

# The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BLOSSAT, Business Manager.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4, 1890.

VOL. XLV.—NO. 23.

## THE LAND OF DROWSHEAD.

I've wandered East, I've wandered West;  
To many a spot my feet have sped,  
But there is one I love the best,  
Of all wherein I've made my bed:  
Whate'er's been writ, whate'er's been said,  
By men, O there's no place for rest  
Like the dear Land of Drowshead!

But just this side the gates of sleep,  
A perfume rare, mesmeas, is shed  
From poppy leaves, whose breath I spread  
O'er all the path that I must tread,  
As on my way to dreams I keep  
That sweet Land of Drowshead.

I have no hopes, I have no fears,  
I take no thought for daily bread;  
Earth's hum my soul but vaguely hears,  
I'm not alive, nor am I dead,  
And yet of Time I lose the thread.  
Myself as some gray ghost appears  
In that dim Land of Drowshead.

A half-way house betwixt the air  
Of day and night, who does not dream  
To find the world of dreams as rare,  
With fogs as that from which he's freed  
As on his way to sleep he's led,  
Who'd not lay down the load of life  
In this fair Land of Drowshead?

'Tis not Nirvana. Yet, for grace,  
'Tis next to that. The heart that beats  
But now finds here in this still place  
The peace for which it long has plead,  
My weary spirit, O 'tis led  
From Lethe! For a little space  
I rest in this dear Drowshead.

—Boston Globe.

## BROWN'S LETTER.

It Came Just One Day Too Late—  
A Pathetic Story.

OUNTING myself, the boarders at Mrs. Burney's table made just a round dozen. Just a dozen—no, there was Brown; with him we were thirteen.

It is strange that I left out Brown, but then we always left him out.

Poor Brown! He had no personality—no individuality—nothing that impressed anybody. When he was present nobody knew it, and when he was absent nobody missed him.

He was a little pale-faced fellow, rather thin, and shabby in a genteel way, a perfect gentleman, but so quiet and retiring that we could find out nothing about him.

We soon made up our minds that Brown was a nobody and let him alone. Whether this course pleased him or not we never knew nor cared. We were a jolly set, bound to have our fun, and when a fellow did not run with us we made a point to have nothing to do with him.

Yet we had no prejudice against the little man. Somehow he was so utterly without life and color and body and voice that he did not attract attention, and without intending to snub him we carelessly passed him by.

"Anybody in the parlor?" I asked, one evening.

"Nobody," was the reply.

I entered the room and found Brown, but it did not occur to me that the servant had been mistaken.

One night I was late for supper, and was told that I would have the dining-room to myself. So I ate supper alone—there was nobody but Brown at the table.

I can see now, in looking back, that this clever outcast in his timid way tried to make himself one of us. I can recall the faint smile that played over his careworn face, the gentle tone of his voice, and a hundred little considerations ways he had—but at the time we never thought about it.

Sometimes among ourselves we made Brown the subject of many a pleasant jest, and more than once we found that we had been unaware of his presence, and that he was in the room hearing it all. On those occasions he would make some light reply, and in a moment would be missing, but whether he had taken offense or not we never stopped to think. After all, it was only Brown, you know.

When winter came Brown told the landlady that the nature of his business for a month or so would make his movements uncertain, and that he would take his meals elsewhere. He made an arrangement, however, to keep his room, and remained in the house as a lodger.

In those days he was thinner and paler than ever, and yet persisted in exposing himself to the weather without an overcoat.

"You'll find it cold," I said to him one morning, as I saw him going out with his shabby coat buttoned up to his chin.

"Oh, I'm all right," he said, with a smile, and walked briskly away.

"Little crank!" I said to myself, and dismissed him from my mind.

Two or three merchants I had dealings with spoke to me several times about Brown. They intimated that he was rather tricky. He had made bills when a remittance came, but months had passed and they could get no satisfaction.

"He's a little fraud," I said, and thought no more about it.

