

founded. And, to follow the suggestion to its logical conclusion, the information for the editorial discussion may often be best obtained by doing the reporter's work, while the use of the reporter as an editorial writer upon events which he has described in the news columns is to be recommended upon occasion, and has been tried with no small success. A learned judge once said to me that he had no faith in the conclusions of a court where the judges did n't travel a circuit, and I have also noticed that this same shrewd observer always uses the nominative plural in referring to any judicial act of his own. The "we" had its advantages in jurisprudence as in newspapers.

NEWARK, N. J.

W. T. Hunt.

#### Confiscation no Remedy.

IN his book Henry George clamors boldly for the confiscation of the land; for its seizure by the state without compensation to the owner. But of late, in his paper and speeches, he would reach this confiscation indirectly, by imposing upon land the whole weight of taxation. How would this operate, for example, in Ohio? In that State the land now, it may be, bears one-third of the taxes; the improvements and personal property the other two-thirds. To place all upon the land would increase its burden threefold and proportionally decrease its value, and to this extent confiscate it. Much of the land would not be worth the tax and would be given up. Thus as to this the confiscation would be complete. Mr. George sees all this and would make the change gradually. But here the first step would tell; the future would be discounted and the confiscation would immediately take place. Does any one believe that the landed interest, the farmers of Ohio, would submit to this? Could it be enforced except at the expense of a war in comparison with which the late conflict were a tame thing?

Hence, whatever its theoretic merits may be, George's plan is outside of practical politics. It is simply impossible. The cities could not force it upon the country. Therefore, with all his excellent intentions,—and I freely concede these,—Henry George is a disturbing force, an incubus upon the labor cause. He arrays the farming interest against it; he distracts its council, paralyzes its action, sows distrust and suspicion abroad. He is indeed the unwitting ally of the monopolist.

His generalization rests upon too narrow a basis: he speaks from a personal experience. His education in California vividly impressed upon him the evils of land monopoly and land speculation. He rushed to the conclusion that these things are the authors of all our social woes. He forgets that the body politic, like the natural body, is a very complex affair, and that no one specific will reach all its ills. Indeed, monopoly of any species of property is an evil; of food, for instance, even a greater evil than of land. The great monopolists, plutocrats, ignore land and escape taxation. What care they where the nominal ownership is, if they gather the fruit? They really view with complacency George's land taxation theory: it will relieve them of the little taxes they now pay.

The remedy is restraint, pruning, regulation, not

confiscation. Let all property bear the taxation that its protection entails. Let there be, as in France, income and succession taxes to prune the overgrown; regulation of and restraint upon corporations; a limitation of land ownership. These are the lines for the labor movement.

The business world tends to congestion of the brain—grows vertiginous, apoplectic. Here a little depletion is good.

The labor conventions spread themselves too much, entangle themselves in outside and doubtful matters. "One war at a time," said Mr. Lincoln.

CINCINNATI, O.

W. M. Dickson.

#### General Sheridan and his Troops.

THE admirable and graphic description of "The Western Soldier," in *THE CENTURY* for May, will interest every reader who served in the Western military departments; but all will not agree with the statement that the men "would have liked Sheridan more if he had been less severe."

Previous to being ordered East, General Sheridan commanded a division of the Fourth Corps, Army of the Cumberland, and as such made himself exceedingly popular with his men. The dash and enthusiasm he possessed made him peculiarly suited to handle Western men. They soon learned that when he exacted a difficult service there would be no undue exposure unless a definite result was reasonably certain. Thoughtfulness of his men's comfort was shown in little things. Those who were with General Buell's army during the Perryville campaign will call to mind the dusty "pikes" of Kentucky during that memorable pursuit of Bragg. Many of the troops were raw recruits under the 600,000 call of July and August, 1862; and beneath the weight of a newly made soldier's knapsack the art of war was learned under depressing conditions. At Perryville some heard the "szip" of bullets not many weeks after their enlistment. The season was dry, and water exceedingly scarce; while the dust from broken limestone was not soothing to throat, nose, and eyes.

