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crowd back. There are a million ways to success—rather a million successes to be reached—from that of the housemaid who puts knives in order to the man whose genius girdles the earth with wire and makes the god of lightning his errand boy! From the young wife who labors to make her home attractive and shelter therein her earnest, manly, intelligent husband, to the student of humanity who from the people draws lessons and learns of their wants till he is able to weave a panoply for their protection.

We must study ourselves first, others afterwards if we wish to succeed; we worship more at the shrine of success than at the shrine of religion. Slowly but surely Columbus gained on that long voyage—neared the new world and gave us the home we now have; but which to-day would be but a wilderness, only for the work of heart and brain which has so added wealth and given greatness to our nation. Little by little the work progressed upon the ark built by Noah until it reached that perfection necessary to the salvation of a drowning world;—little by little, step by step,—but always in advance, Moses led the children of Israel through the depths of the Red Sea until they emerged upon *terra firma* and effected their salvation. Let us see what made of America a success. Not the people-robbing, labor-taxing tyrants, who, with crowns and titles self-given, counted their vassals in the morn, and their profits at even, and who spent their nights in revelry and drunkenness; the ones who locked their treasures in iron-bound chests and their hearts in casings of selfishness. Not the ones who believed in the so-called "Divine Right of Kings" to rob, to plunder, to devastate and give royal titles to themselves. Not the ones who sat on the distant shore and prophesied the failure of those who in the olden time went forth, as does the word of God, to plant truths, ideas, colonies and Liberty under the shadows of a western sun. Not the ones who knelt at court and "crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning," as it does political loyalty to one party or the other with us degenerated sons of heaven-directed patriots. Who, then, made America a success? Who are the monarchs of our land? The workingmen of the nation; the brave, death-facing patriots of the Revolution; the grand, old Pilgrim Fathers, who clasped their Bibles to their breasts, bared their heads to the storm, stood amid danger like men of marble, clinging to their faith and standing in earnest fealty to their self-allotted work till the

Grand old aisles of the forest Rang with the anthems of the free. The brave men who had the pluck to dare—the will to persevere—the faith to work—and thus the power to accomplish. Not all at once did the country bud and blossom till it became a land of homes. Not in an hour, a day, or a year, did work gain the victory; but at last, at last, AT LAST, it triumphed, and the stars of God are hardly more numerous than the homes of the earnest workingmen in this, our well-beloved land. The wilderness yesterday—the garden now. The long tramp through forests and along Indian trails then; the rushing from ocean to ocean in palace cars now. And how came this success? By work! not alone of the rich but of the poor, for the handiwork of every man is imprinted on the nation's record and title to success—the work of those who were and are laborers, planners, thinkers—of those who arose early in the morning and dared the trials of the day with brave hearts, willing arms and most heroic faith.

Do you ever sneer at labor? Do you ever insult him who was, and is, and will ever be the great worker?

Let me tell you that the time is coming when you will cease to sneer at the honest laborer who supplies you with the elements of your prosperity; the time is near at hand when the laboring men, the men of nerve and sinew, the honest and industrious toiler shall rule America. (Applause.) Just here let me say a word or two, (and throwing aside his manuscript, he spoke more earnestly and forcibly) when I was a young man I desired to gain a position and standing in the world, I wished to own houses and lands, good clothes and trunks to put them in (this was before the days of carpet-bags. (Applause.) There were many young men of my acquaintance who were very good fellows, happy-go-lucky fellows, who went to work regularly on Monday morning and worked steadily and faithfully, all the week, and then spent the whole of it in gambling, drinking,

bowling alleys, etc., until on the ensuing Monday morning they had not a cent to bless themselves with. I watched these young men—they went on from one thing to another until some of them brought up in the poorhouse, some in the state prison, while some of the more hardened were sent to Congress. (applause.) When I was a boy my parents were Presbyterians of the strictest school, and we boys used to have to attend meeting regularly, winter and summer, rain or shine, three times a day, for about two hours and three-quarters at each sitting, until the benches got so tired that they did not get fully rested for a week after. Our minister was a very good old man, his hair was whiter than the driven snow, he had preached there in that same church for 60 or 70 or 80 years, the oldest inhabitant could not tell when he commenced; it was reported that when the first settler came they found him there, and built the church up around him. I don't know whether this was so or not; but I can assure you, he was a very good man. I don't think I shall ever listen to another like him; and I don't care if I never do. (laughter.)

Here Mr. Pomeroy gave a sample of the style of the old minister's delivery in the pulpit, as follows: "I find [in a drawling tone] a notice on the desk for a meeting in the vestry at six o'clock this evening; the object of this meeting is to raise the salary of the pastor; I would take occasion to here remark that the salary for the last six months has not been paid up. It behoves us to look after the temporal wants of our pastor while he administers to our spiritual wants. I shall take for my text the passage which will be found (we think it was) Leviticus 18, 18. 'The laborer is worthy of his hire.' You must believe or you will not be saved; there is no hurry; there is an eternity before us; but you must begin either this hour or the next, either to-day or to-morrow, this month or next month, this year or next year, or you will not be saved, but will lose your salvation and go down below." During this harangue, which we sat under regularly three times a day, most of the congregation slept most peacefully.

