

SPIRIT OF THE COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL PRESS.

CONFISCATION ADVOCATED AS A POLICY.

(Monetary Times)

Mr Henry George, of California, author of Progress and Poverty, and of a pamphlet on the Irish Land question, has taken to the stump. Last week in Albert Hall, Toronto, he stood up to advocate the wholesale confiscation of private property in land. A local reporter, who heads his report of the lecture, "The next great struggle," as if any man in his senses believed that the next great struggle would be to confiscate the rights of private property in land, undertook to vindicate Mr. George from the sin of Kearneyism.

able, in its results, from the land. The rule must be that, without the improvements, the land would have been worthless to men advanced to the agricultural state, so far as it from being true, as a rule, that land increases in value without the application of labour to it. If all Canada had remained in the savage state in which Carleton found it, it would have been sterile of supporting only a few savages. If land in cities increases rapidly in value, the fact is due to the labour expended upon it, in the shape of buildings, etc. Exception may prove but they cannot govern the rule, and wherever unproductive land has greatly increased in price, its possession was generally open to competition. If the lucky owner is envied the profit he makes, the truth will not seldom be found to be that he kept it so long because no one else wished to make the acquisition on terms which, as the event proved, would have made him a large sharer in the profits. Land is not the only thing which, in a course of years, greatly multiplies in value. Suppose a piece of land sold and the proceeds invested at compound interest. Money at compound interest has the faculty of increasing; indeed in this respect, it has one advantage over land. For a few years, land may and frequently does, increase faster than money; but there comes a maximum, which it is impossible to pass, a decline in value at some stages is not unknown. But money at compound interest, if it increases less rapidly, during an ordinary life time, has no maximum which cannot be passed; on the contrary, the longer the time, the greater the increase, since the ratio is geometrical, and the money may be relied on to double in a given number of years, and to go on doubling with every cycle. If private property in land is to be abolished, on the ground that land may sometimes increase in value without the exertion of the owner's labour, money at compound interest must share the same fate, since it is in a higher degree obnoxious to the same objection. This talk of confiscation is of course very wild talk. But when confiscation is openly advocated in the public lecture room in our midst, it is better to notice the aberration than to shut our eyes. No doubt we are all very secure from confiscation; but the doctrine of confiscation cannot but be dangerous in its tendency, and it is not lost labour to combat it at the outset, even though the necessity for doing so may seem dubious or remote.

THE NATIONAL POLICY AND ITS FRIENDS.

(Hullfax Morning Herald.)

The towns of this Province, like the cities of the Dominion, are rapidly coming into line with the Liberal Conservative party. Truro showed herself, in the late election, to be a staunch National Policy stronghold. So also did Pictou, Westville and the Acadian Mines. New Glasgow, it is evident, is rapidly emancipating herself from the shackles of Carmichaelism, and having got very near to it during the late contest, will no doubt be a sound, thorough-going Protectionist stronghold by next general election. Windsor, Kentville, Dartmouth, Amherst, Sydney, Annapolis, in fact all the towns of the Province, except Yarmouth, are strongly Liberal Conservative. It is, no doubt, wise in them to be so. The life of a town, the growth of a town, is intimately connected with the development of manufactures. The villages of England have grown into towns, and the towns into cities, by reason of the development of manufactures. Some English towns are, like Amsterdem, as the proverbial saying puts it, "built on herring bones." But, even in these cases, it is the near presence of the large manufacturing cities which make the herring fishing so profitable that whole towns are enabled to pursue it and to grow to a good size. The encouragement of manufactures not only builds up the towns and villages and creates new towns, but, by multiplying consumers, by opening new chances for our population to get work, it gives the farmer and the fisherman a home market, and it gives their boys and girls a chance for employment at home. Thus, the National Policy binds town and country together. It prevents anything like that petty jealousy which is sure to exist between town and country under a policy which creates no bond of sympathy, but on the contrary suggests antagonisms, when the farm produce is not used within the country. To find the citizen employed in the manufacture of articles needed by the country there soon springs up a community of interests, the result of which is good feeling between the citizens who eat and the farmer who produces the beef, the potatoes, the grain, etc. It is no small gain thus bestowed upon the Province that the operatives of the counties into close sympathy with the towns, and the towns into hearty co-operation with the city. Divisions are dangerous. They are positively injurious. We want to see as few of them as possible. We want to see the farming, the fishing, the citizen classes, the dwellers on farms, the dwellers by the sea coast, the dwellers in towns and cities, all bound together by a triple cord that cannot be broken. That bond of unity is the National Policy. The old system did not bind people together. It made the fishing class look away off to the Slave Islands of Spanish West India, and be more anxious about their state and condition than about the state and condition of their neighbours living on the farms and in the towns and cities

