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116 notes: 38 editor's notes (25 placed approximately), 78 misprints. Uncertain readings are in [brackets?]. Original spelling and misprints are kept as printed.

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About this text (8 notes on this issue)

- `[word?]` is a best guess; `[illegible]` means unreadable. Line-end hyphens are joined. Misprints are kept as printed; letters judged to be broken type are written as intended but listed among the misprints (marked “broken type”).
- Every page has 6 columns (not 7). Bottom line of most columns is over-inked or blotted; guesses there include p1 c1 `[up?]`, `so[on as?]`, p4 c1 `[gloried?]`, p7 c1 `[Jacquin?]`, `[was?]`. p3 c1 poem “Be Content” and its credit line (`[J. Maurice?]`, `[Commonweal?]`) badly over-inked.
- p1–p2 “CORRIGAN’S CASE” runs p1 c1–c6 and breaks off mid-sentence with no jump line; p2 c1 picks up (“guilty?”) with the rest of Gahan’s speech (unattributed on p2 itself). p1 `[35,000?]` Catholic George voters (first digit could be 2).
- p3: “1,000,000 acres … 256 square miles” (≈1,562 sq mi; text also says larger than Rhode Island). Same club president spelled “Haughton” and “Houghton”. Two lines in faint c6 lack closing punctuation. `[26th?]` Dec. date, `[1886?]` date of “To Dr. McGlynn”.
- p5: `[1832?]` (text’s “thirty years later” = 1872 suggests 1842); `[109,030?] tons`; `[$733,900?]` Stanford. Second Farwell item treats him as still a candidate though the page reports him chosen. “Edwin F. Fitler” (historically Edwin H.) kept.
- p6: United Labor platform plank says “abolition of all direct taxation” while the deck and report say “indirect”, kept as printed. Highwood acreage “598[⅓?]” vs “five hundred and ninety-eight and one-half” in the quoted resolution. Figures `[160?]`, `[$3.75?]` (or $8.75), `[100,000?]`, `[1492?]`, D. A. `[89?]`. Barbour letter never closes its opening quotation mark.
- p8: folio `[8?]` inked in. c6 display ads faint; crease through the Tax Reformer ad. Guesses `[$3,000?]`, `[F.?] W. [Clarke?]` (poem signature), No. `[33?]`, `[20?]` cents, tract page counts, `[BORDOLLO'S?]`, `[50?]` cents, `[M.?] BATTLE`. “These were times when” possibly “There were”.
- **Editor’s notes (Ed.):** 68 notes by the editor, Wyn Achenbaum. 26 are placed at the word, name or phrase they explain. 42 could not be matched to a word and are placed by their order in the editor’s list, marked *(Position approximate.)* Where the editor names an author the paper does not, the contents show it as *Ed.: name*.

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THE STANDARD

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p. 1, col. 1

CORRIGAN'S CASE.

A STORM OF INDIGNANT PROTEST FROM CATHOLICS.

"NO POLITICS FROM ROME."

EXCITED MEETINGS OF THE ST. STEPHEN'S PARISHIONERS–A GREAT MEETING AT COOPER UNION–RESOLUTIONS SUPPORTING FATHER McGLYNN AND CUTTING OFF CONTRIBUTIONS PASSED AT BOTH MEETINGS–EMPHATIC PROTESTS AGAINST ECCLESIASTICALCONTROL IN AMERICAN POLITICS–BRUTALITY OF DR. McGLYNN'S SUCCESSOR.

Never before in the history of New York was there such excitement among our Catholic fellow citizens as has prevailed during the past week. On Saturday Rev. Arthur Donnelly suddenly took possession of St. Stephen's church, having been designated by Archbishop Corrigan as the successor to Dr. McGlynn, suspended on account of his participation in the workingmen's campaign last fall. Dr. Donnelly, who appears to be the only priest that could be found in New York willing to thrust himself on so reluctant a congregation, is a brother of an ex-treasurer of Tammany hall and himself intimate with the leaders of that organization. The most intense excitement among the parishioners followed his attempt to take possession. An impromptu mass meeting of the members was held in the basement of the church on Saturday evening to protest against the removal of Dr. McGlynn. This was but the first of a series of manifestations of sympathy with the beloved priest of the poor and of indignation against the palace clique chronicled below:

HOW DONNELLY TOOK POSSESSION.

Why the Girls Struck, and the Priests Got No Dinner, and the Church was Without Heat, and the New Pastor had to Shave Himself in the Kitchen.

Although the daily press have published many columns relating to the superseding of Dr. McGlynn by Rev. Arthur Donnelly of St. Michael's church and Archbishop Corrigan's council[sic] on Saturday last, the full story has not been told, although the servants of the rectory have made no secret of the brutality of Father Donnelly's action, and the facts have been passing from mouth to mouth among the parishioners, exciting the utmost indignation. The truth, however, ought to be publicly known, as it illustrates what THE STANDARD has previously said–that nothing that could humiliate the priest and provoke the man seems to have been omitted in the vindictive persecution to which Dr. McGlynn has been subjected. The priest chosen by Archbishop Corrigan to take the place of the beloved pastor of St. Stephen's seems to have been selected for the coarse brutality of his character, and his

Sic in the original; probably "Archbishop Corrigan's councilor (possibly; cf. "councilor" later in the column)".

conduct would seem to have been prompted by the desire to heap indignities upon the priest and provoke the people of St. Stephen's as much as possible.

On Saturday morning last, while Dr. McGlynn was absent from the rectory, having had no notice that his successor had been appointed, a cab drove up to the rectory door and a stout priest, bearing a carpet bag, alighted. The door was opened by Margaret Cregan, the bright housemaid, whose courtesy and tact the reporters of the New York press have learned so much to admire in their frequent visits to the rectory. Her story is that she showed the visitor into the parlor, and on his inquiry as to whether Dr. Curran (the principal assistant of Dr. McGlyan[sic]) was in, requested his name. This he refused to give, telling the girl that she would learn it soon enough; and marching out to the hall, he attempted to make an entrance into Dr. McGlynn's private room. This room during Dr. McGlynn's twenty years' occupancy of the rectory had been kept unlocked; but the girls of the house, hearing the reports that some one would soon come to supersede the doctor, had in his absence fastened it on the inside with some string, making their exit through the sliding glass doors which open into the middle parlor. The girl told him that this was Dr. McGlynn's private room, and asked him to take a seat in the parlor until she should call Dr. Curran; but without heeding her requests the strange priest commenced knocking hard on the glass doors. One of the younger curates, hearing the noise, came in, and the strange priest, giving his name as Father Donnelly, stated that he had been appointed rector of St. Stephen's and had come to take possession. He then launched out with a tirade of abuse against Dr. McGlynn. This the young priest, shocked with the vulgarity, asked to be excused from hearing, as Dr. McGlynn was his personal friend, and turned away.

Finding that there was nobody in Dr. McGlynn's room, the archbishop's appointee, whom now nobody dared to resist, went round to the hall door and managed to push it open a little and remove the string, thus effecting an entrance.

Dr. Curran by this time had come in from the church, where he had been saying mass, and was informed by Father Donnelly of his authority, and told by him that he (Father Donnelly) would take Dr. McGlynn's room for his own. Dr. Curran pointed out the fact, as evidenced by the papers and clothing lying around, that Dr. McGlynn had not vacated the room, and had had no notice that he was about to be dispossessed, and offered to give Father Donnelly his own room until Dr. McGlynn could remove his effects.

But this had no effect: the boor insisted that he should take Dr. McGlynn's room immediately. He began making a tour of the house, and coming into the dining-room insisted upon going into the kitchen. Dr. Curran told him that he himself had been in the house for twelve years without ever having been in the kitchen, and that he must ask Margaret. The girl having become thoroughly indignant, refused to show Father Donnelly into the kitchen, telling him it was not in readiness to be seen. But nothing daunted, Archbishop Corrigan's councilor went in himself, and commenced making inquiries of the cook what things had been bought and how they were paid for, and explaining for the servants' edification how he proposed to run the house, declaring that he would not pay any of the old bills.

After inspecting the place from garret to cellar in the same characteristic fashion, the new pastor of St. Stephen's went out, telling the servants that he would go and arrange for bringing his things, and would be back shortly to take [up?] his abode as their master.

As so[on as?] he left, one of the girls started

p. 1, col. 2

off to try and find Dr. McGlynn, who returned to the rectory in Father Donnelly's absence, and went up stairs to consult Dr. Curran.

Sic in the original; probably "McGlynn".

While Dr. McGlynn was thus engaged Father Donnelly returned again. The door was opened for him by Margaret Cregan, who told him that Dr. McGlynn was now in, and was just then upstairs with Dr. Curran. She opened the parlor door and requested him to take a seat for a moment until she could run upstairs and call Dr. McGlynn.

Instead of doing that, the new pastor walked straight for Dr. McGlynn's room. The girl remonstrated, and tried to bar the way, telling him that Dr. McGlynn had just come in, and that he must not go into his private room, where all his books and papers were lying around, until she could call Dr. McGlynn.

But Father Donnelly pushed by the girl, telling her that Dr. McGlynn had no authority there, and that this was his room, not Dr. McGlynn's, and rushing in, sprawled himself in a chair in the middle of Dr. McGlynn's open letters and papers.

The girl was dumbfounded by such conduct, and stood for a moment aghast; for, as she phrases it, "He looked to me, sprawled there, like the very old divil himself," an opinion which those who have seen Father Donnelly's forbidding face, will appreciate. Recovering herself, the girl again implored Father Donnelly to leave the room and take a seat in the parlor until she could go and call Dr. McGlynn. Finding that she could not move him, she went upstairs and informed Dr. McGlynn and Dr. Curran that Father Donnelly was below in the bedroom. Dr. McGlynn told her to go down stairs, to give Father Donnelly his compliments and to ask him to take a seat in the parlor and he would come down immediately and see him.

The girl went down with the message and gave it to Father Donnelly, but he still refused, telling her that this was his room and that if Dr. McGlynn wanted him to go out of it he must come down himself and ask him. The girl repeated the message three times, but to no effect, and then went up stairs and informed Dr. McGlynn, who was still in Dr. Curran's room, that Father Donnelly would not budge.

Mr. Smith, the accountant of the parish, who was in the rectory, was then called and sent down stairs with a message to Father Donnelly, but with no more effect. The only response he could get to his repeated requests was that if Dr. McGlynn wanted him to leave that room, he would have to send a message in writing or come downstairs and ask him personally. Mr. Smith went upstairs again and Dr. McGlynn wrote a note to Father Donnelly stating to him that he had had no notice of his coming, and that the room he was now in was his (Dr. McGlynn's) private room, and was filled with his papers and effects, and requesting Father Donnelly to vacate it until such time as he could remove his property from it.

Mr. Smith went down stairs and read the letter to Father Donnelly, who was still making himself at home among Dr. McGlynn's papers. This having no effect, he read it again, and finally losing patience, he yelled it at him for the third time. But still the new priest of St. Stephen's stolidly refused to move.

Utterly disconcerted by such boorishness on the part of his successor, Dr. McGlynn gave[sic] up the attempt, but Margaret Cregan, finding that Father Donnelly would not leave, let her preparations for dinner take care of themselves, and, marching into the room with Father Donnelly, took up a position where she could watch him.

It was now the turn of Archbishop Corrigan's councilor to ask, and then to command. the girl[sic] to depart, but this she utterly refused to do, telling him that she proposed to stay there as long as he did, in order to see that he did not touch any of Dr. McGlynn's books or papers.

Sic in the original; probably "successor, Dr. McGlynn gave".
Sic in the original; probably "to command, the girl".

Then the reverend intruder changed his tune and began mocking the girl, asking her to be seated and telling her what a good, nice girl she was to think so much of Dr. McGlynn, and advising her that as her old priest had been deposed she should go out into the streets and preach for him.

Then he began to wheedle her to go down stairs and get dinner ready for him, and, finding her obdurate, got up and closed the doors, thinking that the girl would leave rather than remain shut in with him. Finding that this had no effect, Father Donnelly went to Dr. McGlynn's bed, and started to take up some of Dr. McGlynn's open letters and papers that were carelessly thrown upon it. The girl shrieked that he should not touch her good master's papers, and darting forward, removed them herself, whereupon Archbishop Corrigan's councilor stretched himself out upon the bed.

This state of siege lasted until 3 o'clock, when Father Donnelly began to get very hungry, and finding that Maggie would not leave so long as he remained there, and would not bring him any food, went on a foraging expedition to the lower regions, where he managed to get something to eat from the cook, for no table was set in St. Stephen's on that day. She got another of the girls to watch Dr. McGlynn's room to see that Father Donnelly did not come back, went up stairs and told Dr. McGlynn that his room was at last vacant. Dr. McGlynn at once came down, and, taking possession of his own room, commenced to get his papers together and pack up his effects.

After satisfying his appetite Father Donnelly went into the church, where his first action was to tear down Dr. McGlynn's name from the confessional box on which it stood, an action which was witnessed by the engineer and his assistants, and when he came down into the boiler room on his tour of inspection they immediately resigned. Coming back to the rectory, the indignant girls were on the watch for him and refused to let him in. He went to the baptistery door, but they had locked that too, being determined to keep him out until their beloved pastor could get his effects together in peace. Failing to get in through any of the legitimate modes of ingress, Father Donnelly managed to make a flank movement, and work his way in through the kitchen, and, coming upstairs, went directly for Dr. McGlynn's room and attempted to open the door. Warned by previous experience, Dr. McGlynn had secured the door, and on Father Donnelly's demands for entrance told him again that this was his private apartment, containing his papers and effects, and that, although he recognized his authority on the premises, he both requested and demanded a reasonable time in which to remove his personal property.

Failing to get into the room in this way, Father Donnelly marched into the middle parlor, the girls following him, and, throwing wide open the folding doors which shut it off from Dr. McGlynn's room, marched in.

Dr. McGlynn, who was seated at the table getting his loose papers together, sprang to his feet in astonishment, and requested Father Donnelly to withdraw. Instead of doing so, Father Donnelly marched in and took a seat in the middle of the room. Dr. McGlynn expostulated and then demanded that he should leave his private apartment until he had had time to vacate it. Father Donnelly said he would do nothing of the kind; that it was now his room, not Dr. McGlynn's. The doctor remonstrated in the strongest terms, saying: "I tell you[,?] sir, that this is my private apart-

p. 1, col. 3

ment that I have occupied for nearly twenty years; it is my bedroom, my study, my dining room. It contains my papers and my clothes, which I have not had opportunity to remove. Surely, sir, I have in common decency the right to occupy it, sacred from intrusion for a reasonable time, in order that I may remove my effects. I ask you as a gentleman, I request you as a priest and I demand as my legal right that you leave this room."

But Donnelly remained obdurate, as though endeavoring to provoke Dr. McGlynn to offering personal violence, and said that he was now pastor of St. Stephen's, and that he had selected this room for his own, and that he would not leave it. Dr. McGlynn, indignant to the last degree, again sternly commanded Father Donnelly to leave, and so the shameful scene went on until not only all the curates in the house and the girls from downstairs trooped into

the parlor, but several workmen in the church came running in. The curates expostulated with their new superior in vain, and one of them started out to get a lawyer to talk to him.

As for the workmen, they asked Dr. McGlynn to say the word, and they would pitch the intruder into the street. They were quieted by Dr. McGlynn and Dr. Curran, who told them that there must be no personal violence. But Maggie Cregan, worked up to a hysterical point, called on one of the ladies of the congregation who had been attracted from the baptistery by the hubbub, to come in with her and they would "pitch the old rascal out of the room." The two women made their way between the curates and into the room, and would doubtless have attempted to carry out their threat; but Father Donnelly, seeing the determination in their eyes, got up and walked out himself, whereupon Dr. McGlynn shut the sliding doors, Archbishop Corrigan's councilor taking his position in front of them in the middle parlor.

"The curates, poor things," said one of the girls to our reporter, "are afraid as death of the archbishop, and didn't dare to open their mouths." But not so the girls; they locked the doors, and when the expressman came with Father Donnelly's things he could get no admittance, and finally was obliged to go through the kitchen, and when Father Donnelly finally went outside he was locked out, and could only get in again by going into the church and demanding a key of one of the priests in the confessional.

In the meantime a locksmith, who had been sent for, came and put locks on Dr. McGlynn's doors, and Father Donnelly, through whose all but impervious hide the contempt and indignation of the servants seemed at last to pierce, made no further attempt to get in.

Up to the time of this writing Dr. McGlynn's successor has had a pretty hard time of it in St. Stephen's. The engineer having indignantly left there was no heat either in the church or in the rectory all day Sunday, and even on Monday, when he had brought over his own fireman from St. Michael's, things were no better, for the new men, not understanding the heating apparatus, made such work of it that all the heat they could produce went up in the girls' room and the new pastor had to toast his shins by the kitchen fire, and, as the girls describe it, "shave himself before the cook."

Dr. McGlynn slept in his old room for the last time on Saturday night, and, after attending early mass on Sunday morning in the church of which he has been for so many years, the pastor, went up to his brother-in-law's house to recover from the strain and excitement. He has not been back since, but his effects have been removed, and Father Donnelly is now the occupant of his apartment, and "monarch of all he surveys" inside of St. Stephen's walls.

ST. STEPHEN'S REVOLTS.

The New Pastor Afraid to Preach—Choir and Altar Boys Strike.

Never before in the history of the Catholic church in New York was any parish excited as St. Stephen's last Sunday. Father Donnelly was expected to take possession and announce his appointment as pastor. He had given out word in the rectory that he would preach, and his presence was impatiently looked for from early morning. The church was filled at all the masses, and a large number of strangers gave evidence of unusual agitation. The regular services were held, but not in the regular manner. The place was cold, the engineer refusing to attend the furnaces until Dr. McGlynn should be reinstated, and no collections were taken, because the collectors would not serve, thereby losing the church its accustomed revenue. The great choir, which, under the direction of Miss Agatha Munier, had long been noted for the excellence of its music, and had taken an important part in the services of St. Stephen's, was rendered weak by the absence of nearly all of these members not bound by contract. When the time came for the commencement of high mass, when it was expected Father Donnelly would speak, every seat was filled, and men stood in bunches of twos and threes about the lower end of the edifice conversing in

undertones. The great organ in the loft burst forth, and filled the church with melody, which by degrees softened and finally died away. Then came a pause. No celebrant was upon the altar. Five minutes passed, then ten, and still no priest appeared. Time went on, and, at length, twenty-five minutes past the hour, the little rose-colored curtain to the left of the altar was drawn aside, and forth stepped the celebrant, Rev. Father McLaughlin. The delay had been caused by the refusal of all save two boys to go upon the altar. The service proper then commenced, without deacon and sub-deacon, though nine priests are connected with St. Stephen's church. The celebrant, whose face was pale, apparently suffered much excitement, at times in his chant sinking his voice so low that the choir failed to follow, and he was compelled to give the responses also. It looked as if Father Donnelly did not intend to come, for he was not there in time to preach the sermon, and after a slight hesitation the celebrant took up an after part of the service. The little curtain then shot back and Father Donnelly, preceded by Father Boyle, a stranger priest, advanced. But Father Donnelly had not come to preach; he kept his seat—the one that that congregation had seen so often filled by their beloved Dr. McGlynn—and Father Boyle came forward to the chancel rail and preached, but made no reference to the subject uppermost in every mind. Nor did Father Donnelly announce himself pastor; he did not even stay to hear the ending of the service, but disappeared during that portion of the mass observed with most solemnity, the elevation of the host.

The scenes about St. Stephens church[sic] throughout the morning were unusual ones. Women, in little knots, excitedly denounced the outrage. "My God, what did he do that he should be taken from us?" a poor old woman cried to her companions. Men collected and did not conceal their anger; they talked aloud bitterly denouncing the archbishop and Father Donnelly; and, such was the general temper that, had the latter carried out his intention of announcing himself pastor the church would have speedily emptied itself. On Twenty-ninth street a man with a stock of photographs of the prominent priests in this city was busy all the morning selling portraits of D.. McGlynn to members of his flock. An elderly Irish woman, seeing a por-

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trait of Archbishop Corrigan, purchased it, spat upon it and trampled it under foot.

CATHOLIC WORKINGMEN PROTEST.

American Catholics Repeat O'Connell's Declaration, "As Much Religion as You Like from Rome, but No Politics"—The Land Doctrine Reaffirmed.

A number of Catholic workingmen held a meeting in Clarendon hall on Sunday—a meeting utterly distinct from that of the Central Labor union, and issued a call for a meeting of Catholics at Cooper union, on Monday evening, to express their sympathy with Dr. McGlynn and to decide "in what practical form they could show their respect and gratitude." This notice appeared first in Monday's papers and no attempt was made to secure speakers until Monday afternoon.[1,2]

Brief as was the time for preparation the meeting was one of the most remarkable ever held in this city. The night was stormy, but eager throngs gathered about the building before the doors were opened and long before the appointed hour every seat in the vast hall was taken and the aisles and lobbies crowded. The large platform was filled by well-known Catholic laymen. Among them were several prominent leaders in last fall's campaign, who are also members of the Catholic church. There were also many ladies on the platform, most of them members of St. Stephen's parish.

The throng was manifestly composed of Irish Catholics, as every allusion to Ireland met with enthusiastic applause, and warm approval marked the reference by the speakers to their devotion to the Catholic church. The

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Sic in the original; probably "St. Stephen's church".

1. Ed. See also an article in The Standard, Issue #006, entitled "A Call To Catholics" signed by Jeremiah Coughlin, M. D. (Placed approximately.)

tendency was equally marked, however, to resent any ecclesiastical interference in American politics, and both speeches and audience showed in the most decided way their conviction that Dr. McGlynn ought not to obey the summons to Rome[3].

Dr. Jeremiah Coughlin, in taking the chair, declared that none but a Catholic could understand the importance and significance of such a protest as this. His reference to Dr. McGlynn as "our *soggarth aroon*, the priest of the poor," was received with thunders of applause, which seemed as though it would never cease. Dr. Coughlin went on to say: "I have knelt at his feet in confession; I have received the blessed sacrament at his hands, and I love and revere him. This noble man," he continued, "has been antagonized by a clique on Fourteenth street." This reference to Tammany's influence in the controversy was received with storms of hisses for that organization and significant cries of "Down with the Tammany heelers." Dr. Coughlin closed a most touching and eloquent speech by introducing

David Healy, of the "Irish World."

Mr. Healy declared that he spoke as a Catholic, and had come to speak on the understanding that this was to be a meeting of Catholics. called to protest[sic] against the false position in which the Catholic religion has been placed before the American people by an unlawful exercise of arbitrary power. He saw, he said, that it *was* a Catholic meeting, "composed of Catholic citizens of New York who dare exercise the right of suffrage with no responsibility except to their consciences and to their creator." "There is," he continued, "no foreign tribunal that can call Catholics to account for their performance of their duty as American citizens and sovereign wielders of the ballot, and in the exercise of these rights true Catholics acknowledge no higher authority than the constitution of our country." This declaration was met by prolonged cheering and applause, and Mr. Healy called the attention of the representatives of the press to the fact that such a delaration[sic] had been cheered, not hissed, by a Catholic audience. Mr. Healy went on to say that the first article of the constitution of New York declares that the land of this state belongs to its people in their sovereign capacity, and that if Archbishop[,4] Corrigan is right, our constitution is a revolutionary document. He had no desire, he declared. to question[,12] the archbishop's motives, but when that prelate attempted to question the doctrines taught by Dr. McGlynn, Michael Davitt and Henry George, and mix them up with theology, he made a great mistake. "As a Catholic," Mr. Healy continued, "as one who has for some years been a student of political economy, and as an American citizen, I can safely say that no matter how sound the archbishop may be on Catholic theology, he is only an amateur on the land question." This declaration, like every other allusion to the land question, met with rounds of applause. Mr. Healy, as evidence of the independence of Catholics in political matters, declared that every one of the [35,000?] Catholics who voted for Henry George last fall knew that on his way to the poll he was braving the frown of an archbishop. He urged them to continue in that course, and made an eloquent appeal to the labor party to stand together and secure a certain triumph next fall, a sentiment received with a storm of cheers and long continued applause.

The Resolutions.

Michael Clarke, secretary of the meeting, then read the following resolutions:

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2. Ed. The reference is to Henry George's candidacy for Mayor of New York, described well in Post & Leubuscher's book, Henry George's 1886 Campaign, online at http://henrygeorgethestandard.org/pdf/HG-Post-Leubuscher-HG-1886-Campaign-annotated.pdf (Placed approximately.)

3. Ed. The summons to Rome is referenced in several articles in the first issue, and once in the Issue #002. (Placed approximately.)

Sic in the original; probably "a meeting of Catholics, called to protest".

Sic in the original; probably "declaration".

4. Ed. There are references to Archbishop Croke in the first and second issues of The Standard. He was the second Catholic bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, and later of Cashel and Emily, in Ireland. (Placed approximately.)

Sic in the original; probably "he declared, to question".

Whereas, The question has been publicly raised in New York whether members of the Catholic church may, consistently with their religion, hold that private ownership in land is unjust, and that the land of a country is rightfully the property of all the people of that country; and,

Whereas, Archbishop Corrigan has issued a pastoral censuring these doctrines as opposed to the teaching of the church; and,

Whereas, A beloved priest of New York, Rev. Dr. McGlynn, has been deposed from his pastorate because of his public advocacy of these doctrines and his support of the candidature of Henry George in the recent election; and,

Whereas, Rev. Dr. McGlynn has been summoned to Rome to be, as we are told, "disciplined" for his support of the labor party and his advocacy of its principles;

Therefore, This assemblage of Catholics deems it its duty to assert the views of the Catholic laymen of New York.

