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A BLOCKADE-RUNNER. HOW CAPT. WILSON LOST AND RECAPTURED

The Emily St. Pierre. An Episode of the War—Seized by Federal Men—of War White Running Out of Charleston with Cotton.

Mrs. Carrie Jackson Harris in N. Y. World. One dark, rainy night in the summer of 1866 the deck of the Emily St. Pierre, a rakish looking sailing vessel anchored off one of the largest wharves in Charleston, was the scene of unusual commotion. She was heavily loaded with cotton, and her cargo, valued at \$100,000, was consigned to Tremholm, Fraser & Co., Liverpool England, the largest cotton firm in the world. Her sails were being unfurled, and as they caught the wind that blew half a gale the swaying of the vessel impeded somewhat the rapid movements of the crew as they hurried along the slippery deck in evident preparation for the journey. The steward, a burly negro who had been born a slave in the family of Mr. Tremholm, was the only one who took things leisurely. Finding the sailors too busy to listen to him, he peered into the darkness, whence shone far in the distance, the light on Fort Sumpter, and, further still, a faint glimmer on the indelible horizon, which he knew came from one or more men-of-war that were on the watch for a chance to blockade the vessel.

This negro steward knew every inch of the harbor as well as he knew the deck on which he stood. The southing of the wind, and driving gusts of rain, together with the intense darkness of the night seemed to impress him unfavorably and awakened some of his superstitions. He muttered to himself as a sudden puff of wind struck the belying sails: "I don't like dis. De soun' dat wind brings from de pine barrens is like de moanin' of a lost an' wand'rin' sperrit. In de ole days Mas'r an' me sent our cotton outen dis port in broad daylight. Now we sneaks out wid de whist an' de finest fat grows on de Sea Islands jes' like we had been or stealin' somebody's chickens. No flag a-flyin', no sunshine on de deck, no wavin' of de bandannas on de wharf, but jes, so—in de dark, sly like er fox, an' dodgin' den forts an' gunboats like we could no longer hold our heads up big an' high as bodies. I'll give Mas'r a talk on dis subject if Gord spars me to come back an' jes' as shore as my name is John Calhoun, dis is my las' trip under such circumstances.

While Calhoun soliloquized, two men were talking earnestly on the wharf. One was George A. Tremholm, the head of the firm, and at that time Secretary of the Treasury of the Southern Confederacy. The other was known as Capt. Wilson, the commander of the Emily St. Pierre. He was called Capt. Wilson because he did not choose to use the name of an ancient and noble house that had borne the fleur de lis on its azure shield in the days of Bourbon supremacy in his native France. The Emily St. Pierre had been named for the beautiful daughter of Mr. Tremholm, who, though a mere child in the window of the main office of the cotton warehouse, looking out on the scene before her. At her side stood a boy of about ten years, who was also ready and eager for a journey.

Like Calhoun, the girl seemed to have a foreboding of the coming danger and silently held the hand of her companion, as if she would like to keep him at her side rather than see him go aboard the restless ship. The boy's hand returned her warm and friendly clasp, but his eyes were concentrated on the tall sinewy form of his father on the wharf below him. Tremholm was saying: "Wilson do not take Leolyn with you. It is a perilous voyage. Leave him with me. I will be a father for him if anything should happen to you. The sum of \$25,000 shall be put to your credit in the Bank of England as soon as your cargo reaches Liverpool, and your success is more assured without the child than with him."

"Entreaty is useless," Wilson answered firmly. "I must have him with me. He must become accustomed to perils. His forefathers were brave men, and never commenced an enterprise with a failure. I am determined to have him educated in Europe, and I see no promise of a better opportunity to take him on a voyage with me. The wind and rain are in our favor, and in an hour's time we ought to be beyond the forts."

As he finished speaking he made a high musical note on an antique silver whistle he carried on his watch-guard. When the boy heard it his eyes brightened, and drawing the girl's hand through his arm he carefully led her down the office steps and towards the two gentlemen. In a few minutes Mr. Tremholm returned with his daughter and was driven to his home in Charleston.

Every sail on the Emily St. Pierre was stretched to its utmost tension and as the anchor chain rattled over her sides she sailed away. By sunrise she had safely passed the gunboats and Calhoun's uneasiness would have entirely disappeared if the sunbeams of the morning had fallen on the familiar flag he had been accustomed to in "de ole days" instead of the Union Jack that was unfurled to the breeze as she sped over an open sea.