of Nova Scotia. It made the farmers anxious only to know the state of the markets in the United States—what markets were selling for in Boston, in New York, and so on. In the same way, the import trade, the city was getting more and more away from the people of the country. But, under the National Policy the harboursmen see that in a home market he has his best market, and he grows more anxious that a cotton or woollen factory should be started than whether the feeding of the slaves in the Spanish West India is going to cut down his market in that part of the world in fish. The farmer sees the farm on which he and his hard-worked delved for years increasing in value because it is in the neighbourhood of a factory. He sees the same thing going on with him as was experienced in the United States—the farm changing into the profitable kitchen garden, because of the development of manufactures. He sees his daughters and his sons securing better employment, and he sees a future of hope and of promise before him and them. Underneath the National Policy is the principle of patriotism, supporting and sustaining it. We are doing our countrymen and women good while receiving benefit ourselves. That is the chief feeling. It is a mutual feeling. It is a sensible feeling. It links the practical in with the sentimental. A powerful, practical good link in with one of the most powerful sentiments the human mind is swayed by. It cannot, therefore, be wondered at that the Party of Progress, appealing to this powerful sentiment in so practical a way, should find itself stronger year after year in the towns, the farms, the fishing villages of the country. Its opponents have nothing to appeal to. They are driven to a policy of obstruction. They dearly love to chronicle or to record the failure of any enterprise calculated to enlarge the markets of the farming and the fishing classes. They rejoice when any new development seems likely to sustain a severe check. They are exceedingly glad when something occurs to prevent the rapid realization of success to any scheme. From the unstatesmanlike position they have assumed towards the N.P., they have been forced to place themselves in antagonism with every movement of progress. They secretly rejoice in every failure. They are, by irresistible force, compelled to be obstructive. They cannot help it so long as they oppose Protection. They must present themselves before the people as obstructive, and being that they must every year grow weaker and weaker in all the centres of business activity and political intelligence.

OUR FISHERY ADVANTAGES.

(St. John Daily Evening News.)

Are our people doing all they might do to profit by their fishery advantages? Are they taking the pains necessary in fish curing and packing to secure the highest prices in the markets which they in part supply? Are they not allowing foreign fishermen to outstrip them in these important matters? Why should Norwegian fishermen surpass Canadian fishermen in the care and skill they bring to bear on the preparation of codfish for market? Why should American fishermen leave Canadian fishermen in the lurch in the matter of preparing mackerel, alewives, herring and shad for sale? Then, why should our fishermen share the lucrative deep sea fishery? Whole towns in the United States live by the profits of the deep water mackerel fishery, prosecuted hundreds of miles from home. Whole fleets cross the Atlantic from France to the Banks of Newfoundland to gather fortunes in codfish from those wonderful prolific grounds. Neither the French nor the Americans can build and equip small wooden vessels fit for the deep sea fishery as cheaply as we can. The people of neither country take more naturally to the water than our people. Yet we are doing nothing in the deep sea fishery line. Wealth untold quite within our reach swarms in the deep waters untouched by us. This state of things ought not to continue. The inducements to a change are great. There is the prospect of immediate handsome returns for capital invested and labour expended. There would be found in the successful prosecution of the deep sea fishery the means for extending a profitable West Indian and South American trade, which would indirectly benefit various branches of industry. We should hope that ere long these incentives to enterprise will have their proper effect.