It was the custom of general officers to make their headquarters, in the evening, at houses near the camps of their respective commands, and to start, next morning, after the army was in motion. If they wished to get to the head of the column, "open order" was the word, while officers, staff, orderlies, and body-guard galloped by, leaving us in the cloud raised by clattering hoofs. I call to mind General Sheridan's habit under like circumstances. Instead of putting his men to such discomfort, he went leisurely round them, through the fields, giving words of cheer and encouragement to the boys as he passed along.

No, General Sheridan was not severe with his men, in the sense of being arrogant towards them, or ill-treating them. And those who served under him in the West will always cherish his memory, so that the picture of "Little Phil" on his big black horse will not soon fade from their minds.

NEW HAMPTON, IA.

C. L. Gabrilson,  
Co. I, 24th Wis. Vol. Infantry.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### A Song of the Road.

COME, comrades, since the way is long  
Let's 'live it by tune and song,  
And greeting give to all we pass;  
To white-of-head, to light-of-head,  
To matron grave and laughing lass.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,  
For distant path and nigh way,  
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,  
Along the world's broad highway!

'T is morning-break: lithe limbs are strong;  
Who dreams of crime and guilt and wrong?  
Yon youngling and his violet eyes?  
Nay, light-of-mind and love-so-blind  
Are wisdom-proof and folly wise.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,  
For distant path and nigh way,  
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,  
Along the world's broad highway!

'T is noontide: let us spend an hour  
Dream drinking ere we lose the power,  
And all our pleasure disappears,  
Since slight-of-heart and blight-of-heart  
Have sworn the goblet smacks of tears.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,  
For distant path and nigh way,  
For friends we greet, for foes we meet,  
Along the world's broad highway!

'T is night and low: foul thieves have mobbed  
The weak ones here and left them robbed  
Of hope, and faith, and love, and rest;  
But sure-of-soul and pure-of-soul  
Still fold their treasures to their breast.

Hurrah for lane and by-way,  
For distant path and nigh way,  
For every one whose journey's done,  
Who's gained the distant sky-way!

*Julie M. Lippmann.*

### Just Bloomed.

COME, Marie, take your feathered hat,  
And shoulder-cape, and piquant muff,  
Some repartees, a laugh, a glance,  
And in your sleeve a sly rebuff,—  
Come, Marie, come!

Come dancing down the stairs, and call  
Some trite remark that sounds divine;  
Be saucy at your mother's care  
About your wraps; my aid decline  
About your glove.

I know not why a foolish girl  
Should seem so wise — to be so sweet;  
Nor why, without a glimpse of soul,  
You are a creature quite complete,  
And somewhat rare.

Let me but gaze upon your cheek,  
And catch the fervor of your eye,  
And note the dimple at your lip  
When I declare that I shall die  
Without your love!

*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.*

### A Purpose.

IT is good to have a purpose;  
I approve of it, of course;  
All the people who have purposes  
I cordially indorse;  
But there's one especial purpose  
Which has struck me with much force.

It is not my own, this purpose —  
It is very far indeed  
From a personal possession,  
Or I surely should not need  
To make mention of it sadly,  
Or to give it any heed.

'T is a sort of general purpose,  
Owned by several witnesses;  
'T is no doubt a lofty purpose,  
But the mystery is this:  
That, full often as I've heard of it,  
I don't know what it is!

I have only seen its shadow  
On the wrong side of the screen  
Which veils it from the public;  
Now, what may this shadow mean?  
'T is — "Not suited to the purpose  
Of the ——— Magazine."

*Margaret Vandegrift.*

### At the Door.

IT was just for a moment Rose stopped at the door,  
In the dim twilight,  
And I halted and stammered, and said no more  
Than just — "Good-night."

Yet now I can think of a host of things  
That I meant to say;  
And the words come as fast as if they had wings,  
When she is away.

For I think her charming, but how can she know  
What I think aright,  
When the best I can do is to stammer so,  
And say — "Good-night"?

*Walter Learned.*

### A Flag of Truce.

NAY, you have frowned enow,  
Unknit that threatening brow,  
Put wrath away,  
Now  
While you may.

Life is too bare of bliss  
That we our share should miss,  
So make amends,  
Kiss  
And be friends.

*G. Preston.*

### The Reason.

WITH proudly lifted head,  
With joy the Rose blushed red;  
While the Lily, drooping near,  
Let fall the dewy tear:  
Julia the Rose had kissed,  
The Lily's beauty missed.

*George Birdseye.*