The Sun.

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Americans All.

Our new Mayor said, in a recent speech, that the greatest gains to the party that made such a tremendous struggle for a better government of this city in the November election came from the East Side, where the larger part of our foreign-born citizens live. There was less tendency than ever, in that campaign, to divide on racial lines. The votes were cast, on the whole, not by Yankees, Germans or Irish, but by Americans, each ballot indicating the policy the voter believed would be best for the community, his family and himself.

The differing views on the Sunday liquor law also show that racial factors in this city are decreasing in importance in the consideration of public questions. Many citizens whose fathers have lived in this country for two hundred years favor the opening of saloons on Sunday, while not a few German-Americans are opposed to it.

We may find evidence throughout the land that the fusion of the racial white elements which make this nation is in rapid progress. It is only fifty years since the movement to this country of emigrants from the Teutonic peoples of northwest Europe first became important. They, with Irish and English newcomers, form the great mass of the so-called foreign element among us. Their children, born here, speak the English language like other natives. Very many of their grandchildren have scarcely any knowledge of the German, Swedish or Norwegian of their fathers. The nation is absorbing them; they are as good Americans as any.

Three hundred and fifty years after the Norman conquest of England the fusion of the conquerors and the conquered was so complete that even the ennobled descendants of WILLIAM's warriors claimed English as their native tongue. The absorption of the foreign elements among us will be far more rapid. A century and a half after the great movement from Europe to this country began there will be little of the mixture of tongues in the United States which we have witnessed in our time. The common use of other languages than English will have been discontinued.

There is room for many immigrants yet, particularly in the dry regions of the West which, we are just beginning to learn, may be effectively utilized. President ROOSEVELT is in favor of revising our immigration laws so as to keep out the riffraff, while giving to every honest and efficient newcomer a chance to become an American citizen. The good fruits of such a policy will be lasting, and it should be put in force.

What a nation this may become by the end of the century; perhaps three hundred millions of people, the product of the highest development of human rights, of education and of opportunity, Americans to the core and all speaking the language of GEORGE WASHINGTON!

The Pope and the Bible.

The announcement that the Pope has appointed a special Pontifical Commission "to consider all questions connected with Biblical studies" is of great significance at this time of complete revolution in the Protestant world, so far as concerns its attitude toward the Bible, the sole source from which Protestantism derives its religious authority.

This Vatican commission, we are told, is to afford "Catholic scholars all over the world the fullest opportunity of stating their views and difficulties and bringing them to the direct notice of the Holy See." The Pope having already championed the absolute verity and supernatural inspiration of the Bible as the Word of GOD, such difficulties submitted will be explained away, of course, in harmony with that positive and uncompromising Catholic decision. That is, the purpose of the commission is not to stimulate criticism of the Bible after the fashion now so general in Protestantism, but to silence it and oppose to it the final Pontifical judgment. The appointment of the commission, however, seems to suggest that this new criticism has brought "difficulties" to Catholic scholars, as it has also to the great body of Protestant scholars, if not to them universally, and that the Pope feels impelled to remove the stumbling blocks.

Undoubtedly, if Christian theology is to stand at all, belief in the Bible as supernatural inspiration must continue. Even for Catholics belief in the miraculous authority of the canonical Scriptures is essential, for if it is destroyed the authority of tradition also will be involved in the destruction. The assault is on all miracles, all supernaturalism. The present critical method applies to the miracles a scientific test, or a purely natural test, which, necessarily, discards the supernatural as scientifically [illegible].

The resolution of doubts of supernatural Biblical authority, however, is essential for Protestantism rather than for Catholicism. The position of the Church of Rome on that subject is determined already and is irreversible; but in Protestantism, though it has no other foundation than belief in the Bible as absolute and Divine truth, as "the Holy Spirit speaking in the Scripture," to use the words of the Westminster Confession, there has been of recent years a very complete rejection of that belief. A school of criticism has arisen which practically reduces the Bible to a human authorship no more inspired than were SHAKESPEARE, DANTE and GOETHE, and its seat is in the foremost theological seminaries. That is, it is inside of the Church, and thus wields the profoundest influence in undermining Christian faith.

At this time a Presbyterian commission is engaged in an attempt to revise the Westminster Confession in response to a demand which had its origin in the scepticism induced by the scholarly criticism of the Bible called the "higher." Of course, the effort will be vain, for the General Assembly in appointing the commission timidly avoided the essence of the question in controversy, or the authority of the Bible, whether it is Divine or human. But that pivotal question will yet have to be met by Protestantism as squarely as it has been met by the Pope. Mere verbal changes in creeds built wholly on the theory of the inspired and inerrant authority of the Bible, are child's play at a time when religious thought has been revolutionized by destructive criticism of the validity of that authority by Protestant theologians and scholars of world-wide repute, men whose teachings are not repudiated and anathematized by their Churches, but who are suffered to remain in the ministry without reproach.

