

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE  
HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION

THE  
COMMOTION  
IN  
**HOONTOWN.**  
UNIQUE ASSAULT  
ON  
THE NEWSPAPERS.  
A RARE DISCUSSION.  
REPORTED BY  
EDWARD R. PLACE.

The ideal [true] republic would be a community where wealth would be so equally [equitably] distributed that the possessions of each would represent actual services rendered. There would be no Vanderbilts, Stewarts and Astors, no men who would toil through a life-time to reach a pauper's grave.—NEWTON BOOTH.

SAN JOSE, CAL.:  
PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE MERCURY.  
1874.

THE  
**Commotion in Moontown:**

UNIQUE ASSAULT

ON

THE NEWSPAPERS.

A RARE DISCUSSION.

REPORTED BY EDWARD R. PLACE.

Thrice welcome, Truth, when genial humor flings  
Her lantern's magic o'er the dance of things.

SAN JOSE, CAL.:

PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE MERCURY.

1874.

## PREFATORY NOTE.

THE AUTHOR of this little book freely confesses that its chief purpose may be discovered in the remarks of "A Friend of Education," and his two or three respectable opponents, rather than in any or all the half-score speeches besides.

Profoundly convinced that the great parties or movements, of the future, in this country and in the leading nations of Europe, will relate more closely than they have hitherto done to questions of a social and industrial nature, he has endeavored in this humble production to bring out and emphasize principles and truths which he regards as fundamental to any thorough and desirable reform.

Reader! are you a friend of free institutions, and do you wish to see them transmitted unimpaired to posterity? Do you desire the elevation of the toiling millions of your fellow beings, and the banishment into outer darkness of their ancient, unrelenting, pitiless foe, POVERTY? If you answer, Yes, to these questions, or either of them, the writer invites your most thoughtful and candid attention to the more serious portions of this book.

In regard to the humorous portions, he has reasons to suspect that Topsems, Clodsouls, Wilders and the rest, or a near approach to them, can be found in almost any community. In the spirit of their antipathy to newspapers, they fall little short of what he has heard from well educated people. The most marked instance of this antipathy which has come to notice, is the case of a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, Dr. James Rush, who donated a large sum to the Franklin Library of that city, for the erection of a building, &c., coupled with the condition of the prohibition therein of the newspapers, "*because they are organs of disjointed thought.*" The prototype of all these good people would seem to be that Colonial Governor of Virginia (Berkley) who publicly boasted that there was not a newspaper in all the Old Dominion, and he hoped there would not be one for a hundred years!

## THE COMMOTION IN MOONTOWN.

**M**OONTOWN was in commotion!

Its leading men were seen to harness up the "best team" a little after sun-down, while, a trifle earlier, the poorer class, or those who chose to walk, sallied out upon the highway, all proceeding to one central point, namely, the Old Red School House. The entire absence of women from the scene implied that they were not going to a prayer meeting—though it might be to a caucus, but wasn't.

What was the matter in Moontown? Why this eager gathering of all classes (of men) at the School House? Some of these hurrying people could not have answered either question a whit better than you, good reader, can answer it at this moment; some would have looked as wise as owls (but not a particle more so), and said nothing; others, again, would have tipped you a wink, and said, "We shall see," or answered only with an explosive and ringing *guffaw*. Never was Moontown so excited before—but once; which was on the occasion of selecting a name for its few square miles of what was then little better than a conglomeration of sand, rock, swamp and bog.

Among the many names suggested were the following, not remarkable, you will observe, for refined association or euphonious sound: Foxcraft, Goosetown, Frogtown, Foxchase, Goosechase, Puddleford, Puddledock, Hardscrabble, Go-to-

Grass, Owl Creek, Devil's Ranch, Goat's-death, Sheep's-fast, Sourkrout. The last was doubtless intended as a hit at one of the settlers, who was a German. The irate Teuton got square with the sarcastic Yankee by proposing, with the genuine twang, the not inappropriate name of "Hogtown."

In the course of the exciting discussion, Squire Topsem, a recent comer from a settlement in the interior of the State, where, as Justice of the Peace, with a volume of Livingston or Story always open before him, while numerous slips of paper lay scattered over the table, upon which, one after another, he wrote—or appeared to write—as the witnesses testified and the lawyers spouted—he gave judgment in cases he could not state, and applied laws he could not expound,—Squire Topsem, we say—a man of large port, pompous mien, great self-consequence and narrow attainments, "Begged ter be 'lowed ter po-pose th' el-gunt an' class-cle name of *Si-ra-cu-se*"—doubtless meaning Syracuse.

"Ther grea-ate propri'ty of ther name," he went on to say, "will at once be seen, when I perceed ter tell ye—hm-m—what I've read in ther classics—hem-hm-m—that, once on a time, a man run through ther streets o' that an-shunt city stark naked—hm-m—a-cryin' out, *Eu-re-ka! Eu-re-ka!* [the Squire must have meant Eureka] which means, as I read in the classics, I've found it, you! I've found it! which was to say, gentlemun, virtoolly, to-wit, namely, this ere's the town for me. Ahem-hem-hm-m."

Before the Squire's "class'cle" suggestion could be seconded, a sly wag sprang to his feet and rattled off the following speech, which gained for its humorous author the credit of successfully heading off the Squire with his "*Sy-ra-cu-se*:"

"I go agin Squire Topsem's name in *to-te-to*. What do we keer 'bout the feller that went on a time, hundreds of years ago? He never'll stand treat to any of us, I reckon. What do we keer 'bout yer Cyrus Q. C's, yer U. Rickers, or yer V. Rickers, or *any* of yer musty ole Greekses and Romanses—hur? There aint one of the names that's been blowed off here to-night that's decent enough to carry to a dog-fight. Pitch 'em all out of the winder, take a bran-fire new one, handsome 'nough to go a-courtin' with, and christen the baby and go home."

"Mr. Mod'rator, gazing out of yender winder, as I now do, I behold the fair and be-u-te-us queen o' night a-reignin' in all her glow-ree. She aint no more clarsic than she is modern, and belongs to all ages, from youth up, and to both hem-is-ferries. Now, sir, I po-pose, as a sort o' compermise, that this ere bootif'lsheep-pastur', or hog ranch (whatever 'tis, we seem to think it is good 'nough to come to live and die in) be forever hereafter known and called, throughout the limits of the habitable globe, by the fair, sweet and soothing name of—MOONTOWN."

The motion was carried tumultuously, and from that sublime hour Moontown began to shed its mild and silvery rays upon the surrounding country.

But now, as we have said, a new, and we may in truth add a greater, excitement had burst upon Moontown. A few days prior to the eventful meeting, whose proceedings we are about to describe, the news had crept slowly through that section of the town, where Squire Topsem resided, that a certain party intended to set up a book-store in the village (or at "the corner," as it was usually designated), where, among other publications, the leading newspapers and other periodicals of the large cities would be offered for sale.

This was too much for Moontown; or rather, too much for a few Moontowners; men who, if the doctrine of transmigration be true, must, as owls, very recently have parted company with their natural companions, the bats. After due consultation with each other—that is to say, after listening to Squire Topsem, and echoing his opinions—it was agreed, among these sagacious guardians of the public welfare, to quietly call a meeting—that is to say, Squire Topsem said there must be a meeting—"That ther voice of ther people," growled the Squire, "may be heerd agin the insult an' outrage of interdoocin' ther vile newspapers into ther now an' hithertofore pure an' peaceful presinks of Moontown."

From our saying that the Squire growled, it should not be inferred that his tones were unusually harsh. The Squire's vocal apparatus was of that coarse, heavy, stiff, thick, inflexible quality which is as incapable of modulation as a hurdy-gurdy. Whether he spoke of a death or a marriage, of a good bargain or a bad one, of an honest man or a scoundrel, of a

good dinner or a poor one,—neither Mozart, Handel nor Beethoven, nor all three rolled into one, could have detected the difference of so much as half a semi-tone in the fuzzy noises that issued from his mushy throat.

The eventful hour was at hand. The amount of the Squire's sincerity, in professing to desire an expression of the will of the people, was shown in his secret maneuvering to make sure of a majority on his side of the question. But there were smarter men in Moontown than Squire Topsem—which fact he was soon to discover to his cost. Indeed, no sooner had he entered the school-room, and beheld the unexpected faces of people from "the corner," than he began to feel a slight misgiving as to the success of his little scheme—which scheme was not to prevent the opening of the proposed book-store, for the Squire, at least, however it might be with his followers, had enough common sense to see that that could not be done. What he had hoped to do, however, was to get his tools and dependents together so quietly, that few others should know of the project in advance, and the vote against the newspapers, which would be passed, he could flourish in the face of certain parties as a trophy of victory in behalf of his noted antipathy to that useful institution.

Whatever the cause thereof, this pet aversion of the Squire's was no sudden spasm or transient ebullition of anger. For years—in fact, from the day of his advent into the settlement—it had been his habit to express the opinion that "Ther newspapers is ther grea-atest cuss of our day an' gen'ration." If requested to advance his reasons for the hard impeachment, his usual reply was, "They're jest sp'ilin' our boys 'n' gals. One more gen'ration an' there wont be no boys an' gals." So great a manifestation of interest in the welfare of the rising generation would have been commendable in any one; but when it came, as in this case, from an inveterate old bachelor, it was worthy of high praise—or would have been so in almost any other man than Squire Topsem.

It is our disagreeable duty to record the fact that common report assigned a very different reason for the Squire's newspaperphobia. The story went that when he was Justice of the Peace—a position to which he was advanced by a variety of local causes, which, in a newly-settled community, often

result in raising into prominence men of small calibre or eccentric character—he, at first, assumed so profound a knowledge of law and precedent, and so frequently interlarded his opinions into the lawyers' pleas, citing what he supposed to be fortifying authorities; opinions so laughably Dogberrian, and citations so ill-judged, that not only the lawyers and their clients but the whole community at last lost all patience.

The public feeling at last found expression in an article in "The Weekly Dispatch," full of good-humored but scathing satire. Nobody's name was mentioned in the article, but every one was able to supply the omission without difficulty. The Squire was foolish enough to indite a scornful reply, but the editor convinced him that if he felt all the contempt he expressed, he should take no public notice of the offending article. But from that hour "ther vile noospapers" was a stock phrase with Squire Topsem. But let us return to the school-house, for the assembly awaits our arrival.

In spite of the many unwelcome faces in the audience, the Squire's never-failing assurance carried him proudly (or stiffly) across the floor to a front seat next to the desk, which one of his friends—or, more properly, tools—had kept warm for him by agreement.

The meeting was called to order by Pete Crumit, in nearly the following language; the choice excellence and rare finish of which, we regret to say, were seriously marred by frequent and vigorous snuffings, as if his nasal organ were smitten with admonitory symptoms of epizootic or the horse disease:

"Leddies and Gentlemen (snuffs)—ax yer parding—no leddies here—no place for um (snuffs). Gentlemen and feller cit'zens:—Ther, Square, he wants me ter (snuffs with a full head on)—no—he, they, that is, I've ben 'requested ter call this ere crowd t' order. Order (snuffs)! Suz—gentlemen—this ere's no od-na-ry meetin'—no 'taint (snuffs). We've met here t' night, met here, we hev, fer ter see what (snuffs)—what we sh'll, sh'll do, sh'll do 'bout it (snuffs). Yes, we hev. I may say, sir, suz, gentlemen (snuffs)—I will say, sir, suz—that is, leddies and—no, gentlemen (snuffs)—I say it boldly—we jes' mean ter put a stop to it (snuffs)—yes, we do (snuffs)—see 'f we don't (snuffs)."

"Better put a stopper in your nose," laughed out a boy in the corner, who was a smart scholar in the school.

"Order!" growled Squire Topsem.

"Order!" squealed Silas Post.

"Order!" shouted Jonas Foote.

"Or-r-d-der," shook out trembling old palsy-smitten Sylvanus Clodsoul.

"O'd'r," peeped up Feeble Spigot, echoed in like key by mock valiant After-the-battle, Cony. When the uproarous merriment, provoked by the sally from the corner, had measurably subsided, Mr. Crumit resumed:

"Gentlemun and—gentlemun! that air little sass-box there shows ye what ye're all a-comin' to, ef ye don't do someth'n' (snuffs). Feller cit'zens! rise in yer might an' put a stopper in it (snuffs)—er—put a stop to it. Gentlemun, arise up—jump (snuffs)—soar alof' an' smash round in yer unrighteous wrath—nip it in the bud (snuffs)—shoot it on the wing—kill it in the egg-shell—grab it by ther fetlock—fore-lock—foretop, throw him on his back an' hold him till somebody comes. Yes, feller sinners (snuffs)—cit'zens—somethin' or nudder's got ter be done, an' we're jes' goin' fur to do it. There's wise ole heads here—I'm lookin' at one of um now (snuffs, with a blink at Squire Topsem)—thet's able an' willin' ter tell ye what ter do. When I fus' heerd ther Square tell about this ere idee 'f er book-store down ter ther corner, I could'nt see ther gret hurt on't, an' I wa'n't afreed ter say so right ter ther Square's face, I wa'n't. But I hadn't heered ther Square talk more'n three minutes—meanwhilst a-holdin' in my tremblin' hand (snuffs) a piece o' paper ther Square give me (snuffs), which I knowed was my note (snuffs) for ten dollars—an' ther Square, says he, you may tear up the ole thing, Pete, an' no questions (snuffs)—jes' then, while ther Square was a-talkin' gooder 'n a minister, I seed how 'twas quick's lightnin' (snuffs, one pound to the square inch). What yer laffin' at? I seed ther wickidness o' book-stores an' ther cussidness o' neospapers as I never seed it afore. But guess I've talked 'bout long 'nough ter git ther school-house to order. B'lieve ther next thing is ter git ther right man for Chairmun."

"Nom'nate Squire Topsem," squealed Silas Post.

"Second that air motion," bawled Jones Foote.

With a dignity all his own, the Squire rose from his seat, stroked his paunchy abdomen affectionately, and stepping

upon the platform, took position at the desk, Crumit at the same time slipping down into the Squire's vacated seat.

A gentleman in the audience here sprang excitedly to his feet "Hold on, Squire, hold on, a bit; wait till——"

"Say, Spike, keep cool, let them go on, it's working just right." Spike, recognizing the source of the interruption, deferentially resumed his seat.

"Gentlemun," began the Squire, not at all daunted, "I had no idee—hm—am took by surprise—hm—quite onawares, am, rayly—ahem—to think that ye've done me ther grea-ate honor, an' yerselves ther grea-ate credit——"

"He, he, he," tittered the boy in the corner.

"Ah—ahem—hm—which is ter say, virtooally, in other words, to-wit, namely—much 'bleeged to ye. As Chairmun o' this ere meetin', Square Topsem will do his dooty, without fear of favor, follerin' ther grea-ate princ'ples an' pree'dunts laid down in all ther standard trettices thet bear on ther great case now before this Court—hah—hm—that is ter say, to-wit, namely, Square Topsem will perside over this meetin' with the bil'ty an' parshall'ty which his grea-ate 'xperience, in former prevus years, in tryin' hundreds of ther hardest villains ye ever see, has so well fit him for ther job."

"Hadn't ye better wait till ye're 'lected? That's the way they do where they print the papers," spoke up the irrepressible boy in the corner. A roar of laughter rang through the house, which was succeeded by a Babel of confusion. For a few minutes, the leader of the opposition found it impossible to induce a few of the more headstrong of his friends to quietly submit to the Squire's cool usurpation; but, strongly supported by a large majority of their number, he at last succeeded.

"Ther meetin' must an' shall perserve order," growled the Squire, in heavy bass.

"Ther cheer is right; meetin' must p'sarve order," echoed Silas Post, in cracked falsetto.

"I tell ye now, you fellers, this ere meetin' must per-serve or-der," re-echoed Jonas Foote, in high tenor.

"Gentlemun," resumed the Squire, order being at last restored, "no use puttin' on't ter vote, now everybody's unan'mous. Much 'bleeged to ye 'gin. I ask ye ter take notice, that the disturber o' this ere most 'spect'ble'ssembly is a boy—

yes, sir—gentlemun—a boy—an' he goes ter school—to this ere school—an' his folks takes ther papers—yes, make er note on't, gentlemun—takes ther noospapers—an' that air boy in cons'quence is as good as sp'ilt. That's what comes o' these noo-fangled notions 'bout edecation, an' book larnin', an' school-houses, an' makin' ther man that haint got no child'en pay the school-bills of ther man that's got a dozen, an' ther scatterin' o' noospapers all over ther land, like the Can'da thistle, a-chokin' up ther sile an' a-killin' out everything good.

"Feller cit'zens! it's high time these 'bom'nable—er—hm—'bom'nations—was stopt; yes, sirs—gentlemun—they must be crushed, as ye'd stamp on a snake, or our youngsters, hithertofore so gentle—so innersunt—so lamblake—so—so—hm-m—"

"So sheepish," whispered the boy in the corner, sufficiently loud to be heard. This time the Squire took no notice of the interruption, further than to slowly wheel his clumsy body square round, look sternly at the corner, not the boy, for a moment or two, then as slowly wheel back again.