After a while I met Brown regularly at the post-office.

He called every morning, but there was no letter for him.

## THE SOUTHERN NEGROES

A Sign Welcomed by the White People of the Former Slave States.

The resolution adopted by the conference of Southern negroes in session in Atlanta are worthy of the serious attention of the white people. For the first time in many years the negro leaders have seen proper, when assembled in convention for the purpose of discussing their affairs, to come out from under the overwhelming shadow of partisan politics. It is not only a promising sign, but it is one which the white people ought to welcome. It is an evidence that after many years of extreme, but excusable foolishness—after many years of political experiment—they have at last come back to the real starting point.

Heretofore the negroes have persisted in viewing their situation here as purely political in its character, and, following the cue of the white Republicans; who have no real sympathy with them, have abused the whites and held them responsible for the crimes and outrages committed by drunken or irresponsible individuals. That the negroes have been misled in this matter, and in various other matters, has been the result of circumstances over which they have had little or no control. It was not to be expected that they would start on their new career of citizenship fully equipped with judgment, prudence and knowledge; and we have often felt that the attitude of the negroes to-day is partly due to the fact that in the first days of freedom their old masters permitted them to drift away into the hands of alien adventurers and corrupt politicians.

It is, therefore, very gratifying to observe that the negroes who assembled in convention in Atlanta, instead of turning the gathering into a partisan political affair, and calling on the Republicans and the Government to rush to their aid, invoked the sympathy and protection of their real friends—the whites of the South. We may say that it is an appeal that will not be made in vain. The sensible and conservative tone of the resolutions will command attention and sympathy, and the appeal is one to which the responsible and representative people of the South will be quick to respond.

There has never been any doubt of the South's attitude in regard to the outrages committed on the negroes by irresponsible and cowardly whites; but the best friends of the negroes have been handicapped and obstructed by the fact that every collision of whatever nature between whites and blacks has been given a political flavor by the professed friends of the negro, and the Republican partisans have placed the whole South on the defensive against wholesale charges, the bulk of them manufactured out of whole cloth.

From first to last the Constitution, representing the South, and voicing its feelings to the best of its ability, has endeavored to convince the negroes that the white people of this section are their best and truest friends, and we have never failed to denounce in fitting terms the cowardly spirit that prompts a white man to impose on a negro.

Henry Grady spoke for the whole South when he said: "As for the white people of the South, there is but one thing for them to do. That is to do right. To protect the negro in his rights—to give him justice, and friendship, and counsel. To punish those who wrong him. To hold this course to the very last." Again Mr. Grady spoke for the South, when, with almost his latest breath, he said, speaking of the negro: "From the grave comes a voice saying, 'Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as I put my arms about me! Be his friend, as he was mine!' And out into this new world—strange to me as to him—dazzling, bewildering to both—I follow. And may God forget my people when they forget these!"

Here the eloquence of the orator, in a few burning words, has pictured the heart of the white South. All that the negroes have to learn is the simplest lesson of citizenship—namely, that his relations with the whites are far beyond and above partisan politics.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE G. O. P.'S DILEMMA.

The Harrison-Quay Machine Troubled by Promises Made in 1888.

The Republican party came into power burdened with obligations which it finds itself unable to discharge, and the most difficult problem it now has to solve is how to reward its friends and pay even a small part of its political debts without ruining the country. When out of power it promised every thing to every body; but there is not money enough to go around, and as no one is willing to be left out of the distribution, or even to reduce his claim, the situation has become quite serious. It has promised the tax-payers that it would reduce taxation, and it has promised the soldiers and the subsidy hunters that it would increase the expenditures. It can not do both, and it dare not refuse to do either. It has promised the friends of silver that it will help them to remove the restrictions now imposed by law upon the coinage of that metal, and it has promised the advocates of the gold standard that it would do nothing to depreciate the value or interfere with the stability of our currency. In a vain effort to keep both of these pledges, it proposes to convert the Treasury Department into a warehouse for the storage of silver bullion, and to issue receipts to be used as money. This is the only new financial policy it has so far developed, but its resources are not yet exhausted, and if the demands of the discontented become sufficiently strong, we may have paper promises to pay issued upon deposits of wheat and corn, or upon farm mortgages. It will be difficult to satisfy the plundered and impoverished farmer that his claim upon the bounty of the Government is not as just as the claims of the prosperous owner of silver mines or the wealthy owner of ships.—Exchange.

