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HORACE GREELEY, a notable American journalist and politician, author of "The American Conflict" (1864-66), a history of the Civil War, was born at Amherst, N. H., Feb. 3, 1811, and died in Westchester Co., N. Y., Nov. 29, 1872. His education was only that furnished by a common school in his native State, from which he passed to enter a printing office in Vermont. His parents removing to near Erie, Pa., he accompanied them thither, after which, about the year 1831, he worked as a journeyman printer at New York, and there, after some experiments in journalism, he founded "The Log Cabin," a campaign paper issued periodically, and which was of service in the election of W. H. Harrison to the Presidency. This and another venture, "The New Yorker," were merged in the present great Republican daily, "The New York Tribune," the first issue of which appeared April 10, 1841. Its politics were at first Whig, then anti-slavery Whig, an advocate of "temperance, coöperation, a protective tariff, the abolition of slavery, and capital punishment." Though the new undertaking, in time, came to be prosperous as well as influential, it was still the day of small things in a pecuniary sense to Mr. Greeley. He was, however, of thrifty habits, as well as an indefatigable worker, and the "Tribune," in his hands, and with the friends he was able to associate with him, was ere long put upon a strong financial footing and became a potent leader of public opinion. In 1848-49 he sat for a few months in Congress, and in 1851 and again in 1855 paid visits to Europe, of which he published subsequently some record of, in "Glances at Europe," a collection of his characteristic letters to his journal. In the National Republican Convention of 1860, he sought to avert the impending Civil War; but when it broke out, he vigorously urged its prosecution, though in 1864 he sought to effect a reconciliation between the contending sections of the country, and at the close of the struggle he pled warmly for a general amnesty. He moreover deemed the imprisonment of Jefferson Davis a mistake and even came forward with bail for his release. In 1872, he was a candidate for the Presidency, but was beaten by General Grant, who secured a second term of office. Beside his gifts as an able journalist, Greeley was a popular speaker, and shone on the platform at agricultural fair gatherings and such like occasions. He had much good common sense, considerable humor, and a few characteristic eccentricities; he had moreover a manifest liking for journalistic controversy. His abolitionism, and a desire to be helpful to humanity, in whatever way he could serve his fellowmen, together with his advocacy of protection to native manufactures and the encouragement he sought to give to the farmer, commended him to masses of his countrymen, who still honor and respect his memory. His journalistic writings was a model of terse, strong, Saxon English. His widely circulated journal, a critic has remarked, contains "good specimens of acute wit, critical reasoning, solid argument, brilliant invective, profound philosophy, beautiful poetry, and moving eloquence, mixed with the opposites of these. . . . With a shrewd, clear intellect, an astonishingly vigorous style, and a heart easily wrought up to that degree of passion necessary to the best kind of writing," it has been further said

of him, "that he feared not the quill of any living man." Besides the works mentioned, he also wrote "What I Know of Farming," "Essays in Political Economy," "History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction in the United States," "Overland Journey to San Francisco," and "Recollections of a Busy Life." His life was written by the late James Parton.

ON THE UNION OF WORKERS

[Address delivered to the organized journeymen printers of New York at their celebration of the birthday of Benjamin Franklin, January 17, 1850.]

THE ancient Egyptians had a custom of seating at their feasts the robed skeleton of some departed friend, whose stern silence contrasted strikingly with the mirth and hilarity of his living companions.

I believe scholars are not agreed as to the purpose and meaning of this strange custom—whether the rigid, silent guests were intended to say to the festal throng, "Enjoy and revel while you may, for time flies, man perishes; in a few years all is dust, is nothing; therefore, make haste to quaff the wine while it sparkles, to seize pleasure while the capacity of enjoyment remains to you;" or rather to impress the opposite sentiment—"Life is short; life is earnest; stupendous consequences hang suspended on your use or abuse of the speck of time allotted you; therefore, be temperate in your indulgence, moderate in your festive mirth, and, seeing in what I am what you soon must be, consider and beware!"