"Gentle-mun," he resumed—"mebbe some on ye don't think jest as all on us *duz*. I don't want ter take away no man's liberty, but let me tell ye, in this ere country ther majority must rule."

Here the Squire glanced round over the crowded seats, with a look indicative of a slight apprehension as to which side the majority, in the present case, was likely to be on.

"Ef we *aint* ther majority, we ought *ter be*, for we air right an' ther right, gentlemun, ought ter pervail. Ef we air right, then, an' we air, it's ther samethin' as bein' in ther majority. Gentlemun! truth is mighty an' so air we—ahem—hm—an' you know it. Ther noospapers—" here the Squire raised his arm, with his huge fist at one end of it, like a maul—"ther noospapers has got ter be crushed!" And now the maul came down with such force upon the shaky desk, as to bound the inkstand up with a spatter that reached the Squire's shirt bosom.

"Desks and inkstands included," said a voice in the audience, eliciting a roar of laughter. The Squire was wise to wait in silence till the assembly had regained its composure.

"Noospapers, gentlemun, is ther devil's eggs, an' hatch

mischief an' sin continoolly. They fill ther heads of our boys with nonsense an' wickidniss, an' our galls with—with—wickidniss an' nonsense—hm-m. They 'buse religion—they makes fun o' ministers, an' prints everything 'bout 'em that's bad, an' they dont care a mite an' do it jest's quick if it's all true—they stirs up strife—they makes riots—they makes murders—they makes—they makes—ahem—"

"Boys' kites, and bustles and curl-papers for the girls," responded Young America in the corner.

"Will the Chairman undertake to prove what he has just asserted?" interrogated a voice in the back part of the house.

"Prove it?" roared the Squire. "Yes, *sir*! ahem-hem—hm. Prove it! Sensible men know it, they dont want no proof. Prove it, hay? Look at ther big towns and cities, where they have ther noospapers a-flyin' 'bout their heads, thick as snow-flakes in a thunder-storm—hm—snow-shower—hem—snow-storm—an' what d' ye see? There's where ye find all ther cusses of ole Egypt, an' all ther wickidnisses of Saw-dom an' Gomorrow, an' ye know it. There's where ye have murders an' rebb'ries an' bugleries, an' every 'bom'nation under the sun, an' ye know it. Ye thought I couldn't prove it! Ef ye think ye can put down Square Topsem, ye're mighty mistaken, an' ye know it. Prove it! Look at Noo Yor-ork—look at Bor-oston—look at Sa-an Fran-ci-isco. Look at um, gentlemun—there they air, an' ye know it. When I was a boy, there wa'n't a noospaper within a hundred miles, an' we never heerd o' sich a thing as a murder—or a 'lope-ment—or a—or a—"

"Nor anything else," interjected the voice in the rear.

"Order," growled the Squire, stamping violently.

"Order, back there," piped Silas.

"Or-der, yeou," hollered Jonas.

"Gentlemun," renewed the Squire, "ther mo-men-tu-us question is now afore ye. Dont be afeered. Ef ye vally religion—ef ye vally virtoo—ef ye keer anything f'r good mor'ls—ye'll come forrered like heroic—er—heroes—hm—an' show yerselves true an' worthy progen'ters—*dissendunts*—of virtuous men and noble women—ah—hm—I mean, noble women—*men*—an' virtuous men—*women*—thet never read a noospaper in all their born lives! ahem—hem—hm."

"Nor anything else," added the same voice in the rear.

"Dissendunts, gentlemun, of men an' women—of men—that laid ther foundations of this ere proud Republic of ourn; ther solid underpinin', from sill to rafter, of this ere large—hm—high—hm—tall—ahem—towerin'—exceedin' lofty—buildin'—temple—ah! temple—of Liberty, feller cit'zens, thet sheds its ba-nign shadder of light an' glory clean round the arth, a-shoutin' like a trumpet, 'He *poor*, I *bus*, you *num*.' Nor that aint all nuther, for, gentlemun, ther sperrit o' them ole fellers—I should say, heroes—is inspirin' on me—yes, gentlemun, as I was sayin'—ahem—hm—where was I? Ah—show yerselves worthy fer ter be the ann-sisters—dissendunts—of men who—who—"

"Nailed horse-shoes over their doors to keep out the witches and fought against lightning-rods and railroads."

This was from Young America, again.

"Mr. Chairman, would it not be a good motion for you to go to school to the boy in the corner?" This was the voice in the rear, once more.

"If ther gentlemun back there'll keep quiet," growled the Squire, "mebbe I'll 'low him ter say a few words by-me-by."

"I am very certain you will," answered the voice, with significant emphasis.

"B'lieve I've said all I want ter say jest now. Any on ye what's *agin* ther noospapers may now speak."

Against some half a dozen contestants, Silsa Post was declared entitled to the floor.

"Mr. Cheermun:—I'm dead set agin ther noospapers. What did ther noospapers ever do for *me*? What did ther noospapers ever do for *you*, Mr. Cheermun? Tell me *that*, will ye? We hear a gret'eal 'bout ther valoo of book-larnin'. It's a put up job, to make money out of we poor folks. What's book larnin' ever done for *me*? What's book larnin' ever done for *you*, Mr. Cheermun? Tell me *that*, will ye. [Here the Squire was noticed to hitch up in his seat and cross his legs the other way.] Jest nawthin', Squire; you know more by natur' th'n all ther book edecated chaps that ever was skeered at a cow or pulled the corn to make it grow. All ther books in creation couldn't teach *you* anything. It's all a sham—I say it boldly—without the leastest fear of con—contra—extra—diction—no—er—I mean, without fear of—what do I mean, Pete?"

While Pete was scratching his head for an idea, or *something*, the young prompter in the corner suggested "*extinction*."

"Oh—ah—yes—without fear of ex—contra—distinction. Dont talk to me—it's all nonsense—I tell ye nonsense—I tell ye nonsense."

"That's so, every time," responded Young America.

As Silas subsided into his seat, Jonas got the floor. In a voice only a little less loud than the blasts of the trumpet with which Dame Foote sent resounding over the fields, the daily summons to dinner, he rang out the following curt speech:

"Mr. Cheer-mun:—In my 'pinion there *haint* been *nothin'* said yit ter ther pint. *Air* we any better'n our gret-gran'fathers was? No, *sir*. *Did* our gret-gran'fathers have any *noos-pa-pers*? No, *sir*, *agin*. We are wickider 'n they was, an' we are smuthered with noospapers. Thar ye have it in a nutshell whittled down to a pint, an' ye can't say no more 'f ye talk all night. But talk away 'f ye want ter."

As Jonas plumpt into his seat, Mr. Feeble Spigot started up, and spurted after the following style:

"Mist' Cha'm-in:—I'm 'f th' 'pinion—th' 'pinion—that is, I *do* think, I *do*, they is a gret noosunts, the peppers. In my 'pinion—that is, I *do* think, I *do*, they is a gret cuss—the peppers is. I tuk a pepper, once, myse'f, I did—tuk it six months. 'Twa'n't a month arter that pepper got into the house, afore my son 'Siah, he tuk it into his head—or I should orter say, that pesky pepper put it into his head—that we mus' have a noo plow, an' harrer, an' hay-cart, an' pitch-fork, an' hoe, an' the plague knows what all; yis, Mist' Cha'm-in, I'll be hanged if the boy didn't begin, one day, to run the old house—oh—ah—think on it—that dear old house, where I, an' father, an' gran'father was born, an' I used to set, when I was a boy, in the corner under the jamb, by the ash-hole, an' whittle, till mother druv me out 'cause I made the chimblly smoke. I tell ye, 't makes the tears come into my eyes to think on it. Mist' Cha'm-in, ef I hadn't a gone an' stopt that air pepper a-comin' into the house, afore two year there wouldn't ha' ben any old house, nor a single tool, nor no nothin' left on the place to 'member my *fa-ther's* gret-gran'-*fa-ther by*. Think on it—oh—ah—cussid be that which makes



us furgit our *fa-ther's* gret-gran'-*fa-ther*. An' then Sally—that's the old woman—*she* begun—an' run crazy fur a noo bunnit an' her dogertype. Oh—ah—to think that Sally—my old woman—should go fer to put that fang-dang-go thing onto her head, when there's her mother's weddin' bunnit in the house now, an' her pictur' a-hangin' up there a-starin' at her all the time;—yis, Mist' Cha'm-in', I act'ally believe I've seen that air pictur' with tears in its eyes, a-lookin' at Sally, when she had on her rig to go out. Oh—ah—ah—oh—in tones of thunder, I cry—down with the peppers—down with everything that—down with it—*down*, I say." And the excited little man sank exhausted into his seat.

The next speaker was old Sylvanus Clodsoul. Of course it is not possible that his christian name was selected with the remotest suspicion of the future character of its infantile recipient, and probably without a knowledge of its significance; nevertheless, his speech on the present occasion clearly indicated that, intellectually and morally, he "lived in the woods." Straightening out his creaky legs and rheumatic back with a sound we will not call a grunt, but a groan, out of respect to his age, and sundry hawks and haws not very effectual in clearing the track for whatever train of thought might be approaching, in a trembling voice, which literally spoke the shaking palsy, he said:

"Mist' Cheerm'n:—Our Josh he tuk it inter his head fur ter go 'n' have er noos-pay-per. Drat it, Josh, says I, what's ther use on't? Noos-pay-pers dont do nobody no good. Look a-here, now, dad, says he, nobody what thinks anything o' theirselves goes agin noos-pay-pers, says he. Hold on, Josh, says I, hold on, ye've jest missed a row there now, Josh, sure's you live. There's Square Topsem, says I—there aint nobody on this arth what thinks more o' hisself than Square Topsem duz. Dont he go agin ther pay-pers, I sh'd like ter know? But Josh he answered right up, that's 'cause they know more'n he duz, says he. Now, Josh, says I, now, Josh, 'taint so, Josh, says I, an' ther Square 'll tell ye so 'f ye ax him. Then there's Pete Crumit, says I, he goes agin um, says I. 'Cause he can't read, says Josh, an' 't makes him mad ter see other folks a-readin.' Dad, says he, Pete Crumit seem ter run 'f 'n idee ther noos-pay-pers can be snuffed out, 'n' he means ter do it. An' then how ther rogue did laf—'twould

ha' done ye good to heerd him. Well, now, Josh, says I, there's Silas Post, he goes agin um, dead set, says I. Hah, says Josh, contempt'us like—he can read, O yes—upside down'ards well's any way, says Josh. But, says I, Josh, Silas is smart, Josh, says I. Smarter where the skin's off th'n he is anywheres else, says Josh. Dad, says he, these ere folks what can't read aint much ter blame for not lovin' ther noos-pay-pers; you *ken* read, some, in letters 'f one syl'ble, an' ye ought ter take er pay-per. Josh, says I, we aint got no time fur ter read ther pay-pers. I *hev*, says he, or what I aint got I'll *take*. O Josh, says I—an' burn out ther candles—O Josh. But Josh, he spoke right up rale sassy—'taint natteral fur Josh ter be sassy, ther noos-pay-pers was ther hull cause on't—Dad, says he, I read in Mr. Bright's pay-per how ter make candles burn three times 's long 's ourn, an' give more light, too. But I told Josh 'twas only one their lies, put in ter make ther pay-per sell. Mist' Cheerm'n—*ef* we dont go 'n' drive that air feller out down ter the corner, all Moontown can't stop our Josh from gittin' a noos-pay-per. And oh, ther cost, ther cost. Why, er candle wont last us more'n a week, whist 'contra' wise now it lasts er month. O Mist' Cheerm'n—Mist' Cheerm'n O—*ef* ye *dont* stop that *air* business, I'm er ruined er."

As Clodsoul subsided, Mr. Hoot got the floor, and this is how he hooted:

"Mr. Chairman! No use talkin', noospapers *is* a cuss to *any* community of decent *folks*. They tell the truth by accident and lie a purpose—no use talkin'. The best thing I ever seed in one of 'em, was where it told about a printer's goin' and killin' hisself. No use talkin', they jest got to be put down—burnt up—stamp't out—or *someth'n'*—no use talkin'. If everybody 'd let 'em 'lone, they'd die quick's a hen with her head cut off. Mr. Chairman, without mincing the matter, I say, sir, no use talkin'—I—"

"Then dry up," shouted Young America in the corner. And he "dried up."

"Mr. Chairmarn! Mr. Chairmarn!" cried a pale young man with a wild eye, who had previously made several unsuccessful attempts to get the floor, flourishing a roll of paper, like a marshal's baton, at the Chairman, as he sprang to his feet.

"Mr. Chairmarn:—I ought to harve hard the floor before, sir. I, sir, am a highly respectable young marn, of good education, am well-read in ancient and modern history. My friends say, sir, with a few insignificant exceptions, thart I am a very forcible writer and speaker, sir—dont take my word for it."

"Which side be ye on?" interrupted the Squire.

"On your side, sir."

"Perceed," said the Squire, bowing with the gracefulness of an ox.

"I, sir, harve written a good deal for the papers, and harve read 'em a good deal, too; arnd still, sir, I agree with you, thart the newspapers do more hurt tharn they do good. I ought to know, sir."

"Will ther young gentlemun be so 'bleegin' 's ter give ther chair his name?"

"I sir, am Mr. Wilder."

"Mr. Wild-er, gentlemun, highly 'spect'ble young man."

"Mr. U. R. Wilder, sir, author and critic."

"Mr. U. R. Wilder, gentlemun, author an' crik-it—er—hem-hm—crik-tic—crit-ic—hem-hm."

"Mr. Upton R. Wilder, sir, a name thart, one of these days before long not far hence in the future, is bound to ring through the length arnd breadth of the larnd—so the best of my friends tell me, don't take my word for it. I entirely agree with you, sir, about the papers."

"Mr. Up'n R. Wilder, highly 'spect'ble young man, author 'n' crik—erit—crit-ic, glad to hear from ye. I knowd ther rale talunt was on our side all ther time."

"Mr. Chairmarn, I know the papers well, sir, too well for their good."

"They will no doubt agree with you there," responded a voice.

"If they dont now they shall before I die, if I live. Sir, they harve no sense of justice, they harve no true taste in literature or art, sir. True merit, sir, appeals to them in vain, they dont know it when they see it, sir, for they applaud the counterfeit oftener tharn they harve a word of encouragement for the genuine article, sir. They cry Eureka, sir, when they should write Tekel, sir, arnd they write Teakettle, sir—Tekel, sir, when they should cry Eureka, sir. To prove it, sir, I will

just inform yer thart some of the best articles I ever wrote—yes, sir, some of my friends—my real friends they are—tell me, sir, they are the best and finest thart ever *war* written—harve been rejected by the papers, yes, sir, rejected, I say, by men who didn't know the difference between—*betwixt*—the splashy daubs of mediocracy—*mediocraty*—*mediocra-cy*—*mediocr-ty*—*cy*—*ty*; by men, sir, who, instead of being editors ought to have been inspectors—inspectioners—*inspectors*—of grin'-stones—*grind*-stones, for then they might possibly harve got their wits sharpened. Why! sir, only think of it, over arnd over again harve I offered my services at a fair valuation arz correspondent, art critic, arnd general reviewer, or editor-in-chief, always submitting specimens of what I could do, arnd *very* fine specimens they wars, too—so all my true friends told me, dont take my word for it—arnd what was the result? Corntemptuous rejection, sir! I dont wonder you stare arnd look incredible—*incredelous*—*incred-u-lous*—but it is arz true arz I starnd here to-night, sir, speaking before you in so interesting arnd instructive a manner, arnd with such ease arnd elegarnee, for all my friends tell me I harve thart sort of ar way with me, dont take my word for it—the marn dont live thart carn speak arz many words ar minute arz I carn—so they all tell me, dont take *my* word for anything I say. Well now then so yer see I spoke the truth, I know the papers well, inside arnd outside, arnd it is my duty, my sacred and solemn duty, a duty I owe to my country arnd to marnkind arnd to prosperity—*pos-perity*—*pos-ter-ity*, thart is to come hereafter in the far distant arnd unknown future when we are mostly dead, to show 'em up in their true colors, sir, arnd I am now a-going to do it. I said, sir, I hard written a good deal *for* the papers, arnd so I harve, but I never could get anything *into* 'em, sir, never. This varluable marnuscript, sir, which I hold in my harnd, contains a dozen or two of my rejected articles. Here now is ar most ar splendid opportunity to prove to the public the stupidity of editors arnd the worthlessness of newspapers—the *worthness*—*worthlessness*—of newspapers. I know by yer smiling faces thart you are impatient arnd earnest for the rare treat of elerquence arnd eleruction, for I, sir, am a most arn excellent reader,—so all my friends say, dont take my word for it—arnd now, sir, I will proceed to—"

"No, no, sit down, tear 'em up, put 'em in the fire if you want to enlighten us, make lamp-lighters of 'em," resounded from various parts of the house.

"Order! order!" roared the Squire, smiting the desk. "Per-ceed, Mr. Wilder. Ye're a match for any on um—go at um—order!—pitch into um, Mr. U. R. Wilde."

After repeated attempts, and as many failures, to get in a hearing for his "rejected addresses," the "highly respectable and well-educated Upton R. Wilder," sank in despair into his seat, astonished, no doubt, at his failure, when every face seemed to smile encouragement.

