

As I conceive it, this meeting is not called in defence of authority justly and legally exerted, but in protest against authority unadvised and unlawfully exercised. [Cheers and cries of "That's it!"] This is not the time for timid utterance, nor is this the place for timid men. Neither is it the place for disrespectful speech. But every man who values his liberties as an American citizen; every man who has at any time striven for freedom in Ireland; every man who believes with Bishop Nulty that, not the hand itself, but the use of the hand, is the sole just object of proprietorship possible in connection with land; every man who believes with the same bishop that the sanction of centuries does not legalize an institution when its injustice is made manifest; every man who treasures purity of character, united to a godlike intellect and a Christlike charity, is bound to speak out now in defence of the grand priest who is at once the champion and the victim of a cause glorious in its history and magnificent in its broad humanity.

Cheers.

Of what crime has Father McGlavin been

THE COAL STRIKE.

REDUCING THE WAGES OF WORKMEN IN MIDWINTER.

The Companies Undertake to Force Wages Down, and Are Met With Demands For An Increase—Police Employed and Soldiers Detained.

The great coal strike now in progress originated in an attempt of three companies to reduce the wages of their dockmen. The Delaware and Hudson paid twenty cents an hour, while all the other companies were paying twenty-two and a half. Either of these amounts is outrageously small. They are not paid for the time they actually work. While waiting for work, although on duty, they get no pay. Their average income is only a little more than six dollars a week, although they are on duty from ten to fifteen hours a day.

On the 26th of December last the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre and the Erie companies posted notices on their respective docks that from Jan. 1 the coal dockmen in their employ would be reduced from twenty-two and one-half to twenty cents an hour. The employees of these companies were Knights of Labor, under the jurisdiction of District Assembly No. 49, and referred the matter to the board of arbitration of that district. The board notified the companies that the men would not submit to the reduction, but would make a general demand for twenty-five cents. It also demanded from half a cent to a cent a ton, according to the vessel, for "trimmers," the workers who trim the coal in the holds of vessels. The companies refused to accede to these demands. District assembly 102 of Elizabethport and 122 of South Amboy joined.

The object of the striking companies was to equalize wages by a reduction on the basis maintained by the Delaware and Hudson company, while that of the men was to equalize wages on a basis somewhat above the starvation point that prevailed. At first the companies insisted on the reduction, but after the strike was under way all but the Delaware and Hudson, controlled by Le Grand B. Cannon, were willing to concede twenty-two and a half cents. The strike having been forced by the companies, however, and they having refused arbitration, the men declined to return to work without the advance. Their demand is reasonable, is evident from the fact that while the average cost of labor in mining, transporting, handling and delivering a ton of coal in New York is only one dollar and fifteen cents, including wages of dockkeepers, clerks, etc., and the profits of dealers are not large, the same coal sells in ordinary times for six or seven dollars.

One of the early effects of the strike was an advance in prices, and for a time great anxiety was felt lest they might go entirely beyond the ability of the poor to buy. This feeling has subsided, but if the companies continue their stubborn and grasping policy, it is by no means improbable that there will be a coal famine.

The strike has extended from the coal handlers to engineers, bargemen and boatmen, and coal is now handled only by men who are so impoverished that the oppressive wages offered by the companies is a boon. None of the old men have returned to work.

Every effort to intimidate and subdue the men has been made by the companies. The receiver of the New Jersey Central, a bankrupt road, got an order from the United States courts giving warning that any interference with the property of that road would be punished as a contempt of court. Of course, no injury to property was feared; the warning was intended to intimidate by implying that any peaceful expostulation with new men would be construed into an interference with property and summarily punished as a contempt.

The trick of policing the grounds at public expense is also resorted to, and deputy sheriffs, the private employes of the companies, but clothed with public authority, are numerous. The governor was asked for troops, but refused them. He did not seem to know that the proprietors of New Jersey had made the demand. At one time the Delaware & Hudson company had sixty "scabs" working for them under guard of eighty deputy sheriffs.

Mayor Kiser of Hoboken refused to take policemen from their regular duty to ornament the real estate of the companies with their presence. As long as there was no riot, he said the companies should not be furnished with policemen at the expense of the county. But generally the companies have succeeded in getting ample supplies of police. Their yards are guarded by Jersey policemen and the water side by policemen from New York, while a body of Pinkerton's thugs have been imported, and the slums have furnished a number of deputy sheriffs. So completely are the police under the authority of the companies that a large part of the New Jersey water front is in their hands. The boatmen complain bitterly of this. One boat captain, whose boat lay at the dock of the Delaware and Hudson company, left his family on board and came to New York on business. Upon returning the police would not allow him to go to his family without a permit from the superintendent of the company. In another case a woman who lived on her husband's boat went to the city to buy provisions, and was not permitted to return. All along the shore canal boats, in which families live, are frozen in, and the occupants can go ashore only under hazard of not being permitted to return.

The companies are able to hold out against the public solely because they own the mines, the water front and the transportation franchise, privileges conferred upon them by law, and which enable them to arbitrarily fix the price of coal, which they do once a year, the cost of transportation, and, except for the resistance by strikes, the wages of the men. If the mines were public property, and the roads were under public control, no combination could place coal consumers at the mercy of the monopolies as they now are.

The strikers are confident of success. They claim to be able to hold out for sixty days at least. While the presence of police and the aid given by public authorities are irritating, no violence has yet occurred except in one instance, when a small body of strikers frightened the police into the supposition that a riot was about to occur. With this exception, however, it is conceded that the men have been in all respects orderly and peaceable. They are in the main native Americans and men of superior intelligence.

Unless the companies soon arbitrate the difficulty the strike bids fair to extend and to affect other industries than that of handling coal. The legislature of New Jersey, in which the labor interest is not without influence, is likely to take action possibly of a radical nature.

Do Content.
Said the person, "Be content,
Pay your tithes, pay your rent;
They that earthly things desire
Shall have mansions in the skies.
Though your lot with toil be lent,
Said the person, "Be content."
Then the person fasting went,
With my lord who lives by rent;
And the person laughing said,
For my lord has things great;
They that earthly things desire,
May get mansions in the air.
—A. M. M. to the London Convention.

IN EMPLOYERS' FAVOR.

A Connecticut Liability Bill in the Interest of Railroads.

HARTFORD, Conn., Jan. 20.—Wide interest ought to be taken in an employers' liability bill that the railroad commissioners of this state are trying to have enacted. Last year a similar attempt failed, and it is probable that this will fail; but isn't it strange that a commission, supposed to be organized in the interests of the people, should urge legislation designed to overthrow decisions already secured against railway corporations? Within the past few years our supreme court judges, notably Judge Carpenter, have been opening their eyes to the situation. In two important cases brought by railroad employees to secure damages for injuries received in the performance of their duties, the old ruling that the negligence of fellow-servants is a bar to recovery, has been superseded by the more enlightened idea that fellow-servants are agents of the operating company, and their negligence is the negligence of the corporation. The railroad companies were not willing to let these decisions by our court of last resort stand, so last year the railroad commissioners recommended that the whole matter be simplified by the enactment of a law making the liability in these and many other cases, as unsimplified, plain, in order to be clear, that the employee might not be subjected to the expense of securing these points from the supreme court.

Their remedy was a statute modeled on the English act of parliament, which covered not only railway employees but all others, except farm laborers and domestic servants. While the liability of corporations was made greater in certain directions, it was made less in others, and the amount that could be recovered was restricted to a comparatively small sum. Certain manufacturers could not see their way clear to pass the law even for the benefit of the railways, and it was not reported by the committee having it in hand. In their current annual report just out the railroad commissioners urge the same law, printing it in full in their appendix.

Why should such a bill be submitted to managers of railroads exclusively and their "indorsement" be suggested by the commissioners as the one thing desirable? "Examined by the managers of several of our railroads and approved by them," is a sentence out of place in such a report. On its face the proposed act, like most dangerous bills, is innocent. It provides in sub-section 2 of section 1 that recovery may be had "by reason of the negligence of any person in the service of an employer who has any superintendence entrusted to him," etc. This overrides the decision of the supreme court in the railroad brakeman's favor, for section VI defines the expression to mean "a person whose sole or principal duty is that of superintendence and who is not individually engaged in manual labor." This would make everybody a fellow servant except a regular superintendent. A train dispatcher would not be a superintendent and agent of the company through whose negligence the recovery could be had; and neither would a brakeman be such.

Another section provides for damages for injuries by "the act or omission of any person in the service of the employer done or made in obedience to the rules or bylaws of the employer, or in obedience to particular instructions given by any person delegated with the authority of the employer in that behalf," but this is saddled with a proviso that there shall be no recovery under this section "unless the injury resulted from some improper or defect in the rules, bylaws, or instructions therein mentioned." The expense and time of getting the supreme court to pass upon the new questions thus raised would be much greater than they are now in the absence of a statute. Whatever may be the fact elsewhere, here in Connecticut the supreme court, as at present constituted, is just in railroad matters generally, and may be depended upon still further.

W. A. COUNTRYMAN.

SIXTY ACRES FOR EVERY SOUL.

Concentration of Land Ownership in California.

EUREKA, Cal., Jan. 17.—Nowhere else in the world are land owners so successful in evading their obligations to the state. The railroad companies hold for speculative prices vast tracts of the choicest lands without even the burden of paying a nominal tax. This is enabled to do by leaving the title in the government until the actual settler has purchased his holding. Imagine fertile plains of almost limitless extent, dotted here and there with a few scattered homesteads, the burden of government are rested, while the monopolists' domain, stretching far and wide, goes scot free. Moreover, the farmer toils scarcely less for the landlords' profit than for his own advantage; for the vacant lands rise in value almost pari passu with his own. Year after year wheat fields lie fallow and leagues in extent are cropped by a few capitalists and the produce loaded on foreign-going ships and exported. With no return, this continued depletion must eventually impoverish the soil. Were these fertile plains open to settlement, ere now they would teem with people. As it is, speculative prices will continue to swell the market until wheat growing becomes unprofitable.

A million acres, extending for hundreds of miles along the central portion of the state, is the private property of one firm of stock growers. One-half the land of the state and the choicest half is owned by 500 individuals and firms. Sixty million acres gives to each of these 500 California landlords an average of 120,000 acres, which, in the form of a square, would present a side of nearly fourteen miles. These private domains, however, vary greatly in extent, the largest having an area of over 1,000,000 acres. If this great range were in the compact form of a square it would require nearly 100 miles of fencing to inclose it. This one cattle range contains 250 square miles—more than the entire area of the state of Rhode Island.

During 1885 there were thousands of convictions under vagrancy laws in California, which, together with the competition of the Chinese, would make the state appear to be over-populated. Yet, if this sixty million acres—the greater part of which is practically withheld from use—were equally divided among the one million inhabitants of the state there would be sixty acres for every soul, from the infant in the cradle to the old infirmant. The present value of some of this land is more than \$100 per acre. What a splendid heritage for the people! Fellow citizens, the time is ripe. Go forth and take possession of your land.

B. P. MEXLEY.

Worthy of Admiration.
A correspondent of the New York Times, engaged in gathering statistics relating to the growing "prosperity" of Richmond, Va., asked a large manufacturer to explain what he meant when he spoke of so and so many employees being engaged in the factories of that city. Who were the employees, white or black, old or young? The manufacturer's answer was a scrap of paper bearing this paragraph printed within a few days in a local newspaper: "A thing worthy of comment—worthy of admiration—is that among the hands employed in the manufacturing industries of 4,200 white women and girls earning livings for themselves and others."
In this country, under the most discouraging conditions, with hundreds of thousands of workers working for a fraction of the time, these same workers are yet able to produce \$720 worth per head each year; yet in such a country "it is worthy of admiration" that women and young girls should be chained to the machine to fill the pockets of the landlord and the money king.

THE OLD DOMINION STRIKE.

A STEAMSHIP COMPANY IN CONSIDERABLE TROUBLE.

The Old Dominion Steamship Line Strikes Against Its Men For a Reduction of Wages—Foreign Lines Refuse Its Shipments—Its Docks Crowded With Freight.

The Old Dominion steamship strike is a strike of bosses against their men. Some time ago the longshoremen at Newport News, the southern terminus of the line, demanded relief from work on Sunday. These longshoremen are colored men. The steamship line, regardless of the fourth commandment, insisted upon Sunday work, and the colored men struck. That strike still continues, the men now demanding ten cents an hour increase, in addition to a free Sunday, and it is only with great difficulty that the Old Dominion line can load its ships at Newport News.

Prior to the strike at Newport News the longshoremen on the same line at New York were joining the Ocean association for mutual benefit in general, and probably with the specific purpose of demanding an increase of their wages from 25 cents an hour to 30 cents, the latter being the price on all domestic steamship lines except the Old Dominion. The fact that its men were joining the Ocean association came to the knowledge of officers of the line, although they had no knowledge that a demand for higher wages was contemplated. With the hostility to labor organizations that is characteristic of employers, despite their assertions to the contrary, the Old Dominion set spies upon their men with the view of making a blacklist. But the blacklist assumed such proportions that it could not be used in the customary manner, for discharging individuals—and the company decided to strike. Before declaring their strike, however, they provided for it.

While their spies were at work on the movements of the men in New York a ship load of other men, gathered in New York, Jersey City and Brooklyn, was sent to Newport News to break the strike there. These men had hardly landed in Virginia when they were called back to New York. One of the company's canal steamers was brought here from Virginia and filled up with bunks on the lower deck, and somewhat more than fifty of the men were, and still are, lodged and fed on board under a contract for "twelve dollars a week and found," with twenty-five cents an hour for work in excess of sixty hours a week. Having also gathered a number of other men from the army of the unemployed, mainly Swedes, the company was prepared for its strike.

On Monday, the 3d of January, when the regular longshoremen of the line came to their work at 8 o'clock in the morning, they were notified that they must work for twelve dollars a week and twenty-five cents an hour for extra time, or quit. This was a reduction from twenty-five to twenty cents an hour, and ten cents less than was paid by the other domestic lines. There was but one course to pursue. The men refused to submit to the reduction, and when they left the company gave out, and still pretends that it was the men instead of itself that struck.

Although the company with its boat load of men, who received food and lodging in addition to wages, was prepared to carry on its strike so far as its domestic shipments were concerned, there was a factor on which it had made no calculation. The Ocean association appealed to the other longshoremen's associations in this port, who prevailed upon all foreign lines but two to refuse Old Dominion shipments. As the Old Dominion line is a connecting link between Newport News and foreign ports the inability and consequent refusal of every foreign line but the Hamburg and the North German Lloyd to load with any freight from Old Dominion steamers has seriously crippled the latter line. At the best it can only handle domestic shipments, unless the foreign lines force a strike all along the river front, and which might extend to Portland in the north and Galveston in the south. A strike like that, even for a short time, would be so disastrous to commerce that the Old Dominion line can hardly expect to bring the foreign line to its aid.

