

A Study of Royalty.

Continued from page 4.

meals to assist in purchasing a necklace, bracelet or other jewel for a young lady who is to be the future wearer of the crown jewels of Great Britain! And there was not heard one single voice, of all those who could speak with authority, to protest against this abominable farce, this iniquitous extortion, this robbery of the poorest to enrich those made richest through the nation. Verily the populace is a too meek and long-suffering creature.

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The mere fact that persons at court of rank and breeding are willing to take the salary and the semblance of servants, bespeaks at once the extent to which their self-respect is destroyed. I know at this moment a stately, gracious, and beautiful lady, well born, and well bred, who is travelling with a princess's trossseau in her charge, to a royal marriage; she is doing exactly what she would make her own maid do, yet so warped is her mind by long custom at court, that she sees no degradation in what she is doing, although in all other atmospheres, save that of the court, she is a proud and intangible person, with whom none would dare take a liberty. There can be nothing but what is deleterious in such self-abasement.

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There are two little boys now conspicuous in Europe, one is eleven, and the other eight, years of age; one is a crown prince and the other a crowned king; the former is the most dreary and self-conscious little prig, that ever was drilled in pipe-clay and buckram, and the other is still a high-spirited child, bold, saucy, and lovable; but both the Prussian Kronprinz and the Spanish Rey Nino have already but one thought in their young heads: War. The pompous little German lieutenant only lives for dreams of strategy, manoeuvres, *Kriegspiel*, the importance of buttons, the dignity of stripes and grades, the superiority of gun-powder and chemicals: and the bright Nino climbs on Marshal Campos's knee and begs to be told how the Moors were killed in Morocco, the Cubans in Cuba, and how many years he will have to wait, before he can have the joy of killing them. Divine education for Christian princes! These children are taken, respectively, to the Lutheran service, and to the Catholic mass; and they are alike told that they are the servants of the Son of Peace, and what are they in truth being made by education and example? They are being made the scourge of their own generation, and the generations to come. They are being taught to hope for, and to aspire to direct the slaughter of their people and their neighboring peoples, to find their toys in military service, their theater in the battle-field, their ambrosia in blood. The little lads of their own age, who run before their carriages, in the dust, shouting their names with joyous outcry, will be for them, a score of years hence, crippled, maimed, riddled with shot, torn with explosive bullets drowned by torpedoes, blown up by mines; thousands, yet unborn, will arise to curse them; mothers will ask their dead sons at their hands, and ask in vain; villiages will burn like wisps of straw, and cities crumble like trodden ant-hills, at their word; they are innocent, themselves, as the atoms of tubing or the tin sardine boxes which hold the

detonators and the iron nails of the bomb but as these are filled with the deadliest fumes and fires of hell, so are these boys, from their earliest infancy, filled to the throat with the lust, the pride, the appetite of War.

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If the opening of this century had seen the United States of Europe in a federation, such as would have charmed the dream of Giroudists, it is possible that its present close would not see as it does see now, the pitiable and alarming spectacle of all the nations of Europe, armed to the teeth against each other, mined by anarchy at their social centres, and eaten through and through by taxation, speculation, corruption and abject fear; whilst the stock market falls, if only a despot cough, and wealth the god of the world, shakes on its clay feet, if an imperial epileptic frown at his groom of the stole.

Enslavement.

All constraint

Except what wisdom lays on evil men
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science;
blinds
The sight of discovery and begets
In those that suffer in a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meager intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
—Cooper.

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