

THE SESSION OF CONGRESS.

A review of the session of Congress just ending might well begin with the characterization which Junius made of the Duke of Grafton. Like him, it "did not rise to the dignity of being hated." Its sins were despicable rather than desperately wicked and alarming. It is hard to be angry with a body so feebly led as the present House, for example. And the sentiment which the Senate excites in an observant mind is not wrathful so much as it is sorrowful. Uncertainty, timidity, and ineffectiveness are, in truth, the words which one feels like using to describe both the personality and the work of the past session of Congress. To be entirely charitable, we will borrow Disraeli's phrase, and say that its movements have been those of "a man distracted by good intentions and difficult circumstances."

In any estimate of the character of a Congress, or of a man, we have to discriminate between what are called the negative and the positive virtues. The former call for no praise, though their absence merits the severest condemnation. No man, for example, can plume himself on speaking the truth, or being kind to his family, or showing gratitude for a favor. Those are but negative virtues; they carry with them no sense of complacency; every normal and honorable man is expected to exhibit them. So there are negative Congressional virtues which call for no laudation. It is expected of Congress that it will get through its routine work; will vote supplies for the ongoing of the Government; will observe the customary forms of public business. To expatiate with pride upon these regular and ordinary activities of Congress is like praising a man for not being a liar and an ingrate.

The true test comes with an inquiry into the positive virtues. How has Congress discharged the duties, not entirely perfunctory, which have been laid upon it? Badly, we think the fair verdict will be. It has not lived up to its own professions. It has woefully come short of the Presidential and party programme. It has, in one vital matter, thwarted the obvious wish of the country and brought to it deep mortification. This was bluntly, or inadvertently, confessed by Senator Hanna on Monday. He declared, in effect, that Congress had sadly disappointed just expectations, and would "hear from the people." This phrase ordinarily means that the party in power will be turned out; and a legitimate inference from Senator Hanna's language would be that he expects, possibly desires, to see a Democratic House elected next November. That, so far as we know, is the only effective way in which the voters can let the Republican party "hear" that they are dissatisfied with its course in Congress. However that may be, Senator

Hanna's frank admission in open Senate is proof enough that Congress is not adjourning with any notion that it will receive an enthusiastic "Well done!" from the country.

Two highly important bills became law, but by a non-partisan vote. We refer to the bills for an Isthmian canal, and for a system of irrigation in the arid States and Territories. The party in power can take to itself no special credit for either. It must, however, have all the credit, or all the odium, for passing the Philippine Tariff Bill. This was made necessary by the decision of the Supreme Court undoing the previous unconstitutional legislation of the Republican party; but was a measure enacted in the teeth of the recommendations of Gov. Taft and Secretary Root, and was obviously forced upon the managers by the same protectionist mortgagees who prevented the mortgaged party from doing anything for Cuba. The bill for a civil government in the Philippines underwent many changes and recastings in conference, but emerges, we believe, with those parts of it which survive, in a promising form. It calls for an elected Philippine Assembly in the near future. It provides for the election of two Philippine Commissioners, who shall have a seat and a voice (but no vote) on the floor of Congress, like the delegates from Territories. This we can but hail as an advance towards that consultation of the wishes of the Philippine people to which we are bound to come, and towards that independence of the Philippine nation which will surely result from consulting its desires and interests, as well as our own. For standing out unyieldingly in behalf of those features of its own bill, the House deserves much credit.

It is, however, an appalling list of derelictions which has to be charged up to this session of Congress, as a whole. It left the party promises as a kind of standing catalogue of its sins of omission. It did nothing to carry out the President's leading recommendations. The Shipping Bill died of neglect or secret strangulation. No law to repress Trusts, or to compel them to publicity, was even reported. Army reform was done to death by spoils-seeking Senators. Even the bills to extinguish anarchy and to protect the President were left to expire. The new Department of Commerce could not be brought to birth. Banking reform was not even given a decent burial. A terrible record of failure, all this is, for the party which boasts that it is the only party which "does things."