A few days afterwards, however, two large Federal men-of-war saw and signaled the suspicious-looking ship. With the sails spread she gave them a look and hard race, but they gained on her and brought their heavy ordnance to bear directed on her sides she paused and surrendered. An attempt at a fight with such odds against him would have been suicidal. Capt. Wilson received the officers with all the courtesy of a man who welcomes his honored guests. A brief investigation showed them nature and mission of the captured ship. The spurious Union Jack was hauled down the Stars and Stripes soon took its place. The crew were made prisoners of war, and transferred to one of the conquering ships. The dauntless Capt. Wilson whose self-possession never left him, suggested that he should be left with the Emily St. Pierre, as she was an old boat with peculiar machinery, and carrying a cargo that was just then especially valuable. To his request the officers assented. They also agreed to retain the negro steward who expressed an earnest wish to stay. The new crew was composed of eight experienced sailors besides the two naval officers who were to take the blockade-runner to New York in the wake of one of the men-of-war.

A friendship soon sprang up between the officers and the suave Captain. They found the Frenchman was a master of navigation, a charming conversationalist and was of invaluable assistance to them in managing the queer craft on which they sailed. Every evening Capt. Wilson amused them with wild adventures he had experienced in his journeys of the past few years, and made himself so useful that the young officers got into the habit of treating him more as a brother officer than as a prisoner of war. They even sent him below to order the sailors to do certain work on the ship on several occasions. The captain's pretty boy became quite a pet with all the crew, and both father and son seemed to return with glee to the life which they were leading. Wilson spent a part of every day on deck with his son for whose amusement he whittled all sorts of odd playthings from pieces of wood. The officers would sometimes pause and laugh at the comical juggling-jacks and other trifles which were regarded. Captain Wilson had carved with his pocket-knife for the bright child, to whom he seemed devotedly attached. Capt. Wilson whittled these playthings every day with remarkable persistency, and the child seemed to develop an unusual fondness for them. In the presence of the officers he would tease his father to come with him on deck and make him new toys.

One day, as he was thus engaged, he asked the boy: "Leo, if the occasion required it, could you face great danger without shrinking, that you and I might succeed in a difficult undertaking?" The child's laughing face grew serious in an instant as he answered: "Try me. I can shoot a pistol with as steady a hand as you can, and I have known," he added in a whisper, though no one was near them, "what you officers he would test his father's pretended to be making toys. I am no baby, as you know, papa, to care for such playthings, but I saw you wanted to make those odd little things you have in your pocket." The man looked at the child in astonishment for one moment, and then drawing him to his arms he kissed him again and again. The officer who came near at that moment turned away and sighed as he thought of the probable fate of the father, when he should be delivered to the authorities and held to account for the contraband business he had pursued with such notorious daring that he could not hope for much mercy. He considerably left them together longer than usual and went into his cabin to calculate how much longer his prisoner would enjoy the companionship of his only child.

The man-of-war had long since disappeared and would reach New York several days ahead of the Emily St. Pierre. Left alone with the boy, Capt. Wilson said: "Follow me closely this afternoon, and when you hear my silencing whistle, come directly, but without showing any signs of haste, into the Captain's cabin. I am going to put you to a test from which a strong man might shrink, but you must prove yourself worthy of the trust which I repose in you."

"I will," said the child, and that instant he was glad to see his father brought back the cargo of the Emily St. Pierre. His face had grown suddenly pale at his father's ominous words, and when the second officer in command came up he was apparently absorbed in a pile of wooden playthings he had scornfully dashed away a moment before. A little later Capt. Wilson arose and walked away, followed at short distance by the boy, who carried with noisy solicitude his wooden soldiers and other toys.

Capt. Wilson went into the commanding officer's cabin and found him still bending over the chart. With a pleasant remark, and a request that his entrance should not disturb him, Capt. Wilson walked up behind the officer and with a powerful and quick effort slipped a wooden gag in his mouth. In a few moments the dumb officer was securely tied to the chair with a cord the wily blockade-

runner had carried on his person several days for the purpose. At a nod from the silver whistle the boy glided through the door. His father handed him one of the officer's pistols and said: "Guard this door till I return, and if the other officer comes in kill him instantly." He took the weapon and calmly stationed himself near the door. The intruder Wilson hurried off to find the steward. He put a revolver at his head, stated his plans to the frightened negro and forced him to swear implicit obedience to him. The negro readily entered into Capt. Wilson's plans for recapturing the ship, and took the offered revolver to prevent the access of the marines to the second officer's cabin. In a few minutes more by a clever and reckless ruse Wilson had this officer also gagged and bound flat on his back in his own berth.