First—We declare our unaltered and unalterable adhesion to the principle embodied in the pronouncement of Archbishop Croke a few weeks ago that "the land of Ireland belongs to the whole Irish nation for the Irish people." We believe with Bishop Nulty[5] that "no individual or class of individuals can hold a *right* of private *property* in the land of a country; that the people of that country, in their public corporate capacity, *are*, and always *must be*, the real owners of the land of their country—holding an indisputable title to it, in the fact that they receive it as a free gift from its Creator, and as a necessary means for preserving and enjoying the life he has bestowed upon them."

Second—We declare that we recognize no right in Archbishop Corrigan to command our acceptance of his views on the land question. Since the church has not pronounced on the question of land tenure, no bishop is empowered to impose on his flock any particular doctrine on the subject; and we commend to Archbishop Corrigan the declaration of Bishop Nulty, who refused as a bishop to express to his flock his opinions on the land question, declaring the true Catholic doctrine that a bishop "has no divine commission to instruct his flock on the principles of land tenure or political economy."

Third—We express our indignation with the course of Archbishop Corrigan in interposing his influence and authority against the efforts

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of the toiling masses to gain a peaceful redress of their grievances, declaring as Catholics that his course in this respect is unworthy of a dignitary of the church, and calculated to cause grave scandal.

Fourth—As Catholics, loyal to our religion and in its highest interests, we protest most emphatically against any attempt to extend ecclesiastical authority into the sphere of politics, and while cheerfully yielding full obedience to the authorities of the church in matters of religion, we emphatically deny the right of pope, propaganda or archbishop to prescribe for American Catholics, lay or cleric, what economic opinions they shall express or what line of political action they shall pursue or abstain from; and we denounce any attempt to inflict ecclesiastical penalties upon an American citizen, lay or cleric, for political speech or action as a dragging of religion into politics that is both scandalous to the church and dangerous to the principles of American freedom.

Fifth—We declare that the Catholic priest does not and ought not to cease to be an American citizen and should enjoy, unquestioned by ecclesiastical authority, the full rights of his citizenship, so long as he does not seek to

5. Ed. The Most Rev. Dr. Thomas Nulty (1818-1898), the Roman Catholic Bishop of Meath, Ireland (1864-1898), author of "Back to the Land: A Letter to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Meath" (April 2, 1881), online at http://www.wealthandwant.com/docs/Nulty_BttL.html. An abridged version appeared in The Standard, Issue #024, 1887-06-18, and was reprinted in the Land and Labor Library as Tract #27. See also the front-page article in Issue #020. George refers three times to "Back to the Land" in The Condition of Labor, his open letter to Pope Leo XIII (1891) in response to Rerum Novarum. See also https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Nulty.

intrude his opinions or politics into his priestly office. We protest against the suspension and deposition of Dr. McGlynn[6] as a gross injustice and an unwarranted exercise of ecclesiastical authority; and we further protest against Dr. McGlynn's summons to Rome to account for his political opinion and action as an attempt to establish the dangerous precedent that an American citizen can be questioned in a foreign country for his course in American politics.

Resolved, That Dr. McGlynn, the exemplary priest, the loving friend of the poor and oppressed, the virtuous and public-spirited citizen, the able, eloquent and fearless champion of right against might, the advocate of justice to the people, the man who has bravely stood by the masses against the classes, has our most earnest sympathy; and, that we pledge ourselves to stand by him as he has stood by us, and to support him by all the legitimate means within our power, moral and material; and,

Resolved, That a committee be appointed from this meeting with instructions to decide in what practical form we may show our respect and gratitude for Dr. McGlynn, and make it manifest to the world that American Catholics claim political liberty for their priests.

Each separate resolution was loudly applauded. and with[sic] the closing words declaring that American Catholics demanded political liberty for their priest, a long continued storm of applause broke forth. When it had subsided, Mr. Clarke said: "I desire to add to these resolutions an expression of my own individual opinion, and it is this: With regard to the matter we have in hand to-night, I hold the principle embodied in the ultimatum of Catholic Ireland fifty years ago, when it was sought to enlist papal influence on the side of England against the Irish national cause—the ultimatum formulated by O'Connell in his famous declaration: 'AS MUCH RELIGION AS YOU LIKE FROM ROME, BUT NO POLITICS.'" [Tremendous cheering, the whole audience rising, ladies waving their handkerchiefs and men their hats.]

After silence had been restored the chairman asked all in the audience who favored the resolutions to rise. With one simultaneous movement the whole vast crowd sprung to their feet. The movement so swift and unanimous, showed how intense was the feeling and how complete the sympathy.

James P. Archibald,

the next speaker, declared that as an Irishman and a Catholic he was proud of Dr. McGlynn, whose [course?] he believed would be fully vindicated, not only by the present meeting, but by Catholics everywhere. The devotion of his people was proven at their meeting the evening before, when bitter tears coursed down the cheeks of strong men, and women sobbed, as all united in begging that this strife might be ended by the reinstatement of their pastor. For this the congregation of St. Stephen's was begging to-night. An old lady in the audience at this point cried out with emphasis, "*Let them demand it!*" "Let us hope," he said, "that the great God who rules us all may inspire those men who have raised this storm of indignation to retrace their steps." Back of this persecution, Mr. Archibald declared, there are ulterior motives.

"Men who are afraid to come forward and state their case before a Catholic audience are trying by inuendo[sic] to show that Dr. McGlynn has deserted from the Catholic faith. He has been antagonized because of his advocacy of the public schools. It was in these schools that Dr. McGlynn had received his own early training, and if there were nothing else to recommend that system the speaker would be proud of it, because it had produced such a man. Since Dr. McGlynn took his stand in favor of the public schools many have become converted to his views, but

6. Ed. Dr. McGlynn did not follow his archbishop's expectation that all parishes should have parochial schools, believing that the public schools offered a good education. See a later article in this issue, sourced to the Utica Observer.

Sic in the original; probably "loudly applauded, and with".

Sic in the original; probably "innuendo".

there is one who has followed him like a sleuth-hound, ready to spring on him at any moment. That man, who saw his opportunity in the recent campaign, was Dr. Preston."

This open naming of the vicar-general produced a profound sensation. There were mingled hisses and applause, and cries of "Go on; tell the whole truth," etc. It was evident, however, that hisses and applause were inspired by the same sentiment—the one meant hostility to Father Preston and the other approval of the speaker. It was through Dr. Preston, the speaker continued, that Father McGlynn had been summoned to Rome. "Why should he go to Rome?" asked the speaker. "As a priest he might be called to Rome to answer concerning ecclesiastical matters, but when he is summoned to go there to answer for his opinions as an American citizen on the land question, he should not go."

This declaration was met by another storm of applause, in the midst of which a young man cried out, "As a priest he is bound to go to Rome." There were cries of "Put him out" from all parts of the hall. Mr. Archibald answered, "No, don't do that. Before we get through we may make a convert of him, and in the next campaign he will be found carrying a banner in the labor ranks." Mr. Archibald, during his speech, referred to the course of Bishop Moriarty and Archbishop McCabe, in attempting to antagonize the land movement in Ireland. The latter never recovered from the blow he had struck at his own influence, and Moriarty, shunned and despised by his own people, died of a broken heart. ["Served him right!" cried a voice in the audience.] Let Catholic prelates on this side of the ocean profit by their example, said Mr. Archibald, continuing: "We are here as Catholics, not only to indorse the doctrines advocated by Dr. McGlynn, but to declare as Catholics and as citizens that the American priest has the political rights of a citizen, with which no ecclesiastical authority has any warrant to interfere."

As the speaker retired three hearty cheers were given for Dr. McGlynn and three more for Mr. Archibald.

A. J. Steers

was the next speaker. He said that he was the man who first gave a copy of "Progress and Poverty" to Dr. McGlynn, and felt in some way personally responsible for the result. It was clear from this and other demonstrations, he continued, that the sympathies of New York had already been extended to Father McGlynn as an independent citizen and as a beloved priest. Whether he goes to Rome or not—

"LET ROME COME TO HIM!"

rang through the hall in a voice clear as a bell. The scene that followed displayed as

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nothing else could the spirit of the meeting. Round after round of applause followed. Then came a halt, and the audience seemed to gather more fully the significance of the cry, when a new round of long continuing applause burst forth. It was some minutes before the speaker could resume. He then said that Dr. McGlynn had found an abiding place in the hearts of workingmen. He was the only priest who dared to come forward and preach labor's rights. In doing this he knew he must make sacrifices, but he made them cheerfully. He did not even look for the gratitude of those he had served as his reward. For that he looked above to Almighty God.

John McMackin, Chairman of the General Committee of the United Labor Party,

was received with enthusiasm. "There is one thing certain," he said, "and that is that no archbishop, no pope, no priest in this age can control or regulate the political opinions of Catholic laymen. [Applause.] The deposition of Dr. McGlynn is one of the greatest outrages ever perpetrated. It has been inflicted on a priest who for a quarter of a century has towered above any other priest in New York. [Applause.] Amid calumny and vituperation he has always stood for human rights. True to every duty of a Catholic priest, he has yet been true to every duty of American citizenship. Does any one here doubt that if this beloved priest had gone among the upper ten of

society and espoused their cause he would still be the pastor of St. Stephen's? [Cries of 'No, no!'] If he had crooked the knee to them, no bishop would have dared to question his action. I would ask Archbishop Corrigan here, publicly, if it was wrong for a priest of our church to take an active part in the last campaign on the side of the workingman and the cause of human rights, why was not Dr. McGlynn disciplined when he openly advocated the election of Mr. Cleveland?

"Let us be determined that when a man stands on this labor platform that we will stand by him in the hour of trouble whether he be priest or layman. Dr. McGlynn is a greater man on this continent to-day than any dignitary in the Catholic church. [Applause.] They say they want him to go to Rome, and they sent a telegram to the *Tribune*, by way of New Haven, announcing that fact. [Laughter.] That was a fine channel for an archbishop to use in sending a summons for a priest to go to Rome! [Renewed laughter and applause.] But he is not going to Rome to disown the principles that he believes to be founded on fundamental truth. [Applause.] As Catholics, we owe spiritual allegiance to the church, but outside of that, Rome has no more control over us than has the king of Siam. [Applause.]

"I don't think this demonstration to-night will avail much at that marble palace of the archiepiscopate, but there is something that will come home to the dignitary who resides there. He will learn that our churches were never built by the Corrigans, the Kellys, and the O'Donoghues [hisses], but that they were built by the people and that the destiny of our church is not carried upon the shoulders of money bags. Our church has always been carried through by the poor, the sorrow-stricken, the oppressed, and they are the support of the church to-day. [Applause.] I am satisfied that this insult to Dr. McGlynn will be wiped out in this city, and in no uncertain way. As for Father Donnelly [groans]; I will say nothing against Father Donnelly, only just this; they had to scour New York for a man to take Father McGlynn's place—he was the last one in the bag."

Mr. McMackin said that "My Lord[7,8,9]" Preston declared that Dr. McGlynn had been called to Rome for condemnation and to be deprived of his priesthood, but Monsignor Preston might rest assured that, whether Dr. McGlynn stays at home or goes to Rome, he is the greatest Christian pastor on the American continent to-day. No braver, no purer man than he, was ever known in any community, and he can rest assured that no harm shall befall him. He has stood as a priest and as a man by the common people, and has been stricken down for taking that position. The common people propose to stand by him. [Applause.] He has endeared himself to the whole community—the Catholic, Protestant and Jew alike—and his enemies should be assured that the men who have ever found a friend and advocate in Father McGlynn are perfectly capable of taking care of him now. [Applause.]

What has Dr. McGlynn been doing? asked the speaker. ["Following in the footsteps of Jesus!" broke out a venerable Irish woman, down whose cheeks tears were streaming.] Has he committed any offence? [Cries of "No!" "No!"] Then why is he summoned to Rome? [Cries, "He must not go!"] "I would like to know," continued Mr. McMackin "if Archbishop Corrigan will tell what communications he received after he issued his last pastoral letter? Why, that ought to have been worth quite a sum of money to Jay Gould." [Loud applause.]

Mr. James J. Gahan, Editor of the "Catholic Herald,"

was the next speaker. He said:

7. Ed. Monsignor Thomas Scott Preston was the Vicar-General, sometimes referred to as "My Lord" Preston in the preceding issues of The Standard.
8. Ed. There are 8 references to "saviors of society" in the Issue #001 and 3 in Issue #002. The reference is to those who would save society "from the dreaded control of the workingmen." (See also The Standard, Issue #10, 1887-03-12, "How Society Was Saved.") (Placed approximately.)
9. Ed. See a reference to Peter's pence in Issue #001, and a footnote with some further information. (Placed approximately.)

If at any period of my life I regretted that the Almighty Giver of all good gifts had not bestowed on me the boon of oratory, it was when I received an intimation this afternoon that I might be called on to express here this evening my sympathy with this great cause.

I think that the eloquence of an angel could be exhausted, and yet countless words of untold beauty be left unsaid, in a movement which has for its life and essence a manifestation of Catholic affection for the peerless pastor of St. Stephen's—Father McGlynn. [Applause.] I use the words "Pastor of St. Stephen's" advisedly, for if this evening he is not its pastor *de facto*, he is its pastor *de jure*; if he is not now its pastor, so far as *exteriors* are concerned, he is the pastor of its interior, of its heart and soul, aye, and of its brain and conscience. [Great applause.] And even were it otherwise—were the relations between the people of St. Stephen's and Father McGlynn in any way strained or inharmonious; were he not the pastor of their hearts and consciences, he would nevertheless be the pastor of that mighty multitude of fervent Catholics who believe that God gave this earth to the children of men; and that when His omnipotent *fiat* bade this planet into being, He gave the land to all the people, and not to any privileged class [Long applause.]

As I conceive it, this meeting is not called in defiance of authority justly and legally exerted, but in protest against authority unjustly 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 stretched forth a hand to strike down landlordism in Ireland; every man who believes with Bishop Nulty that, not the land itself, but the use of the land, 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 justice and magnificent in its broad humanity. [Cheers.]

Of what crime has Father McGlynn been continued on p. 2 → [continued on page 2]

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[continued from page 1]

← continued from p. 1 guilty? [Cries of "None!"] Has he broken his vows? [Cries of "No!"] Has he given public scandal by habits of drunkenness? [Cries of "No!"] Has he pilfered church funds or taught any doctrine inconsistent with the words of the Divine Master? ["No!"] But he went among the poor, the lowly, the wronged and the outcast. He saw that the results of a certain system of political economy tended to make the rich richer and those poor—to whom he ministered—poorer. He examined the causes of so much injustice, suffering and wrong; and having satisfied himself that a peaceable change of systems—a change to be effected by reason and at the ballot box—would remove much of that injustice, alleviate much of that suffering and undo much of that wrong; he came out, not as a Catholic priest, but as an American citizen, to induce his fellow-citizens to share his views, and. sharing them[sic], to vote for them. [Great cheering.]

If that action be criminal, then I hope the day is not distant when the dismayed "saviors of society" will find the vast majority of our people "criminals." [Cheers.] That day is coming quicker than these "saviors" imagine. They cannot bayonet an idea. They cannot pigeon-hole it in the desk of an archiepiscopal residence. They cannot fold it and bery[sic] it away in the illogically written pages of a political pamphlet, issued in the guise of a pastoral letter. [Great applause.] That idea lives, and, like the world of Galileo, moves, and that idea is the object of my allegiance, first, last and all the time, flashing on the spotless banner of organized labor, telling the wearied heads of the toilers to look up and behold the golden beauty of its grand legend, "The Land for the People." [Long and tumultuous applause.]

As I entered the hall a friend showed me an interview with a person named J. J. O'Donoghue published in the *Star*. [Hisses]. He is reported to have said that in this matter he would stand by the archbishop for every dol- lar he was worth. [Groans and hisses]. Well, he has nothing else but "the shekels" to stand by, and I would ask this grand assemblage of American citizens this question: Were this O'Donoghue a poor man; were he clad in the smock of a laborer instead of the broadcloth of a millionaire, would his brains and ability enable even the *Star*, in all its twinkling brilliancy. to find[sic] in him any claim to the position of a "prominent"(?) Catholic, or indeed anything else but a venerable vendor of questionable coffee? [Roars of laughter and cheers].

Mr. Gahan alluded to an attempted boycott of the *Catholic Herald* by a certain priest in this city. But whether he sank or swam, Mr. Gahan declared that he would be found faithful in maintaining the position for which Dr. McGlynn had been persecuted, and he closed his speech by saying:

"Whatever the future may bring. I hope[sic] the the day is far distant when an archbishop of New York will ever again be found justifying the assumption of the knownothings, by demanding the intervention of Rome in an American political question. As a Catholic I protest against this action. As an American citizen I protest against it. And I want it distinctly to be understood that in the exercise of my sovereign rights as an American citizen, no

Sic in the original; probably "and, sharing them".
Sic in the original; probably "bury".
Sic in the original; probably "brilliancy, to find".
Sic in the original; probably "bring, I hope".

body of men in Italy, however amiable and admirable they may be in their own place and sphere, have any more right to direct or govern my action than the dusky chief, who has yet to be discovered by the explorer Stanley, in the depths of the savage and dark continent." [Roars and shouts of laughter and applause.]

Mr. Gahan's speech was followed by one of those electric outbursts of applause that served as an outlet for the pent-up feelings of the audience.

Patrick Doody told the meeting that he was a Catholic and an Irish Catholic, but not a Roman Catholic. The people had, he said, studied their rights and dared maintain them. It was an outrage to discipline Dr. McGlynn, who was the noblest man on God's footstool to-day. "I would deal with Archbishop Corrigan," added the speaker, "by cutting off Peter's pence. [Applause.] Cut it off from the pope and you'll find that Father McGlynn will soon be returned to us; and let us say to the archbishop. 'draw back at once and go into your hole.'" [Laughter and applause.]

John J. [Beahn?] was then introduced and said:

Friends, there is more in this than you are aware of. When men attempt to better their condition by organizing their trade they are blacklisted. they are driven[sic] from the shop and the street car; and now we see a priest, the only one among the thousand who dare to speak the truth, struck down by his superiors. Father McGlynn knew the poor, and took the position he did because his noble heart was full of sympathy for them. He believed in the cause of the workingman, and was brave enough to advocate it in public as well as in private, and now, inasmuch as he has been dishonored by the church authorities for taking up that cause—your cause and mine—let us see to it that he—a man who to-day stands without a dollar in his pocket—shall never want. [Applause followed by a round of cheers] What is a Christian? Well, the Master told us that to be a Christian, after keeping the commandments, we should "sell our goods and give the money to feed the poor." What did Dr. McGlynn do with the thousands of dollars left him by his parents? Ask the widow and the orphan, and they will tell you. Inquire, and you will find that thousands and thousands of dollars, which were once his own individual property, have been either distributed in private charities or is now the property of the church. [A voice: "God bless Father McGlynn," followed by applause.] And yet this beloved pastor has been dishonored by his superiors—this man who stands to-day a priest pure and undefiled in the sight of God. The church orders you to support your pastor. Well, select your pastor and then support him. [Applause.] If you can't have your beloved pastor, go to mass and church as usual, but leave your pocketbook at home. [Cheers.] Tell the O'Donohues and Kellys that if they control the church they must also support it. [Another round of cheers.] And I want to say, in closing, that no person but a citizen of this country has a right to interfere with our politics, whether their interference comes in the shape of a document from the court of St. James, or in that of a letter from a cardinal secretary. To any such who seek to interfere with our political matters let us say, "Hands off! hands off! or we'll strangle you!" [Great applause and shouts of "That's so, we'll do it sure," etc.] "One word as to this land question. When I was a child my parents sent me to the Sisters of Charity; after that I graded into the schools of the Christian brothers, and there, as a Catholic, I learned Dr. Buttler's[25] third catechism. The first question of that catechism is this, 'Who made the world?' The answer is, 'God.' The second is, 'Why did God make the world?' Answer, 'For His own glory, to show his power and wisdom and for man's use and benefit.' This is all Dr. McGlynn and Henry George contend for. This is all we ask, and it matters very little who opposes as we will fight[26] the issue to the *end*."

The meeting closed with cheers for Father McGlynn, and the chairman subsequently, in accordance with the resolutions, appointed the following

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Sic in the original; probably "blacklisted; they are driven".
Sic in the original; probably "Dr. Butler's".
Sic in the original; probably "who opposes us; we will fight (or"opposes, as")".

Committee:

Jeremiah Coughlin, M.D.,	Jas. J. Gahan, Editor *Catholic Herald*,
J. M. Fox, M.D.,	James Fleming,
Patrick Doody	A. J. Steers,
James P. Archibald,	Thomas F. Kenny,
Michael Clark,	James McKim,
Wm. J. O'Dair,	John McMackin,
Thomas Moran,	Martin J. Cummings,

Wm. P. O'Meara.

THE PARISHIONERS' PROTEST.

No More Contributions Until Father McGlynn is Reinstated.

The meeting of the parishioners of St. Stephen's, held in the basement of that church[10]

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on Monday evening, was such a gathering as was never before seen in New York. The great basement was packed with nearly three thousand excited and grief-stricken men and women, while thousands gathered outside of the building. Father Donnelly, who has just been appointed pastor of St. Stephen's, undertook to prevent the people from assembling, and even sent for police to prevent the parishioners over whom he claims to rule as pastor from resorting to violence.

The meeting was a brief one, and it was cut short by a threat of the irate priest to turn off the gas. The committee appointed at the previous meeting reported through Miss S. J. McCaffery, one of its members, who, in a voice choked with emotion, read the following:

> Whereas, Our beloved pastor, Rev. Edward McGlynn, has been deprived of the exercise of his priestly functions, and has been removed from the parish where he has endeared himself to the people by his charity and devotion to our religion; and,
>
> Whereas, We, his faithful flock, having been insulted and outraged by the manner of his removal from St. Stephen's church, his own home for twenty-one years and the refuge of the poor and afflicted; and,
>
> Whereas, Knowing that no fault or offense on the part of our dearly beloved pastor, Dr. McGlynn, was such as should incur the displeasure or punishment of his superiors in the diocese; be it
>
> Resolved, That we, the parishioners of St. Stephen's church, abstain from any further support, pecuniary or otherwise, for the church of St. Stephen's while the Rev. Arthur J. Donnelly remains in the church; and,
>
> Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to refuse to contribute to the maintenance of the church while we are deprived of the administration of the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn.

10. Ed. There isn't a specific reference to this meeting in either of the preceding issues. (Placed approximately.)

> Resolved, That a committee be appointed to wait upon His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, to inform him of the action taken by the parishioners of St. Stephen's and respectfully request that he give the reasons for which Dr. McGlynn has been deprived of the pastorate he has held so long and with such honor to himself and benefit to the church.
>
> MICHAEL MARTIN, EDWARD M'AULIFFE, SARA J. M'CAFFERY.

These resolutions were received with the wildest applause, and adopted by a unanimous vote.

Tax Commissioner Thomas L. Feitner made a feeling address, declaring his personal love for, and the congregation's devotion to, Dr. McGlynn.

A large committee of ladies and gentlemen was then appointed to wait upon Archbishop Corrigan and present to him the resolutions of the congregation.

The feeling manifested at the meeting was most intense, and alternated between the keenest sorrow and the bitterest indignation.

The committee communicated with Archbishop Corrigan, who replied to them in substance that he was not bound to make any explanations to the parishioners of St. Stephens[sic], but as a favor to them he would state why he had removed Dr. McGlynn, if the latter would ask him in writing to do so.

CATHOLICS TALK FREELY.

Interviews With Prominent Members of the Church.

The *Leader* publishes a series of interviews with well-known Catholics, from which we make the following extracts:[11]

Maj. E. J. O'Shaughnessy.

"I feel vexed and humiliated that in the eyes of Protestants—who are secretly chuckling at what is going on—an American priest should not only be interfered with in the exercise of his political rights, but should be made a butt for every unknown writer on the anti-labor press. But how majestic Father McGlynn stands amid it all! How eloquent is his silence! Why did not Archbishop Corrigan issue a manifesto against Dr. McGlynn's interference on behalf of Cleveland during the presidential election? During that campaign I saw Father McGlynn on the platform with Henry Ward Beecher at the Academy of Music when Cleveland and the great J. J. O'Donogue[sic] entered arm in arm. It ill-becomes the archbishop at this late day to make him the victim of a terrible example. Cardinal McCloskey, had he lived, would never have made himself so obnoxious. The late cardinal was noted for his kind, gentle and considerate ways toward the clergy and laity. Dr. McGlynn, while a true Celt, is a typical American. Were he a man of medium ability, the archbishop would have silenced him him- self without resorting

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Sic in the original; probably "St. Stephen's".

11. Ed. In the United States, home rule refers to the authority of a constituent part (administrative division) of a U.S. state to exercise powers of governance and perform functions pertaining to its government and affairs delegated to it by the central (state) government. The latitude of authority granted to local governments varies by state. In some states, known as home rule states, an article or amendment to the state constitution grants cities, municipalities, and/or counties the ability to pass laws to govern themselves as they see fit (so long as they obey the state and federal constitutions). In other states, only limited authority has been granted to local governments by passage of statutes in the state legislature. In these states, a city or county must obtain permission from the state legislature if it wishes to pass a law or ordinance which is not specifically permitted under existing state legislation. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Home_rule_in_the_United_States (Placed approximately.)

Sic in the original; probably "O'Donoghue".

to Rome. I am sorry that the administration of the young archbishop should be so soon marred by this arbitrary act."

P. B. Egan of the Galway Club.

"I have traveled all over the country and know the feeling of the people, and I tell you it is all with Father McGlynn. I wondered at the archbishop's action, especially when I think that on every platform in Ireland during the land agitation, when public meetings are being held the parish priest is generally the chairman. The priests and Dr. Duggan, the bishop of Clonfert, were the head of the land league in part of the county, and I may tell you that Father McGlynn was not even half as radical in preaching the land for the people and upholding Henry George's theory as Bishop Duggan was. The archbishop never moved in the matter alone."