I shall not, of course, pretend to decide this grave question, though I shall assume for the occasion that the latter is the true rendering; and, in accordance with the elemental idea, I venture to assume among you to-night the functions of the Egyptians' silent monitor, and while others stir you with lofty eloquence or charm you with dulcet flatteries, with pic-

tures of the grand achievements of our art in the past, and its brilliant prospects for the future, I shall speak to you frankly of our deficiencies, our failings, and the urgent demands upon us for new and more arduous exertions in yet unrecognized fields of duty.

It is now some four centuries since the discovery or invention of our art, fully three since our continent began to be the home of civilized men, and more than two since the Pilgrim fugitives first landed on Plymouth Rock. Since that landing, and even within the last century, what amazing strides have been made in the diffusion of knowledge and the perfection of the implements and processes of industry; in the efficiency of human labor and the facilitation of intercourse between country and country, clime and clime! The steam-engine, the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, the canal, steam-ship, power-press, railroad and lightning telegraph,—these, in their present perfection and efficiency, are a few of the trophies of human genius and labor within even the last century.

But while labor has thus doubled and quadrupled its own efficacy in the production of whatever is needful to the physical sustenance, intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of man, I do not find that there has been a corresponding melioration in the condition of the laborer. That there has been some improvement I do not deny; but has it been at all commensurate with the general progress of our race in whatever pertains to physical convenience or comfort?

I think not; and I could not help pondering this matter even while our orator's silvery tones were delighting our ears with poetical descriptions of the wonders which science and invention have achieved and are achieving. I could not help

considering that, while labor builds far more sumptuous mansions in our day than of old, furnishing them far more gorgeously and luxuriously, the laborer who builds those mansions lives oftenest in a squalid lodging, than which the builders of palaces in the fifteenth century can hardly have dwelt in more wretched; and that while the demands for labor, the uses of labor, the efficiency of labor, are multiplied and extended on every side by the rush of invention and the growth of luxury around us, yet in this middle of the nineteenth century (call it the last year of the first half or the first year of the last half, as you please), labor is a drug in the market; that the temperate, efficient, upright worker often finds the comfortable maintenance and proper education of his children beyond his ability; and that, in this thriving commercial emporium of the New World, this trophy and pride of Christian civilization, there are at this day not less than forty thousand human beings anxious to earn the bread of honest industry but vainly seeking, and painfully, despairingly awaiting opportunity for so doing.

This last is the feature of our condition which seems to me most important and commanding, and it is to this, on occasions like the present, and in listening to such orations as that which has just delighted us, that my thoughts are irresistibly turned.

What can be the reason of this? Why is it that these forty thousand strong-handed, willing workers stand here thus fixed, enchained, in loathed, despairing idleness? Why are they compelled to wear out our pavements in hurrying hither and thither in anxious, heart-sick quest of something to do,—with downcast looks and trembling voice beseeching some fellow man to give them leave to labor for their bread?

I trust no one here gives any heed to the mumbling of self-

styled political economists about "over-production" and the kindred phrases with which counsel is darkened. "Over-production"—of what? Where? Can there be over-production of food, when so many, even in our midst, are suffering the pangs of famine? "Over-production" of clothing and fabrics, while our streets swarm with men, women and children who are not half clad, and who shiver through the night beneath the clothing they have worn by day? "Over-production" of dwellings, when not half the families of our city have adequate and comfortable habitations, not to speak of that large class whose lodgings are utterly incompatible with decency and morality?

No, friends! there is no "over-production," save of articles pernicious and poisonous, like alcoholic liquors, lewd books, implements of gaming, etc.

Of whatever conduces to human sustenance, comfort or true education, there is not and never has been too much produced, although, owing to imperfect and vicious arrangements for distribution, there may often be a glut in the warehouses of trade, while thousands greatly need and would gladly purchase if they could.

What the world eminently requires is some wise adjustment, some remodelling of the social machinery diminishing its friction, whereby every person willing to work shall assuredly have work to do, and the just reward of that work in the articles most essential to his sustenance and comfort.

It may be that there is indeed a surplus of that particular product which some man's labor could most skilfully or rapidly produce,—pianos, watches, or gauzes, for example—and therefore it may be advisable to intermit for a season the production of these, yet the skill, the faculty, the muscular energy not required in that particular department of

production might nevertheless be made available, even though in a subordinate degree, in the fabrication of some kindred product for which there is a demand among the general mass of consumers.

