

The freeman's speech is sedition, and the patriot's deed a crime.

Wherever the race, the law, the land—whatever the time, or throne,

The tory is always a traitor to every class but his own.

Thank God for a land where pride is clipped, where arrogance stalks apart; Where law and song and loathing of wrong are words of the common heart:

Where the masses honor straightforward strength, and know, when veins are bled,

That the bluest blood is putrid blood—that the people's blood is red!

THE FRANCHISE IN NEW ZEALAND.

A marked innovation was the granting of the franchise to the natives. They are called Maoris, and number about 50,000 pure bloods. About 200 Maori wives have English husbands. The physiognomy, stalwart physiques, and forms as stately as our original Sioux Indians indicate their ancient Aryan origin, necessarily modified by travels and migrations among the Malays and Indo-nesion isles. Their traditions tell of reaching New Zealand in a fleet of canoes. The learned trace Semitic and Aryan words in their dialects. They practice circumcision, and their government was patriarchal. The English, seeing their possibilities, and thinking it wiser to teach them than to kill them, to filch their lands or gold fields, took extra pains to educate them. Very many of them are now land-holders, and all are voters. Four of these Maoris are now in parliament, and one, an excellent speaker, is in the ministry. When will America so educate her Indian tribes as to elect a Red Jacket or an Osceola to a seat in congress—or permit an Elizabeth Cady Stanton to honor our senate?—J. M. Peebles, A. M., Ph. D., in the April Arena.

AN EARLY TRADES UNION AND ITS FATE.

An extract from a private diary kept by an intelligent and scholarly young carpenter living in New England and New York during the years from Sept., 1820, to May, 1827. The incidents of the portion we give herewith took place in Boston in April, 1825. Copy made from MS. in the office of The Public.

April 12 [1825]. This evening I was placed in [a] situation rather more delicate as regarded public affairs than any in which I had ever been placed. The causes that led to it were the following: Several of the most respectable journeymen Carpenters having frequently discussed upon the impropriety of working so many hours during the longest days in summer, for a day's work, and on the necessity and expediency of limiting the number of

hours for a day's work, thereby reducing it to a regular system whereby every mechanic might be enabled to work the exact specified time for his employer, and yet have some leisure time to regulate and make such arrangements in his affairs (especially if he has a family) as are indispensably necessary. The first step taken to effect this was notice given in the public papers that a meeting of the journeymen carpenters would be holden at Concert Hall, Wednesday, the 12th of April, and solicited punctual attendance. This notice was given about ten days previous to the proposed meeting. Five or six days before s'd meeting about sixty or seventy of the above named met to consult what measures to adopt at the general meeting, and make such arrangements for the same as might be thought proper. The business done at this amounted simply to the choice of six men chosen as a committee to make some arrangements for next meeting. The day previous to the meeting it [was] proposed by them to nominate me to the chair, not because they supposed me to possess superior abilities for executing the duties of this office, but because they supposed me influenced by an unusual degree of independence, and this idea arose probably from a careless indifference manifested towards those who professed a superiority over me. It was upon the same consideration I consented to accept of the appointment. Our meeting consisted of about eight hundred, principally journeymen Carpenters. Several animated addresses and speeches were given, which seemed to instill into every mind a spirit of unity, of independence, and of utter abhorrence to their present mode of despotic servitude. About five hundred of the then present became obligated to support the object that called us together, viz., to regulate and establish a day's work to ten hours. The above mentioned obligation embraced no more than the pledge of honour from man to man, manifested by subscribing their several names to an instrument stating our resolutions and our reasons therefor. The master carpenters, learning our proceedings, took the earliest measures to counteract them, and (as the subject pains my feelings) let me say in a few words, they succeeded. Not altogether, however, through their own sagacity, but by the bribed, the scandalous, perjured, traitorous conduct of some on whom we placed implicit confidence. The conduct of these, together with the insinuations and threats of those in

whose employment they had been engaged, induced others to abandon as hopeless the system for which they had earnestly contended. One fainted, one after another, till our fabrick fell! There may it lie. May the attempt to rear it again never be made but by such hands as are determined to see it either completed, or redemolished by fair and honourable endeavours of a contending foe. May it never again be polluted by those traitorous hands who were first to desert it.

INDIRECT TAXATION.

For The Public.

Mr. Van Rensselaer Knickerbocker, a careless, but close-fisted bachelor, long furnished a subject of contention for two neighboring boarding house keepers, whom he patronized alternately. Mrs. Jefferson enjoyed his favor for several years, when suddenly he left her in a huff and went to board with her rival, Mrs. Hamilton. This was more than Mrs. Jefferson could stand, and she employed all her blandishments, besides holding out the inducement of a reduction in board, to secure his return, in which she was successful for a brief period. Mrs. Hamilton then reduced her rates further, and broadly hinted that for the pleasure of waiting upon so fine a gentleman, she would board him for nothing. Of course Mrs. Jefferson could not meet this "cut," and kept on wondering how her rival could not only support Mr. Knickerbocker, but could continue to decorate herself with gay-er costumes as the days wore on, especially as he was almost her only boarder.

But for Mr. Knickerbocker's stinginess and irreproachable moral character, Mrs. Jefferson would have been justified in entertaining the worst suspicions. Unable any longer to contain her curiosity, she waited on her neighbor, and the following colloquy ensued, after the customary greetings:

"Well, Mrs. Hamilton, you have practically made your own of Mr. Knickerbocker."

"Yes, Mrs. Jefferson, and proud of it, I am."

"If it wouldn't be presuming, might I ask what are you charging him for board now?"