It is not the Pope, then, but the great Churches of Protestantism, which need to appoint a commission, or commissions, "for the consideration of all questions connected with Biblical studies." The time is coming, if, indeed, it has not come already, when these Churches must take their stand definitively and decidedly on the question whether the Bible is of GOD or only of man. As it is now, the Pope is the sole bold, positive and uncompromising champion of the Bible as the Word of GOD.

The Russian Fleet in Our Civil War.

Out of the recent discussion as to whether Russia or England was the more friendly to us when some Powers in Europe were considering interference with our action toward Spain and Cuba, there has come this communication:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In THE SUN of Dec. 23, discussing the attempted European coalition against the United States just before the declaration of war against Spain, you say that 'Russia attested her friendship for the United States by an act identical with that performed by ALEXANDER II. at a critical conjuncture during our Civil War.' Of course you refer to the historical myth that Russia sent a squadron to the United States to be used by this Government in the event of certain things happening; but what I should like to know is, has THE SUN any irrefragable proof to sustain this historical myth; can it produce such testimony that will be accepted as conclusive by a disinterested, unprejudiced and intelligent jury? In all my researches I have never been able to obtain a single scrap of evidence in support of the assertion except from Russian sources long after the event; evidence that no jury would accept, without corroboration; evidence as valuable as the later assertion that Russia tied the hands of Europe against the United States. For the truth of history cannot THE SUN produce the proof?

A. MAURICE LOW.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 23."

It is true that in the records of the State Department at Washington there is not to be found a particle of evidence regarding the alleged action of Russia, but in the "Life of THURLOW WEED" there are two or three interesting observations on the subject worthy of quotation. Here are parts of pages 346 and 347 of Vol. II.:

"It will be remembered that early in the Rebellion a Russian fleet lay for several months in our harbor, and that other Russian men-of-war were stationed at San Francisco. Admiral FARRAGUT lived at the Astor House, where he was frequently visited by the Russian Admiral, between whom, when they were young officers serving in the Mediterranean, a warm friendship had grown up. Sitting in my room one day after dinner, Admiral FARRAGUT said to his Russian friend, 'Why are you spending the winter here in idleness?' 'I am here,' replied the Russian Admiral, 'under sealed orders, to be broken only in a contingency that has not yet occurred.' He added that other Russian war vessels were lying off San Francisco with similar orders. During this conversation the Russian Admiral admitted that he had received orders to break the seals if during the Rebellion we became involved in a war with foreign nations. Strict confidence was then enjoined.

"When in Washington a few days later, Secretary SEWARD informed me that he had asked the Russian Minister why his Government kept their ships of war so long in our harbors, who, while in answering he disclaimed any knowledge of the nature of their visit, felt at liberty to say that it had no unfriendly purpose.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON had invited Russia, as he did England, to unite with him in demanding the breaking of our blockade. The Russian Ambassador at London informed his Government that England was preparing for war with America, on account of the seizure of MASON and SLIDELL. Hence two fleets were immediately sent across the Atlantic under sealed orders, so that if their services were not needed, the intentions of the Emperor would remain, as they have to this day, secret. It is certain, however, that when our Government and Union were imperilled by a formidable rebellion, we should have found a powerful ally in Russia had an emergency occurred."

"The latter revelation," says the editor of these memoirs, "is corroborated by a well-known New York gentleman, who was in St. Petersburg when the Rebellion began, and who, during an unofficial call upon Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, was shown by the Chancellor an order written in ALEXANDER'S own hand directing his Admiral to report to President LINCOLN for orders in case England or France sided with the Confederates."

The editor in question, Mr. THURLOW WEED BARNES, undoubtedly referred here to Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR, who was Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg at the time of the incident here related and who was on intimate terms with Prince GORTSCHAKOFF. In the Nicolay and Hay life of LINCOLN a full account is given of the effort of France to get England and Russia to join in an interference with the United States. It is there said:

"[illegible]"

THE SUN has the privilege of offering now the testimony of one who was at the time Consul at Paris, and who speaks with the highest personal authority, backed by documentary evidence never before published:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Your representative has showed me some letters to you questioning what the writers call the 'historic myth' which credits Russia with having attested her friendship for the United States in our Civil War by sending a squadron to our shores to be at the service of our Government in case of need. He also asks me on your behalf if I can throw any light upon the subject. I think I can, though I do not know how conclusive it may appear to those who are predisposed to doubt it.

