

Elmira Daily Bazar

The OFFICIAL ORGAN of the Workingmen of Elmira and Chemung County,

PUBLISHED EVERY NOON BY

E. C. GEORGE & CO.,
136 EAST WATER ST.

TERMS:—Single Copy, One Cent. Single Copy one month delivered by carrier, or by mail, 25 Cents.

Monday, Sept. 17, 1877.

There is no working class in this country in the sense that there is in European countries—a class of people condemned to hopeless and ill-requited toil in circumstances out of which it is impossible that they ever shall be lifted, or shall raise themselves, a class against which discriminations are made by the constitution of the government and by its legislation in favor of other classes. The social material out of which grow a standing danger and menace in other countries is not found in this country. There is, therefore, no probability that the laboring class will rise in its wrath, and in its blind and ill-regulated might demand that certain monstrous, absurd and impracticable things be done. During the strike riots there were no stronger conservators of peace and order than members of the laboring class; and the members of that class would be among the foremost voters to vote into ridicule the preposterous schemes by which dreamers and lunatics fancy that a rough and hard working world is to be changed into a lazy paradise.

The London Spectator affects to believe that because the workingmen are influential in politics there will be trouble, while the truth is that it is because the workingmen are influential in politics that there will be no trouble. Where they have nothing to say about affairs it is not surprising that they conceive wild and impracticable notions of the management of affairs. In this country they have something to say about affairs, they are educated, their very participation in politics is an education; and therefore they will give their votes to practical, reasonable measures. The workingmen here are known as voters of shrewd common sense. Of course, where political discussion is free and suffrage is universal, absurd doctrines will find a place in party platforms, and the demagogue will ply his industry with more or less energy; but such doctrines never stand before popular intelligence, and the demagogue sooner or later incurs the contempt of the very class to which he appeals.

It is true enough that just now the country is suffering from industrial and commercial depression in common with all Europe: but this depression is well understood to be a temporary distress which patience, energy and a wise public policy will relieve: and already experienced eyes see signs of substantial recovery. On the other hand the prosperity of the Union, as a whole, throughout its existence, is not only admitted but is the wonder of the world. Even when affairs were at their worst, visitors from other countries were furnished at the Philadelphia Exhibition with abundant proof of the capacity of the United States to compete with any nation whatever in all things which go to make up a great commercial and industrial success.

Texas is so anxious to secure emigration that she is virtually giving away her public lands. The head of a family can get one hundred and sixty acres for the expense of the survey and patent, which are altogether about \$15.

Laboring men, out of employment, are turning their attention more and more towards the rare opening in the South. There are thousands of acres of unoccupied lands in the lately rebellious States, with rich forests, productive mines, fertile soil, flowing springs, and superior opportunities to secure comfortable homes with only a small sum of ready cash.

“Our Pharisaism” says the Independent, “may not be as bad as that in Christ’s time, but it is the same in nature, and is to be dealt with in the same way.” Christ called Pharisees “hypocrites and vipers.”

The men who seek to disguise themselves under a laborer’s garb that they may serve their own selfish purposes, constitute a very mean class of hypocrites,” but fortunately they are easily detected. They always want “place” for themselves or their friends, and all they want of laboring men is their votes.

“Why don’t I go into the country?” said the tramp, gazing with scorn at his heartless interrogator—“why, ain’t it harvest time? Them farmers are just mean small-souled enough to ax a man to work for his victuals. Do you suppose I want to have the back of my neck all blistered up, and my hands stuck full of thistles and like as not get mashed in a threshing machine? And besides, I never could eat fried pork and hot biscuits all the time. It ain’t healthy.”