This much accomplished, Wilson went below with his jaunty air and told the marines that the commanding officer had ordered him to go with them into a certain part of the ship to make some needed repairs at once. Not doubting the statement, one by one the eight men went down the narrow stairway. As quick as the last one had disappeared, Wilson quickly closed and secured the hatchway. He returned to the top deck where he should remain. He went to the Captain's cabin, relieved his fearless son of intense anxiety, told the officer he thanked him for the kindness with which he had been treated, and regretted that he would be forced to keep both him and his comrade securely bound to the Emily St. Pierre should reach Tremholm and Fraser's wharf in Liverpool. He told how the eight marines had been made prisoners, assured the commanding officer that he should be made as comfortable as possible, and took the gag out of his mouth. Then with his son and the steward, both heavily armed, he opened the hatchway, and called to the men and told them what he had done.

Only one man could ascend the narrow stairway at a time, so they were entirely at his mercy. He spoke plausibly to them, promised them immediate liberty and 25 pieces when he reached Liverpool, and a plenty of rations during the voyage, which he assured them would be as brief as the utmost speed of the Emily St. Pierre could make it. Under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes and at the cost of their own personal safety and physical exertion for three days on the part of Wilson and the steward the Emily St. Pierre sped on to Liverpool. At the end of the third day Wilson became so exhausted that he was compelled to bribe one of the marines to help him manage the ship for the larger part of the journey. The stairway while his comrades held back before the three cocked revolvers above them. This bribed recruit was constantly watched by Wilson or the steward or the courageous boy, who never showed the least sign of fright throughout the terrible journey.

The ship anchored off Liverpool Harbor at night. A man named Tremholm & Fraser's firm came aboard and carried a detailed account of the unprecedented exploit back to the city, and the Liverpool Mercury devoted its first page to a detailed statement of it. The next morning the city was wild with excitement. The Emily St. Pierre touched Tremholm & Fraser's wharf flying the Confederate flag and the Union Jack. She was welcomed by a mob of people singing "Rule Britannia" and the "Southern Marseillaise." Wilson was the hero of the hour and for six months remained in England the cause of numbers of her proudest nobility, at whose dinner tables he recounted again and again the story of the recapture of the Emily St. Pierre.

He kept his pledges to the Federal officers and marines and attended to all their necessities before his cargo was unloaded. The cotton was sold at fabulous prices. Twenty-five thousand dollars was deposited in the Bank of England to the credit of the brave boy by his father, and friends in England forced him to accept an Oxford scholarship. The cotton merchants of Liverpool ordered a snug, swift boat to be built for Capt. Wilson, which they presented to him, and in which he made one other successful trip.

Calhoun returned to Charleston in this boat and expressed himself so forcibly on the perils of blockade-running that he was excused from all future service of the kind. When the Stars and Stripes again floated from the citadel in Charleston, Calhoun said the reason he was glad to see it was because "he and Capt. Wilson had whipped ten men on the broad ocean sea on account of de ole flag floatin' above de ship." He brags yet about the incidents of that memorable voyage, and prides himself especially on the enthusiastic reception accorded him "de las' time he crossed de water." When the price of cotton is discussed he becomes oracular, and says it will never reach the figures at which he sold the last cargo he carried to Liverpool.

Some years after the surrender at Appomattox Capt. Wilson became a raving maniac, and after a long confinement died in an asylum in Paris. His physicians said he never recovered from the intense excitement and mental strain incident to his last cruise on the Emily St. Pierre. His son was graduated with high honor at Oxford, and arrived in Paris in time to catch a

glimpse of fond recognition in his father's eyes before they closed forever. With the money realized from the perilous blockade-running, which Capt. Wilson had wisely deposited in the Bank of England to his son's credit, a portion of the paternal estates were purchased, and now near the chateau de St. Lambert has recently been erected a beautiful Gothic chapel sacred to the memory of Jean Francois Leolyn Alexis, Marquis de St. Lambert. Under the altar of this chapel rests all that is mortal of the captain of the Emily St. Pierre.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

LETTER NUMBER FOUR.