"In the summer of 1862 and before I had heard of the arrival of the Russian squadron in New York, I received a letter from Mr. SEWARD, of which I enclose a copy. It was a reply to rumors of coalitions and combinations against the United States put in circulation by Confederate agencies in London and Paris, which I communicated to the Department. I have marked the paragraph which I believed then to be, and still believe to have been, a sufficient warrant for the inference that the Secretary of State had an understanding with the Russian Government. What he wrote certainly warrants more even than would be implied by a simple display of the flag of the Czar in the harbor of New York.

"Shortly after my return from France in 1867, I spent a few days in Washington, during which time I had frequent interviews with Mr. SEWARD, and occasionally met at his house Monsieur BODISCO, the Russian Minister at Washington. The purchase of Alaska from Russia had just been consummated. Of course neither Mr. SEWARD nor Monsieur BODISCO said distinctly to me that that purchase was made purely and simply as a gracious recognition on the part of the Washington Government of the attitude of the Czar toward the United States in '62, but I doubt if there was any member of either house of Congress who supposed the Government then had any other motive in the purchase of Alaska than to recognize its obligations to the Czar.

"The fact stated by one of your correspondents that 'there is no record of such an understanding in the Government Departments,' is not surprising. Flirtations between nationalities, as between the sexes, are not apt to be proclaimed from the housetops, nor even made matters of record.

"JOHN BIGELOW.

"21 GRAMERCY PARK, Jan. 2."

The Seward letter to Mr. BIGELOW is here printed:

"Unofficial.

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
"WASHINGTON, June 25, 1862.

"*John Bigelow, Esq.:*

"MY DEAR SIR: The London *Times* has succeeded in procuring itself to be universally regarded as an enemy to the United States; engaged in urging upon them the calamities of a foreign war in the crisis of a domestic insurrection sufficiently dangerous. The Secretary of War supposes that it is his duty not to give the London *Times* the weight which it would derive from protecting, supporting and cherishing its agent [the then *Times* correspondent, Sir WILLIAM H. RUSSELL]. The American people do not dissent from the Secretary's opinion. They are being wrought up by the European press to the point of meeting a European invasion. It seems to them as if such an invasion gains favor in Europe just in proportion that excuses for it are removed.

"This explanation is for yourself alone. The Secretary of War does not propose to have any discussion about it, and certainly I can afford to engage in none.

"Gen. CAMERON's vindication by the President would have come somewhat earlier if he had not assumed to defend himself against Congress and in doing so hurled back accusations against them.

"Your defence of our financial policy was right. It stands upon necessities. Mr. BRIGHT should have shown you how we could have gone through the war with a peace revenue and fiscal system.

"I do not write or even talk just now about Mexican affairs. I think it prudent to watch and wait. *Between you and myself alone, I have a belief that the European State, whichever one it may be, that commits itself to intervention anywhere in North America, will sooner or later fetch up in the arms of a native of an oriental country not especially distinguished for amiability of manners or temper.*

"Our sending a Minister to Rome was just as meaningless as our consenting to Mr. MERCIER's going to Richmond. We appointed RUFUS KING Minister, sixteen months ago. He declined. We appointed Mr. RANDALL a year ago. He waited until he got the Wisconsin forces into the field and then went to Rome to save the appointment.

"Propositions and debates about mediation and recognition do not tend to make our people amiable. If the debates are kept up abroad, we shall have a navy that will be worthy of a great maritime power. *It might perhaps be well if it were known in Europe that we are no longer alarmed by demonstrations of interference.*

"I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

Within the limits of the caution demanded by the time and the delicacy of the matter under discussion, we fail to see how Mr. SEWARD could have conveyed to Mr. BIGELOW any more clearly his belief in the intention of Russia to stand by the United States in the manner of the tradition disputed by our correspondent. Of the two passages in italics the first was italicized by Mr. BIGELOW and the second by THE SUN in the conviction that it was meant by Mr. SEWARD to be especially significant.

"Sissies."

A curious subject for the student of sociology, human nature and the vagaries of man, petty or great, is here suggested:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Can you explain why a devotion to the finer arts should sissify (I am cognizant of the fact that I am coining a word) a man? That is, why is it that we find so many musicians, artists, a few poets, and the men identified with shops given over to furnishing and so forth—so effeminate in their nature? They have taste, but why must it be so often bought at the expense of other masculine qualities? Why so many sissies, in brief, in these professions?

"PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 3. B."

Before seeking to explain, we must make sure of our ground. Does a devotion to the fine or finer arts make a man effeminate? Our correspondent's classification is admissible and original. The retailer of "furnishing goods" belongs with the artists, the musicians, the poets, the men that create beauty or set it forth to others. Surrounded by bathrobes of unrivalled splendor, marvellous pyjamas, cravats that surpass the richness of the sunset sky, his soul longs for beauty. He begins, or should begin, to see that he, too, is an artist. He studies to be an artist. Thus he may legitimately imitate the external peculiarities of genius.

Having, by the aid of our Philadelphia friend, restored the "furnishing goods" man to his rightful sphere, and shown that the hand which sells the collar may be as lyric as the hand that thrums the lyre, we go back to the beginning. Are the followers of the fine arts effeminate in their nature? Many of them are or have been gorgeous, or remarkable in their apparel, voluminous of hair and whisker, given to impossible coats, rings, perfumes, gloves, with something of the theatrical in their looks and wardrobes. We are speaking now of the greater gods only. But is it right to deny to the smaller ones the privilege of strutting through their little hour in such togs as they conceive to become them? Shall we call a man effeminate because he chooses to wear mountainous hair? Call him a hero, rather, for the poor devil must be monstrous uncomfortable in the concert hall or the summer.

The study of pictures, of statues, of great heroic episodes, naturally turns the student from the conventionalities of costume. He is disgusted with frock coats; he loves the cape and sword, rapier and ruffle, slashed hose and velvet doublet or the simple and noble costume of uncorrupted Greece and Rome. He moves among his creations, his studies, his real world. Surely if a man prefers a gilt coach and six to an electric car, he is entitled to his preference, nor should we grudge him the privilege of adorning his person in such sort as he likes. CHARLES DICKENS loved waistcoats that would have made JOSEPH tremble for his coat of many colors. BYRON's pose and collars didn't prevent him from giving himself generously to a generous cause. STEVENSON loved a velvet coat or any disguise in his Edinburgh days and wore scandalous clothes at Vailima. There are pictures of Mr. LOWELL in his young manhood which show him as a sort of Pre-Raphaelite saint, as an early Christian martyr, as a kind of sanctimonious, long-haired Grosvenor Galleryite whom it would be a duty to punch. The truth seems to be that many men of strong individuality have a feminine fondness for striking attire and love to express themselves in fancy.

"History be hanged," the Philadelphian may say; "the dead will be dead for some time yet and I am talking about the living. I am not talking about peculiarities of dress and looks only, but about the real, essential, evident sissy, whatever his line." Very well, sir; then perhaps our readers will be able to throw light upon these points dark to us:

I. What is a Sissy and how do you know him on sight?

II. What are the essential characteristics of a Sissy?

III. What are the chief brands of Sissies?

IV. Can a Sissy cease to be a Sissy?

V. What profession or trade contains the most Sissies?

Information on any of these points will be thankfully received in this office.

Negroes Going South.

One of the curious features of the national census of 1900 is the relative decline of the colored population in such border States as Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri, and its increase in the Gulf States of Mississippi, Alabama and Florida. Ten years ago the negro population of the country was 11.9 per cent. of the whole population; now it is 11.6—a fractional decline.

In the States of the extreme South, in which the material condition of the colored race is least desirable, there has been the largest gain in population. Practically the whole increase is to be found in the Gulf, South Atlantic and Southwestern States, and not in those border States in which the opportunities and inducements to colored citizens are greatest. In the border States the colored voters are held socially in higher regard. The competition of colored labor is decidedly less, and by reason of the smaller percentages of colored residents, race antagonisms, based on fears of colored domination, are little known. Nevertheless, colored people from the extreme South do not seek homes in the border States. They do not move North. On the contrary, as the census figures indicate, they are moving southward, and but for newcomers from Northern States, there would be an actual falling off both in Kentucky and Maryland.

In two States only does the colored population exceed the white population. These States are Mississippi and Alabama. Negroes have ceased to predominate in Louisiana, in which up to 1890 they were in a majority.

The death of Capt. RICHARD LEARY, once Governor of Guam, in ignorance that he had just been made Rear Admiral, points pathetically to two instances of like miscarriages and disappointment. Capt. LEARY in his last hours "inquired repeatedly"—so THE SUN's despatch of yesterday said—"if information had been received from Washington relative to his application for retirement and advancement in rank. He finally passed away with his mind thus troubled." By an accident the news that what he desired had been granted to him as his due, failed to reach him. But still Capt. LEARY's friends have the comfort of knowing, and he himself must have felt, that he was not the victim of malice or evil-mindedness of any kind.

