

WENDELL PHILLIPS AND THE SHOEMAKERS.

Boston, April 19, 1872.

To the Editor of the Golden Age:

I once heard you say at Natick that you were the son of a shoemaker. Of course, therefore, you will be interested in the address which your friend Wendell Phillips made last evening to the Crispins of Boston. It was given before the International Grand Lodge, in their hall in Hanover street. The notes which I took were not verbatim, but, with a little friendly assistance from the reporter of the Boston Advertiser, I am able to enclose to you a very readable (if not altogether complete) transcript of the orator's remarks. The interest which your journal has always taken in the labor movement leads me to believe that you will make room in your beautiful columns for this beautiful speech. After a fit introduction he said: I stand in the presence of a momentous power. I do not care exactly what your idea is as to how you will work, whether you will work in this channel or in the other. I am told that you represent from 70,000 to 100,000 men, here and elsewhere. Think of it. A hundred thousand men! They can dictate the fate of this nation. (Applause.) There is a very general idea prevailing, which is to a certain extent true, that the majority govern. Well, when you count votes at the ballot-box the majority do govern, but in no true sense was ever a country governed by a majority. Take your own town, all of you. You know there are 100 men in your town, of say 10,000 inhabitants, of position, wealth, and brains, and when they put their shoulders together, and push together, they are the town to all intents and purposes. You know, every one of you, that you can select out some fifty men, and if anybody will guarantee that these men will act together, that they will control the place. Now it is just so with nations. Give me 50,000 men in earnest, who can agree on all vital questions, who will plant their shoulders together, and swear by all that is true and just, that for the long years they will put their great idea before the country, and those 50,000 men will govern the nation. (Applause.) So if I have 100,000 men represented before me, who are in earnest, who get hold of the great question of labor, and having hold of it, grapple with it, and rip it and tear it open, and invest it with light, gathering the facts, muddling the brains about them, and crowding those brains with facts, then I know, sure as fate, though I may not live to see it, that they will certainly conquer this nation in twenty years. It is impossible that they should not. And that is your power, gentlemen. (Applause.) I rejoice at every effort workmen make to organize; I do not care on what basis they do it. Men sometimes say to me, "Are you an Internationalist?" I say, "I do not know what an Internationalist is," but they tell me it is a system by which the workmen from London to Gibraltar, from Moscow to Paris, can clasp hands. Then I say God speed, God speed to that or any similar movement. Now let me tell you where the great weakness of an association of workmen is. It is that it cannot wait. It does not know where it is to get its food for next week. If it is kept idle for ten days the funds of the society are exhausted. Capital can fold its arms and wait six months; it can wait a year. It will be poorer, but it does not get to the bottom of the purse. It can afford to wait; it can tire you out, and can starve you out. And what is there against that immense preponderance of power on the part of capital? Simply organization. That makes the wealth of all the wealth of every one. (Applause.) So I welcome organization. I do not care whether it calls itself Trades Union, Crispin, International, or Commune; anything that masses up a unit in order that they may put in a united force to face the organization of capital. Anything that does that, I say amen to it. So I come here with a profound sense of the honor and influence you give me in half an hour's attention when I address so many men—one hundred thousand men. It is an immense army. I do not care whether it considers chiefly the industrial or the political questions; it can control the nation if it is in earnest. The reason why the Abolitionists brought the nation down to fighting their battle, is that they were really in earnest, knew what they wanted, and were determined to have it. Therefore they got it. The leading statesmen and orators of the day said they would never urge abolition, but a determined man in a printing office said that they should, and then did it. So it is with this question exactly. Brains govern this country. I hope to God the time will never come when brains will govern it, for they ought to. And the

