind acceptance of theory or stubborn attempt to impose his will upon others and assert himself greater than his creators.

So far as the duty of making fit and proper appointments is concerned, there is a very clear and tangible difference between the proper use of the appointing power so as to reflect credit upon the party through its representatives, and its application to corrupt and merely partisan purposes, in the distribution of spoils. To consider what will benefit a party in filling a vacancy is one thing; to make a vacancy to be filled is quite another.

The scope of legitimate party claim upon the person granted appointive power is simply this: That, having a vacancy to fill, he will choose one whose selection will be likely to redound to its credit as the controlling force in public affairs. Usually, such person will belong to his own party. The idea that there is one particular man who is especially and peculiarly adapted to fill a particular office, like many



other pet notions, has very little basis of common sense to rest upon. The man of ordinary parts and fair education is quite capable of administering most of the offices under our government. It requires quite as much ability to run a country school as it does to administer a country postoffice, and infinitely more capacity to make a living out of a grocery store than to perform the duties of a deputy collector. Even with the higher offices, the persons fitted to perform their duties in any given case are numbered by scores and hundreds, if not thousands. Probably something like ninety-nine out of every hundred of your party are, by this time, convinced that any one out of some thousands who might be named would have been a better choice than yourself for President.

The field being so wide and adaptability so general, there is no good reason in most cases why a President should not prefer in such appointments persons of his own party. The harm results in the demoralization that ensues from removing a competent officer of one party to make way for one of a different party. This makes the public service the football of faction, the prize of the plunderer—never an honor, and often a brand of shame.

But the true chief, the real leader of men, the sort of man whom nations and parties bless when they have ceased to be, will honor and serve his party even in the administration of patronage, by going outside of its lines whenever by doing so he may strengthen its position in the minds of the people or enhance its prospects of success in the future. Probably no other man in our history has used the power of appointment with such singular skill and exquisite tact as Abraham Lincoln. The secret of this lay in the fact that, having no desire to rule or be esteemed a ruler, he sought only to serve the Nation in serving his party, and to strengthen his party in order that it might serve the Nation.

Your present humiliating position as a suppliant to those whom you so lately

threatened with your displeasure is clearly traceable to the fact that your overweening desire to rule unfits you to serve either your party or the country acceptably.

It is well understood that your desire to have the Wilson tariff bill enacted into law in its present shape results not from any conviction of its excellence over the proposed modifications of it or any foolish expectation that it will at all compare in beneficence with the present law, but solely from a desire that whatever tariff legislation is adopted shall be recognized as your work, and the further desire that Senator Hill shall not be allowed to claim any credit for its amendment.

the earnestness with which you are urging this course, and the readiness with which you abase yourself before those whom you lately regarded as worthy only of contempt and affront, seems quite inscrutable to those who do not know that vanity and envy are the most potent features of your character. You are not weak enough to suppose that a measure like the Wilson bill framed on no principle, except that of changing every provision of the present law, a tariff which is neither for protection, free trade, nor for revenue only—which protects the sugar interest in a manner twice as costly to the country as the present, which raises revenue by imposts on necessities and illustrates the beauty of free trade by reducing the duty on luxuries—you do not for one moment suppose that such a measure, conceived in malice and brought forth in folly, can compare in salutary effects either with the present law or with such a measure amended as Senator Hill and his associates demand. You believe that the recuperative energy of the American people will soon compel an improvement of present conditions, no matter what the character of legislation on the subject may be. If the Wilson bill is passed in its original uncouthness you fancy you will be able to claim for yourself the credit of such improvement; if the bill should be amended by the anti-cuckoo Senators you are quite well aware that whatever improvement results will be attributed to those amendments. On the other hand, you are aware that if no legislation is adopted, the recuperation will be held to result from the operation of existing law.

Of course, so far as the Democratic party is concerned, the only question is how to secure the greatest share of credit with the people. Whether it comes through you, or Senator Hill and his friends, is a matter of indifference. What the party wants is popular approval. Of this it is certain to secure a much larger share under the anti-cuckoo amendments than under the Cleveland policy as formulated by the subservient Mr. Wilson.

Such a result would be gall and wormwood to you. The success of your party is a matter of very little significance. It has nothing more to bestow upon you. During the remainder of your term you have only to consider some means by which your political sun may have a tolerably fair setting, and be looked back upon somewhat more favorably than anything thus far achieved would seem to permit. You perceive that the inevitable result of your Hawaiian policy will be to give the control of that mid-Pacific group to England. Before your term is over, unless you shall renounce your own policy and heartily adopt that of your predecessor, the union jack will wave over Honolulu, and that outpost of republican institutions will become one of the links in the chain of dependencies with which Great Britain has encircled the globe.

This, in connection with the failure of all previous financial theories, the explosion of the curious notion which you must certainly have borrowed from a lunatic asylum or conceived in some moment of frenzy resulting from overstimulation of a somewhat sluggish brain, that a surplus in the treasury will

cient to invite a reduction of the public debt was a deadly peril to the nation; your insolent declaration that a period of low wages, with its necessary concomitants, uncertain employment and lack of ordinary comforts, is desirable for the workingman; the reactionary force of your absurdly positive prediction in regard to the repeal of the silver-purchasing law; the folly of inaugurating an income tax and driving the cuckoos to its support; the fact which cannot much longer be concealed that the pension vetoes on which you thought your fame rested so securely were in nearly every instance, perhaps in every one, written by another whom you made haste to "turn down" for having served you too faithfully—all these things constitute a background against which it is amazingly difficult to project a fame at all consolatory to your declining years or gratifying to posterity.

Your only hope of such success, you think, lies in the adoption of the Wilson bill practically unmodified, and the elasticity of American energy. In order to secure this, you are willing to swallow the seigniorage bill and submit to the demands of the weakest hedgeling among the cuckoos.

There is little prospect that you will succeed in this last hope at which your drowning ambition clutches. If you had been willing to serve, you might have ruled your party. Now that they have ceased to fear your power, they naturally despise your assumption.

The rising sun attracts them, too. Scores of those who obeyed your lash in the House, did so in firm reliance upon that portion of the Democratic majority in the Senate who have refused to bow the knee at your demand for acquiescent worship. As you have lost strength, Mr. Hill has steadily grown in Democratic favor. He is now the only hope which any reasonable man of the party sees in the next Presidential campaign; and one of the main elements of his strength is his persistent antagonism to you. Saving the few cuckoos who still sing for bread, the whole party stands ready to unload its blunders upon you and lift him to the leadership. His succession means, of course, your utter obliteration as a Democratic memory. The party under Hill's lead has no hope of winning, except by repudiating your hobbies, eradicating your memories, and assailing your administration and leadership.

Under these conditions it is a serious question as it affects your own renown, whether you will throw away the support of those who oppose the policy of the seigniorage bill, in order to save the Wilson bill, only perhaps to see yourself betrayed in that, or veto the bill when it comes to you with the amendments on which Senator Hill's hope of securing the Presidency so clearly rests and permitting the present law to remain in effect.

The latter course would be very greatly to the advantage of the country, and would secure to you personally a fame brighter than any it is possible for you to achieve in any other manner. The latter course would open the way for Senator Hill to win the leadership of the party and force the

Democracy to base its hope of winning on the express renunciation of your leadership and policy.

One of the old divines whose sermons have come down to us in a quaint dress has said:

"It was a sore strait the swine were in when they had to chuse between the devils and the deep sea; but they showed their gude sense in the choice they made, since no evil spirit hath power in clean water, and though they died they were first rid of the devils that possess them."

It is more than probable that you will have to choose between your own deposition as a Democratic leader, through the adoption of Mr. Hill's amendments to the bill you have nursed through a singularly sickly infancy, or take a header into the blue sea of consistency and patriotism and secure by a single play almost unprecedented renown and the everlasting confusion of your enemy.

There are not many who expect any such act of notable sagacity from you. There is little in your life to justify the belief that you have the wisdom or the nerve to take a course almost without precedent in character as it would be unequalled in the splendor of personal renown it would bring; but one who has studied your nature even a little bit must know that if anything could drive you to such a patriotic frenzy it would be the consciousness that you would thereby destroy the last vestige of hope which your enemy has of basing his success upon your failures.

SIVA.

Chicago, Ill.



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No 12

March. 31<sup>st</sup> / 1894

MARCH 31, 1894.

## THE MAN OF DESTINY.

Letters from Siva to the President of the United States.

SECOND SERIES—NO. 12.

### The Steel-Plate Scandal.

To Grover Cleveland, President.—Sir: Along with the information that you had, by assiduous effort, at length achieved the distinction of being afflicted with that aristocratic malady, the gout, the people of the United States also received knowledge of another attack of a disease much more dangerous and even more painful to a man in your position than that which gnaws at your toes.

There are not many who, in these days of Democratic predominance, can afford to have a well developed case of gout. You have the advantage of millions who are out of work or are working on half time and at half wages, in that the liberal salary you receive is subject to no diminution by hard times, and is so securely entrenched against hostile legislation that even an income tax of the most inquisitorial character that can be devised could not impair your ability to develop an able-bodied case of gout even by a single cent.

This is no doubt a matter of considerable satisfaction to you; and taken in connection with the descent you used gleefully to claim in your bachelor days, as affording a reasonable explanation for certain idiosyncracies of character, may perhaps counterbalance the pain and even provide a surplus of pleasure. It is true that not many ever believed the discreditable story of royal descent you were so indiscreet as to give to the press during your trial trip under the pilotage of the most skillful of all steersmen for so unmanageable a craft, the subtle and silent Lamont, who had the utmost trouble in preventing your disgraceful boast from obtaining too wide publicity. The truth is that a man who has so assiduously devoted himself to the development of *arthritis podagra* has no need to discredit his forebears on account of his sufferings.

However keen the pangs of the disease may be, they are nothing to compare with what a sensitive person standing in your shoes would suffer from the facts most unwillingly revealed by the Secretary of the Navy in response to the Cummings resolution, and which are destined to pass into history as "the great steel-plate scandal." It is a simple story when once eliminated

from the details of explanation and excuse in which the Secretary seeks to hide its true character. The facts are few; a boy can apprehend them thoroughly.

Steel armor-plates are the most essential prerequisite of the modern ship of war. The safety of every ship of our new navy depends upon the ability of its armor to resist the impact of the immense bolts of steel likely to be hurled against it by the mighty guns which constitute the modern naval equipment.

The preparation of these plates is a matter requiring great care and skill. Toughness and hardness must be so combined as to afford the greatest possible resistance with the least possible weight. The Carnegie Steel Company has the contract to furnish them. They are required to be of a specific quality. The manufacturers are also required to submit official statements as to the length of time the plates have been subjected to certain processes. They are liable to a penalty for infraction of these conditions as well as to forfeiture of the contract. They would also be clearly liable to damages in an action for breach of contract. A government inspector was kept at the works. It was customary for him to select one of each batch of plates, subjected to the annealing process, to be tested at the government shops and firing-grounds at Indian Head; and its quality was accepted as conclusive of the quality of the whole lot, which was supposed to have been subjected to the same process for the same length of time. This is of great importance, as it is impossible to subject all the plates to actual test, and the only guaranty of uniform quality is uniformity of treatment. Indeed, this fact was avouched by the company of every one of these samples.

Under these circumstances, certain employees of the Carnegie Steel Company made known to the Secretary of War three things, and proved them so conclusively that the company, when called on to explain, made no denial of any of them:

1. That for nearly a year the Carnegie Steel Company had been in the habit of re-annealing and working over, in the night-time during the absence of the inspecting officer from the works, the sample plates which had been selected for test and special inspection, making them much harder and tougher than the lots they represented.

2. That they had also been in the habit, during the night-time and in the absence of the government officer, of plugging blow-holes, cracks, and other apparent defects in the plates and selling these plugged and defective plates to the government to be made into bulwarks on the strength of which the lives of the officers and men of our navy, and the efficiency of our warships are to depend.

3. That the company had been in the habit of making false returns to the govern-

ment officials of the length of time which each batch of plates was subjected to certain processes.

The gravity of these acts can perhaps be best appreciated by one who reads an article in the *Harper's Magazine* for April describing an imaginary conflict between an American ship of war, the *Farragut*, and a foreign ship of about equal grade in build and armament, supposed to occur off the Delaware Breakwater in 1898. One has only to imagine the armor of the *Farragut* to have been made of the plugged and half-annealed plates of the Carnegie Steel Company to guess what her fate and that of her gallant defenders would have been in such an encounter.

The act is something more than a breach of contract, something infinitely worse than fraud. It is a crime against the life of the Nation and the lives of her defenders. It is an act of the same character as furnishing an army with cartridges charged with sand, or steel guns plugged with pewter. A man who should furnish such plates for the German navy would not live a great while to bemoan his folly. The Carnegie Steel Company is a corporation, and so not liable to the penalties provided for those who furnish adulterated material or supplies for the army and navy. Our law is very tolerant upon this subject at best. Every man who has been a sailor or a soldier feels that capital punishment is none too severe for a crime which may not only result in murder but in massacre and the overthrow of the national power. It is to be hoped that the steel-plate infamy may result in the adoption of a law prohibiting any corporation from bidding for material or supplies for the navy or army and enhancing the severity of our laws in regard to such offenses. The government should always have a remedy, not only against the pocket, but against the person of such contractors. At the very least the man who does this ought to have a year in prison for every rotten or plugged plate that gets upon the broadside of a war ship through his connivance.

But if the act of the Carnegie Steel Company was of so serious a character, of course the Secretary of War and the President of the United States did everything in their power to punish the transgressors. Let us see.

The Secretary of War referred the matter to a board of investigation to determine how many dollars and cents the United States had lost by having to pay full price for half-roasted, plugged, and patched plates. No account was taken or ordered of the risk to men and ships. The board reported that the difference in commercial value of the plates was at least 15 per cent on all made for the past ten months. If this is a fair estimate, the power of resistance of those plates is only

85 per cent of what has been estimated for our navy, and it will only require about six-sevenths as much powder to send them to the bottom.

However, the Secretary sent for the men who control and operate the Carnegie Steel Company, Mr. Frick and Mr. Hunsiker, and told them what he had learned and also gave them the names of those who had furnished information.

These gentlemen were, of course, much surprised. People generally are when they are found out. They protested that they knew not a thing about the re-worked test-plates, the plugged blowholes, and checks, nor even about the false returns the company had made of the hours the plates were annealed! All this wrong-doing, they declared, went on at night when they were never at the works, but sleeping soundly in their beds, as good men ought to be, trusting implicitly in the honor and faithfulness of their laborers to whom they pay magnificent wages. These laborers, they declared, had done these things in the night-time in order to injure their trustful and innocent employers! What fiends these workmen are!

Now, all the things charged had been for the special profit of the Carnegie Steel Company. By means of them they were enabled to sell plugged and half-annealed plates for perfect ones. What interest the employes could have had in thus imposing on the government, it is hard to see. However, the Secretary said he thought the owners of the Carnegie Steel Company were just as innocent as lambs, and had been imposed upon by their workmen, but as the commission to whom the matter had been referred had assessed the commercial loss on the value of the plates at \$210,721.50, he would not cut it down; he thought they were innocent men, but unfortunate. They should have been careful not to employ workmen who were so depraved that they would cheat without orders.

This was a pretty large fine even for "the largest steel concern in the world" to pay. So they telegraphed for Mr. Carnegie, and he came on, so it is said, and laid the case before you.

Unfortunately for your good name in the future, this seems to have come before you on one of the days when that "irritability" which has not only frightened but angered even the most subservient of the cuckoos, did not control your action; or it may be that the fetish-like worship you have for the possessor of such marvelous wealth overcame even the pangs of the gout. At any rate the importunity of Mr. Carnegie was so effectual that you acceded to his request, knocked off one-third of the award—\$70,240.50—and sent him on his way rejoicing. It is not known that you advised him to be more careful about being found out, but just a fortnight afterward the great manufacturer showed his apprecia-

tion of the adage "one good turn deserves another" by writing a letter in favor of the Wilson bill!

It is strange that you will thus continue to trifle with the common sense of the people. As long as you were looked upon as a sort of miracle—the spotless product of unwholesome conditions—it made little difference what you said or did; but now that the people have come to realize not only that their idol is made of clay, but of very common clay, and even that adulterated largely—it certainly behooves you to be cautious.

You should have known that a deaf, dumb, and blind baby would have smelled, not a rat, but a whole troop of much more malodorous animals in such an act. The country realizes, and no art now can efface the impression, that you showed favor to the great manufacturer at the expense of the security and efficiency of our ships of war, to the mortal peril of our Nation's defenders.

When it is remembered with what relentless bitterness you pursued to ruin and the grave a great naval contractor who had done no wrong, but under the stress of financial reverses asked only for time to complete his contracts, and contrast your severity then with your lenity now, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that you were in that case seeking revenge on a political opponent, and in this one purchasing the support of an offender against the law by remitting one-third of the penalty.

It would be just as easy to make a sensible man believe that the Carnegie workmen plundered the government for the advantage of their employers, but without their knowledge, as to make him believe that the penalty was not remitted either in consideration or in hope of the service, immediately thereafter rendered by the beneficiary of your grace, in aid of the measure you were doing all in your power to drive through Congress and impose upon the country.

You have had much to say, at one time and another since you have occupied the Presidential chair, about "raids upon the treasury" on the part of poor soldiers who asked, whether worthily or not, for \$2, \$3, \$5, or \$10 or \$20 a month as pensions. It is true that most of these diatribes were written by another, but you indorsed them and built up thereby a reputation as a brave economist and unparalleled detractor of the defenders of the Union.

But not any hundred of these "raids," at which you expressed such holy horror, would equal in amount the "scoop" which Grover Cleveland made when he thrust his stalwart arms into the depleted treasury and took therefrom \$70,240.50 adjudged against a firm admittedly guilty of de-



frauding the government in a matter of the most vital import and gave it to a multimillionaire in consideration of his making an argument in favor of the Wilson bill.

The sum thus taken from the treasury to promote your pet measure for reducing the American laborer to utter dependency would have paid 100 pensioners \$10 a month for seven years, which is more than the present average expectancy of life of the survivors of the war of rebellion.

It is a pretty high price to pay for an argument to uphold a rotten measure, even when one takes the Nation's money to pay for it; but the country will not know how much it really costs until some ship is lost through the weakness of the plugged and badly tempered plates, or we have to strip them off the hulks from very fear of their rottenness and replace them with better. When this has been done and the Nation has paid the bill one may begin to estimate how much it cost to hire Mr. Carnegie to appear as attorney for your pet measure.

Chicago, Ill.

SIVA.

Quia

No 13

Sept. 7th 1894

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SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 7, 1894.

## THE MAN OF DESTINY.

Letters from Siva to the President of the United States.

SECOND SERIES, NO. 13

"What Will the Robin Do Now?"

To Grover Cleveland, President—Sir: It is most curious how, when a man's luck deserts him, it becomes an inveterate fatality. The very things which once added to your renown, seem now mere occasions for failure and rebuff. The time was, and not very long since, when your self-seclusion, irritability and disregard for the ordinary courtesies and civilities of your position were to your fame what his mask was to the veiled prophet of Khorassan. By concealment of your real caliber, they gave scope for the play of nimble imagination on the part of cuckoos who worshiped from afar, they knew not what, but judged its lineaments were grand, severe and terrible, because they were hidden, and the official acts by which alone they were able to guess your real quality were of a character to defy the profoundest philosophy to provide with a consistent theory. This was natural enough, since they did not proceed upon any conceivable hypothesis of party or public advantage but depended simply upon your individual whim, and might be dictated either by hope of personal advantage or by desire to snub or affront one who had awakened your displeasure.

Now that this illusion is dispelled, the veil torn away, and people know that instead of greatness only infinite littleness is hidden under your gauzy pretense of an imperious regard for the public welfare, the bearishness and boorishness which were once counted infallible indications of superiority are laughed at as unmistakable indications of conscious inability to cope with the difficulties by which you are surrounded.

Probably no man who ever dwelt in the White House before you would have refused to allow the Marine Band to play on Easter Monday for the pleasure of the children of Washington. One can hardly imagine Abraham Lincoln or Grant, the silent, unpretentious hero of a great war, permitting any personal discomfort standing in the way of the happiness of thousands of children; the very thought of the delight of the little ones would have been balm to their pain.

One cannot but pity the man who is a Democrat from conviction who looked upon your re-accession to power as the harbinger of an epoch of Democratic control.

The enormous majority secured in the electoral college and the House of Representatives gave color to the wildest anticipations. Even "your diplomatic representative" at Honolulu would not have been so far out of the way in his prediction of "forty years of Democratic control of the government" had the facts been as he mistakenly regarded them.

In truth it was not a Democratic victory, but a triumph of non-Democratic discontent. I have just made up a table showing the gain and loss of parties in 1892 on the basis of the election of 1888. I will not trouble you with it entire, but merely call your attention to the fact that, except in a very few instances in the Northern States and in some of the Southern ones, the Democratic gain did not equal the gain in population, estimated upon the showing of the last census. Of course, a party which does not keep up with the increase of population is not making any very remarkable strides toward permanent control of the government.

The simple truth is that the Democratic party was the beneficiary of several forms of Republican discontent, which showed itself in two ways—first, in a vast army of voters who did not go to the polls, and, second, in marked accessions to the Populist vote. The former was more noticeable in the States of the East, the latter in the Western and Northwestern States.

It is not necessary to consider at any length the cause of this defection; but it may be well for you to keep in mind during the next few weeks the apparent fact that it was not the tariff, nor any specific desire for its repeal, that induced Republicans not to vote or sent them into the ranks of the Populists. Had that been the impulse they would have gone straight to the Democratic camp, tariff reform being the leading principle of the Democratic campaign. The fact that they did not go there, and that so many of them joined the ranks of the Populists, shows conclusively that their conduct proceeded from other motives than a mere desire for the repeal or serious modification of the present tariff law.

The fact I wish to call to your attention today is that one who subjected the results of the election of 1892 to even imperfect analysis must have seen that whatever hope of continued domination the Democratic party could expect at the close of your present term must depend on the events and character of your administration, the weight of public opinion not being affirmatively in its favor at the outset.

It was an occasion to appeal to the most torpid nature—an opportunity to achieve at once personal renown and transform accidental into permanent advantage to your party.

It did appeal to you, and no one can doubt that you set out to win both these results. Unfortunately for yourself and your party, you looked as usual upon the surface. Unaccustomed to prolonged investigation or careful analysis, ill-versed in the history of party conflicts, and blinded by vanity and an unquestioning belief in the infallibility of your luck, you construed the election cyclone which whirled you with dizzy vehemence again into the Presidential office as an unqualified indorsement of your personal superiority, and especially of your idea of the tariff and the Democratic platform. You regarded yourself as instructed and commissioned to pull down everything that the Republican party had done. So, like blind Samson between the pillars, you bowed yourself "with all your might" to the task you thought would win you the eternal gratitude of your party. First came the Hawaiian question and the annexation policy of your predecessor. It did not seem so very hard a task to overthrow it; but today even the Queen you tried to re-seat upon the throne is begging you to abandon your project, accept the policy of your predecessor and let her enjoy her pension and her paramour, rather than be the victim of your absurd theory of restoration and vindication. There are tear-furrows deep and wide on the face of your handsome Secretary of State, who hoped to share with you the glory of this achievement, and base thereon a new political career, as he contemplates the humiliation which attends the overthrow of his hopes so stoutly propped at the public expense.

You did succeed, with the aid of Republican votes, in toppling over the silver-purchasing law. The difficulty you encountered even in this insignificant matter should have taught you that the flood-tide which brought you a second time to power was not stirred by admiration for your personal qualities or confidence in Democratic dogma; but you were self-blinded, and with a great flourish of trumpets you asked "the lad that led" you, the West Virginia statesman, whose theory of economics is the one which slavery taught—an open market and dependent labor—to put your hands on another of the pillars on which the Republican party had reared the prosperity of the Nation.

Just as you thought you had it well on the way to overthrow you were suddenly made aware of three unpleasant facts; first, that your party objected to being overwhelmed by your stupid policy of mere destruction; second, that the popular majority which constituted, as you thought, a

sovereign warrant for your course, had disappeared; and, third, that your enemy, David, was charming away your cuckoos and building up a tariff column as near like the one you were pushing over as he could make it, in order to save the wrath of the American people from falling on his head and those of his fellows.

It was a very rough awakening, made worse by the fact that at the very time the fateful "seigniorage bill" fell on your luckless head.

It made little difference which course you chose. On either was disaster evident enough. You closed your eyes and took the plunge. David scratched his bald head, winked his cold, hard eyes, and grinned with delight. He would have grinned anyhow, for he saw that the game was his on whichever side you fell. Not only this, but the cuckoos, ungrateful creatures of your favor, screamed and squawked against you. Half the friends who could be relied on to crown you as a Democratic saint fell away at once. Did ever a man's luck so quickly turn to doom.

"And what will the Robin do now, poor thing?"

The inquiry is a serious one. So far as the Democratic party is concerned, you can never hope for anything but kicks and curses from them. They look upon you as having hoodooed the fairest opportunity a party ever had. Parties, like men, are not fond of blaming themselves. They will heap the blame of their discomfiture on you. And the people? They already couple your name with absurdly harsh epithets. Even the Republican press ridicules you with a freedom which shows that you have lost all hold upon your party; for, however much Republicans may traduce each other, they generally refer with a reverence that amounts almost to adoration to a man who has the Democratic party at his back. I do not know why it is; perhaps for the same reason one does not like to speak too freely of a certain other personage.

In the meantime, your enemy, David, is going to smash your tariff bill, and make one on which he will hang up his own shield, and ask the party to give him his reward and homage. The cuckoos will probably tack free coinage on some bill you dare not veto, and you will then lose the support and approval you have gained by vetoing the "seigniorage bill." Meanwhile the Republicans are happy, the Populists exult, and the "Army of the Commonwealth" is moving on Washington!

What will the Robin do now?

Will he sign David's tariff, own himself in the wrong, and indorse his enemy as wiser and better than he?

If not, what will he do?

There is but one other course—the one which would have made you immortal at the outset, which would even at this late day command for you the reverence and esteem of all patriotic Americans who count the welfare of the people above party or theory; which would make your enemy David gnash his teeth with futile rage and give your party a better show than it can possibly secure by any other means; and, not least, secure your renown as a self-sacrificing patriot not only today, but in all the future.

What is this course? It is a simple game—all in your own hand—but a play so effective that your enemy, who thinks he knows your nature better than any one else, mocks at the idea of your having "sand" enough to make the move. I confess I quite agree with him. Once or twice you have disappointed my expectations—but never in that direction, always in the other.

What is the course to which I refer? When your enemy has tinkered your tariff bill until it has lost all resemblance to its original model, you have only to veto his and leave in force the present beneficent law to win for yourself the tearful gratitude of more men and women than you ever thought would name your name with reverence, to foil your enemy's schemes and draw the fire of the Republicans, who will then have to admit your unquestionable regard for the welfare of the people.

It is a beautiful play, but it needs a man to make it, simple as it seems and effective as it is to remedy the mistakes of your present term. Have you the nerve to do it? We shall see.

SIVA.

Chicago, Ill.



Quora

No. 14 ~~1894~~.

Chl. 14th 1894

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## THE MAN OF DESTINY.

Letters from Siva to the President of the United States.

Second Series—No. 13.

To Grover Cleveland, President: "He who would serve a people truly," wrote one of the prophets of liberty, "must not withdraw himself from them and act upon self-evolved theories, but must keep his heart in tune with theirs that he may understand, not only what may be for their ultimate good, but how far they will consent to follow him toward its attainment. For he is not great who merely declares what ought to be done, but he who wins men to better achievement."

Well would it have been for your fame if you had pondered this truth instead of trying to force your crude and ill-digested notions upon a people, who, whatever may be their faults, choose to be led rather than be driven; and who, despite their inclination to find fault, prefer to do so always upon a full stomach.

One by one the men who carry the brains and sagacity of the Democratic party, who both from conviction and self-interest are impelled to hope for its success, have come to realize the narrowness and shallowness of your nature, and are at length awake to the necessity of disavowing your theories and throwing off your leadership, if they would save even a shred of hope for the party whose brilliant prospects you have so quickly dissipated and whose overwhelming prestige you have so swiftly turned into almost universal contempt.

Long since, one of the most brilliant of the early cuckoos, the eloquent Dougherty, who sung your praise so sweetly that he came actually to believe in your transcendental qualities, discovering at length—through your failure to appreciate his own effort and self-sacrifice—the fatal defects of your nature, declared in answer to the question what he thought of you:

"What do I think of Cleveland? He sits there at Washington like an Oriental god, contemplating his own abdomen and indifferent to all else that exists."

In likening you to Brahma, the eloquent Daniel did injustice to both. The god is represented as contemplating always his own navicular because his consciousness is to the world of being what the sun is to the planetary system, the source and center. Around it revolves the world of life. It is the spring of universal consciousness, the source and controller of universal destiny. It represents "the universal, infinite, imperishable, unthinkable self." Brahma contemplates this symbol of his infinite selfhood not from self-love or vanity, but out of infinite regard for that omnipresent life it typifies.

What Brahma is to life in Oriental theosophy, that if not more, you conceive yourself to be in Democratic cosmogony—the source as well as the center of Democratic life and hope—the immutable, unthinkable child of destiny, through whose will and pleasure alone the party can hope for perpetuity. It is not self-love, in the narrow and petty sense of the term, that inspires your fervent self-regard, but the consciousness that without you all is lost—an infinite mindfulness of the Democratic party which only your all-pervading individuality upholds.

"Shall I then die, whose life is all men's hope?" said Brahma; and you, addressing the Cuckoos, borrowing his thought, declare:

"They make mistake who leave me out,  
For when they fly I am the wings!"

The "silver-tongued" Philadelphian made almost as great a mistake in estimating the quality of your self-absorption as the "silver-tongued" Kentuckian did in his estimate of the kicking capacity of Miss Madeline Pollard.

The trouble with your theory of Democratic prosperity is twofold. In the first place, like many another man's invention, it won't work; and, in the second place, never having contemplated such a contingency, you have no capacity for a change of base. Having set out to go to the "Richmond" of your desire by the Chickahominy swamps, you are quite incapable of a change of base to the James. Absorbed in the contemplation of the navicular which you deem the center of Democratic life, you are unmindful of changes of temperature which make the party shudder at the very thought of the plunge it was but lately so eager to take.

This is especially unfortunate in view of the fact that your mortal enemy, David, whatever else he may be, is a most keen and shrewd observer of popular tendencies. The election of 1892 was hardly over when he had compiled the data and, looking through the fateful record, had perceived what seems never to have occurred to you, that it was not a triumph of the free-trade principles you proclaimed, nor even of the Democratic party, but of that full-fed discontent which finds fault with prosperity, not because it does not reward toil, but because toil is essential to prosperity. His knowledge of popular tendencies, which he never fails to study, taught him that the men who voted or failed to vote, in the hope that a change might be to their advantage, as soon as they saw the price of produce tumbling down where they thought it could never come again; when wages followed in great leaps until the bottom of the ladder was reached, the flour barrel empty, the supply stopped and one-twentieth of the whole population asking for work and bread—he knew that then the people would not listen patiently to

theories, nor regard with any reverence or trust the man or the party who should ask them to suffer still more, in the vague hope of some time reaching again the same level of prosperity from which they had been hurled down by the mere prospect of change.

He saw what you are unable to see because of the dazzling effect of your own perfections which you so sedulously contemplate, that a hungry man is a bad subject to argue with.

Popular sentiment may be a queer thing but it has this merit: When it is really pinched by harsh conditions it appreciates that which brings relief and will not stop to argue about a glittering hypothesis.

"One thing I know," said the stubborn subject of ophthalmic miracle, "whereas I was blind now I see!"

It was sheer nonsense for the scribes and Pharisees to argue with him after that. What did he care about Moses and the law? He could see, and that ended the discussion.

It is the same way when one comes to argue about tariff and free trade with a man out of work, out of meat, and out at the elbows. Even now, all over the country a "re-enforcement" on the seat of a man's trousers is called a "Cleveland badge," and the intimation is made that the "dinner-pail brigade" in the coming campaign will wear a tin plate on the baggy portion of the trousers labeled "Cleveland and free trade!"

David sees these things and knows that his hour has come. Like his scriptural namesake, he is not much of a braggart, but he has some reputation for throwing stones. He never uses a gin-sling or any modification of the article, but he carries his brains under his own hat, does not need a political wet-nurse or a keeper; never loses sight of the interest of the Democratic party, and never gets into a fight unless he is willing to "see it out."

In addition to these qualities he has also a quite remarkable capacity for biding his time—waiting until conditions are ripe be-

fore he strikes a blow. Of course his policy has been, knowing your character and appreciating public conditions, to allow you to kill yourself as a Democrat; to permit you to display to the full your incapacity and bring your party to the verge of inevitable disaster—then to intervene to save the shred of hope that may be left, and if possible twist it into a consistent policy upon which he hopes to climb into the chair he expects you to leave, a discredited and disgraced failure.

David may not be able to realize his own hope, but that he will succeed in your dethronement and humiliation there is no longer any reasonable doubt.

The quiet, dispassionate arraignment of your course as a Democrat which he made in his recent speech is the most crushing attack upon a President ever made by a member of his own party in the name and behalf of that party. The points he made were so clear and self-evident that none can forget or deny them. His position is that you have brought the Democratic party to inevitable disaster:

1. By your Hawaiian policy, which was not only un-American, but flatly opposed to Democratic tradition, and needlessly exposed the Democratic party to public displeasure. This point derived peculiar force from the fact that it came on the very day that the public learned that Japan, encouraged by your pusillanimous course, had determined to secure control of the islands, which are of priceless value to any power whose territory borders on the Pacific.

2. That, in defiance of the Democratic policy of a tariff for revenue, you had lobbied through the House of Representatives a measure expressly intended to prevent a sufficient revenue to meet the expenses of the government, being derived from imposts and the tax on spirits, tobacco, and oleomargarine.

3. That you have done this in order to make necessary a sort of taxation at all times odious to the American people and certain to add to the disfavor into which the Democratic party had already fallen under your leadership—to wit, an income tax.

These charges in themselves are serious enough, but when enforced by the claim that you did these things so fatal to the party's prospects, first, from sheer incapacity to appreciate changed conditions, and, secondly, with a purpose and desire to make the Democratic party a mere tail of the Populist kite, one sees at once how vividly they show the necessity of ignoring you if the Democratic party is to be saved from irremediable disaster. Its only hope, as he makes clear, depends upon:

1. A tariff for revenue.

2. A tariff for revenue which shall not prostrate or imperil the business of the country nor pauperize American labor.

3. A policy based upon the theory that tariff reform means the adjustment of the tariff to the needs and business interests of the people, rather than the destruction of the prosperity of a majority in order to test the theories of a sciolistic minority.

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Considering how intense and universal is the sentiment against the policy you have pursued, how swiftly and universally Democratic majorities have vanished in the spring elections of this year, there can be no doubt that the party will be driven by the sheer impulse of self-preservation to side with your enemy in this crisis.

Every one of his points is an irresistible appeal to the desire for party success. A few free traders may still cling to you as a leader; a few whose personal interests lie in the handling of imported products may urge you to continue the fight. The Southern Democracy are no doubt with you in sentiment. They are the employer class, and, trained by slavery, have no interest in the laborer, his elevation or prosperity. Whether "poor white" or poor black, they desire only that he be cheap and dependent.

But it will not do to depend upon the South to support you in a conflict with one so wary and determined. The Southern Democracy will always surrender principle for power, and they know that the only reasonable prospect for continued national control depends on following the lead of Senator Hill and doing it so readily and graciously as to remove something of the acerbity of public sentiment before the fall elections.

Should the next House of Representatives be strongly Republican the hope of Democratic victory in 1896 would be reduced, not only in the outcome of the popular vote but also by the extinction of any prospect of advantage through the diversion of votes by the Populists. No advantage could be gained by throwing the election of President into a Republican House.

It is rumored that in the hope of breaking the force of this bold assault you will soon send a special message to Congress advising the abolition of the prohibitive tax on State bank issues, and thus permitting a return to the barbarism of a fluctuating, demoralizing, and unstable currency—the re-establishment of the old "wildcat" banks.

This is claimed to be a pet idea of yours, and there is good reason to suppose the claim well founded.

It hardly seems possible, however, that with the undisguised odium in which you are held by the people, and the disfavor into which you have needlessly brought your party, you will dare risk so hazardous an experiment. I should not regard the rumor as worthy of any notice were it not for the fact that opposition, failure, and the gout seem not only to have worn your temper threadbare, but to have destroyed what little caution you once had, and quite paralyzed the sort of pachydermic cunning you were wont to display.

Can it be that you are so dead to all hope of your party's success as to alarm the whole business element of the people by turning loose a thousand or two "wildcat" corporations to prey upon their already depleted purses? We shall see. SIVA.  
Chicago, Ill.



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April 2/24 894

## THE MAN OF DESTINY.

Letters from Siva to the President of the United States.

Second Series—No. 1.

To Grover Cleveland, President—Sir: The difficulty of driving a spike team, two horses at the pole and one in the lead, is recognized by all horsemen and is finely illustrated by your administration.

The Cleveland turnout, which paraded on election day in 1892 with such eclat, was the worst kind of a "spike" to manage. The two wheelers, the South and Tammany, had worked together before, sometimes in the span but more frequently tandem. The trouble with them as a span was that instead of pulling evenly first one and then the other was trying to get ahead, thus keeping up a jerky see-saw progress, which although sometimes effective in drawing heavy loads over very rough and miry roads always kept the driver in a twitter from fear one or the other might break the gears and fly the track. Because of this the driver was always liable to a fit of nervous prostration before his job was over, and however bravely he might start in was apt to come out "just worn to a frazzle!"

You may remember that since the two were first hitched together, in 1823, sixty-six years ago, only one driver, except yourself, has ever been able to make two trips with the beasts.

Old Hickory adopted the Southern plan of riding the South as a nigh wheeler and larruping the off-one, which was then a colt, and had not sense enough to do anything but pull his level best whenever he felt the lash. And Old Hickory took care that the Tammany colt should feel it often enough to keep him at his best. Whenever the nigh wheeler sulked in the breeching or got stuck in the mud he laid the leather over the Tammany colt and yelled and cursed at him, until the wonder is that nag did not burst a blood vessel.

When Van Buren came to drive he saw at once that it wouldn't do for him to back the nigh wheeler. Tammany was all in a swither from having to pull the load and the black filly too. Matty Van had a light hand on the rein, a cool head, and a quick eye, and managed to make the first trip in fairly good style, though the Southern filly kicked and squealed half the way, and flung a lot of mud and dirt on him which he was never able to quite get rid of afterward.

The next time he started in with his feet on the dash and his gloves on. Tammany

made a most unaccountable shy at Swartmont, and the filly seeing "Old Zip Coon sitting on a rail," concluded there was "a nigger in the woodpile" and "broke all up" before he made the first quarter. Matty Van was upset in the worst kind of a mud-hole, and not even heard of at the finish.

Before time was called again, there had been a change of nags. Tyler swapped the gray colt Protection for the black Southern jade, and tried to make up a "scratch team" with her in the lead and a span of Whig cobs at the wheel. It was a dismal failure, however, and he was thrown before he reached the starting-post.

Then Tammany was hitched with the filly again, and Van Buren was engaged to drive. But the filly kicked so he could not get on the seat with all his agility, and would not be still until they got a Southern driver—a "no-account" Tennessean—who had no more sense than to lash the black mare head-first into a free-trade quagmire, and then let her break across the brazos into Mexico.

This spurt took the wire edge off the black filly and literally broke the heart of Tammany. So when they made the mistake of overweighting them with the big "Michigander" as driver, the whigs hitched up "Old Whitey" in the lead with the "Silver Gray" nags at the pole with General Zack Taylor making dangerous play with Free Soil and Barnburner. This rattled the South and Tammany sulked; so that with all his bluster the long-haired Michigander driver found himself distanced by the shackling old Whig outfit in a jog-trot.

Handsome Frank Pierce took the reins in 1852 and won in fine style with Tammany and the Southern filly, driving them tandem, putting Tammany in the lead on the north of Mason and Dixon's line and the filly in the lead south of it.

The Whigs boosted up old General Scott to steer the Silver Grays, but the old nags were spavined and wind-broke long before, and he knew no more about driving them than a pig does of aeronautics. So the Democratic outfit came in without a hair turning, the Silver Grays so far behind that they were never heard of again.

Then Jimmy Buchanan took the reins, with the South in the lead and Tammany in the shafts. The filly was mighty frisky, but "Buck" was up to her tricks, let her have her head, and made the pace. He won the race, but Fremont was at his wheel with Free Soil and Free Speech when he went under the wire.

In 1860 Abe Lincoln drove four-in-hand on a buckboard: Free Speech and Free Men in the lead and Free Soil and Protection on the pole. The South broke up at the quarter and Tammany went dead lame at the half, the Republican rig winning in good, clean style. After that The South kicked over the traces and was out to grass

for four years. Tammany ran with Copperhead in 1864. Both shied at the smoke of Gettysburg and the flags from Vicksburg, giving the driver a fall he never got over.

After that the Republicans ran four races with Free Speech and Free Men in the lead and Protection and Sound Currency at the wheel. Tammany and The South were pitted against them every time with various drivers, but never managed to score until 1884, when the Republicans dropped their leaders and hitched Protection and Finance tandem. The Democrats put you up as the "Great Unknown" behind The South and Tammany, with little Dan Lamont hid between your legs to do the steering. It was a great run and you won the first heat by a hair through a spurt of Tammany in the last yard. The Republican rig was withdrawn, and in 1888 started with Equal Rights and Citizenship in the lead and Protection and Reciprocity at the wheel, and came in on a romp.

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In 1892 you were given the strings, with The South and Tammany at the wheel, and Free Trade, a filly by Mugwump out of Slavery, and Populist, a raw colt by Socialist, out of Single Tax, in the lead. The old heads were afraid of Populist, he being a half brother of Greenback, who was by Socialist, out of Crank—they thought him likely to go wild. He proved a stout fellow, however, and he and the old back mare dragged Free Trade, who was found to be weak in the loins, along at a great rate.

The Republican nags, Protection and Grandfather's Hat, were in bad condition, having been worked for all they were worth in a race against time in 1890. They were not in it after the start, and it looked as if you were going to win with the whip in the socket in the best time on record. But before the second heat was over Populist broke on Free Silver. You lost your temper and began to use the whalebone. Then Tammany balked on the income tax and kicked Free Trade, leaving her to hobble on three legs. The owner of Tammany threatens to take his horse out of the traces. Tillman, Donnelly & Co., the owners of Populist, threaten to run him alone, and it looks as if you would have to make

the other heats with The South and Free Trade, unless you hitch Bond Issue and Deficit in the lead and try to make them snake the crippled filly through.

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Taking any view of the chances they are not bright. The South never has gone straight except with Tammany, and Free Trade never was a nag to bet on. The chances are she never would have made a record if Populist had not pulled her through. Despite the colt's bad pedigree, he has lots of bone and muscle and a most incredible wind. The owners of Tammany and The South are both mad at his being in the lead, however, and it looks now as if you would be left to make the rest of the race with Free Trade and Income Tax, a sprained old war horse you bought at a quartermaster's sale of condemned property. It doesn't seem as if it were possible for you to get a team that would be "in it" any more; but we shall see.

Chicago, Ill.

SIVA.

Lira

No. 16.

April 28th 1894



## THE MAN OF DESTINY.

Letters from Siva to the President of the United States.

Second Series--No. 16.

### KICKING A MAN WHO IS DOWN.

To Grover Cleveland, President. Sir: One of the most remarkable things that has happened during your anomalous administration, as it is one of the most important events in the political history of the American Republic, is the triumph of Thomas Brackett Reed, in the House of Representatives at the head of an insignificant minority, over the largest majority ever known in the history of that body. It is remarkable, not only as exemplifying the value of individual conviction when united with force of character and persistent determination, but also as indicating a radical and beneficent change in the character of our government.

Up to the accession of Mr. Reed to the Speakership, the House of Representatives had been more a battle-ground of party and faction than a legislative body. The idea that it was a chief function of the minority to prevent any legislation by the majority which could redound to its credit had become so prevalent with both parties that very few people really comprehended the detriment that the country received thereby. Measures of the utmost importance were crowded aside, year after year, in order that this unseemly squabble for place and power, plunder and control, might go steadily on. As Mr. Reed himself eloquently said in defending the course he took: "The time has come when the sole object of party supremacy seems to be the orderly marshaling of the grand army of office-holders for the purpose of perpetuating power, rather than the formulation and adoption of legislation intended to promote the peace and prosperity of the people. It is time the House of Representatives devoted itself to the work of legislation for which it was designed, and which the conditions of the country so urgently demand."

Inspired by such conviction, Mr. Reed, as Speaker of the House, determined to construe the constitution of the United States according to the plain import of its terms.

The constitution declares that "a majority of each (house of Congress) shall constitute a quorum to do business." The only question was whether this "majority" meant a majority of those present or a majority of those voting. Mr. Reed took the common-sense view that, as the object of having a House of Representatives was "to do business," and the absence of a majority prevented it from doing business, the plain purport of the constitutional "majority" meant a majority of the members present, whether they saw fit to vote or not.

The Democratic party, which has always insisted upon forced and unnatural constructions of the constitution, made a terrible outcry against this, which they termed an "infringement of the rights of the minority," and the Democratic members of the House opposed this ruling of the Speaker in the turbulent and boisterous methods which characterize the political methods of the South by which the party is ruled.

It was then that the real greatness of the "Big Fellow from Maine" began to be realized. Calmly, as became his high position, he overlooked the storm of rage, the threats of violence, the taunts, the jeers, the insults of the Democracy; never once permitted his personal feelings to sway his official conduct, or so dull the glass of duty that even the most malignant have dared to accuse him of personal or political partiality in his application of the great principle which he represented.

It was not, however, until he came to lead the minority in the present Congress that the country came to understand the full value of his courage, his self-control, his persistency, his suavity, his unfailing good humor and the sense of fairness, justice and patriotism by which he is inspired.

While insisting always upon the construction of the constitution which he himself had given and applied, and demanding its enforcement against his own party as well as in its favor, he made no captious or "filibustering" use of the power of the minority to baffle the majority and prevent legislation, until all measures of general importance to the country, so far as the same had been presented to the House, had been passed. But when the question of unseating legally elected Republicans and seating Democrats who were not elected came up, he did not fail to illustrate the absurdity of the position of the Democracy by pressing, with unfailing composure and infinite good-nature, the power of the minority to obstruct and defeat legislation, waste the time of the House, and defeat the majority in the exercise of power intrusted to them.

The result of this action is well known. Crisp, whose personal insolence exceeded anything ever heard from the lips of one in his position, was compelled at length to yield, and the "Reed Rules," which were an issue of no slight importance in the campaign in which you were elected, became in effect the rules of the House, in which the Democratic party has a majority of nearly ninety members.

Never was so great a triumph achieved by the leader of a minority! Never was such a triumph so modestly acknowledged! Never did a minority so small as to be regarded as hopeless for good or evil achieve such valuable results for the country! That shame and disgrace of our national legislation most appropriately named fil-

bustering, is at an end. No party will ever again deny the presence of an actual majority in its fetish-like worship of a constructive or fictitious majority. The constitution has been relieved of another burthen of twisted and absurd interpretation.