Now look at the case of two other naval officers. JOHN W. PHILIP, Captain of the Texas, died unhonored by his country for his part in the victory of Santiago, and WILLIAM T. SAMPSON, the Commander-in-Chief of the American fleet, has in the same way, although living, become dead to the world. And all because of the vindictive jealousy that since the Spanish war has been seeking to promote the fortunes of Rear Admiral SCHLEY.

Shame without parallel!

The control of the Board of Aldermen is a great prize to struggle for. There has doubtless been a great struggle for it recently. Apparently, this struggle has not altered the result of the use of election day, and the Aldermen will be what the people voted for last November, friends of the Low Administration.

If the combination of JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER and MARCUS ALONZO HANNA as Senators from Ohio depends upon the equal division between them of the [illegible] Legislature, we trust that each will keep the half that he has got. FORAKER to-day stands for the underlying American sentiment to a degree surpassed by no man, and HANNA, youngest man in the foremost ranks of public life, is one of the most valuable forces known to our politics. The one of these who would strike at the other deserves to be struck himself.

Of the many notable benefits that have come from the hands of Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE none compares in public value with the $10,000,000 for fostering research in science, which was definitely given to the nation yesterday.

BRIEF APPRECIATIONS OF SOME AMERICAN PAINTERS.

XII. Horatio Walker.

Upon his first appearance last year as a contributor to the exhibition of the British Institute of Water Colors Horatio Walker's picture, "The Potato Pickers," was prominently hung, and he himself was elected a member. Considering the fine record of the Institute and its high rank among water color societies, such instant recognition of a newcomer was very notable.

But it is just the way in which an artist of Walker's calibre is likely to make his impression—at once and authoritatively; for he is a painter of unusual personal force and of a persuasiveness quite as remarkable, qualities not always found in combination, but, when united, irresistible. And these artistic qualities are the counterparts of similar elements in his character as a man. He is a forceful personality, of moral as well as mental force. How much this means! There is a kind of forceful person who slaps you on the back in the street, and you probably consider him a nuisance, and there is a kind of painter who would violently arrest your attention by the bravery of his brush strokes or some surprising crash of color scheme or chiaroscuro.

In such forcefulness there is a certain effrontery that one resents at once; or which, if it arouse a little momentary curiosity or even interest, will in the long run be followed by intolerable weariness. For it is almost entirely a mere display of manual gymnastics, an exploitation of self. There may be a little mind behind it, but it will be the quality of mind that is simply of the active kind, enamored of its own activity. It is not regulated by the moral sense; responsible to self-control, contributory to some serious and absorbing purpose, involving a realization of the intense meaningfulness of nature and life. This is the foundation quality of what is big in life and art; a noble seriousness that penetrates the facts and lifts them upon the elevation of its own spirit to the dignity of what is grandest and most abiding in the universal scheme.

Painters who possess this faculty are apt to concentrate their sympathy and force upon some particular phase of life, and Walker has found the pivot point for his in the island of Orleans, in the St. Lawrence, some twenty miles northeast of Quebec. Here the descendants of the early French settlers still retain the simple faith and habits and fine ingenuousness of the peasants of northern France; a sturdy race, close to the soil, and drawing dignity as well as nourishment therefrom, perpetuating their origin even in their belongings: the domestic utensils, the farm implements, in the racial characteristics of their clever little horses and oxen, and in the very fashioning of their harness. Nor was the singling out of this Acadia merely the happy discovery of a painter in search of the picturesque. It was a harking back to the associations of his boyhood; for, though Walker's later youth was spent in Rochester, N. Y., he is a Canadian by birth, the son of an English army officer.

It is a beautiful thing for an artist when he can thus graft his maturity on to the roots of his early impressions.

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

How often the will passes, we know not whither, like the wind; and the thoughts, swallowed up in the materialism of far other thoughts, come back to us in later life only as random visions of what might have been. Indeed, it is beautiful for the artist when he can recover that boy's will and link the early thoughts on to the maturer thoughts of manhood. This may be sincerity, depth and fulness of conviction and ripest fruitfulness. It has been difficult for American artists to maintain this continuity of evolution, since they have had to travel far for instruction and the way of return to the associations of the past has not seemed clear. Still many have found it and, perhaps, a volume of criticism might be based upon this one fact, and it might be shown that those whom we most admire as powerful painters, for the reality of what they have to say and their impressive way of saying it are the ones who in their art have got back closest, either to the actual scenes or to the mental associations of their youth.