"At whose instance, then?"

"At the instance of New York politicians. Joseph J. O'Donohue for one, who was disappointed at not getting the nomination for mayor, and who would assuredly have received it had it not been for George's candi- dature. Then came the other rich Catholics, and between them the archbishop decided upon attacking the beloved Father McGlynn. In all my experience, and I have had a wide experience in this country and elsewhere, I never met a man of such gentle disposition, such humility, such love of the poor, and such a desire to benefit his fellows as Father McGlynn. All the members of the Galway club feel as I do, and invited me to write a letter to the press to that effect.

"If Father McGlynn had said anything against the church, I would have been one of the first to rebel. But he did nothing of the sort. Father McGlynn spoke for Cleveland. He was not interfered with then by the archbishop; and I am glad that he was not, because he was exercising the right of every American to have his political opinions and publicly to express them if he wishes. Of course if these opinions came from the pulpit it would be a different matter; but Dr. McGlynn never expressed his opinions from the pulpit. I think it is disgraceful on the part of Archbishop Corrigan and humiliating to us Catholics, in the eyes of others, that he should have interfered. If a time comes when a public expression of sympathy will be shown to Father McGlynn in a practical way, I should like to put my name down for $100.

Counselor James A. O'Gorman, Chairman of the Davitt Banquet Committee.

"Father McGlynn is being most unfairly dealt with. I cannot come to any other conclusion than that it is an uncalled-for interference with that liberty to which every American, native or naturalized, is entitled. Does a man lose his civil rights because he is a priest? And who is a better, wiser or more experienced counselor in a political campaign where great social issues are raised and discussed than the soggarth aroon? Who mingles more with the poor? Who better describes their wants? Who more capable of suggesting a remedy? And if this be true of priests generally it is in an especial sense true of Father McGlynn, who is known all over the city as the friend of the poor and the oppressed."

Gen. James B. O'Beirne.

"Dr. McGlynn's silence under all the criti- cism this question has aroused speaks more eloquently than words how worthy a follower he is of the divine master. If priests in America be uniformly treated in this way whenever they deem it their duty to take a prominent part in public affairs, then it will seem as though there were much more freedom in Ireland."

J. W. Wall, Formerly Editor of the Roscommon Herald.

"Any one who has lived in Ireland, as I have, during the three years succeeding 1880, will know that it was quite common to have the laity and the priests opposed in politics, and the people generally won, because the people were right and the priests were wrong.

"I remember the Ennis election, when Parnell was beginning to come into notice first. The parish priest of my native town was almost going to excommunicate me because I stood for the Parnellite candidate against the candidate of the bishop and priests. Well, the Parnell man was elected, and the bishop and priests' man, who fought for the seat upon home rule principles—a kind of savior-of-society sort of fellow—went back to Dublin after his defeat. The government made a judge of him, and ever since that notorious scoundrel deserves, as he bears, the title of 'the hanging judge,' like his bloody rival of the last century, the villain Norbury, whose barbarities added many horrors to the terrible memories of 1798.

"But that was in the beginning, when neither the land league, in 1880, nor Parnell looked likely to succeed. John of Tuam, the great archbishop of the west, the 'Lion of the Fold of Judah,' as O'Connell styled him, denounced Davitt at first as only an ex-convict, and the land league as well; but that great organization swept over the island. Cardinal McCabe uttered fulminations against it in Dublin, but had not a word to say against the brutal buckshot regime which had 500 men pining in prison within a stone's throw of his palace. But things changed in Ireland. The cry now of 'the land for the people' is heard from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway, the voice of priest and prelate alike mingling in the chorus. And it will be thus, too, in regard to the land question on this side of the water. George put his hand upon a sore spot, and no whitewashing in the world can make it seem a healthy spot. Father McGlynn may be a victim of his steadfast adherence to the truth, but the truth always demands victims in the commencement.

"When the American public approves the doctrine that individual ownership in land is immoral, what is, Archbishop Corrigan going to do? Of course approve then what he is denouncing now. For the Catholic church itself, being a constitutional organization, supports constitutional government, and the first essential of a constitutional government is that rule by majority prevails. If the archbishop be right in his censure of Father McGlynn, and his condemnation of the denial that men can hold private property in land, and if in this he represents the opinion of the church, then there must come an end to all reform so far as the sanction of the church is concerned; for no reform, striking at a given existing system, could be inaugurated without being denounced.

"I hope Father McGlynn will come triumphantly out of this trouble, for his treatment in my mind has been most unjust, and in his person the right of an American citizen has been assailed."

J. P. Farrell, President of the Home Rule Club.

"If it was wrong for Father McGlynn to support Henry George for mayor—and I infer from the archbishop that it was—it must have been wrong for the 68,000 electors also, five-sixths of whom were Catholics. In such circumstances, to cast a vote is as bad as to speak, and worse, for the ballot is a seal of indorsement for what before was only an oral approval."

Bryan G. McSwyny.

"Father McGlynn has not been treated as he should be. I remember nothing like this as having occurred in this country before, and I never expected to see a veto put upon the free expression of opinion on an occasion when everybody ought to have a voice in public affairs."

John J. Delaney, President of the Municipal Council of the Irish National League.

"There is a community of sentiment among all the vast majority of the Catholic popula- tion in the city on the side of the devoted priest. Nearly all the Catholic clergymen, with few exceptions, who are anti-George, are in favor of Dr. McGlynn, whom they believe is persecuted for his opinions and for his courage in uttering them. When one recalls all that he has done, his charity, his devotion to the poor and to the cause of right, and his distinct Americanism, it is unfair now to think that he should be threatened with destruction for advocating nationalization of the land, upon which the church has never pronounced an opinion."

Thomas J. O'Sullivan, President of the Fifth Ward Branch of the Irish National League.

"To stand up and champion the poor, not as against the rich, but as against injustice, is everywhere approved by Catholic teaching; and the wonder to me very often has been not that there was a Father McGlynn to speak for the down-trodden vassals, but that there were not scores of Father McGlynns.

Ex-Assemblyman Maj. James Haggerty.

"Father McGlynn is an officer in a grand army that is engaged in making war upon the 'devil and his works.' He is a great soldier, full of loyalty to the banner under which he fights. I believe him to be one of the noblest souls that ever lifted face toward God. His tender charities are known to thousands in this big city, who love and revere him with an abiding faith in his manliness and priestly character."

CATHOLIC OPINION.

Letters From Laymen Denouncing the Outrage.

As an Irish Catholic I protest against the stand taken by Archbishop Corrigan and one or two other prelates against the movement for the emancipation of labor. I shall be much mistaken if the action of the archbishop will have anything like the result he hopes for. If a few timid Catholics retire from the contest because of what he says, it is better they were away, for their places will be taken by men of the same faith having opinions and souls of their own. The ecclesiastical machine will be the sufferer in the end, for it must be borne in mind that although it has generally taken sides with the kings and aristocracies of Europe, this is the first time it has come out openly and boldly in this republican country and allied itself with monopoly against labor. When that sweet young capitalist and rogue, John C. Eno, was smuggled into Canada by one of his clergymen, Archbishop Corrigan said never a word; but when Dr. McGlynn comes out in defense of labor he is suspended.

Catholics are not fools, whether they are native American, Irish or German. They[13,14] form their own opinions on such conduct. The archbishop knows full well that Catholics form a large part of the toilers of this country; he also knows that the toilers are defrauded of their birthright, yet he sympathizes with their oppressors, so capitalists in large numbers called on him on New Year's day—Protestants, Atheists and Catholics alike—and congratulated him, for does he not reside in a magnificent palace like the Vanderbilts and Astors, while *les miserables*, who found a champion in Father McGlynn, exist in vile tenements? If the twelve Apostles were now on earth, and in the flesh once more they are not the kind of people Archbishop Corrigan or Monsignor Preston would care about meeting socially.

13. Ed. They condemn what they do not understand.

14. Ed. Naugatuck, Connecticut, is a suburb of Waterbury, in the western part of the state. Decades after this, Naugahyde was produced there. (Placed approximately.)

I would much like to know why, if Archbishop Corrigan is desirous of doing good, he does not inaugurate a crusade against the saloons? Surely, they do more harm (there are 10,000 of them) than the 68,000 honest men

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who voted for Henry George. If Archbishop Corrigan, miter on head and crozier in hand, would kneel down in front of a saloon and pray against it and anathematize it until it closed he would be in a good deal better business than that of lending his support to the Tammany ring of saloon-keepers and office-holders. It seems that the workingmen asking for land and real freedom are interfering with faith and morals, but a million barrels of whisky are not!

But perhaps the archbishop is not responsible. Perhaps he has received orders from Rome. In that case, so much the worse for Rome. We have in the United States about ten millions of Catholics of German and Irish blood, whose contact with free political institutions has made them intolerant of Italian dictation. Americans who are not Catholics are extremely jealous of foreign influence, and American Catholics are beginning to realize that they have cause. What should Leo XIII. or Cardinal Jacobini—who say they are prisoners in the Vatican—what should they know about the quarrel between capital and labor in America? *Damnant quod non intelligunt.* They are more accustomed to contact with crowns and coronets; and it is a fact that, until the Irish showed their teeth, those cunning Italians paid more attention to the word of a British nobleman than to the voice of the whole Irish nation.

But Father McGlynn does know. He has gone among his people and he sees that squalid poverty in this world does not pave the way for happiness in the next. There is no squalor, though, in the Vatican, nor in the archiepiscopal palace on Madison avenue. If there was, those high eclesiastics[sic] who persecute Dr. McGlynn would go out on strike and shake the earth with their denunciations of a system that disinherits the very children born into God's world.

I regret being compelled to say so, but it is the truth that Roman ecclesiasticism has always been with the oppressor. True, the popes fought against kings and emperors in their time, but it was in maintenance of their own supremacy. They fought against the French revolution, which strove to regenerate mankind, and to an extent succeeded—and when Ireland stood for faith and fatherland at the Boyne and Aughrim and Limerick, Rome was in the field in alliance with William of Orange and his Calvinistic Dutch followers. It was an English pope—one Nicholas Breakspeare—who gave Henry II. permission to invade Ireland on condition that he should cause the Irish to pay him Peter's pence. What sympathy did Ireland get from Rome and the Italians in '98, when she made one last supreme effort for freedom? When the heroic Owen Roe O'Neill was in arms for the grand old cause the pope of the time, Innocent X, because it subserved his political interest, sent his nuncio, Rinuccini, to Ireland to aid the confederates, and that eminent dignitary made a sad mess of it. Why, the Italian churchmen threw cold water on emancipation. Rome entered into a treaty with the British king, whereby that virtuous potentate, George IV, would have the power of veto; that is to say, no Catholic prelate could be appointed without his sanction. But the Irish would have none of the veto, and it was only after they had threatened war against Rome as well as England that the emancipation they required was given them. And this has been so throughout history whenever the relations between Rome and Ireland were concerned,

The Italians seem to hate the Irish. Why, God only knows, except that they follow the general rule of ingratitude and disliking those they have injured. Why did Rome give that pro-Englishman Cullen a cardinal's hat and refuse one to Dr. Doyle or the renowned Archbishop McHale—both eminent for their piety and erudition? Why did Rome give the beretta to that other pro-Englishman, Archbishop McCabe, and ignore Archbishop Croke?

To the Catholics in the present labor movement, especially to the Irish Catholics, I would say, look to your own interests as the propoganda[sic] and the princes of the church of this country look to theirs. If poverty be the road to

Sic in the original; probably "ecclesiastics".

heaven let the cardinals and archbishops become poor like the Apostles, and above all let them invoke God to cast out from them the evil, arrogant spirit that would dictate to the children of toil, and seek fraternity with the kings of the earth. Yours respectfully,

J. C. F.

Sentiment of the Town of Naugatuck.

In the two ablest articles of this century on the case of Dr. McGlynn THE STANDARD voiced the sentiment of the toiling millions of America. If all the workingmen, Catholics and Protestants, could write letters, a paper as large as the state of Texas would not contain half of the indignant protests that would go up from honest toilers in all parts of the country. Every man I speak with feels that Dr. McGlynn is a persecuted priest, and that he is persecuted at the instigation of the millionaires and corrupt politicians of New York.

The people of this town love Dr. McGlynn. A year ago he spoke the words of life to a large and enraptured audience here. His sermon was a masterpiece of eloquence and argument, and it was evident that he was heart and soul with the people. His fame as a mighty preacher had preceded him, and people of all religious denominations flocked to hear him. St. Francis' church, in aid of which he preached, was filled to suffocation, and Protestants and Catholics listened with rapture to the inspired words that fell from the man of God. A Protestant, who was present on that occasion, said to me to-day: "Dr. McGlynn is a holy man. If I were living in his parish I should go to mass every Sunday. He is a persecuted priest, but he shall want for nothing in this country. Any time a fund is started for him, I will have five dollars, or ten or twenty, if required."

Nine-tenths of the people of this town look upon this persecution of Dr. McGlynn as the greatest piece of rascality on record. The idea of a dignitary of the church using both God and the church to oppress the poor and bolster up robbery and corruption! Just think of it!

If Rome shall punish the people's priest for doing good, the archbishop and the rich men and ring politicians of New York will have gained their point, but the Catholic church in America will be set back more than a century. The workingmen of this country are intelligent enough to distinguish between tyranny and love. In this case they see tyranny for the poor and love for the rich. It is the duty of both Protestant and Catholic workingmen to rebuke this ecclesiastical outrage. And now is the time to do it. Now is the time for every honest man to speak and act. It can hardly be possible that ten million American Catholics will allow themselves to be robbed and enslaved because two or three ecclesiastical tools of monopoly so order it. And even though they should be so wretchedly blind, what about the *fifty* million American *Protestants*, who owe no allegiance to Rome or any other foreign country? Where is the boasted freedom of American institutions if an American citizen cannot vote as he likes? or is the United States only an Italian province, as Gaul and Britain were two thousand years ago? Perhaps this language is too bold for a Roman Catholic born and raised to manhood in Queens county, Ireland; but as an American citizen I should consider myself a traitor to the republic I had sworn to defend if I should, in this crisis, be afraid to speak my honest thoughts. The Catholic religion is pure; the great majority of Catholic priests are good, holy men; but the princes are a corrupt body, in whom the love of the world has supplanted the love of God. To-day, in New York city, the one priest who dared to raise his voice in behalf of God's poor is persecuted and an outcast. Like his divine Master, whom he so faithfully imitates, he hath not where to lay his

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head. But the archbishop, the friend of the wealthy and the proud, is living in luxury and grandeur in a marble palace!

Sic in the original; probably "propaganda".

P. C. LODGE.

Naugatuck, Conn., Jan. 18.

Dr. McGlynn's "Martyrdom."

WASHINGTON, Jan. 17.—The Washington *Post*, apropos of the attempt to "discipline" Dr. McGlynn for exercising his rights as a man and a citizen, and doing his duty as a Christian, rather flippantly comments on a report that the doctor would decline to go to Rome and would take the consequences, by sneering at the idea of any one's enduring martyrdom for the sake of the whimsical notion that private property in land should not be allowed.

In this matter the *Post* is only a blind leader of the blind. Martyrs always seem fools to those who lack either the knowledge or the moral zeal to appreciate the truth or the importance of the cause supported. The Roman soldiers and scholars of Paul's day no doubt pitied that greatest of missionaries as a poor crank who was but a fool for his pains; but to the millions who now believe the doctrines for which Paul worked and died. Saul of Tarsus[sic] seems to have chosen the better part.

Many men have suffered for many causes since Saul saw the great light which still shines upon the world; but to no cause save Saul's is the cause inferior for which our true priest has spoken; the cause of the emancipation of the masses of the people from a wanton wrong and a degrading oppression—the cause of peace with justice—the cause of the doing of God's will among men. What war in the world's history can claim a better "cause" than this? "Let justice be done"—not "though," but lest—"the heavens fall."

MARGARET ILSLEY.

The Cooper Union Meeting.

There is a gross and misleading error in the *Sun's* report of the great Catholic meeting held in the large hall of the Cooper Institute on Monday evening last the 17th inst., called to protest against the illegitimate use of arbitrary authority by the archbishop of New York in deposing Dr. McGlynn from his pastorate, *because he could not coerce him into taking the same side in politics with himself.* The *Sun* endeavors to create the false impression that the meeting was not a representative Roman Catholic one by saying "that the audience was about as mixed as Henry George's meetings were last fall, and that a large sprinkling of socialists were present." This is a most unqualified falsehood, and the *Sun's* reporter must have known it at the time he penned his report. I went to the meeting at an early hour and remained to the last, having secured a seat in a part of the hall that enabled me to observe closely the entire audience, and I never saw a more thoroughly representative Catholice audience[sic] during my twenty- five years' residence in New York. Among the sea of upturned faces which met my gaze at every point I could see none but Irish or Irish-American faces, among whom were scores whom I personally knew as Irish or Irish-American Catholics.

The *Sun* has been more or less friendly to Tammany hall for many years past, and the danger which now confronts that immaculate organization (as well as the other halls and rings led by practical politicians and other saviors of society) at the hands of the labor party no doubt has thrown it into a frenzy. Hence these lies.

It is a curious coincidence that we also find the same cause the only real motive which has moved the archbishop against Dr. McGlynn. What has *endeared Tammany hall*, with its long record of infamy, to the archbishop's heart passes my comprehension; but it is utterly useless for us to disguise from ourselves the fact that it is not for any disobedience of legitimate ecclesiastical authority that the archbishop has moved against Dr. McGlynn; it is for

Sic in the original; probably "worked and died, Saul of Tarsus".
Sic in the original; probably "Catholic audience".

the reason that he could not coerce *him in taking a particular side in politics.* In saying this I voice but the opinion of every one of my personal Catholic friends, and I have scores of *them in this city.*

JAMES O'FLAHERTY, 1633 Madison avenue.

Under Which King?

NEW YORK, Jan. 15.—In the *Sun* of the 7th inst. "My Lord" Preston is reported as having commented upon the orders from Rome to Dr. McGlynn as follows:

> It is simply a question of doctrine. Does he hold that the doctrine of the community of land is a true doctrine? That is all there is to it. The church does not believe in that doctrine. To establish it would be to do away with all ownership in property. The nations of the world will never consent to it. The church will have none of it.

I regret that the reporter did not ask this native priest with the foreign and unrepublican title what the duty of American Catholics would be in the event of our state (New York) exercising its undoubted right of eminent domain and *abolishing individual ownership* in land? Would Catholics in general and Catholic priests in particular wait for orders from Rome before obeying the law of the state? And if the church would "have none of it," would all Catholics be in the position described by "My Lord" Preston in the same interview?—*viz*:

> The moment that Dr. McGlynn resists the authority of the church, in that moment he ceases to be a Roman Catholic.

It would be interesting[12] to get a little light on this subject, and I hope you may be able to obtain it for the benefit of your readers.

J. TRAVIS QUIGG.

One Protest out of Many.

At a large meeting of the united labor party of the Eighteenth, assembly district[sic], held on Saturday night, at 235 East Thirty-fourth street, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

> Whereas, Through no utterance of his own, it has become a matter of public notoriety that the Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn of St. Stephen's church has been suspended from his pastorate, because of his support of the labor candidate in our late municipal election; and,
>
> Whereas, The real motives leading to this suspension, as shown both in the official manifesto which preceded the election, and in the more recent newspaper interviews and telegrams of his clerical superiors, are such as would drag religion into matters of purely secular concern, and are thus plainly opposed to the free exercise of religious faith; therefore be it
>
> Resolved, That we, the members of the united labor party of the Eighteenth assembly district, irrespective of our own religious differences, most earnestly deprecate the harsh and oppressive spirit which characterizes the treatment of Rev. Dr. McGlynn; that we know him for a true priest of the people and a lover of his kind, who has never failed to support with his influence and endeavors the oppressed, not only

12. Ed. Interesting to note that Italian-born Roman Catholics were a sufficiently small group not to be noted here.
Sic in the original; probably "the Eighteenth assembly district".

> of this, but other lands, and that we unanimously tender to Dr. McGlynn this public assurance of our love, veneration and heartfelt sympathy.
>
> Resolved, That the secretary of this organization is hereby instructed to present to Rev. Dr. McGlynn a copy of these resolutions.

Catholic Laymen Ask Some Pointed Questions.

The Operative Plasterers' society, half of whose members are Catholics, met Tuesday night in Brevoort hall and voted $200 to Dr. McGlynn to help meet the expenses of his journey to Rome. The plasterers are not Knights of Labor and are not represented in the Central Labor union. They also adopted this:

> Resolved, That this society, now that the passions and excitements of the late elections have subsided, and believing the present an opportune time to separate the tares from the wheat, respectfully appeals in behalf of its Catholic members to the Catholic hierarchy, and through it to his holiness the pope, to inquire:
>
> If members of trade unions have the same constitutional right, under Catholic teaching and discipline as other citizens to form a political party for the purpose of effecting such changes in the policy of the government as they deem conducive to their interests?
>
> If it be as legitimate to advocate the reversion of the land to the people as it is the continued possession of it by individuals?
>
> If it be as lawful to agitate to abolish all taxation, ex-

p. 2, col. 6

> cept on land values, as to insist on taxation of all property but land values? > > If the canons of ecclesiastical discipline be so contradictory that what is censurable in one priest is permissible to another? > > If one may be disciplined by suspension because he publicly advocates such principles as in his sense of duty as a citizen he deems essential to the political welfare of the people, while another, under cover of a response to settle the anxious doubts of a political chieftain "grown gray in the church," dabbles as palpably in the political issues and is let scot free? > > To mark more distinctly the line, so that he who runs may read, between true and false socialism, between true and false communism, between true and false individualism, or between true and false anarchism, and say what system of political economy, if any, is taught by the church, so that in future political canvasses, or during a strike, workingmen may not be unsettled in their convictions of right and duty by a mere opinion (put forth as a command of the church) of imprudent priests too desirous to favor the "bosses" of certain "halls," or the "masters" of any trade.

Catholics as Citizens.

The *Union Printer*, whose editor is a Catholic, says:

Several Catholic newspapers not on our exchange list have been sent to this office during the past week. They contain articles marked so as to signify what the senders were desirous should be read. These articles refer to the George-McGlynn-Corrigan controversy. It would not seem at all strange if one writer, believing that he had said a good thing, had sent it to a newspaper interested in all the good things that men say in relation to Henry George's doctrines. But it does seem passing strange that a number of writers working for papers bearing the name of the church should all believe that their views on this controversy are of such importance as to call for a more or less general distribution of the journals in which they are expressed.

Now, what is behind this circulating of political literature? Why are the tactics of the political literary bureau being employed in this case? And who are managing the scheme?

All who have read with any care Mr. George's review of the case of Dr. McGlynn have seen that Mr. George has not attacked the Catholic *faith*, though the press in general might not exercise great dispatch in correcting an impression that he had done so. The newspaper replies to Mr. George, therefore, which assumes that he has attacked a religious belief, set out with a falsity, and the reasoning based upon it must be false. In arraigning the managers of the church, Mr. George has made plain statements. Misrepresenting him will be unavailing; he is on hand to contradict misstatements and refute bad reasoners. So clearly has he put the case that the rest of his task will simply be to restate and amplify its points to the slow, the captious and the unfair among his opponents.

The Catholics within the circle of the readers of this paper understand the question at issue. They know the sphere of the church, and they also clearly see their rights and duties as citizens. The priesthood will control the church; no institution will ever dictate to Americans how they shall vote.

There is a feature in this controversy yet to be developed: To what extent can the lower ranks of the priesthood of America be expected to yield unquestioning compliance to the dictation of their superiors in regard to a course of action involving the rights of citizenship? Are the parish priests near enough to the people to feel the necessity for listening to what the people shall say?

Mr. George's first article in his new paper, THE STANDARD, has brought before the American public considerations such as arise in the mind of a statesman. His action in doing so has drawn out a strong opposition on the part of men wielding great powers. Is the question he has raised to be settled only after years of vexed controversy, or is it, happily, soon to be set at rest through the men actuated by deep religious feeling, great common sense, straightforwardness, honesty and capacity for correct thought, who ought to be found in the bosom of the mother church?

Dr. McGlynn as a Priest.

A New York Catholic says of Rev. Dr. McGlynn in the Utica *Observer*:

Everybody knows his attitude on the public school system. It is an order of the archbishop that every rector shall within two years after taking charge establish parochial schools. Dr. McGlynn considered this unnecessary and expensive. "What is the use," I have heard him say, "establishing schools where the poor parents will have to pay for the education of their children when the magnificent public schools are open to them for nothing?" All his money and slender income went for charity. As his share of his mother's estate he received $30,000. What did he do with it? Spent it all upon his church and upon the poor. Talk of schools! Show me anything like this done by other priests who criticise him. He created the St. Stephen's Home for Destitute Children in East Twenty-eighth street, including a charity school for girls. which is managed[sic] by ten sisters of charity. The children number over 150. He also created an industrial home for girls out of employment. His Sunday-school numbers over 1,600 pupils, directed by 170 teachers. He and his priests also attend the numerous Catholics in Bellevue hospital. Another thing: Any poor priest coming to this city is sure to find a home with Dr. McGlynn until he is provided for. His private charities are innumerable and quietly done. The tramps knew well where to come. There is many a divorce, too, he has prevented by reconciling husband and wife. When the poor called, and if he were conversing with some rich parishioner he would at once go out, saying, 'This poor woman' or 'poor man has no time to lose. The rich have plenty of time!" Ah! well, (concluded the gentleman, with a sigh,) perhaps Rome doesn't know we have a saint among us."

Sic in the original; probably "girls, which is".

Correspondence.

NEW YORK.—If the political action of American citizens is to be dictated by any ecclesiastical authority, I quite agree with you that it is time we knew it. The cringing of the dominant press and the timidity it has shown in supporting the weak against the oppressions of the strong, whenever a vital point has been touched by you, has been something sickening to those whose sense of justice demands fair play and the honest acknowledgment of moral right.