THE SOUTHERN NEGROES

## QUAY'S LITTLE PLAN.

An Assessment About to Be Levied on All Good Republicans.

The following letter, addressed to a leading Republican of Detroit, explains itself. Inclosed were a number of handsome certificates, suggestive of the most artistic bank paper, decorated with a neat \$10 mark and having a coupon attached. The use to which they are to be applied appears in the "confidential" communication. The letter is as follows:

WASHINGTON, April 29, 1890.—My Dear Sir: The Republican National Committee has established permanent headquarters in this city in order that the party's interests throughout the Nation may not be lost sight of between Presidential elections. We have found many opportunities since the close of the campaign of 1888 to aid in strengthening the party organization in various sections of the country. We have recently ascertained that for months the Democrats have been engaged in a general and secret distribution of anti-protection literature in many doubtful States and Congressional districts, and that they have employed a corps of agitators and organizers to travel among farmers and mechanics, preaching free-trade doctrines and distributing free-trade pamphlets.

Meanwhile, demands for documents pertaining to the tariff and kindred questions reach us daily, particularly from the West. Unless we are properly sustained, in a financial sense, we can not meet these demands. We should be fully equipped for this work of document circulation at once. Very little practical good is accomplished by the distribution of political literature during an exciting campaign. You know how difficult it is to raise money for campaign purposes. We have adopted a plan which, if vigorously pushed, can not fail to prove popular and successful.

I send you herewith a number of certificates which illustrate the plan. If you may be able at an early day to place them with some of the zealous Republicans of your neighborhood, please fill up the coupons with full name and address, cut them off and return them to us with the \$10 for each. All checks, money orders, etc., should be made payable to F. W. Leach, assistant secretary, who has charge of this branch of the work. A record will be kept of all the subscribers, who will be known as registered contributors to the Republican National Committee.

Believing you to be deeply interested in Republican success and influential in the councils of the party, I very earnestly ask you to assist us. If we can not invoke the aid and cooperation of Republicans of your standing and activity, upon whom can we depend? If you conclude that you can not help us kindly return the certificates, in order that we may place them elsewhere. In such event, please name some one of your opinion who will be likely to aid us in the manner indicated. With the hope that your convenience may permit you to accord us an early response I am very truly yours,

M. S. QUAY.

POLITICAL POINTERS.

Why should the Republicans not nominate Matthew Stanley Quay for President? He is a bigger man than Harrison, and would suit his party exactly.—Charlotte News and Courier.

Mr. Clarkson's appeal to his followers to read none but Republican newspapers is like the mother's petition for her offspring to shut his eyes and swallow the castor oil at a single gulp.—Chicago News.

Matt Quay has been firmly established in the confidence of Republican leaders. His dishonesty has been so clearly proved that he will never again be distrusted by Republican statesmen.—Savannah (Ga.) News.

Murat Halstead is again distinguishing himself as the most eminent fly-gobbler in the United States by giving his editorial indorsement to the political characters of Matthew S. Quay and Thomas C. Platt.—Providence Journal.

A curb-stone reporter avouches that Washington drinkers no longer "take a drink," or "take a smile," but they "patronize the buffet," they "stop at Shoreham," or, to put it more briefly and more mildly, they "Mortonize."—N. Y. Voice.

John S. Dunham, a negro of Philadelphia, has been appointed by the President Consul at San Domingo. This is a small tub thrown to the colored whale. A negro in office is not a rarity in San Domingo. Why does not the President give the colored people a few good offices in this country?—N. Y. World.