Mr. Cephas Yew-no was the next speaker, you know.

"Mr. Chairman, I'm 's much agin the papers as any on ye, you know, but I goes for givin' the devil his dues, you know, an' I mus' say this ere for—what d' ye call 'em? the fellers that scribble in 'em—oh—eddy-ters, you know—they du jes' make each other out the plagueyist, condarned set o' blarsted wilains that ever lived and breathed, you know. There's Sam Publican an' Jo Demereat, you know, they both take the papers you *might* know by their everlastin' jaw, you know, for one on 'em's on one side o' the fence in pol'tics an' t'other's on t'other, you know, an' when them two ole tom cats git set down, you know, for a tongue fight, you know, with their two papers for guns, you know, an' I set off a piece out o' harm's way, a laffin' at 'em, an' 'go it' says I to Sam, an' 'ster-bey' says I to Jo, an' dont neither on ye stop till ye've knocked the teeth out o' both yer heads with them big words, says I, you know, what one on ye dont know 'bout both on ye, neither on ye dont know 'bout one on ye, you know, an' neither on ye dont know whether ye know it or not, you know, for if ye b'lieve one on 'em t'other's a liar, you know, an' if ye b'lieve t'other one on 'em's a liar, you know, an' if ye b'lieve both on 'em they are both liars, you know, an' if ye dont b'lieve neither on 'em, when they call each other bad names, then they both on 'em lie the wust yit, you know, you know, so they's condemned liars anyways, you know, an' so I goes in for givin' the devils their dues, you know, you know."

The next speaker was a tobacco-slobbering, dirt-begrimed old codger, who had been doing his level best towards inundating the school-room with tobacco juice. His puckered up

mouth resembled the opening of an old-fashioned purse when tightened, which you might have interpreted as indicating some sort of force or decision of character—till, on a sudden, the lines loosen—a crevice is apparent—all barriers burst asunder, and the flood dashes out. Then do you begin to comprehend the force—of will or of muscle—that could restrain it so long. Burying an "old sojer" in the *black sea* under the seat, he began, and "spoked" as hereinafter reported.

"See here now, Squar', none on ye thet hev spoked yit hev goue fur 'nough."

"Ther gentlemun will speak to ther chair."

"Speak ter ther cheer, Squar'? Is that air ole cheer ther Mod'rater o' this ere meetin'?"

"Mr. Stunt will 'dress ther chair."

"Wall, jes' you say, Squar', but I did kind o' run 'f 'n idee you's Cheermun yesse'f."

"Be a leetle more keeful 'bout yer pro-noun-shation, Mr. Stunt—as ter wit, namely, an' so forth—ye sh'd say Square, not Squaw—hem-hm. Ye may now per-ceed, Mr. Stunt." And as the Squire closed his little lecture on English Composition, he glanced at, or rather wheeled round to, Mr. Wilder, with a look of immense self-satisfaction, feeling assured, doubtless, that he had given that young essayest and critic a profound sense of his ability and acquirements.

Mr. Stunt, thus admonished, modestly resumed: "I ha'nt got no larnin' like you ha', but I'm nat'rally smart. Wall, Squ---Mr. Cheer, what's ther use o' stoppin' at ther noospapers? Noospapers aint a mite wust th'n books is. Mr. Cheer, books killed my darter, my love-lie darter, Sally Ann. Ye see, Sally, she tuk crazy fur ter go 'n' be er school-marm, an' my ole woman says she, ef Sally Ann wants ter go an' be er school-marm, er school-marm Sally Ann sh'll go fur ter be---an' when the ole woman says anything, I tell ye she says it. But ther day afore Sally Ann was a-goin' fur ter start fur th' 'Cad'my, she tuk sick, an' never was well arter'rds till she died. I'd bought her a hool wagin load o' books, which was all a dead loss---yes, Mr. Cheer, a she-er dead loss. Can't ye stop them air stuck up fellers from a laffin' at me?"

"Order, gentlemun. Mr. Stunt, when ye 'dress ther chair, ye sh'd say Mr. Chair-mun---hm-hm. Yer pro-noun-shation, Mr. Stunt, air very imperfick, as to-wit, namely, as follows,

an'-so-forth---ye sh'd say chair, not cheer---ahem-hm. Per-  
ceed, Mr. Stunt. Ahem-hem-hm-m."

"I dont think haf's much o' ther cheer---char---as I duz o' you, Squar'—Squaw—Squeer---Skewer---hang it 'Squar', what's th' odds? Plague take it, where was I? Gosh---ye've shied me clean out o' ther ruts. I've got him---them books. Mr. Cheer-mun, Sally Ann never was sick a day afore in her life, an' 't stan's ter reason 'twas ther pize'n books thet did ther job, an' ther doctor owned up 'twas, arter I told him. But I goes funder—funder 'n any o' ther rest on ye dares ter. I goes agin noospapers, I goes agin books, an' I goes agin school-houses, too---fer dont ye see, ef ye have school-houses, ye've got ter have books, an' ef ye have books ye might jest as well have noospapers, fer they aint a might wus. Ye didn't see that air, but I did. I'm quick as a mink, Mr. Cheer-mun—allers wars—ken beat all yer school-marms or any o' their boys. For inkstunce—t'other day, Jake says he, dad, says he, d'ye know the arth turns round on its axes, an' ther sun dont move 't all, an' ther moon she's got gurrate holes in her deeper 'n forty thousan' sullers?

"Now jes' you look a-here, Jake, says I, p'r'aps ye run 't'n idee yer ole dad's a born fool 'cause he never went ter ther 'Cad'my. Ef this ere thing turns round on axes, my father would ha' told me on it, f'r he made axes, an' he would ha' put in fer ther job. An' what's more, Jake, says I, ef the arth goes on axes, all creation couldn't keep um ground up. And Jake owned up they couldn't. An' what's more yit, Jake, says I, ef this ere ole consarn duz flop over, we sh'd feel it goin', ter say nothin' 'bout up-settin' everything an' a spillin' us all out sumers.\* Jake said he didn't know 'bout that air, we'd got ust to it like; an' then he told me 'bout my goin' ter sleep one night on the ole mare, a-comin' home from ther corner, an' didn't wake up till I struck my head agin ther barn-door when she went in. But thet aint er pa'llel case, Jake, as ther Squar' says, says I, an' I'll prove it. Jest you git on ter this ere cart-wheel, says I, an' I'll start up th' oxen

\*The Dec. (1873) number of "The American Educational Monthly," has the following item: "At the recent session of the Niagara County Teachers' Institute, Mr. Brown related that a teacher, in one of the Western States, was prohibited from teaching the rotundity of the earth, or that it rolled on its axis—or, in other words, 'turned over,' as the trustees expressed it. For proof that such teaching was a dangerous error, William Larkin sat up all night, and never saw any such thing."

an' you hold on—when ye git ust to 't, let me know. Dad, says he, I give in, I never sh'd git ust ter *that*, says he. An' ye never git ust to t'other haf's quick, says I, fer aint this ere arth bigger 'n er cart-wheel? O, I'm smart 'nough fer any 'f yer school-marms, I ken tell ye.

"*Holes in ther moon!* Jest ax her, Jake, says I, ef ther man in ther moon didn't come down a-purpus ter tell her on it? An' tell her ther next time he comes a-courtin' to ax him fer me ther price o' green cheese up thar. O yer school-marms better not tech me, I can tell um.

"*The sun dont move!* Jake, says I, *that's* a bare-faced lie, an' ef ye went b'lieve yer eyes I'll prove it by the almenic. Dont it say thet ther sun *rises* at sich an' sich a time in ther mornin', an' *sets* at sich an' sich a time at night, hay, dont it, or have ye lied ter me every time I've axed ye? And Jake owned up it did. O, I'm smart 'nough fer any 'f yer school-marms, I ken tell ye.

"So ye see, Mr. Cheer-char-mun—I had all the argeemunt—I allers duz—quick's a mink, I am—allers wars. Hench, consequenchly, I go agin noospapers, agin books, an' agin school-houses—all one fam'ly—ef one on um gits the itch, all the rest is sure ter ketch it. I connollidge, Mr. Cheer-char-mun—I went ter school six weeks when I was twelve year ole, but I've ben 'shamed on 't ever sense."

"So has the school," interjected Young America.

"Ef that air young spec'men o' school manners in ther corner," growled the Squire, "dont stop his imperdunce, the Chair will have him put out doors."

"Take ther cheer by ther legs an' bang him over ther head, Squar'," was the thoughtful and practical suggestion of Mr. Stunt, and thereupon he resumed his seat and the ejecting of tobacco juice.

"Mr. Chairman." It was the voice in the rear, whose owner was now on his feet. As he advanced along the isle, a step or two, to a more central position, a glance at his bearing at once discovered that he was up for a speech and ready for a contest. "Mr. Chairman," he repeated with a very decided emphasis, as the Squire seemed to be quite deaf.

"What's yer name, sir?" roughly demanded the Squire.

"Call me *A Friend of Education*. I rise in defence of the newspapers."

"Ahem-hem-hm—ther gentlemun is out of order."

"Equally so has been every speaker here to-night."

"I'm Chairmun o' this ere meetin' meself, I calkerlate."

"Allow me to inform you, sir, that this meeting has no Chairman, neither yourself nor any other man having been chosen to that office."

"Let me tell ye, who ever ye air, this ere meetin' is *against* ther papers, not *for* um. Ye're out of order."

"Let us see. Be kind enough to read the call for this meeting, sir."

"Haint got no call. 'Twas too much work ter write um out, an' ther nigh'st printer's sixty miles off."

"Do you not rather mean, sir, that you did not intend that this meeting should be generally known, therefore any notice would spoil your little game?"

"We seed ther Committee, an' 'gaged ther school-house f'r a meetin' *against ther papers*, an' all ther grea-ate principles of Const'ooshun'l law an' Jewishproodunce makes us ther *rulin'* party here, an' *yeou* haint got no right ter speak nor any 'f yer unmannerdly crew. I'll let ye know who's cap'n o' this company."

"You saw the Committee; how many of them?"

"Two, an' they said 'twas all right, they'd see ther rest."

"You saw two of the *five*; I have the pleasure to inform you that I saw the other three, and in season to get a written permission to hold a meeting here to-night, in *defence* of the papers. Here is the little document, sir, which any one can inspect who disputes or doubts my word. Who is captain of this company now? On whose side are 'ther grea-ate principles of Const'ooshun'al law an' Jewishproodunce?"

"But not only are you here without permission and against right, and not only do you neglect to elect a Chairman—there is not now, and has not been from the beginning, according to rule and usage, any business whatever before this assembly, and anything and everything would be in order. Though I may address you as Chairman, it is by courtesy only, for I dispute your parliamentary right to the position."

"Gentlemen! you have painted the newspapers in bad colors—an artist would say that you had placed them in a bad light. Would any of you like to see your own pictures, taken in a good light? I will give some of you a sittling, without

charge. The first sitter, Mr. Chairman, shall be your *imposing* self.

"I would inquire, sir, how you came to know that the farm you recently bought was for sale? I will answer the question for you. You saw it advertised in the papers."

"Again, sir, you claim to have the only thorough-bred 'Morgan' in the county. How happened you to become its fortunate owner? Advertised, again; which advertisement, however, you would not have seasonably known of, but that you were turning over the files of 'ther vile noospapers' in the Reading Room of 'Sawdom.' [Here the Squire, who was trying hard, evidently, to look madly indifferent, which was as near as he could come to it, was observed to move a little, and give utterance to a minor *ahem-hm*.] O you can move, sir, you can move; this sort of photographing does not require perfect stillness, nor that the eye be fixed on a certain point,—except the eye of the mind, which I trust will not lose the point of the argument."

"Still another question, sir. You have the choicest variety of fruit trees to be found within fifty miles. How did you procure them? A descriptive notice in the 'Agriculturist' answers that question. Ah, sir, you are a deal too modest; you are more of a reading man than you claim to be. The chief fault I find with you, is, that you want a monopoly of the privilege. It is true, I admit, that you never were suspected of any especial love for books, except for show, and would be vastly more likely to select for your center-table 'Mother Goose' in gilt and turkey, than Shakespeare in plain but substantial sheep, and your hatred of 'ther vile noospapers' is something for which we have your own acknowledgment; yet, sir, it is equally well-known to us—this may be news to *you*—that you never decline to use the vile things, whenever it suits your interest or convenience."

"I happen, sir, to have a late copy of 'The Weekly Dispatch;' the mention of which paper, Mr. Chairman, I should think would revive in your mind some very *tender* reminiscences of the official era of your interesting life. I find in this paper, an advertisement, which I will do its author the great favor to read to this intelligent audience:

GREAT BARGAINS! RARE CHANCE FOR A FORTUNE!

"The subscriber offers for sale, cheap and on easy terms,

100 acres of uncommonly fine farming, grazing and wood land, including a running brook that never dries up, a well that never fails, good house, lately repaired and painted, barn and out-buildings, all convenient and in excellent order; situated on the main road, within a mile of market, churches and excellent schools. [*Schools, gentlemen; excellent schools, mark you.*] This is an unparalleled opening for any smart, enterprising young man with a small capital. Inquire of the subscriber, at his residence in Moontown.' Signed by—whom do you suppose, gentlemen? 'Solomon Topsem,' of all the world!"

"Who wrote it for him?" interrogated Young America, adding a general titter to the stir in the audience.

"Oh, these 'bom'nable papers—these vile noospapers—spillin' our galls an' boys, an' piz'nin' public mor'ls—leadin' astray, with lies and folly, our smart young men with a small capital.'"

The Squire could stand it no longer. With a face flushed seemingly almost to bursting, he broke violently forth:

"I call ther gentlemun to order! Set down! set down, I tell ye!"

"The gentlemun will not 'set' down; you have not the power to compel him."

"Yes I have, ye've gi'n me ther power by 'dressin' on me as Mr. Chairmun. I've got ye there."

"But under protest, as I distinctly informed you. Check mate, sir."

"Ye'r out of order, I tell ye! stop! shet up! set down! I'll let ye know I'm Chairmun in spite on ye!"

"Keep cool, Squire, keep cool; if you interrupt me again, I shall be compelled to put the question of your Chairmanship to the house, which, it is hoped you have sense enough to see, would be the death of all your official assumptions."

Here Jonas Foote jumped to his feet, pushed up his coat-sleeves, spit on his hands, and rubbed and slapped them together.

"Jes' yeou say ther word, Square, an' I'll pitch that air ca'f out o' ther winder quicker 'n he can say Jack Robinson.'

Instantly some half a dozen stout fellows sprang into the aisle in front of the speaker.

"As soon as you are ready, you may begin on that little

contract," said the foremost of the band. But Jonas was not ready, single-handed, for the job, and getting no backers, not even a "st'r-boy" look from the Squire, he sat down again.

"I thank my friends here for their kindness in seeking to protect me from the supposed danger of bodily harm, but it would be better that all the peaceably disposed remain quiet in their seats. Such flashes of anger generally run harmless into the ground, if judiciously managed."

"I now turn from the Chairman by sufferance, to my friend on the right, Mr. Silas Post. Not many days ago, that gentleman took a ten-dollar bill on a broken bank—he forgets from whom—while the same day, his neighbor, Mr. Bright, rejected the very same bill. What made the difference? Mr. Bright read the papers, Mr. Post did not."

"I am informed that there was once a 'preaching meeting' appointed to be held in this school-house, on a certain Saturday evening, but that at least one of the good folks now present did not get here till the next night, *making a mistake in the day of the week*; so that the assembly missed the interesting countenance of the remarkably frank individual who opened the meeting for us to-night; which is thought by some to be a warning against one's trying to keep step with the almanac by *watching the growth of his beard*."

"And there is our loud-voiced friend, Mr. Jonas Foote, whose only son recently died of a fever. My sincere sympathy for the bereaved father does not forbid telling him that; had he been a reading man—if a reader of only a newspaper—he could hardly have remained ignorant of the virtue, in such cases, of cold water. Unfortunately, he practiced upon the old, but now exploded, idea, of most careful avoidance thereof; and when at last the doctor was called, the poor sufferer was beyond the reach of all remedies. Then, again, our friend lost—strayed or stolen—a fine blooded colt, which, falling into the hands of an honest man, was duly advertised; but our friend, not taking a paper, did not hear of it, till expenses of advertising and keeping, which need have been five dollars, amounted to twenty-five dollars. I understand that the gentleman, on that occasion, loudly 'cursed his luck.' His luck certainly had given him great provocation, by first so severely cursing his stupidity."

"Chairman and friends, have you a suspicion how it hap-

pened that our wide awake townsman, Franklin Wright, sold all his grain, at a certain time, against the advice of some herapresent, and made a small fortune, while his advisers lost, by waiting, a whole year's work? Some of you said it was just his luck—or just your luck. No, sir; there was no more luck about it than there is in the multiplication table, or the succession of the seasons. Mr. Wright took the papers, and studied the markets and reports of the season far and near. The luck of it was the pluck of it.