But it may resort to the courts. It seems that southern shippers make their contracts with the foreign lines, and foreign shipments by way of the Old Dominion are billed direct to the foreign port from Newport News and Richmond.

Some of these shippers, whose goods are lying on the docks here, have ordered mandamus proceedings to be instituted against the foreign lines to compel them to carry out their contracts. The aid of the courts is often invoked for curious purposes; but it is doubtful if the Old Dominion will succeed in enforcing a private contract by mandamus, however necessary it may be to the success of its strike. The Old Dominion docks is crowded with freight that cannot be handled, and the board of aldermen are to be asked to order it cleared. The line has somewhat evaded the boycott of foreign lines by sending its freight to Staten Island and Brooklyn storehouses, whence, after being disguised, it is re-shipped; but an effective picket system has interfered with this process. Pickets by watching the shipments are able to identify contraband goods when offered for reshipment. The line has threatened to arrest the pickets, but has not been able to carry the threat into effect.

At present it appears that the company, at an expense which exceeds the demands of the longshoremen, is able to make shipments south with less than usual regularity; but its shipments north are seriously interfered with by the Newport News strike of colored men, while it can make no foreign connection outward bound, except through the Hamburg and North German Lloyd lines, and through them only with great difficulty. The probabilities are that the men will be able to defeat the strike of the line against them and gain the full price paid by other lines as well, and that a general strike along the coast will not be necessary.

—C. F.

THE LORILLARD STRIKE.

THE FIRM REFUSE TO ARBITRATE THE GRIEVANCE.

Jersey City Police Called Upon to Guard the Factory Against Disorderly Working People—Jeered at by Women and Girls—The Strikers Held Out.

"An injury to one is the concern of all," is the principle of the strike at Lorillard's tobacco factory in Jersey City. The Lorillards had introduced improvements which, as they claim, reduced some of their work from man's work to child's work. Prior to this two men had been employed at \$9 a week to move stock on a hand-truck from one part of the factory to another, a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. The improvement diminished the distance to fifty feet, and the work before done by two men was imposed upon one, the extra man being discharged. All the employees protested against this dismissal of a workman at a time when he must necessarily suffer in consequence, and their protests were answered by the substitution of two Polish women for the men who had managed the truck.

The authorities in the factory showing an evident indisposition to consider the grievance with their employees, and indicating a purpose to make extra profits at the expense of the employees, the matter was brought to the attention of local assembly 5011 of the Knights of Labor, composed of Lorillard's people, and on Thursday last week, at a signal made by one of the young women, about two thousand employees left the building.

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A committee of the board of arbitration of District Assembly 49 made several ineffectual efforts to treat with the Lorillards. The firm refused to see them, on the alleged ground that they had no quarrel with their employees and there was nothing to arbitrate about. They could not understand that a grievance that drove 2,000 people out of their factory was of sufficient importance for arbitration.

Upon the refusal to arbitrate, 1,500 more employees left the factory. Then, although the strikers were orderly, and there was not the slightest reason to expect a disturbance, police to the number of fifty or more were called in by the firm and put on duty at the factory. This, it will be noted by any one familiar with strikes, is the usual method of insulting, menacing and irritating strikers, with a view to causing some breach of the peace which may excuse attack.

Any number of such opportunities were offered to the police at Lorillard's, but as they were offered by women and girls, and not by the men, the police dared not take advantage of them. The coats of the officers were pulled at, their hats were knocked off, mud was spat upon their backs, and they were derisively called "beauties." These overt acts would have constituted a riot if the offenders had been men; but public opinion would not have excused a police assault upon women and girls. So, while the massing of strikers was massive, the women had their fun, and the police, however much they may have itching to use their clubs, were compelled to allow this feminine riot to go on.

The strikers now demand not only a reversal of the policy requiring one man to do the work hitherto done by two, but also an increase of wages to the point from which the firm forced them down two years ago. Meantime the Lorillards maintain their position of refusing to confer with the arbitration board of the Knights of Labor. They profess to be willing to treat with their former employees, but insist upon ignoring what they call outsiders. The Knights of Labor have discussed the propriety of allowing a committee of the old employees to approach the firm, and would be disposed to do it but for the fear that the members composing such committee would be victimized by the firm at the first opportunity. The strike continues, and the factory of the Lorillards is practically closed.

Southern "Prosperity."
Despite the recent carthquakes in Charleston, S. C., the editor of the *News and Courier* of that city is willing to partially acknowledge the truth of the statement that the year just ended has been a prosperous one, so far as the south is concerned. His only doubt is as to whether all or only a few of the people have been benefited by this increased prosperity. The bulk of the new capital, he says, has been expended in Virginia, Tennessee and Alabama in mining and kindred industries, while the other states fell off or remained stationary; "and," he adds, "while a good deal of money has doubtless been made by Alabamians and Tennesseans, for instance, in disposing of their lands, the bulk of the profits has gone to speculators, who bought up the lands in large blocks and at nominal prices. The control of the lands, moreover, has passed forever out of the hands of the people who live on them, and the enterprise, which have been founded by small home capitalists in the mineral districts are rapidly passing into the possession of outsiders, as has been reported in several conspicuous instances."

A Real Labor Convention.

The editors of the New York *Volkzeitung* went to the trouble of ascertaining the occupation of each of the delegates to the county convention of the united labor party. The results are summed up in last Sunday's paper as follows: "We remark with pleasure the most agreeable fact that among the 340 delegates are few who would not be classed as workmen. If we should analyze a convention of one of the older parties, let them call themselves what they may, we don't believe, among 300 or 400 delegates, after taking out the whiskey sellers, government employes and lawyers, that even one dozen business or workmen could be found. There are, to be sure, quite enough lawyers in the labor convention, namely, eleven; but there are only one restaurateur, two doctors, three authors and journalists and four teachers, all the rest being of the so-called industrial classes."

Thirty Thousand People Want Subsistence.

WITCHITA FALLS, Tex., Jan. 11.—This part of Texas is undergoing destitution. Thirty thousand people are without means of subsistence, having no money or food, living on what is picked up from day to day. The children are in rags. There is no work, and merchants will give no credit. Four thousand families are without seed for spring crops and have no feed for their live stock. Behind all this is the prospect of another dry season, no rain or snow having fallen for three months. Settlers are so oppressed by speculators that they will be able only with much suffering to tide over the unfavorable season.

E. J. PEREGO,

Government by Brute Force.

At the reception of the Yale alumni in Washington Secretary Bayard responded to the toast, "Our country." In the course of his speech he said:

Is the army the force that governs America to-day, and are we to look to such a future? May heaven forbid! What force shall we use to strengthen; to what can we look to avert from us what seems to be the fate of civilized Europe to-day if those who are their spokesmen speak the unhappy truth? It seems to me that there are other forces that may be exemplified by the university of which this excellent man is president (turning to President Dwight). It cannot be that brute force of military power is to be the security of any people or the guardian of any civilization; that is to progress under the rule that was born 1887 years ago.

JUST REPRESENTATION.

A Scheme for Securing it in the Constitutional Convention.

There seems to be an almost unanimous sentiment that the coming constitutional convention should be a non-partisan body, a body in which all shades of political thought should have a vote and voice. A scheme has been presented in the legislature and the governor in his message has outlined a plan, each of which attempts to reach this most desirable end. Both of these plans retain, however, the system of representation by districts. Now district representation does not and never will secure adequately the representation of the political opinion of a community in proportion to numbers. Less populous are put on an equality with the more densely populated, and minorities, however numerous their aggregate vote in the state, are practically disfranchised because the voters constituting them do not happen to reside all in a heap. The barriers which thus stifle the suffrages of an immense constituency must be thrown down before we can secure a true reflex of the political aspirations of our citizens in their representative assemblies, and a very simple device is at hand which will accomplish this, and at the same time will put an end to the perennial quarrels over apportionment, and will bury out of sight that legislative monstrosity, the gerrymander.

The plan is, briefly, that the delegates be elected by proxies or electors, the proxies to be voted for by the people of the state at large; every voter should have the right to vote for one proxy, and every proxy who secures ten thousand or more votes would be elected. The proxies would meet in a body, and each of them would be entitled to select one delegate for every ten thousand votes cast for them respectively.

Of course the delegates whom the proxies might select would be nominated in advance by the political parties, and the functions of the proxies would be purely ministerial; they would be living tally sheets, so to speak, of the popular vote of the parties which they respectively represented. To illustrate: The total vote in the state of New York is in round numbers one million, which would give us, taking ten thousand votes as the basis of representation, a convention consisting of about one hundred delegates. The republican party, believing it could secure 500,000 votes for its proxy, would nominate fifty or more delegates, and list in the order of preference of the party caucus, putting nearest the top of the list the names of those delegates it most desired to have elected; if at the ensuing election its proxy should poll only 400,000 votes in the state, he would be entitled to select forty delegates, and he would be bound to choose and elect at the meeting of the proxies from the list of nominees the first forty. In the same way the democrats, supposing their entire vote in the state to be 400,000, would elect forty-one delegates; the united labor party, if its vote is 100,000 in the state, would elect ten; the prohibitionists, with their 40,000 votes, four delegates, and every other party or faction, not excluding even "vested interests," could secure a delegate if they got ten thousand votes apiece in the state at large. No votes would be wasted merely because the voters resided in a district where their party was in a sad minority, and no man would be practically disfranchised because he lived on the wrong side of the street.

Now how can you know in advance how many parties would desire to nominate proxies, and would the law contemplated limit each party to voting for one proxy only? By no means. The law would make no limit, except that to elect a proxy it required ten thousand votes at least to be cast for him. The exigencies of party politics would themselves limit the number. Since each voter could vote only for one proxy, and each proxy could elect only one delegate for every ten thousand votes; and since in dividing the total vote for a proxy by ten thousand there would generally be a remainder over of less than ten thousand, splitting up votes among several proxies would multiply the remainder, and the party proposing such a proxy would waste strength and lose representation. Parties would find it best to concentrate their entire vote on one proxy.

By following this plan every voter would be represented by its most popular and its most efficient men, for these would be put at the top of the list of nominees. Instructions to the proxies could amply guard local interests and secure representation of all parts of the state. The risk would not be run of the most representative members of a party possibly being defeated in their various districts, leaving the party to be represented by its second-rate men. No voter would be disfranchised because he lived in a district where his fellow-partisans were few; but he could make his vote tell by casting it for the proxy of his party.

The elector or proxy is a feature, the novelty whereof will perhaps shock preconceived notions, and ferocious democrats may object to it. But it is essential, and by a little examination of its frightful aspect it will be seen that it is not a monster, but like the steam engine, a labor saving invention. The criticism directed against the electoral system have no force against or application to this scheme. The former is a democratic in its effects, besides being a stupid and unnecessary humbug; the latter introduces the elector as a useful and necessary instrument to secure equal rights to all, irrespective of residence, and a truly democratic system of representation—representation in proportion to numbers.

STEPHEN PERILL.

The Coming Constitutional Convention.

While no very sweeping or radical reforms may be proposed by the coming convention, it is important to formulate the best conception of what the constitution ought to be, and as persistently as possible urge it upon the people. Enlightened friends of good government should see to it that their views are fully avowed. Indeed, a greater permanent gain may be secured by utilizing such an opportunity for educating public opinion, than by inducing the enactment of an ideal constitution too soon. In statesmanship, as in war, some victories are worse than barren, more disastrous than some defeats.

The people of the State of New York are now at liberty to choose for themselves a plan of organization subject only to the federal constitution. Some dreadfully wise persons assure us that we are not really free to choose in the matter at all, since constitutions are not made, but grow, and the social organism, like the animal, must, by what evolution makes it. But some of us are ambitious to count among the factors of this evolution, instead of leaving that interesting process to be worked for all it is worth by such other factors as monopolists and practical politicians. The laws of sociology may be as rigid as the laws of gravitation; but as we have other uses to make of the laws of gravitation than to sit down and cry "Kismet!" so we have other duties in respect to constitutions than to stand idly by while they evolve.

A New Party Wanted.

LOUISVILLE, Ky.—The people throughout this part of the country are ripe for a new party movement. They have become satisfied that they can expect no help or relief from the burdens that oppress them by appealing to either of the old political parties. I heard that on all sides during the last general election. Everything that I have and can go to help the work onward. I am spurred on by the misery and wretchedness that I see about me to do whatever is within my power to relieve it. W. H. RYAN.

THE PARTY IN OHIO.

CINCINNATI ORGANIZES ON THE NEW YORK PLAN.

The Clarendon Hall Platform of the Land for the People Adopted—An Enthusiastic Convention.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 18.—The United Labor party has made its formal entrance into the stormy politics of Ohio, and it starts with definite purpose and places itself squarely on the Clarendon hall platform, on which the great labor canvass of the New York workmen was made.

The convention met on the 16th inst. at Workmen's hall, and was called to order by Hugh Cavanaugh, master workman of district 48, K. of L.

After a brief but friendly contest A. C. Cosner, a Knight of Labor, was chosen chairman, and a committee on rules and business was appointed by the chair, after which the convention took a recess.

On reassembling the committee reported, first putting the question, "Shall there be a united labor party?" To this there was a unanimous response of aye.

The committee appointed for the purpose then reported the following

PLATFORM.

The delegates of the united labor party of Hamilton county, in conference assembled, make this declaration: Holding that the corruptions of government and the impoverishment of labor result from neglect of the self-evident truths proclaimed by the founders of this republic that all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with inalienable rights, we aim at the abolition of the system which permits men to pay their fellow-creatures for the use of God's gifts to all, and permit monopolists to deprive labor of natural opportunities for employment, thus filling the land with tramps and paupers and bringing about an unnatural competition which tends to reduce wages to starvation rates and to make the wealth producer the industrial slave of those who grow rich by him.

2. Holding, moreover, that the advantages arising from social growth and improvement belong to society at large, we aim at the abolition of the system which makes such beneficial inventions as the railroad and telegraph a means for the oppression of the people and the aggrandizement of an aristocracy of wealth and power. We declare our true purpose to be the maintenance of that sacred right of property which gives to every one an opportunity to employ his labor and security that he shall enjoy its fruits; to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, and the unscrupulous from robbing the honest, and to do for the equal benefit of all such things as can be better done by organized society than by individuals; and we aim at the abolition of all such things as are detrimental to the social advantages, either judicial, financial, industrial or political that are not equally shared by all others.

3. We further declare that a whole community, that should have full control of their own local affairs; that the procedure of our courts should be so simplified and reformed that the rich shall have no advantage over the poor; that the officers administering the police and peace-keeping assemblies should be stopped; that the laws for the safety and sanitary inspection of buildings should be enforced; that in public work the direct employment of labor should be preferred to the system which gives contractors opportunity to defraud the city while grinding their workmen, and that in public employment, equal pay should be accorded to equal work without distinction of sex.

