

the rest of the world is in motion. This great beehive of 389,000,000, for the first time in the history of the world has begun to swarm. They are crowding through the Golden Gate, entering the mouth of the Columbia, and scattering themselves over all our mountains, and through all our valleys. They now threaten to swarm over the Rocky Mountains, and down the Atlantic Slope, till they find their way among all your cotton plantations. *Koopman-shuaf*, their great John Baptist, or forerunner has been over here and says they are coming.

It is said that more than a hundred and seventy-five thousand have already reached our shores, and that millions more are coming. In vain have stump orators in California inveighed against them, and excited the populace against them. In vain have political conventions tried to drive back the swarm by platform resolves. Phrensied mobs have tried to beat back the combing wave with brickbats and "shilalahs"—but still they come. Every time one is knocked on the head, or shot down, a hundred mount over his dead body, and press on towards the mines, railroads, to anything that offers cheap labor. The unfriendly legislation of the whites, the unchristian and barbarous treatment of the tax gatherer, and the rifle and tomahawk of the Indian, have all been employed against John Chinaman in vain. He seems impelled to our shores, by a spirit that in moving over the world has at last scaled the Chinese wall. He appears to have a providential mission here and it looks as though it was manifest destiny that he should come. What that mission is, and what are to be the influences of this new element upon our people and institutions, is a question that is now engaging the attention of statesmen. I have been asked this question by honest enquirers many times.

I answer, "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord!" If Sambo chooses to talk politics and run for office, John Chinaman must take his place in the cotton fields. [Applause.] The cotton must be raised, and raised as cheap as possible. The cheaper the better for the naked poor everywhere. I regard this wonderful moving upon the Chinese nation as providential. It is going to inaugurate a new era between the relations of intelligent labor and capital. It was well enough to try to reconcile intelligent men to their lot, who were the servants of capitalists, when we had no other labor. But there always has been an irrepressible conflict between brains as a hireling and the capitalist,—perhaps brainless—that it looked to for its daily bread. I have always believed that *intellect* was capital, and that the day would come, when intelligence would be so used. [Applause.] I have never doubted but what there were higher mansions fitted up for intelligence, than the shanty into which such men as Abraham Lincoln, were thrust to eat and sleep while making rails for him who had more money than they had. These mansions, our books and orators have been silent about, as they have generally been deemed imaginary. They are not. They have remained pretty much locked up it is true, but they are to be closed no longer—for God has sent John Chinaman over here with the keys to open the doors. He seldom aspires to anything higher than to work for small pay. He has few wants, and he is industrious; hence he seems to aim at nothing higher than servitude, which seems to be his normal sphere. He is quiet, docile and tractable, and as he leaves his women behind him, he does not endanger society here with a disagreeable mixture of races. If our Southern planters never had any female slaves, the country would not have been overrun with mulattos.