If Mr. Harrison throws Mr. Quay overboard the little man from Indiana might as well give up all hopes of ever being President again. Without the help of Fry-the-Fat Quay Mr. Harrison could not have been elected in the first place before his qualities were known.—Chicago Herald.

Murat Halstead has come to the defense of Senator Quay with the statement that "he is one of the quietest men he ever met." That seems to be an entirely safe estimate of the man. He is a little too quiet just now. A man who had any thing to say would be likely to say it under Mr. Quay's provocation.—Minneapolis Journal.

The McKinley bill puts up the tax on chimneys for students' lamps from 45 to 450 per cent. This is not right but it is cute. The Republican party does well to discourage study. He who studies finds out what a fraud protection is. "The colleges," moan the protectionists, "are engaged in manufacturing free traders."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Benjamin Harrison War Veteran Association of Brooklyn, 700 strong, has repudiated the Harrison Administration and changed its name to that of the Abraham Lincoln War Veteran Association of Kings County. The cause of this action was cited in a set of resolutions in which it was asserted that Harrison is only a dummy, and the whole Administration an enemy to the war veteran, in the matter of Federal appointments.—Chicago Post.

The Tax-Payers Be Hanged.

Senator Hoar and Congressman Lodge, of Massachusetts, are very anxious to put the control of Congressional elections, and, indeed, all State affairs, into the hands of the Harrison Administration. Apart from the revolutionary, autocratic, unconstitutional nature of the scheme, the taxpayers will be interested in knowing that Mr. Lodge's bill alone involves at each election an expenditure of \$3,000,000, and it would not influence the result of the election in more than half a dozen districts. Here is something for Republican Senators and Congressmen to ponder over. Is the game worth the candle, as the French would say? Yet this ruinous scheme is being vigorously pushed in Congress. The Republican leaders are committed to it. They do not care a straw how much it costs the tax-payers.—Albany (N. Y.) Argus.

## PITH AND POINT.

—Those who got through the world by making the worst of it, work hard for poor pay.

—Life is long enough for him who knows how to use it. Working and thinking extend its limits.

—Before getting into the "swim" a man should be reasonably sure that he can keep his head above water.—Boston Courier.

—Stupidity is to the mind what clumsiness is to the body. It exhibits just the same fatal power of mischief in its own way.—Once a Week.

—It is remarkable how little a man likes work when he does it himself and how much he likes it when some body else is doing it for him.—Washington Post.

—The art of putting the right men in the right places is first in the science of government, but that of finding places for the discontented is the most difficult.

—Whenever a man becomes rich by merely acting as custodian of other people's money, look out for him. In the language of Confucius, "Thar's suthin' dead up the creek."—Memphis Appeal.

—Poor human nature. It is weak, selfish and mean! If the other fellow crosses our pathway we call him any thing but a gentleman. If he goes the same way we go, and keeps a little behind us, we love him.—Western Rural.

—The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or dusty records. They are written by a sunbeam, in the whole volume of human nature, by the hand of divinity itself.—Alexander Hamilton.

—No true and permanent fame, says Charles Sumner, "can be founded, except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind." This is but another form of the old truth: "He that would be great let him be a servant." There is no greatness apart from usefulness.

—It is one of the strangest of all strange things in life that people are not kinder to one another. And it is beyond all understanding why one trudge along life's highway should care to go out of his way to stab another, who is doubtless having all he can do to keep up the march and tug his grip-sack along.—Boston Commonwealth.

—Almost every one cherishes a desire, upon occasion, of doing a particularly good thing. But it is possible to so concentrate the thoughts upon the single desire to do well, that it seems impossible to decide what it would be well to do. No good is likely to be accomplished by the mere wish to be a well-doer. It is the work of the well-doer to know just what it would be well to do—and to do it. A particularly good thing is more likely to be done in that way than in any other way.—Exchange.