According to the last returns the whole number of white and colored children between the ages of 6 and 21 years was 566,270. The white children, during the last four years, increased from 321,561 to 353,481; total in four years 31,920 or 9.92 per cent. During the same time the colored children increased from 193,843 to 212,789; total 18,946 or 9.77 per cent. Thus it will be seen that the rate of increase is very nearly the same for both races, the whites having increased only 15 per cent. faster, or 15 in 100,000.

Last year there were enrolled in the white schools 37.2 per cent, or 202,134 out of 533,481 children; in the colored schools 57.8 per cent, or 123,145 out of 212,789. The average daily attendance in white schools was 35.2 per cent, and in the colored schools 33.5 per cent. Looking back over four years the figures show that there is a small increase in both the enrollment and average attendance of the whites and a small decrease of the colored. I state this because it is sometimes said that the colored people attend the public schools better than the whites. This may be true for some communities, but it is not for the State according to the returns made to my office. Besides, the whites have a much larger proportional attendance in private schools than the negroes have.

Because there are enrolled in our public schools only 57 or 58 children out of every 100 there is an opinion among many people that the remaining 42 or 43 do not attend at all. This is not the fact. Our school age is from 6 to 21, a period of 15 years. During any one session a large number of small children within school age will not be enrolled, but at some subsequent time they will be enrolled, say from 16 to 21, drop out of the public schools to engage in work or pass into the private schools and colleges and are not enrolled in the public.

The fact is that during the short time our schools are in session we have enrolled in the State 82.5 per cent of population than Massachusetts, Connecticut or New York. We have enrolled 20.03 per cent. of the whole population including men, women, and children, of all ages, or one person in five, while Massachusetts has only 18 per cent., Connecticut 18.61 per cent., and New York 18.71 per cent. The figures are taken from the last report of the Commissioner of Education and are based on the United States census of 1880 and the latest school censuses of the States compared. And further, our daily average attendance in proportion to the whole population is better than in New York or Connecticut.

I am free to say that quite a large number of our children do not avail themselves of the facilities they have, but the greatest difference between the educational status of our State and those I have mentioned above, and other Northern States, consists in the length of annual school term. North Carolina has 60 days per annum (just about the same for both races), Massachusetts 172, Connecticut 179 and New York 178. With nearly the same rate of enrollment and average attendance and, say, three times as long terms, the public educational forces in these three States are three times as great as those of our State, granting that our teachers are as well prepared for their work. We are indeed far behind in the educational race, but still our public schools are improving in efficiency and attendance, and our many private schools are giving valuable help both in the instruction of children who are not included in the public school enrollment, and in providing higher education to those young persons who have passed beyond the public school course.

In estimating our educational facilities I have taken the average for the State. We must not lose sight of the fact that, while the average school term is 60 days or three months, some counties have only about two months, and others have four months or more. This results from several causes:

1. A difference in valuation of property in the different counties.
 2. Closer collections of school funds by officers of some counties than of others.
 3. Receipts from license of retail liquor dealers, which are large in some counties and small or nothing in others.
 4. Special levies for schools by some county commissioners and none by others.
- S. M. FINGER, Supt. of Public Instruction.

NEEDS OF THE NATION.

DISCUSSED BY SENATOR ZEBULON B. VANCE.

The Poor Pay the Tariff Tax—Senator Vance on the Spoils System of the High Tariff Men.

From the Baltimore Sun. ARTICLE III. In the formation of our government one of the earliest things to receive consideration was the matter of taxation. In the estimation of freemen it was also most important and deserved the most mature and earnest examination. And surely no people on earth were better fitted to deal with it than those who established our government. It was the prime cause which led to separation and independence. For centuries our English ancestors had struggled against their princes for just principles of taxation, and their statesmen had sounded all the depths and shallows of the subject. Their wisdom and experience were the richest inheritance of their children in the American wilderness.