4. We declare the crowding of so many of our people into narrow tenements at enormous rents while a large part of the area of the city is left idle and unused, to be a scandalous evil, and that to remedy this state of things all taxes on buildings and improvements should be abolished, so that no idle land shall be put upon the employment of labor in increasing the need of more and better dwellings, so that those who are now holding land vacant shall be compelled either to build on it themselves or to give it up to the land to be used for the benefit of the people.

5. We declare, furthermore, that the enormous value which the presence of 500,000 people gives to the land of this city belongs to the people of this city, and that it should not go to the enrichment of individuals and corporations, but should be taken in taxation and applied to the improvement and beautifying of the city, for the promotion of the health, education and recreation of its people, and to the providing of means of transit commensurate with the needs of this city. We also declare that existing means of transit should be left in the hands of the city, and that no new system of transit should be introduced without the consent of the people, and that the city should have full control of the transit system, and that the city should have full control of the transit system, and that the city should have full control of the transit system.

6. To clear the way for such reforms as are impossible without it we favor a constitutional convention, and since the ballot is the only method by which in our republic the redress of political and social grievances is to be sought, we especially call for such changes in our elective methods as shall secure the most direct and honest elections, discourage bribery and prevent intimidation.

7. And since in the coming most important municipal election individuals are permitted to join in a coalition and exploit the people whom they plunder, we call on all citizens who desire to secure the most direct and honest government to secure it, and to show for once that the will of the people may prevail even against the money and organization of banded spoilsmen.

The report was considered with great deliberation. The platform was read section by section, in both English and German, and each section voted on separately. The first, or "land plank," was adopted without debate. C. Griffiths, of the Twenty-first ward, when the second section was read, declared that it was unconstitutional.

Dr. A. S. Houghton, president of the Henry George club, replied that if the section was unconstitutional, it was only necessary to change the constitution. This was greeted with great laughter and applause. After the adoption in this manner of each section the platform as a whole was adopted unanimously by a rising vote.

During the session Dr. Houghton read the following dispatch:

New

THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

Published weekly at
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One year, \$2.50; six months, \$1.50; single copies, 5 cents.

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Contributions and letters on editorial matters should be addressed to THE EDITOR OF THE STANDARD, and all communications on business to the PUBLISHER OF THE STANDARD.

THE STANDARD wants an agent to secure subscriptions at every post office in the United States, to whom special terms will be given.

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Sample copies sent free on application.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1887.

In response to a number of letters asking us to open a subscription for Dr. McGlynn, we would say that any money sent us for this purpose will be acknowledged in these columns and turned over to Dr. McGlynn.

We trust that Michael Davitt's reception in Madison Square garden on Sunday will be worthy of the great cause he represents, of the workmen of New York, and of the man who raised the standard of "the land for the people" on the other side of the Atlantic.

RELIGION AND POLITICS.

Archbishop Corrigan has done his worst, and has done his worst in the worst possible way. Dr. McGlynn has been removed from the church he has built up, and from the people to whom he was the very ideal of all that a pastor ought to be; and the removal has been accompanied by circumstances calculated to scandalize the church, outrage the priest, irritate the congregation and disgust the general public. The statement in another column of how the chosen deputy of the archbishop took possession of the rectory and church of St. Stephen's shows as nothing else could the character of the man who claims to be not only the ecclesiastical, but the political, head of the Catholics of New York, and the kind of men he chooses for his counselors and instruments. No gentleman would have displaced a servant in the manner in which the Catholic archbishop of New York displaced the best loved priest in his diocese—the most prominent clergyman of the United States; and no "emergency man" could have displayed more vulgar brutality than was shown by the boor whom the archbishop picked out to evict the high-minded, gentlemanly priest who has incurred his enmity.

Father Donnelly, it is to be observed, is not merely a member of the archbishop's council, but he is one of the few "permanent pastors" of New York. That is to say, he is one of the few priests of New York whom the archbishop could not have ordered to St. Stephen's parish, while he is the very last priest in the city whom a politic if not a decent regard for the feelings of the clergy and parishioners of St. Stephen's would have suggested as the successor of Dr. McGlynn. He was evidently selected with his own free consent as a fit instrument for the purpose in view, and the manner in which he acted is capable of no other reasonable interpretation than as being prompted by a desire to irritate Dr. McGlynn by some word or deed that might be used to put him in a false light, and destroy the effect of the dignified silence he has observed.

In the last issue of THE STANDARD, I made, in an article to which I attached my signature, a statement that Archbishop Corrigan had in the last campaign endeavored through priests of his diocese to defeat the call for a constitutional convention. He has been quoted as saying to a *Herald* reporter that this statement was false, and to a *Tribune* reporter that it was ridiculous. Such denials are too vague to call for specific reply. But I am not in the habit of lightly making statements of this kind, and this statement I now reiterate. If Archbishop Corrigan sees fit to deny over his own signature the assertion I make over mine, and, in language which gives room for no equivocation, declares that he did not use his influence against the constitutional convention by communicating with priests of his diocese for that purpose, I will either give authority for my statement or publicly retract it.

In the meantime, as showing that interference in politics of this very kind is nothing new on the part of Archbishop Corrigan, it may be well to recall the fact that when bishop of Newark, some years ago, he sought in a similar way to influence the priests of his diocese to defeat an amendment to the constitution of New Jersey. Some of his priests were so scandalized and provoked by this political interference that, although they did not dare to do anything openly, they did put a press reporter in the way of obtaining and publishing Bishop Corrigan's confidential communication.

A sufficient answer to the chorus that THE STANDARD has ruined itself by "attacking the Catholic church," is given in the expression of Catholic opinion to be found in other columns of this paper and especially in the expressions called forth at the meetings of the St. Stephen's parishioners, and at the great meeting of Catholics held in the Cooper Institute on Monday night.

The truth is that not one word has been printed in THE STANDARD which any intelligent Catholic could construe into an attack on his church. Not one word has been said in disparagement of that church, or in contradiction of any of its doctrines. Nothing has been said that has not been already said in even stronger form by men who are regarded as the Catholic

church, and nothing has been said that is not recognized by free-minded Catholics as fully called for by the outrageous attempt to dictate in the name of a foreign authority the political course of American citizens.

But to those who have supposed that the Catholic church is a religion of mental slavery, and that every Catholic must hold himself bound to bow on every subject to ecclesiastical authority, the resolutions adopted and the sentiments expressed at these representative meetings will come like a revelation. There is not one point raised by THE STANDARD that has not thus found—not an echo, but a clear and independent assertion. Instead of bending in the dust before the political dictum of Archbishop Corrigan or the Roman propaganda, the great body of New York Catholics indignantly disclaim any ecclesiastical right to dictate their political course; and the notion that a Catholic priest is but a political puppet, who can be called to account by ecclesiastical authority for his action in American politics, is spurned by them with an intensity of indignation which shows that they feel it to be but a debasing slander upon their faith. There can be no mistaking the temper of the Cooper Institute meeting. That vast assemblage did not admit that Dr. McGlynn, as a Catholic priest, was bound to go to Rome to answer for his political opinions. Its clear and emphatic declaration was that Dr. McGlynn, as an American citizen, ought not to go to Rome; that while the priest is properly subject in things ecclesiastical to ecclesiastical authority, the American citizen, even though he may be a Catholic priest, is in things political subject to no higher authority than his own conscience.

In large part the daily papers have confounded the meeting of Catholics, held in the Cooper Union on Monday night with another meeting, not yet held, which has been called by the Central Labor union. The meeting on Monday night was not a labor meeting; it was a political meeting. It was a meeting of Catholic citizens. All the speakers were Catholics, and all were either Irishmen by birth or the sons of Irishmen. Those of other creeds who sought seats on the platform under a misapprehension as to the character of the meeting, were informed of its real nature, and asked to withdraw; and although there were doubtless some non-Catholics present in the audience, yet the concurrent testimony is that nine-tenths of it, at least, were Catholics, and Irish Catholics at that.

It was in the true sense a representative Catholic meeting—not representative, indeed, of the rich Catholics so dear to the archbishop, but of that great body of hard-working men and women who, out of their earnings, have built and maintained the Catholic churches and cathedrals and archiepiscopal palaces of the United States.

Some of the press endeavor to minimize the meaning of these popular demonstrations of Catholic opinion by speaking of them as loving tributes to Dr. McGlynn's long and faithful service as a pastor. They are this, but they are more. The deep love and admiration born of Dr. McGlynn's long and self-sacrificing career unquestionably give color, and to some extent intensity, to these demonstrations; but behind all that relates to the man lies a question of principle—a question on which the masses of American Catholics feel profoundly, and on which the Catholics of Ireland have several times during this generation expressed themselves in unmistakable terms. That question is, whether the Catholic church is a religious or a political institution. The protest which during the persecution of Dr. McGlynn has been held back only because of uncertainty as to what was really being done, and which now bursts forth on his deposition, is a protest against the assumption that to be a Catholic is to be a political bondman—is a declaration on the part of the Catholic masses for the political liberty of the Catholic priest. These men know their religion a great deal better than those editors of the daily press who have assumed to teach them what it is. They are quite capable of drawing a distinction between what they believe to be the divine element in their church and what they know to be the fallible, human element; between the priest as a minister of religion and the priest as a man; between the bishop as a pastor of souls and the bishop as a politician; and they resent the attempt of an archbishop to drag politics into religion as quickly and as intensely as they would the attempt of an Orangeman to drag religion into politics. The real feeling of the masses of American Catholics is well expressed in that sentiment of Daniel O'Connell's, quoted at the Cooper Institute meeting by Michael Clarke, an ardent, practical Catholic, and for many years a writer on that most Catholic paper, the *Dublin Nation*—a sentiment received with thunders of applause: "AS MUCH RELIGION AS YOU LIKE FROM ROME, BUT NO POLITICS."

THE COAL STRIKE.

The coal companies tried to reduce the wages of their dockmen to twenty cents an hour, about seven dollars a week. The men demanded twenty-five cents, or about nine dollars a week. Over this dispute a strike is in progress which threatens to deprive this community of a necessity of life. The men are peaceably disposed and willing to submit the difference to arbitration. The companies court violence and refuse arbitration.

Yet the men are guarded by police, threatened by a federal court, warned that soldiers will be called in, irritated by hoodlums transformed into deputy sheriffs, and menaced by an army of bloodthirsty ruffians under the command of a private detective. The water front is patrolled, boatmen are kept away from their property and separated from their families on board, commerce is interfered with, and industry in one vast branch is paralyzed.

Coal consumers are suffering, the men

are starving, and only the owners of coal stocks and the gamblers of the stock exchange are profiting by the general loss.

Such strikes as this are growing more frequent, more widespread and more menacing. And a most significant thing about them is that they are really war. When they do not result in actual bloodshed they bring upon the community sufferings and deprivations akin to those of war, and, as in a case of actual conflict between contending armies, the most widespread loss and suffering are inflicted upon those who are not parties to the strife. In some degree, in almost every strike, and in a large degree in all great strikes that effect transportation or the production of articles of industrial necessity, the strike is really of the nature of the bombardment of a city. Pressure is exerted more upon the community at large than upon the party it is really intended to coerce.

Yet what can workmen, conscious of bitter injustice, do? It is easy to insist upon the right of the individual to industrial freedom, and to repeat the truism that while every man is at perfect liberty to refrain from working upon terms that do not suit him, he is violating the equal liberty of others when he attempts in any way, individually or by combination, to prevent others from working.

As an abstract proposition this would be admitted by the very strongest trades unionist, for it is a self-evident truth. But this is only one side of the case. On the other side is the fact that great bodies of men find in combinations designed to prevent others from working, and in strikes which disarrange the whole business of the community, the only practicable way in which they can secure anything like respectful treatment and prevent wages from being forced down to the starvation point. On the one side is an abstract truth, on the other side is a vital necessity.

The fact is, that there is something more in these strikes than lawless workmen or grasping employers. They are blind struggles that have for their primary cause a great social injustice—they are superficial manifestations of a deep seated wrong. If all men were free to labor for themselves, then indeed would there be no excuse for combinations intended to force either employers or employed to terms. But when the mere laborer is helpless to employ himself, when the natural element and opportunity of labor is the exclusive property of an employing class, strikes, no matter at what cost to individuals and to society, become the only means by which the laborer can prevent himself from being crushed.

Let those who deprecate strikes consider the real cause of strikes. It is time. When a great city can in midwinter be brought within measurable distance of being cut off from a prime necessity of life, and when armies of private mercenaries guard factories and patrol wharves, it needs no prophet to foresee that the gravest social catastrophes are impending. The most dangerous classes in the world to-day are "the men of light and learning," the editors, professors, preachers, teachers and influential citizens, who are constantly proclaiming that our social adjustments are all that need be desired, and that every effort to induce the masses to think of possible social improvement is a menace to property, an invitation to anarchy. It is as true in the nineteenth century as it always was, that a society based on the denial of a fundamental human right cannot stand.

OUR CRIMINAL POLITICS.

The description given in last week's STANDARD of a raid on the state beer dives in "the Bend" showed that the police can suppress such dens when they wish to do so. The dives described last week, that were so vigorously raided by Capt. McCullagh, are largely kept by Italians and frequented by the lowest class of tramps and unnaturalized foreigners, many of them women. Hence they have no direct political influence, and present a fair field for those exhibitions of police activity by which "the finest" acquire the praise of the unthinking and ill-informed.

In an article printed in this issue another and very different attitude of the police toward such places is accurately described. In the Fourth and Sixth wards dives exist that are never raided. Though maintained in defiance of law they flaunt their invitations to vice before the eyes of the police without the fear of molestation. Why is this? The answer will be found in the facts set forth in the article referred to. The condition of their existence in defiance of law is that their keepers shall contribute toward the preservation in power of the men who now control our municipal politics, and who can appoint or dismiss policemen at their pleasure.

These facts may not be known to the self-elected "best people" who have heretofore claimed the sole right to direct all efforts for municipal reform. Such people have rarely attempted to go to the roots of the corruption about which they weakly complain. But the working people, who do understand the facts, and to whom alone the community can look for effective action, know all too well that the police of this city are the connecting link between the governing class and the criminal class, and they intend that that unnatural connection shall be broken.

The bosses of Tammany, county democracy and the republican machine understood very well the angry protest against police interference that marked last fall's canvass. They did not mistake it for the talk of anarchists. They knew that a blow was about to be struck at the most potent instrument of that corruption whereby bosses live, and they were thoroughly scared. They hastened to make outwardly respectable nominations to conciliate the few "reformers" who have so long posed as their opponents. The latter, governed by ignorance and class prejudice, eagerly caught at the bait, and in the name

of law and order and the salvation of society voted to continue the kind of boss rule that makes "Patty" Walsh warden of the Tombs and assures to the pestilent dive keeper police protection and political influence.

That the goody-goody will ever remedy this evil we have no hope; but that more virile men, bound together in a powerful and growing party, will drive the boss, the gambler and the dive keeper from our politics and confine the activity of the police to legitimate channels, we do believe.

NOT JOURNALISM.