## A ROMANTIC CAREER.

The Notable Deeds of William, Earl of Craven, in the Sixteenth Century.

William, Earl of Craven, had a notable career, and the story of his life, could it be told in detail, would be a fascinating one. His father was born in Yorkshire, his parents being poor peasants. When a mere boy he determined to seek his fortune in London. He tramped all the way from his native town to the metropolis, where he found employment with a draper. Bright and industrious, he quickly learned the business, and before many years had gone by set up for himself. He prospered exceedingly, acquiring great wealth, and finally being chosen Lord Mayor of London. When he died he left a great fortune to his son William. This, however, did not satisfy the young man, whose ambition was to shine in society, because wealth without pedigree in those days was not held in as high esteem as it now is.

Military renown was the only thing which made up for lack of a gentle birth. Craven consequently became a soldier of fortune, first joining the army of Henry, Prince of Orange, and acquiring himself with honor and distinction. Then he fought under Gustavus Adolphus, and led the forlorn hope at the storming of Creutznaach. Though the first assault was repulsed, Craven with determined bravery led a second, which proved gloriously successful. He was severely wounded, and Gustavus knighted him as he lay on the ground. When he had had enough of war he returned to England. He at one time gave Charles II. no less than £50,000 in one sum, and after the restoration he was rewarded by having conferred upon him the title of Earl. During the great plague in London in 1665 Craven remained in London to help the poor, encourage the timid, and preserve order. Whenever a fire broke place he was sure to be present, so it became a common saying that his horse could smell a fire before it happened. His city birth, warlike fame, and his romantic connection with Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, rendered him the most popular man in London, and his protest was more effective in dispersing a mob than a regiment of soldiers. He died April 9, 1696, at the age of eighty-eight.—Chicago News.

He Read It Clear Through.

It is related that Thomas Carlyle, while on a visit to the provost of Kildare, a worthy elder who conducted family worship, was one morning invited by the provost to take the reading, and he would offer up the prayer himself afterward. Carlyle, by accident, opened the Bible at the first chapter of the Book of Job. He began to read this slowly and intelligently, pausing after some clause, as if to meditate on the circumstances, and take in the whole meaning. On he went, the servants wondering, the provost "dumfounded." Yet no one dare to interrupt the sage, as his face was getting all aglow. The time passed on and yet he was only heating to the work. After finishing the whole forty-two chapters he quietly closed the Bible and remarked: "That is a marvelous life-like drama, only to be appreciated when read right through." Carlyle used to wonder that the invitation was not repeated.—Spectator.

## SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT.

ALARM IN NASHVILLE.

Single Tax Doctrine Seems a Terrible Bugaboo.

Despite the intelligent understanding of the single tax doctrine in Memphis, it seems to be a terrible bugaboo in the Tennessee capital. Mr. J. W. Davis, in a letter to the Nashville American, is manifestly in a state of alarm, similar to that which frequently prevailed when the simpler form of industrial slavery existed in the South. Mr. Davis says: "If I understand Mr. George, he is no crank or visionary theorist any more than Mr. Lincoln, Seward, Wendell Phillips, Garrett Smith, Sumner & Co. were when they began to preach and teach their abolition doctrine to the North. And who will say that they were not an honest set? And they kept up their honest devilment until they drenched our fair southland with blood, murdered our best men, impoverished our women and children, sent many of them to the wash tub and our old men to untimely graves. No, you and friend Frost are mistaken about the following of Mr. George. Don't you know the plebeian antipathy to the landlord?"