I maintain, then, that in our day no man should be compelled to stand idle or wander vainly in search of employment, even though that particular calling for which he is best fitted has now no place for him, but that the palpable self-interest of the community should prescribe the creation of some social providence expressly to take care that no man, woman or child shall ever stand uselessly idle when willing and anxious to work.

Even the most injudicious application of the labor now wasted through lack of opportunity could not fail to increase the national wealth to the extent of millions on millions per annum, while its effect on the condition of the laboring class, in preserving them from temptation, dissipation and crime, would be incalculably beneficent.

Now what I stand here to complain of is the indifference and inattention of the laboring mass, and especially of those entitled to a leading position in it, like the printers, to the discussion of a truth so grand and so fruitful as the right to labor. It is more discussed, more pondered, to-day, by merchants, capitalists, scholars, and men who are called aristocrats, than by the mass of those who earn their living by the sweat of the face.

It is now eighteen years since I came to this city a journeyman printer, during which years I have been intimately connected with our craft in one capacity or another, and yet I have never heard of a meeting of printers to consider and discuss the rights generally of labor, the causes of its depression, the means of its advancement.

During these eighteen years there have been hard times and good times, so called; seasons of activity and seasons of depression—in the course of which the country has been “saved”—I forget how often—our city has doubled in population and more than doubled in wealth, and yet the laboring class as a class is just where it was when I came here, or, if anything, in a worse condition, as the increased valuation of property has caused advance in rents and in some other necessaries of life. Individuals have risen out of the laboring class, becoming buyers of labor and sellers of its products, and grown rich thereby; but the condition of the laboring class, as such, has not improved, and I think is less favorable than it was twenty years ago.

Why should it not investigate, determine and develop the causes of this? Why not consider the practicability of securing work and homes to all willing to work for them? Can we imagine that improvement is to come without effort or even inquiry? Is it the order of nature or of providence that it should? Do blessings come to other classes without foresight or calculation? I have heard complaints that machinery and invention do not work for the laboring class, but rather against them.

Concede the assumption, and is not the inquiry a fair one, What has the laboring class ever done to make machinery work in its favor? When has it planned, or sought, or calculated, to render machinery its ally and aid rather than its enemy and oppressor?

I am here to-night to tell you that you, and our trade and the laboring class of our city have been glaringly unfaithful in this respect to yourselves, your posterity, and your race, and that the workers of Paris, for example, are in advance of their brethren here in knowledge of and devotion to the

interests and rights of labor. And I am here, not to find fault merely, but to exhort you to awake from your apathy and heed the summons of duty.

I stand here, friends, to urge that a new leaf be now turned over, that the laboring class, instead of idly and blindly waiting for better circumstances and better times, shall begin at once to consider and discuss the means of controlling circumstances and commanding times, by study, calculation, foresight, union. We have heard to-night of a union of printers and a printers' library, for which latter one generous donation has been proffered.

I have little faith in giving, as a remedy for the woes of mankind, and not much of any effort for the elevation or improvement of any one section of producers of wealth in our city. What I would suggest would be the union and organization of all workers for their mutual improvement and benefit, leading to the erection of a spacious edifice at some central point in our city to form a Laborers' Exchange, just as commerce now has its exchange, very properly.

Let the new exchange be erected and owned as a joint-stock property, paying a fair dividend to those whose money erected it; let it contain the best spacious hall for general meetings to be found in our city, with smaller lecture-rooms for the meetings of particular sections or callings — all to be leased or rented at fair prices to all who may choose to hire them, when not needed for the primary purpose of discussing and advancing the interests of labor.

Let us have here books opened, wherein any one wanting work may inscribe his name, residence, capacities and terms, while any one wishing to hire may do likewise, as well as meet personally those seeking employment. These are but hints toward a few of the uses which such a labor exchange

might subserve, while its reading-room and library, easily formed and replenished, should be opened freely and gladly to all. Such an edifice, rightly planned and constructed, might become, and I confidently hope would become, a most important instrumentality in the great work of advancing the laboring class in comfort, intelligence and independence. I trust we need not long await its erection.