Newspapers are private property, and their owners have a legal right to use them as agencies for gratifying their prejudices or displaying their ignorance. They have, however, no moral right to deceive and mislead their readers. This is precisely what they have done from the very beginning of the workmen's political movement in this city. It used to be the boast of more than one of these journals that whatever they said, or left unsaid, they at least printed the news. The *Herald* is the only one of the number that can now make such a claim, and it occasionally slips up. Most of them only print so much of the news as they think it best that their readers shall see.

This was illustrated in the failure of every morning newspaper in the city to print the full text of the platform adopted by the united labor party convention last week. Every line of that platform was news. There are many thousands of people in New York and its vicinity who sympathize with the new party, and who were something more than curious to know exactly what it said and left unsaid in that platform. Such people had to await the issue of the *Leader*, in the evening, before they could see the full platform. There are many other thousands of people who, though hostile to the new party, would read such a document eagerly, in order to criticize or denounce it. Many such people were deprived of the opportunity to see it. Others, in the country at large, equally interested in this declaration of principles, will never see it until this number of THE STANDARD reaches them. Yet, in the course of a few years, the very papers that now ignore this platform will hunt up the full text to put in their libraries as a more important reference document than the carefully preserved first platforms of the republican party will then be.

These papers belong to wealthy men and are edited to suit the owners. It is very natural that they should oppose the labor movement on their editorial pages, but they owe it even to their wealthiest patrons to keep them posted as to the movements of these dreaded workmen.

The attempt by the daily press to suppress the news concerning a great movement is silly. It may be politics, but it is not journalism.

DECREASE OF THE PUBLIC DEBT.

Sometimes the people are congratulated on the reduction of the national debt. Every one ought to be glad to have it decreased—gladder yet to have it wiped out. But has it, in fact, been decreased? In dollars, yes; but a debt in the last analysis is not measured by dollars; it is measured by products.

In this connection certain figures of the *Chicago Express* are of interest. In 1865, says that paper, eighteen million bales of cotton would have paid it all; now it would take thirty-five millions. Then twenty-five million tons of iron or eight hundred million bushels of wheat would take fifty per cent more of either products. If these figures be correct, the bondholders, after receiving back more than they lent, have a heavier mortgage on the people than ever.

Should we have another war, it would be better to borrow soldiers and draft wealth than, as in the last, to borrow wealth and draft soldiers.

PROF. E. L. YOUNG, who passed away this week, was a man not only of high attainments, but of warm and noble sympathies. The philosophy which he did so much to extend in this country was with him but the garb beneath which throbbed the heart of a crusader.

THE *Herald* points with pride to its real estate reports. As real estate reports they are admirable, but that they are "full of promise," as the *Herald* says, depends upon the point of view. On looking at one of them we find "an illustration of how secretly negotiations for land in advance of coming improvements are conducted." A whole block on Twelfth avenue was quietly bought up by Jersey railroad men who had advance information of contemplated improvements in that neighborhood. This illustration is full of promise to the railroad men, but how will it appear to tenants who have to pay ground rents based on the higher value which the improvements will give to this land?

THE account of a health department murder published last week, whatever excuse may be made for such frightful mistakes, calls attention to the fact that the department is ready to severely enforce provisions of the health laws which cruelly affect the poor, but very lax in prosecuting the owners and agents of tenement houses who do not comply with the demands of the law. Much of the blame for this tender behavior toward owners may belong to the attorney of the department. He does not bring suits either because the board of health is averse to them or his own opinion or convenience may deter him, but at bottom the cause of the inefficiency of the health department lies in the fact that it is run for political influence. The health laws were framed after counsel with citizens who knew the need of them. The board and its attorney ought to realize their duty to vigorously attempt enforcement. Let other responsibility be upon the lawmakers and the courts. Gen. Shaler has not yet been convicted of the serious charge against him, and it relates to malfeasance in another part of the public service; but he is notoriously incompetent as president. In fact, the whole board ought to be removed.

The rapid development of the iron industry in the south may send Pennsylvania to the

rear as an iron state. What a pity, from a protectionist standpoint, that the infant iron industry of Pennsylvania can't be protected by a high tariff against the south!

A SAVIOR of society named "Tom" Gould, whose sole title to distinction is his reputed ownership of a notorious "dive" in this city, was before Police Justice Murray last week, charged with a crime based upon his proprietorship of the place. The officer in making the arrest had asked an employe for the proprietor, and been directed to an inner room where he found Gould. This was proved before Justice Murray, together with the fact that Gould was the reputed owner of the den; but that fact, although it was his clear duty under the circumstances to hold the prisoner until more direct evidence was obtained, summarily discharged him. Police Justice Murray is the magistrate who in all strikes has been prompt to punish the slightest indiscretion of strikers. He, too, is a savior of society.

WE now know why some people are so anxious to spend the surplus in building harbor defenses. Ex-President F. H. Parker of the produce exchange says: "Were one of the irresistible war vessels of England, or France, or Italy, or even of one of the insignificant little powers to come against us, the produce exchange building would be the first object of attack." Perhaps it would be cheaper for the government to insure that building against war risks than to build forts in the harbor.

If the New York *Star* would explain the true inwardness of its opposition to the interstate commerce bill, it might be more interesting and exact than in its discussions of political economy.

ON the whole, Gov. Rusk of Wisconsin is to be admired. He makes no secret of his hostility to organized labor, as do most of its official enemies. Believing in saving society by violence, he used violence as soon as the shadow of an excuse appeared. Believing in subjugating the working classes by class laws, he frankly advises the legislature to enact such laws. His policy is as clean cut as that of the czar and as candidly declared.

DAY AND NIGHT.

A Bohemian Allegory Never Before Printed in English.

The Czechs are a people full of poetry. The following beautiful allegory of the hours has never been printed in English, though it is well worth it:

They sat together in the gloaming, Day and Night.

And Day said: "Four-and-twenty children? What wealth—what a blessing. How shall we share them? Twelve for me and you twelve. I am strong; but you, weak woman, would soon tire of so many. Hear me, wife! When summer comes I will take almost all. I love the wild brats. They shall have sunshine and warmth, flowers and fruit, and romp as they please. Afterward the rains and storm shall toss them and the thunder shake them. Sturdy boys! It will do no harm. Rather, it will make them strong."

Night made no answer. But when the sun mourned behind weeping clouds, and Father Day gloomily wrapped himself in a mantle of autumn fogs, and, unheeding, let fall one child after another, then Mother Night followed in his steps and gathered them up. And when winter came with darkness and chilling frost, her full robe sheltered the lost, and she carried with them from evening until morning.

Ingersoll on the Land Question.

Robert G. Ingersoll before Secular Union. No man should be allowed to own any land that he does not use. Everybody knows that I do not care whether he has thousands or millions. I have owned a great deal of land, but I know just as well as I know I am living that I should not be allowed to have it unless I use it. And why? Don't you know that if people could bottle the air they would? Don't you know that there would be an American air bottling association? And don't you know that they would allow thousands and millions to die for want of breath if they could not pay for air. I am not blaming anybody. I am just telling how it is. Now, the land belongs to the children of nature. Nature gives every babe that is born into this world. And what would you think of me, for instance, to-night, if I had invited you here—nobody had charged you anything, but you had been invited—and when you got here you had found one man pretending to occupy a hundred seats, another fifty, and another seventy-five, and thereupon you were compelled to stand up—what would you think of the invitation?

A Happy, Happy Jubilee.

London Democrat. The preparations for that great event, when for the fiftieth time her gracious majesty will shear the national sheep, go merrily and briskly on. Drudge, the toiler, and Fudge and Smudge, the toiler's proprietors, have been given gracious leave to rejoice together. The mayors of Great Britain cannot sleep of nights for thinking that her husband is to be made Sir Lickspittle Littlebrain. Oh, let us be joyful! Just to think that this stout, little, ancient dame has for half a century done the honor of taking our money! Does not France envy us that glorious privilege of the great and free? Does not Uncle Sam sigh to have the proud distinction of paying to some family a few millions of yearly dollars? Here is the cry with which the poor should greet the splendid occasion: "God bless your majesty; you and yours take the living of twenty thousand families, and we love you for it, we do." Somebody has suggested that our noble queen should celebrate her fiftieth birthday by giving a year's income to the unemployed. That is the gentleman, we fancy, who thought that the moon was lit with London gas.

The Poor Farmer.

HADLEY, Mass., Jan. 10.—If taxes were placed upon land values alone, what would be the effect upon poor farmers of a failure of crops? Suppose the failure, as it might be, caused in case of hail, flood or drought. Would farmers in close circumstances lose their homes?

[What happens in such extreme cases now? The only resource is a mortgage on the home, with all the misery that implies. Laying taxes on land values will not abolish hail, flood or drought; but it will so diminish the taxes of the poor farmer that in case of disaster he can more easily pay them than now, and out of the general fund raised from such a tax farmers may be justly insured against such unavoidable disasters.]

"Free and Independent."

There are about 3,000 workmen in the four big shops of the Champion Machine company, at Springfield, Ohio, all of whom have had to sign an "ironclad" pledge not to belong to any labor organization. A standing offer is posted on the walls to the effect that \$10 reward will be paid for the detection of any sympathizer with the labor movement, and over the door of one of the largest shops is the sign: "Free and independent workmen only employed." The Champion company is, of course, a staunch upholder of "protection to American labor."

For The Standard—Dedicated to Dr. McGlynn. How can we part from you, Soggarth Aroon—

While our hearts cling to you, Soggarth Aroon—
How can we say adieu
To one so pure and true?
Oh, if they only knew,
Soggarth Aroon,
How both the old and young,
Soggarth Aroon,
Often they praise sung,
Soggarth Aroon!
Who by the lonely bier
Dried the poor widow's tear,
And made the orphan share,
Soggarth Aroon,
What your big heart did give,
Soggarth Aroon!
God's suffering poor who live,
Soggarth Aroon,
In the foul tenement—
Hunger and sickness pent—
Always to them you went,
Soggarth Aroon!

With your purse open,
Soggarth Aroon,
Your cheering words spoken,
Soggarth Aroon,
You'd share the last crust with them;
Save them from strife and sin—
Dearest of holy men,
Soggarth Aroon!

DENIS DALY.

PENNED AND PICKED UP.

In New York a child may be law taken from its parents upon the finding of a single magistrate, whose judgment is not subject to review. The law is invoked only against the poor.

Having hanged John M. Wilson for murder, Pennsylvania now learns that he was incapable of committing murder. His brain exhibited marked evidence of insanity.

The "St. Andrew's coffee stand" is the latest illustration of the "grab-and-dole" type of religion.

Honest Paris Cabmen.

The honesty of the Parisian hackmen is proverbial. A short time since an employe of the Orleans Railway company was sent to the Bank of France with a sum of 370,000 francs, divided as follows: 200,000 in bills, 130,000 in gold and 40,000 in silver five-franc pieces. He took a cab, and, on arriving at the bank, picked up the bags of gold and silver and forgot the roll of bills in the cab. When he became aware of his carelessness the cab was nowhere to be seen. He went immediately to the commissaire, who had not taken the number of the cab, and, worse still, had had a violent dispute with the cabman. Consequently he gave up the diamond as lost. The next morning, however, the cabman drove up to his door, got down from his seat, and, without saying a word, handed him the lost necklace. The jeweler, almost crazy with joy, offered him a handsome recompense. "No," said the man, in a surly tone, and evidently remembering their quarrel of the day before, "Keep your money! I don't want anything from such a blackguard as you!"

Child Seized for Rent.

Some amusement has been occasioned by the pointing (seizing) of a cradle and child by the sheriff of Inverness, at the instance of Lord Macdonald, for rent due. The mother's statement is the opposite of humorous. She says: "When he was entering the house the sheriff rudely pushed me in before him. My baby, who is two months old, was sleeping in the cradle near the fire. The officer, when he went toward the fire, said: 'I will point the baby and the cradle.' He turned down the blanket that covered the infant's face, and said, 'Is it a boy or a girl?' and I replied that it was a lad. I really thought at this time the officer was in fun. I knew that the cradle and the child were mine, and I pointed, but I had not the remotest idea that a child could. Several people have spoken to me about the pointing, and asked me if it were true. I cannot read, and it is only to-day that I have learned from the inventory of articles pointed that my child is really entered at 6d. The conduct of the officer was savage, but I suppose that even if they remove our children we must remain quiet. You will see whether this child belongs to me or the landlord in a day or two." The father of the child was at the time in Inverness prison.

A Michael Davitt Irish World.

Four extra pages of the *Irish World*, this week are devoted to Davitt. Patrick Ford, its editor, has charge of the demonstration in honor of Mr. Davitt to be held in Madison Square garden, Sunday, and with his usual thoroughness precedes the event with giving this large share of his paper to a lengthy biography of the great leader, and quotations from his most celebrated utterances. The life of Michael Davitt reads like a tragic tale, and in this paper the most important incidents, from the time of the family eviction when he was a boy, through his prison career and the formation of the land league, until his last arrest in 1881, are pictured by fifteen strongly drawn illustrations; and two fine wood-cut portraits give evidence of the present vigor of the man who has the honor of being the father of the Irish land league. The paper should be read by all who have sympathy with the movement in Ireland for social and political reform, and who hold with the great leader that "rent for land under any circumstances, in good times or in bad times, is nothing more nor less than an unjust and immoral tax upon the industry of the people."

Looking Up Money.

O. W. Egges, in *Buffalo Express*. An expenditure of \$7,000 will look up \$10,000,000 for five days. The process is simply to arrange with five financial institutions to each loan \$2,000,000 for five days at 5 per cent. on government bonds as collateral, pay the interest in advance and fail to send the collateral. The whole amount is thus tied up! That is how men of comparatively moderate means could thimble the money market. A large operator like Gould, or Sage, with \$10,000,000 or more in bank, could send word to his cashier that he would require the amount of his deposit, and direct him not to lend it. That action would, of course, lock it up.

Arbor Day.

According to United States Forest Commissioner ex-Governor Thomas, the State of Nebraska has over 605,000,000 young trees, all of which have been set out on Arbor days. Arbor day originated in Nebraska under Governor Morton, and is now thirteen years old in that state. It is said that the custom of extensive tree planting every year was introduced by a German settler. The favorable climate of that state made his attempts so successful that his neighbors took it up and have since become general, resulting thirteen years ago in the establishment of a regular holiday. More than a dozen states have followed Nebraska's example, and there are vast areas formerly looked on as desert land which are now covered with trees.

THE WEEK.

The Tammany hall general committee for 1887 organized last week. The place of Judge Dugan as leader of the Tenth district has been taken by Charles Stockler, brother and partner of Judge Stockler. Senator John Cochran was made chairman. An idea of the character of the committee is afforded by the fact that Alderman Divver and Richard Croker were among the leaders most warmly applauded. Bourke Cochran offered resolutions advocating laws limiting profits on public franchises to a reasonable return upon the capital invested in their operation, and requiring any surplus to be paid into the public treasury. Tammany hall has adopted such resolutions before and filled them away. This time, however, a special committee has been appointed to urge upon the legislature the enactment of laws in accordance with the resolutions. Richard Croker, Bourke Cochran, Hugh J. Grant, Roger A. Fryer and Charles F. Allen are the eminent socialists who compose the committee.