This is charming. The little thrust at the plebeian has the true flavor of the old time denunciations of the mudsills, and makes the parallel almost perfect. Let us hope for equal similitude in results—barring the blood and wash-tubs. Mr. George is as practical as Lincoln, as enthusiastic as Garrison, as eloquent as Phillips and as determined as Sumner in emancipating the white men of both North and South from the remaining form of industrial slavery. The men who still lament the overthrow of negro slavery are right in looking on the new movement for freedom with alarm—provided they are profiting by the existing condition. They ought to make sure of this fact so as to avoid the folly of the "poor whites" in Lee's army, who fought nearly four years and then discovered that the whole trouble was about "property and niggers," of which they owned neither, and that it was a "rich man's war and a poor man's fight."

The scare is evidently having practical results. At a regular meeting of the Una Alliance, a branch of the "National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union," has passed a set of resolutions declaring that the Davidson County Union proposes to support the national organization "in spite of its unnatural action in St. Louis," and therefore Una Alliance withdraws from the country union and returns its charter. The resolutions are accompanied by a statement published in the Nashville American, which begins as follows: "In November last the Knights of Labor held a convention in Atlanta and adopted a platform demanding the virtual confiscation of every man's land. The language of their demand is that the taxes on all land shall be equal to the whole unearned increment. The simple meaning of such a demand is that every man owning land shall be required to pay to the government as rent, under the name of taxes, all profit accruing to him from such ownership. Such a course on the part of the government would be confiscation, pure and simple. Shortly after the promulgation of this platform the National Union met in St. Louis and Powderly, the leader of the Knights, attended that meeting and asked for a conference. To our great surprise and mortification the National Union received with a perfect ovation this man who had just aided in making this platform of confiscation. In the language of the Toller, the official organ of our State union, when Powderly entered the hall "cheer after cheer went up from the body." "Our farmers," members of the National Union, "fell in love with Powderly." The president of the National Union held a secret conference with him, and as a result the National Union formed a confederation with the Knights of Labor and agreed to co-operate with them in electing men to the legislative and congressional offices and in securing legislation."

The paper goes on at great length, protesting that the eligibility clause of the constitution of the alliance has been so altered as to permit mechanics to become members, and suggesting that negro members of the Knights of Labor may be brought into contact with the farmers. The gist of the whole complaint, however, lies in the paragraph quoted, in which the purpose of the resolution adopted by the Knights is clearly stated and bitterly adverted upon.

The Una Alliance appears to be something of a kid glove organization, and it will be well for working farmers in the South to take note of the fact that these protesters themselves admit that the course proposed by the Knights will only take from the land owner the profits accruing to him from ownership. This is, of course, a serious matter to men who hold land that other men work, the owners drawing their income from it in the shape of rent or interest on mortgages. But if the working farmer will look closely into the question he will see that the alliance has in no way threatened his interests by coalition with the Knights. Let him find what bare land, exclusive of improvements, is worth in his own neighborhood, and then ascertain its value in Nashville, Memphis and in the mining districts, and figure out for himself whether his taxes will be increased or diminished by making land values the sole basis of State and local taxation. Having worked out this problem, let him next think what the effect on the working farmer would be if national taxes were so distributed as to fall on land values alone, he paying his proportion on bare land worth probably from \$10 to \$40 an acre, and men in New York paying it on land that sold at auction in open market recently for nearly \$8,000,000 an acre. When the working farmer becomes also the thinking farmer he will see nothing to alarm him in a proposal to make the values of bare land the only basis of taxation.—The Standard.

ARE WE WEALTHY?

The Land Tax Problem in Great Britain—Wealthy in the Wrong Place.

The Family Herald, published in London, asks the question, "Are we wealthy?" and concludes that the true answer is "Yes; in the wrong place." The editor notes that within sound of the carriages rolling to the fashionable ball that costs £1,000 work twenty seamstresses who never had enough to eat. There is not a good horse that Mother England does not care for, and there are half a million children who can rarely satisfy their hunger, and are steyd in dens where the horses would die in a week. English people did not understand the genesis of poverty until the developments of society in America showed with terrific rapidity the historical development of poverty in Britain. Poverty in England was before that a horrid mystery; but in America its development was brought out in lurid distinctness. In the old countries the men who first seized the land were able to sublet it for money or military service. Gradually manufacturers came, and then great centers of population with workingmen ready to sell their labor for a bare living. Thus came about the appalling spectacle of old world slums. All this has been done in America with the rapidity of scene shifting. With this swift object lesson before them Englishmen have cried: "Back to the land; the land for the nation." They now see that the hope held out by reform bills was vain. For a time the church exercised a conservative influence; but bold doubters who had come to believe that we die like dumb brutes said: "Why not give the poor this share of this world's good things since there is nothing for them in another world?"