"Well, gentlemen, how do you like your pictures? I hope you are disgusted with them. But let us look now at the real argument of the question before us. It has been said that newspapers fill the mind of their readers with evil; or to use your own forcible, striking and original language, Chairman, 'they fill our boys with wickidniss an' nonsense, an' our galls with nonsense an' wickidniss.' Well—what is your remedy? Destroy the liberty of the press! that liberty, sir, which is the right arm of the people's defence against tyranny and outrage, and the dark machinations of 'principalities and powers.' In comparison with the stupendous folly of such a course, the conduct of the farmer who burned down his barn to get rid of the rats, was wisdom itself.

"I do not forget that, without virtue, no people can be happy, and without intelligence, no people can be great. But that virtue and intelligence which make a people happy and great, also make them free. Without freedom, virtue becomes weakness, and intelligence, tyranny. A free press stands for free speech and free thought; to strike down the first, is to strike down all three. Taking the most selfish view possible, freedom, in its true and American sense, broad and untrammelled—at least in theory—should be the sworn and inflexible policy of all, of whatever name, or party, or sect; and for the very obvious and sufficient reason, that the tyrant of to-day may be the victim of to-morrow.

"If capital punishment is to be meted out to everything that is charged with disseminating evil, and honestly believed to do so by large numbers of people, then not a religious, nor a political, and hardly a scientific, publication would continue to live.

"Once it was accounted supremest folly, even by men of

learning and science, to believe in the circulation of the blood.

"It was an insult to God, and an attack on the Bible, to teach the revolution of the earth round the sun.

"For a man to put a lightning rod on his house, was, in the eyes of some good people, an act of shocking impiety, inasmuch as the fiery bolt was believed to serve as a sort of divine artillery, in the hands of the Almighty, for the destruction of his enemies.

"When vaccination was first introduced, it met with the sternest opposition from a large portion of the religious class, as being a bold attempt to thwart the purposes of the Almighty in sending disease and plague upon the human family. A physician of Boston—Dr. Boylston—who was bold enough to practice it, was obliged to secret himself for some time, for fear of bodily harm. But doctors have not always been so wise in their recommendations.

"It is said that, as late as the 17th century, human bones were administered internally as a cure for ulcers, and the bones were to correspond to the part affected. A preparation called *aqua divina*, was made by compounding pieces of the body of a healthy man, who had died a violent death, with the bones and intestines. Human blood was prescribed by great authorities. Ignorant surgeons, when they bled a man, used to make him drink the warm blood. The heart, dried and taken in powders, was thought good in fevers; but conscientious practitioners were of the opinion that it ought not to be used, because of the dangerous consequences which might be expected if such a remedy were in demand. [*Mirabile dictu!*]

"In the early days of this Republic, in the administration of John Adams, for a newspaper to attack the policy or measures of the party in power, beyond a certain indefinite line of moderation, was made an offence punishable by fine and imprisonment. When Thomas Jefferson succeeded to the Presidency, he found in prison victims of that unjust and impolitic law, all of whom he instantly ordered released and their fines to be remitted, notwithstanding the important fact, that Courts had pronounced the law constitutional, and Legislatures had voted it necessary. The illustrious statesman was sustained in his action by the suffrage of his countrymen, and



from that day to this, the people have united in one unbroken acclaim.

"Thirty years ago, 'The Liberator,' edited by that moral hero, William Lloyd Garrison, was denounced on all sides as the most pestilent, pernicious and dangerous newspaper in the land. The malignant intensity of the feeling in influential quarters, north and south, was fairly expressed in the action of the Governor of Georgia, who offered a reward of five thousand dollars for the delivery into his hands of the person of Mr. Garrison. The bold reformer remained at his post undaunted. While all the furies of hell 'foamed at the mouth and gnashed their teeth' around him, he calmly but firmly declared, that he 'would not recede a single inch,' and that he would be 'as severe as truth and as stern as justice.' To-day, the doctrines and precepts of the once 'vile and wicked' 'Liberator' are the supreme law of the United States of America, and its once hated and 'pestilent' editor, himself unchanged, stands among the illustrious and honored of the land.

"I have cited these instances, so various and unlike, to show how often it comes about that the wickedness or folly (popularly so thought) of one generation, is the salvation or wisdom of the next; and on the other hand, the assumed knowledge of one age becomes the science-proved error of a succeeding one. Let us be admonished by the teachings of experience, and refer every question to the arbitrament of nature and reason.

"I am far from denying the existence of newspapers, and many other publications, that should neither be read nor published, and in rare cases it may be necessary to invoke the arm of the law. But the wiser course would be to search out the cause of their existence and abolish *that*.

"Newspapers, in the main, are the reflection of the public taste. Would we improve them, let us first improve ourselves. The best antidote for a weak or foolish, or a vile or venal, public press, is a sound, wise, life-long education of the *entire people*. And by the entire people, I mean precisely what the term implies, without the slightest qualification or restriction.

"By a sound and wise education, I mean the education of the heart as well as the head, of the affections as well as the

intellect. In other words, *send your children to school*, and with the alphabet, grammar and arithmetic, let them be taught to be honest, under all circumstances, and to love their fellow-men. In doing this, let them avoid ecclesiasticism and the dogmas of the sects, on the all-sufficient ground, that they are glaringly out of place in a school common alike to all kinds of believers and disbelievers.

"If I am the adherent of a sect founded on ideas not common to all, nor founded in the constitution of man, let me be content with my own home influence or the services and instructions of the church and Sunday school.

"The privilege of the Public Free School, teaching no religion but that of human brotherhood, virtue and honesty—alas, that these should not everywhere stand for the essence and sum total of all real religion—is *the right of every child to receive, and the duty of every parent to provide*. Humanity and reason demand it, benevolence smiles upon it, the peace of the world awaits it, therefore God commands it. Without it, lasting national prosperity and social harmony or peace are impossible; with it, salvation is within our gates, and happiness in all our borders. 'Then shall our light break forth as the morning, and our health shall spring forth speedily.'

"To neutralize a dangerous or pernicious press, I repeat—Educate! educate! In that education, embrace the love of the beautiful and the good wherever found, 'whether on heathen or on Christian ground.' Build the best of school-houses, get the best of teachers (paying what they are worth), let common-sense mould your methods of instruction—and *compel all children to attend*. In one generation, you will have done much towards crowding out the 'vile' newspapers, and extending the sway of the useful, by a force a thousand times more effective than statute law—a well-rounded and natural growth.

"But, gentlemen, the education of the young is a part only of the great work. I just now spoke of the education of the *whole people*. There is not a man or woman in the community, I care not what his or her attainments may be, but feels the need, in one direction or another, of a better education. If this may be said of the comparatively well-educated, what must be said of the humbler and less favored? To the most



ignorant of these, our customs and our institutions should extend the amplest encouragement and opportunities for all the culture and education that befit a rational and immortal being; and they will certainly be made to do so, or civilization is a delusive dream.

"The idea is entertained by some, that to the poor—the laboring and sweating masses—any encouragement to look above their present condition to something broader, nobler and better, is to curse them with a useless ambition, and the whole community with a mischievous ferment. This idea deserves no mercy or consideration. It is the germ and soul—the root and sap—of all the tyranny and oppression—all the outrage and cruelty—that stain every page of the history of human affairs, that have filled the cup of the common people with wretchedness and woe; it should be spurned, scouted and scorned by every honorable and noble mind.

"Every man naturally aspires to something above him; it bespeaks the existence of a vital need in his inmost structure and constitution; it is, therefore, the voice of God in nature, and it demands, at our hands, the means and opportunity of supply. He who refuses to hear or mocks at the command, is more guilty of blasphemy than any mere form of words can contain.

"Be it ever remembered, education neither begins nor ends with the routine and discipline of the school-room. From the cradle to the grave, the work never ceases. The wide world is our school-house, and all nature and our fellowmen are teachers. Oh, the pity of it, that so many of us learn only to love our ignorance.

"Our friend, Clodsoul, complains that he has no time to read. Does he find no time for his pipe? No time for his mug of cider or glass of whisky? I was pleased with his son's answer to that objection—'what time he hadn't got, he'd take.' The lad evinced a spirit which, should he live to half the age of the paternal Clodsoul, is likely to land him far above him in wealth and position.

"To Clodsoul senior, I have this important statement to make: Had his working-day been two hours—yes, four hours—shorter, he would now be a richer man, and in feelings a much younger one; provided, he had given to useful read-

ing, wholesome recreation and refined social intercourse, a fair proportion of the time.\*

"Mark it where you will, the man who cultivates his mind and heart—who allots time and seeks opportunity for information, healthful amusements and proper companionships—is not only happier and better therefore, but is every way a more valuable citizen; all his ambitions, enterprises and successes, will be the nobler and more honorable, the more useful and unselfish. The cords that bind him to his fellow beings, are as tender as flesh, and as strong as steel, for they have been woven out of opportunity and knowledge, by those wonderful weavers for the imperishable soul, the mind and heart.

"These are the men that create markets for the products of the shop and the farm; for, wide and various their needs, proportionally large must be their demands.

"In the robust and fruitful lives of such, every power or gift of the mind, becomes a distinct personality, demanding food and raiment.

"In proportion as each faculty becomes a producer, increasing wealth, by just so much it is likewise a consumer, augmenting demand.

"What magnificent markets does the eye of enlightened common sense, peering into the future, as civilization is advanced in the elevation of the masses, behold unrolling like a mighty panorama!

"Now, gentlemen, to establish such markets at our very doors—markets that thrive in proportion as they are multiplied—is the dictate at once of wisdom, sound political economy, and enlightened self-interest, is it not? What, then, is our duty? Unmistakeably this:

"Multiply the number of those whose physical strength,

---

\*A certain Col. Coleman, in a speech which he lately made to the farmers out West, said: "Cultivate more brains and less corn, and you will be richer in the end." We doubt if the farmers on that occasion got a greater amount of truth from any other equal number of words. As intelligence is the corner-stone of the Republic, its fundamental importance can not be too strongly nor too frequently emphasized in the hearing of all classes, the trading no less than the farming class, and the "working classes" no less than either. But intelligence, as a quality of manhood, is but half a truth; its complement is conscience. Either alone is but half a pair of scissors, as it were, and makes but sorry work. Both must be embraced in any sound system of education, each aiding the other, and both leaning, with perfect trust, on Nature and Science.

and the most of whose waking hours are not consumed in mere routine employment, in constant physical drudgery.

"The farmer fluds, amidst his corn,  
A crushed, pale shoot beneath a stone;  
He lifts the pressure;—lo, next morn,  
The tender blade can stand alone.  
So, *opportunity* shall bring  
Redeeming angels to the low;—  
Remove obstructions from the spring,  
Or wait in vain the streamlet's flow.  
What though a mental feast you spread?  
What though you cry, '*tis free to all!*'  
While workers toil *alone for bread*,  
Think ye they'll gather at your call?  
What though you preach, 'all int'rest, crime;  
Commerce, a robber; trade, a cheat;'  
What though you paint a far-off time,  
Where equity and custom meet—  
While ign'rant millions pine *to-day*,  
Worn by long hours, or begging work?  
To start these millions on the way,  
First lead them from their prison's murk.  
Time! time! more time! the cry intense,  
Alike, of mercy and good sense!  
Who wisely builds, forgets not he  
Initial steps must front the door;  
*To build up men, first make them free;*  
Whatever next, this goes before.

"Friends and fellow citizens! There is just this question, if no other, to be settled in this country, and that most speedily. *The rights of property and the rights of man—which are the most sacred?* I do not say, for I do not believe, that either, in a just sense, need perish; but if one must die that the other may live, which shall it be? This question received a terrible but very conclusive answer, in the abolition of chattel slavery in this country—conclusive, if the logic of that act be carried consistently and fully out, not otherwise, except in the abstract. That great revolution was one of those things, which, to be a permanent good, must be an abiding and ever-acting spirit of justice, not a spasm.

"In breaking the fetters of the negro, the American nation sounded the trumpet of resurrection to all humanity, in all conditions, in every clime. Who shall arrest this tendency? He only may attempt it who, when Gabriel with his trumpet shall awaken the sleepers in the tombs, is able, with his

pumpkin-vine, to send them all back again to their mortal slumbers.

"Standing here to-day, gentleman, within one decade of our terrible civil war, and in the lurid light of its great lessons, you will not deem it presumptuous in me to declare that this nation cannot live on, and on, indifferent to the needs and demands of those whose lot is poverty and toil, without provoking, at last, the retributive judgments of Heaven, incurring upon all classes indiscriminately, unutterable misery and woe.

"Do you say your mind is confused by the conflicting variety of the measures proposed? I commend to you a duty at once plain, practical and effective—namely, education. Educate the head by science and philosophy, by the observation of nature and of man; the heart, by pure companionships, by inculcating the love of virtue and a spirit of fraternity, justice and generosity to all. I repeat it, the imperative, never-ceasing duty of the day and the hour, of every day and every hour, is EDUCATION. Provide it for *all the people*, of every condition, both old and young, for the whole period of their natural lives.

"But you reply, 'most people have not the time for all this, nor one-half of it.' No time to remember that they are men with minds and hearts? No time to remember that they are higher than the brutes, and have more wants than an ox or a horse? *Why* have they not time? Who is robbing them of their birth-right? Eternal justice demands an answer! If you are an employer, and they have not the time, *give it to them*. If you are voluntarily depriving *yourself* of these great blessings, you are deliberately starving your soul, and will surely reap the curse of violated law—a retribution more certain to descend as an inheritance to your children, than your houses, your acres, or your bank deposits."

"Mr. Chairman, will the speaker allow a question?" asked a stranger, rising.

"O certainly, sir, with pleasure."

"While I fully unite with the gentleman in his views regarding education and the newspapers, I would be glad to know by what rule of arithmetic he ciphers out (as his reference to Mr. Clodsoul implies that he does), an increase of pro-

duction simultaneously with a decrease of the time given to the work of producing. In other words—if a man give less hours to his business, especially if it be manual, I am unable to understand how, in the nature and logic of the case, he can escape a correspondingly reduced income."

"I heartily thank the gentleman for the interruption, for he has raised a very important question. Does my friend take the ground that the longer the working day, the more profitable?"

"Certainly not; there is a limit of course."

"This concession, as the gentleman sees, at once annihilates his objection; for reduction of profits does *not*, 'in the nature and logic of the case,' follow reduction of working time. On that branch of the question then, we are substantially agreed. It is further admitted, on all sides, that we have hitherto gone far beyond the 'limit,' wherever that may be; for, as my friend is aware, in all the industrial vocations, the working day has been reduced, within the last forty years, from two to five hours."

"Now then, has the amount of production decreased in like ratio? Has it been reduced at all? Everywhere it is conceded that both production and wages have steadily advanced."

"A result attributable to labor-saving machinery."

"Directly attributable, also, in part, to the subtle yet powerful influence of *more leisure* to worn and over-wrought toilers; for with this leisure came more culture, more wants, more comforts, and a higher standard of living, generally."

"I still think, if the speaker will excuse me, that machinery is the chief, if not the sole cause of all the improvements in the condition of the working man."

"The gentleman will observe that one of the most conspicuous results of machinery, as affecting the condition of operatives, is to 'congregate labor, and aggregate capital,' the evils of which, to the laborer, clearly out-weigh the gain, and must continue to do so till a very material reduction of hours of labor is achieved." (a)

"I would remind the speaker of a benefit derived from machinery, which he seems to overlook—which is, that it obviates, to a great extent, the necessity of skilled labor."

"Do you call that a benefit to the operator?"

"Certainly, in so far as it gives a greater number employment."

"And confessedly lowering, at the same time, the standard of intelligence! But suppose it abstracted the brains entirely, while securing to all constant employment, could that be considered a benefit?"

"Touching the question of machinery, this we affirm: The immense gain to the sum of production, through inventions, entitles the operator to more leisure for the use of other faculties—for rest or recreation, if he desire it."

"Then, the more skill in the machine, the more skill in the man. But as it is to-day, a machine that substitutes skill in the worker, substitutes thought; and to substitute thought is to substitute intelligence; and without intelligence, the people and civilization perish together."

"What we want now to ascertain is, the power or condition best inclined to elevate the working masses. Even a machine, however automatic, feels, you may almost say, the difference between the hand of a witling and the hand of educated intelligence. I doubt if the gentleman would as soon allow a fool only to hold his horse, as a lad of intelligence."

"The fool might do it as well, and stand in more need of the trifling compensation."

"Does the gentleman really mean to say, that intelligence counts nothing in the problems of industry? That education amounts to nothing in common affairs?"

"By no means; the speaker cannot place a higher estimate upon them than I do."

"By all the sum of their values, time and opportunity are demanded for their promotion. Uttering those two words, you pronounce the 'open sesame' to all the doors of the temple of knowledge. Without them, virtue is a sickly plant in a dungeon; with them, a blooming flower at your door."

"At this very moment, while we are halting in this measure of wisdom no less than mercy, the Genius of Invention stands waiting at the gate, eager to lay at our feet most rare and useful devices."

"It is more than a supposition, that many an idea—many an inchoate machine—has long lain half developed in the mind, in consequence of that merciless poverty which bay-

onets its wretched victim to his daily struggle for uncertain bread.