Governor Livingston of Alaska is now on his way to Washington to ask that the territorial land laws be extended to Alaska. No title to realty can be had, and development of the country is almost totally precluded. Stopping at Chicago on Wednesday, he said that the opposition comes from the Alaska Commercial company; that while the officers disclaim this, he has found that whenever a proposition is brought before congress looking to the development of the country, some agent of the company is always present to oppose it.

Ex-Alderman McQuade was taken to Sing Sing on Monday and committed to the jail in the laundry. If he is efficient in cleaning linen as he was in defuncting politics, he will be a valuable acquisition to the prison.

In a recent address concerning necessary changes in our own state constitution, Simon Sterne, as showing the gross injustice done this city by Albany government, recalled the outrages perpetrated on this city by the railroad companies using the tunnel from Forty-second street to the Harlem river. In 1822 these companies agreed that if it was found necessary to build a viaduct they would do so at their own expense. Thirty years later it was determined that such a viaduct was necessary, and the board of aldermen of 1852 voted \$4,000,000 of the people's money for the work the companies had agreed to do at their own expense. The ordinance was vetoed, but the railway companies carried the matter to the senate, and a bill was promptly passed compelling the people of New York city to pay this \$4,000,000.

A syndicate of importers in this city claims to have obtained control of the world's present stock of Tunisian apricots. This announcement is made, however, that they will be merciful and advance the price of the fruit gradually from six cents until it reaches ten cents a pound. By that time it is believed that the stock will be so reduced that further governing will be unnecessary. Though the details of this conspiracy to advance the price of an article of food are thus paraded in the commercial papers, we have heard of no movement by the district attorney to prosecute the conspirators. When it comes to conspiracy as a legal offense, a great deal depends on who it is that conspires.

The assessor of taxes in Jersey city recently valued wines and poles of the Western Union Telegraph company in that city at \$100,000. The company objected and submitted an estimate of its own valuing the property at \$14,274. This sounds very accurate, but the Jersey city board of finance, after studying the valuation placed by the Western Union on such property when fixing the sum on which it must earn dividends, concluded that the assessor's value was substantially correct, and declined to allow the little reduction of \$85,725 claimed by the company.

The stockholders of the Lehigh Valley Railroad company were made glad at their annual meeting on Tuesday by a report showing that the coal carried last year exceeded by 100,000 tons that of 1885, which was previously the largest year. For the year 1886 were paid, there was a balance of \$425,250 to be carried to the credit of the company. There are many among the people who could get along very nicely in the business of carrying coal if it were not for the fact that the laborers who do the actual carrying are so unreasonable as to demand wages that will enable them to live decently and comfortably.

The secretary of the interior has requested the attorney-general to bring civil suit against Meekle Brothers, of St. Helens, Oregon, for the manufactured value of timber alleged to have been unlawfully cut on government lands in Columbia county, Oregon. It is asserted that this firm have cut and removed from Columbia county over 5,000,000 feet of fir, cedar and maple timber, board measure, valued at from \$5 to \$10 per thousand feet when manufactured into lumber, and \$5 per thousand in logs at the mill.

Last week 108 tons of pig iron from Birmingham, Ala., were shipped from Charleston for this city. This is the first shipment of iron ever made from Charleston, and it is thought to mark the beginning of competition with the Pennsylvania furnaces by the southern iron masters.

The discovery of gold in paying quantities is reported from Botetourt county, Virginia, on the line of the Shenandoah Valley road. Assays range from \$16 a ton on the surface to \$60 at a depth of fifteen feet. If the report is confirmed the papers say there will be a great rise in land values in that neighborhood. The idea that the discovery of gold offers opportunity to poor men to make themselves rich seems to have disappeared.

At the head of Lake Erie, between Put-in-Bay Islands and the Ohio and Michigan shores and for miles along the Canadian shore, the ice has been thick enough at times for teams to cross. The result is that probably 1,000 Canadians have been engaged in smuggling fine brandies, hops, wines, etc., into Toledo, and bringing back to Canada barbed wire, fencing, calico, etc. The United States revenue officers pay no attention to smuggling, for they say they are not a coast guard. It is said that in two successful trips a man makes as much money as a whole year's labor on a farm would bring in.

A number of wealthy men met together some time ago and after conference with the political bosses selected Edwin F. Filer as the republican candidate for mayor of Philadelphia. A number of other rich republicans who do not approve of this action have held several meetings recently, in which the democratic federal office-holders participated, to select an independent republican for mayor and a democrat for receiver of taxes. The republicans have accepted the nomination of the first mentioned saviors of society, but it remains to be seen whether the democrats will accept the proposal of the last mentioned set. Meanwhile the united labor party, having no candidate, will provide it with a candidate, will have to find one for itself. The labor party's convention will meet next Monday and the probability is that a full ticket will be nominated. J. J. Cummings, secretary of District Assembly No. 1, K. of L., is much talked of as the labor candidate for receiver of taxes.

The executive committee of the Philadelphia board of trade adopted on Monday

lutions opposing the long and short haul and anti-pooling clauses of the interstate commerce bill. This affords further evidence that organized business associations cannot be depended on to resist corporate aggression and tyranny.

At a late hour on Friday night of last week the interstate commerce bill passed the United States senate by a vote of 43 to 15. The adverse votes were cast by Senators Aldrich, Blair, Brown, Cameron, Chace, Cheney, Blair, Brown, Hammon, Hoar, Mahone, Mitchell (La.), Morrill, Payne, Platt and Wilson (Md.). The bill went back to the house and the conference committee's report upon it was presented on Saturday. Mr. Crisp of Georgia called up the bill on Monday, but as this excited the antagonism of the friends of the patent bill and the pension bills set down to follow this measure the house refused by a vote of 127 to 113 to take up the report. On Tuesday it was taken up and discussed and again on Thursday.

The New York World of last Sunday printed a sworn statement by Theophilus French, formerly United States auditor of accounts, from which it appeared that enormous sums of money have been from time to time appropriated by the Pacific railroad companies for secret purposes. Rather than publicly account to the government officers for these expenditures, the officers of the railways permitted these items to be disallowed though they were entitled to exemption from taxation on all legitimate expenses. Of these secret disbursements about \$700,000 were made by C. P. Huntington, and \$235,000 by Leland Stanford, now United States senator from California. Mr. Huntington makes light of the disclosure, says he is gratified to find that these expenses were no greater, and intimates that French tried to blackmail him by threatening to make this publication. The motives of French are of no importance so long as his figures are undisputed. It appears from the statement that over \$300,000 was thus secretly expended while the Thurman act was pending, and the presumption is reasonable that the expenditure was made in an effort to prevent the passage of that act. The World demands an investigation. Of course the papers controlled by railway capital say that this is all an old story, but none of them attempt to show how these secret funds were expended nor do they explain how subsidized railroads have a right to conceal their expenditures from the government. An investigation has, nevertheless, been ordered by the house.

The senate agreed last week to a conference report accepting the house proposition to increase the militia appropriation to \$400,000, instead of \$300,000. This is the measure against which the workmen protest.

Thirty-five senators went on record on Tuesday against the proposal of Mr. Eustis to forfeit absolutely the lands granted to the New Orleans, Baton Rouge and Vicksburg Railroad company in 1871, and now held by the New Orleans Pacific Railroad company. This is the famous Backbone land grant. The land was given to the Backbone company on condition that its road should be built within five years, the time expiring in 1876. Not a thing was ever done by the company toward constructing the road, but in 1881, ten years after the grant, the Backbone company assigned the unearned grant over to the New Orleans Pacific company, which built the road. During the discussion Mr. Eustis pointed out that the assignment to the Backbone road was illegal and void, because the road never complied with the conditions of the original grant, and so had no title to the land. The New Orleans Pacific, he said, had telegraphed to Washington that it could build the road without the land grant. Ex-Secretary of the Interior Teller repeated his old defense of the job. Mr. Eustis' motion to forfeit the grant was defeated by a vote of thirty-five to eleven. It is curious to note that the opposition to this scandalous job arose in the senate; not in the house; but this is probably because the house, as a whole, never understood it. As it was, Jay Gould's attorney, John F. Dillon, had little difficulty in getting it through the house. When it reached the senate, however, it was referred to a committee, and the matter stood there for four months. Three members of this committee, among them Senators Van Wyck and Morgan, protested vigorously against Secretary Teller's issuance of the patents to the land. Teller was in a fix, and for a long time did nothing but promise the New Orleans Pacific people that he would give them the lands. They waited and waited, and it was not till two days before the expiration of his term of office that Teller dared to sign (by proxy) the certificates, and then he did it only for a portion of the lands. If the New Orleans Pacific gets control of all the lands originally granted to the Backbone company they will have the power to demand payment from homestead settlers who settle on the lands after the expiration of the five years during which the Backbone company had done nothing to earn the lands, these settlers, of course, understanding that the lands had again reverted to the government. There is, it is true, some agreement by which these settlers will not be charged extortionate rates; but the fact remains that the results of the passage of this law will be but one degree removed from the atrocities of the Southern Pacific railway in California, where settlers were ruthlessly evicted after years of residence.

The superior court at Cincinnati on Monday affirmed the constitutionality of the Dow liquor law. The case will be appealed to the supreme court. As that body is now republican the decision will probably be sustained. The opinion of the court appears to depend on the party bias of a majority of the judges.

Cardinal Gibbons is writing a book on labor questions as they affect Catholic doctrine. He wishes to show that the church is not opposed to the advancement of the laboring class; that since the days of St. Peter it has been a true and steadfast friend of the toilers and at the same time has opposed anarchy and everything which would destroy society, and that the views presented in "Progress and Poverty" are mistaken ones. He will defend private property in land. This is what a correspondent of a journal understood the cardinal's secretary to say. So far he is possibly correct in reporting the secretary. He proceeds to give further information where there is some misunderstanding on the part of somebody. The doctrine of infallibility is said to be used in support of the cardinal's views. Intelligent Catholics must have smiled on reading this. The cardinal will never try to use what is the buttress of matters of faith in settling forth and defending his opinions and reasonings in political science, and it is hardly conceivable that his secretary could have said anything of the kind. The report gives a hint of how the cardinal really will use the doctrine of infallibility in quoting a remark of the secretary that "Liberty of thought is well enough in non-essentials, but when it comes to the essential beliefs that make up a religion there must be unanimity of opinion." The cardinal's admiration for Dr. McGlynn personally was expressed when his name was mentioned. The book will fiercely denounce nihilism, and will maintain the importance of church discipline. It is promised to be ready for the press by next summer.

The New York senatorial contest terminated on Wednesday night by the withdrawal of Mr. Morton and the nomination of Frank Hiscock. The battle between the money bags of the New York bankers and the wood-pulp statesman was a drawn one and the result is gratifying to that extent. Hiscock is a man

of ability, whose claims to political preferment do not rest solely on his pocketbook.

The hot contests in Indiana and New Jersey were uneventful up to Thursday morning, and both sides are fighting unscrupulously for an advantage. In California the contest is still unsettled, but it is an auction in which it seems probable that Hearst's purse will win.

M. S. Quay, a typical boss, has been elected senator in Pennsylvania; the dull Dawes has been re-elected in Massachusetts; Eugene Hale in Maine and George Gray in Delaware have been re-elected, and Charles B. Farwell, the millionaire who wants Chicago to be governed by United States troops, has been elected as Logan's successor by the Illinois republicans. The only ray of hope for the people in all of the elections is seen in Nebraska, where, at this writing, Van Wyck's chances for re-election appear to be improved.

The facts about the democratic squabble in the New Jersey legislature are as follows: Wolverton, a candidate for speaker, was openly encouraged but secretly opposed by Gov. Abbott and the Hudson county ring. Wolverton submitted to his defeat in caucus with good grace, but when it developed that Hudson county was manipulating the caucus so as to get about three-quarters of the patronage, and that Wolverton's congressional district was to be entirely ignored, that member, with two colleagues from the proscribed district, retired from the caucus, and meeting with the republicans and labor men organized the house by electing a democratic speaker, a labor clerk and a republican reading clerk.

Three governors were installed in office on Monday, Beaver, of Pennsylvania, Green, of New Jersey, and Biggs, of Delaware. There was a great show at Harrisburg, but in New Jersey and Delaware the proceedings were quiet.

Governor Green, in his inaugural address, insisted on the protection of honest workingmen from competition with contract convict labor. He recommends the submission to the people of the question of calling a constitutional convention. While in favor of exempting from taxation so much of the property of religious and educational institutions as may be necessary to their successful operation, he thinks that corporations and individuals owning property for use, enjoyment, speculation or profit, should bear a just share of governmental expense.

The attempt in Pennsylvania to bring the railway and coal combinations to terms has come to an end for the time being. On Saturday Attorney-General Cassidy notified the examiners that he would produce no more testimony in view of the fact that his term would expire on Monday. The testimony already taken will be turned over to the new attorney-general, who will decide whether the proceedings shall continue.

There is a very bitter feeling among English Tories on account of the death of Lord Iddlesleigh. Some of them seem disposed to hold Salisbury and Churchill morally guilty of murdering the old gentleman, and even among moderate men the opinion prevails that between the aggressiveness of Churchill and the yielding of Salisbury, Iddlesleigh was worked up into a condition of excitement that caused his death. On the other hand, a son of the deceased earl has publicly declared that he was on the best of terms with Churchill, and that his persuasions induced the young lord to remain in the cabinet longer than he would otherwise have done. The incident is important as showing the exceeding bitterness of the quarrel within the Tory ranks.

The bitterest of Lord Randolph Churchill's Tory foes are eagerly circulating a report that he proposes to go over to Gladstone. Whatever effect this might have on the fortunes of the party the old moss-back Tories would be glad to see this bid of the obstreperous youngster.

Stanley has had quite an ovation in London on the eve of his departure for Africa to recover Emin Pasha, captured by the savages. Unattractive as one would suppose such an expedition to be, Stanley has been overwhelmed with applications for positions on his staff.

While the strife of parties excites England the condition of Ireland grows steadily worse. The rack renting landlords appear to be having their time in many districts, and the cruelly attacking the evictions is atrocious. At Glenbeigh last week a farmer's wife, soon to become a mother, was dragged from her bed and laid fainting on the ground, surrounded by soldiers who were loading their rifles at the time—a mother who begged in vain for shelter for her dying infant and protected it from cold by covering it with straw in a pigsty. The evicted people were huddled together in town, while the soldiers burned their cottages lest they should return. This is the work of so-called Christians who are asserting what they call their rights of property. It is refreshing to hear that one buxom young woman knocked down a bailiff with a shovel, and the wonder is that the sordid brutes who execute such orders for hire are not more frequently assaulted by their desperate and maddened victims.