The editor sees a hope if only the masses will exercise their powers under existing laws. The people must resolve that they shall no longer live in slums. Prof. Huxley has done much good, and he once spoke of a Jacob's ladder from the gutter to the university. The ladder, however, reaches only from tradesman's shop and the artisan's dwelling to the seats of higher learning, the gutter child can not climb. Meanwhile Huxley has become so savagely conservative that he may next denounce Magna Charta as a mistake. Suppose an awkward leader of the people should say: "You tell us, professor, that we are wealthy, and that it is right that some men should be gorged while we are bitten with famine. If Britain is so wealthy, how is it that eleven million acres of good agricultural land are now out of cultivation, while the people whom the land used to feed are crushed in the slums of the towns in the case of laborers, or gone beyond the sea in the case of the farmers?" We want to be impartial, but we freely own that we should not like to answer that question, and we do not believe the professor could. The men who used to supply our fighting force are now becoming extinct. If they go into the town and pick up some kind of work, then the second generation are weaklings and a burden to us; while, if they go abroad, they are still removed from the mother of Nations, who needs her sons of the soil, even though she may feel proud of the gallant new States which they are rearing. And, while rats and mice and obscure vermin are gradually taking possession of the land on which Britons were bred, the signs of bursting wealth are thick among us. Is a nation rich that can not afford even to keep the kind of men who once defended her? To us the gradual return of the land to its primitive wilderness is more than depressing. There are districts on the borders of Hertford and Essex which might make a sentimental traveler sit down and cry. It all seems so strange; it looks so poverty stricken, so filthy, so sordid, so like the site of a slum after all the houses have been leveled for a dozen years; and this in the midst of our England! We say nothing about land laws and so forth, but we will say that those who fancy the towns can survive when the farms are deserted are much mistaken. The letters we receive from provincial tradesmen in little market towns are saddening in the extreme, for the return of the land to the wilderness stage is ruining men who were once among the very pillars of the State.

Triumph for Single Tax.

The first of last month a public spirited citizen offered two prizes for the best newspaper articles on "A New Lynn," or how to increase the wealth and population and rebuild the burned district in the shortest time, \$50 to first and \$25 to second, to be decided by popular vote. I regarded this as my opportunity to sow a little seed, and availed myself of it, and much to my surprise, I captured the first prize, winning by 130 votes. My argument was on the single tax line.

We single taxers heretofore regard this much in the light of a triumph of our principles, and are consequently somewhat elated. It demonstrates that the public mind is capable of discerning truth, even if it is not ready to admit all we claim.

The article received a second publication, and consequently a more extended reading.—Willard W. Gray, Lynn, Mass.

His Is the Eloquence of Truth.

Aside from all questions of sympathy with his doctrines we consider the literary style of Mr. Henry George for the purposes of instruction or public address, whether spoken or written, to come about as near perfection as that of any writer or speaker now before the English speaking public. His prose is solid, nervous, strong, illuminated with poetic flashes and ornamented by beautiful turns of expression, but its rhythm is the rhythm of a robust, sensible prose, and has not that sickening regularity of rhythm and alliteration of blank verse sweetness which renders Mr. Ingersoll's style so objectionable.—Chicago Universalist.

The one thing which has held me close and fast to the single tax movement when I might otherwise have abandoned it is the strong religious spirit which pervades it.—C. L. Brewer, Tripoli.

