

LETTER No. 2.

My Dear E:—

You may ask by what means does capital arise, and why do the Socialists ascribe such malignant propensities to it. Others, how did it first come to this country, since, once upon a time, there were only Indians and gophers, as the saying goes. The story of its rise is too long for us to tackle here, but its genesis is written in the annals of history in "blood and fire." The most frightful loss of life, the driving out of peasants from their ancestral homes, the burning of homesteads and death of whole villages. These are the scenes out of which the capitalist class rose, Phoenix-like, to glory. Do you suspect it was otherwise with this continent? True, the romanticists are forever telling us the great story of Empire building. They do not always tell the truth. To them it is one long source of heroic tales and epics. This is not altogether without foundation, for there were brave deeds, but also bloody. Heroes, in the cause of trade, must always be practical, and never miss the main chance. And it was so with the first attempt to colonize the New World. An epoch making era it was when on a summer's day the frail bark of the adventurers rounded the Pebble Ridge, or dropped, amid the report of saluting cannons, down Avon, past Bristol port, and so out upon the tossing main. "Westward Ho!" and "hey for the Land of Gold."

Gold was the lure; wealth (and the struggle for its possession) has ever been man's master. It is the dynamo of human society. There were weeks of terrible privation, of mutiny and murder—alone upon the tossing waste of sullen sea. Would the sea never end? Were they even now sailing over the edge of the world? Who knows! Turn back, sailing master, put her about for home! As unlike any band of heroes as well might be were those crews of gold-hunting humans set afloat in veritable coffin ships. The poet sings of "regions Cæsar never