There is, however, more or less passive resistance, and occasionally active opposition to the progress of the brutal war. A force of 150 policemen and bailiffs went recently to evict the occupants of nine houses in Coomshingaun, a wild glen in Kerry. The peasantry removed the bridge over a stream near the glen, and the police made a wide detour to avoid the wetting of their feet. The peasant women laughed at the trouble they had caused the police, and carried the reporters and others friendly to the tenants on their backs across the stream that the police had feared to wade. The work of eviction was done with fixed bayonets amidst the groans of the people, the dwellings being leveled by crowbars, since the government has forbidden any further burning of the houses.

In Cahoonish, county Limerick, on Tuesday of this week a more exciting scene occurred. Edmund O'Grady, a tenant on the Gabbett estate, barricaded his house against an attack by a force of 180 policemen and bailiffs. O'Grady and twenty of his friends went to the upper story of his house and cut away the stairway behind them. The evicting party stormed the house with bayonets and faneled ladders, and scaling ladders were placed against the walls. A three hours' fight ensued, the besieged hurling the ladders to the ground and pouring boiling water on the ground and attempting to climb them. Meanwhile crowds of people cheered the defenders, and for this the crowd was vigorously clubbed by the police. The evictors were finally successful, but quite a number on both sides were injured in the affray.

The one hopeful event of last week was the surrender of Lord Dillon to the plan of campaign. He showed fight at the beginning, but finally surrendered to no less a person than Mr. O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*. Lord Dillon consented to give twenty per cent reduction of rent to his tenants, to pay the cost of the writs he had issued while in his fighting mood, and to reinstate the tenants he had evicted. The surrender seems to have been as complete as it could have been made, and singularly enough, it is currently reported that Lord Dillon was urged by the government to make it. The trustees have promptly paid over a large instalment of the delayed rents and guaranteed the speedy payment of the remainder. The landlord thus gets a large

sum of money, and the tenants secure a reduction of \$35,000 in rents beside the prospect of freedom from eviction and strife.

The thought that the government is urging such surrenders by landlords infuriates the Tory squires and rack renting landlords in Ireland. They are all the more indignant because their attempt to maintain their position by their own efforts is manifestly breaking down. Their organization, the property defense association, is on the verge of bankruptcy, and Lord Courtown, its secretary, has just made a dismal report of its condition, accompanied by an urgent appeal for funds. It collected \$2,000 last year and spent \$10,000. Lord Courtown declares that the landlords must stand together, since a landlord against whom the plan of campaign is laid is practically powerless, because his rents are impounded and he is penniless. This is probably the highest testimonial as to the efficiency of the plan yet offered.

Bismarck's imperious demand that the German reichstag should grant army supplies for seven years instead of three years was refused, and the shorter term fixed by a vote of 186 to 154. Prince Bismarck immediately read an imperial message dissolving the reichstag. The announcement of the defeat of the government was enthusiastically received by large crowds assembled in the neighborhood of the parliament buildings. The dissolution was generally anticipated, and active preparations are making for the new election. The number of seats likely to be severely contested is fifty. Of these thirty-six are held by progressists and fourteen by the center party. All of the other seats are supposed to be firmly held by the parties now in possession of them. Of these fifty doubtful seats the government must gain at least seventeen if it is to overcome the majority of thirty-two against it on the vote of Friday week. The thoroughly arbitrary character of Bismarck's government is shown by the declaration that whatever the result of the coming elections the government will adhere to its policy.

All Germans who believe in parliamentary government regard the crisis as a grave one. Herr Windthorst said last Saturday, "The situation is one of the gravest the German empire has ever seen, for the army and the parliament are at issue. . . . Suppose the next reichstag thinks as the last did, what will happen? Will it be dissolved? If so, what next, and next?"

The French are still talking of war and are beginning to boast in advance of what they will do with conquered Germany. The governing class is evidently animated by a rooted hatred for the new empire that grows no less acrid by the lapse of time. Bismarck was evidently right when he declared France intends, if she can, to bleed Germany white, and so long as this condition of feeling continues that war to the knife, for which both nations are preparing, is only a question of time. The poor wretches on both sides who will be shot to death in a contest that will profit neither people are now spurred by "patriotism" to urge on the contest.

A banquet was given in Paris last Saturday to celebrate the capture of Yorktown from the British, at which the usual gushing speeches of fraternal feeling were indulged in. There was a military flavor about the speeches and no allusion was made to the growth of that true fraternal feeling that is beginning to unite the working people of all nations in sympathy and purpose.

Turkey and Bulgaria still occupy considerable attention in Europe, but they really amount to so little, and their movements are so slow, that they are deserving of no special attention. Bulgaria was of importance as a bone of contention that might become the pretext for a general war, but the little country appears to have lost even that distinction; and if the great powers fight they will do so because they feel ready. Then they need not seek a pretext. They all know how to make one.

An English Greeting.

I am delighted to learn that you are going to raise your STANDARD weekly in New York. In this fine old country, after suffering 600 years of martyrdom, the people are beginning to act in a manner which will checkmate their oppressors.

All now recognize the obvious principle that it is better for the people to suffer before paying urgent rents rather than after. You know how many millions of our people have paid such rents in November and died of starvation in February.

This they will no longer do. The "plan of campaign" in Ireland is a plan of self-defense. It is a plan to have meekly and bravely handed over to idle and useless landlords the money necessary to keep wives and children from starvation.

To the crofters in Scotland, whose rents have been trebled; to the small working farmers in England, who are charged three times as much rent as a "gentleman" farmer pays, as well as to the rich tenants, this plan of campaign will give the success of deliverance.

It will paralyze the policy of their politicians, who propose to saddle the British taxpayer with a debt of a thousand millions of dollars for buying Irish land, which would be followed by a claim ten times larger for buying English land.

It is now a race between fraud and justice. The question is whether the British landlord will be able to exchange land claims for gold coins before the British people discover the imposition which is attempted. As the cause of truth and justice is one all the world over, we heartily rejoice at your progress in the battle against robbery which is the cause of poverty.

Yours truly, WILLIAM SACSDEMS, Mount View, Streatham, London.

A Prayer for Landlords.

The following prayer was offered in the Episcopal churches in England until the end of Edward VI's reign, when landlordism became dominant in the church, it was stricken out of the prayer book: "The earth is thine, O Lord, and all that is contained therein; notwithstanding thou hast given the possession thereof to the children of men, to pass over the time of their short pilgrimage in this vale of misery. We heartily pray thee to send thy holy spirit into the hearts of those that possess the grounds, pastures and dwelling places of the earth, that they, remembering themselves to be thy tenants, may not rack or stretch out the rents of their houses and lands; nor yet take unreasonable fines and incomes, after the manner of covetous worldlings; but so let them out to others that the inhabitants thereof may be able both to pay their rents, and also honestly to live, to nourish their families and to relieve the poor. Give them grace also to consider that they are but strangers and pilgrims in this world, having here no dwelling-place, but seeking one to come; that they, remembering the short continuance of their lives, may be content with what is sufficient, and not join house to house, nor couple land to land, to the impoverishment of others; but so behave themselves in letting out their tenements, lands and pastures, that after this life they may be received into everlasting dwelling-places, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Opinions Differ.

Laws cannot abolish poverty.—New York Tribune.

Laws can abolish monopoly, and when this is done there will be no poverty to abolish.—Chicago Express.

There is no doubt in my mind but a nation may be legislated into prosperity or adversity.—Thomas Jefferson.

MALIGNANT FALSEHOOD.

The Dear Ones Must Be Comforted Though the Cost Be Flesh and Blood.

While walking toward my office one morning recently, I was arrested by a tapping upon the window of a store I was passing. It was the signal of a friend, who beckoned to me and who, running out, begged me to step into his store and explain something of great interest. As he was a man to whom I would gladly give a few moments of the busiest day, I entered without hesitation.

Lifting from his office desk a large, flat, oblong package, he removed its wrapper and held up before my eyes a handsome photograph of his family, prettily grouped together and excellently pictured. He watched me narrowly to mark the first impression that the surprise would make upon me, but failed to detect in my face signs of any emotion save intense pleasure. Knowing the members of his family intimately as I did, and suddenly seeing them before me in a presentment so nearly lifelike that they almost seemed able to throw off the stiffness of their attitudes and give me the hearty welcome with which they had always greeted me, I was filled with a keen delight that showed itself in my countenance and flowed out from me in the warm words that I uttered. As I spoke of the different members of the well-known group, calling them by name and pointing out in each face the expression of some characteristic and lovable trait, the infection of my enthusiasm caught my friend. His cheeks glowed, his eyes glistened, and as he responded to my words of admiration his voice trembled with the intensity of his feeling. And after clasping his hand warmly I left him standing there, looking fondly at the faces he loved so well, and totally lost to his environment.

My friend's family is well worthy of a hearty warmest affection, and his whole life is devoted to his loved ones. All his days are passed in planning and working in order to be able to give them healthful and luxurious surroundings. Not long ago he told me that he would live no longer in the city, as he deemed the atmosphere poisonous to his children. Neither was the city large enough to enable him to keep his family away from contaminating associations. So he took his people out to a pleasant suburban spot, where pure mountain air and wholesome country food colored the young cheeks with healthful ruddiness, and gave renewed elasticity to the footsteps of the beloved wife, whose gait had acquired something of lassitude. There I visited him and enjoyed for a while the delights of country life, romping with the children and strolling about with my friend as he extolled the advantages that his family had gained by removal. Never does he regret the resolution that led him to take his family away from the city, although his new home is so far from his place of business that in the journeys to and fro fifty miles must be traveled every day. Willingly he suffers inconvenience for the sake of his children, for he loves his family. He cares for them and for them alone. Indeed, such is the love that he bears toward them that he unhesitatingly causes others to suffer misery that his own family may live sumptuously. In his great factory he employs men and women to work for him, and he pays them the market worth of their labor. The difference between the amount of wages that he thus pays out and the amount of wages that he would pay out if his payroll were made up by a schedule based upon humanitarianism, is a sum large enough to purchase for his family their enviable surroundings; and by thus profiting by the condition of the labor market my friend virtually rivets upon the lives of his employees fetters that bind them relentlessly to the precincts of squalor and fetid poverty.

Thus my friend fulfills the duties of a parent; unalterable in his determination to put forth his utmost exertion to provide his family with the very best of things temporal, of things moral and things spiritual. He surrounds his children with whatever is calculated to impress them with worthy and noble emotions. He leads them in pathways bordered with suggestions of the love and majesty of an Almighty Heavenly Father. That they may learn to worship Him with a reverence and devotion that are His due, he takes them to a sanctuary where worshippers offer up petitions only in the most reverential attitude; where God's commandments are read aloud with impressive solemnity; and where the members of the congregation pray in unison that their hearts may be inclined to keep those holy laws. In his richly upholstered pew my friend listens while the clergyman intones: "Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Note the fervor with which he leads the response of his family: "Lord have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law." He is determined to have his heart thus inclined; he will have it so. He is bent upon remembering the Sabbath day and upon keeping it holy in a richly upholstered church pew, even though his determination forces him to men to work all of that very day that from their labor he may get the wherewithal to pay the rental of his pew. He is the stockholder of a railroad company that coins money on the Sabbath day while he is worshipping.

Thus my friend stands at the head of his little family; thus he shows his protective love. Ever on the alert he is to guard the interests of his family, and employing all his energies that his children may be suitably and sumptuously fed, clothed and envied. Pushing all his business transactions with a determination to outwit and circumvent his competitors, and increase his own substance thereby; never permitting any obstacle to stand between himself and the accomplishment of his designs. Even though that obstacle should be a thing of human flesh and blood, he would strike it down without hesitation or compunction. Last summer, when the Knights of Labor were arrayed to uphold and defend their principles, this friend said to me that they ought to be shot. "Yes, sir," he reiterated, "the Knights of Labor ought to be shot. My voice is for their extermination; they are hurting my business." A giant fortress is my friend, giving secure shelter to a few human beings by ramparts which send forth menace and harm to all the rest of mankind.

And yet, oh friend, there is a more protective fatherhood than thine within the limits of human possibility; a more profitable business method; a truer form of worship. A fatherhood that is enlightened by the knowledge that to love our neighbor is the only certain method of self-protection, and that is impressed with the belief that youthful hearts should be taught this truth by precept and by example. A fatherhood that carries with it a recognition of the principle that the home circle is a training school that should provide the community with upholders of law and order; upholders of the law of Christ, without the observance of which there can be no order nor safety of property. A business method which, raising wages to the full produce of labor, to the equivalent of the entire yield that arises by the exertion of personal energies, sends into the markets those renowned liberal spenders, the wage earners, with an increased purchasing power that develops existing opportunities of commerce, and starts a business in every form of trade and industrial center, rolling up the wealth of the community with a rapidity unprecedented, and imbuing all members of society with a spirit of thrift and content, and with all those virtues that are the concomitants of honorable employment. A form of worship that dedicates to the service of God that temple not made with hands, the human body. A manner of worship that reads the declaration of the glory of God in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth; a manner of worship that ever seeks for a sign of God's love and provi-

dence in all surrounding nature; that seeks to find in nature her highest revelation by unfettering nature's responsive powers, by bringing the whole earth into use and cultivation; thus hastening the day when, instead of the thorn, shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

F. P. WILLIAMS.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Ex-Judge Noah Davis proposes to modify the law for imprisoning debtors so as to enable the debtor to demand an immediate examination before a committing magistrate as to the fraud alleged against him. Better the penal law. The punishment of crime should never be left to the caprice, cupidity or discretion of creditors of the alleged criminal.

President Thompson of the Broadway railroad refused to increase wages to \$2.25 a day, telling the carriers that the whole of the law to the fraud alleged against him. Better the penal law. The punishment of crime should never be left to the caprice, cupidity or discretion of creditors of the alleged criminal.

Charles B. Farwell, the senator-elect from Illinois to succeed Logan, affords an illustration of what industry and perseverance can do. In 1845, when a poor clerk in Chicago, he bought for \$300, on credit, a piece of land which is now worth \$50,000. By persevering industriously in similar laborious and productive enterprises he reached a point of wealth that enabled him to contract to build the Texas capital at a cost of \$2,000,000, for which he received a slice of Texas five times larger than Rhode Island and worth over \$10,000,000. Having meantime devoted his leisure to the game of draw poker, in which he is rated excellent, he was well qualified for the senate. Let no poor boy despair while the example of Senator Farwell is before him.

Mr. Huntington says he has built some railroads and will build others. It usually takes more than one man to build a railroad.

Gov. Hill's presidential strength is evidently waxing from the way democratic newspapers of Cleveland tendencies are slyly attacking him.

John A. Ellsler, the veteran actor, and father of Effie Ellsler, will in July next retire from the stage.

Joe Jefferson has written his memoirs. They are still in manuscript, but a friend who has seen them says that the veteran actor writes as charmingly as he talks.

