

liament, and that eight hours be the maximum time of the working day in all their establishments. All the English delegates that were at the Paris Congress were also at the one held at Nottingham. In the discussion on the hours-of-labour resolution at the Toronto Congress, almost all the delegates that spoke proposed asking the Government to enact a similar law to the one asked for above. The second sentence is a mistake, because no such axiom was laid down as that everyone should have a vote, and neither the *Globe* nor *Mail* reported any delegate as having said so. When "A Bystander" says that "the largest attainable measure of wise and just government can be secured only by confining political power to those who are duly qualified to use it," he is only saying what might be said as well by the most rabid Tory, as long as they had the determining of who were the ones "duly qualified." "A Bystander" says that productive co-operation has failed. This is very misleading from the fact that productive co-operation has never been attempted on a large enough scale to have a fair trial, but so far as it has been tried it has been as successful as private enterprise, and in most cases where it has failed it has been because it have tried to combine honesty with trade, and has found it hard to do that and compete with the "guiding head of capital." But in spite of all the difficulties that co-operation has had to contend with, there are many co-operative establishments running and paying to-day in England, without the "guiding head of capital."

It seems to be assumed by "A Bystander" in his concluding remarks on the late railway accident as well as in his opinions on the Trades Union Congress that there cannot be brains without capital.

ALFRED F. JURY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S LETTER.

CONGRESSMEN AND THE FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 15.

"What is going to be the issue?" I asked of the ablest Republican in Washington yesterday. He smiled, shook his head and muttered something about the microscoping insignificance of all present differences between parties, and then branched off on art and belle lettres. I told this to an able Jeffersonian Democrat, and he at once said: "The issue will be Democracy and anti-Democracy. It has always been that and will always be that, in some form or other. The Republicans want to imply that there is no issue. They are beaten, and that is their way of admitting it. Yes, sir! The issue is a very live one. We stand here like a rock as we have always stood. The tide may rise above us but it does not move us. This next election it will not even touch us. Tariff? The question on that point is not, shall we or shall we not, but merely how much or how little? Free trade? Yes, we are not far from it. Protection? Protection of what? Who? The labouring man? No. The labouring man's boss! Sir, our feet are at last set solidly upon the great cross-roads, with Free Trade written on the guide-board pointing to the right!"

"Thank you Senator. And can you tell me what our leading lights in this Congress are engaged in now chiefly, beside reading that guideboard?"

"Answering autograph letters," sighed the thoughtful senator. "Yes, sir: piles of them every day come to each one. You can say that the Forty-eighth Congress is engaged in the innocent employment of saving this great country by answering applications for autographs."

AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS.

When last with the late Mr. Longfellow, he complained a little of these autograph hunters, but told me that he had answered, and should try to continue to answer, all reasonable demands of this kind while he lived. And his kindness in this way has kept me up this far in the same attempt. But I imagine the nuisance was not quite as fully developed as now. These autograph fiends, mostly very ignorant, I suppose, as they often mis-spell your name, now inclose you printed letters. They are too indolent even to write their letter to you, yet have the audacity to ask you to write them a verse and enclose it in the stamped and printed envelope. I give notice that I shall confiscate all stamps sent me hereafter for autographs, for some charity. Mr. Longfellow told me that his autograph letters averaged about seven per day.

LAST DAYS WITH MR. LONGFELLOW.

Having alluded to the late illustrious poet, I am tempted here to recall some last moments spent with this first of authors and most perfect gentleman. Many others, I know, stood nearer to him, so much nearer and dearer, and maybe I ought not to claim the right to say much of a sacred nature; but somehow I always felt when he reached out his right hand and drew me to him, and looked me fairly and silently in the face with his earnest seer eyes, that he knew me, did not dislike me much, and that he knew, soul to soul, we sought the good and the beautiful and true, each after his fashion and as best he knew.

He had a pretty way of always getting out of the house—that beautiful house of his, where Washington had dwelt—into the woods. He possessed a wonderful lot of books, but he knew the birds, the crickets, the flowers, woods and grasses were more in my way, and with rare delicacy he never talked on books at all, but led out at once, whenever possible, to our mutual friends in the rear of the old Headquarters of Washington.