WALTER CARR.

CLEVELAND, Ohio., Jan. 16[sic].—I am satisfied that the people of these United States are ready for the work you have begun. Dr. McGlynn stands eminently higher to-day for his manly, outspoken words than ever before, and I trust that he has the manhood to maintain his point. If he goes to Rome the political independence of the American priest will be gone. What would be thought if there was a clergyman of any other denomination brought under the ban and ordered to do penance for holding and advocating a political opinion'[41].

GEORGE F. MARSHALL.

NEWARK, N. J.—I cannot believe that that noble servant of Christ, Dr. McGlynn, will be found wanting in "the times that try men's souls." If Archbishop Corrigan is permitted to establish the precedent at which he aims, farewell Catholic liberty in America!

AUGUSTUS WATTERS.

JERSEY CITY, Jan. 15.—Dr. McGlynn has struck against the system that oppresses workingmen, and for this he is persecuted. Fellow workingmen, shall he stand alone? You have strength to stand by *him*, and, if *you* have the courage of that strength, you will.

J. H. BOGGS.

A State-Owned Railroad.

Governor Scales of North Carolina, in his recent message, says that the state owns over two-thirds of the $1,800,000 stock of the Atlantic and North Carolina railroad, which stock is appreciating in value, and declares that he sees no reason why the road should not pay a dividend. He earnestly recommends that the state do not part with her ownership in this road, which was intended to be, and really is, a part of the North Carolina road, forming a line 319 miles long from the city of Charlotte to Morehead City. Fifteen years ago the stock of the North Carolina road was worth about 30 cents on the dollar; now it is worth [105?], and the state receives a dividend of $180,000 annually on its stock. it holding three-fourths[sic] of the stock in this road."

Sic in the original; probably "Ohio, Jan. 16".
Sic in the original; probably "opinion?".
Sic in the original; probably "on its stock, it holding".

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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 Demanded.

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 so large even as they seem, for the men are paid only 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.[15]

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 employes 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 workmen who trim [loads of?] coal in the holds of vessels. In these demands district assemblies 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. That 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 bookkeepers, 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.

15. Ed. Railroads (Placed approximately.)

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 peaceable 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 Kerr of Hoboken refused to take policemen off 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 any 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 cut off from use. 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.

Be Content.

> Said the parson, "Be content,
> Pay your tithe-dues, pay your rent;

> They that earthly things despise
> Shall have mansions in the skies.
> Though your back with toil be bent,"
> Said the parson, "be content."
>
> Then the parson feasting went,
> With my lord who lives by rent;
> And the parson laughed elate,
> For my lord has livings great.
> They that earthly things revere,
> May get bishops' mansions here.
>
> Be content! be content!
> Till your dreary life is spent;
> Lowly live and lowly die,
> All for mansions in the sky.
> Castles here are much too rare;
> All may have them—in the air.

—[J. Maurice?] in *London [Commonweal?]*.

p. 3, col. 2

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 act 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 employes 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 yet unsettled plain, in order, it declared, that the employe might not be subjected to the expense of securing these points from the supreme court.

Their remedy was a statnte[sic] modeled on the English act of parliament, which covered not only railway employes 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.

Sic in the original; probably "statute".

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 intrusted 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 impropriety 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.

WM. 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 they are enabled to do by leaving the title in the government until the actual settler has purchased his holding. Imagine fertile plains of almost illimitable extent, dotted here and there with settlers' homes. On these dots the burdens of government are rested, while the monopolists' domain, stretching far and wide, goes scot free. Moreover, the farmer toils scarcely less to 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 leagues and leagues in extent are cropped by a few capitalists and the produce loaded on foreign-going ships and deported. 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 rule the land market until wheat growing becomes unprofitable.[16,17]

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

16. Ed. side by side; at the same rate or on an equal footing. (Placed approximately.)

17. Ed. Miller and Lux Corporation. Henry Miller (1827-1916) was a German-American rancher known as the "Cattle King of California" who at one point in the late 19th century was one of the largest land-owners in the United States. Miller built up a thriving butcher business in San Francisco, later going into partnership with Charles Lux, also a German immigrant and a former competitor, in 1858. The Miller and Lux company expanded rapidly, shifting emphasis from meat products to cattle raising, and soon became the largest producer of cattle in California and one of the largest landowners in the United States, owning 1,400,000 acres directly and controlling nearly 22,000 square miles of cattle and farm land in California, Nevada, and Oregon. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Henry_Miller_(rancher). (Placed approximately.)

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 160 miles of fencing to inclose it. This one cattle range contains 256 square miles[sic]—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 oldest inhabitant. 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. HENLEY.

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 employes being engaged in the factories of that city. Who were the employes, 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 Richmond manufactories are 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 but 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.

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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[18] 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

Sic in the original; probably "(figure inconsistent: 1,000,000 acres is about 1,562 square miles; perhaps"1,562")".

18. Ed. The Ocean Association of the 'Longshoremen, Knights of Labor.

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 'longshoreman's associations[sic] 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 lines 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 dock is crowded with freights 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 reshipped; 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 something 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.

To Dr. McGlynn.

> Dear Priest of God, no martyr's crown
> E'er rested on a fitter brow
> Than that which, for the cause of truth,
> Crowns thee a living martyr now!
>
> Thy hands, that countless times were raised
> In sacramental blessing sweet,
> Have surely now no blessing less
> For those who'd fain kneel at thy feet.
>
> Thy lips, that for long years but spoke
> The Master's words of hope and cheer,
> Must still the heavenly gospel preach,
> Of love that casts cut every fear[sic]!
>
> And though thy hand no chalice lifts
> To consecrate His mystery,
> Thy heart is his fit altar stone—
> Thy soul his passion's history!
>
> With pen and voice hast thou e'er tried
> To help the poor or soothe distress;
> Now, when thou'rt martyred for the truth,
> Shall those who loved thee, love thee less?
>
> Ah no! but in their lives show forth
> The lessons thou hast taught so long,
> So that the world may see—our hearts
> Can suffer still—and still be strong!
>
> Then, Priest of God, go on thy way!
> The truth proclaim and justice teach,
> Until the ends of suff'ring earth
> Thy martyred spirit's voice shall reach!
>
> Thy fearless deeds of charity
> Still do unto the very least

Sic in the original; probably "'longshoremen's associations".
Sic in the original; probably "casts out every fear".

> Of suff'ring men; nor veer, nor change,
> For thou indeed art God's true Priest.

December, [1886?]. —*C. F.*

p. 3, col. 4

THE LORILLARD STRIKE.

THE FIRM REFUSE TO ARBITRATE THE GRIEVANCE.

Jersey City Police Called Upon to Guard the Factory Against Orderly Working People—Jeered at by Women and Girls—The Strikers Hold 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 employes 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 employes, and indicating a purpose to make extra profits at the expense of the employes, the matter was brought to the attention of local assembly 5011 of the Knights of Labor, composed of Lorillard's people, and on Thursday of last week, at a signal made by one of the young women, about two thousand employes left the building.

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 employes 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 employes 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 spattered on 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 masculine strikers were passive, the women had their fun, and the police, however much they may have itched 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 employes, but insist upon ignoring what they call outsiders. The Knights of Labor have discussed the propriety of allowing a committee of the old employes 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 earthquakes 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 Tennesseeans, 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 enterprises 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 *Volks-zeitung* 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 workingmen. 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 whisky sellers, government employes and lawyers, that even one dozen business or workingmen could be found. There are, to be sure, quite enough lawyers in the labor convention, namely, eleven; but there is only one restaurant keeper, two doctors, three authors and journalists and four teachers, all the rest being of the so-called industrial classes."[19]

Thirty Thousand People Want Subsistence.

WITCHITA FALLS[sic], 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,
Secretary Wichita Falls Alliance.

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19. Ed. Translates as "populist newspaper." (Placed approximately.)
Sic in the original; probably "Wichita Falls".

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.

p. 3, col. 5

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 410,000, 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 fraction, 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.

But 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 the votes among several proxies would multiply these remainders, and the party practicing such folly would waste strength and lose representation. Parties would find it best to concentrate their entire vote on one proxy.

By following this plan every party 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 criticisms directed against the electoral system have no force against or application to this scheme. The former is undemocratic 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 PFEIL.

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 advocated. 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 be 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 earn goes 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.

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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[20] platform, on which the great labor canvass of the New York workingmen 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
>
> 1. 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 compels men to pay their fellow-creatures for the use of God's gifts to all, and permits monopolizers 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 his toil.
>
> 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 beneficent inventions as the railroad and telegraph a means for the oppression of the people and the aggrandizement of an

20. Ed. The Clarendon Hall platform was approved September 23, 1886. It is detailed in Post & Leubuscher's book, Henry George's 1886 Campaign, Chapter I, online at http://henrygeorgethestandard.org/pdf/HG-Post-Leubuscher-HG-1886-Campaign-annotated.pdf

aristocracy of wealth and power. We declare the true purpose of government to be the maintenance of that sacred right of property which gives to every one 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 laws which give to any class of citizens advantages, either judicial, financial, industrial or political that are not equally shared by all others.

3. We further declare that the people of Cincinnati 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 officious intermeddling of the police with peaceful assemblages 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 yet unbuilt upon 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 fine shall be put upon the employment of labor in increasing living accommodations, and that taxes should be levied on land irrespective of improvements, so that those who are now holding land vacant shall be compelled either to build on it themselves or to give up the land to those who will.

5. We declare, furthermore, that the enormous value which the presence of 350,000 people gives to the land of this city belongs properly to the whole community; 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, to the promotion of the health, comfort, 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 not be left in the hands of corporations, which, while gaining enormous profits from the growth of population, oppress their employes and provoke strikes that interrupt travel and imperil the public peace, but should by lawful process be assumed by the city and operated for public benefit.

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 lessen the need of money in elections, discourage bribery and prevent intimidation.

7. And since in the coming most important municipal election independent political action affords the only hope of exposing and breaking up the extortion and peculation by which a standing army of professional politicians corrupt the people whom they plunder, we call on all citizens who desire honest government to join us in an effort 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. Haughton, 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[21] read the following dispatch:

> New York, Jan. 16, 1887.
>
> I congratulate your convention on its work, and especially on its recognition of the land question as a fundamental issue on this line. Ultimate victory is certain. Fraternally,
>
> HENRY GEORGE.

The dispatch was greeted with a storm of applause.

There was a sharp controversy over a motion that a committee of organization should organize labor clubs in the various wards, such clubs to be represented in the county convention, some delegates wishing to confine the political movement to the labor organizations. The resolution was finally adopted. A committee of twenty-five, one from each ward, was subsequently appointed by the meeting.

The convention declined to consider a resolution extending sympathy to Dr. McGlynn on the ground that it was not wise for the party in one city to undertake to interfere in the affairs of the party in another city.

Fifty-five organizations were represented in the convention, and arrangements have already been made to organize every ward in the city. As soon as possible this work will be extended to every precinct. The two sessions of the convention lasted five hours.

The utmost unanimity and enthusiasm prevailed, and Ohio will be found in line with New York in the most important social and political movement of modern times.

Sensible Advice.

The San Francisco *Reporter* in commenting on the injury worked to retail trade by the recent car strike says: “The companies cannot expect ladies and children, or even sensible men, to trust themselves to inexperienced drivers and conductors, and as the experienced men now on strike ask only $2.50 for a solid, twelve-hour day, and there can be no reasonable doubt that the road could well afford to do business on that basis, the company ought to yield.

Tobogganing.

> They may talk of a sly flirtation,
> By the light of the chandelier,
> And such like dissipation,
> When nobody’s very near;
> But then they never tried,
> On a star-light night and clear,

21. Ed. Alfred Swift Houghton (1855-1909), physician, author of “Songs and Sonnets of the New Crusade,” 1892. He had an article in Issue #002 entitled “Steps Taken Toward Forming the New Party,” and spoke in towns all over New York State during the Fall, 1887 campaign.

> Down the steep glacis to slide
> With a precious freight to steer.
>
> They may praise the polka's round,
> Or the waltz's giddy twirl,
> To music's melting sound
> As up and down they whirl;
> But give me the slippery steep!
> Give me the cold moon's ray!
> The cooling rush of the outstripped wind,
> The glide of the Indian sleigh!

—*Quebec Mercury.*

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THE STANDARD.

HENRY GEORGE, Editor and Proprietor.

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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 workingmen 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 councilors 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, gentle-mannered priest who has incurred his enmity.[22]

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 [gloried?] in their adhesion to the Catholic

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22. Ed. "How Donnelley Took Possession," page 1 of this issue. (Placed approximately.)

church, and nothing has been said that is not recognized by free-minded Catholic as fully called for[sic] 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 not 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 truest 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,

Sic in the original; probably "free-minded Catholics".

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."

HENRY GEORGE.

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 patroled, 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

p. 4, col. 3

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[sic] 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 workiug[sic] upon terms that do not suit him, he is violating the equal liberty of others when he attempts in any way. individually,[59] 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

Sic in the original; probably "affect transportation (possibly as written)".
Sic in the original; probably "working".
Sic in the original; probably "in any way, individually".

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 alway was[sic], 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 stale beer dives in "the Bend[23,24,26]" 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

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Sic in the original; probably "as it always was".

23. Ed. "The Wicked Bend: One Of The Worst Portions Of The Metropolis," The Standard, Issue #002, 1887-01-15, at page 2 of the original.

24. Ed. "The Dives and Some of the Men Who Run Them," page 6 of the original. (Placed approximately.)

26. Ed. See "New York Organized: The General Committee's Most Excellent Work," in this issue. (Placed approximately.)

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of law and order and the salvation of society voted to continue the kind of boss rule that makes "Fatty[25]" Walsh warden of the Tombs and assures to the pestilent dive keeper police protection and political influence.

That the goody-goodies 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 workingmen'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[sic] 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 criticise 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 workingmen.

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 have been enough; whereas now it would take fifty per cent more

25. Ed. See articles about Fatty Walsh in preceding issues (Issue #001, two articles); Issue #002 (two articles); also Post & Leubuscher, Chapter II. (Placed approximately.)
Sic in the original; probably "in the evening, before".

of either products[sic]. 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. YOUMANS, 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

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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 functionary, 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

Sic in the original; probably "more of either product (possibly as written)".

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 inter-state 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:[27,28]

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 tarried 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 invites 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

27. Ed. Edward Livingston Youmans (1821-1887) was an American scientific writer, editor, and lecturer and founder of Popular Science magazine. In 1872 Youmans founded Popular Science Monthly magazine, which he edited until his death. The 28 volumes issued under his care show a devotion to the spread of scientific thought upon the chief topics of the time. His enthusiastic nature led to constant overdoing, and the strain affected his strength years before his death. From 1882, his lungs were seriously affected, but he worked on persistently until early in 1886. In 1882 Youmans organized the New York banquet at the end of Herbert Spencer's U.S. tour. All told, Spencer wrote 91 articles for Popular Science Monthly. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edward_L._Youmans. (Placed approximately.)
28. Ed. "A Health Department Murder," Issue #002, page 3 of the original. (Placed approximately.)

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?[29,30]

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 mayoress of Grovelton cannot sleep o' 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 us 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 loves you for it, we does." Somebody has suggested that our noble queen should celebrate her fiftieth pay day 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.[31]

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, was caused in case of hail, flood or drouth Would farmers in close circumstances lose their homes?[32]

J. F. TUCKER.

[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 drouth; 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 sympathizers 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."

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29. Ed. Manufacturer of watches. (Placed approximately.)
30. Ed. Reported in the New York Times of November 19, 1886. (Placed approximately.)
31. Ed. Queen Victoria. (Placed approximately.)
32. Ed. See a response to both the query and the answer in "How Taxing Land Values Would Improve the Climate: A Farmer Suggests a Way to Tame the Western Cyclone and Prevent Death" in The Standard, Issue #009. (Placed approximately.)

Soggarth Aroon.

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 thy praises sung, Soggarth Aroon! Who by the lonely bier Dried the poor widow's tear, And made the orphans 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 by law be 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 commissary of police and told him the misfortune that had happened to him. That officer lost no time in sending out messengers to make inquiries, and before an hour had elapsed he was informed that the hackman had already returned to the administration of the Orleans railway the fortune that he had left on the seat of his vehicle. There are even instances of cabmen refusing rewards under like circumstances, and the following is rather an amusing specimen: One day a wealthy jeweler of the Palais Royal left in a hack a magnificent diamond necklace valued at 80,000 francs. He 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 poinding (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 fireside. The officer, when he went toward the fire, said: 'I will poind[33] 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 cattle and the sheep and the corn could be poinded, but I had not the remotest idea that a child could. Several people have spoken to me about the poinding, 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 poinded 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 had 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."

Locking Up Money.

O. W. Riggs, in Buffalo Express.

An expenditure of $7,000 will lock 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 in the collateral. The whole amount is thus tied up! That is how men of comparatively moderate means could thimblerig the money market. A large operator like Gould or Sage, with $10,000,000 or more in bank, could send word to its 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 Turnas[sic], 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

33. Ed. Poind: 1. (Law) to take (property of a debtor) in execution or by way of distress; distrain. 2. (Law) to impound (stray cattle, etc).
Sic in the original; probably "Furnas (Robert W. Furnas, ex-governor of Nebraska)".

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 the practice soon became 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.

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THE WEEK.

The Tammany hall general committee for 1887 organized last week. The place of Judge Dugro as leader of the Tenth district has been taken by Charles Steckler, brother and partner of Judge Steckler. Senator John Cochrane 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 socialistic resolutions before and filed 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. Pryer[sic] 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 assigned to duty in the laundry. If he is as efficient in cleaning linen as he was in befouling 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 [1832?] 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 1872 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 legislature and a bill was promply[sic] 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 Turkish prunes. The 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.

Sic in the original; probably "Roger A. Pryor".
Sic in the original; probably "promptly".

The assessor of taxes in Jersey city recently valued wires 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 $16,127.05. 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 $83,872.95 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 [109,030?] tons that of 1883, which was previously the largest year. After all expenses were paid, there was a balance of $40,250 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 Muckle Brothers, of St. Helens, Oregon, for the manufactured value of timber alleged to have been unlawfully cut from 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 $8 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. Fitler 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 opposing candidates. They decided to nominate 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 named set. Meanwhile the united labor party, having no society savers to 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. Cummins, 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 reso-

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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, Evarts, Hampton, Hoar, Mahone, Mitchell (Ia.), 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 $676,000 were made by C. P. Huntington, and [$733,900?] 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 $600,000. This is the measure against which the workingmen protest.

Thirty-five senators went on record on Tuesday against the proposal of Mr. Eustis[34] 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 assigument[78] by the Backbone road was illegal and void, because the road had 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 there stuck. Three or four of the members of this committee, among them Senators Van Wyck and Morgan, protested vigorously against Secretary Teller's issuance of the patents to

34. Ed. Likely James Biddle Eustis (1834-1899), a United States Senator from Louisiana. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/James_B._Eustis See also the Congressional Record from 1887-01-18, at https://books.google.com/books?id=JTQ4AQAAMAAJ&pg=PA750.
Sic in the original; probably "assignment".

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 settled 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 dogma. 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 it is said will 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 setting 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 premised[sic] 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

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

The hot contests in Indiana and New Jersey were unconclusive 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 chosen as Logan[35]'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.

Sic in the original; probably "promised".

35. Ed. Senator Logan's death was the subject of several items in Issues #001 (1887-01-08) and #003 of The Standard.

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. Abbett 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 continne[sic].

There is a very bitter feeling among English tories on account of the death of Lord Iddlesleigh[sic]. 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 the party the old moss-back tories would be glad to thus be rid 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 reating[sic] landlords appear to be having their way in many districts, and the cruelty attending the evictions is atrocious. At Glenbergh,[84] 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

Sic in the original; probably "continue".
Sic in the original; probably "Iddesleigh".
Sic in the original; probably "rack renting".
Sic in the original; probably "Glenbeigh".

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 work. A force of 150 policemen and bailiffs went receatly to evict the occupants of nine houses in Coomashoen, 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 Caherconlish, county Limerick, on Tuesday of this week a more exciting scene occurred. Edmond 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 sledge hammers, 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 those who attempted 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

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sum of money, and the tenants secure a reduction of $25,000 in rents besides 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 £8,000 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 as a grave one[sic]. 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" adopted in Ireland is a "plan of salvation. Hitherto we have meekly and weakly 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 consols 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 SAUNDERS, *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 becoming 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 worldings[sic]; 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 family 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.*
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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 stillness of their attitudes and give me the hearty welcome with which they had always greeted me, I was filled with a keen delight

Sic in the original; probably "as a grave one".
Sic in the original; probably "worldlings".

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 heart's warmest affections, 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 footstep 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 employes fetters that bind them relentlessly to the precincts of squalor and fetid poverty.

Thus my friend fulfils 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 worshipers 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 other 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 worshiping.

Thus my friend stands at the head of his little family; thus he shows his protective love. Ever on the alert is he to guard the interests of his family, and, employing all his energies that his children may be suitably and sumptuously fed, clothed and environed. 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 depletes existing accumulations of merchandise and starts up business in every mart 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-

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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 repeal the 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 carmen's committee that they could seek work elsewhere if dissatisfied. "The woods are full of men," he said, "and we can easily get any number." Aye, there's the rub. The woods are full of men. If they owned the woods they would stay there, and carmen could get better wages; but as they are only allowed to "tramp it" in the woods, they compete for jobs elsewhere and keep wages down.

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 capitol 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 $3,000 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 barrister, 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 gaikwar 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. Leverson redelivered his lecture on the "Constitutional convention and its work," Tuesday evening, Jan. 18, at the Workingmen'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 39 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. Leverson, Ph. D., of New York, has issued a pamphlet on scientific legislation intended to prove it practical. To illustrate his position, Dr. Leverson 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 dabbling in politics, while the queens of America have no voice in their country.—[Catholic Herald.[36,37,38]

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 ceased being sneered at or laughed at. It is being studied now.—[Burlington (Iowa) Truth

About the best thing the Knights of Labor can do these long winter evenings is to debate the price of rent compared with wages, and devise some method to get grasping landlords and real estate sharks by the throat, metaphorically speaking—[Moline (Ill.) Chimes.

The Providence *Telegram* says that it costs less to live now than at any previous time for a generation. Perhaps it does, though people who have to work for a living do not find that it costs any less labor to live than it ever did. And there's the rub.—[Winsted (Conn.) Press.

36. Ed. Frank Purdy Williams (1848-1950). In The Standard, Issue #001, 1887-01-08, appeared his article "The Lost Equilibrium: How Men Lost Their Foothold in the Garden of the Lord." A later issue of The Standard (1891-04-01) says, "Jerome O'Neill read"The Missing Link," a pamphlet on the social problem, written by F. P. Williams some ten years ago." It was published as Discovery of the Missing Link: An Attack Upon the Enemy of Labor in 1885. (Placed approximately.)

37. Ed. See subsequent article in this issue, "Military Rule: A Standing Army of Federal Troops at Chicago," by Farwell. (Placed approximately.)

38. Ed. Montague Richard Leverson, M. D., (1830-1925), was a neighbor and friend of Henry George in Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn. Late in life, he also acquired a law degree. He wrote Common Sense, or First Steps in Political Economy ... Being a Popular Introduction to the Most Important Truths Regarding Labor and Capital (1876), online at https://catalog.hathitrust.org/Record/008599041, and Primer of Morals, for use in Schools and Families (1885), online at https://archive.org/details/primerofmoralsfo00leverich, as well as a number of medical topics and on education; see http://worldcat.org/identities/lccn-n86824141/. Leverson was also involved in the Proportional Representation movement (see https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Proportional_representation), and wrote a letter to the New York Times in October, 1897, harking back to the 1886 election. He and Henry George both were on the platform for a labor rally at Cooper Union in July, 1894, reported at length in the New York Times. Ambrose Bierce wrote a poem about him, online at

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NEW YORK POLITICS.

THE DIVES AND SOME OF THE MEN WHO RUN THEM.

How Some "Saviors of Society" Get Their Influence.

To those uninitiated in city politics it is a matter of surprise that dives exist in the Fourth and Sixth wards in the face of special enactments to suppress them. The answer is simple. The dive owners and the dive owners' money are important parts of that political machine which has enabled Mr. Hewitt to save society and "Fatty[^e40]" Walsh to become warden of the Tombs. One man, August Plath, owns all the dives on Park row. He is in sympathy with every political party that will let him live and add to the large fortune he has already made out of his proprietorship of dives. He was ten months in jail last year, and would have been in state prison now had Mr. Gerry's society for the prevention of cruelty to children had its way.[^e39]

The law against music in halls where liquor is sold was enacted to crush out such dives, but their political importance enables them to remain, music and all, and the police stand outside and look at them.

John, alias "Los" Curtiss, is owner of the dives off Park row, on North William street. Drunken travelers tumble into these dives at night and come out to complain to the police that they have been robbed. The police order the complainants away.

At the polls on election day one of the hardest workers for the Tammany ticket and "society saver" Alderman Pat Divver, is this John, alias "Los" Curtiss. Did not Mr. Curtiss work at the polls for the success of Tammany hall Police Captain[sic] Webb would be ordered to pall the dive,[39] forthwith, and Mr. Curtiss would be compelled to earn an honest living. He has been proprietor of dives now for ten years, and has not once been arrested. When he opens a dive he invariably throws away the key to the front door, and customers are as welcome on Sundays as on other days.

With August Plath it is different. He is of no use as a political worker at the polls, but his money is good, and *it* can purchase votes. No one has been able to tell how much money Plath has paid for the privilege of carrying on his four dives, but he has been able to crush all rivals.

The proprietors of the Water street dives rallied round the poll, 125 Roosevelt street, and worked all day to put the savior of society, Abram S. Hewitt, into the mayor's chair.