John W. Keller, author of "Tangled Lives," began his literary career as a reporter for Truth.

Ex-Congressman C. B. Farwell, who is supported by the stronger elements of both parties for Gen. Logan's vacant seat in the senate, enjoys the reputation of being the best poker-player in Chicago. He will feel at home in Washington, and, gauged by regular political standards, is the best man to elect.

Lloyd S. Bryce, the mayor's nephew, and "Fatty" Walsh's congressman, prepared for his congressional career with a big sleighing party, luncheon and frolic at Jerome park. His constituency consisted, according to the *Star*, of "a lot of pretty women and heavy swells." Mr. Bryce is done for the present with the other extreme of "society savers."

At the Citizens' West Side Improvement association's meeting Monday night Dwight H. Olmstead, a well-known real estate lawyer, congratulated the assemblage on the fact that west side lots worth only \$5,000 three years ago are worth from \$15,000 to \$20,000 now. Mr. Olmstead did not explain how the owners of those lots are morally entitled to the difference.

Sergt. Ballantyne, the famous English barister, is dead. He was seventy-four years old, and had been at the bar fifty-two years. He was counsel for the Tichborne claimant and prosecuted Mayor O'Sullivan of Cork. In 1875, in India, he defended the galkwar of Baroda, accused of attempting to poison the British resident. For this service, in which he was successful, the sergeant received \$50,000. In 1883 Sergt. Ballantyne visited the United States.

Lillie Devereaux Blake has prepared a bill abolishing the death penalty when the convict is a woman. Without raising the question of capital punishment in general, Mrs. Blake, like Helen Newton, is opposed to execution without representation.

Every radical and worker in the cause of justice will be pleased to hear that the bride of Michael Davitt is young, pretty and accomplished. She is graceful, slender and statuesque, with dark hair and dark expressive eyes, a lady of large heart and broad mind, who will be a helpmate to the great Irishman.

By request Dr. Montague R. Leveson redelivered his lecture on the "Constitutional convention and its work" Tuesday evening, Jan. 18, at the Workmen's library, to an appreciative audience.

Senator Joseph E. Brown of Georgia, it is said, will retire from the senate at the expiration of his present term. He was elected on account of his wealth.

Elizabeth Rodgers, master workman of district 24, K. of L. of Chicago, is 59 years old, has had twelve children, of whom nine are living; and the youngest, a babe, is a K. of L. Besides having great administrative ability Mrs. Rodgers is a graceful and efficient presiding officer.

Montague R. Leveson, Ph. D., of New York, has issued a pamphlet on scientific legislation intended to prove it practical. To illustrate his position, Dr. Leveson embodies two legislative measures, one providing for the nomination of delegates to a constitutional convention, and the other for their election. The system of election adopts the plan of proportional representation. Nominations may be made by any voter to the secretary of state, who publishes the names of the nominees. When one thousand voters name the same man he becomes a candidate for election. The pamphlet is well worth the consideration of legislators, college directors and law schools.

PRESS OPINIONS.

The law which forbids women to vote is without a redeeming feature. Is it not ridiculous to have a queen in England and in Spain dabbled in politics, while the queens of America have no voice in their country.—[Catholic Herald.]

The coal monopoly having killed competition in fuel, now wishes to encourage competition in labor till it can hire men at as near starvation wages as will serve to keep soul and body together.—[New York World.]

The land question has

HUNTED TO DEATH.

A "land war" similar to that of Ireland is now going on in the Scottish island of Skye, and Sheriff Ivory of Invernesshire, supported by a body of policemen from the mainland, are endeavoring to suppress the crofters by force, or, in Scotch law phrase, "quodammodo" their little efforts. The following poem, which we take from the Glasgow Herald, is founded on the case of Evan McLean, a crofter, whose little croft was "pounded" for arrears in parish rates. The shock affected the poor man that he raved day and night until death came on him in his sufferings. The ballad is indicative of the new spirit ruling in Scotland.

In this boasted nineteenth century age,
The poor crofters' earth is fair;
Let me tell you the tale of a crofter
Who was hunted to death by law:
A poor, but honest crofter,
Born and bred in the Isle of Skye,
Hunted down like a thief on his bed of death,
And forced like a dog to die.

For what? For arrears of taxes!
He had fallen behind two pounds;
He was poor, and unable to pay them,
So they loosed on him Law's sloughy hounds.
He was ill—oh, so ill—he was dying,
Broken down in the battle of life;
What of that? Drag the bed from beneath him
And his starving children and wife.

He was only a wretched crofter,
And he owed the parish a debt;
Twas small, but that was his crime, sir—
The worse that it could be met
By summons, nor poundings, nor seizures;
He was poor—he was honestly poor;
He had been but a gentleman bankrupt
Had been perfectly safe and secure.

For debt, with a poor man, is debt, sir;
The smaller the greater the crime.
Work early, work late, work unceasing,
Child and smuggle'd over with gasses and crime;
Dig the soil, plant the harvest for others,
That rich folks may fatten in bed,
Back to bed and soul in Toll's galleys,
For what? scarce a pittance of bread!

And if, in the fight for existence,
You drop like a dog on the road,
Don't think of aught less than a prison
In this land of the Christian God!
If you merely swindle in thousands,
You may safely whistle and dance,
But drop dead-beat on your worn-out feet,
You haven't a ghost of a chance.

But the story: Well, Evan McLean, sir,
Was a crofter, as I have said,
Who worked hard till illness beset him,
And left him, a wreck, in his bed;
Stricken down—oh, the pathos was in it—
Helpless, breadless, and famished of face,
With nothing to hope for, to think of,
But the prison's grim iron embrace!

For the high and the mighty Sir Sheriff
Had pounced his little all—
The signs of this poor and hovel
Into which scarce a dog would crawl;
Where a family of famished children,
And a wife who nursed him well,
Saw a poor man dying of horror,
For fear of a prison cell.

For the hounds of the law were round him,
Were tearing his flesh away,
Till he cried, in the wilderness of fever,
For mercy, day by day:
They for what, say Heaven!
If a man is dying for bread,
Can the word of a paltry sheriff
From under him drag the bed?

It could; and it would have done it,
With a grim and daring grip;
But the mercy of Heaven stepped in between,
And gave Law's hounds the slip.
On their way to seize their victim,
His coffin'd corpse they met;
They had hunted him down to death, sir,
For his two-pound parish debt!

Twas his law; but sometimes, in mercy,
His mandate must be refused;
Man's heart, in its highest moments,
Is grander than law allowed.
And mark this, Sheriff Ivory,
If the choice were mine and thine,
I would not have had your job, sir,
For the wealth of Golconda's mine.

Dream on, false Wealth and Power,
On your couches of softest down,
While the cry of God's starv'd millions
Surges up from croft and town;
But the justice of democracy
Will some day soon arise
And strike the rods from your cruel hands,
And the scales from your blinded eyes.

THE BISHOP AND THE OUTCAST.
From the French of Victor Hugo.

An hour before sunset, on the evening of a day in the beginning of October, 1815, a man traveling alone entered the little town of D— The few persons who at this time were at their windows or their doors, regarded this traveler with a sort of distrust. It would have been hard to find a passer-by more wretched in appearance. He was a man of middle height, stout and hardy, in the strength of maturity; he might have been forty-six or seven. A slouched leather cap half hid his face, bronzed by the sun and wind and dripping with sweat. His shaggy beard was seen through the coarse yellow shirt which at the neck was fastened by a small silver anchor; he wore a cravat twisted like a rope; coarse blue trousers, worn and shabby, white on one knee, and with holes in the other; an old ragged grey blouse, patched on one side with a piece of green cloth sewed with twine; upon his back was a well-filled knapsack, strongly buckled and quite new; in his hand he carried an enormous knotted stick; his stockings were in shreds; his hair was cropped and his beard long.

The sweat, the heat, his long walk and the dust added an indescribable meanness to his tattered appearance. His hair was short, but bristly, for it had begun to grow a little, and seemingly had not been cut for some time. Nobody knew him; he was evidently a traveler. Whence had he come? From the south—perhaps from the sea; for he was making his entrance into D— by the same road by which, seven months before, the Emperor Napoleon went from Cannes to Paris. This man must have walked all day long, for he appeared very weary. Some women of the old city which is at the lower part of the town, had seen him stop under the trees of the boulevard Gassendi, and drink at the fountain which is at the end of the promenade. He must have been very thirsty, for some children who followed him, saw him stop at two hundred steps further on and drink again at the fountain in the market place.

When he reached the corner of the Rue Pochevert he turned to the left and went toward the mayor's office. He went in, and a quarter of an hour afterward he came out. The man raised his cap humbly and saluted a gentleman who was seated near the door, upon the stone bench which Gen. Drouot mounted on the 4th of March, to read to the terrified inhabitants of D— the proclamation of the Gde. Jean.

Without returning his salutation, the gentleman looked at him attentively, watched him for some distance and then went into the city hall.

There was then in D— a good inn, called Jacques Labarre. Its host was named Jacques Labarre, a man held in some consideration in the town on account of his relationship with another Labarre, who kept an inn at Grenoble, called Trois Dauphins, and who had served in the guides.

The traveler turned his steps toward this inn, which was the best in the place, and went at once into the kitchen, which opened out of the street. All the ranges were fuming, and a great fire was burning briskly in the chimney place. Mine host, who was at the same time head cook, was going from the fireplace to the sautepans, very busy superintending an excellent dinner for some wagoners, who were laughing and talking noisily in the next room. Whoever has traveled knows that nobody lives better than wagoners. A fat marmot, flanked by white partridges and geese, was turning on a long spit before the fire. Upon the ranges were cooking two large carps from Lake Lantz and a trout from Lake Aloz.

The host, hearing the door open and a newcomer enter, said, without raising his eyes from his ranges: "What will monsieur have?" "Something to eat and lodging." "Nothing more easy," said mine host, but on turning his head and taking an observation of the traveler, he added, "for pay." The man drew from his pocket a large leather purse, and answered: "I have money."

"Then," said mine host, "I am at your service." The man put his purse back into his pocket, took off his knapsack and put it down hard by the door, and holding his stick in his hand, sat down on a low stool by the fire. D— being in the mountains the evenings of October are cold there.

However, as the host passed backward and forward, he kept a watchful eye on the traveler. "Is dinner almost ready?" said the man. "Directly," said mine host. While the new-comer was warming himself with his back turned, the worthy innkeeper, Jacques Labarre, took a pencil from his pocket and then tore off the corner of an old paper which he pulled from a little table near the window. On the margin he wrote a line or two, folded it, and handed the scrap of paper to a child, who appeared to serve him as lacquey and scullion at the same time. The innkeeper whispered a word to the boy, and he ran off in the direction of the mayor's office.

The traveler saw nothing of this. He asked a second time: "Is dinner ready?" "Yes, in a few moments," said the host. The boy unfolded it hurriedly, as one who is expecting an answer. He seemed to read with attention, then throwing his head on one side, thought for a moment. Then he took a step toward the traveler, who seemed drowned in troubled thought. "Monsieur," said he, "I cannot receive you."

The traveler half rose from his seat. "Why? Are you afraid I shall not pay you, or do you want me to pay in advance? I have money, I tell you."

"I cannot," said mine host. "Because the horses take all the room." "Well," responded the man, "a corner in the garret; a truss of straw; we will see about that after dinner."

"I cannot give you any dinner." This declaration, made in a measured but firm tone, appeared serious to the traveler. He got up.

"Ah, bah! but I am dying with hunger. I have traveled twelve leagues. I will pay, and I want something to eat."

"I have nothing," said the host. The man burst into a laugh, and turned toward the fireplace and the ranges.

"Nothing! and all that?" "All that is engaged."

"By whom?" "By those persons, the wagoners."

"How many are there of them?" "Twelve."

"There is enough there for twenty?" "They have engaged and paid for it all in advance."

The man sat down again and said, without raising his voice: "I am at an inn. I am hungry, and I shall stay."

The host bent down to his ear, and said in a voice which made him tremble: "Go away!" At these words, the traveler, who was bent over, poking some embers in the fire with the iron-shod end of his stick, turned suddenly around, opened his mouth, as if to reply, when the host, looking steadily at him, added in the same low tone: "Stop, no more of that. Shall I tell you your name? Your name is Jean Valjean, now shall I tell you who you are? When I saw you enter, I suspected something. I sent to the mayor's office, and here is the reply. Can you read?" So saying, he held toward him the open paper, which had just come from the mayor. The man cast a look upon it; the innkeeper, after a short silence, said: "It is my custom to be polite to all: Go!"

The man bowed his head, picked up his knapsack, and went out.

He took the principal street. He walked at random, sinking near the houses like a sad and humiliated man. He did not once turn around. As if he had turned around he would have seen the innkeeper of the Croix de Colbas, standing in the doorway with all his guests, and the passers-by gathered about him, speaking excitedly and pointing him out; and from the looks of fear and distrust which were exchanged, he would have guessed that before long his arrival would be the talk of the whole town.

He saw nothing of all this. People overwhelmed with trouble do not look behind. They know only too well that misfortune follows them.

He walked along in this way some time, going by chance down streets unknown to him, and forgetting fatigue, as is the case in sorrow. Suddenly he felt a pang of hunger. Night was at hand, and he looked around to see if he could not discover a lodging.

The good man was closed against him. He sought some humble tavern—some poor cellar. Just then a light shone at the end of the street. He saw a pine branch, hanging by an iron bracket, against the white sky of the twilight. He went thither.

It was a tavern in the rue Chaffaut. The traveler stopped a moment and looked in at the little window upon the low hall of the tavern, lighted by a small lamp upon a table and a grate fire in the chimney-place. Some men were drinking and the host was warming himself; an iron pot hung over the fire seething in the blaze.

Two doors lead into this tavern, which is also a sort of eating-house—one from the street, the other from a small court full of rubbish.

The traveler did not dare to enter by the street door; he slipped into the court, stopped again, then timidly raised the latch and pushed open the door.

"Who is it?" said the host. "One who wants supper and a bed."

"All right; here you can sup and sleep." He went in; all the men who were drinking turned toward him; the lamp shining on one side of his face, the firelight on the other; they examined him for some time as he was taking off his knapsack.

The host said to him: "There is the fire; the supper is cooking in the pot; come and warm yourself, comrade."

He seated himself near the fireplace and stretched his feet out toward the fire, half dead with fatigue; an inviting odor came from the pot. All that could be seen of his face under his slouched cap assumed a vague appearance of comfort, which tempered the powerful aspect given him by long-continued suffering.

His profile was strong, energetic and sad.

a physiognomy strangely marked—at first it appeared humble, but it soon became severe. His eye shone beneath his eyebrows like a fire beneath a thicket.