The British Government, having resolved to take no action this session on the Oaths Bill, and also to prevent Bradlaugh's taking his seat, the latter will probably try to forcibly enter the House on Monday. Bradlaugh is accompanied by a large body of his supporters and is not to be admitted within the gates of the palace yard.

Another Nihilist manifesto has been issued, this time rovidly accusing the Russian Government of using torture to the murderers of the late Czar. It was, it is stated, because of the dreadful sufferings inflicted on them that the convicts were unable to stand under the gallows at their execution. Moreover, it is asserted that Kuznetsov declared to the crowd immediately before his death that he and his fellow prisoners had been tortured, although he could do so only in the briefest manner, because of the beating of the drums.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

At this time a sketch of the career of President Garfield will prove of particular interest. The following is from the pen of an old friend—

James Garfield's father was Abram (his mother was Estelle). They were married in New Hampshire, where both had resided, and a few years later Abram removed with his wife to North western part of Ohio. Buying a tract of 20 acres in the Township of Orange, Cuyahoga County, he settled upon it a few hours' ride from Cleveland. At the time of the settlement the State was still covered with forest. In the middle of this forest Abram Garfield erected his modest log cottage, miles away from any other house. In this humble dwelling, on the 19th of November, 1828, was born James Abram Garfield. He was the youngest of four children, one of whom was then a boy of nine years, and the others girls, aged respectively seven and six years. The younger Garfield was a fine young man, broad-breasted man who bound these lives together was borne out of the log doorway and laid in a corner of the wheat-field forever. The family were not only poor, but in debt. But the brave mother went to work bravely. Fifty acres of the little farm of 20 acres were sold, and she and the elder child, a son, went to work on the remainder. The eldest boy, who was now 10, hired a horse and ploughed and sowed the small plot of cleared land, and the mother split the rails and fenced in the little house lot. But the corn was running low in the bin, and it was a long time till harvest. So the mother measured out the corn, reckoned up how much her children would eat, and went to bed without her supper. For weeks she did this. But the children were content and growing; their little mouths were larger than she had measured, and until a while she omitted to eat her dinner also. One meal a day, and she was weak and fragile woman! It is to be wondered at that she is worshipped by her children? The harvest came at last and wheat was driven away, and it never again looked in with the same laws upon the only new crop. Neighbors gathered round the little log cottage in the wilderness. The nearest was a mile away, but it came often to visit the lonely household. They had sewing to do, and the widow did it; ploughing, too, and Thomas did that; and after a time one of them hired a boy to work on his farm; paying him \$12 a month for fourteen hours' daily labor. The boy had been started by the other children, and Thomas wanted the other children to attend it so he worked away with a will to earn money enough to keep the family through the winter. The shoemaker came at last, and made the shoes, boarding up at a part of his pay, and then Mehetabel, the elder sister, took James upon her back, and they all trudged off to school together, all but Thomas. He stayed at home to look after the wheat, to shell the corn and help his mother to furb a scanty living for them all from the little farm of 20 acres. So things went on—Thomas tilling the farm or working for the neighbors and James going to school and helping his brother meadows and evenings, until one was 15 and the other 21 years old. Then, wanting to make more money for the family, Thomas went to work in Michigan, and engaged in clearing land for a farmer. In a few months he returned with \$75, all in gold. Counting it out on the little table, he said, "Now, mother, you shall have a frame house." All these years they had lived in the little log cottage, but Thomas had been gradually cutting the timber, getting out the boards, and gathering together the other material for a new dwelling; and now it was to go up, and his mother was to have a comfortable home for the rest of her days. Soon a carpenter was hired, and they set to work upon it. James took as readily to the business that the Joiner told him he was born to be a carpenter. This gave the boy an idea. He would set up for a carpenter, and, like Thomas, do something for the family. During the next two years he worked on four or five barns, going to school only at intervals; but he then had to read all that could be learned from Kirkham's grammar, Pike's and Adam's arithmetic, and Morse's telegraphography. It so happened that about this time James, the young carpenter, got a job to build a wind-mill for an itinerant doctor, near the village of Milan from the Garfield home, in what is now a suburb of Cleveland, where he carried on the business of a "blank molder;" a person who boils down lye and makes impure saleratus. This man talked often with James, and had brains enough to see that the boy was very smart, very intelligent, and very faithful in his work (so when the wind-mill was finished he made a proposal to the boy, saying like these: "You know, you know, you are a smart boy, and you are a good carpenter, so stay with me, keep my accounts, and tend to the saltery. I'll find you, and give you \$14 a month." Fourteen dollars a month was an immense sum to a boy of his years, and he accepted the offer. But not long was James the chief clerk of the man of salt. One day he happened at his mother's door, and saw her at a table of a mill-train; his small possessions slung to a stick in a bundle on his back, and started that good woman by telling her that he had come home to stay. When she asked, "Why is this, my son?" he told her, in a few indignant words, that one of the women of the mill man's household had spoken of him in her presence to the women, and he had been very badly talked of in the neighborhood, and he had to get up his extra clothing in a handkerchief as arranged into his employer's presence with the blunt announcement that he was going home, and the reason. The man of salt struck him to the ground on this sudden revelation, but returned slightly was not to be repeated, and he was not at all hurt; and after the humiliating words were uttered.