"And why shouldn't they put up their money at election time?" Patrick Foster, a keeper of the Tombs, said. "Elections are not won with wind. You need some greenbacks to put life in the boys. These keepers of dives have it stacked away in dark closets and only bring it out on election day, for fear some one 'll claim it on other days. They expect to put up their money to help elect our man, for a new one may want more money off them when he gets

Sic in the original; probably "Tammany hall? Police Captain (question mark missing)".
Sic in the original; probably "pull the dive".

in; besides it gives the keepers of the dives great airs not to be able to make them put up for the election expenses."

All the dives in the Fourth ward are held solid for Tammany hall by Alderman Divver and Capt. Webb. Across the way in the Sixth ward "Fatty" Walsh (now warden of the Tombs) reigns supreme. This is the great lodging house district, and about election times votes are imported here from pretty nearly every city in the Union and from Europe. The parks are hunted for tramps who may be made serviceable as voters. They get lodging and meals free and two dollars on election day.

It is a misdemeanor for the proprietor of a lodging house to shelter more lodgers under his roof than his permit given by the board of health calls for. In exciting election times the board of health never makes complaint, unless a politician is injured who is a friend of the officers of the board. A few years ago the board of health came down upon Pat Sullivan, who had [160?] lodgers in his house in Worth street, whereas his permit only allowed sixty. He was prosecuted and fined. He had made the mistake of believing that he could trifle with William P. Kirk, now the indicted boodle alderman, but who was then the leader of Tammany hall in the district. It is not uncommon at an election for lodging house keepers to house lodgers in sheds and closets and enroll them on the registry lists. If a lodger has the misfortune not to be enrolled, he personates some man whom the lodging house keeper finds out will not turn up.

In this district are a number of owners of property who are always in need of some one to do them "favors" in different departments in the city government.

"I know of one property owner," said a resident of the district, "who has $200,000 in real estate. He made it serving up whisky to degraded women when the cellars in Center street were filled with them. Somehow cr another the department of public works has a grudge against him, and is always asking him to put in new water meters, make repairs in his houses or in the streets. He never makes the repairs. He usually speaks to 'Fatty' Walsh, now warden of the Tombs, who sees the chief of the bureau, and the repair never is made."

It has always been a matter of curiosity what disposition is made of the cases of fighting in tenement houses that come up in the court of special sessions. It is a matter of record that thirty-four were tried each day for three weeks before the election of 1885. The past year was not so bad. They averaged twenty-one a day for a month. All the cases that happened for months previously were held over until just then, the reason being that they can then be worked for votes. "Of course the complainant and defendant in each case had to see a politician," a lawyer said, "and this politician was 'Fatty' Walsh, for the court stood two county democrats and one republican. 'Fatty' went through the motions of interceding in the cases, and they were invariably dismissed with a warning to fight no more. Of course, in all these cases the new warden of the Tombs made votes. But this settled Divver. He made reprisals among the saloon keepers who had supported 'Fatty' Walsh for alderman. These, when arrested for infractions of the excise law, were forced to ask Pat. Divver, who was the Tammany leader, to get the Tammany judge to let up on them. Thereupon they were his supporters."

The indicted alderman, Wm. P. Kirk, made and remade the police captains who were put in charge of the station house in Oak street, and through them exerted a powerful influence on all the law-breaking classes. Capt. Robert Webb was made captain to get rid of Capt. Petty, who was a republican and not at all in sympathy with Kirk. As Kirk made the police captains he made the sergeants, roundsmen and policemen. There is a story going that young men whose parents were possessed of a little money put up $400 to get their sons appointed policemen. In his private business Kirk would not have given men sitting room whom he had appointed on the police. "Fatty" Walsh, on the other hand, never amounted to much in controlling the police. He did try a little to get Capt. Webb out of his place when he made it so hot for his saloon-keeping friends, but did not succeed. "The county democrat police commissioner, James Matthews, never was thankful for his place," "Fatty" remarked, "He never ought to be

put in it. He's no good." But Matthews did make a policeman and a roundsman for "Fatty," but "Fatty," it is said had to turn the key in the door on Matthews and keep him a prisoner until he signed their appointments.

It may seem to people living out of the

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Fourth and Sixth wards that too much importance is attached to the doings of "Fatty" Walsh and Alderman Divver, but these two men are the rival powers in that district, and the method by which they control dive-keepers and criminals are an essential part of municipal politics.

IRISH LANDLORDS MUST GO.

Archbishop Walsh Thinks the Land of Ireland Should be Made Common Property.

In an interview published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, regarding the agrarian agitation in Ireland, conducted under the "plan of campaign," Archbishop Walsh[^e41] of Dublin said:

"It is admitted on all hands, practically all over Ireland, that reductions, and large reductions, are to be made in rents, and even in judicial rent. The question is as to the amount of those reductions. Whatever inconvenience there may be in having this question decided by the tenants, I must maintain that there is just the same inconvenience—indeed, I see in one way much greater inconvenience—in having it decided by the landlords. The landlord, like the tenant, now is merely one of two contracting parties, neither more nor less. Until 1870 the laws of this country recognized but one ownership in the soil. That, as a matter of course, was the ownership of the landlord. While that state of things continued the tenant, in thus holding out for a reduction of rent, undoubtedly should have been regarded as keeping possession of that which was legally the property of another. But whatever grounds there would have been in the former state of things for requiring him to surrender the property if he found it impossible to comply with the conditions under which he held it, the case now stands in a wholly different light, as the result of the land laws of 1870 and 1881; for now, beyond all question, the system of land tenure in Ireland is a system of dual ownership. It is no longer a system of landlord ownership exclusively; the tenant as well as the landlord is now recognized by the law as having his ownership. The present government have, in fact, proclaimed it as their policy to get rid of this dual ownership in land, so they recognize its existence. As to abolishing it, that can have but one meaning, viz.: the adoption of Michael Davitt's programme of the abolition of landlordism in Ireland; for we have only two classes of legal owners in the soil, landlords and tenants. We may safely assume it is not part of the ministerial policy to get rid of tenants, or, at least, of all tenants. While there are tenants there is no way but one of putting an end to the dual ownership of land, that is, by putting an end to landlordism."

Why Women Should Vote.

By Robert J. Burdette.

Why am I a woman suffragist? Because I am. Because a woman has more good, hard common sense than a man. Because she makes less bluster about her rights and quietly maintains them better than a man. Because she won't give $1.50 for an article that she knows very well she can get for seventy-five cents. Because she does not stalk loftily away from the counter without her change if the robber behind it is a little reluctant about counting it out. Because she is too independent to pay the landlord $2 for her dinner, and then pay the head waiter $1 to send her a waiter who will bring it to her for fifty cents. Because she will hold her money tightly in her own good little right hand for two hours until she gets first a receipt for it from a fellow who made her husband pay the same bill five

times last year. Not any "just give you credit for it" for her. Because one day a Pullman porter complained to me, "No money on this trip; too many women aboard. Don't never get nothin' out of a woman 'ceptin' her regular fare." I had just paid him twenty-five cents for blacking one of my boots and losing the other. And when he said that—when I saw for myself the heroic firmness of those women, traveling alone, paying their fare and refusing to pay the salaries of the employes of a wealthy corporation—I said: "These women have a right to vote. To vote? By all that is brave and self-reliant and sensible, they have a right to run the government."

An American in Scotland.

While rich Englishmen are acquiring possession of American lands for speculation or investment some Americans are assisting the English aristocracy in the noble work of crowding out men, women and children and shooting grouse and rabbits in the Scottish Highlands. Mr. Ross Winans, of Baltimore, is of the number, and Mr. Bradley Martin, of this city, has for five years past had a game preserve there. His place is called Balmacaan, and is about fourteen miles from Inverness. Last year he took an additional estate of 15,000 acres, called Loch Letter, which adjoins Balmacaan, or, in the local parlance, is "in the same run." With this addition he now has about 65,000 acres of land in his lodge. He entertains numerous rich Americans who go abroad from time to time, and some of the ladies have distinguished themselves by shooting a stag now and then. Mr. Martin has also a salmon preserve. As described by the New York papers he is a fortunate man. The system that enables this rich New Yorker to thus devote a large area in the Highlands to his own use is built upon the ruins of the homes of those whose deeds live in Scottish song and story.

A Miner's Life.

FREELAND, Luzerne co., Pa.—As my life is the fellow of the lives of nine-tenths of the men who were born and grew to manhood in the coal regions, its history may not be without interest. I was compelled at the age of seven years to pick slate at the breakers. At ten I received [$3.75?] a week at the breaker. When twenty-two, with a wife to support, I received $7.25 in the mines. And now, at thirty, with a wife and two children and an orphan brother and sister in my family, our joint income leaves us, after paying rent and coal bill, $1.26 a day for all other expenses, provided we work every working day of the year. And I am even better off than the majority of men in the coal region. W. B. E.

Songs for the Baby.

Put away the bauble and the bib,
Smooth out the pillows in the crib,
Softly on the down
Lay the baby's crown,
Warm around its feet
Tuck the little sheet—
Snug as a pea in a pod.
With a yawn and a gap,
And a dreamy little nap,
We will go, we will go,
To the Landy-andy-pandy
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,

To the Landy-andy-pand
Of Noddy-pod.

There in the shadow maker's tent,
After the twilight's soft descent,
We'll lie down to dreams
Of milk in flowing streams;
And the shadow maker's baby
Will lie down with us, may be,
On the soft, mossy pillow of the sod.
In a drowse and a dose,
All asleep from head to toes,
We will lie, we will lie,
In the Landy-andy-pandy
Of Noddy-oddy-poddy,
In the Landy-andy-pand
Of Noddy-pod.

—H. T. E. White.

A baby shines as bright
If winter or if May be,
On eyes that keep in sight
A baby.

Though dark the skies or gray be,
It fills our eyes with light,
If midnight or midday be.

Love hails it, day and night,
The sweetest thing that may be,
Yet can not praise aright
A baby.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne

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"WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN."

A Sad Play that Has Held the World's Stage for Centuries.

"Woman Against Woman" must have been a successful play, if much placarding brings the same success to plays that it does to pills and powders. Up town, down town and across town were to be encountered the same staring characters, "Woman Against Woman."[^e43]

Woman against woman! Years ago a magazine fell into the writer's hands containing an article on Central park, an article, one paragraph of which, for the strangeness of it, has not been forgotten. Mention was made of a poor seamstress sitting down with her bundle for a few minutes' rest on one of the benches, where her pale face so appealed to the sympathy of an early stroller that he went up and engaged her to do some sewing for his wife,

offering her "an extravagantly reasonable price" for her work. How he afterward reconciled his "better half" to such extravagance the article did not go on to state. How often since then has that expression "extravagantly reasonable" been recalled by the *lucus[^e42] a non lucendo* method, over-remuneration of her sister woman's work being one species of extravagance from which woman seems to be singularly free. Let the masculine reader (with his masculine habit of contradiction), here remark ironically that his wife's dressmaker's bills are an instance of this. Perhaps he does not know that Madame X or Madame Y, the middle woman who receipts those bills, would find almost as much trouble in threading a needle as he would himself. He never has occasion to groan at the demands of women who sew.

Woman against woman! "Faith and be jabers," exclaims poor Biddy, after the work of a day, beginning at 4:30 a. m. and ending at 10:30 p. m., "it's a naygur slave that I am, and no mistake!" In using this comparison she shows her ignorance of the old southern regime, when the gentility of an establishment depended on the number of servants there employed. She herself is five servants in one, scrubbing, sweeping, baking, running up stairs or down stairs all day long to answer the door bell; and then that pitcher of ice water to be carried up stairs every evening—a small matter in itself, but just the straw that threatens to break the camel's back—occasioning more grumbling than a day's washing. To obtain the maximum of work for the minimum of wages seems to be the one object in life with that individual to whom Biddy gives no name in her murmurings except the feminine pronoun, "her."

Woman against woman! See her now, hastily making her way along the crowded thoroughfare! She has read in this morning's papers of great bargains to be had at X—'s, bargains in ready-made underwear; and knowing her sex's disposition as she does, she is desperately afraid they may be snapped up before she gets there. She has had some difficulty in obtaining the money for her shopping purposes. Her husband is no great admirer of cheapness in general; and when she dilates on the cheapness of ready-made clothing in particular, instead of sympathizing with her raptures, he only makes unpleasant remarks about the starvation wages received by slop-shop workers. That not-to-be-contradicted argument, "If I don't buy the clothes, some one else will," does not have the weight with him that it ought to have. She cannot linger so long at the counters to-day as she would like, as there is to be a meeting of the Helping Hand association to which she belongs, and much business to transact in regard to the new House of Mercy. There will be a collection taken up, and for this her husband has given her a ten-dollar bill. She won't tell him that she has broken it on the way there. Five dollars is all that Mrs. General Leonidas W. Stokes gives on such occasions, and that lady knows what's what, for does she not have all her dresses imported? That House of Mercy must be made a success, for it is just dreadful to hear the Rev. Mr. B tell of the number of young girls in the city who are in need of its protection. Why young girls will go to the bad instead of supporting themselves by honest labor she, the purchaser of ready-made underwear, cannot comprehend.

Woman against woman! In "this 'appy and down-y world," this social see-saw, on which so many of those now at the higher end were at the lower end yesterday, and may be there again to-morrow! Why cannot women who are taken care of remember that their poorer sisters are of the same class as themselves? It is foolish flattery to define such want of memory as thoughtlessness. Thoughtlessness is a failing that belongs to childhood; in maturer life this ignoring of the golden rule—this disregard of the promptings of common humanity—can be defined only as gross selfishness. Was it so prevalent among the gentler sex in those good old times when lady meant a loaf-giver; not, as now, a woman in a sealskin sacque?

Woman against woman! As if overwork and underpay were not sufficient to make manifest this antagonism, there is also the propensity for evil speaking. How easy it is to smirch a woman's character, and how safe when she stands on a lower level than one's-self! Words are by no means necessary for this kind of slander. Elevate the eyebrows and shrug the shoulders when the question of character comes up, and, *presto,* there is no character left.

Why the so-called gentler sex should be so untrue to the nature given them by the poets is a question for wiser heads than the writer's; all she knows is that it has had a long, long run on the world's stage, this awful tragedy of "Woman Against Woman."

CLARA MARSHALL.

The Owners of Rhode Island.

Providence (R. I.) People.

In this state the capitalists and the land owners have been in the past, and are very largely to-day, the same persons. Such a condition of things renders it difficult for distinctions to be made between men as capitalists and as land owners, and accounts somewhat for the feeling against "capitalists," so called, which is not in reality against them in their relation as capitalists, but in their relations as monopolists and land owners. The manufacturers of Rhode Island have not only made a profit on their capital, but have also collected from their operatives large sums for rent, and in many instances have made enormous profits by supplying their own work-people with the necessities of life at exorbitant prices. The majority of the factory villages in this state have been, and are, the property of companies or corporations that possess the mills, the dwellings and the land, and in numerous instances the stores. The Spragues owned in this manner Natick, Arctic, Quidnick and Cranston; the Harrises owned the two villages at River Point; the Knights owned Pontiac, and since the downfall of the Spragues and Harrises they have come into possession, on the same basis, of Natick, Arctic and River Point. The Lonsdale company, the Albion company, the Valley Falls company and others are landlords in their villages.

Enlarging Nevada.

A proposal has been made in Nevada to annex half of Utah and most of Idaho to that state. In order to prevent the Mormons from gaining control it is proposed to incorporate the Idaho test oath, aimed against polygamists, in the constitution of Nevada. The territory it is proposed to thus annex has a population of from [100,000?] or 120,000, and its area is such that the success of the scheme would make Nevada one of the largest states in the Union.

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NEW YORK ORGANIZED.

THE GENERAL COMMITTEE'S MOST EXCELLENT WORK.

The Platform Reasserts the Land Doctrine, Opposes All Indirect Taxation, Declared for Municipal and Judicial Reform[sic] and for Woman Suffrage.

The general committee of the labor party in this city met again on Thursday of last week. Of this committee of three[^e46] hundred and forty members the *Volks-zeitung* of this city says that about three hundred and twenty are of the so-called industrial classes, the remaining twenty being professional men, etc. In view of this statement the name that was adopted last week, "The United Labor Party," seems well chosen. Vice-Chairman Frank Ferrall called the meeting to order, and after the delegates from the Sixteenth district had been declared properly elected

Sic in the original; probably "Declares for".

and entitled to their seats the report of the committee on organization was adopted and the meeting went into an election for permanent officers.[^e44][^e45]

John McMackin was elected chairman by acclamation, and, as he said, "the vote, aside from the compliment paid to him, was the best proof of the unanimity of the convention."

The report called for two vice-chairmen. A delegate moved that one of the two be a German, on the ground that no question of birth or nationality should be raised. His motion was tabled, but his advice was taken, nevertheless, as the two vice-presidents elected were Frank Ferrall, colored, and Henry Emrich, a man of German descent. John N. Bogert and A. G. Johnson were elected secretaries, and James J. Lynch sergeant-at-arms.

The committee on platform then reported through Dr. De Leon, who read in an impressive manner the following resolutions:

> We, the voters of the city of New York, who, by casting our ballots for the labor candidate at our last municipal election, sounded the note of alarm against the growing social wrongs that threaten our liberties and endanger the stability of our republic, believing with Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and Henry George—three of the foremost thinkers and statesmen this country has produced—that the land belongs in usufruct *to the living, that to enjoy it is as inalienable a right* as that of breathing, and can never be justly taken from man but as a punishment for some atrocious crime; convinced that, labor being the creator of all wealth, degrading want with the many and inordinate wealth with the few can spring only from that perverse economic system which, on the one hand, deprives man of his birthright, and on the other robs the producer of a large share of the fruits of his labor; knowing that from that *unjust system flow untold wrongs injurious to the* masses of our people, and that on it rest all the un-American customs and habits of thought which are insinuated into our republican institutions; realizing that these wrongs have given birth to burning social and economic questions that are forcing themselves to the front and are demanding a speedy solution; considering that the favorite method among European governments of avoiding the rightful solution of such pressing questions by means of wars with one another, whereby the ranks of the disinherited are thinned out, can, thanks to the geographic isolation of the United States, find no application in our country; mindful of the teachings of history; recognizing, accordingly, the unmistakable signs of impending anarchy and social disaster; and wishful to avert the danger by all peaceful, lawful and constitutional means—do now, in convention assembled, for the furtherance of our pariotic purposes[sic], constitute ourselves an independent political party, and reaffirm and readopt the Clarendon hall platform of Sept. 23, 1886. Until a national convention shall otherwise determine, we adopt the name and style of the United Labor party.

> As a party we aim, among other things, at the restitution of the land to its rightful owners, the people, and the imposition of a tax on land values, irrespective of improvements.

> At the abolition of the present monstrous system of finance; at the abolition of the system of issuing interest-bearing bonds, bills of credit and notes, instead of legal tender, non-interest-bearing money; and at the establishment in its stead of a national monetary system, in which a circulating medium in necessary quantity shall issue direct to the people, without the intervention of banks, and in which such national issue shall be full legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private.

> At the abolition of the present wasteful, inadequate, and one-sided system of private ownership of the means of transportation and communication.

Sic in the original; probably "patriotic purposes".

> At the enfranchisement of our female fellow-citizens.
>
> At the abolition of all direct taxation[sic], and of taxes on industry, or the products of labor.
>
> At the simplification and thorough reformation of our judicial system, and the purification of our courts; and
>
> At the provision for adequate public industrial and scientific education.
>
> We aim at the enactment and rigid enforcement of sanitary laws that shall stay the deterioration of our species, and promote their physical development.
>
> At the enactment of juster laws on the liability of employers and employes; of laws for the equalization of wages to public employes of both sexes; for the incorporation of trades unions and associations; and for limitation of the hours of labor, as well as for the rigid enforcement of the "eight-hour law" in all municipal, state and national works; and
>
> At the enactment of election laws which shall not, like those now in force, encourage intimidation, corruption, and fraud.
>
> We aim at the abolition of the present ridiculous civil service laws, and the establishment of a wise administrative system which shall properly protect both the government and its employes.
>
> At the abolition of the inhuman system of child-labor.
>
> At the abolition of the degrading competition of convict with honest labor; of the contract system on public works; of the "truck system;" of all class and property qualification for services on the jury and in the militia; and of all class legislation, civil and criminal; and, finally,
>
> We aim at the abolition of every institution tending to the debasement of American citizens, and we shall strive to secure for them the full advantage of the civilization to which they are heirs.

He was interrupted several times by applause but never with disapproval. When he said, "We reaffirm the Clarendon hall platform of 1886," the tremendous applause was a sufficient answer to those who have contended that the 68,000 "labor" voters of last fall were voting only for a man not for a principle. Opportunity was then given for general discussion, and the planks against the present civil service system and indirect taxation were examined and criticised from all points of view. The only special interest that asked for recognition was that of the cigar-makers. They asked for a plank condemning the inhuman system of tenement house cigar-making; but the convention, while strongly sympathizing with these workers, held that this point was fully covered by the plank on sanitary regulations.

As discussion progressed the meeting seemed to grow more and more opposed to any changes, and the motion to adopt the platform as read was carried by a rising vote. Then followed a three times three and a scene of great enthusiasm, that showed that the spirit animating the labor party last fall is unabated.

From the correspondence received by Secretary Barnes at the headquarters of the national committee, 28 Cooper Union, the following brief extracts are interesting:

Sic in the original; probably "indirect taxation (the sub-headline says"Opposes All Indirect Taxation")".

> John M. Farrar, secretary Stark county central union, Massillon, Ohio: The movement is taking root here, and the prospect is good for fifteen clubs in this county. Nothing can stop the tide setting in in our faver.

> J. B. Barber, Manchester, Iowa: It seems to me that the time has at last come for the bettering of the condition of the laboring classes, and all of us in this section belong to the laboring class.

> Clarence F. Barrett, Albany, N. Y.: We have already fifty-one members who have subscribed to the labor platform; we shall have a hundred at the next meeting, and then we shall divide and form two clubs, and when these are full divide again, and so on.

> A. H. Stephenson, secretary Henry George club, Philadelphia, Penn.: This club has been organized for the purpose of disseminating the writings of Mr. George on land nationalization. We have been getting up circulars of our own, but please send us 500 sets of your tracts.

> Clarence Moeller, Minneapolis, Minn.: The inertia of ignorant prejudice is hard to overcome, but the thunderbolts of logic, backed by the imperative demand of justice for all are beginning to break through in some places the solid front of bigotry. Keep up the fire and we shall soon have the whole line in full retreat, and in 1892 victory shall crown our efforts. 1892! how significant the thought! Four hundred years ago Columbus was going from court to court with a new idea. The finger of scorn pointed him out as a man with a wild theory and he was scoffed at in the streets, but in [1492?] he gave a new continent to the world. Six months ago I knew of Henry George as a man said to have new and dangerous ideas, hideous theories of robbery of poor men's homes, denounced by all the orthodox republican and democratic papers that fell into my hands, and I began to wonder what this incarnate fiend wanted with his devilish ideas and theories. But a little study and thought showed me that what he wanted was to make it possible for a poor man to get the full reward of his

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labor; that he didn't advocate robbing anybody, but only to protect labor from being robbed; and with prophetic vision I see that man's ideas giving a new world to labor in 1892!

> Henry E. Seidel, Allegheny, Pa.: I am heart and soul in favor of the Clarendon hall platform, and will do my utmost to organize a club here.

> Joseph Patterson, Brighton, Mich.: I have always been a democrat, but, in common with others, I am tired of the vacilating[sic] policy of that party on the live issues of the day. What steps shall I take to organize a land and labor club here?

> J. J. Dillon, Hartford, Conn.: I intend to make an earnest effort to spread the light, and light is very much needed in this city of banking and insurance.

> J. F. Busche, Jr., New Haven, Conn.: Progress is making here, although you may not hear much of it. Applications will soon reach you. Arrangements were made while I was absent from town.

> David M. Ladd, secretary of the state central committee of organized labor of New Hampshire, Manchester, N. H.: Your movement meets with the hearty approval of our members. Any aid that we may be able to render will be gladly given, financial as well as moral.

Sic in the original; probably "vacillating".

> W. H. Blessing, South Solon, Ohio: I am circulating a petition for names in sympathy with the land and labor movement. It is important that the laboring men of this country should take immediate action, unless they want to be overridden by the moneyed classes. I am greatly pleased with THE STANDARD.

> Charles W. Eye, secretary D. A. [89?], K. of L., Denver, Col.: Our united labor club of this city is at present independent of any other organization, but of course it is part of the new political movement. I shall give them your last letter and recommend that they attach themselves to your committee.

> John McCue, Glen Cove, L. I., N. Y.: At our last meeting we received a letter from a land and labor club in Long Island City, asking us to co-operate with them in perfecting the organization in Queens county, and we have assured them that we shall do all in our power to further the movement here and elsewhere.

> W. M. Gunn, Norfolk, Va.: I have always been a worker in the labor cause, and am in deepest sympathy with the land and labor movement, and hope to be useful in the work.

> E. B. Peirce, Partridge, Kan.: I am talking the new doctrine to my neighbors and discussing it in our clubs, and we shall soon undertake organization here.

> H. C. Romaine, Green Island, N. Y.: I am glad to know that you have omitted the assessment of members, for it was certainly a hindrance to the work of organization. We have elected officers and appointed a committee to get signatures, and shall call a public meeting in the near future.

> George G. Minor, Secretary National Association of Stationary Engineers, Cincinnati, Ohio: I am a believer in the right of all created vertebrate animals to the land, and this includes the human animal. But it seems to have been arranged that the human animals shall pay a heavy toll for everything that their teeth masticate. I have read Mr. George's works with the greatest interest. The new political party must contend with vested rights, the large and growing land holders, the accumulated wealth of the few, the corporations that own all the monopolies. These are formidable opponents, and they will fight and spend to the death to retain their holdings. How can you hold against them the rank and file of the poor, whose necessities are so great?