"Often does it happen that the conception, through battles and sacrifices as truly heroic as ever distinguished the tented field, after gaining the hopeful advantages of expression in a model, and there resting in suspense for years, is at last thrown aside forever, among the rubbish of the loft.

"It has been publicly stated, no doubt truly, that by far the larger portion of inventions and improvements, has been the work of men of comparative leisure, and not of wage-laborers. And need I remind the gentleman, that many a poor inventor has fallen into the hands of some capitalist with not half his brains nor a tithe of his virtues, *to be robbed at once of a fortune and a name?*

"Significant and instructive facts! how powerful an argument do they constitute, in favor of the great principles for which I plead. They force upon our attention the thought, not only of how much our industries, our store of comforts, have lost by the blind and grinding policy of the past, but also, how much will be the gain to every important interest, of every class, in the triumph of *more leisure—hence, more education and thought—for the masses.*

"With John Stuart Mill, I question if machinery has tended, thus far, to lessen the daily toil of the worker, though it has undoubtedly added to his domestic comforts. I welcome machinery, less for what it has done for the working masses, than for what it is destined yet to accomplish. It can never develop its best possibilities, it seems to me, till the relation between labor and capital is adjusted upon principles of common equity, when it will be our emancipator from nine-tenths of our present drudgery; and I include in this emancipation, woman as housewife, no less than as industrial operative, equally with man as artisan or laborer.

"But, sir, aside from all this, I take the ground that the true source of industrial growth, of social advancement and happiness, is not to be traced to machinery; on the contrary, I affirm, that the philosophy of progress is wrapt up in the simple proposition of *more leisure for the masses.* My friend shakes his head; he does not accept the statement. Very well: Let me now put a question, the answer to which may

at the same time solve the gentleman's own original problem."

"At this point, up sprang the "author arnd critic," Mr. U. R. Wilder.

"Mr. Chairmarn! Does thar gentlemarn mean to tell us, sir, right here, in this school-house, arnd in thar lartter harf of thar blaze of thar 19th century, thart more corner loungers arnd street loafers in Moontown would be a public blessing to thar community arnd thar people in general arnd all the inhabitarns? If thar gentlemarn does mean to say thart, sir, I want to know what thar gentlemarn means by saying thart, sir. If thar gentlemarn dont mean to say thart, sir, what *does* thar gentlemarn mean by saying *thart*, sir? Yes, sir! thart's what this orgeance hars a right to know, sir, arnd I demarnd a cartegorical arnswer to my very sharp arnd pointed arnd comparet arnd close arnd very proper question, sir. Yes, sir!" Hereupon the rare orator, with a feebly contemptuous toss of the head and a flickering glance of defiance at his opponent, dropped panting into his seat, as exhausted as if he had attempted to upset the school-house, a copious foaming at the corners of the mouth indicating the marked similitude between the physiology of folly and the physiology of madness.

"Has the gentleman done?"

"I arm, sir."

"I rather thought so. The question, Chairman, I was about to put when interrupted by a passing wind, is this: Why would it be poor policy for a manufacturer, depending on a home market, who pays his workmen an average, say, of three dollars a day, to transfer his establishment to a country where competent help can be hired for twenty-five cents a day?

"According to the reasoning of some of our critics, the cheaper he can hire, the more profit there should be in the business. But did you ever hear of a manufacturer who, with cheap labor in view, transferred his business to Russia, China or Japan? I venture to say, you never did. Is he so blind to his interest? There is no mystery about it.

"The manufacturer wants a market for his goods, does he not? If he make boots and shoes, the *more* and *better* boots and shoes the people *can afford to buy*, the better customers they are, and the more profit there is in the business.

"The difference between twenty-five cents and three dollars is the measure of the difference in the social condition of the two communities; in their ability to purchase, and, consequently, their habit of purchasing, supplies for body and mind, which, among a thousand other things, will include boots and shoes.

"Think of the meaning of that simple three dollars, in the supposed community, as contrasted with the cheaper; though, forsooth, even three dollars a day, represents a social condition far below the demands of equity, considered in its relation to true manhood. It means more comforts of every sort, a better house, a pleasanter home, some degree of education in the common sciences, books, papers, better clothes and more of them, better food and enough of it, social intercourse of a higher grade, some journeyings and visits, meetings, gifts of charity and friendship, &c., &c.

"It is apparent, then, that the better market for all useful productions proceeds from, and depends upon, these two conditions, namely: a higher culture of the intellect, and a broader and freer play of the affections; or more concisely, upon the free exercise of a larger number of faculties. Just here is the source of all actual gain of civilization over barbarism.

"The wants of the savage are fewer than those of the civilized man, not because he lives more naturally, but because his nature is dormant. Civilization, like an enchanter's wand, touches that nature, and its faculties arouse like sleeping giants, to astonish a universe by their deeds.

"Now, this awakening of the faculties, and their healthful employment, upon which, as we have seen, hang all true happiness, progress, manhood and civilization, is constantly choked—prevented or perverted—by incessant devotion to monotonous and routine employment.

"My friend will see, therefore, if he reflect a moment, that we are not asking for more hours of idleness, but really for time and opportunity to *diversify our employments*;

"Which means, to bring into action a larger number of faculties;

"Which means, more wants;

"Which mean, again, more demands;

"Which mean, again, more business;

"Which means, again, cheaper, because, more production;

"All of which mean, *more wages*, for the reason that these combined forces give us, as their 'bright, consummate flower,' that best and noblest of all products, an advanced, and therefore a more 'expensive,' Manhood. The chain of sequence is absolute and immutable, for God himself hath woven it into the inmost texture and constitution of the human mind. Let me fortify my position with a few quotations.

"Wade, in his Political Economy, says: 'The standard of wages has also reference to the hours of labor and the periods of relaxation. \* \* \* \* \* Leisure is indispensable to all classes, and any abridgement of it not only lessens the just reward of previous exertion, but takes away part of the time essential to intellectual culture and enjoyment. \* \* \* \* \* Next to keeping up the price of labor and the preservation of health, a cardinal point with the working-classes is, to establish and maintain a high standard of comfort and enjoyment in their habitations, clothing and food. \* \* \* \* \* Should habit reconcile them to an inferior style of living, a long farewell may be bid to their future improvement.'

"Says John Stuart Mill: 'If the bulk of the human race are always to remain as at present, slaves to toil in which they have no interest, and therefore feel no interest—drudging from early morn till late at night for bare necessities, and with all the intellectual and moral deficiencies which that implies—without resources either in mind or feelings—untaught for they cannot be better taught than fed—selfish, for all their thoughts are required for themselves—without interests or sentiments, as citizens or members of society, and with a sense of injustice rankling in their minds, equally for what they have not, and for what others have; I know not what there is which should make a person, with any capacity for reason, concern himself about the destinies of the human race.'

"Says McCulloch, in his Political Economy: 'The best interests of society require, that the rate of wages be elevated as high as possible; that a taste for the comforts, luxuries and enjoyments of human life should be widely diffused, and, if possible, interwoven with national habits and prejudices. Very low wages, rendering it impossible for any increased ex-

ertions to obtain any considerable increase of comforts and enjoyments, effectually hinder them from being made, and is, of all others, the most powerful cause of that idleness and apathy that contents itself with what can barely continue animal existence.'

"Says Mr. Ira Steward, of Cambridgeport, Mass., an earnest advocate of 'Eight-Hours,' as the first step in Labor Reform, and a clear and logical reasoner: 'The masses cannot exercise much power over their circumstances, until they have more knowledge. A little wealth first made a little leisure possible; from that leisure came a little knowledge; that knowledge enabled men to produce wealth faster, which gave men leisure again; leisure follows wealth, knowledge follows leisure, and wealth follows knowledge again.'"

An elderly gentleman here rose, and requesting permission to make a few remarks, went on to advocate "cheap labor" for California, speaking, in substance, as follows:

"Mr. Chairman:—I understand the gentleman to be opposed to cheap labor. So am I, as a general rule; but in this State, nothing is more needed than cheap labor—except honest politicians. I do not wish to see our artisans working for less wages, and no reduction of their wages would necessarily follow from the kind of cheap labor to which I refer.

"I am certain that, without cheap labor, California will never be able to keep up (or rather catch up, for she is far behind) with her sister States of the West, in the rate of her growth in population and wealth. She must develop manufactures. But in that field she would have New England for her rival, and to successfully contest the market with her, California must have cheap labor. Give her that, and manufactures would spring up in her midst and her prosperity would begin; it is her only salvation. To-day, California groans for cheap labor."

"And should the plans of some of her capitalists to give it to her prove successful, the result will be no diminution of the groaning, only a shifting of it from the few to the many; from the small number who would get rich by it, to the great mass of workers who would be the poorer for it.

"That is to say, the example of cheap labor in one department of industry, would be (and is) followed by its adoption in others, threatening the degradation of all labor; which

consummation nothing can avert, but the natural resistance of free institutions, fortified by an awakened public opinion.

"If other States have increased in wealth and population faster than California, the fact is not attributable to peculiar facilities for procuring 'cheap labor,' for they have had no such facilities. They did not begin the cry for 'cheap labor!' Whatever the glory or the shame of the movement, it belongs to California—to 'groaning' California, who, with a hundred thousand Asiatics in her midst, continues to groan, and when she gets a hundred thousand more 'cheap laborers,' will have a hundred thousand more reasons for groaning.

"Here, I desire to have borne in mind two things: first, that I am not moved in this matter by any prejudice of race, for there is not a particle of it in my nature; I care not where a man was born, he is a *man*, and has the same rights, and is entitled to the same privileges, of any other man. Second, that the abstract question of the value to any State, of industrious emigrants, is not under discussion; but it is the question of the choice between a cheap and poorly paid working-class, and a well-paid and dearer one.

"Without 'cheap labor,' the gentleman tells us, California cannot compete with New England in manufactures. If this be sound political economy, then in those lands that have the cheapest labor we ought to find the most independence of outside competitors. But this is so far from being the case, that the lands of highest prices are precisely the lands of the most thrift and independence, and the best able to hold their own against all rivals. Europe leads Asia, England leads the continent, and the United States lead England.

"Reliable data are abundant, substantiating the statement that, within certain limits, 'cheap labor is the dearest, and dear labor the cheapest;' that a cheap system of labor is unprofitable in proportion to its cheapness.

"In England, labor is dearer than it is in France, yet bridges, viaducts, tunnels, and all work calling for higher skill on railways, can be executed cheaper in England.

"And again, France is better able to compete with England to-day, than she was twenty-five years ago, when labor was relatively cheaper in the former country.

"That is to say, France is approaching successful competition with England, not by an insane cry for 'cheap labor,' but

by the educating and elevating effects of *higher wages*; or more correctly, perhaps, by a gradual yielding to those higher views of living, to improvement in tastes and habits, that naturally lead to a higher standard of wages; and by a law as natural and inflexible as the law of physiology that the exercise of a muscle brings to it the nutritive and strengthening elements of the blood.

"Another fact: In Russia, with the nominal price of labor cheaper than it is in any other European country, the manufacture of iron is as costly as it is in England.\*

"Still again, and finally: If there is a country on the face of the earth where cheap labor, so called, would seem to be as necessary as bread, and the cry for it as natural and certain as the demand for food, that country is England. Yet when England, 26 years ago, shortened her working day 2 hours or one-sixth, which was equivalent to a rise in wages, she was able, soon thereafter, not only to hold her own in amount and cheapness of production, but eventually to raise the wages of her operatives.

"Such facts as these teach a lesson it behooves California to study and to heed. No, no, her necessity is not 'cheap labor,' and they are practically her enemies who propose it, however innocent of evil intent. When I speak of California's necessities, I wish to be understood as having in view the lasting and highest welfare of the whole people—the wage-class no less than the capitalist class, and the latter no less than the former.

"The rights of labor are more sacred than the rights of property; that is to say, the rights of *men* are more inviolable than the rights of *things*. Possibly this will sound very destructive, if not very unsound, to many ears, but whoever disputes it, disputes, not with me, but with all the great souls that assisted in founding this Republic, to say nothing of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

"There is, also, among eminent political economists, very high authority for the same postulate—as the following, from Adam Smith, will show: 'The property which every man has in his own labor, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most inviolable and sacred.'

\*In corroboration of these statements, see Fourth Annual Report of Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, 1872-8, pp. 457-8.

"But to return: I said that California's great need is not cheap labor. Among her needs, however, are unquestionably the following: the over-throw of the spirit of monopoly that seizes upon the land and crowds out the industrious and deserving poor from their rightful inheritance;\* a diversity of industries, both mechanical and manufacturing; and a *home market for her products*.

"Right here is the vital point. I agree with the gentleman in the necessity of California's developing home industries. The more of her products she can dispose of *at home*, the richer and more prosperous will be *the people*. This proposition is too plain to need argument.

"Now, common sense declares that the best home market for all useful productions, is where the people live on the highest plane of intellectual and social life. This implies well-paid and intelligent laborers, with education, culture and refinement, and these conditions imply the enjoyment of a good degree of leisure and large opportunity, and with these, high wages must inevitably co-exist, and out of the abundance of his wages does the wage-laborer become a liberal purchaser of products.

"It is quite true, that all work cannot and should not be rated at the same value; but that is no reason nor excuse for instituting a *system of cheap labor*; for the spirit of the movement is, The lowest possible price, with a tendency downward—while the enlightened and truly American policy is, The highest possible price, with a tendency upward."

"Mr. Chairman:—The gentleman misunderstands me. I do not argue for cheap labor *per se*; for I admit the relative advancement of the countries he has named in the ratio of the higher price of labor.

"My point is this: France and England are where they are to-day, by virtue of the fact that, in the beginning of their career, they had the advantage of cheap labor. Their labor was cheap only in comparison with our own; it was not absolutely so, for they could not afford at that time to pay more. We must begin as they began—with the cheapest we can get; by which means we shall attain to the position

\*This is a matter that seems clearly to fall within the purview of the "Grangers." A more dangerous or pernicious monopoly it would be hard to point out. It comes home to every man's fireside.



New England now occupies, and be master of the situation—at least, within our own territory. I say this: if wages in New England fifty years ago had been as high as they are to-day, she never could have become a manufacturing country. Fifty years ago, labor was but poorly paid in New England. I can remember when a good boss mechanic could get but a dollar a day. I repeat, then, California must have cheap labor. I know of no reason, and can conceive of none, why she should be expected to develop manufactures without its aid, any more than other communities have done—than New England could do. If California may not do this, pray tell us what she should do? This argument contains the gist, or nearly so, of all I could say if I should talk all night, and I hope the speaker will notice it."

"Most earnestly do I beg the gentleman to review his premises, and mark the results which they involve.

"His theory makes the issue of modern competition to hang upon the cheapest possible labor. He gives the palm of victory to those who shall be able, *by any means*, to get the cheapest-priced workmen. He thus throws upon the beaten or rival party the necessity of obtaining, *by any means*, still cheaper men and women, while the former are driven, in turn, to cheaper still.

"And thus it must go on—below the lowest depth, a still lower deep. Meantime, picture to yourself, if you can, the ghastly miseries of the toiling masses! Is it within the bounds of possibility that the real interests of the *people* of California (or any other community) lie in that direction? The history of civilization and of human enfranchisement brands the idea with opprobrium.

"While the gentleman is calling for cheap labor so that California may compete with New England, New England herself is beginning to cast about for *cheaper* labor, with her eyes towards China.\* If the battle is to be won by cheap labor, who can doubt that the wealth and enterprise of New England will prove a match for that of California?

"The gentleman asks, if California may not adopt cheap labor, what shall she do?

\*In the Second Annual Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, 1870-1, Mr. Brayton, a managing cotton manufacturer, is reported as saying that, "he did not see what they were to do for cheap labor, unless the Chinaman came along."

"She *will* do, probably, what she is doing; but if she stop to seriously consider the matter, she will see, doubtless, that it is not cheap labor which, in the end, shall decide the contest, but superior machinery, superior methods of operation, and superior conditions of labor. She will find it demonstrated that cheap labor chokes invention, while dear labor stimulates it. She will learn, that the intelligence which these facts proclaim to be prime factors in the problem, is the outgrowth of opportunity and means; that the very agencies that make her labor dear, also augment her ability to manufacture and to sell. And convinced of all this, she will naturally inquire of the advocates of cheap labor, why she should pursue a policy that will throw all these important advantages into the hands of her rival?

"For, as certain as two and two make four, or that brains are an overmatch for bone and muscle, so surely the race will be won by whichever side harnesses to its car the greatest variety and diversity of intellectual and moral force. To the question, what California shall do—this, then, is the answer:

"Pursue that course which will develop in her people the most true manhood.

"The first thing such a policy would enjoin upon her, is a reformation in the treatment of her agricultural laborers. No wonder she sends up a cry for 'help' from her rural districts, while every decent, self-respecting, intelligent man, or a man with any aspirations above the brute, is driven by a natural disgust from accommodations and social surroundings which, in New England and other sections, would be considered fit only for cattle and swine.\*

"There is a policy, which thinks only of to-day and its gains; in whose calculations men and women are, practically, counted as so much stock in trade, shutting its eyes with strange fatuity to all the fore-shadowed and thick-coming judgments of to-morrow—and calls itself practical; what it

\*A recent writer in the "San Jose Mercury," Mr. Oliver Libby, comments upon this abuse in the following justly severe and indignant terms: "That a man should be turned out to herd with cattle, with only a blanket and a pile of straw for a lodging, without a fire to warm him if cold or dry him if wet, or any social advantages, or books to read through the long winter evenings, is an offense against manhood, against human nature even, that should not be tolerated, and no man having the soul of a dog would practice it." [For comments from other quarters, see note (b).]



sees only are 'stern facts,' and all beyond are visions and 'air-castles.'