But above every other shortcoming and disgrace must be placed the lamentable refusal of Congress to do justice and keep the nation's honor fair in the matter of Cuban reciprocity. It is not necessary to rehearse the long story of hypocrisy and betrayal. Suffice it to say that it is writ large before the eyes of the

whole country, and that it will for ever be associated with the present Congress as the thing which gives it an indelibly shameful reputation. About this it is only necessary to use the epithets furnished by the foremost Republican newspapers, and by a Republican President himself, in order to set it forth in fitting terms. Whether it will lead to a Republican defeat this fall, we do not know, but we do know that it ought to. A stinging rebuke by the people is the only punishment for certain political crimes. It may be that Senator Hanna's remarks in the Senate show that he, like Pitt at one time, has "received some of the secret warnings that forebode the cyclone in which Governments go down," and that he foresees the defeat of his party for its sins. As to that, we make no prediction; but we are certain that if ever defeat was richly deserved, it is by a party which has made such a record for weakness, cowardice, and dishonor as the Republican party has made in the first session of the Fifty-seventh Congress.

REWARDS OF PUBLIC SERVICE.

President Roosevelt made his Doctor's discourse at Harvard last week a sort of extemporized treatise "De Amicitia." Friend after friend he embalmed in the amber of his enthusiastic praise. Long, Moody, Hay, Lodge, Taft, Root, Wood—each of them became as if a Rough Rider in the President's affections. It surely is a most engaging trait in Mr. Roosevelt, this loyalty to his friends. It is in fine keeping with the spontaneity of an impulsive and whole-souled nature like his. True, the very objects of his emphatic laudation might sometimes wish the thing said a little differently. If we must pray Heaven to be saved from a candid friend, we should not neglect to include an humble petition to be delivered from a too indiscriminately exuberant friend.

Nothing, for example, could have been further from the President's intention than to impute to the public servants whom he glorified a single selfish or grudging thought; yet his words came very near doing it. "Look at the pitiful rewards of these men," he seemed to say; "why, they have actually lost money in the public service! And then see how they have been scrutinized and criticised. Is this the way to encourage devotion to the public good? They do these things better in England. Your Cromers and your Kitcheners come home to peerages and money grants, while Gen. Wood not only is out of pocket, but has been openly accused of having improperly spent Cuban money to aid one faction of the Republican party in its contest with the other. Is not this a shame, O my fellow-doctors?"

Now if the President fairly drives us to inquire what reward Gen. Wood has actually had, we think it can be easily

shown that the republic has not been ungrateful to him. The esteem and fame that have come to him have certainly been such as to crown labors more arduous than his. Public recognition has not erred, in his case, on the side of being too restrained. He has distinctly been one of our heroes. Mr. Roosevelt seems to imagine that Americans are deficient in the capacity for hero-worship. On the contrary, we create our heroes too easily—so easily that we recklessly break their images, knowing that plenty more will be forthcoming. But, strictly on the professional side, Gen. Wood's advancement has been phenomenal, his reward glittering. Four years ago he was an army surgeon; now he has been promoted over the heads of five hundred of his seniors in the regular army to be a brigadier-general, with every prospect of becoming General commanding. And it is this splendid and almost unparalleled rise that the President intimates is meagre, and almost offset by the fact that Gen. Wood has not been able to live on his salary and allowances! What the General himself thought of pecuniary inducements, compared with the great prize he has won, was shown in his deliberate refusal of a civilian position estimated to be worth \$35,000 a year.

Nor can we think the President's implied plea for immunity from criticism one which a public man should urge, as if such immunity were a part of his reward. No might nor greatness in mortality ever escaped criticism, or ever will. It is one of the necessary incidents of the profession of public servant, whether he be King, President, or Secretary. To take it good-humoredly is an important part of a statesman's equipment. It brings no dread and provokes no bitterness in the real princes of mankind. They, as it has been said, "gain by that scrutiny which would kill and damn lesser beings." It is no sign of lack of appreciation of its great men that a people should jealously examine their public acts. For a democracy to do that is simply to do its duty. At any rate, it will not be denied. The "many-headed beast" will insist upon knowing all about the work of its rulers; and if they are too thin-skinned or too haughty to endure the constant peering and questioning, their place is not in high office.