RODBERTUS.

The Great Pioneer of Modern German Socialism.

Professor Emile De Laveleye in his "Socialism of To-day," says that all the ideas of Karl Marx[^e47][^e48] and Lasalle[sic] will be found in the writings of Rodbertus[^e49][^e50]. Marx and Rodbertus were partly contemporary writers, but Rodbertus began his work long before Marx, and it is unquestionably true that the latter borrowed a great part of his "system" from the former. Rodbertus' work was almost entirely in the shape of magazine articles, small pamphlets, etc. He never attempted to bring out such a book as "Das Kapital[^e51]" of Marx; and to this, as well as to the fact that he invariably refused to take an active part in organizing the proletariat by lecturing, etc., is due the apparent neglect of him and his teachings on the part of the followers of Marx. The main difference between the two men was in their methods of going to work. Rodbertus wanted the whole strength of the new thinkers to be used in converting the "powers that be" to the new faith; he dreaded any tentative effort to place in the hands and heads of the oppressed the power by which they could raise themselves or lower their masters. It is hardly necessary to say, however, that by burying himself in his estate, and refusing all opportunities to push his ideas, his method was very soon transplanted by the[97] schemes formulated by Lasalle and the international.

Sic in the original; probably "Lassalle".
Sic in the original; probably "supplanted".

Rodbertus differed from Marx as Marx differed from Bakounin, the anarchist. Bakounin said, “All government is tyranny; let us abolish government;” and on this issue he divided and helped kill the international. Marx said, “I agree with you as to all hitherto existing governments having been tyrannies; let us therefore teach the people to demand certain changes in the present government, and let the people be the government, and the government, the absolute monopolist of all the means of production.”

On this platform Marx organized the international. Rodbertus said, “What is done for society will be done by a few strong men; what few so able to do it as those who hold the reins of government to-day? Let us convert these few, letting the lower orders do as well as they can in the meantime; but in no case give power to those who are not ready to use it with reason and moderation.” Rodbertus neither organized nor disorganized any body to carry out his plans. He offered simply a mild protest and—died. Much fault was found with him for not taking an active part in the movements, but his writings were neglected. “The evil that men do lives after them: the good is oft interred with their bones.”

Women’s Clubs in London.

Boston Globe.

Across the water, especially in London, clubs for women are numerous and flourishing. The first in London was started in 1876. It was the work of a clergyman’s widow. Its members number nearly two hundred. The entrance fee is two guineas, and the annual subscription the same, with the privilege of introducing lady members of the family at one guinea. The Somerville club is more for working women. There is no entrance fee and the annual subscription is five shillings. Debates, lectures and entertainments are held once a week on all subjects except theology, which is strictly forbidden. This club was opened in 1878. The Alexandra started in 1885. Men, even as guests, are rigorously excluded. The standard of elegibility[sic] is that which would secure admission to the queen’s drawing-rooms. It started with 200 members and now numbers 500. An entrance fee of two guineas and an annual subscription of the same for towns people and £1 10s. for country members furnishes the fund on which it is kept up. The Alexandra and Victoria clubs furnish bedroom accommodation for ladies who wish to dress for the evening or make a longer stay. The Albemarle is limited to 600 members, one-half of each sex. Five guineas is the annual subscription. Gentlemen must be twenty-one years of age and ladies eighteen before they can be admitted. It has been established about ten years on its present footing.

Labor’s True Weapon.

The Union Printer.

The casting of the ballot costs but a single effort. Of all strikes it is the least costly. Of all boycotts it is the most effective. The longest stride toward the emancipation of labor was made when the ballot was given to labor. If labor had not the ballot, the fruits of its victories could not be preserved; the injustice that it suffers could have no final remedy. The ballot can change the laws, and it is by undemocratic laws that the masses are defrauded and oppressed. The ballot must establish equal rights and equal opportunities for men. In the end workingmen will turn to the ballot as their weapon.

Sic in the original; probably “eligibility”.

Taxes on Land.

WACO, Tex.—W. W. Lang, now consul at Hamburg, advocated when he was grand master of the State Grange the putting of all taxes on land. I do not know how he reached his conclusion, but the farmers all indorsed it.

WILLIAM EDMUNDS

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MILITARY RULE.

A STANDING ARMY OF FEDERAL TROOPS AT CHICAGO.

A Coterie of Chicago Millionaires Offer the Government a Square Mile of Land on Condition that It be Used for Military Purposes.

The New York *Herald* has just unearthed a plot among Chicago millionaires to menace the people of that city with a standing army of regular troops. When the police of Chicago made an unwarranted attempt last spring to disperse a peaceable and lawful meeting of citizens, and were resisted with the violence they invoked, the Commercial club, a nebulous organization of about sixty monopolists like Armour[^e52][^e53], the Farwells, McCormick and Pullman, negotiated the purchase of land at Highwood[^e56][^e57][^e58], twenty-five miles from the city, with the object of making Chicago a garrison town. Prior to the purchase the secretary of war was induced to commission Generals Schofield, Terry and Sheridan to select the most desirable spot. This commission of inquiry, on which Col. Lee acted for Sheridan, after visiting five different places that the Commercial club offered to buy, preferred Highwood, whereupon the club bought 598[⅓?] acres at $250 an acre. The title passed on July 3, 1886, and Charles B. Farwell, now senator elect, J. W. Duane, Gen. McClurg and Marshall Field were hurriedly sent to Washington to offer the land to the government.

At first this committee proposed to deal with the secretary of war, but, being by him referred to congress, secured the services of Senator Logan, who, on July 14, offered the following joint resolutions:

> *Resolved by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled,* That the secretary of war be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to accept deed and conveyance of a certain tract of land described as follows: Known as the Highwood tract, in Lake county, Illinois, containing five hundred and ninety-eight and one-half acres, lying on Lake Michigan, north of the city of Chicago, and distant twenty-five miles; this land being a tract donated by the Commercial club of Chicago (represented by John W. Duane, C. B. Farwell, Marshall Field and Alexander C. McClurg), for military purposes.

But for the timely intervention of Senator Beck this resolution would no doubt have quietly passed both houses, and preparations for locating a standing army on the outskirts of Chicago would now be in full blast.

When the present session began, the committee, which had kept its purpose a profound secret, lost no time in again urging the motion. Logan was ill, but Senator Collum[sic] acted in his stead, and on the 20th of last December the resolution passed the senate without debate, but with a clause requiring the department of justice to examine the title. Speedily and quietly it went into the house, where Speaker Carlisle had in advance promised it a hearing, and was as quietly referred to the military committee, of which Gen. Bragg of Wisconsin is chairman.

Hardly had the holiday season passed when Gen. Bragg's committee reported the resolution back to the house, where it goes upon the calendar and will be reached probably in February. It might have been taken up at once by

unanimous consent, but there was danger of attracting attention by showing so much anxiety to give, and the conspirators made patience wait upon discretion. Meanwhile, no time has been lost. Under the direction of the quartermaster's department of the division of Missouri, a firm of architects have prepared plans and specifications for officers' quarters, headquarters, barracks, storehouses, stables, gun sheds and so on. The barracks are to be a series of plain buildings, with dormitories, each accommodating one hundred men. The place is called "a twelve company[^e54][^e55] post," but as about seventy-five structures are planned for troops, it is reasonably inferred that some of the extra buildings are intended for extra soldiers.

Chicago millionaires have never been lavish with gifts. The distress that followed the fires of Boston, Halifax and Michigan, the flood at Galveston, the plague in the south, and the earthquakes at Charleston, was not relieved by the Commercial club of Chicago. The grave of Douglas was unmarked until the legislature bought a monument, and the bad water supply of the city, though it excited the alarm of the club, did not arouse the public spirit of its members beyond the point of a clamoring for legislative[sic] aid. But here is a project, urged with the persistency of professional promoters, and managed with the secrecy of a lodge room, to give the government nearly one square mile of valuable land. The explanation of such generosity from so unexpected a source is in the condition that the gift must be used for military purposes. The millionaires of Chicago want a federal garrison to protect them from the people, and to secure it they are willing to contribute the necessary land.

When interviewed, Lyman J. Gage, vice-president of the First National bank of Chicago, said that the moral effect of a good body of troops would be great in case the people became excited over some trivial matter and exceeded a prudent course. Henry T. Eames of the Commercial National bank had subscribed to the fund because the use generally made of United States troops was protectory[sic]. During a little disturbance at the stockyards the police and militia had proved entirely inadequate to suppress the demonstrations, a repetition of which would prove very disastrous; wherefore, national troops within call were imperatively needed. Francis B. Houghtaling, who acted as a kind of mediator between the club and the military commission, spoke of the people as well disposed to the plan, and, when asked what he meant by the people, he replied: "The people who put up the money. C. L. Hutchinson, president of the Corn exchange, thought a military post would be a good thing to have in the neighborhood in case of trouble. Philip D. Armour said he had suffered some from disturbances, and the police were inefficient. In his opinion there is no soldier like a government soldier. John B. Drake, proprietor of the Grand Pacific hotel, said the Highwood land was bought to give the city a chance to get military protection. Gen. McClurg wants the garrison because state troops are inefficient, and Potter Palmer refused to talk because the Commercial club did not desire to have the matter discussed, publicity being irksome to its members.

The essence of it all is, that sixty millionaires of Chicago want a federal garrison to protect them from the people, and to get it are willing to contribute the necessary land.

The English Press.

Writing to Henry George from London, Wm. L. Barbour says: "The daily press of London, as you will no doubt be aware, continues shackled (mainly through considerations of revenue and things royal) to the old fossilized doctrines of political economy; but I assure you it is being bombarded daily by those into whose hands the torch of the new has been passed. Occasionally we see the light creeping through its columns, and the cause has been materially advanced by your gallant contest in New York—a moral victory on which I heartily congratulate you. We have no fear of the ultimate result, feeling sure that the very goodness of God in the bounty of nature will force

Sic in the original; probably "Senator Cullom".
Sic in the original; probably "beyond the point of clamoring (stray"a")".
Sic in the original; probably "was protective (or"protectionary")".

the acceptance of your teachings. If matters here go on much longer as at present, the world will witness the spectacle of a people starving in the midst of plenty. Indeed,"the bitter cry of distressed London" is now going up in a manner unprecedented, and during the past two months it has been intensified by "the bitter cry of outcast Ireland."

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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 and a force of British marines, is dragooning the crofters by seizing, or, in Scotch law phrase, "poinding" their little effects. The following poem, which we take from the Glasgow *Mail*, is founded on the case of Ewan McLean, a sick crofter, whose little effects were "poinded" for arrears in parish rates. The shock so affected the poor man that he raved day and night until death put an end to his sufferings. The ballad is indicative of the new spirit rising in Scotland.)

In this boasted nineteenth century age, The proudest earth e'er saw, Let me tell you the tale of a crofter Who was hounded 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 loos'd on him Law's sleuth 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, sirs— The worse that it couldn't be met By summons, nor poindings, nor seizures; He was poor—he was honestly poor; Had he been but a gentleman bankrupt He'd been perfectly safe and secure.

For debt, with a poor man, is debt, sirs; The smaller the greater the crime. Work early, work late, work unceasing, Chok'd and smudg'd over with gasses and grime: Dig the soil, plant the harvest for others, That rich folks may fatten in bed, Back body and soul in Toil'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, Ewan M'Lean, sirs, 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 famish'd 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 poinded his little all— The rags of this poor mud hovel, Into which scarce a dog would crawl; Where a family of famish'd 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 wildness of fever, For mercy, day by day! Mercy for what, just 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 stepp'd 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, sirs, For his two-pound parish debt!

Law is law; but sometimes, in mercy, Its mandate must be refused: Man's heart, in its highest moments, Is grander than law abused. 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 afoot 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[^e59] breast 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 stockingless feet were in hobnailed shoes; 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 shorn, 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 not two hundred steps further on and drink again at the fountain in the market place.

When he reached the corner of the Rue Poichevert 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 gendarme who was seated near the door, upon the stone bench which Gen. Drouout[sic] mounted on the 4th of March, to read to the terrified inhabitants of D—— the proclamation of the *Golfe Juan*.

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

Sic in the original; probably "Drouot".

There was then in D—— a good inn, called La Croix de Colbas. Its host was named [Jacquin?] 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

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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 saucepans, 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 goose, was turning on a long spit before the fire. Upon the ranges were cooking two large carps from Lake Lauzat and a trout from Lake Alloz.

The host, hearing the door open and a new-comer 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, Jacquin 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 came back with the paper. The host 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 troublous 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.”

“It is not that.”

“What then?”

“You have money—”

“Yes,” said the man.

“And I,” said the host, “I have no room.”

“Well, put me in the stable,” quietly replied the man.

“I cannot.”

“Why?”

“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 walked since sunrise; 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 fire-place 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, and 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, slinking near the houses like a sad and humiliated man. He did not once turn around. 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 inn 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 sorrowful aspect given him by long-continued suffering.

His profile was strong, energetic and sad;

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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 Jacquin Labarre, and had himself related his unpleasant 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 Turnkey,” 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-dish 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[sic].”

“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 girdle 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, if I pay?”

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

“There is no room.”

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

“Yes.”

Sic in the original; probably “Husband, I think I hear some one rap.”.

"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: "Tso maraude!"

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 neared 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. These huts are not usually occupied at night. He got 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 kenuel[sic]!

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

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maneuvre with his stick which adepts in this sort of fencing call *la rose couverte*.

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

Sic in the original; probably "kennel".

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 eyes 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 ugly 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 hazard.

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, was Madame la Marquise de R——.

“Upon the bench?” said she.

“For nineteen years 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.

Madame Magliore[sic] had just finished placing the plates.

While she was arranging the table, she was talking with Mademoiselle Baptistine.

The lamp was on the table, which was near the fire-place, where a good fire was burning.

Sic in the original; probably “Magloire”.

Just as the bishop entered, Madame Magloire was speaking with some warmth. She was talking to mademoiselle upon a familiar subject, and one to which the bishop was quite accustomed. It was a discussion on the means of fastening the front door.

It seems that while Madame Magloire was out making provision for supper, she had heard the news in sundry places. There was talk that an ill-favored runaway, a suspicious vagabond, had arrived and was lurking somewhere in the town, and that some unpleasant adventure might befal those who might come home late that night; besides, that the police was very bad, as the prefect and the mayor did not like one another, and were hoping to injure each other by untoward events; that it was the part of wise people to be their own police, and to protect their own persons; and that every one ought to be careful to shut up, bolt and bar his house properly, and secure his door thoroughly.

Madame Magloire dwelt upon these last words; but the bishop, having come from a cold room, seated himself at the fire and began to warm himself, and then he was thinking of something else. He did not hear a word of what was let fall by Madame Magloire, and she repeated it. Then Mademoiselle Baptistine, endeavoring to satisfy Madame Magloire without displeasing her brother, ventured to say, timidly:

“Brother, do you hear what Madame Magloire says?”

“I heard something of it indistinctly,” said the bishop. Then turning his chair half round, putting his hands on his knees, and raising toward the old servant his cordial and good-humored face, which the firelight shone upon, he said: “Well, well! what is the matter? Are we in any great danger?”

Then Madame Magloire began her story again, unconsciously exaggerating it a little. It appeared that a barefooted gypsy man, a sort of a dangerous beggar, was in the town. He had gone for lodging to Jacquin Labarre, who had refused to receive him; he had been seen to enter the town by the boulevard Gassendi, and to roam through the street at dusk. A man with a knapsack and a rope, and a terrible-looking face.

“Indeed!” said the bishop.

At this moment there was a violent knock on the door.

“Come in,” said the bishop.

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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 we have 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 and 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.

Mademoiselle Baptistine 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 loud 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 from Toulon; to-day 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; they said: 'Get out!' It was the same with one as with 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; you would have said that he knew who I was. 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 earned in the galleys by my 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."

The man 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 sheet 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, I do. I learned in the galleys. There is a school there for those who care for it. 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 fulfil 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 till then 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 won't 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 mattress and sheets—a 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 innkeeper, what is your name? I will pay all you say. You are a fine man. You are an innkeeper, an't you?"

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

“A priest,” said the man. “Oh, noble priest! Then you do not ask any money? You are cure, an’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. Mademoiselle Baptistine looked at him pleasantly. He continued:

“You are humane, Monsieur Cure; you don’t despise me. A good priest is a good thing. Then you don’t want me to pay you?”

“No,” said the bishop; “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.

The man continued: “I have all my money yet. In four days I have spent only twenty-five sous, which I earned by unloading wagons at Grasse. As you are an abbe, I must tell you we have an almoner in the galleys. And then one day I saw a bishop; [monsigneur?] they called him. It was the bishop of Majore, from Marseilles. He is the cure who is over the cures. You see—beg pardon, how I bungle saying it, but for me it is so far off! you know what we are. He said mass in the center of the place on an altar. He had a pointed gold thing on his head that shone in the sun. It was noon. We were drawn up in line on three sides, with cannons and matches lighted before us. We could not see him well. He spoke to us, but he was not near enough; we did not understand him. That is what a bishop is.”

While he was talking the bishop shut the door, which he had left wide open.

Madame Magloire brought in a plate and set it on the table.

“Madame Magloire,” said the bishop, “put this plate as near the fire as you can.” Then turning toward his guest, he added: “The night wind is raw in the Alps; you must be cold, monsieur.”

Every time he said this word monsieur, with his gently solemn, and heartily hospitable voice, the man’s countenance lighted up. Monsieur to a convict is a glass of water to a man dying of thirst at sea. Ignominy thirsts for respect.

“The lamp,” said the bishop, “gives a very poor light.”

Madame Magloire understood him, and going to his bed-chamber, took from the mantel the two silver candlesticks, lighted the candles, and placed them on the table.

“Monsieur Cure,” said the man, “you are good; you don’t despise me. You take me into your house; you light your candles for me, and I havn’t hid from you where I come from, and how miserable I am.”

The bishop, who was sitting near him, touched his hand gently and said: “You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house; it is the house of Christ. It does not ask any comer whether he has a name, but whether he has an

affliction. You are suffering; you are hungry and thirsty; be welcome. And do not thank me; do not tell me that I take you into my house. This is the home of no man, except him who needs an asylum. I tell you, who are a traveler, that you are more at home here than I; whatever is here is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you told me I knew it."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment.

"Really? You knew my name?"

"Yes," answered the bishop, "your name is 'My brother.'"

"Stop, stop, Monsieur Cure," exclaimed the man, "I was famished when I came in, but you are so kind that now I don't know what I am; that is all gone."

The bishop looked at him again and said:

"You have seen much suffering?"

"Oh, the red blouse, the ball and chain, the

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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 happier! 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 that 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."

Meantime 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 Mauves 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. Mademoiselle Baptistine, 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 somethink[sic] 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 all six of the silver plates on the table, an innocent display. This graceful appearance of luxury was a sort of childlikeness which was full of charm in this gentle but austere household, which elevated poverty to dignity.

Madame Magloire understood the remark; without a word she went out, and a moment afterward the three plates for which the bishop had asked were shining on the cloth, symmetrically arranged before each of three guests[sic].

Sic in the original; probably "something".
Sic in the original; probably "before each of the three guests".

[*To be concluded next week.*]

FUN.

A good collector must be patient as a post, cheerful as a duck, sociable as a flea, bold as a lion, cunning as a fox, waterproof as rubber and as watchful as a sparrow hawk.

"The absurdities of English pronunciation," says a German critic, "are well exhibited in the case of the word 'Boz,' which is pronounced 'Dickens.'"

Swift said the reason a certain university was a learned place, was that most persons took some learning there and few took any away with them, and so it accumulated.

"Why did'nt[sic] you come when I rang?" said a lady to her domestic. "Because I didn't hear hear the bell." "Hereafter when you don't hear the bell come and tell me so." "Yes, mum."

"Poor fellow, he died in poverty," said a man of a person lately deceased. "That isn't anything," said a seedy bystander. "Dying in poverty is no hardship; it's living in poverty."

We have a little piece of advice to offer gratis: Don't sit down on a toboggan slide unless there is a toboggan under you.—[Burlington Free Press.

Old party: "If I had fifty cents and gave it to you to get changed, in order to get a penny, what would be left?" Street Arab: "An old man."—[Cincinnati Illustrated News.

He had lent her his stylographic pen to direct an envelope.

She: "Why, doesn't it write beautifully! I declare I'm in love with this pen."

He: "I'm in love with the *holder*."

She saw the "point."—[Cincinnati Illustrated News.

She: "Yes, we had a splendid time last summer. Four other Vassar girls and I took a tramp through the Adirondacks." He: "Did the tramp have a good time?"—[Rockland Opinion.

"Is it possible to teach girls how to whistle?" asks an exchange. It is if you will only leave them alone after they get their lips puckered up.—[Burlington Free Press.

A good-natured traveler fell asleep in a train and was carrried[sic] far beyond his destination. "Pretty good joke this is, isn't it?" said he to a fellow passenger. "Yes; but a little far-fetched," was the rejoinder.—[Tarentum (Pa.) Times.

Little Dot—I heard your mamma tell my mamma you were getting to be a awful good boy.

Little Dick—Yes, I am.

"She said she knew now what you wanted for Christmas, 'cause she heard you a-prayin' for them."

"Yes; I prayed real loud, so she would."—[Omaha World.

Sic in the original; probably "didn't".
Sic in the original; probably "carried".

He boarded a Woodward avenue car at High street yesterday, beating his hands to warm them up and kicking his toes to restore the circulation. He opened the door with a shiver and a bang, and had started to open his mouth when the twenty-two people in the car cried out in chorus:

"Yes, this is cold enough for us!"

The man looked up and down the car with an expression of deep disgust on his face, and then he *opened* the door and dropped heavily into a snow drift. He had been saving up that inquiry for four blocks, and they had choked him off by a deep-laid conspiracy.—[Detroit Free Press.

Connoisseur (looking at the picture of a female head)—Ah, here's something worth looking at! One of the old masters, no doubt of it. His daughter—Why, pa, how blind you are getting! Can't you see it's a woman?—[Boston Transcript.

Costs More Than it Comes To.

Mr. Breckinridge's little thunderbolt, in the shape of a bill to abolish certain unprofitable customs districts has drawn public attention to some curious and interesting facts. Mr. Breckinridge's idea is that when a customs district, on account of the very small amount of business transacted, pays $1, $20, $50 or $150 in salaries, etc., to collect $1 of revenue, that district is sufficiently unprofitable to be abolished and its business sent to the next adjoining one. A few of the places which come under this head are given below:

	Rec'pts.	Exp'ses.	Persons Empl'yed	Cost to Col't $1
Fort Benton, Mont.	$11	$1,829	2	$166
York, Me.	7	[257?]	1	[37?]
Petersburg, Va.	99	[3,183?]	4	32
Beaufort, N. C.	[134?]	[2,556?]	4	19
So. Oregon, Or.	182	[3,357?]	5	18
Little Egg Harbor, N. J.	[93?]	[1,670?]	3	18
Kennebunk, Me.	[37?]	[641?]	2	17

To this can be added a long list of places where the expenses were from $15 to $1 for each dollar of revenue. The opposition to this bill shown by the representatives from the various districts mentioned will, perhaps, prove effective, for of the $80,000,000 of federal patronage annually distributed every district likes to have its share.

Land Tenure in Alaska.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Alaska[^e62] is the private demesne of the Alaska Commercial company. Practically no one can settle there without the consent of that corporation. There is nothing to prevent any one going to Alaska. But he will find that he can neither move from the point where he lands nor sell the fish or game he catches, nor buy food without the consent of the Alaska Commercial company. The directors are the supreme lords of the soil, just as the Hudson's Bay company used to be the supreme lord of the soil east of Alaska, and the East India company supreme lord of

the soil of British India. This is all wrong. The people of the United States may possibly acquiesce in a[^e60][^e61] renewal of the lease by which the Alaska Commercial exercises exclusive sovereignty over the islands of St. Paul and St. George, and Behring and Copper islands, which it rents from Russia. But when it comes to an exclusive dominion over continental Alaska people will call for a halt.

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RELIGIOUS.

Trust in God.

Courage, brother! do not stumble, Though thy path be dark as night; There's a star to guide the humble; "Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be rough and dreary, And the end far out of sight; Foot it bravely, strong or weary, "Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish policy and cunning, Perish all that fears the light! Whether losing, whether winning, "Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, sect or faction, Trust no leaders in the fight; But in every word and action "Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no lovely forms of passion; Fiends may look like angels bright, Trust no custom, school, or fashion; "Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guiding, Inward peace and inward might, Star upon our path abiding– "Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee; Some will flatter, some will slight; Cease from man, and look above thee– "Trust in God, and do the right."

–Norman Macleod[^e63].

A Short Sermon by William E. Channing, D. D.

Dr. Channing[^e64], who died in 1842, was one of the strongest thinkers, bravest men and most devout Christians New England has known. He was called "the apostle of Unitarianism," yet such was his character that Trinitarians revere his memory. Extracts from his writings give us an interesting sermon:

"The signs of the times point to a great approaching modification of society, which will be founded on and will express the essential truth that the chief end of the social state is the elevation of all its members as intelligent and moral beings. The present selfish, dissocial system must give way to Christianity.

"All possessors of exclusive privileges cling to them as to life.

"I am a leveler; but I would accomplish my object by elevating the low, by raising from degrading indigence and brutal ignorance the laboring multitude. If I know what Christianity and philanthropy mean, they teach no plainer lesson than this.

"The actual present evil, the evil of that worship of property which stifles all the nobler sentiments and makes man property, this nobody sees; but appearances of approaching convulsions of property, these shake the nerves of men who are willing that our moral evils should be perpetuated to the end of time provided their treasures be untouched.

"The rich man has no more right to repose than the poor. He is as much bound to labor as the poor. No man has a right to seek property in order that he may enjoy, may lead a life of indulgence, may throw all toil on another class of society.