"There is another policy, which builds for to-morrow; it forecasts the future, and provides wisely for its needs.

"The prime factor in its accounts is Man; material products must follow after.

"Heedful of the fact, that the game of business is as much more than a game of chess as men and women are more than blocks of wood or ivory, all its aims and methods are held subservient thereto. Of these two policies, the former may enrich a few, but will keep poor the many. The latter, may make none immensely rich, but will secure a competence to all honest workers, and independence to such as honorably desire it. Which is the more really 'practical?' Which deals the more wisely with 'stern' facts—the facts of human nature—than which none are sterner? Which, finally, is the more republican or democratic?

"The founders of this Republic saw very clearly, that the highest interests (and therefore the real interests) of the whole people, were best assured; their advancement in all that is manly and noble, which they regarded as the true road to happiness, were best promoted—by taking political power out of the hands of the few, and distributing it among the people.\*

"Now, this same principle of enlightened civilization is teaching, to-day, that whatever policy will most effectually and fairly prevent the aggregation of the products of labor in the hands of the few, and diffuse them most broadly and *equitably* (observe, I do not say *equally*), among the mass of producers; is the simple carrying out of the wise, just and civilizing principles of our fathers.

"Offering these remarks as a general rejoinder to the gentleman's argument, we will now consider it more in detail, and point out what is conceived to be its errors and fallacies.

"The gentleman says the point of his argument is, that France and England are where they are to-day because, in the beginning of their career, they had the advantage of cheap labor; that, though the labor was cheap, they paid all they could afford to.

\*With the unjust abatement, however, that this "distribution" of political power was limited to the male members of society.

"Against which *point*, I oppose the *steel-clad fact*, that the nations referred to, employed cheap labor, not because they *must*, but because they *could*. It was the utter helplessness of the poor, rather than the necessities of the employers, that was the actual cause of low wages."

"Random assertions—castles in the air," murmured the gentleman in his seat.

"Well, let us see. Mark the footsteps of reform, and observe how a change for the better was finally brought about. Long and bitter was the contest, and at times almost hopeless. It matters nothing to the argument between us, that the most of these battles were for the specific purpose of lessening the hours of labor; for that was equivalent to advance in wages, immediately so to the employers, and ultimately to the employes also.

"Every step of the conflict, from its inception in 1802, down to its grand triumph in 1847, was contested with the fierce pertinacity and the mocking cruelty that always mark the struggles of privilege and power to retain their stand upon the necks of the people.

"It was invariably declared, no matter what the demand, that the owners could not afford the concession. Over and over again was this asserted, in speeches and remonstrances on the floor of parliament, and in testimony before parliamentary committees, usually supplemented with the pathetic assurance, that the operatives themselves could not afford it.

"But mark! just as often as the boon was wrung from their unwilling grasp, just so often was it demonstrated that they could better afford it than not, and that the people could afford it better still.

"Open any work that treats of the progress of the industrial classes, and you will find that what I say, so far from being 'random assertions,' are attested facts, sitting at the head of statistical tables, and moulding the sum of every total.

"They are facts that prove the correctness of my original statement, that cheap labor was less a necessity than a choice.

"They show, that the gentleman was in error when he said that wages in the earlier times were as high as could be afforded.

"They show, that while 'the wealth of the rich man is his strong city, the destruction of the poor is their poverty.'

"It is shown, moreover, that the State that opens her arms to such an enterprise, as the gentleman has espoused here to-night, welcomes within her borders a 'Greek Gift,' from the bowels of which shall issue a host of ills, full-armed for mischief and destruction. Her gates will be opened for every plague under heaven.

"As to 'castles in the air,' they surely have the merit of harmlessness. The kind of foundation for our structures, however, whether in a social and moral sense or in a material one, which the gentleman would give us in his 'cheap labor,' is strongly suggestive of a boiling spring, impregnated with the fumes of sulphur. With all possible respect for the gentleman's wisdom and prudence, I question the propriety of selecting the 'geysers' for house lots. When I consider the results of his system on the moral and spiritual habitations of men (and their material ones as well), I am forcibly reminded of the story of the Dutchman, who, passing one of the natural curiosities just named, left his son in the wagon while he proceeded to slake his thirst at the spring—but very soon rushed back in hot haste, crying out, 'Trive on, Hans! trive on! hell ish not one mile from tish place.'

"The gentleman concludes his remarks with the statement that if wages in New England, fifty years ago, had been as high as they are to-day, she never could have become a manufacturing community. His conclusion is that, as New England could not possibly have paid, fifty years ago, the prices of to-day, therefore *California* is compelled to *go back* to the prices of fifty years ago, and is justified in so doing. Let us see how much and what kind of a case the gentleman makes out by this argument.

"First, let us take a brief glance at the character of the 'cheap labor' in the early days of New England manufacturing.

"My recollections of life in a New England factory village, extend back more than forty-five years, and cover the space of a decade. The operatives—mostly women, of course—were entirely American. The girls all had homes other than the boarding house, from which they had come to earn a few hundred dollars, generally with some ulterior and distinct purpose in view—to help 'the old folks at home' (lift a mortgage, perhaps), to get an education at the Academy, to put

through College an ambitious brother, or to get married—to some smart young farmer or mechanic. The desired amount earned, they usually returned to the paternal roof.

"The operatives in the factories were not, as now, a permanent class. They were personally free and independent. If they did not like the factory—its work or its wages—they could leave and go home; and they did so. It was a great check on the power of the employers, that they could escape so easily.

"I well remember how difficult it was, at times, to get the full complement of help. Men would be employed to scour the State, among the rural districts, getting, perhaps, a dollar a head for every girl they obtained. When the competing foreigner arrived, the Yankee girl was not driven into the street, a homeless wanderer, seeking shelter and food, or into dishonor to procure them. She had waiting to welcome her, a home in the country.

"We have a distinct recollection that the advent of foreign help was hailed with exuberant joy by the manufacturers. The 'independent Yankee' was very inconvenient—not 'a handy thing to have in the house;' and the cry went forth—'We must have cheaper labor.' The more tractable and cheaper foreigner, therefore, displaced the independent and dearer American; but with no better excuse than existed in the case of Old England (which we have noticed)—that it *could* be done, therefore it *must* be done.

"The gentleman speaks of the 'very poorly paid' labor of the earlier times, and argues that *California's* prosperity requires labor of a similar kind (as to pay), so that she, too, may begin to manufacture. Then, sir, she will never begin but by a revolution! For never can she force her people down to the style and standard of living of fifty years ago, without a social convulsion little short of general anarchy.

"Let the gentleman consider a moment. The manufacturers of fifty years ago, took labor at such prices as were generally acceptable. The girl who had left the circle at home, to work in a factory, was considered a favorite of fortune. The door of the factory opened to a fountain of wealth.

"There were no ideas of comfort or luxury to be shocked or crushed out.

'There was no letting down of the accustomed style of living, to meet the level of the wages.

"If, as the gentleman states, the mechanic (or operative) was poorly paid, *the pay about met the average cost of living*. This, it is obvious, was a natural necessity.

"Well, to-day, statistics prove that the average earnings are nearly up to the average cost of living.

"Compared to the price of necessities (now so regarded), the workman of to-day is no better paid than was the workman of forty years ago, comparing his pay to price of necessities, *then* so regarded.

'The only advantage in the condition of the former over that of the latter, is, that he has been lifted to a better style and habit of living; that his house is better furnished; his family better clothed; his children better educated; that the man himself is educated to need more books, papers, lectures, social meetings, and other slices from the cake of modern civilization, which absorb all his earnings.

"While, by comparison, he *is better off*, by the same comparison, he *is no better paid*.

"Now, what the gentleman proposes in his 'cheap labor' movement, is a *revolutionary leveling downward* of the social customs and habits, the cherished ideas of domestic taste, and comfort, and personal advantage and convenience, of the people! Does he flatter himself that it can be done without a deep and disastrous disturbance of the peace of society?

"It is idle to reply, that the cheap labor proposed and demanded, is only that of a certain class; that the employing of this class will not necessarily cheapen the labor of others.

"If it is meant that this class of labor is to be confined to one class of work, then something is meant that has no foundation in fact; for all over the country, in an increasing variety of occupations, it is being introduced to the displacement of dearer labor. I do utterly, and with good reason, therefore, repudiate the idea that the enterprise can succeed, without cursing, in the end, all classes of labor. 'Will the viper you warm to life on your hearth, ask into which room he shall crawl?'"

Another very respectable and intelligent appearing gentleman here interrupted the speaker.

"Mr. Chairman:—I would like to say a few words, if the

gentleman will give way a moment. One ounce of fact is better than a ton of theory. Forty years ago, when mechanics worked twelve hours a day, the men of my trade were more intelligent than they are to-day with their ten hours. Putting that and that together, I come to the conclusion that facts and the gentleman's theories are not on the same side.

"Recently, I worked in Washington, on one of the Department buildings, where eight hours were a day's work, and I candidly declare that the men would not, as a whole, compare favorably, in intelligence and real manhood, with my associates of forty years ago. These, sir, are sober facts, and I don't see how they can be got over.

"Then look at the Departments in Washington; six hours a day—salary, from one to three hundred dollars a month—and blowing out their brains because they are poor! Don't talk to me about less hours of work. These officials have too much time to plot frauds upon the people and practice debauchery. Look at Congress, with its 'Credit Mobilier' schemes and back-pay plunder. Better would it be for the country, and for them too, had every man of them been kept at the hardest kind of labor fifteen hours a day, than that they should do as they have done. Mr. Chairman, I don't believe in less hours of work; I would sooner go for more."

"I am glad the gentleman has spoken, for it is desirable to get the views of all classes of objectors. I would remark, that the precise question before us is not, what shall be done with rascally officials? but this: would not more leisure for the honest masses, the creators of our wealth, be a benefit, alike to them and to society? I make no issue with my friend's desire to see the former class properly dealt with; high as they are, they still sadly need elevating—on a gallows, the gentleman may say;—our purpose to-night is to discuss the question of elevating the latter, in character and intelligence.

"The gentleman is fond of facts. It could be wished that he had dealt more carefully with them in his statements. Not that I doubt his honesty and candor, neither will I, at this moment, question the alleged facts; but I say this: everything he has affirmed may be true, and yet the lessening of the hours of labor not be in the least responsible therefor. From his chain of argument he has omitted the link necessa-

ry to connect it with the load he desired to carry; as if he should erect the frame of a building, and leave all the tenons without pins—the whole fabric falls to the ground a heap of ruins.

"Forty years ago, the gentleman says, his associates were more intelligent than his associates of to-day; forty years ago they worked twelve hours a day, now they work but ten; therefore, reducing the hours of labor makes workmen less intelligent; therefore, again, to make them more intelligent, confine them more hours each day to monotonous and routine employment and drudgery! This is the logic of the gentleman's argument. Does he believe it? I will pay him the compliment to doubt it. By the same method of reasoning, it can be proved that carpets and broadcloth and pianos lower the standard of intelligence. Fifty years ago, his associates had no carpets on their floors, nor pianos in their houses, and wore 'home-spun;' but to-day, his associates aspire to carpets, pianos and broadcloth; and to-day, his associates are less intelligent than they were fifty years ago: Ergo, the possession of carpets, pianos and broadcloth suits, is a bar to intelligence: ergo, to promote intelligence, abolish carpets, pianos and broadcloth.

"But soberly, the gentleman's conclusions fly in the face of universal experience, the emphatic testimony of a host of witnesses (many of them of the highest distinction), and all the humanities of the age. Perhaps there is no country where one would sooner expect the shortening of the working-day to be attended with adverse results than England. But what is the testimony?

"Said Lord Stanley, 'He was not one of those who had been sanguine of its success, (the ten-hour law), but he was bound to say that the measure had realized the hopes of its promoters, and has worked well for both employers and employed.'

"Said Lord Ashley, 'Since the enactment of the ten-hour law, so great has been the improvement in the moral and social condition of the working people as almost to border on the marvelous.'

"And so I might go on, gentlemen, occupying your time for an hour, with similar quotations. With the weight of such testimony in the scale against the gentleman, there is one of

two things made exceedingly probable: either he has erred in his observation of the facts, or there are special or local causes operating in the case. We will suppose the latter. Here let me ask the gentleman, in what part of the country he resided forty years ago?"

"In Bangor, Maine."\*

"What is his occupation?"

"I am a brick mason."

"What proportion of his fellow-workmen, forty years ago, were foreigners, who had had little or no advantages of education?"

"Scarcely any."

"At about what proportion would he estimate the number of such to-day, whose advantages have been, comparatively, extremely limited?"

"Perhaps one-third."

"Here, then, is an element of the question which is evidently overlooked by the gentleman; for we are safe in assuming that nearly all the apprentices of the earlier period had enjoyed the privilege of a common school education, and often continued to do so a portion of the year during their apprenticeship, in out-door trades, like the masons. We discover in these circumstances the reason of the gentleman's mistaken conclusions; that in what he states, there is nothing which, come, to sift the matter, at all weakens the argument for reduction of hours.

"But again: Every well-informed person knows that our apprenticeship system has undergone a great change within the last forty years. A generation ago, employers very generally boarded their apprentices or procured suitable board for them, often exercising a fatherly oversight of their habits and the occupation of what little leisure they had.

"Whatever the disadvantage of the long day, some of its effects and tendencies were materially neutralized or modified by this semi-paternal relation of the master to his apprentice. Everybody knows that it is widely different to-day; that the boys of the trades never board with their masters; are never thought of by them when out of the shop, and too often are

\*It is well to state, that nearly all the arguments brought forward in this discussion, by the opponents of the principle speaker, are such as he has read or heard, some of them coming to him in letters of friendly correspondence.

made to feel that they are cared for *in the shop* only as contributing to the profits of the business, not as embryo men, with minds and hearts, out of whom responsible citizens and neighbors are to be made. I cannot say to what extent the gentleman's trade has been affected by this change, but it cannot have wholly escaped.

"The 'Evening School' for the apprentices, and others, of to-day, in our cities, do something to remedy the evils resulting from this neglect. But let me ask the gentleman to seriously ponder the question, what would become of those schools, what would be the fate of those scholars, should we return to the twelve and thirteen-hour day of forty years ago? The appalling picture needs no touch from the pencil of the imagination.

"When the working-day was reduced in England, in nothing was the effect more remarkable than in the thronging of the operatives, of all ages and both sexes, to the Evening Schools. Taverns and beer-shops were abandoned and school-rooms were crowded, sometimes necessitating removal to more spacious quarters.\*

"These are well-attested facts, and I 'do not see how they can be got over;' but if the gentleman sees a way to do it, I trust he will not withhold the information.

"I cannot pass from this branch of our subject, without a brief comment on the relation of Labor Reform to the cause of temperance. The interesting and important fact just reverted to, of the abandoning of drinking-houses by the operatives, on the acquisition of more leisure, accords with all the carefully considered observations of many of the most earnest friends of the temperance reform; whose investigations and experience have demonstrated most clearly, to their apprehension, that the crushed and poverty-stricken condition of labor is a prolific cause of intemperance; which is obvious, on the plainest principles of physiology; in a word, that this deplorable vice is much more frequently the result of poverty, than the cause of it. I speak now of the so-called lower

\*Even France, emerging from an expensive and many ways costly war, has recently enacted that no boy under thirteen, and no girl under fourteen, shall be employed in any factory for more than six hours a day, including an interval of rest.—[Fourth Annual Report Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, 1872-3.]

classes—the class upon whose bent shoulders rest the tug and burden of incessant toil.

"It is a lamentable fact, that intemperance also prevails to a frightful extent among the well-to-do and the rich. What excessive poverty does in the former class, excessive wealth or idleness does in the latter. Strictly and philosophically considered, in both cases *poverty* is the root and cause; for it is the poverty of the poor that makes individual cases of inordinate wealth possible. As the working classes grow more intelligent, cultivated and independent, millionaires will grow fewer—'small by degrees and beautifully less;' for as *man* is elevated, *men* are humbled.

"The overthrow of the 'divine right' of kings, was the restoration of the divine right of humanity, and was no wrong, therefore, to the man in the king.

"The overthrow of the undivine might of money—when it happens, as it will—will be the coronation of human rights, the vindication of the Manhood of every man.

"Friends! the great end of life, is not so much the building of cities, as of character; not the pursuit of wealth, but of Truth; less the embellishment of our persons and the walls of our houses, than of the mind and heart.

"While every man has a right to an abundance who is willing to *do his share* of the world's required work, that abundance is, in the true light, only the means of his intellectual and spiritual advancement.

"No man was intended by nature to be the irredeemable slave of toil.