Walt Whitman chanced to be in Boston when I last visited Mr. Longfellow, and I was delighted to hear the poet at his table in the midst of his perfect family, speak of him most kindly. Soon after he looked me up at

my hotel in Boston, and we two called on the good, gray poet together. I mention this to merely italicise the suggestion that Longfellow's was a large nature. No narrow enmity, envy, self-glorification, superiority or I-am-purer-than-you about this man in the least; perfect and orthodox as was his own well-ordered and (stick a pin here) more fortunate life.

SOME SECRETS OF THE SHOP.

It was on this occasion that a pall of black suddenly fell upon the Republic. Garfield lay dead at Elberon!

The enterprising publishers of the *Globe* solicited from each of the several authors then in and about Boston some tribute of sorrow for the dead. The generous sum of \$100 was checked as an earnest. I remember how big-hearted John Boyle O'Reilly and I got Walt Whitman down in a cave somewhere under the Revere House, where a bottle of champagne was found, and wrestled with him in a vain effort to make him earn and accept his \$100.

"Yes, I'm sorry as the sorriest; sympathize with the great broken heart of the world over this dead sovereign citizen. But I've nothing to say."

And so persuade as we might, even till past midnight, Walt Whitman would not touch the money or try to write a line. He was poor; but bear it forever in testimony that he was honest and would not promise to sell that which he felt God had not at that moment given him to sell. And hereafter whenever any of you are disposed to speak or even think unkindly of Walt Whitman, remember this refusal of his to touch a whole heap of money when he might have had it for ten lines and maybe less than ten minutes' employment. I love him for it. There is not a butcher nor a baker nor a merchant, not a banker in America, perhaps, who would have been, under the circumstances, so stubbornly, savagely honest with the world and himself.

O'Reilly had already written his glorious lines and was happy. He paid for the champagne, I think. Memory is a little confused here. But I know that is a way he has. Soon after midnight I left the others in the cave, and went up to my room in the hotel and went to work. Early next morning I drove over to Mr. Longfellow in great haste and read my lines. Kindly he listened as I read, and then carefully looked them all over and made some important improvements. He had also partly written, and read me, his poem on the sad theme. But it was too stately and fine for company with our less mature work, and at the last moment it was withheld on the plea that it was still incomplete. It soon after appeared in the *New York Independent*. As I was hastening away with my manuscript for the press, he said, as he came with me down to the gate, that the Queen of England had done more to conquer America by sending that wreath for the funeral of the dead President than all the Georges had ever done with all their troops and cannon. And he said it in such a poetical way that I thought it an unfinished couplet of his poem. I never saw him any more. But I find he did not use that thought. And so I have endeavoured to make use of it here in a revised version of the hurried lines which I wrote by the help of Mr. Longfellow on the death of

GARFIELD.

"Bear me out of the battle, for lo I am sorely wounded."

From out the vast, wide-bosomed West,
Where gnarled old maples make array,
Deep scarred from redmen gone to rest,
Where unnamed heroes hew the way
For worlds to follow in stern zest;
Where pipes the quail, where squirrels play
Through tops of trees with nuts for toy,
A boy stood forth clear-eyed and tall,
A timid boy, a bashful boy,
Yet comely as the sons of Saul—
A boy all friendless, all unknown,
Yet heir-apparent to a throne.

A throne the proudest ever known
For him who bears him noblest, best,
And it was won by him alone,
That boy from out that wooded West,
And now to fall! Pale-browed and prone
He lies in everlasting rest.
The nations clasp the cold dead hand;
The nations sob aloud at this;
The only dry eyes in the land
Now at the last we know are his.
While she who sends a wreath has won
More conquest than her hosts had done.

Brave heart, farewell. The wheel has run
Full circle, and behold a grave
Beneath the old loved trees is done.
The druid oaks lift up and wave
A solemn beckon back. The brave
Old maples welcome every one.
Receive him earth. In centre land,
As in the centre of each heart,
As in the hollow of God's hand,
The coffin sinks. And we depart
Each on his way as God deems best,
To do, and so deserve to rest.

"MA," said a thoughtful boy. "I don't think that Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear?" "Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own.—*London Society*."