The boy was new out of employment, but he took the job of chopping twenty-five cords of wood for a farmer in the township of Newburg, a place within the present limits of Cleveland. For this he was to receive \$7. When harvest was over, and no more money could be earned for the season, he decided to go home, but his desire to go down to Cleveland and look for a situation as a sailor boy. It was a terrible blow to the poor woman. At last she consented to his going to Cleveland, but she stipulated that he should first try to procure some other respectable employment. Then the boy with his small bundle of clothes upon his back and a few dollars in his pocket, departed. He walked the whole way—eventually miles—and arrived at Cleveland just at dark. The next day he sought for a place as clerk, but found none. At night he ventured down among the ships. He walked on board a dirty fore and aft schooner, and asked if a hand was wanted. The drunken captain let loose a terrific shower of oaths, and hurled him ashore. He walked frantically out of his wits. He was afraid to seek employment on schooner now, so he concluded that he would try the coast-guard. He hunted up his cousin, Amos Letcher, who was the captain of a canal boat on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal, and the western terminus of whose route was Cleveland; for a situation as a boy on the bounding bilge, but that on the bank of the patient boat that had the top part. One dark night, as the boat entered a deep river, he was caught in a coil of rope which he was unwinding, and was thrown into the river with one end of that rope still in his hand, the boat moving steadily on, and leaving him for a swimmer. He floated in the water, his position in the agonized mental places knowing that to help was near. He frayed in his heart what the lips could not utter in these watery depths, the little prayer