"He takes a narrow view of human destiny, who deems incessant labor—the daily working up to the limit of physical endurance—the chief end of man; or who escapes it himself, only to impose it upon others; and he entertains a mean estimate of mankind, in which he must unavoidably include himself, who assumes that the mass of men and women cannot be safely trusted with the free disposal of a few more hours of their brief earthly existence.

"Gentlemen! If civilization and experience have established anything clearly, they have established, it seems to me, the truth of the three following propositions, namely:

"First, that Time and Opportunity are indispensable handmaids of Progress.

"Second, that the real value of a man, is not what you can make out of him, but what you can make of him.

"Third, that the term, cheap men, is but another name for cheap manhood, the two facts being found side by side in the social condition of all countries.

"Pause, O my countrymen! forget  
The lesson of all history never:  
Cheap men, cheap manhood, God hath set  
Inseparably bound-twins forever.

"It may startle you, gentlemen—or provoke an incredulous smile—when I declare my conviction, that the carrying out into law and usage of the principles involved in the foregoing propositions, would result in the abolition of poverty, as the condition of willing workers.

"It is the tendency of riches not squarely earned by service—of wealth for which no equivalent of time and work has been given, and which is used by its possessor mainly for self ends—to debauch the conscience, to pervert all true ideas of life and its responsibilities, and to foster a spirit of disdain or indifference of the common mass."

"Nevertheless, I enter into no wholesale denunciations of the rich. Many of them have hearts fully alive to the sufferings and woes of their less favored fellow-beings, and would do everything in their power for their relief. Many of them, also, are as interested in specific measures of reform as any poor man is or can be. Indeed, without aid and succor from such, the poor man's redemption from the grinding thralldom of his poverty, is of doubtful accomplishment. Whoever encourages or advises anything incompatible with these considerations, is either a dangerously false friend, or a dangerously unwise one.

"It is the fashion, in some quarters, to harp loudly on the phrase, 'the honest poor.' Too often it is the demagogue's trick. The poor are very much like other people—there is a great deal human nature in them. Poverty, indeed, is not without its compensations of love and tenderness, of heroic devotion and self-sacrifice, almost forcing us to believe that the cardinal virtues thrive a little better in a poor soil, so to speak, than in a rich one.

"Nevertheless, I believe that poverty engenders a vast amount of vice and crime, which will never disappear till

poverty itself disappears. Intemperance, which is charged with seven-eighths of the crime, is itself in many, and I think in most cases, the direct result of poverty, and to uproot, extirpate and banish it, is the best possible service which can be performed for the cause of temperance.

"Side by side with poverty, riches engender a vast amount of vice and crime, but will exhibit their fruits in a more dazzling and deceptive form.

"What, then, is demanded?

"A more equitable distribution of the world's wealth.

"Do you ask, how can that be done?

"How is it done to-day, so far as it is done?

"All that the masses get of what they produce, comes through the wage-system. For many years that system will remain as now, the only general one.

"Whatever will permanently increase wages, therefore, will secure a larger portion of the world's wealth to the wage-class."

"How wages can be permanently increased, I have endeavored to show. It must be done, if done at all, by developing the man behind the worker.

"I maintain the natural right of wage-laborers to 'strike,' for that is only to say collectively, what it is conceded they may say individually, 'We cannot sell our labor for less than so-and-so.' But all advances in wages thus obtained, are, in their nature, precarious and apt to slip suddenly away, as suddenly they came, at the first dull season or influx of competing labor.

"To advance wages so that they will be sure to stick, make the working-man more expensive, as a moral, intellectual and social being.

"Nothing is better established than the fact, that you cannot get wages permanently; nor for any considerable time, below the general cost of living to which the working class are accustomed. Or in other words, *wages are, as a rule, controlled by the cost of living.* (c)

"In any given class of workmen, the tendency of prices will be to the level of the cheapest of that class—to the poorest fed, the poorest housed and the poorest clothed.

"All the resistance or check to such tendency, will flow from the intelligence of superior classes demanding rights for

those below them or for themselves, thus inspiring the more depressed to hope for better things, with a growing resolution to achieve them.

"Now, therefore, to my fellow working-men, who rely on strikes as the effectual remedy for low wages, as the true lever by which to raise them, I say, you have made a great mistake. I point you to a remedy of vastly superior power and infallible efficacy—namely, education; refinement of the tastes; improvement of the mind and character.

"To whatever agency—whatever doctrine, or custom, or habit, or institution, will best secure these results, bend all your energies and consecrate your best powers. Doing this, you will be as sure to rise as the crops to grow."

"Does the speaker mean to say that wages can be raised without, at the same time, increasing the cost of production, and therefore cost of necessities, in the same ratio?" This question was by the gentleman who interrupted at first.

"Most emphatically I do. And I say, further, wages can be increased in a way to *decrease* the cost of production."

"A very absurd idea, it seems to me."

"Very likely. Equally absurd to most people would have seemed the statement, years ago, that increase of wages would follow reduction of the hours of labor. Such, nevertheless, is the fact.

"It has already been shown, how reducing the hours of labor acts favorably upon wages; but as the gentleman seems not to have observed the moral and the logical connection of the argument, I will restate the points in another form. I admit at once that all arbitrary or forced advance in wages—the result of strikes, or other like causes—does tend to increase cost. Will our friend be kind enough to answer this question:

"What, in his opinion, is the natural effect upon the cost of production of increased demand for products?"

"To cheapen it, of course."

"Very well. Will he now please tell us, what he thinks would be the prominent facts and traits in the condition and character of a people, where demands for all proper and useful products of brain and hand, would rule the highest?"

"They would be temperate and industrious. In comparison with cheaper communities, they would be better educated, more cultivated and refined in tastes and habits, and, of

course, more intelligent. I can see—and will frankly confess it—that all these results, 'full high advanced,' could be realized only through the advantage of schools, lectures, reading, social intercourse, travel, amusement and rest, to an extent quite incompatible with the present eleven-hour or ten-hour day; nor can it be denied that true civilization points in that direction."

"I thank the gentleman for his frank admission; not every disputant is so candid. The argument between us, as he will undoubtedly admit, has now advanced to this point, back of which it will not be necessary hereafter to go, namely:

"Increase of demand cheapens price; intellectual and moral improvement increases demand; but, to secure intellectual and moral improvement to the fullest (and desirable) extent, more leisure is demanded for the masses; therefore, to lessen the hours of work, is to cheapen products."

"That is all theory," interposed the advocate of "cheap labor."

"If it is all theory, then there are no facts behind it. Now, I challenge that gentleman to produce from the history of Industrial Reform, a single instance where lessening the hours of work has not been followed, sooner or later (and never very late) by advance in wages and amount of production, and an almost immediate improvement in the habits of the operatives and artisans. If my theory is wrong—if it is 'all theory,' as he asserts, he can easily show that reduction of time has been followed by permanent decrease of wages and production and general demoralization of the workers. Will he undertake to do it?"

"But I don't see where you can logically stop. If reducing to the extent of two hours cheapens cost, then *not working at all* must take the premium."

"Is the gentleman in favor of cheap postage?"

"Yes, now and always. Every reduction in postage cheapens the relative cost, as I always predicted it would do."

"Of course you say to the Government, 'you cannot consistently stop *till you carry for nothing*.' No? Why not?"

"If reducing from ten to five cents, and from five cents to three cents, increased the income, why would not reducing to nothing be still more profitable.\* But the gentleman's in-

\*It is but just to state, that this very apt and forcible illustration the writer first heard from the lips of Mr. Ira Steward.



instinctive common-sense forbids his asking any such question or expecting any such absurdity. He knows the stopping place to be where no more people would be induced to use the mails by further reduction.

"In reducing the hours of labor, the stopping point is *not this side*—wherever else it may be—of the time when all the drones and sharks and leeches are compelled, by perfectly fair and natural processes of inexorable social laws, to perform their share of the world's honest work. And when that climax is reached, then may we exultingly sing, in one grand, universal chorus—

"The Morning Light is breaking,  
POVERTY disappears!"

"The poor ye have always with you, said Jesus," uttered a voice in the audience.

"Yes, the words of Jesus were true—the poor *they* had always with them ;' which is very far from saying that a poverty and pauper class will be present forever; for, there are some communities that have among them no poor—as, for instance, the Shakers. If a perpetual poverty class is a part of the Divine Economy, how dare we seek to lessen the number of the poor? The *spirit* of modern philanthropy, which fails to abolish poverty only because it does not yet apprehend the true method, must, in the gentleman's view, be directly opposed to christianity.

"The pinching, crushing poverty, lifelong and hopeless, of honest and industrious toilers, is the burning, branding disgrace of the nineteenth century."

"That may be, but I see no way to wipe it out."

"The friend will pardon me, if I reply, there are those who think they *do* see a way to wipe it out. It is their conviction that the cause of poverty, as the term applies to *willing workers*, may be expressed in one short sentence, namely—that '*things* are dear, and *men* are cheap.' Therefore, discover the way to make things *cheap* and men *dear*, and you are on the road to the abolition of poverty.

"How shall this be done? Educate! educate! head, heart and hand, of young and old, all ages and conditions, both men and women.

"Adjust your hours of labor in accord with this first and prime necessity, whether the number be eight or less; the

minimum has not yet been reached, and will be found only by experiment—applying here the same method of reasoning that we do to the reduction of postage.

"How will education make men dear? By the same law that ignorance makes them cheap.

"How can things be cheap while men are dear? By the law of Industrial Life, that large orders, as against small ones, tend to reduction of price.

"The cultivation of the mind; the refinement of the tastes; the love of art, science and literature; the flow and expansion of the pure sympathies of the heart in social communions and the sweet amenities of every day life; the nurture of a soul that leaps with joy at the sight of the beautiful, the good or the noble, wherever God has painted a flower or a sunset, created an honest man, or launched upon the world a true genius or hero—all being embraced in Education, like the oak in the acorn—will call for products of ship, loom, farm and brain, in the exact ratio of their own completeness of intelligence and activity.

"One truth attained brings other truths to view;  
From thought to thought we stumble, yet pursue.  
The poor, unwashed, with jewels on his breast,  
Goes forth to show how handsomely he's dressed.  
Soon, looking down, his clumsy boots he spies;  
Then, coat or hat grows hateful in his eyes;  
At length, transformed, he bursts upon the town  
A full-blown dandy, flowered from a clown.  
A kindred law brings wonders forth in all:  
Where nothing great, there's nothing counted small:  
One virtue there—one cultivated taste—  
A noble shame rebukes the odious waste.  
Thus as we grow, in all serene desires,  
Truth calls to truth, and want to want aspires.  
To-day's fair gains but make the morrow's more,  
For truth, eternal, holds eternal store.  
Who scans the present, reads the mighty past,  
And thinks to-day's grand wonder is the last?

"Gentlemen! we have prohibited kings, we have prohibited titled aristocracy, hereditary rank and primogeniture, and we have abolished Chattel Slavery. Our next great work, our highest duty, is, to drive into perpetual banishment that mother of misery and woe, of vice and crime, *Poverty*.

"If our civilization cannot do it, our civilization is a fail-



ure; if it will not, it is corrupt. Not to have prevented it, is a proof either of rottenness or of weakness, probably both. In any view, it stands impeached, and a revolution is demanded.

"IT WILL COME! Peaceably, if we are wise, and let justice, equity and the ties of human brotherhood prevail; in violence and blood—in riot and anarchy—if we persist in the pursuit of wealth and power, at the expense of human rights, and happiness, and virtue."

"If the speaker will allow me?" interrupted the gentleman who was the first to speak on the other side.

"I have a friend—an able writer and earnest reformer—who advocates *free banking*, as the prime panacea for poverty and all its woes. Another friend is equally certain that the *abolition of interest* will do the same thing better. Still another, is quite as confident that the merciless throttling of *corporations* and *monopolies* is our only salvation. Indeed, without meaning a sneer, I confess this Labor Movement seems to be a sort of witches caldron, into which are thrown all sorts of strange and incongruous things. The question naturally arises, *What kind of a broth will it be?*"

"To all of which, I answer: Every branch of the Labor Movement represents some specific fact or truth, and differently organized minds, under various conditions, are naturally drawn to this or that section of the great field of ideas. This is undoubtedly a bar to immediate harmony of action, but none at all to the awakening of the community to a sense of the fact, that labor has wrongs to be redressed, and is resolved to be heard. Meantime, every man's common-sense tells him, that in all progress there are certain indispensable first steps.

"Before the prisoner can leave his cell, the door must be opened; before he can rise and walk forth, his fetters must be cast off.

"Some day, I have no doubt, the world will be wise enough to make 'cost the limit of price'\* in all things, money included; then, monopolies will be impossible and corporations useless or harmless.

\*This doctrine, containing much of the essence of economic justice, was first enunciated, I believe, many years ago, by Josiah Warren, of Charlestown, Massachusetts, who has written ably in its elucidation.

"But before that day can arrive, a preparatory work of great magnitude is to be wrought.

"The great mass are to be lifted to a higher plane of intellectual and moral life.

"The lever that shall raise them, must reach to the depths of their condition, with a natural adaptation to the work.

"That lever is Education: but every lever must have a fulcrum.

"In Leisure and Opportunity must Education find its fulcrum, or its blessings will float forever in the clouds, above the heads of the people, a fond dream of the imagination alone.

"Thus, every way we turn, come we ever at last to this prime duty:

#### MORE LEISURE FOR THE MASSES.

"It was said anciently, 'All roads leads to Rome.' So, all the prime truths of Labor Reform point to the magnificent Temple of Knowledge, with this incessant admonition—Educate! educate! from the cradle to the grave, without remission—both sexes—broadly, roundly, head, heart and body;—

#### EDUCATE! EDUCATE!

"Here, sir, is the 'broth of the caldron.' Has the gentleman no appetite for it? Rather would I ask, may we not count on his co-operation in spreading the repast?

"Friends and Fellow Countrymen! In the most solemn manner, I declare my conviction, that this measure is indispensable to our prosperity as a people, to our peace and happiness as a community; nay, more; that it is indispensable—absolutely and without abatement—to our prolonged existence as a nation of Freemen."

It will not be supposed that, during this long discussion, Squire Topsem sat perfectly quiet. Several times, within the last hour, he appeared to be on the eve of braving his fate by calling "ther gentlemun" to order, but was restrained therefrom, perhaps, by the fact that able speakers were being drawn out against him, whom he stupidly considered as on his side. But he was now evidently uneasy, feeling, undoubtedly, that the question would go by not half discussed, if he omitted to throw into it the might of his overtopping intellect.

He began to prepare to rise, first by unhorsing one leg and bringing his foot like a dead weight to the floor, following which was the usual "ahem-hem-hm;" then his great, unwieldy body rolled like a small elephant's to the right and left, as if long sitting had glued it to the seat, requiring a deal of prying to start it.

At last he arose, and passed his hand slowly over his rotund and bulging abdomen—a movement which seemed to say—"This is Squire Topsem—look at him," winding off with a succession of short pats, a kind of Topsem telegraph, whose ticks might be interpreted to say, "Here is the man who is going settle this business short metre: Attention!" And now he began:

"Ther chair's goin' fur ter speak himself. Yes, sir! in spite on ye. [With a scowl at the Friend of Education.] Ye've made a great splutteration, an' what's all amount ter? Do ye run 'f 'n idee yer goin' ter *upset* all ther ba-nighn an' glo-o-rious instertooshuns for which our fathers—hm—I sh'd say, our gran'fathers—died, bled, and fit ter *set up*? D'ye know what yer about? I'll tell ye. Ye're settin' ther poor agin ther rich, an' ye know it. Ye're ther poor man's en'my, an' they know it. Everybody knows that if 't wa'n't for ther rich men and their money, all ther poor folks would starve ter death.

"Whose money builds all our fine houses, an' fills um with fine funitoor?

"Whose money builds railroads an' sets um agoin'?

"Whose money builds fact'ries, an' sets um a hummin'?

"Whose money builds all yer big cities, where ther poor can go 'n git plenty o' work?"

The voice of some irrepressible soul, who had not before spoken, here broke forth, and with such a volume of earnestness and rapidity of delivery that the Squire was compelled to listen to the close. "Yes, and whose money organizes fraud and calls it Credit Mobilier? Whose money grabs the public lands by the millions of acres at once, yes, by the *empire*, and robs the people of their own? Whose 'cheek' builds railroads without money, gets the people's lands for security of its bonds without payment, makes promises knowingly without the ability to fulfill them, then fails without conscience? Whose money bribes judges, controls legislation and if neces-

sary buys up whole Legislatures? Whose money, I ask, is doing this? Just tell us will you, now your hand is in?"

"Yis, yis, an' whose money builds all the poor-houses, where poor folks can go 'n find a good home when they can't work no longer, heh? Whose money is a doin' all this—them—these—those—grea-ate things—is 't ther poor man's? In ther words of the 'llust'rus an' 'mortal—er—what is it? I furgit his name—no matter—it's in ther classics or ther Bible, I dont jestly know which—with him I say, take keer 'f ther rich, an' ther rich 'll take keer o' themselves, an' ye know it. Ah—hm—no—that is ter say—I mean, take keer 'f ther rich an' ther rich 'll take keer of the poor.