"Why, certainly, Mrs. Jefferson, I am only too glad to tell you. I have to charge him a dollar and a half a week now, but I hope inside of six months I can dispense with all charges and board him free."

"Well, well, Mrs. Hamilton, you surprise me. How do you do it? Board a

man for nothing! And especially 'as rich a man as he is! Now if he were a poor man there might be some—"

"Oh, if he were a poor man, I couldn't afford it. He has a number of extravagant habits, and I don't propose to keep him for a lot of tradesmen to grow rich in plundering him. I make them divide with me, or they don't get to see him. The man who is the most liberal with me gets admission when Mr. Knickerbocker is in good humor, and gets warned when he is cranky. His wines, his cigars, his books, his clothes, everything that he uses, costs him more than it used to, but he does not notice the fact. In the early days of his stay with me, I was reduced to such desperate straits to keep him that I went into his room when he was asleep and got as much money as I wanted out of his clothes. Another time—"

"But, my dear Mrs. Hamilton, do you think this is honest?"

"At this question Mrs. Hamilton grew visibly angry.

"What do you think I am running—a Sunday school for my health, or a boarding house for profit? If Knickerbocker hasn't sense enough to know that he can't be supported for nothing, or has such a lot of vanity that he thinks I am doing it because I am stuck on him, it's not my affair. Even if you went and told him all I have told you he wouldn't believe you; he would attribute it to jealousy. The best advice I can give you is to get into some 'get-rich-quick' scheme, for you won't get your old boarder again. The older he gets the more conceited he grows over the thought that it costs him nothing to live and he has broadly hinted that he will make me his residuary legatee. Last Sunday at church the minister read from the Bible about 'the children of darkness being wiser in their generation than the children of light,' and I thought it was the wisest thing I had heard out of the good book in a long time. It is much more to the point than talking about not setting the net in sight of the bird. Why, now-a-days the birds feel so flattered at your wanting to catch them that you need no nets at all. Well, I am sorry you have to go. Anything more you want to inquire about? Yes, I will probably try for some more boarders on my indirect taxation plan, as my son calls it. What! they'll find me out! Yes, ma'am, they may, but they will be so much ashamed of having been taken in they won't tell anyone of it."

JOHN J. MURPHY.

CHILD LABOR.

A contribution written by Louis F. Post, editor of *The Public*, for the American Federationist for May, the organ of the American Federation of Labor. Published here by special permission of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor.

One need not be familiar with the appalling details to have his wrath excited against what is known as child labor. All he need do is to imagine his own or a neighbor's child wearing its life away in the dust and racket of a coal breaker or the ceaseless din of a factory. Let his imagination seize upon the image of a real child, not the mere abstract idea which we spell c-h-i-l-d, but a little boy or girl with whom he is personally acquainted, whose features he recognizes in his mind's eye, and whose name he recalls with affectionate emotions—let him associate that image with a perpetual round of nerve-racking drudgery, and his education against child labor will be instantly complete.

No sane man or woman could bear the thought of turning their own baby friends into factory machines, no matter how proud they might be of the resulting commercial "prosperity." At such a cost commercial "prosperity" is all too dear. But what difference does it make if the immolated children happen to be some one else's instead of ours? They are nevertheless as human, and their suffering is as great as the suffering of our own would be.

Moreover, our civilization is to be tested in this respect not by the care that well-to-do parents give their children, but by its child life as a whole; and by that test how terrible is the indictment against it! No wonder the horrors of Moloch, the child-consuming god of the ancients, and of Ganges, the child-engulfing river of the Hindus, are recalled to illustrate the child-devouring "prosperity" of our own civilized time and Christian country.

Child labor is child sacrifice. No heathen rites, however wretched or cruel, for the pacification of vindictive gods, can be much more revolting to a reflecting mind than the destruction of the innocents for the profit of commercial promoters in this Christian land. Let me not be understood as opposing labor by children. Children are benefited by laboring. Every child, from the time it begins to play intelligently, should have responsible labors to perform. That is the natural way of develop-

ing physical skill and moral sensibility. But child labor, as the term is used, does not describe the wholesome normal tasks of childhood. It describes instead the drudgery of a monotonous toil which stunts the body and compresses the mind, which fatigues beyond endurance and degrades without compunction while it kills without mercy.

There should be no question about dealing instantly with such an outrage upon the children of our time and country. Even paternal laws, such as repressive acts against child labor undoubtedly are, may be tolerated as a temporary expedient for the sake of children whose rights are momentarily in deadly peril.

True, it is to be borne in mind at all times that the child labor iniquity is a natural result of an iniquitous institution more fundamental. If heaven were monopolized, there would be child labor or something oppressive quite akin to it in heaven itself; and it is unavoidable on earth so long as the earth is monopolized. Child labor is an evil without roots of its own. It is simply one of the manifestations of that social and industrial life which has its roots in land monopoly. This fundamental wrong would manifest itself in other ways if child labor were effectively prohibited. A fundamental social wrong is like migratory rheumatism. If by local treatment you subdue its manifestations in one place, you hardly have time to realize the relief before you are aware of them in another place. The only remedy for such industrial evils as child labor must be radical. It must be one that goes to the root. It must not merely allay, it must eradicate. And the root whence all such evils as child labor draw their sustenance is land monopoly. Abolish land monopoly and you abolish child labor, and only so. For, after all, it is the pressing needs of disinherited and impoverished parents, rather than the greed of factory owners, that make child labor possible. Where is the well-to-do family from which a single child has ever been dragged by capitalistic greed into factory service? Restore to parents full freedom to raise themselves above want and fear of want, and you can better trust the parental instinct than the instinct of a State official, to protect the rights of children.

But with the potency of the parental instinct checked by an institution the destructive nature of which