which his mother had taught him. He felt the rope tighten in his grasp, and he felt that some strong arm was pulling him overboard, out of the deathly water. He fought, and found a coil of rope. He pulled it tight, and caught in a cravie of the boat and pulled it over his head. At the end of the rope, the boat went home. After a long search, he had borrowed a few dollars and some plates and spoons of his mother, and he went with another young man, and they went together, seeking out the streets of Cleveland, studying hard, and doing all the rest. Mornings and evenings, he was always worked at odd jobs, but he was ever anxious to pay his mother's debt, and he never had to assist him to the extent of a dollar. The spring term came, he took a contract to chop and haul a cord of wood for \$25, and after that he was able to abandon the drover's life, and he was involved in housekeeping. He had a washing and lodging. He had a good deal to speak of, and he was very proud of it, but he said nothing. Every day he looked at his money, and among other things he was captivated by his penmanship and tendency to be a farmer living hard by. The boy started from the start, and they have been together ever since, for she has long been Garfield and the happiest of wives. It was years before the lives of the two young people were united, but from this time forward she exerted a marked influence upon the boy's studies, inspiring him to even harder work and a firmer resolve to act manly in the world's struggle. Garfield kept hard at work, studying and teaching, and in the morning, and finished his three year course in the academy, out of debt and with a little fund in bank toward his college expenses. Then he entered Hiram College in Portage County, paying a considerable portion of his college expenses in his services as grammar teacher and bell-ringer at the institution. His poor mother, the most popular person there, in a little while he was an assistant teacher, and while he was a successful one. Here he joined the Church of the Disciples, and became a most efficient preacher in the faith. He soon began to work, and as a preacher won great local fame. In three years at Hiram he fitted himself for the University. He fitted a little more, and he was a friend volunteered to loan him a few hundred dollars, which sufficed, with what he could earn during vacations to earn him through. He wrote to several Eastern college presidents, and only one of them evinced in his response the smallest personal interest in his young correspondent. This was Mark Hopkins, president of Williams College. He took the boy and sent him to the highest distinction, and he called him perfect. From Williams he was invited back to Hiram as professor of Latin and Greek. In 1855 while teacher Latin and Greek at Hiram, Garfield was married to Elizabeth Weston, daughter of schoolmaster Charles Weston, of 1856 Portage and Summit counties seat to the State Senate by an overwhelming majority. He was in the Senate when on the 19th of January, 1861, the United States of the West, on its peaceful mission of mercy, freighted with food for General Anderson, brave beleaguered and starving little band in Fort Sumter was beaten back by the cannon fire from the Confederate batteries, and narrowly escaped destruction, and when the call of President Lincoln for 75,000 men was read in the Senate Chamber he sprang to his feet and moved that Ohio's response should be 20,000 troops and \$2,000,000. The troops were quickly mustered in, and Governor Dennison offered young Garfield a colonelcy, which he did not accept. He entered the army as a private, with but the slightest knowledge of battlefields in October, 1861. Before November closed he was a soldier, drilled and experienced. He was the Colonel of the forty-second Ohio, and of his thousand war recruits—many of them pupils at Hiram, and all perfect soldiers—he made a fine and distinguished leader. He was quickly placed in command of the small Union army in the State of Kentucky. Gen. Buell, a practical soldier, thoroughly scientific in all his methods, selected Garfield as the best man to meet with 1,000 men in hand, and 1,000 more who were a hundred miles away under Colonel Crater, the regular Haverly Cavalry, with an army of 10,000 men, in a friendly country, and therefore with abundant supplies. After a day and night of such desperate battle as was rarely seen in all the years of bloody conflict, Garfield, with his Hiram boys, had driven the enemy out of his stronghold in the highlands, and since then, Gen. Sherman, had struck the hillsides with the Federate dead. The title of Middle Creek was a Brigadier-General. His two years' service at the battle of Chickamauga, two years later, made him a Major-General, and practically terminated his military career. He was sent to Congress to take the seat so long occupied by Hilditch and Wade. He was sent somewhat against his will, and together with the wisdom of his wife, and his own sense of duty, he resigned. He left the decision to Mr. Lincoln, who advised him to lead his military experience to the nation by taking his seat and aiding in army legislation. So Garfield was youngest General of the army became the youngest member of Congress.

Recent events in his career are familiar to the reader. At the Republican convention at Chicago in June 1880, rather unexpectedly, he received the party nomination, and became leader in the great political contest of that year, General Hancock being the Democratic leader. The result was a victory for the Republicans. Four months ago the new President was installed in office.

Rumours have been in circulation concerning offers alleged to have been made to the shareholders of the Consolidated Bank. One offer was that the Molesons Bank had offered 2% cents on the dollar for the assets; and another was that the Ontario Bank was in treaty for the wreck of the Consolidated. In conversation with Mr. Campbell, the manager of the Consolidated Bank, a report is given that there is no truth in either of these stories. The manager further says that while the shareholders want to get out their assets, the price many of them want to get is about thirty cents. The offer of the Exchange Bank is 2 1/2%, and the bank officers will give no more. The meeting for the final discussion of the matter will be held next week, when the closing meeting of the shareholders may be expected. Should the Exchange Bank's offer be accepted, very little more will ever be heard of the Consolidated Bank's affairs, save the payment of the shareholders out of the wreckage.