way in which you can compel the brains to listen and to attend to you on the question of labor, actually to concentrate the intellectual power of the nation upon it, is by gathering together by hundreds of thousands, no matter whether it be on an industrial basis or a political basis, like the Labor party movement, and say to the nation, "We are the numbers, and we will be heard," and you may be sure that you will. Now, an Englishman has but one method to pursue to be heard. He puts his arm up among the cogwheels of the industrial machine and stops it. That is a strike. The London Times looks down and says, "What in heaven is the matter?" That is just what the man wants; he wishes to call public attention to the fact, and the consequence is that every newspaper joins with the Times, and asks what is the matter, and the whole brain of the English nation is turned to consider the question. Well, it is the only thing an Englishman can do, for he has no vote. They cannot trust him with that. But when he spoke, as he had got into the way of doing, the nation had to listen to him, and the consequence is that she has turned aside and met him for the last dozen years, appointed arbitrators, and they listen to committees from the workmen and from the capitalists, and discuss the affairs of business. That is good, but we have a much quicker way than that. We do not need to put our hands up among the cogwheels and stop the machine. As Pierrepoint said, "That little ballot disappears in a box in November like a snow-flake that

executes the freeman's will
As lightning does the will of God."

(Applause.) Now I turn my sight that way, not because I care for a vote, or care for an office—I am a Democrat, a Jeffersonian Democrat, in the darkest hour—but simply because I think it God's method of taking bonds of education and wealth, and of saying to both of them through their selfishness: "You shall investigate the problems relating to the poor." England can look down into Lancashire, rotting in ignorance, and if the people there rise up to claim their share of the enjoyments of life, she need not care, because she says: "I have got the laws of state in the hands of the middle classes, and if that man down there is wise enough to handle a spade or work in a mill, it is all I want of him, and if he ever raises his hand against the state I will put my cavalrymen into the saddle and ride him down." And she will do it. The man is nothing but a tool to do certain work. But when America looks down into her Lancashire, into the mines of Pennsylvania, she says literally: "Well, his hand holds the ballot, and I cannot afford to leave him down there in ignorance." So I admire democracy because it takes bonds on wealth and education that they shall educate the masses. If they don't do it there is no security for property or law; therefore, on every great question I turn instantly to politics. It is the people's normal school; it is the way to make the brains of the nation approach the subject. Why, in 1861 or 1862, when I first approached this question, you could not get an article on the labor movement in any newspaper or magazine, unless, indeed, there was a strike, or something of that sort. Now you cannot take up any of the leading newspapers or magazines without finding them full of it; editors eat, drink and sleep on it. (Laughter.) The question is so broad, it has so many different channels, that it puzzles them. Even John Stuart Mill has not attempted to cover its whole breadth—it takes in everything. Let me tell you why I am interested in the labor question. Simply because of the long hours of labor: not simply because of a specific oppression of the class. I sympathize with the sufferers there; I am ready to fight on their side. When North Adams imports pauper labor, I see the evil; and, as one of your most clear-sighted statesmen has said, "What right has the United States to put a tariff on the harbor of New York, and bar out by protection the pauper labor of France from competing with you, and then import that Chinese pauper labor into North Adams, and let it compete with no protective duty. Let the Chinaman come—bring him by millions; but bring also the German, the Frenchman, and everybody else that will work for a shilling a day, and place them in a large building—say a thousand of them—and when one of them has made a shoe, let him put it outside the door, and let the customs officer put a duty upon it as he would upon a foreign shoe entering the port of New York." (Loud applause.) I say, let no Chinese shoes come into the North Adams market duty free any more than into the city of New York. (Renewed applause.) You need not applaud me for that; the thunder belongs to another, one who is well able to receive it—General Butler. My interest in the labor movement goes deeper than that. I look out on Christendom, with its 300,000,000 of people, and see that out of that number of people 100,000,000 never had enough to eat. Physiologists tell us that this body of ours, unless it is properly fed, properly developed, fed with rich blood, and carefully nourished, does no justice to the brain. You cannot make a bright or a good man in a starved body, and so this one-third of the inhabitants of Christendom, who have never had food enough, can never be