But besides the quality of force in Walker and his art, there is the other one of persuasiveness. You may remember his "Oxen Drinking;" the two broad-fronted, patient heads side by side at the water trough, their driver in blue shirt standing by them, and the rich brown backs of the massive beasts showing against the dark gray horizon. For the sky reaching far up above the group has been whipped into turbulence by the wind; it is slaty-hued, threatening storm. How grandiose this elemental fermentation, how significant the bulk and solidity of the beasts! There is force all through the picture, the force of disturbance and the force of immobility, for the beasts are grounded like boulders, the man, motionless. It is a force that compels attention and communicates its own strength to one's self; and then succeeds an infinite suggestion of restfulness. The heavens may labor, but for man and oxen the appointed task is done and they enter into their rest. And note that this suggestion is not arrived at by a process of the intellect but by pure sensation.

It is the color scheme that conveys it; that note of blue, so clear and flute like against the sullen grayness of the sky, the sobering, complementary note of tawny brown, even the chromatic variations of the gray sky that vibrate like music. For all its menace the sky is beautiful and in union with the other notes of the scheme produces a throbbing tenderness of harmony that is irresistibly appealing. It is through his color schemes that Walker tempers his force with persuasiveness. For he is one of that small band to whom color is as essential a part of their expression as notes are to the singer. You may see pictures in which the color is little more than tints to differentiate the objects, others in which it is merely an accurate rendering of the phenomena studied; in others, again, wherein the color is as inseparable from the conception as fragrance from the rose. It is essential, interpenetrating the structure of the picture, composite and inseparable as the components of a passage in music, structurally [illegible] essential. [illegible] expression.

One of his early pictures is the "Milking," a large canvas to which was awarded the gold medal for the [illegible] at the exhibition of the American Art Association [illegible]. The scene is a stable interior with [illegible], in which a woman in a blue gown is milking a black and white cow, [illegible] The light [illegible] a window on the right and [illegible] through the [illegible] of the stable. [illegible] Another [illegible] of the picture is [illegible] suggestion of a [illegible] in nature's plan. We shall find [illegible] same large outlook, under various guises, in a great number of Walker's pictures. [illegible] represented quite differently, one [illegible] is a "Morning," in which a flock of sheep have just emerged from a shed and are beginning to nose about the meadow, which stretches behind them, glistening with dew and bounded by a coppice of delicately branched trees, through which the morning sky, just quickening with light, is visible.

Here again is a suggestion of the routine in nature's scheme; the awakening of day, the following on of the beasts to play their appointed part. And I think we shall be conscious also, for this is a later picture penetrated with subtlety of manner and meaning, an extraordinary suggestion of the remoteness of nature at this silent, undisturbed hour. It is a repetition of an occurrence as old as any time we wot of, and it links this modern scene in our imagination with Virgil's Eclogues, with Homer's Odyssey and the Hebrew Laban's flocks; forming a link in the endless chain of pastoral recollection at once the most enduring and most lovable of all our impressions of nature. Nor let us omit to notice the remarkable technical skill involved in the painting of this stretch of meadow, the exquisite gradations of tone in the silvered greens as they recede from the eye, the delicate stir of animation in the grass, and also in the painting of the sky which is kept so surely behind the trees, while its gathering volume of light steals gently through them. So complete is the unity of the picture, so musical its vibration, that from the whole scene there seems to exhale a delicate sigh that floats through the fragrant soundlessness of awakening nature.

Such technical accomplishment is the outcome of Walker's penetrating earnestness. Like most of the best landscape painters of every country he is entirely self-taught. The appeal of nature to one who is a true lover of it is so personal that no other man's method will avail to express what he feels. He is compelled to discover his own way of utterance, conforming in its individuality to the particular quality of his sincerity. With Walker the sincerity is characterized not only by a determination to reach the truth, but by an instinct for the larger kinds of truth, those which need no enforcing, but make their own significance slowly and surely recognized. Nothing is more conspicuous in his best work than the reserve with which everything is stated. He puts forth his strength with calculated orderliness, gradually letting one into the heart of his meaning, continually stimulating and rewarding by further study and leaving one at last with the consciousness that he has held back part of what he had in mind. He leads one, indeed, to the dim border land where one bids good-by to facts and yields only to the imagination. In this respect he is nearer to Israels than to Millet in his attitude toward peasant life. The peasant of Gruchy was so profoundly impressed with the pitifulness of the peasant's life that his story of labor with all its force is a restricted one. He missed its nobler aspect in relation to the universal scheme and feels only its heavy fatalism. Israels has a wider sympathy, which can discover beauty in the monotonous routine, the beauty of little observances well and faithfully done and the quiet intervals of rest and homely joy that intervene. But while Walker is akin to the Dutch artist in the embracing tenderness of his vision he excels him in breadth and force. Israels continually invites you to look in; Walker, to look in also, but to look around as well.