"I earnestly desire some change by which the masses of men may be released from their present anxious drudgery, may cease to be absorbed in cares and toils for the body, and may so combine labor with a system of improvement that they will find in it a help, not a degrading burden.

"The want of a neat, orderly home is among the chief evils of the poor. The poor often fare worse than the uncivilized. The latter has a ruder hut, but his habits and tastes lead him to live abroad. Around him is a boundless, unoccupied nature, where he ranges at will and gratifies his passion for liberty.

"Visiting St. Croix (1831), I have not seen a poor man. Slavery and pauperism do not live together. The slaves are fed from a common stock, work on common ground, have their labors assigned by a superintendent. The wrongs of slavery are infinite; and yet such are the effects of joint labor and of a common stock that the large population of this little island are fed and clothed sufficiently well for labor and health. The orphans, the old, and the sick, are as well supported as those who labor.

"No valid reason, no justification, can be offered for the present order of things with us, for the division of the earth into distinct possessions, for the great inequalities of property which exist, but this, that the improvement and happiness of men in general are protected by these establishments.

"The very protection of property may crush a large mass of the community—may give the rich a monopoly in land, may take from the poor all means of action."

News and Opinions.

The Presbyterians are holding a series of Sunday evening meetings at Cooper institute, intended to be popular in character; but a report in the *Christian Union* intimates that such plutocratic preachers as Dr. John Hall may kill the effort. One must get near the people to know how to speak to them.[^e65]

A Hebrew Theological seminary is proposed for New York city. One-third of the Jews in the country are here. There are 150 congregations, the most of them small and poor. There are few rabbis, small societies having only "leaders." The rabbis usually have to depend upon other vocations for a living. The poorer Jews are strict and opposed to the ritual and views of their reformed brethren. Students who have been sent to Germany have come under the influence of the reformed ideas. The small Hebrew congregations are "brotherhoods," providing for sickness and death.

Maria McCauley, widow of "Jerry," the ex-convict, carries on the mission founded by her husband in West Thirty-second street. An anniversary has recently occurred and [$3,000?] were given to the work. Fifteen thousand men and women persuaded from vice in five years was substantially the report. Many of these, perhaps, went back to the bad, but some keep up a correspondence showing fidelity to good resolutions. The house is open every night.

The reunion of Christian bodies has been a popular theme recently brought to the front. Some of the religious papers are emphasizing opinions which must prevent it. In the Protestant Episcopal church it is found necessary to re-examine the "apostolic succession." Both conservative and liberal men in the eastern dioceses are frightened

at the extreme views held by churchmen in the west, where parishes have been founded and sustained by means from the east. Dr. Phillips Brooks preaches against the "succession."

Punch thus states the case of disestablishment for Wales:

> Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy had a farm, Taffy wouldn't pay his tithes, but kept 'em in his palm; His vicar lowered Taffy's tithes, for the sake of quiet, Taffy had rejoicings ending in a riot. The landlord sent his agent and doubled Taffy's rent, Taffy's now for Welsh home rule and Disestablishment.

The gift of a brass altar cross to the Church of the Reformation in this city has revived the ritualistic controversy.

The local preachers of the Methodist church have presented a plan of city evangelization. They complain that Methodism is doing less for New York and Brooklyn, where Philip Embury, a local preacher, planted the church, than was formerly the case. There are hundreds well instructed in the Bible, taught in our public schools, who can speak fluently; and are in every way well qualified workers, who would be of the greatest service if organized into bands of lay laborers. This work could be accomplished with a small amount of funds—for these laborers could gladly perform it gratuitously; private houses would be opened for prayer and Bible readings and exhortations; halls could be obtained at a small expense. And when these strangers could see men and women in the same walk of life as themselves engaged in such a work, their

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prejudices would give way. Men having families to support and only a dollar or a dollar and a half a day income cannot realize it as duty to subscribe for the support of a pastor whose salary is so much larger than their own.

The week of prayer has been observed with enthusiasm, notwithstanding the fact that Dr. Pentecost, just as it was beginning, regarded it as a dead thing and wrote its obituary.

The venerable George Muller of Bristol, England, the man who in modern times revived dependence on faith for daily bread, is in Japan speaking with the vigor of his early manhood, though he is eighty years of age.

The Presbyterians and Calvinistic Methodists of Great Britain are talking of a closer fellowship and co-operation in their work.

The saloons must go—of course they must. But some excise commissioners must go, too, and some police captains ought to go.—[Christian-at-Work.

A Scottish clergyman recently prayed that "all thieves, landlords and publicans might be brought to see the error of their ways."

The Dublin *Express* asserts that Archbishop Walsh is being boycotted by Catholics of the upper classes because he supports the nationalist plan of campaign.

The announcement has been made that during the present month a religious historical drama, entitled "St. Augustine; or, The Conversion of England," will be performed under the auspices of the vicar of Clapham. Scenery has been painted and suitable dresses have been prepared for the performers.

HOW WORKINGMEN ARE SLAVES.

The Earnings of Labor Above Bare Living Make Up the Landlord's Rent.

From A. G. Beecher's "Workingmen's Dynamite."

There are many ways of enslaving men—crafty ways, that a man may never know or dream of. We may toil years for unknown masters and be wholly unconscious of our servitude—unconscious even while they are taking from us the fruit of our labor and leaving the wife and children to suffer with hunger and cold. In fact that which you call poverty is in most cases nothing else than slavery.

Ten years ago a man had $12,000 which he invested in land. After parting with a portion to pay for subsistence and return the original $12,000 with interest, the remaining land had a value of $45,000. As the people living on or near this land created the increased values, they might justly claim this fortune. But that course would destroy this Christian "business" of "land speculation," and would totally blight our speculator's fair prospects. So the workers, to make money getting easy for this drone, let him keep the fortune that they themselves have made; and, to be still more kind, they make his taxes on that fortune as light as possible, and reward themselves with heavier taxes for each improvement that their labor produces.

The people whose labor created this $45,000 are wronged out of it by the custom which permits one rich brother to keep it all. But if the rise in the value of this and all other land were taxed out of it year by year, no one at all would be wronged; for each would get back his portion in receiving his share of that common good for which the tax would be expended.

This $45,000 has cost one hundred men three hundred day's work at $1.50 per day. In other words, it has taken one hundred years of other men's labor to add $45,000 to the value of this rich brother's lands, and it will take another hundred to buy it; for if 100 men want it at $10 an acre cash down, every man of them must give him $450. But suppose that each of these men, while laying up his $450, has fed and clothed a family and rented a house to live in; if from a whole ten years' toil he has succeeded in laying by $450, he and his family have endured no small privation and hardship, even though all that time blessed with health and steady work. In fact, they have, while saving up the $450, had merely a scanty subsistence—a subsistence like that once furnished to slaves, and nothing more. These men, like slaves, then, will have given to a master the whole surplus earnings of ten years; and for that ten years these hundred workingmen have been this rich man's slaves.

Now, what has the master done to deserve so much sweat of other men's brows—so much wear of other men's muscles? What right has he to put ten years of slave work upon a poor man who is toiling for a home—three thousand weary days in dust and mud, the hot sun, the rain, the snow and the winter's blast? Can you tell? Invested his sacred money! Yes, and got it all safely back again, principal and interest, and a fine living besides! Has he done any work? Yes, he has now and then ridden over his broad dominions, signed a few contracts and deeds, filled out a judgment note, put a mortgage into his strong box, deposited some money in the bank—if you can call that work. No; at most all the real work he has done during the whole ten years is not worth to the community a fraction of the fine living he himself has already had from the land. He has done nothing at all for any one of these hundred men, and nobody under God's blue sky can give a good reason why he should have the earnings of one hundred years of poor men's toil; and yet he will have that hundred years and much more. A hundred self-supporting slaves, all unconscious of their slavery, will serve him faithfully for ten long years, not because God gave them no strong arms to strike for freedom, not because he gave them brains too poor to know what freedom is and how to win it, but only because they and other workers have not knowledge, the only power that will ever open the workingman's eyes and show him how to gain his freedom and how to keep it. "Knowledge is power!" Organize! Educate! Agitate!

Skating with Sails

Cleveland Leader.

Several yachtsmen and canoeists have hit upon the idea of sailing upon skates. They have rigged three-cornered canoe sails upon light frames, and, holding them in the proper manner, the wind pushes them over the ice at locomotive speed. The sport is exciting in the extreme, and when the wind is stiff but few of the skaters dare to let their sails draw full.

The Politician's Prayer.

By a democrublican republocrat.

Our Father—whether in heaven or hell We hardly know— Look down (or up) to where we dwell, And while our supplications swell, Thy gifts bestow.

Give us the counting of the votes Election day; Let none of our men turn their coats, But send the opposition boats Salt river way.

Let slander, malice, fear and fraud, This autumn fail! But if such tricks should be abroad, Expose our enemies, O Lord! Let our's prevail.

If base repeaters cheat the polls, Their crimes betray! Strike terror to their guilty souls! But write their names on Mercy's rolls Who vote our way.

Give us by honest means success In all the fight. But if, misled by bitter stress, We save the state through crookedness, Lord, make it right.

We must, O Father, must succeed— This is thy cause. O help us in our hour of need The pockets of the rich to bleed, That we may vindicate our creed, And make thy laws.

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

—[F.?] W. [Clarke[^e66]?].

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LABOR.

It was rumored last week that Widener and Elkins of the Philadelphia Traction company had made arrangements in that city to bring men to New York in case of a strike on the Broadway road. These men now hold a controlling interest in the Broadway company, and their record is such as to lend probability to such a rumor; but the fact that the Philadelphia street car men are Knights of Labor renders it improbable that any considerable number of drivers and conductors could be found there to take the place of strikers in this city.

The *Herald* on Sunday had a special dispatch from Rome declaring that the propaganda fide have definitely decided that the statutes of the Knights of Labor of Canada are in conflict with the policy of the Catholic church, but that the case is somewhat different in the United States. The case of the latter is still under consideration. The dispatch says that the chiefs of the order in this country have proposed to so modify its constitution, in deference to the wishes of the holy see, as to transform the association into little else than a mutual aid society. "Rome is ever ready," says the dispatch, "to encourage such societies and give them a helping hand, *so long as they hold aloof from politics* and do not have in them any anti-religious germs." Even as the constitution now stands, says the dispatch, it is not certain that the order of Knights of Labor will be condemned by the propaganda.

The national convention of bricklayers at Washington, on last Saturday, re-elected Andrew Darragh of St. Louis president.

The international union of bricklakers[sic] and masons, at its recent session in Washington, adopted the following:

> Resolved, That we, the I. U. of B. and M., wish it to be known throughout the world that we do not affiliate with any society or organizations governed by principles or views advanced by socialists, anarchists, communists or any organization opposed to sustaining the laws of our government, and the flag bearing the stars and stripes is the flag that should be recognized as the standard of all labor organizations.

The Newark, N. J. Knights of Labor had a large mass meeting in the Academy of Music on Friday of last week. Hundreds were turned away for want of room. F. A. Perry presided and Mr. Powderly made a speech, in which he took occasion to deny emphatically the reports that in ruling the Knights of Labor he has obeyed the dictates of Rome.

The "Non-Swearing Knights" is an organization started within the Knights of Labor in Chicago to discourage the habit of profanity.

Mr. Powderly complains that the attacks upon him on account of the increase of his salary to $5,000 a year are unfair. He never suggested any increase of salary, and for a long time opposed such propositions. When the order proposed an increase at Richmond he found himself in this dilemma. If he accepted the proposal he would be charged with taking a large sum from the earnings of hard working people; if he refused he would have been charged with dishonesty, and probably with accepting compensation from the enemies of the order. He, therefore, kept silent, and no information concerning the proposed action of the assembly was given him. "Had my individual interests been consulted," he says, "the offer of $100 per week, made previous to the session at Hamilton, would have been accepted, as the proposed labor would have called for but eight hours in the twenty-four. Since then offers have come to me unsolicited ranging from $5,000 to $6,000 a year for my services in business pursuits, four of which now stand open for my acceptance. The duties of the position held in the order require close and exhaustive mental labor, anywhere from twelve to eighteen hours a day, and therefore cannot be considered a sinecure. My purpose to stand by the order, regardless of the action of enemies within or without, cannot be shaken. I worked for the organization when the privilege of doing so was not paid for, and when the few individuals now in the order who are assailing me through sinister motives were doing their utmost to prevent the success of its principles when they were on the outside. I shall continue to work for the purposes and teachings of the Knights of Labor, pay or no pay, until my life's labor ends. The work of years must not, shall not, be thrown away to gratify enemies of right and justice."

The Pittsburg glass manufacturers have decided to advance the card rate for window glass five per cent. or more during the next two weeks. A dispatch says: "The workmen are interested in the coming raise. By their sliding scale they have an increase in wages if the market attains a certain point, and if the advance as outlined takes place the wage scale will be very close to the increase point."

The boss painters of Camden, N. J., have appointed a committee to confer with the journeymen, and endeavor to have adopted last year's scale of wages and hours.

The Philadelphia boss brewers are losing their temper. On Tuesday H. P. Crowell, secretary of their association, had warrants issued for the arrest of Philip Weber and others for malicious libel, accusing the secretary of attempting to commit bribery published in the *Tageblatt*. Louis Werner, editor of the paper, appeared and gave

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Sic in the original; probably "bricklayers".

bail, but a physician's certificate showed that Weber was too ill to appear. Weber is secretary of the beer workers' assembly of Knights of Labor.

The strike of upholstery weavers in Philadelphia that began Dec. 1 ended last Saturday. The strikers returned to work on Monday, agreeing to leave the settlement of the differences concerning wages to arbitration.

There is a strike at the Southwark foundry in Philadelphia, on the ground that the foreman has been discriminating against the Knights of Labor. The proprietors deny the charge.

The union bakers in Philadelphia are trying to secure an agreement with employers to have Saturday night work abolished by Feb. 1.

There is a strike at the Continental crude oil works at Point Breeze, Philadelphia.

The Philadelphia carpenters and joiners are considering the propriety of making a demand for increased wages, but will not take action until their next meeting.

At a meeting of the Philadelphia brewers on Monday afternoon a committee representing their men presented the demands of the strikers. They were refused, and the strike continues.

The national convention of journeymen bakers at Chicago elected the condemned anarchists as honorary members, despite the protest of a New York delegate. Albert Curilin, editor of the *Arbeiter-zeitung*, addressed the convention, and charged the responsibility for the Haymarket riot on the police.

The coal miners on the line of the Sharpsville railway have received an advance of ten cents a ton as the result of a strike. The other mines of the county made a demand for a like advance.

Labor in Germany.

Under the paternal government in Germany strange things occur. During the recent strike of the book printers in Leipzig the government forced all the book printers serving in the army in that region to take the place of the strikers at the employers' rates. In Frankfort-on-the-Main the shoemakers say that the government is ruining them by flooding the market with convict-made shoes at starvation prices.

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DAUGHTERS OF NECESSITY.

What it Costs Them to Imitate the Fashions of the Rich.

It should, in these days of rapid enlightenment, be said only with shame that one-half the world does not know how the other half lives. If society may, for convenience sake, be broadly divided into rich and poor without taking note of the intermediate states, the necessitous portion will be found to be but too easily moved by its knowledge to tawdry, extravagant and injurious imitation of those possessed of affluence and abundant leisure. The washerwomen of a realm know more about their queen than the queen knows about them, and the girls whose lot it is to make buttonholes in leather or in linen, to work in factories, to set type, to wrap soap, or to stand behind a counter, are much better informed in regard to the children of wealth and fashion than the latter are concerning them. These daughters of necessity are far from the music, the lights and the stage; they catch but fleeting glimpses of the brilliant show upon it: they hear but a word now and then from the actors: but in the dark and distant corner where they are entitled to standing room only—standing room being more literal than figurative for many of them in their business in life—they eagerly watch the play, and when the curtain is down they turn away

to reproduce, amidst the meager and monotonous scenery of their existence, all they have caught or can imitate of the tones, the airs, the dress and the pastimes that prevail in the ranks above them. The reproduction is in much cheaper materials, and is performed with much exaggeration to still meaner audiences; but the fact remains that it is, for a caricature, strikingly like the original.[^e67]

Those who must not stop working unless they can also stop eating look longingly at those who

> "Sit in splendor like the sun, Shining, with nothing at all to do."

and whatever, in any pause between the whirling wheels, the glancing needles, the ceaseless round of toil, they can catch of similar pleasures and similar pastimes they grasp greedily. No one knows better or sees it with more sorrowful foreboding than one who has lived with them, worked with them year in and year out, and who has, unhappily, known many of them to set their feet in dangerous and downward paths because of this imitative instinct that has so little that is beautiful to imitate, and this natural longing for enjoyment and relaxation that cannot so easily find what is innocent as what is bad to satisfy it. It is not only Dickens' creation, the dolls' dressmaker, who "makes the fine ladies try on, and take pains about it too." Nothing can illustrate this assertion more clearly than the gifts given this Christmas to two forewomen known to the writer. One, who is a widow in very precarious health, and who has her own child and an ailing mother depending upon her, was presented with a handsome manicure set. That word is not found in Worcester, but the thing itself and its uses had found their way from the toilet tables of luxurious women down to these poor girls, occupied their thoughts, influenced them to buy it with their hard earned pennies. The other gift, to a woman whose mother does washing and ironing for her livlihood[sic], was a pearl and gilt opera glass in a plush bag. It cannot be that they envy such playthings, and that the evil stops there. It must needs be that offenses come, but woe to him by whom the offense cometh. Look down the long workroom of the factory at the row of faces and figures, and see in the dress, the gait, the manner of of every girl and woman there the influence of that higher circle into which they have never entered, and may never hope to enter, and say if it is for the better. Look at their cheap shoes with French heels; look at their heads with banged and frizzled hair; see the ugly excrescences bunched in the back of their dresses, and wonder at the contrivances that keep their skirts "bouffant;" look at their gilt rings, their tinkling bangles, their tin dog colcollars; there is evidence but too painful that this half the world, at least, knows how the other half lives, and has been looking on and taking lessons in folly. If happy women, who have nothing to do but dress and deck themselves, were suddenly to go over in a body to the Society of Friends it would work the most curious transformation in the comfort and appearance of every factory girl and shop girl in the land; but fashion will never, alas! set a Quaker bonnet on her flighty head, fold its white handkerchief across her bosom, nor clothe herself in its modest dove color. She would go back to aboriginal paint and feathers rather.

It may be urged that ignorant and inexperienced as these workers are they see only the bubbles and the froth, the superficial glitter and exuberant overflow of passing styles and social pleasures, and miss much, if not all, of the earnestness, the virtue, the charity and the refinement which may belong to those they imitate, but with whom they so seldom come in contact. This is the very point and purpose of this paper—to remonstrate against the injustice done to the women of wealth and leisure by their *own* carelessness and indifference, and to urge them to come down to those who cannot come up to them, to study them with as keen an interest as they themselves are studied—to know how that other half lives. Surely it must be counted not the least hardship of the toiler's lot that plodding along the eternal road and looking up for guidance signals not meant for them should misdirect them, and lights kindled and waved by idle hands should lead them to their ruin.

Last leap year the papers which publish what is called society news gave nauseous accounts of how the opening "roses" and the full-blown "roses" amused themselves and marked the time by giving a leap year ball. It may have

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Sic in the original; probably "livelihood".

been innocent enough for them, and decorous enough, though the matter is fairly open to doubt, to take upon themselves for that occasion the part of gallants and cavaliers, to send bouquets to the men, to call for them in carriages, to invite them to dance and to escort them to supper; but when the fete was over, was that all of it? Truly, no. The girls who envy the pretty trifles the Roses play with, and who buy them, are worse off only in pocket; but those who read of this ball dismissed it, wondered at it, also imitated its immorality to the extent of taking a louder tone, giving a bolder glance and of making a freer speech to the next man who addressed them. In the light literature of the day and in recent novels they see themselves portrayed—when they are considered worth the portrayal—in false positions and in surroundings that lead to impossible conclusions. The poor, beautiful and virtuous heroine marries a lord, a duke, or, at the least, a rich man, by way of compensation. There is no other conclusion. A writer who departs from the beaten track departs from it only to scourge and humiliate, as, in the "Breadwinners," Maude Matchin is made to ask, with unspeakable brazenness, a gentleman to marry her. But if such representation of their kind and calling pains and mortifies the more thoughtful among them, they give no vent to their resentment and chagrin. How is it possible that they should, when they are as dumb as "the voiceless worm on the unfrequented hill? It is not a gracious nor a congenial task to shriek warnings; but for this silent half of womankind some one *must* speak, must weep and bewail, until the world *shall* listen and ask what is the matter. Since the toilers and spinners know so well what happens in that wonderful world of pleasure and of fashion from which they are excluded, and are so fully informed concerning every whim and fancy of those among the rich who are indolent, selfish, frivolous and luxurious,

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it is but fair that the latter should not enter Dives' plea of ignorance as to the manner of existence of their poorer sisters. Any of the Roses, budding or blown, may enter, in imagination at least, the workroom of a factory and bring out with her excellent matter for thought in the coming season of Lent, when even Rosedom is supposed to bury itself in sackcloth and ashes.

Shop girls and factory girls, like Solomon's lady, rise "while it is yet dark," and without an instant of time to bestow upon any grace of mind or body, they dress, snatch a few mouthfuls of hastily prepared food, and turn out into the sultry dawn or the sulky cold of whatever weather greets them. The fear of being "docked" or locked out acts as a spur to their heels; but, safely past the timekeeper, they are prisoners for all the hours of the coming day, be they of sunshine or storm. No doors were ever so like that fatal portal of Dante's as the doors of a factory; and it might well be written over each and every one of them, "Who enter here leave hope behind." The steam-driven machinery roars like an angry sea. Let any gentle Rose calculate how many nervous headaches, how much physical misery, she would undergo before her ears should become accustomed to the awful symphony. The shadows of the wheels and pulleys dance upon the walls and the ceiling; the air is a blur of impalpable dust and fluff and oil and foulness. It is scarcely possible to hear a neighbor speak though she shout in the ear, and the ceaseless vibrations thrill every nerve in the body until it seems as if the senseless iron had imparted diabolic life to the beams, the floors, the tables and to every fiber of the quivering frame. To sit at the same monotonous task, to bear the tremendous strain upon the strength, to live through the long hours, to have no change, relief, or exercise for the muscles except the automatic use of them demanded by the machinery; to think, to brood over real or fancied griefs; to have no hope for the morrow, to take no interest in the work for its own sake, and to be inadequately rewarded when it is done—this it is to be a factory girl. Human endurance can be put to few harder trials.

It is in this overwork, this exaction of more than any human body with an immortal soul in it ought to grant, that the curse and the wickedness lie. What morality could or should be expected from hapless creatures whose labors are so frightfully disproportionate to their rewards. When they begin to struggle, to dream, to hope for better things, to organize for it, it is an appalling thought that they have not learned in the hard school where they were taught the lessons of exquisite justice, moderation and unselfishness.

It was once the business of the writer to do office work in a soap factory. The discipline was rather lax, and the class of girls employed in the building inclined to be insolent, turbulent and refractory. These were times when[sic] the soap did not cool fast enough to be wrapped, as every pound of it had to be, in paper, and on these occasions there was some trouble to keep the peace between young women who had all the vim and the volubility of fishwives. But when they had carried soap, ten pounds at a time, from 7 a. m. until 6 o'clock p. m., from the cutting table to the cooling table, across floors more slippery than an icy sidewalk; when they had picked up one hundred thousand pounds of it, pound by pound, wrapped it in paper, and packed it in boxes at the rate of five pounds per minute; and when the caustic soda had turned their nails orange color, and had eaten holes in their finger tips until they bled—*that* took the spirit out of them. They were robust, healthy creatures or they could not have done the work; but to see those tired faces filing out the factory door at night was a sight, so meek the labor and the lye had made them. The pay was four, four and a half and five dollars per week. In every place where females are employed the work has its own disadvantages, and these are known only to those who ars[sic] initiated—a sufficient plea, it might be thought, for shortening the hours of what is not labor alone, but suffering.

In Christmas week a very bright, brave young saleswoman at the ribbon counter in the largest establishment in this city was taken ill at her post, and her illness—nervous prostration, the physician declared—was the direct consequence of her work. It *should* not be such wearing business to measure and handle goods so light, even at Christmas time, when the customers are four deep at the counters; but looking into her haggard, anxious face it was easy to perceive that nature had been outraged in some way and had taken speedy vengeance. She had stood, she said, at her place from 8 a. m. until 10 p. m., with a half hour interval for dinner and for supper. The space which she and dozens of other saleswomen occupied was a long, narrow alley, bounded by the show cases and drawers behind and the counter in front. "There were so many of us, all so hurried, so much passing and repassing, so much reaching and stretching, that after I had been jostled and pushed, now in the breast, now in the back, first one side and then the other, without a minute's rest for so many hours and so many days, I began to feel as if my time had come and at last I dropped."

Under the circumstances it was the only thing she could have done. Her pay is five dollars per week, and she is anxious to get back again; says that she likes her work, which "only for that would not be hard." Only for that, indeed! Another girl, who makes trimmings of plush, is expert at her handiwork and would be contented and successful if she "could only keep the fuzz and the fluff out of her nostrils, throat and lungs." She has already had, as fur sewers also do, hemorrhages of the lungs in consequence of this irritating substance in them. Another girl was poisoned by the dye in the colored shirts she made and lost her eyesight, and another contracted eczema from the dust and dye in the coats she sewed upon. The pressers in the steam laundries and in factories are wet to the waist in the highly heated air of their rooms, and are constantly in danger and in dread of erysipelas[^e68] or pneumonia from cold and from deadly draughts. Models "try on" Russian mantles and fur-lined garments in July and August, and shiver in lawn in December and January. Little girls who trim out embroideries are cut between the fingers by the sharp strips till their hands bleed, and little cash-girls fall down in their tracks from weariness. Bad as this all is, it is not the worst that must be said. The fatal tendency in all such work for women is its overwhelming tendency to destroy the home-life. That is no home where the meal is a mere mess, and the roof only covers the bed—it is a lodging-house, and it must be to the immeasurable loss of the American nation when the decadence of its homes is looked upon with indifference or complacency. Those women, abused, imprisoned, crushed, but still urged on with hue and cry to join the race for bread, are to be the mothers of the coming generation. If the fathers have eaten sour grapes, shal lnot[sic] the children's teeth be set on edge?