what God intended they should be. Now, I say that the social civilization which condemns every third man in it to be below the average in the nourishment God intended he should have did not come from above; it came from below, and the sooner it goes down the better. Come on this side of the ocean. You will find 40,000,000 of people, and I suppose I may say they are in the highest stage of civilization, and yet it is not too much to say that out of that forty millions, ten millions, at least, get up in the morning and go to bed at night, and that they spend all the day in the mere effort to get bread enough to live. They have not elasticity enough, mind or body left, to do anything in the way of intellectual or moral progress. I take a man, for instance, in one of the manufacturing valleys of Connecticut. If you get in the cars there at 6.30 o'clock in the morning, as I have done, you will find getting in at every little station a score or more of laboring men and women, with their dinner in a pail, and they get out at some factory that is already lighted up. Go down the same valley about 7.30 in the evening, and you again see them going home. They must have got up at 5.30; they are at their work until night upon 8 o'clock. There is a good, solid fourteen hours. Now, there will be a good substantial man, like Cobbett, for instance, who will sit up nights studying, and who will be a scholar at last among them perhaps, but he is an expert. The average man, nine out of ten, when he gets home at night, does not care to read an article from the "Quarterly" or the "North American" or the "Tribune," nor a saucy article from Butler, nor a long speech from Sumner. No; if he can't have a good story and a warm supper, and a glass of grog, perhaps, he goes off to bed. Now, I say that the civilization that has produced that state of things in nearly the hundredth year of the American republic did not come from above. I am a temperance man of nearly forty years' standing, and I think it one of the grandest things in the world, because it holds the basis of self-control. Intemperance is the cause of poverty, I know, but then there is another side to that; poverty is the cause of intemperance. Crowd a man with fourteen hours' work a day and you crowd him down to a mere animal life. You have eclipsed his aspirations, dulled his tastes, stunted his intellect, and made him a mere tool to work fourteen hours and catch a thought in the interval, and whilst a man in a hundred will raise to be a genius, ninety-nine will cower down under the circumstances. Now, I can tell you a fact. In London the other day it was found that one club of gentlemen, a thousand strong, spent \$20,000 at the club-house during the year for drink. Well, I would allow them \$4,000 more at home for liquor, making in all \$24,000 a year. These men were all men of education and leisure; they had their books, and their paintings, and their opera, and their race-course and regatta. A thousand and twenty-three men down in Portsmouth, in a ship-yard, working under a boss, spent at the grog-shops of the place in that year £17,000, something like \$80,000, double that of their rich brethren. What is the explanation of such a fact as that? Why, the club man had a circle of pleasures and of company; the operative, after he had worked fourteen hours, had nothing to look forward to but his grog, and he took \$80,000 worth of it. That is why I say, lift a man; let him work eight hours a day; give him an evening school; develop his taste for music; give him a garden; give him beautiful things to see and good books to read, and you will starve out those lower appetites. Give a man a chance to earn a good living, and you may save his life. So it is with women in prostitution. Poverty is the road to it; it is that that makes them the food of the wealth and the leisure of another class. Give a hundred men in this country good wages and eight hours' work, and ninety will disdain to steal; give a hundred women a good chance to get a good living, and ninety of them will disdain to barter their virtue for gold. You will find in our criminal institutions to-day a great many men with big brains who ought to have risen in the world, perhaps gone to Congress. (A laugh.) You may laugh, but I tell you the biggest brains don't go to Congress. The biggest brains in this country control the industrial enterprises, the railroads and the iron business, and the cotton business; it takes a Napoleon to grasp it in his hands. Tom Scott, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, with three hundred and fifty millions in his hands—why, when he walks east the very flutter of his garments shakes down the legislatures. These are the great men, these are the big brains—the Stewarts, the Vanderbilts, and the Scotts; while in the second line of intellect come the editors, professional men, of vast strength, and then out of the third average—what you, I believe, call the siftings out—come the Congress men. And out of three hundred of them you get, perhaps, ten marked men—men like General Butler, or Sumner, or Calhoun, of marked ability; but the average are only third-rate men. Now take a hundred criminals—ten of them will be smart men; but take the remainder, and eighty of them are below the average, body and mind, who were, as Charles Lamb said, never brought up; they were dragged up. They never had any fair chance; they were starved in body and mind. It is like a chain—weak in one link—the moment temptation came, it went over. Now, so long as you hold two-thirds of this nation on a narrow, superficial line, you feed the criminal classes. Any man that wants to