In this respect he reminds one of Troyon, whose magnificent landscapes and grand cattle are big with nature's fecundity and strength. There is not a little of these two men in Walker, of Israels's tenderness and Troyon's breadth. Even in so stirring a subject as the large "Ploughing in Acadia," painted about 1887, there is this infusion of tenderness. The three horses straining abreast are full of vigor; they tug with a sustained effort in which the continuity of the movement is finely expressed; the high gear above their saddles covered with sheepskin toss in the air over their shaggy arched necks; the old man at the plough tail is stocky and hale; lusty green weeds have their roots in the strong earth and the sky is full of bracing weather. Through and through it is a sturdy picture; but note, also, the affectionateness with which the head of the nearest horse is rendered. He is of the Normandy breed, the most willing of servants, the most intelligent of animal companions. His eye is bright, the nostril inflated, he is rejoicing in his strength, and later on when labor is over he will nose into his master's jacket and both will feel like friends to one another. This is the wholesome, natural view of the peasant's labor, when it is really close to the soil and uncorrupted by a cheap press; man and the animals going about their appointed task until the day is done and finding companionship with one another and with nature, and it is not without a quiet happiness of its own.

This ploughing scene reminds me of a later one, painted a few years ago, of two oxen coming up the furrow with their massive, leisurely movement, while behind them the light is mounting up in floods of crimson, that overflow upon the broad backs of the beasts and lap the cool, glistening earth. It represents the first moments in nature's daily awakening to life and in man's daily routine of labor. Both in the sky and on the earth there is the steady gathering of force; not a burst of energy but that massing of energy that will not readily expend itself. I have heard it remarked that the oxen look tired already and the men likewise; but perhaps it is rather a passivity of feeling that is conveyed, that slow, unquestioning resignation, that is at once so pathetic and heroic in the true peasant. And in another way many of these canvases of Walker's involve this heroic suggestion. While close studies of pastoral and agricultural life in a portion of this continent to-day, they have a more universal significance and set one's imagination back in the Old World that we call homeric; times of spaciousness and simplicity, when we fancy that man's strength was in closest affinity with nature's; times of wholesomeness and poise of mind and body, when man lived by nature's rule and labor was loving.

This universal suggestion is the product of the force, united with persuasiveness that one marked at the outset, as characteristic of Walker and his work. It comes of the large seriousness with which he thinks and works, of the true perspective through which he views his subject, wherein facts and sentiment take their due place not only in the foreground, but in their relation to a distant horizon. These risings and settings of the sun, that he loves so much, have run their course through ages; not a little of his love for them no doubt is due to their suggestion of infinity in relation to the life of man, and that life, too, he prefers to view as itself a heritage of the ages. For many of us life is now a complicated affair with much whirring of human machinery within ourselves and around us; yet it still has elemental facts and emotions. The painter who can express these with their personal, local significance and show besides their relation to the universal, is one of those whose work will be likely to endure.

C. H. C.

Mr. Armstrong's "Old Organ."

[illegible]

[illegible], the Defamer of Stevenson.

[illegible]

Date of Jersey Central Earthquake, [illegible]

[illegible]

History as She Is Wrote.

From the [illegible] Courier-Journal.

[illegible]

SHAW RELIEVES GAGE ON JAN. 25.

Says He Has Not Considered Any Changes in the Policy of the Treasury.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—Gov. Leslie M. Shaw expects to enter upon his duties as Secretary of the Treasury on the 25th of the present month. He had a conference of more than an hour with Secretary Gage at the Treasury this morning. Mr. Gage had said already that he would arrange the time of his exit from the office to suit the convenience of the President and Gov. Shaw, and the latter had said that he would consult the wishes of the President and Mr. Gage. President Roosevelt's reply was that the two men immediately concerned might arrange the transfer of the office between themselves, so the matter was decided quickly this morning.

At noon Secretary Gage and Gov. Shaw went to the White House to tell the President of their decision. To a reporter of THE SUN Gov. Shaw said that he would return to Iowa next Monday to arrange his affairs for coming to Washington to live and that he expected to be on duty in the Treasury on the 25th inst.