Sic in the original; probably "There were times when".
Sic in the original; probably "are".
Sic in the original; probably "shall not".

It is not to our honor nor our glory, not even to the poorer consideration of our gain, that these helpless toilers at labor's loom, in the length and breadth of this fair and favored land should cry, in Heine's words:

> The shuttle whirrs, the wheel's in flight, Busily spin we day and night. Oh, Fatherland, thy shroud we spin, And weave a three-fold curse therein. We're weaving, we're weaving!"

Philadelphia, Jan. 16. C. D. E.

The Assessment Plan.

Denver News.

"No hoisting works; not if I know it. You can fool away a good deal of good, hard coin on hoisting works." "How in thunder do you run your mine?" "On the assessment plan, sir. That's the latest and most approved method. When we have a good map of the

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lower workings we don't need any works to speak of. I keep a man in Virginia at $80 a month to superintend the location and write weekly letters; and I stay in San Francisco in my office on Pine street, and levy the assessments every sixty days—that's as often as the law allows. I am the president, board of trustees, secretary, treasurer. Of course I draw a salary for all the offices, and when I get through drawing salaries, I turn the rest over to the agent in Virginia to pay off the hands. By not employing any hands he saves enough to pay himself. This is what I call scientific mining, sir. You get the silver out of the pockets of the stockholders, and leave the vast argentiferous and auriferous deposits in your claim for your children, who can go right ahead and develop the mine just as soon as the public quit putting up, which isn't at all likely to happen. As long as people are being born in Nevada and California my mine will run on like a chronometer clock." "But," said the Utah man, "my style of mining keeps lots of men at work." "So does mine," quoth the Golden Gate chap. "Thousands of men are working night and day to pay the assessments. It keeps the country as busy as a bee-hive;" and the speaker sauntered to the telegraph office to order assessment No. [33?].

[Advertisement] Straiton & Storm's Popular Cigars

STRAITON & STORM'S,

POPULAR CIGARS,

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Bouquets—Fine 10c. Cigars. Famous Pinnacles—Best 5c. Cigars. For a good and cheap smoke try STRAITON & STORM'S CIGARROS AND CHEROOTS. L'Envoie, 5 in package, 10c. Silk Weavers, 5 do. 10c. Punch, 6 do. 10c. Judy and 3's, 3 do. 5c. 7's, 7 do. 10c.

[Advertisement] Just Out: An Account of the George-Hewitt Campaign

JUST OUT.

AN ACCOUNT

of the

GEORGE-HEWITT CAMPAIGN

in the

NEW YORK MUNICIPAL ELECTION OF 1886

By Louis F. Post and Fred. C. Leubuscher.

1 vol., paper covers.

CONTENTS:

CHAPTER I.: History of George's nomination.—His letter to the labor conference.—The platform.—The Chickering Hall meeting addressed by Dr. McGlynn. CHAPTER II.: Formal nomination.—George's speech of acceptance. CHAPTER III.: Nomination of Hewitt.—Hewitt's letter to the "Saviors of Society."—His speech at Cooper Union. CHAPTER IV.: The correspondence between George and Hewitt. CHAPTER V.: Mr. George declares his position and answers questions at Chickering Hall. CHAPTE VI[sic].: Hewitt's miscellaneous speeches. CHAPTER VII.: George's meetings and speeches. CHAPTER VIII.: Irving Hall. CHAPTER IX.: Father McGlynn.—The O'Donohue-Preston correspondence.—Archbishop Corrigan's pastoral.—George's reply. CHAPTER X.: The parade. CHAPTER XI.: The election.—Official canvass of the vote by election districts.—George's midnight speech. CHAPTER XII.: Permanent organization. CHAPTER XIII.: A review of the principles advocated by Henry George.

Price, [20?] cents.

Address HENRY GEORGE & CO., 25 Ann street, New York.

[Advertisement] Henry George's New Book: Protection or Free Trade?

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HENRY GEORGE & CO., 25 Ann Street, New York.

[Advertisement] Davitt's Last Words in America

DAVITT'S LAST WORDS IN AMERICA.

Sic in the original; probably "CHAPTER VI.:".

SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23, 1887.

A grand demonstration in honor of Michael Davitt, founder of the Irish National Land League, will be given at

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,

Cor. 26th st. and Madison ave.

On this occasion there will also be given a grand concert, such as is enjoyed by most persons but once in a lifetime, if at all, by

GILMORE'S SUPERB MILITARY BAND.

Consisting of sixty-five pieces, being admittedly the largest and finest association of musical talent in this or any other country, under the inspiring leadership of Mr. P. S. Gilmore, the Napoleon of bandmasters. No additional charge for this grand musical entertainment.

ADMISSION TICKETS 50c. RESERVED SEATS, $1 and $1.50.

Doors open at 7 o'clock. Lecture at 8 o'clock

The band will play an hour before and an hour after the lecture.

[Advertisement] The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among Landlords

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGAtion of the Gospel among Landlords solicits the support of Christians. All previous efforts having proved of no avail in inducing landowners to restore to the public those values which the natural necessities of the people give to the land, this society has been formed to appeal to the landlords' conscience by means of gospel truth. The attention of landlords is respectfully called to the fact that they have become rich without labor, through laws made by their class whereby the state-earned increment upon land, instead of being voted for taxes and public purposes, as it should have been, thus doing away with all other taxes, has slipped into their pockets. It is now hoped that the efforts of this society to propagate the gospel truths of justice and equity will so awaken the landlord conscience that it may come to see what so many Christians already apprehend, that their appropriation of the commonwealth property is the cause of lack of work and starvation among workers and the enrichment of the idle so prevalent all over the world. The society will shortly issue a series of tracts, and as soon as its funds will justify special missionaries will wait upon those whom the tracts have not converted. Meantime the society offers a reward of £5 for the tract showing the best method by which the aforesaid landlords can be brought to a realizing sense of their conduct and its consequences. A copy of prize tract will be supplied gratis to all subscribers. Address Secretary, S. P. G. A. L., Holborn Viaduct, London, E. C., England.

[Advertisement] Land and Labor (tracts)

LAND AND LABOR.

The Central Committee is now prepared to furnish, postage paid, the following named tracts, at prices indicated:

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4 pages - - - - - 15 cts. Land and Taxation. David Dudley Field and Henry George. [8?] pages - - - - - 30 cts. Platform N. Y. Labor Convention. English and German. [2?] pages - - - - - 8 cts. Declarations and Resolutions. Cooper Union Mass Meeting. 2 pages - - - - - 8 cts.

Address JOHN McMACKIN, Chairman, 28 Cooper Union, N. Y. City.

[Advertisement] The Democrat

THE DEMOCRAT.

A RADICAL REVIEW MONTHLY.

The Democrat advocates Land Resumption and those reforms which are necessary to make the English people a free people. It asks "compensation," not for those who have benefited by unjust legislation, but for those who have suffered thereby.

For one dollar the Democrat is supplied for 18 months to any address in the United States or Canada.

Address Clements House, Clements Inn passage, Strand, London, W. C.

[Advertisement] "Capital," by Karl Marx

"CAPITAL,"

BY KARL MARX.

The greatest work on Political Economy has at last appeared in English; translated by Sam Moore and Ed. Aveling; edited by Frederick Engels; 2 vols., cloth, $5.75, post paid. List of Land and Labor publications free.

[BORDOLLO'S?] LABOR NEWS AGENCY, 104 East Fourth street, N. Y.

[Advertisement] To Secretaries of Trade and Labor Organizations

A.–TO SECRETARIES

OF TRADE AND LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

We have received an order to send a copy of "PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE[sic]" to every trade and labor organization that may wish to have it, up to the number of one thousand. A copy will be accordingly forwarded to the secretary of any labor organization or local assembly of the K. of L. on receipt of twelve cents for postage. HENRY GEORGE & CO.

[Advertisement] Tax Reformer

TAX REFORMER.

Sic in the original; probably "PROTECTION OR FREE TRADE?".

The first paper published in America devoted to the advocacy of the principles of “Progress and Poverty.”

Subscription, one year, with a copy of “Progress and Poverty,” given free, [50?] cents; with “Progress and Poverty” and “Social Problems,” 75 Cents.

[M.?] BATTLE, 9 Spruce Street, New York.

Damaged type restored

Letters that were broken, blotted or missing in the print and have been written as intended. Listed so they can be checked against the scan; they are not footnoted in the text.

Page	Article	As read in the scan	Written as
1	CORRIGAN’S CASE.	atten[broken]t rendered “attempt	attempt
1	HOW DONNELLY TOOK POSSESSION.	we[broken]t rendered “went	went
1	ST. STEPHEN’S REVOLTS.	D.. McGlynn	Dr. McGlynn
2	[Cooper Union meeting report, continued: end of Gahan’s spee	I hope the the day	I hope the day
2	[Cooper Union meeting report, continued: end of Gahan’s spee	goods : nd (letters damaged)	goods and
2	THE PARISHIONERS’ PROTEST.	Cerrigan (o weakly struck, reads as c)	Corrigan
2	Maj. E. J. O’Shaughnessy.	ex ercise (hyphen missing at line end)	exercise
2	J. W. Wall, Formerly Editor of the Roscommon Herald.	what is, Archbishop Corrigan going to do?	what is Archbishop Corrigan going to do?
2	CATHOLIC OPINION.	klngs (i struck as l)	kings
2	Sentiment of the Town of Naugatuck.	Sentiment ot tne Town of Naugatuck.	Sentiment of the Town
2	Catholic Laymen Ask Some Pointed Questions.	as it is tne continued possession	the
3	THE COAL STRIKE.	[26th?] (digit badly struck)	26th
3	THE COAL STRIKE.	trim l[oa]d[s o]f (letters barely inked)	trim loads of
3	IN EMPLOYERS’ FAVOR.	fr[o]m (o faint)	from
3	IN EMPLOYERS’ FAVOR.	Cer[tai]n (letters faint)	Certain

Page	Article	As read in the scan	Written as
3	IN EMPLOYERS' FAVOR.	in[n]ocent (first n damaged)	innocent
3	SIXTY ACRES FOR EVERY SOUL.	the (final letter missing at line end)	they
3	SIXTY ACRES FOR EVERY SOUL.	in [th]e (letters missing)	in the
3	SIXTY ACRES FOR EVERY SOUL.	exte[n]t (n damaged, reads "exteat")	extent
3	Worthy of Admiration.	withm (in damaged)	within
3	THE OLD DOMINION STRIKE	Redrc[t]ion (u and t damaged)	Reduction
3	THE OLD DOMINION STRIKE	[D]ominion (D damaged, looks like P)	Dominion
3	THE OLD DOMINION STRIKE	[t]he (t blotted)	the
3	To Dr. McGlynn.	unt[o] (o damaged)	unto
3	To Dr. McGlynn.	18[86?] (last digits blotted)	1886
4	THE STANDARD.	shouid (l damaged)	should
4	RELIGION AND POLITICS.	would (faint, half-struck)	would
4	RELIGION AND POLITICS.	uncer[ta]inty (letters missing/ unstruck)	uncertainty
4	[The health department]	heaith (l appears dotted/ damaged)	health
4	["Tom" Gould and Justice Murray]	mal●ng (k filled in/blotted)	making
4	[Harbor defenses and the produce exchange]	insig / "nificant" (no hyphen at line break)	insig-/nificant
4	[Gov. Rusk of Wisconsin]	poiicy (l damaged, looks like i)	policy
4	Child Seized for Rent.	lan·llord (d broken, bowl missing)	landlord
4	A Michael Davitt Irish World.	Mr. and "in" with damaged M and i	Mr. Davitt to be held in
4	Arbor Day.	cl.mate , "t(o)ok", "d(o)zen" (letters battered/ unstruck)	climate , "took", "dozen"
5	[The Week: Senators elected]	Ma·ne (letter missing/ damaged)	Maine
5	[The Week: Death of Lord Iddesleigh]	aggressiveness (letters smudged/damaged)	aggressiveness

Page	Article	As read in the scan	Written as
5	[The Week: Churchill and Gladstone rumor]	the the party	the party
5	[The Week: Irish evictions]	receatly	recently
5	[The Week: Lord Dillon and the plan of campaign]	practi-ca[ll]y , “hi[g]hest” (letters blotted)	practically , “highest”
5	MALIGNANT FALSEHOOD.	[p]ackage (first letter blotted)	package
5	MALIGNANT FALSEHOOD.	T[h]ou (letter blotted)	Thou
5	[Men and Women: Charles B. Farwell’s fortune]	last letters at the right margin smeared, e.g. “despai[r]”, “time[s]”, “ove[r]”, “expressiv[e]	as transcribed
6	NEW YORK POLITICS.	poll, (prints as “poli.”)	poll,
6	NEW YORK POLITICS.	bring (first letter prints as “o”)	bring
6	NEW YORK POLITICS.	Somehow cr another	Somehow or another
6	IRISH LANDLORDS MUST GO.	maintain (the “m” is missing/ broken)	maintain
6	“WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN.”	few minutes’ (letters badly damaged, “f… ..inutes’”)	few minutes’
6	Enlarging Nevada.	from [100,000?] or 120,000	from 100,000 to 120,000
6	NEW YORK ORGANIZED.	in our faver	in our favor
6	MILITARY RULE.	598[⅓?] acres (fraction with denominator 3, numerator unclear)	598½ (the resolution quoted just below says “five hundred and ninety-eight and one-half acres”)
6	MILITARY RULE.	from (middle letter missing, “fr m”)	from
6	MILITARY RULE.	garrison to (prints “tc”)	to
7	THE BISHOP AND THE OUTCAST.	l oy (b damaged)	boy
7	THE BISHOP AND THE OUTCAST.	afr..id (a damaged)	afraid
7	THE BISHOP AND THE OUTCAST.	Escoubion	Escoublon
7	THE BISHOP AND THE OUTCAST.	pe[r]haps (r damaged)	perhaps
7	FUN.	I didn’t hear hear the bell	I didn’t hear the bell

Page	Article	As read in the scan	Written as
8	A Short Sermon by William E. Channing, D. D.	1842 with the 8 badly struck (looks like “1342”)	1842
8	DAUGHTERS OF NECESSITY.	the manner of of every girl	the manner of every girl
8	DAUGHTERS OF NECESSITY.	col-/collars (i.e. “colcollars”)	collars
8	DAUGHTERS OF NECESSITY.	unfrequented hill? (no closing quotation mark visible)	unfrequented hill?”
8	DAUGHTERS OF NECESSITY.	door with the r broken (looks like “doo1”)	door

Henry George, Jr.’s The Life of Henry George includes this paragraph:

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The other circumstance of importance was the conversion of a scholarly Englishman, Dr. Mo
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It was Leverson who told Henry George that his intended campaign for Mayor of New York in 1897 would probably be fatal, confirming what his own physician had told him.

See also references in The Standard, Issue #006, 1887-02-12. *(Position approximate.)* [^e39]: **Ed.** There are a number of references to “saviors of society” in Issues #001 and #002 of The Standard, as well as in a letter from Abram Hewitt to Henry George, quoted in Post & Leubuscher’s book, online at http://henrygeorgethestandard.org/pdf/HG-Post-Leubuscher-HG-1886-Campaign-annotated.pdf. *(Position approximate.)* [^e40]: **Ed.** See a reference to “Fatty” Walsh on the editorial page of this issue, under “Our Criminal Politics,” and earlier articles in The Standard, Issues #001 and #002; see also Chapter 11 Post & Leubuscher. [^e41]: **Ed.** William Joseph Walsh (1841-1921) served as the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin from 3 July 1885 until his death. He was sympathetic to Irish nationalism and advocated Home Rule and agrarian land reform. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Walsh_(archbishop_of_Dublin) [^e42]: **Ed.** Lucus a non lucendo (Latin) is an illogical explanation or absurd derivation or piece of reasoning; a non sequitur. [^e43]: **Ed.** While today the cost of clothing is a relatively small percentage of the cost of living, in that era, the time and money devoted to making one’s clothes was a significant figure; some estimates suggest 15% of a family’s cost of living. *(Position approximate.)* [^e44]: **Ed.** See Post and Leubuscher, Chapter I, The Nomination of Henry George, online at http://henrygeorgethestandard.org/pdf/HG-Post-Leubuscher-HG-1886-Campaign-annotated.pdf. *(Position approximate.)* [^e45]: **Ed.** A rising vote is also the normal method of voting on motions requiring a two-thirds vote for adoption. It can also be used as the first method of voting when only a majority vote is required if the chair believes in advance that a voice vote will be inconclusive. The chair can also order the rising vote to be counted. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Voting_methods_in_deliberative_assemblies. It seems to be a reference to asking those in favor of a motion to stand and be counted. *(Position approximate.)* [^e46]: **Ed.** Three cheers repeated three times. Perhaps “Hip, hip, hooray!” [^e47]: **Ed.** Karl Marx (1818-1883) was a German philosopher, economist, sociologist, journalist, and revolutionary socialist. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Karl_Marx. [^e48]: **Ed.** Ferdinand Johann Gottlieb Lassalle (1825-164), also known as Ferdinand Lassalle-Wolfson, was a German-Jewish jurist, philosopher, and socialist political activist. Lassalle is best remembered as an initiator of international-style socialism in Germany. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ferdinand_Lassalle. *(Position approximate.)* [^e49]: **Ed.** Johann Karl Rodbertus (1805-1875), also known as Karl Rodbertus-Jagetzow, was a German economist and socialist of the scientific or conservative school from Greifswald in Swedish Pomerania. He defended the labor theory of value as well as the view, as an inference from that, that interest or profit is theft. He believed that capitalist economies

tend toward overproduction. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Johann_Karl_Rodbertus [^e50]: **Ed.** Mikhail Alexandrovich Bakunin (1814-1876) was a Russian revolutionary anarchist, and founder of collectivist anarchism. He is considered among the most influential figures of anarchism, and one of the principal founders of the social anarchist tradition. Bakunin's enormous prestige as an activist made him one of the most famous ideologues in Europe, and he gained substantial influence among radicals throughout Russia and Europe. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mikhail_Bakunin. *(Position approximate.)* [^e51]: **Ed.** Is this a direct quotation, or a paraphrase? Das Kapital had not been translated into English by the time of Karl Marx's death in 1883; see Henry George's carefully worded letter which was read at a memorial gathering at Cooper Union, in Philip Foner's Karl Marx Remembered. The footnote for George's letter includes this: "Henry George (1839-1897) was the celebrated author of Progress and Poverty, published in 1879, which became one of the best-read books on political economy in the United States and influenced many in Europe. George argued that land belonged to society, which created its value and properly taxed, through the 'Single Tax,' poverty could be eliminated. On June 2, 1881 Marx wrote to John Swinton: 'As to the book of Mr. Henry George, I consider it as a last attempt – to save the capitalistic regime.' (Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, Letters to Americans, 1848-1895, 127.) In 1886 George ran for Mayor of New York City on the United Labor Party ticket and was almost elected." *(Position approximate.)* [^e52]: **Ed.** Armour & Company was a large slaughterhouse and meat packer, with operations in Chicago and Omaha; the Chicago slaughterhouse closed in 1959. [^e53]: **Ed.** According to the Encyclopedia of Chicago, John V. Farwell was a dry-goods wholesaler; Marshall Field was an early associate and later competitor. *(Position approximate.)* [^e54]: **Ed.** McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, later International Harvester Company and Navistar. [^e55]: **Ed.** The Pullman Palace Car Company manufactured and operated passenger rail cars, and built streetcars and trolleys. The Chicago factory closed in 1955. See also https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pullman_Company [^e56]: **Ed.** Highwood is north of Chicago, next to Highland Park, and was founded in association with the establishment of Fort Sheridan. Fort Sheridan (1887-1993) - A U.S. Army post established in 1887 as Camp Highwood in Lake County, Illinois. Renamed in 1888 for General of the Army Philip H. Sheridan who died on 1 Jun 1888. Abandoned in 1993. See http://www.fortwiki.com/Fort_Sheridan_(2) [^e57]: **Ed.** Succeeding the late Senator John A. Logan, mentioned earlier in this issue, and in the two preceding issues. *(Position approximate.)* [^e58]: **Ed.** See also "Manly Words," in The Standard, Issue #013, quoting Congressman O'Neill of Missouri on the subject *(Position approximate.)* [^e59]: **Ed.** Victor Marie Hugo (1802-1885) was a French poet, novelist, and dramatist of the Romantic movement. He is considered one of the greatest and best-known French writers. Outside France, his best-known works are the novels Les Misérables, 1862, and The Hunchback of Notre-Dame, 1831. In France, Hugo is known primarily for his poetry collections, such as Les Contemplations and La Légende des siècles (The Legend of the Ages). He produced more than 4,000 drawings, and also campaigned for social causes such as the abolition of capital punishment. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Victor_Hugo. This is an excerpt from the story on which the play and film "Les Miserables" are based. *(Position approximate.)* [^e60]: **Ed.** In the feudal system the demesne (from Old French demeine ultimately from Latin dominus, "lord, master of a household") was all the land, not necessarily all contiguous to the manor house, which was retained by a lord of the manor for his own use and support, under his own management, as distinguished from land sub-enfeoffed by him to others as sub-tenants. Source: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Demesne. In English law, subinfeudation is the practice by which tenants, holding land under the king or other superior lord, carved out new and distinct tenures in their turn by sub-letting or alienating a part of their lands. The tenants were termed mesne lords, with regard to those holding from them, the immediate tenant being tenant in capite. The lowest tenant of all was the freeholder, or, as he was sometimes termed tenant paravail. The Crown, who in theory owned all lands, was lord paramount. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Subinfeudation. *(Position approximate.)* [^e61]: **Ed.** See an October, 1871, article in the Sacramento Daily Union, at https://cdnc.ucr.edu/cgi-bin/cdnc?a=d&d=SDU18711024.2.12 entitled "The Alaska Fur Monopoly." *(Position approximate.)* [^e62]: **Ed.** See a reference in Progress and Poverty to hunting seals in Alaska, at http://schalkenbach.org/library/henry-george/p+p/pp081.html in the unabridged, and at http://schalkenbach.org/library/henry-george/drake-p+p/pchp31.htm in the modern abridgment. *(Position approximate.)*

[^e63]: **Ed.** Reverend Norman MacLeod (1812-1872) was a Scottish divine and miscellaneous writer, son of the Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., a distinguished minister of the Scottish Church. He studied at Edinburgh, and was ordained in 1838. He became one of the most distinguished ministers, and most popular preachers of his Church, was made one of the Royal Chaplains in Scotland in 1857, and became a trusted friend of Queen Victoria. See https://en.wikiquote.org/wiki/Norman_MacLeod_(1812%E2%80%931872) [^e64]: **Ed.** William Ellery Channing (1780-1842) was the foremost Unitarian preacher in the United States in the early nineteenth century and, along with Andrews Norton (1786–1853), one of Unitarianism's leading theologians. Channing was known for his articulate and impassioned sermons and public speeches, and as a prominent thinker in the liberal theology of the day. His religion and thought were among the chief influences on the New England Transcendentalists although he never countenanced their views, which he saw as extreme. He espoused, especially in his "Baltimore Sermon" of May 5, 1819, given at the ordination of the theologian and educator Jared Sparks (1789–1866) as the first minister of the newly organized First Independent Church of Baltimore, the principles and tenets of the developing philosophy and theology of Unitarianism, leading to the organization in 1825 of the first Unitarian denomination in America (American Unitarian Association) and the later developments and mergers between Unitarians and Universalists, resulting finally in the Unitarian Universalist Association of America in 1961. Source: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Ellery_Channing [^e65]: **Ed.** Disestablishmentarianism refers to campaigns to sever links between church and state, particularly in relation to the Church of England as an established church. It was initially a movement in the United Kingdom in the 18th century. The established churches in Wales and Ireland could not count on even nominal adherence by a majority of the population of those countries. In Ireland, the predominantly Roman Catholic population campaigned against the position of the established Anglican Church of Ireland - eventually disestablished in Ireland from 1 January 1871. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Disestablishmentarianism/ *(Position approximate.)* [^e66]: **Ed.** Frank Wigglesworth Clarke (1847-1931) of Boston, Massachusetts, and Washington, D.C. was an American scientist and chemist. Sometimes known as the "Father of Geochemistry," Clarke is credited with determining the composition of the Earth's crust. He was a founder of The American Chemical Society and served as its President, 1901. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frank_Wigglesworth_Clarke, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/F.W._Clarke_Medal , https://books.google.com/books?id=LolNAAAAYAAJ&pg=PA13 and https://books.google.com/books?id=oyFGAQAAMAAJ&pg=PA447. A list of his poems appears at https://books.google.com/books?id=bf8vAAAAYAAJ&pg=PA58 [^e67]: **Ed.** Jacob Riis' book, How the Other Half Lives, would not be issued until 1890, based on a magazine article he wrote in 1889. The phrase, however, goes back to Rabelais. *(Position approximate.)* [^e68]: **Ed.** Erysipelas ("red skin"; also known as "ignis sacer", "holy fire", and "St. Anthony's fire" n some countries) is an acute infection typically with a skin rash, usually on any of the legs and toes, face, arms, and fingers. It is an infection of the upper dermis and superficial lymphatics, usually caused by beta-hemolytic group A Streptococcus bacteria on scratches or otherwise infected areas.