grapple the labor question, must know you will secure a fair division of protection; no man can answer that question. I hail the labor movement for two reasons, and one is that it is my only hope for democracy. At the time of the anti-slavery agitation, I was not sure whether we should come out of the struggle with one republic or two, but republics I knew we should still be. I am not so confident, indeed, that we shall come out of this stormy republic, unless the labor movement succeeds. Take a power like the Pennsylvania Central Railroad and the New York Central road, and there is no legislative independence that can exist in its sight. As well expect a green vine to flourish in a dark cellar as to expect honesty to exist under the shadow of these upas trees. Unless there is power in your movements, industrially and politically, the last knell of democratic liberty in this Union is struck, for, as I said, there is no power in one State to resist such a power as the Pennsylvania road. We have thirty-eight one-house legislatures in this country, and we have got a man like Tom Scott, with \$350,000,000 in his hands, and if he walks through the States they have no power at all. Why he need not move at all. If he smokes as Grant does, a puff of the waste smoke out of his mouth upsets the legislature. Now there is nothing but the rallying of men against money that can contest with that power. Rally industrially, if you will, rally for eight hours, for a little division of profits, for co-operation; rally for such a banking power in the government as would give us money at 3 per cent.; only organize and stand together. (Applause.) Claim something together and at once; let the nation hear a united demand from the laboring voice, and then, when you have got that, go to another; but get a something. You will never have any business in this country so long as the government borrows money at 8 or 9 per cent.; you will never see the full development of this nation so long as the government stands in the market borrowing at its present high rate, or the banks and railroads at 10 per cent. I say, let the debts of the country be paid, abolish the banks, and let the government lend every Illinois farmer (if he wants it,) who is now borrowing money at 10 per cent., money on the half value of his land at 3 per cent. The same policy that gave a million acres to the Pacific Railroad because it was a great national effort, will allow of our lending Chicago twenty millions of money at 3 per cent., to rebuild it. (Applause.) From Boston to New Orleans, from Mobile to Rochester, from Baltimore to St. Louis, we have now but one purpose, and that is, having driven all other political questions out of the arena, having abolished not only slavery, but the negro inequality, so that an American lawyer cannot tell white from black, the only question left is labor—the relations of capital and labor. I think whether the present Republican party elects Grant or defeats him, it will go to pieces in the effort for it cannot live on shadow. The man who tried to make his horse eat shavings lost him just when he found out the trick, and the Republicans cannot live on the shavings of the past ten years. The night before Charles Sumner left Boston for Washington the last time, he said to me: "I have just one thing more to do for the negro, and that is to carry the Civil Rights Bill. After that is passed, I shall be at liberty to take up the question of labor." (Loud Applause.) And now one word in conclusion. If you do your duty, and by that I mean standing together and being true to each other, the next Presidential election after this you will decide. Every State election, after the coming one, you may decide if you please. I used to say to the negroes three years ago: "If a man ever remembers making a law that there is a difference between black and white, never forget him; let him make up his mind that it is an unpardonable sin. He may have done it by mistake; of course he was educated up to the point that in citizenship there is no black or white man or woman. Write on your banner, 'We never forget.'" So say I to you, if you want a power in this country, if you want to make yourselves felt, if you do not want to have your children to wait long years before they have the bread on the table they ought to have, the leisure in their lives such as they ought to have—if you don't want to wait yourselves, write on your banner, so that every political trimmer can read it, so that every politician, however short-sighted he may be, can read it, even though he live on the Gulf of Mexico, "We never forget! If you launch the arrow of sarcasm at labor, we never forget; if there is a division in Congress and you throw your vote in the wrong scale, we never forget. You may go down on your knees and say 'I am sorry I did the act, and we will say, 'It will avail you in heaven, but on this side of the grave, never.'" So that a man in taking up the labor question will know he is dealing with a hair-trigger pistol, and will say, "I am to be true to God, to justice, to humanity, and to man, otherwise I am a dead duck." (Laughter and applause.)