However, one of the men at the table was a fisherman who had put up his horse at the stable of Labarre's inn before entering the tavern of the rue de Chaffaut. It so happened that he had met, that same morning, this suspicious looking stranger traveling between Bras d'Asse and—and I forgot the place, I think it is Escoubion. Now, on meeting him, the man, who seemed already very much fatigued, had asked him to take him on behind, to which the fisherman responded only by doubling his pace. The fisherman, half an hour before, had been one of the throng about Jacques Labarre, and had himself been a late his unemployed meeting with him to the people of the Croix de Colbas. He beckoned to the tavern keeper to come to him, which he did. They exchanged a few words in a low voice; the traveler had again relapsed into thought.

The tavern-keeper returned to the fire, and, laying his hand roughly on his shoulder, said harshly: "You are going to clear out from here!" The stranger turned around and said mildly: "Ah! Do you know?"

"Yes." "They sent me away from the other inn." "And we turn you out of this?" "Where would you have me go?" "Somewhere else."

The man took up his stick and knapsack and went off. As he went out, some children who had followed him from the Croix de Colbas and seemed to be waiting for him, threw stones at him. He turned angrily and threatened them with his stick, and they scattered like a flock of birds.

He passed the prison; an iron chain hung from the door attached to a bell. He rang. The grating opened.

"Monsieur Turme," said he, taking off his cap respectfully, "will you open and let me stay here to-night?"

A voice answered: "A prison is not a tavern; get yourself arrested and we will open."

The grating closed. He went into a small street where there are many gardens; some of them are inclosed only by hedges, which enliven the street. Among them he saw a pretty little one-story house, where there was a light in the window. He looked in as he had done at the tavern. It was a large whitewashed room, with a bed draped with calico, and a cradle in the corner, some wooden chairs, and a double-barreled gun hung against the wall. A table was set in the corner of a room; a brass lamp lighted the coarse white table cloth; a tin mug full of wine shone like silver, and the brown soup was smoking. At this table sat a man about forty years old, with a joyous, open countenance, who was trotting a little child upon his knee. Near by him a young woman was suckling another child; the father was laughing, the child was laughing, and the mother was smiling.

The traveler remained a moment contemplating this sweet and touching scene. What were his thoughts? He only could have told; probably he thought that this happy home would be hospitable, and that where he beheld so much happiness he might perhaps find a little pity.

He rapped faintly on the window. No one heard him. He rapped a second time. He heard the woman say: "Husband, think I hear some one rap."

"No," replied the husband. He rapped a third time. The husband got up, took the lamp, and opened the door.

He was a tall man, half peasant, half mechanic. He wore a large leather apron that reached to his left shoulder, and formed a pocket containing a hammer, a red handkerchief, a powder-horn, and all sorts of things, which the girde held up. He turned his head; his shirt, wide and open, showed his bull-like throat, white and naked; he had thick brows, enormous black whiskers, and prominent eyes; the lower part of the face was covered, and had withal that air of being at home which is quite indescribable.

"Monsieur," said the traveler, "I beg your pardon; for pay can you give me a plate of soup and a corner of the shed in your garden to sleep in? Tell me, can you, for pay?"

"Who are you?" demanded the master of the house. The man replied: "I have come from Puy-Moisson; I have walked all day; I have come twelve leagues. Can you, for I pay?"

"I wouldn't refuse to lodge any proper person who would pay," said the peasant; "but who do you not go to the inn?"

"Bah! That is not possible. It is neither a fair nor a market day. Have you been to Labarre's house?"

"Yes." "Well?" The traveler replied hesitatingly: "I don't know; he didn't take me."

"Have you been to that place in the Rue Chaffaut?" The embarrassment of the stranger increased. He stammered: "They didn't take me either."

The peasant's face assumed an expression of distrust. He looked over the new comer from head to foot and suddenly exclaimed, with a sort of shudder: "Are you the man?" He looked again at the stranger, stepped back, put the lamp on the table, and took down his gun.

His wife, on hearing the words, "Are you the man?" started up, and clasping her two children, precipitately took refuge behind her husband; she looked at the stranger with affright, her neck bare, her eyes dilated, murmuring in a low tone: "Two marauders!"

All this happens in less time than it takes to read it; after examining the man for a moment, as one would a viper, the man advanced to the door and said: "Get out!"

"For pity's sake, a glass of water," said the man. "A gun-shot," said the peasant, and then he closed the door violently, and the man heard two heavy bolts drawn. A moment afterward the window-shutters were shut, and noisily barred.

Night came on apace; the cold Alpine winds were blowing; by the light of the expiring day the stranger perceived in one of the gardens which fronted the street a kind of hut which seemed to be made of turf; he boldly cleared a wooden fence and found himself in the garden. He heard the hut; its door was a narrow, low entrance; it resembled, in its construction, the shanties which the road laborers put up for their temporary accommodation. He, doubtless, thought that it was, in fact, the lodging of a road laborer. He was suffering both from cold and hunger. He had resigned himself to the latter; but there at least was a shelter from the cold. He went down and crawled into the hut. It was warm there, and he found a good bed of straw. He rested a moment upon this bed motionless from fatigue; then, as his knapsack on his back troubled him, and it would make a good pillow, he began to unbuckle the straps. Just then he heard a ferocious growling, and looking up saw the head of an enormous bulldog at the opening of the hut.

It was a dog hence! He was himself vigorous and formidable; seizing his stick, he made a shield of his knapsack, and got out of the hut as best he could, but not without enlarging the rents of his already tattered garments.

He made his way also out of the garden, but backward, being obliged, out of respect to the dog, to have recourse to that kind of man-

oeuvre with his stick which adepts in this sort of fencing call *la rose courtoise*.

When he had, not without difficulty, got over the fence, he again found himself alone in the street, without lodging, roof or shelter; driven even from the straw bed of that wretched dog-kennel. He threw himself, rather than seated himself, on a stone, and it appears that some one who was passing heard him exclaim, "I am not even a dog!"

Then he arose and began to tramp again, taking his way out of the town, hoping to find some tree or haystack beneath which he could shelter himself. He walked on for some time, his head bowed down. When he thought he was far away from all human habitation he raised his head and looked about him inquiringly. He was in a field. Before him was a low hillock covered with stubble, which after the harvest looks like a shaved head. The sky was very dark. It was not simply the darkness of the night, but there were very low clouds, which seemed to rest upon the hills and covered the whole heavens. A little of the twilight, however, lingered in the zenith, and as the moon was about to rise these clouds formed in mid-heaven a vault of whitish light, from which a glimmer fell upon the earth.

The earth was then lighter than the sky, which produces a peculiarly sinister effect, and the hill, poor and mean in contour, loomed out dim and pale upon the gloomy horizon; the whole prospect was hideous, mean, lugubrious and insignificant. There was nothing in the field nor upon the hill but one solitary tree, a few steps from the traveler, which seemed to be twisting and contorting itself.

This man was evidently far from possessing those delicate perceptions of intelligence and feeling which produce a sensitiveness to the mysterious aspects of nature: still, there was in the sky, in this hillock, plain and tree, something so profoundly desolate that after a moment of motionless contemplation he turned back hastily to the road. There are moments when nature appears hostile.

He retraced his steps; the gates of D— were closed. D—, which sustained sieges in the religious wars, was still surrounded, in 1815, by old walls flanked by square towers, since demolished. He passed through a breach and entered the town.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening; as he did not know the streets he walked at random.

So he came to the prefecture, then to the seminary; on passing by the cathedral square he shook his fist at the church.

At the corner of this square stands a printing office; there were first printed the proclamations of the emperor and the imperial guard to the army, brought from the island of Elba and dictated by Napoleon himself.

Exhausted with fatigue and hoping for nothing better, he lay down on a stone bench in front of this printing office. Just then an old woman came out of church. She saw the man lying there in the dark, and said: "What are you doing there, my friend?"

He replied harshly, and with anger in his tone: "You see, my good woman, I am going to sleep."

The good woman, who really merited the name, Madame la Marquise de R—, "Upon the bench?" said she. "Upon the bench? I have had a wooden mattress," said the man; "to-night I have a stone one."

"You have been a soldier?" "Yes, my good woman, a soldier."

"Why don't you go to the inn?" "Because I have no money."

"Alas! said Madame de R—, "I have only four sous in my purse." "Give them, then," the man took the four sous, and Madame de R— continued: "You cannot find lodging for so little in an inn. But have you tried? You cannot pass the night so. You must be cold and hungry. They should give you lodging for charity."

"I have knocked at every door?" "Well, what then?" "Everybody has driven me away."

The good woman touched the man's arm and pointed out to him, on the other side of the square, a little low house beside the bishop's palace.

"You have knocked at every door?" she asked. "Yes."

"Have you knocked at that one there?" "No."

"Knock there."

That evening, after his walk in the town, the Bishop of D— remained quite late in his room.

At eight o'clock he was still at work, writing with some inconvenience on little slips of paper with a large book open on his knees, when Madame Magloire, as usual, came in to take the silver from the panel near the bed.

A moment after the bishop, knowing that the table was laid, and that his sister was perhaps waiting, closed his book and went into the dining room.

This dining room was an oblong apartment, with a fireplace, and with a door upon the street, as we have said, and a window opening into the garden.

The door opened.

It opened quickly, quite wide, as if pushed by some one boldly and with energy.

A man entered.

That man we know already: it was the traveler, who have been seen wandering about in search of a lodging.

He came in, took one step and paused, leaving the door open behind him. He had his knapsack on his back, his stick in his hand, and a rough, hard, tired, fierce look in his eyes, as seen by the firelight. He was hideous. It was an apparition of ill omen.

Madame Magloire had not even the strength to scream. She stood trembling, with her mouth open.

As the hideous Baptiste turned, saw the man enter, and started up half alarmed; then, slowly turning back again toward the fire, she looked at her brother, and her face resumed its usual calmness and serenity.

The bishop looked upon the man with a tranquil eye.

As he was opening his mouth to speak, doubtless to ask the stranger what he wanted, the man, leaning with both hands on his club, glanced from one to another in turn, and without waiting for the bishop to speak, said in a low voice:

"See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict; I have been nineteen years in the galleys. Four days ago I was set free, and started for Pontarlier, which is my destination; during those four days I have walked twelve leagues. When I reached this place this evening I went to an inn, and they sent me away on account of my yellow passport, which I had shown at the mayor's office, as was necessary. I went to another inn, and I was sent away. It was the same with one after another; nobody would have me. I went to the prison, and the turnkey would not let me in. I crept into a dog kennel, the dog bit me, and drove me away as if he had been a man; I went into the fields to sleep beneath the stars; there were no stars; I thought it would rain, and there was no good God to stop the drops, so I came back to the town to get the shelter of some doorway. There in the square I lay down upon a stone; a good woman showed me your house, and said: 'Knock there; I have knocked. What is this place? Are you an inn? I have money; my savings, one hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous, which I have saved in the galleys, I will work for nineteen years. I will pay. What do I care? I have money. I am very tired—twelve leagues on foot, and I am so hungry. Can I stay?'"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "put on another plate."

He took three steps and came near the lamp which stood on the table. "Stop!" he exclaimed, as if he had not been understood, "not that; did you understand me? I am a galley slave—a convict—I am just from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large piece of yellow paper, which he unfolded.

"There is my passport, yellow, as you see. That is enough to have me kicked out wherever I go. Will you read it? I know how to read it. I learned in the galleys. There is a school for those who can't read. See, here is what they have put in the passport: 'Jean Valjean, a liberated convict, native of —' you don't care for that, 'has been nineteen years in the galleys; five years for burglary; fourteen years for having attempted four times to escape. This man is very dangerous.' There you have it! Everybody has thrust me out; will you receive me? Is this an inn? Can you give me something to eat and a place to sleep? Have you a stable?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "put some sheets on the bed in the alcove."

We have already described the kind of obedience yielded by these two women.

Madame Magloire went out to fulfill her orders.

The bishop turned to the man: "Monsieur, sit down and warm yourself; we are going to take supper presently, and your bed will be made ready while you sup."

At last the man quite understood; his face, the expression of which told them that he had been gloomy and hard, now expressed stupefaction, doubt and joy, and became absolutely wonderful. He began to stutter like a madman.

"True? What? You will keep me? you will drive me away, a convict? You call me monsieur, and don't say 'Get out, dog,' as everybody else does. I thought that you would send me away, so I told first off who I am. Oh! the fine woman who sent me here! I shall have a supper, a bed like other people with my work and sheets and bed! It is nineteen years that I have not slept on a bed. You are really willing that I should stay? You are good people! Besides, I have money; I will pay well! I beg your pardon, monsieur, an innkeeper, what is your name? I will pay you well. You are a fine man. You are an innkeeper, aren't you?"

"I am a priest who lives here," said the bishop.

"A priest," said the man. "Oh, noble priest! Then you do not drive away a convict? You cure, don't you, the cure of this big church? Yes, that's it. How stupid I am; I didn't notice your cap."

While speaking he had deposited his knapsack and stick in the corner, replaced his passport in his pocket, and sat down. Madame Baptiste looked at him pleasantly. He continued:

"You are humane, Monsieur Cure; you don't despise me. A good priest is a good thing. The night when I was in the sun, it was you who said to me: 'Keep your money. How much have you? You said a hundred and nine francs, I think.'"

"And fifteen sous," added the man. "One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous. And how long did it take you to earn that?"

"Nineteen years." "Nineteen years?" The bishop sighed deeply.

plank to sleep on, the heat, the cold, the galley's crew, the lash, the double chain for nothing, the dungeon for a word—even when sick in bed, the chain. The dogs, the dogs are sharper; nineteen years and I am forty-six, and now a yellow passport. That is all!"

"Yes," answered the bishop, "you have left a place of suffering. But listen, there will be more joy in heaven over the tears of a repentant sinner than over the white robes of a hundred good men. If you are leaving this sorrowful place with hate and anger against men, you are worthy of compassion; if you leave it with good will, gentleness and peace, you are better than any of us."

Meanwhile Madame Magloire had served up supper. It consisted of soup made of water, oil, bread and salt, a little pork, a scrap of mutton, a few figs, a green cheese and a large loaf of rye bread. She had, without asking, added to the usual dinner of the bishop a bottle of fine old Maury wine.

The bishop's countenance was lighted up with this expression of pleasure, peculiar to hospitable natures. "To supper!" he said briskly, as was his habit when he had a guest. He seated the man at his right. Madame Baptiste, perfectly quiet and natural, took her place at his left.

The bishop said the blessing and then served the soup himself, according to his usual custom. The man fell to, eating greedily.

"Suddenly the bishop said: 'It seems to me something is lacking on the table.' The fact was, that Madame Magloire had set out only the three plates which were necessary. Now it was the custom of the house, when the bishop had any one to supper, to set out six of the silver plates on the table, an innocent display. This graceful appearance of luxury was a

DAUGHTERS OF NECESSITY

Against our case,
Let naught of evil me betide;
Let me find favor with the other side,
And get a place.

—F. W. Clarke.

and are so fully informed concerning every whim and fancy of those among the rich who are indolent, selfish, frivolous and luxurious

When we have a good map of the

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