What we miss most in President Roosevelt's ingenuous address is a recognition, which we should have expected from him above all others, of the fact that true public service is its own reward, which it reaps as it goes along, and that useful work is in itself the source of the highest human happiness. "There is no fun like work"—that discovery, says Walter Bagehot, has been the making of many a young English lord, who has found that Blue Books are really more fascinating than betting books, and the dust and drudgery of pub-

lic office more attractive than polo or yachting or elegant dawdling. That is the truth which we must bear down upon in all our appeals to young men to enter upon public service. The work to be done is the thing; and the exhilaration of pegging away at it, the joy of striving and the satisfaction of accomplishment—these are the rewards which come with it automatically. Any one minded to cry out for the "stars and ribbons and the other toys with which we children of a larger growth amuse ourselves," shows thereby that he does not know the true zest of public work. He needs to be set down to read Emerson's essay on "Compensation." The only rewards worth having are those which come all in the day's work; and the public servant can hope for greater rewards than the common man only as his work is more difficult and important, calls out every power more fully, and sustains with a larger pleasure of struggle and achievement.

IMPERIALISM IN PEACE.

Every instructed student of our public affairs during the past four years has known that the sharp test of an encroaching Imperial policy would come in the piping times of peace. Any Government can live while war is on; any party keep itself in power as long as the guns are thundering. The monarchy in bankrupt Spain and a Ministry of discordant and discredited Liberals held their heads high during the shock of battle in 1898. We have seen the English Conservatives wax strong on war. How greatly indebted our own Republican party felt itself to the war spirit we can perceive from the constant effort by the party leaders to inflame it and appeal to it in peace. All that is understood. War is the great preservative of feeble political leaders. They may face carnage with equanimity; but what tries their stuff is the daily task of humdrum statesmanship, the peaceful consolidation and administration in peace of the renowned victories of war. How are our new-fledged Imperialists meeting this crucial test?

Of course, the standing temptation of Imperialism at peace is to run into a vulgar kind of Cæsarism. Extravagance and ostentation are counted upon to do the work of war's alarms in tickling the popular fancy. This natural tendency of what he called "domestic Imperialism" was well defined by the Liberal leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in a speech which he made not long ago. Asking what were its methods and characteristics, he answered:

"I will recite some of them. It magnifies the executive power; it acts upon the passions of the people; it conciliates them in classes and in localities by lavish expenditure; it occupies men's minds with display and amusement; it inspires a thirst for military glory; it captures the electorate by false assertions and illusory promises;

and then, having by these means obtained a plébiscite and using electoral forms in the servile Parliament thus created, it crushes opposition and extinguishes liberty. And the irony of the thing is this—that all this is done in the name of the people themselves, and under the authority of their voice, so that the people, while boasting of being supreme, are enslaved."

Sir Henry did not maintain that this drift of Imperialism had shown more than the beginnings of its mischief in England; but he rightly contended that it was the duty of the English democracy to withstand such evils in their very incipency. If he needed any feather for his arrow, it was promptly furnished by a taunt of the Conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, who brutally said at Oldham that the reason the Liberals could not get a majority in the House of Commons was that "they have not got the money." We have heard such boastful Cæsarism—or Croesusism—from purse-proud Imperialists of our own. And in legislation they have gone a suggestively long way towards justifying Sir Henry's description of the habit of domestic Imperialism. It is not without significance that a swollen River and Harbor Bill slips easily through Congress, and is signed by a half-unwilling President, just as war expenditures begin to diminish. And however carefully the Irrigation Bill may have been drawn, with no matter what purity of intention on the part of many of its advocates, the net result, in the States affected, will be to make the people think that they bid fair to get lavish appropriations from the general Government for interests purely of locality and of class. In other words, the bread and circuses which an Imperial policy has flung to the masses in war time, must be continued, under convenient but transparent disguises, in the days of peace.

This, too, is easy—as easy as lying. But how stands the case with that constructive statesmanship, that execution of announced purpose, that patient work of unexciting administration, upon which our eager Imperialists professed themselves so well prepared to enter after the Spanish war? This is the real labor of government, as it is the searching trial of Imperialism; and its most boastful advocates are not now singing pæans to their success in the actual experiment. If anything seemed simple, natural, and facile, it was that Imperialism should keep its pledge to Cuba. That was the uncomplicated knot which President Roosevelt set himself, with light heart, to unloose, familiar as his garter. But was ever an Imperial world-Power brought so low in so short a time? One feeble vegetable has stayed the majestic march of Empire. The domestic beet has dictated foreign policy. Greed frustrated generosity. And the same sinister influence intervenes, as Senator Hoar pointed out, to muddle the efforts of Imperialism to do something in the