A young man, aged 15, named Rodgers, son of the Postmaster of Bloomingdale, has been suspected for some time of opening money letters in that office. A few days ago the usual trap was set for him by the Post Office Inspector, on Saturday a marked five dollar bill was found on him. He was immediately arrested and placed in the goal at Berlin. He acknowledges having abstracted \$58 from one letter.

R. M. WANZER & CO'S MEN.

Last evening the citizens were surprised at seeing a long procession of the employees of the above named firm marching along the principle streets. The cause, if we have been correctly informed, is as follows:—Yesterday the men prepared a memorial asking for an introduction of the nine hour system. Mr. Tarbox, the manager was at the Court Room, serving on the special jury in the case of "Juson vs. Reynolds," and consequently they had no opportunity to present their petition. During the afternoon word was sent to the factory to paste up notices that the services of the men would not be required till further notice. On seeing these the men turned out to the number of some hundreds and had their march. Many of the citizens were entirely unable to account for the affair, and various whispers of "strike," "lock-out," "riot," etc., were rife. The men walked quietly and without any other demonstration except cheers when passing the Standard office. It is said that during the suspension of the works Messrs. Wanzer & Co., intend to take stock and make some extensive improvements. The buildings are to be refitted and some new machinery added, among the rest two new engines of 50 horse power each.

FOREIGN.

LONDON, May 11.—The Post of this morning confirms the rumour which was current yesterday to the effect that the negotiations between the United States and England relative to the indirect claims had been broken off, and states positively that the British Government has withdrawn from the arbitration as provided for under the Treaty of Washington.

LONDON, May 13.—Most of the sailors who struck work at Southampton have resumed work, and the strike there is now thought to be over.

PARIS, May 11.—The Commission on capitulation declares that it finds itself incompetent to adjudicate upon the question of the capitulation of Paris. The commission, however, thinks great responsibility for the surrender of the city rests upon Jules Favre, Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Government of National Defence, and exculpates Gens. Trochu and Vinoy from all blame in the matter.

PARIS, May 12.—Gambetta replying to an address from a deputation of Alsations, said France must not speak of revenge. He advised them to adopt patience and tenacity as the watchwords for the future. True to a policy of which these are the key notes, France would obtain satisfaction without resorting to the sword.

The annual budget has been made public. The expenditures of the past fiscal year were 662,000,000 peztas, and the receipts 548,000,000. The budget proposes to levy a tax of ten per cent. on railway fares. The tax on the interest of the International debt is retained. Legacies are also taxed, and the tax on landed property is also increased ten per cent. The budget for the maintenance of the clergy is continued substantially without change.

MADRID, May 11.—The royal decree is published, granting full pardon to the Havana Students who were convicted for violating the grave of Gonzales Castanon in a cemetery near that city, and sentenced to chain-gang.

MADRID, May 11.—The government officially announces, that the Carlists in large numbers are surrendering to the loyal forces, and that the insurrection is over.

A special states that the downfall of Sagasta's Ministry is imminent, his reactionary tendencies are making him unpopular, and strong influence is working with the King for his removal. Serrano, after suppressing the Carlist revolt, probably will succeed Sagasta.

MADRID, May 12.—The Carlists continue to give in their submissions to government. Marshal Serrano will have the greater portion of forces under his command, concentrated in the Province of Biscay to-morrow.

MADRID, May 13.—The Government asks the Cortes for power to raise 40,000 fresh troops.

The Mount Forest Confederate says an Indian who had been drinking at a tavern in the vicinity of Flesherton last week, was struck on the back of the head with a poker and soon after getting back to his wigwam he died.

The annual meeting of the Most Worshipful the Grand Orange Lodge of British America, will meet in the city of Montreal on the third Tuesday of May (21st May,) instead of the third Tuesday in June, for the transaction of business. This change in the time of meeting has been made in consequence of the Volunteers being called out for duty in the latter part of the month of June.