"Ef there's a man or woman or child or baby in this ere grea-ate an' happy land thet is a sufferin' from poverty, it's their own fault, an' ef ye dont know it, I *do*. I tell ye, gentlemun, ther rich have ther hardest on't. Think o' ther terrible 'spons'bil'ty; think o' their anxious nights and days, an' their awful days an' nights. Think o' thet immemorable Black Friday! When I read ther harrerin' 'counts o' that day's terr'ble doin's, ther heart-breakin' suff'rin's of them poor fellers was 'nough ter draw tears from the eyes 'f er perpetrator, an' I wept.

"Tell ye what 'tis, gentlemun, the happiest days o' my life was when I was a poor man, a-workin' for seventy-five cents a day."

"What 'll ye sell out for, and once more be happy?" cried out Young America, from his corner.

The perfect storm of applause, laughter and yells, that followed this sally, so confounded the Squire that he stood for a few minutes utterly speechless. After two unsuccessful attempts to renew his speech, he sank slowly into his chair, muttering something about emissalums, scallawags, and the like. The "Friend of Education" then resumed:

"Gentleman:—I shall waste no more shot on this game, being forcibly reminded of 'a little story,' as Mr. Lincoln would say; before relating which, I must express my profound regret that the true gentlemen of the opposition should be disgraced by such an ally.

\*Jay Gould says, under oath, "I needed the Legislatures of four States, and in order to acquire them I created the Legislatures with my money. I found that this is the cheapest way.—[Address of Geo. W. Julian, Rockville, Ind., Sept. 13, 1873.]

"The son of a certain farmer returned from a gaming excursion wearing so rueful a face, that the old gentleman was moved to inquire the cause. 'Why, Calvin, what's the matter? Aint ye shot nothing this morning?'"

"O, yes, I've shot something, but I wish I hadn't."

"Shot something, but wish ye hadn't? Why, ye aint gone and shot one of my heifers for a deer, have ye?"

"No, worse than that—O dear—I'm awful sorry."

"The deuce! what was it?"

"I've shot—O dear, so sorry—I've shot—shot—a chererbim."

"Shot a chererbim?"

"Yes, I have, and I can show him to ye right out here a little piece into the woods—but I'm awful sorry."

"Well, let's go 'n' see what awful thing you've done."

"A very few minutes sufficed to guide the farmer to the scene of his son's exploit. With an almost comical look of reverential awe, Calvin, as he parted a bush that hid from view the object of their search, turned to his father, and said, 'There he is—the pooty creature.'

"What—what—that your chererbim?"

"Yes—awful sorry—better shot a heifer."

"Why, you fool, that's an owl!"

"It is quite probable that thenceforth Calvin was careful to discriminate between a cherub and a nocturnal and carnivorous bird, whom the sunlight of the fairest day only renders more stupidly blind. I will profit on this occasion by Master Calvin's experience. But it is time my remarks were drawn to a close. It remains to lay before this meeting the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That newspapers, as a whole, are a public blessing, and their circulation ought to be encouraged.

"*Resolved*, That the only thorough corrective of a pernicious press, is a wise, generous and continuous education of the *whole people*; that the effectual and adequate discharge of this duty requires and demands, for our children, the upholding and perfecting of the Common School, and a compulsory attendance; for the mass of toiling workers, more time for rest, thought, recreation or amusement.

"*Resolved*, That the great social problem of the present day, is, *how to abolish poverty*; and the civilization that cannot do

it, ought to be put aside for one that will; or that can but will not, should be driven, with scorn and loathing, from the face of the earth.

"*Resolved*, That, as Poverty is the chief recruiting Sergeant of all armies, it is alike the duty and the policy of *Peace Societies*, and all Advocates of Peace, to strike at War by striking at *Poverty*.

"*Resolved*, That, as *Poverty* is the actual cause of at least three-fourths of the vices and crimes of civilization, moral reformers of every kind, therefore, will find their speediest triumph in *Poverty's* destruction.

"*Resolved*, That, as Poverty is, in all these ways, the greatest enemy of the State, he only deserves, to day, the name of Statesman, whose utterances ring with the cry—**POVERTY MUST BE DESTROYED.**"

The speaker, having launched his resolutions upon the meeting by a motion to adopt, which was promptly seconded, moved the previous question, which also was seconded. Quite as much perplexed as vexed, Squire Topsem was in a quandary what to do to save himself from defeat; for it had not even yet fully dawned upon his obtuse comprehension that he was no longer master of the situation.

"Move th' resolutions be laid under the table," shouted Jonas Foote.

"Move—we—'journ, sign—an'—die," snuffed Pete Crumit.

"Move we do," squeaked Silas Post.

"I offer as an amendment to the motion to adjourn, that it be to meet here one week from to-night." This motion was from a stranger. "If the gentleman, who moved to adjourn, will accept my amendment as a part of his motion, I will second it."

Pete was too upset to know what reply to make, and cast an imploring look towards the Squire for a sign, but got nothing. So in sheer desperation he bobbed his little head with a jerk, snuffing out, "We 'cept—we 'cept."

"Mr. Cha'min," half-whispered a dried-up, weak-voiced, narrow-chested, hunched-up, insignificant specimen of humanity, with a red bandanna handkerchief whipped round his neck and enveloping his narrow chin. This was no less a personage than the redoubtable After-the battle Cony who,

in a thin voice, muttered between his teeth the following bold speech:

"Mr. Ch'amin—I rise—never spoke 'fore—this 's the fus' time ever spoke—I rise to speak—couldn't set still no longer no more no how—so mad—'s I said, I riz to speak—riz to say that—that *that*—er—fus' time ever spoke 'n my life, this is—to say, that that feller—er—that air—chap—that—er—man—that—er gentlemun—mus' be—put—out (voice faints gradually away)—that's what I riz for—riz for ter say—never spoke afore—I'll be one of twenty (voice fuller)—of—of—thirty (voice recovers) ter do it—if ye'll all take holt—take holt. I told ye I riz to speak—an' I've speaked, an' now I'm goin' to set down—that feller—er—chap—er—gentlemun—stirred me up—stirred me up—he better look out—look out—er—that fel—er—chap—er—gentlemun—he'll git ole Cony on to him—on to him (voice faints away entirely, and it and its owner disappear simultaneously)."

"Mr. Chairman," resumed the author of the resolutions, "neither of the motions made is in order—not even the motion to adjourn, *with an amendment*, after the previous question has been moved and seconded. You must put the previous question, sir. [The Squire hesitated and stammered.] I call upon you to put the previous question, sir. Again, I demand a vote upon my motion." Vociferous cries of "question" from all parts of the house, mingled with significant and by no means pacific threats, admonished the Squire in a way that penetrated his brain at last, that the game had passed out of his hands and wholly beyond his control. So, after a few words of explanation by the mover, the previous question was put and carried. Again the Squire halted, in a sort of sullen stupor, till he was reminded that his duty was to put the main question—that is to say, in this case, the resolutions—without debate. The Squire did so, but the effort nearly strangled him.

"All them what's in favor o' this piece o' paper—er—this—these—them air—res'lutions—say no."

"Tut, tut, tut," proceeded from the mover.

"Hem—hm—say yes." And the Old Red School-house rang as it never rang before.

"Them what's agin um please ter say no—*powerful*."

Aside from the trumpet voice of Jonas Foote, the only re-

sponse was three or four faint squeaks, which seemed a cross between the squeal of a stuck pig and the last subsiding bray of a dying jackass—if we except a dismal grunt from the Squire, who so far forgot the proprieties of his position as to vote.

With three cheers, respectively, for

Common Schools,

General education of the masses through more leisure,

The compulsory education of children, and

The Abolition of Poverty—called for by the mover of the resolutions—the assembly, at a late hour, broke up; many going home with the conviction, that never in their lives had they attended a more important meeting; others, with a vague idea that there was something they could not understand going on in the world.

So ended, in Moontown, the attempt to reverse the planets in their course, and banish the sunlight from the earth. May a like discomfiture overtake every similar endeavor, through all time!

## APPENDIX.

(a) p. 34.

It is maintained by some, that "as labor began to congregate its intelligence and power began to increase." This conclusion seems hardly sustained by the facts. The baleful effects of the Factory System in England, on health, morals and character were observed more than seventy-five years ago. In 1795, Dr. Aiken, describing its effects specially upon children, says, in substance, "They are confined in close rooms, frequently all night. The influence is to weaken them for labor, and unfit them for any other branch of business. The girls grow up wholly uninstructed in sewing, knitting and other domestic occupations requisite to make them frugal wives and mothers, comparing very unfavorably with the wives and mothers of some laborers in agriculture and some of the mechanic artisans. Among the latter are found neatness, cleanliness and comfort; among the former, filth, rags and poverty, although

their wages may be double those earned by farm-laborers." Dr. Aiken also adverts to the prevalence of fevers, generated by neglect of ventilation, personal cleanliness, and working early in the morning without food.

We quote the foregoing from the First Annual Report of the Mass. Bureau of Statistics of Labor—1870-1. It is to be joyfully admitted that this ghastly picture does not hold true, in many respects, of the Factory System and the operatives of to-day. The pertinent question, however, is, were effective movements for reform begun by the operatives themselves? This could not fail to be the case, it would certainly seem, if bringing them together, at that time, "increased their intelligence and power." But no; they were powerless, and almost thoughtless. Poverty and Ignorance—mother and daughter—bound them hand and foot. We can discover no account of any movement among them for redress of grievances, till the persistent efforts of others, in the higher walks of life, had so far lifted them to their feet, *through laws restraining the power of capital*, and the ameliorating influences of a more healthful public opinion, that they could "strike" for themselves. Mr. Wilbraham Bootle, Robert Owen, a manufacturer, and the first Sir Robert Peel, were the first movers in the matter. Our own country furnishes facts to the same purport. The ten-hour movement was first inaugurated and carried to a successful issue, by the Building Trades—the ship builders and carpenters—and *these trades are among the least congregated by machinery*. It is noticeable, also, that to-day an earnest cry is continually going up for help from sources beyond the circle of the implorers, and most loudly from those most congregated by machinery. The cry is to Legislatures and Congress, for protection from merciless oppression. Whatever power or benefit, then, is derived from congregating labor—of course there are benefits—they are largely neutralized by the aggregation of the power of capital to dictate and control.

(b) p. 45.

There lies before me "The California Agriculturist," for Dec. 1871 and Jan. 1872. The number for December contains an editorial, endorsed by the San Francisco Bulletin, as copied into the number for January, under the head of "Poor Help,"

in which the writer treats of the cause of the scarcity of good help among the farmers, illustrating his subject by a recital of his own actual experience. We quote a few paragraphs:

"We are plodding along the highway, footsore and weary. We have been directed to a certain place where our labor is needed, and where we have been engaged to work. It is on the farm of one of the first men in the country. \* \* \* \* It is evening. We approach and inquire for the proprietor. He makes his appearance; we are informed that supper is over and we will have to get along till morning; and also that we can take our blankets down to the barn to sleep. This we have not been accustomed to and it goes hard with us. And besides, we have no blankets, and must forthwith enter into a contract to work out the pay for bedding furnished us. But we are without money in a strange land, and must suffer this or worse. We finally take the blankets and retire for the night among the other dumb brutes. We are called at an early hour in the morning. It is raw and cold. We do as we are directed until the morning meal is announced, when we sit down, shivering with cold, to partake of the fare set before us. \* \* \* \* Our first day's work being completed, we return to do the chores, eat supper late in the evening and retire to our blankets in the barn. Covered with perspiration from the fatigues of the day, we are compelled to confront the damp night air, or go and lie down like a hog, to sleep as best we can. No pleasant fireside, no books, no papers, no cheerful light (for we are forbid to have any light in the barn), no joyous companionship with women and children, nor, in short, anything which a decent man enjoys when the labors of the day are over. Of course, with such surroundings and such treatment we naturally learn to detest farm work (for we find similar treatment wherever we go), and we leave disgusted the only calling in which we have had any experience, and turn to seek a living in unexplored fields of industry, abandoning our proper sphere to that degraded, vicious class of vagabonds, who have brought odium upon working men as a class, and caused us to be treated like brutes instead of men. \* \* \* \* The complaints so common here are seldom heard in the Eastern States. The hired man there is one of the family. He sits at the same table, enjoys the same fireside, and has a clean, comfortable room. He is

treated like a man and works like a man; and when he comes to California he expects to be treated as well as he was at home. His disappointment has much to do with the complaints we daily hear among the employing farmers."

From the Bulletin's response to the above I extract the following: "The blanket brigade is a very large one in California. But the farmer has probably contributed more than any other class of men to increase the number of those who render indifferent service, sleep in blankets and will die in blankets. \* \* \* No Eastern farmer would ever venture to treat hired men as they are habitually treated on farms in this State. Here he is sent off to some barn or outhouse to sleep in his blankets. He has no room assigned to him, no decent bed, and no place to observe those decencies by which men preserve their self-respect. No care is exercised other than to get the most work out of him for the least pay. The laborer cares nothing for his employers in return. He has not been furnished with a home; his treatment has been little better than that of the cattle. \* \* \* Of course, intelligent, skilled and faithful farm hands are difficult to procure. In their places comes the tramping laborer in his blankets; he goes away in his blankets, often with a malediction on the head of his employer. He has not been served well, and he has not served his employer well. \* \* \* But here, as elsewhere, good treatment does, in a majority of cases, secure good laborers."

This is a terrible showing, but every well-wisher of the State, or of his fellowmen, must desire a thorough ventilation of the crying abuse, cut where it may. How can any intelligent mind, however, fail to perceive that the introduction of the Chinese, or any other such "cheap labor," goes directly to perpetuate the evil, and defeat every effort for its abolition? To advocate the last with one breath and condemn the first with the next, is pulling down with the right hand what we build with the left.

(c) p. 57.

This statement may be questioned by some. The fact that a large portion of the working class, including men of temperate and industrious habits, are nearly always in debt for the necessities of life—a fact brought to light by recent in-

vestigations—may seem to strengthen the doubt. But I cannot so regard it, and from the following considerations and facts: Why are wages higher in this country than in Europe? After due allowance for the newness of the country,—which fact indeed may act both ways—the law of demand and supply—which, as capital is the master of the law, acts, *mainly*, to depress prices—and for any theory of tariff or finance that may be in the ascendant—we come down to the simple fact that our people, as a rule, are accustomed to and demand a superior style of living; that this demand and these habitudes are the standing, ever-appealed-to, effective argument for advance in wages or against their reduction. This view accords with the writer's own experience, and no doubt with that of most other workmen. That it is borne out by a careful investigation into the history and condition of the working classes, we are able to affirm, from the published testimony of the official heads of the Mass. Bureau of Statistics of Labor, and others. Gen. Henry K. Oliver, and Mr. George E. McNeill; whose conjoint labors, for four years, have resulted in a work for truth, humanity and civilization, for which coming generations, if not their contemporaries, will remember them with appreciative gratitude.

It would be extremely difficult to select two men better fitted for their work, by constitution of mind, habits of thought, conscientious fidelity, individual experience and sensibility of soul. Their Reports will be relied upon and quoted, for many years, by every writer or speaker, who may have to do with the question of labor and capital, and aims to perform faithful and intelligent work.

In their Report for 1871-2, p. 343, they say: "The cost of living found in our table needs no comments. The difference in cost accords with the difference in wages, except in case of our foreign population, whose habits of life are far behind our own. Their wages have, in many cases, reached the level of their style of life, and can only be raised by the improvement in their habits that must come with the increased pressure of our society; or if not raised to our customs, our institutions and customs will be leveled to their condition—a consummation that is incompatible with a republican form of government."

In their Report for 1872-3, pp. 442-3, they say: "In those

countries where the highest wages are paid, we find the highest civilization and a more equal distribution of wealth. \* \* \* The emancipation of slaves, and the *education of the masses*, have increased wages; so also would the conversion of Mohammedans to Christianity, or the change from a monarchical to a republican form of government; for an intelligent people soonest learn what belongs to them, and how to obtain it."

John Stuart Mill, in his *Political Economy* (vol. 1, p. 455), says: "No remedies for low wages have the smallest chance of being efficacious which do not operate on and through the minds and habits of the people." Page 321: "All inventions which cheapen any of the things consumed by the laborers, unless their requirements are raised in an equivalent degree, in time lower money wages."

Says Hon. Amasa Walker, in his *Science of Wealth*, p. 255: "There being, then, no uniform and established standard of wages, they vary according to the expenses of subsistence in different countries and the condition in which the laboring classes are willing to live."

Mr. James Hole, in his volume on "Homes of the Working Classes," writes as follows: "That wages are very much regulated by the habits and standard of living of the workman, is one of the best established principles of political economy. *Inferior habits of living are as much a cause as a result of low wages.*"

In the light of such facts and testimony, the statement that a large portion of the worthy and industrious among the working classes are oftener in debt than out of it, is fairly interpreted to mean, not that the cost of living exerts little or no lifting power upon wages, but that the yearning for a higher (and very proper and desirable) style of living—a yearning which is the legitimate and proud result of American ideas and institutions,—has not yet achieved the victory which the moral forces of society are sure to bring at last.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE  
**HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY**

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION