

THE DREAM OF THE AGES.

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The Dreamer sits by the morrows portal--  
The dream is the life of the true immortal;  
For out of the dream springeth wild desire,  
The courage to do while weaklings faint,  
The hope that tempers consuming fire,  
To every unshrinking saint.

The plunder of the Incas swamped the galleon of Spanish power: dragged the most heroic of nationalities down to the level of the meanest; cursed the church that adorned its cathedrals with the gold and silver stolen from other shrines; transformed the race, a score of whom were sufficient to subjugate an empire, into a horde of cringing starvings and made Spain the Magnificent, the synonym of contempt among the nations of the world.

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The day of reoning may be long delayed but it is sure to come.

It is not the evil of today that makes the Irish question so difficult of solution; but the ripening wrongs of a dozen centuries that come to plague an innocent and complaisant present.

It is not the ills of the Russian peasant's life alone, from which the woes of Nihilism spring, but the accumulated horror of the serf's unnumbered centuries of oppression which gird him on to vengeance against the uncomprehending successors of generations of wrong doers.

The French revolution was not the fruit of existing grievances. Neither to the silly knig nor the thoughtless queen nor even

to the weakness and exactions of their ministers can the responsibility be laid for that tide of slaughter which engulfed the fair land. It was the accumulated pressure of ages of injustice that swept away the barriers and deluged France with the red billows of retribution.

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History is a curious riddle.

The tale of civilization is only the story of the evolution of the right.

Human nature is the instrument with which God works out his mighty purposes.

Events come to pass because humanity is what it is.

Divine fore-ordination is but the fructifying of the seeds of human nature.

Because yesterday suffered, today must avenge, simply because man is man.

Humanity can never forget oppression and can only be won by a ample recompense to forego revenge.

Twelve hundred years after the Isrealites crossed the Red Sea the Hebrew prophet was still cursing with fervid hate the Egyptian who for 430 years held his people in bondage.

Another curious fact is that the past always demands of the future, not the mere right which it has been denied, -- but recompense for its continued refusal -- damages for the wrong with interest ~~and~~ thereon until the time when reparation is made.

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The yielding of a few insignificant taxes would have preserved to England her colonies and her market.

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A little loosening of tenure and some trivial grants of right in Ireland a hundred years ago, would have **prevented** the Land League and "Moonlighting" today -- and saved the English language from that ineffaceable emblem of wrong-doing avenged by another wrong -- an unlawful evil striving to overwhelm legalized injustice -- the word "boycott".

Tomorrow is never content with yesterday's desire. The longer payment is delayed, the greater the concession required to liquidate the demand of the relentless creditor.

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It is a strange fact too that those who commit the wrong which time avenges are always the best people and those who suffer evil the worst elements of society.

"Sweetness and light" are the attributes of the oppressor; meanness and hate the inheritance of the oppressed.

It is invariably "the best people", who are the authors and upholders of collective wrongs. The tyrant and his supporters are almost always the wisest, the richest and the most agreeable people in the realm.

The "Jacquerie" of France were no doubt as foul as Carlyle delighted to paint them and their victims as heroic and gentle as his history, or fiction rather--which is always truer than history has depicted them.

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The Russian noble is one of the pleasantest companions the world affords--brave, versatile, alert. Who that has met one of these polyglotic marvels has <sup>not</sup> pleasant memories of intercourse with him? But the Russian serf--faugh, the very air of our cyclone-haunted prairies is befouled by the presence of a few thousand of them. Yet the noble is the oppressor--the serf the sufferer.



The Anglo-Celtic landlord, is one of the most perfect ~~products~~ of civilization--one of the fairest types of Saxon life. But the Irish kerne of either sex needs some generations of American opportunity to make him fit for good society. Yet the landlord is the tyrant and the kerne, the suffering and sometimes the heroic martyr.

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In our country we have of course no pertinent example of oppressor and oppressed. "The right which wrongs no man", has been proclaimed watchword of our civilization from the first. The fullest measure of righteousness the world has ever known, equal right and opportunity for all men has become a fulfilled fact in our national polity. We have admitted all right, discharged all debts, balanced all accounts and have nothing now to disturb our future but the enor-

mous balance of good works in our favor and the "surplus" in the treasury. We have <sup>in stock</sup> an enormous fund of sympathy and good advice on which the world is at liberty to draw to meet all emergencies, and we are ready and willing to stand forth to all time as a bright example of the delightful way in which "righteousness exalteth a nation". We have a national debt--which we are sadly afraid will be too rapidly discharged,--but of those other debts which burden civilization and imperil the existence of nations, we have no vantage.

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Thus we think--and thus we say only in somewhat less vain glorious phrase. Why should we not? There was a time we were ready to admit when we might have been considered a little derelict. We were in the wrong to hold the negro as a slave; but we have settled. He is free and we are released from all farther obligation towards him. Is this the fact? Is the account between American civilization and the American negro really settled? I know what will be your answer --what you are even now saying-- "Of course it is. Is he not free? Is he not a citizen? Has he not equal opportunity. Have we not done all that is possible to do for him?"

Do give us a rest. Don't talk about the negro. We have had enough of him. Have we not had trouble enough about him. Has there not been enough of bickering and strife and bloodshed? We have set-

Civilization is but an account current between right and wrong.  
Today's prosperity must pay the price of yesterday's errors.  
Justice is the fundamental principle of political economy.  
A nation that sacrifices right to material prosperity must pay  
with blood and shame for the wrong committed.

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The treasures which Rome wrung with the hand of power from subjugated nations, corroded the manhood of her sons and the lusty barbarians plucked her senators by the beard as she waited in impotent weakness the hour of final doom.

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