Profiting by these lessons which the history of their ancestors afforded, our founders established such kinds and methods of taxation as were best suited to the situation of our communities and the upholding of liberty. The States, for the support of their local governments, having the power of direct taxation of real estate, licenses, polls and the like, were forbidden to impose either duties or burdens on either foreign or inter-state commerce. To the federal government was given the power to tax foreign commerce as well as the other objects of taxation on which the States were permitted to levy. In short, the taxing power of the State was limited; that of the federal government was unlimited, in the particular that it was both foreign and domestic. The only restriction laid upon it was that direct taxes upon the property of the country must be imposed in proportion to population, and his houses, lands, farms, horses, cattle, and jewelry, works of art, vehicles, stocks and bonds, and securities of all sorts, pay not one dollar to the support of the government. Wild horses, chained to his limbs and struggling to burst forth, could not make an honest man say that kind of taxation is right and just. Yet such is the operation of tariff taxes every day, even with the most judicious which can be devised, and whose only aim is the proper one of revenue. There is always much endeavor to meet the force of this consideration by talk of discrimination in favor of the people of small means by imposing higher duties on luxuries than on the necessities of life. Even if this was fairly done, it is never so, it could not be by any possibility remedy the inequality of the tax, for the reason already stated, that the rich man cannot pay the very nature of things counts as much more than the poor man as to make his taxes greater by the proper proportion. In short, it is physically impossible to attain to abstract justice and equality in taxation by a duty on consumption. In our present laws it has not even been attempted though the amount of tax levied against luxuries is in every man's mouth whenever the subject is mentioned. They are famed with special reference neither to the wants of the government nor the needs of the people, but to the interest of the man who manufactures alone. In reality, the bulk of whatever discrimination there may be in the law is against the necessities of life and in favor of luxuries. A glance at the treasury reports of duties collected will satisfy any one of this. In most woollen goods the greater the cost the less the duty. Iron and steel goods pay four times the duty as the much duty as gold and silver jewelry; common spirits five to six times as much as fine wines; common cotton goods twice as much as fancy straw goods and furs. Common woollen goods pay fifty per cent. more than silks and satins, whilst common wine of whatever description is taxed twice as much as the sugar which sweetens it is taxed 82 per cent., and the nutmeg which is grated upon it for flavoring is free. That is a fair sample of the discrimination of our tariff against luxuries. Nutmegs cannot be grown in the United States, therefore a tax on nutmegs would protect our body, but would so strain the pocket of the treasury; therefore to that extent it obviates the necessity of taxing some article which is made or grown in the United States; therefore it stands in the way of some manufacturer, therefore the duty on nutmegs is repealed, and pro tanto, our body is exposed to natural causes. He does not know that they are artificially produced for the benefit of his neighbor. If he did, that neighbor would, perhaps, hear "something drap" some fine morning. Hence the dangerous nature of tariff taxation. It is said there is no sensation more pleasant and soothing than that of bleeding; yet there is nothing that more certainly ends in death. The process of paying taxes without knowing how or when is equally soothing, but its inevitable ending is equally certain. The

difficulty is always great of awakening the patient to the danger he is incurring. The chief inequality of a tariff arises from the fact that it is a tax upon consumption. Whilst it is true that men do not consume alike and equally, the deficiency in their consumption is not nearly so great as the difference in their wealth. If there was a certain well-established ratio between wealth and consumption, so that the greater the one just so much greater the other, then consumption would be as fair a measure for the imposition of taxes as any other and as convenient. But there is no such ratio. No matter how good our laws, and very frequently the position is inverted, and the man of least wealth pays largely the most taxes. Duties upon food and clothing will illustrate this. A common day laborer will eat and drink as much and wear as much clothing as a millionaire. The only difference is that the millionaire consumes costlier food and raiment, and thereon pays more tax; but the just proportion of the amount which each should pay is by no means observed. They are miles and miles apart. To tax each one in proportion to his ability to pay would take from the man whose income was \$600.00 per annum hundreds of times as much as would be required of the laborer whose income the year round was \$6. per week. Estimating that such a man pays annually tariff duties on what he consumes so low a figure as \$10, it is not in the capacity of any sane human being to estimate so much of taxable articles as to bring the duty on them up to five hundred times that sum. Practically, the duties on consumption which such a man ordinarily pays is not one-tenth of that amount. Social conditions and the variable dispositions of men everywhere aggravate these inequalities. The man of moderate means and a large family consumes vastly more than the rich man without a family or the miser. The whole income of the farmer may be, and often is, expended in the consumption of dutiable goods, whilst the millionaire spends no more, and his houses, lands, farms, horses, plate and jewelry, works of art, vehicles, stocks and bonds, and securities of all sorts, pay not one dollar to the support of the government. Wild horses, chained to his limbs and struggling to burst forth, could not make an honest man say that kind of taxation is right and just. Yet such is the operation of tariff taxes every day, even with the most judicious which can be devised, and whose only aim is the proper one of revenue.

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increased as the net income becomes larger, and in all cases when the income sinks below a given point. This is a manifest discrimination against the rich not reconcilable with justice; but men forgive it on a sort of its obvious humanity. But ever heard of any country save America, by any law save our tariff law, inventing the process of taxing the poor more than the rich? Let any man look at the tariff and study its effects before he says these things. He will find all stated to be true, and based upon the official reports of the Treasury Department.

To such absurdities and outrageous results does unconstitutional taxation lead when once we depart from principle. No matter how good our laws may be it is dangerous to allow any laws or methods of taxing to be established that is not grounded in justice. There is no safety, the preacher tells us, outside of the church. So it is no security for our rights and liberties outside of the organic law which guarantees them. For the good of mankind it is provided that our law will average itself. If, therefore, we violate the manifest dictates of justice in the matter of taxation, we may be sure that one portion of the community will suffer in proportion to the benefit which has been reaped by another. We cannot escape the great law of compensation. We must reap whatsoever we have sown. If the seed be unjust, the harvest must needs be suffering. Therefore to recapitulate, whilst a constitutional tariff is at the best open to many objections leading to its being unjust, yet as it has become the settled policy of our country, no tariff reformer wishes to change it for another. But we do desire earnestly to restore our system to its original and only lawful objects, to conform it to justice and humanity, and make it as nearly as possible free from oppression and all kinds of inequality. In short we strive to make the taxing power of the government the shield and support of the people, and not the dormant partner of the manufacturing firms.

Z. B. VANCE.

FROM THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

Miss Tariff Bill Growing in Favor. The Tariff Bill of the situation of the Editor of the Post. A North Carolina Woman and Her Mission. Special Correspondence to the Sentinel.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 6.—The House has spent the past two days and nearly a whole night in a filibuster over what is known as the direct tax bill. This measure has already passed the Senate and is popular with a majority of the House, including the members of the N. C. delegation with the exception of Col. Tom Johnston who votes against it. The direct tax bill appropriate \$17,500,000 to those who paid a certain land tax immediately after the war. If the bill passes, North Carolina will get about \$2,000,000 which will be sent to Raleigh and paid out to those who can prove they paid this land tax. The bill will probably pass.

The tariff bill continues to grow in popularity. It is generally conceded that it will pass the House. Several leading Republican organs have given up the fight and admit that the measure will receive the endorsement of the Democratic House. It then goes to the Senate, and if it is defeated in that body the cause of the tariff is lost to the Republican party. The Post of this morning devotes its leader to this subject and states very strongly what the situation will be in case this should be the outcome of the struggle. The editor of that paper says:

"But the Post is not anxious, except on financial grounds, that the committee's bill shall go through the Senate. Let it pass the House and be killed in the Senate, and the issue will be in splendid shape—in such shape that Republican voters by the thousand will come over to the Democratic side every day till election time. The Republican party stands pledged for tariff reform. The protection organs and speakers have attempted no denial of this pledge, but have repeatedly and in many ways conceded the necessity for its fulfillment. In a number of the strongest Republican states and one of the most doubtful states the Republican masses are demanding tariff reduction. The farmers of Minnesota rise up and denounce the war tariff as robbery and endorse the President's tariff message. In all the cities of the Northwest there are veteran Republican leaders who are calling on the Republicans in the House of Representatives to formulate a tariff reduction bill. But instead of such a measure, the minority of the Ways and Means Committee has nothing to offer but a proposition to repeal some of the internal revenue taxes! The talk about free sugar and a bounty is nonsense. If the Republican party could have its own way the sugar duty would go, but no party will vote a bounty on any industry. The day of that sort of folly went by long ago. If we could feel sure that the ac-

cumulation of surplus would not disturb the business of the country we ask nothing better than a campaign on the issue presented by the committee's bill and the minority's proposition—a proposition that offers a stone in lieu of bread, a serpent in lieu of fish; a proposition that insults the intelligence of the American people and makes the great Republican party look meaner and more contemptible than even its enemies