"I think I may as well make one statement to you," he continued, "in view of the stories that have been published. I have not considered for a moment any changes in the policy of the Treasury administration, nor have I thought of any changes in the official personnel. At the present time I may add that I am not very likely to consider any change among the officials of the Department. I think I ought to say this much. There is, of course, always the reservation that I must administer the Department according to my views of its needs, but what I have said about changes is fully justified by the present situation."

Gov. Shaw dined with Secretary Gage to-night and there was a further discussion of the Treasury affairs. Mr. Gage said to-day that he would probably remain in Washington for a few weeks after his retirement from the Treasury and would take a needed rest. His plans for the future have not been settled definitely, but he expects to live in Chicago.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

A Great Change in Public Sentiment Regarding It.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The discussion of the liquor question by your very intelligent correspondents is both interesting and profitable. It is also very suggestive in its indication of a remarkable change which has taken place in the attitude of people generally toward that subject, of recent years.

The time was when one of the most disturbing questions in the politics of this State was the liquor question, and in this city, more especially, the most powerful influence in politics was wielded by the liquor saloon. Now neither political party stands in any awe of that influence, but both are shy rather of appealing to it or bearing the responsibility of representing the liquor traffic specifically. Once liquor dealers, keepers of saloons, were numerous among the members of the Legislature, more particularly from this city, and they had no hesitation in appearing as such in the classification of the occupations of officeholders. Now their number has become comparatively few, and there is shown a disposition on the part of those of them who are engaged in the business to describe themselves generally as merchants, and by like euphemistic designations. Meantime saloonkeepers are complaining of social discrimination against them by the people among whom they live—of being put under a social ban, which extends to their families.

I find also that there is a more general and a keener understanding and recognition of the evils of drinking among the people at large, and most strikingly among the working people whom Dr. Rainsford assumes to be united in vigorous defence of the saloons; and this feeling extends to both parties, and not more among the religious than those who have no religious faith.

Socially, also, I observe a very great change in drinking habits. At clubs there is far less drinking than formerly, particularly of ardent spirits. At dinners not merely comparative but also actual abstemiousness prevails; the old fashion of consuming a profusion of wines and liquors has passed away. Anything approaching intemperance shocks contemporary propriety.

The movement in behalf of the Sunday opening of saloons, which followed the late election in New York, I do not find supported by the public sentiment on which it could have relied twenty years ago. Where it is not absolutely opposed, it is, at least, indifferently regarded, so far as my observation has extended. I do not find any one, rich or poor, who is hot for it. The argument against the opening which I hear most is not based on any religious grounds, but on grounds of expediency. The sentiment is that no greater facilities for obtaining drink on Sunday are necessary or desirable; that even the fiction of the closing of saloons is better for all hands than a legalized and formal opening; that people who want to drink in saloons on Sunday have now all the opportunity to do it they ought to have, and that any difficulties put in their way are of wholesome public effect.

In fine, I believe that neither political party would find any gain in rushing to the championship of the liquor saloons at this time, but would rather invite loss. The common sense of the community, without regard to partisan division, is now in favor of temperance.

AN OLD NEW YORKER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 4.

Man and Brute.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* To characterize cruel and bloodthirsty acts as "brutish" is a misapplication of the term.

Brutes are not cruel, nor do they kill for love of it. They kill only in defence, or for food, and possibly as rivals in the mating season. Man, alone of all the animal kingdom, kills for the mere love of it; and the people of some nations derive their keenest enjoyment from the spectacle of the goring and blood flow of animals. The killing of animals is a diversion in English-speaking countries, and is called sport, i. e., mirth-making—merry-making, and is indulged in, when opportunities are favorable, by members of every class and profession—by "teachers, pastors and masters." Needless cruelty, and blood-letting are mannish propensities, not brutish.

Who has heard kindness to animals enjoined, or cruelty to them denounced, as a theme from a Christian pulpit?

To quote Prof. James, "what animal, domestic or wild, will call it a matter of no moment that scarce a word of sympathy with brutes should have survived from the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth?" In this country, there are a few centres of instruction where lessons of kindness to animals are earnestly taught and urged. These scholars constitute a small fraction of the people which we may hope will grow free from that mannish or devilish, but not brutish, habit of character—cruelty to animals.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. J. [illegible]

Misconceptions of Senator Hanna Removed.

From the Catholic World.

[illegible]

Whistler on [illegible]

From the [illegible]

[illegible]