In the old days, when matters requiring legislative action were few, when the scope of Federal jurisdiction and the needs of Federal administration were so restricted as to require little time for determining the questions arising in regard to them, it was of comparatively little consequence whether the actual or fictitious quorum was adopted as the legislative rule. There was time enough to do all that was required to be done, and more too. Today the situation is quite different. Not a tithe of the important legislation proposed can be considered under the rule which formerly prevailed. Only as these questions crowd more imperatively for consideration will the country realize how great a debt it owes to the sagacious, patient, wise, and humorous yet masterful Greatheart, who both wins and forces his enemies to recognize the wisdom of his methods.

No man in a time of peace has ever achieved so great a victory in a republic, or so clearly illustrated the fundamental truth that straightforward honesty, both in purpose and methods, is after all the most potent force in a republic. His career sheds a new light on "practical politics," showing, especially when considered in connection with your own, the difference between the practical patriot who makes the welfare of the Nation his objective and appeals to common sense rather than to present personal advantage or party ascendancy, and one who dispises the popular impulse and seeks success only through the assertion of despotic authority. Mr. Reed, at the head of the small majority, wrought into practical effect the economic tenets of his party.

Now, by the same manly and outspoken methods, he has brought the most bitter of opponents to acknowledge the correctness and wisdom of his course. He may not become your successor, but he has achieved more for the country than it often falls to the lot of a President to accomplish.

It is only when we contrast Mr. Reed's success with your failure that the relative quality of the two men and the contrast between their achievements is really perceived.

It is a saying among mechanical workers that "it doesn't take much of a workman to do a specific job if he has all the tools he wants; that he is the best workman who does the most work with the fewest tools." The rule fitly illustrates the contrast between yourself and the great ex-Speaker. You had every appliance for the successful accomplishment of desirable results that heart could wish—the power of the government, a subservient party, an unprejudiced majority, a following which wor-

shipped you as a marvelous and infallible fetich.

What more could be desired? The cuckoos looked to you for patronage, and obeyed your will without question. You dictated the policy of your party until you brought it to the verge of dissolution. To-day it furnishes a spectacle of self-wrecked prosperity hard to parallel in political history. The cuckoos have ceased to sing, and have to be fined in order to keep them within reach of your gouty foot. In the Senate remonstrance has grown into protest and protest into resistance. Your worshipers are silent and your appeal to King Caucus to cut off the heads of Senators from the most important State of the Union is met with sullen and significant silence. It matters not whether your wish is complied with or not, the fact that as a statesman, as a leader, as a Democrat, and as a man, you are what is forcibly called "a dead flat failure" is apparent even to a child. Your party has lost confidence in your sagacity, the country has lost confidence in your patriotism, your friends in your faithfulness, and the world no longer regards you either as a phenomenon or even as an interesting freak. Even so late as four months ago, when these letters were begun, you were still an important though somewhat indeterminate factor of the political situation. Now you are one of its most insignificant figures.

The Republicans no longer fear you; the Populists despise you; the South curses you; the West threatens you; the East pities you; the mugwump has ceased to chant your praises; the free traders even denounce you. There is no sort of question but the Democracy would raise \$500,000 in a week if you would take it, resign, get out of the White House, and let the compact and resolute Illinoisan who presides over the Senate take the steering oar for the rest of the trip.

Even the man who, impelled by a stern sense of duty, has stripped the veil from your weakness and selfishness, your arrogance and pretentious vanity, grows pitiful.

The breaking up of a great party is always a serious spectacle to a political philosopher, and generally a dangerous thing for the country. Even a party which is wrong in principle and worse in practice, whose principles and policy are known, is better than one whose principles are undefined and perhaps undefinable, and which has no policy because it has never exercised power.

A party in order to succeed must have either certain clearly defined principles, a specific impulse, or a great man in the lead. With such a party as today's Democracy, which lacks the coherent force of a common principle, a leader of commanding power is essential. Had Mr. Hill been in your place the Democratic party would have

swallowed up the Populists. As it is, the Populists are sure to swallow up the Democracy. You were unable to furnish either brain or character to serve as a flux whereby a reliable and harmonious jointure could be effected. The Populists must increase; the Democracy must decrease.

The reliable vital forces in the Democratic party today are free trade and the solid South. Even these have been sapped by Populistic anarchy.

In the campaign of 1896 there will be but two real parties—the Republicans and Populists—the impulse of order and the tendency to anarchy. The party at whose head you have stood may still hold a divided control—but it will be as the Populist-Democratic or Democratic-Populist party, and its real headquarters will not be in the White House or in New York, but in the tent of the commander-in-chief of the army of the commonweal.

Siva bids you again, for a time, "Farewell." The eternal cycles of destiny heed not the dust which clings to the chariot wheels. When men fall from high places they sink into an obscurity from which they cannot be redeemed.

It is worse than folly to regard you as of any further importance. One may strike a man who is down from the very heat of blood which strife engenders; but no man can afford to hold another up, even for the luxury of hitting him, however much he may merit castigation.

From the first I had no doubt of your ultimate destiny. Only the mightiest intellects can trifle with the laws of fate, and they only for a brief season. Destiny, that universal power which metes out to all men their due reward, has not waited for the grave to hide your faults. You march to fate over the ruins of the party you have wrecked by sheer incapacity. The morrow belongs to him who can forget himself, and, like the immortal Lincoln, lead because he only seeks to serve. Others may pity and excuse your faults, your arrogance, your vanity, your weakness; but the party which pinned their faith and hope to your destiny will visit your memory with curses and contempt as they hasten to enlist under the Populist banner and secure the front seats in the Populist synagogue.

Sooner than any one could reasonably expect, you have ceased to be a significant element of the future. Your will no longer flexes the destiny of the Republic. What is to be will be whether you desire that it should or not. The meshes of adverse fate have closed about you and left you helpless for good and nearly powerless for evil. Yours is the "lamed soul which, struggling to be free, is more engaged."

While there was hope I warned you faithfully of the rocks of popular scorn against which your arrogant disregard of public opinion set you adrift. Now that the warning has been heeded, you are alone.

estate, it is sheer waste of clean white paper to address you further. You can neither retrace your steps to any secure position nor go forward to victory or fair renown. Fate works its worst decrees by the hands of its victims. Brutus was right when he declared that when we defy destiny we do but

\* \* \* turn our swords  
In our own proper entrails.

The man who would lead but will not serve in a republic, sooner or later commits harakiri.

It is quite possible that you may be allowed to pass into unnoted obscurity, but more probable that the cairn which public scorn is building for you while yet alive will grow with every stone flung at your head by those you have despised and eventually will hide your personality ere yet the end has come.

Siva does not care to strike at the dead. If at some future day there should be signs of new life in the ashes of your fame it may be his pleasure to address you again. For the present he will deal with vital forces, turning his face in assured greeting to the rising sun, about which rests the halo of deserved victory.

Siva.

Chicago, Ill.