But just about this time there came along a young Methodist minister, a regular rantankerous customer, he said he had been sent to preach in that settlement and raise up a church, and he meant to do it. If he could not succeed in a week or a month, he should preach there a year or until he was successful. He wanted the use of the school house every evening. The trustees consulted among themselves; the preaching could not harm any one—it never had hurt anybody, (laughter) so he got it and commenced preaching in it whether any was present or not. He spoke very loudly so that the neighbors up and down the creek for a mile were disturbed by him—they could not see the necessity for such loud talking—they were not accustomed to it; finally, they began to drop in to hear what all the noise was about, until his house was crowded; and when they were all assembled he rather astonished them by the force of his language, he called them sheep stealers, rascals, thieves, swindlers who sanded their sugar, watered their codfish, etc., and preached so forcibly that he made them believe it. (Laughter.) He raised up a church there whose spire towers above all the rest, and was a striking example to me of the power of perseverance. This instance of success induced me to take a stand and maintain it. I determined to become a printer and to own an office and control a paper, so that I might have the last word. I went to work for but \$20 a year, and was somewhat bashful—hadn't the cheek, I think they call it—that some people have, but I had a stiff upper lip, I always had plenty of lip, and I believed I should earn an office. At that time I could not furnish means to buy a press, nor even a Congressman, couldn't buy the President then, though I could come pretty near it now. (Hisses.) "Oh, don't hiss the President!" (Laughter.) After several rebuffs I went to an old gentleman who had once been a boy himself, and stated my case. I wanted an office to set up in the country. Said he "do you understand your business?" I told him that I understood printing thoroughly. "Do you chew tobacco?" No, sir. "Do you drink?" No, sir. "You can have an office, young man, you have a good record." He set up his office, run it successfully, and after a few months sold out advantageously, and having \$300 or \$400 on hand looked round for a good opening, wrote in different directions to find out where

there was a good opening. He eventually found one, but it was such a large opening that he went clear through it. He subsequently went west among the young pioneers—away from the old fossils with the moss clinging to their backs—where it was not a crime for a man to hold office before he is 40 years of age. He grew up with the country, established a paper and wrote his own thoughts independently—criticized a man because he thought he was wrong—approved because he thought he was right—if a man stole a sheep, whether a poor man or a rich one, he wrote him down a thief—where a man is determined to win he can win if he has the hardihood to be honest."

Passing on from men to measures, let us see how we can speak to arrest attention and give no offence. We love our party; but we love the people better. By the people we mean the armies of men who bare their arms and bend their backs to labor, the weary women who, all the land over, are wearing the delicate fabric of female life to shreds and premature old age by the pains of labor; not the ones who abridge a single liberty. We love the ones who have made our country great; the poor boys of the land who are walking the road we traveled years ago. We love the earnest workers of America more than all the party lines or traces ever adopted and wound about the lives or liberties of men by crafty knaves, cunning politicians, truckling demagogues, place-hunting idlers, and all those who would suck the life of the nation as the vampire does blood.

Who of the party leaders in the land dare stand more by the people than by the politicians? Who dare prune in the garden of legislation for the benefit of the sun-browned toilers in the field, who are more interested in sustaining life than learning the petty tricks of law-makers? Of those who make platforms, who dare look broadly, literally, progressively, to the millions of working people and demand as much for their benefit as for those who do no labor and boast their exemption for bearing burdens, other than that of time which bears with such weight on them? Who of all the brave men in America, dare demand the construction of a platform broad enough and far enough reaching into the future for all to stand upon? Not a platform carpeted with velvet and ornamented with attractions stolen from earnest workers everywhere—not a platform no larger than a platted burial ground in a country village, fenced in for the protection of noteshavers, bank-owners, money-lenders, interest-counters and great monopolies—but a platform broad, strong, liberal like the spirit of the age, reaching from ocean to ocean, easy to comprehend and made more to benefit honest worth than idle wealth—to advance the interest of the plow-holders, hay-cutters, cheese-makers, gold diggers and other workers.

We want a broad platform for 1872, and for all time to come; not a narrow, private-box, arm-chair arrangement for those who have come to be our masters; but one which will accommodate all. As the platform is broad, strong and easy of access, so will the majority of its builders be great.

We should have a platform recognizing men and women speaking all languages, (but the Chinese,) and adepts at the use of everything but the bayonet, and for this there should be no place on our platform if we would have it a success. We would have protection for every man who labors, and a prison for every thief, no matter whether he robbed us of our earnings, horses or liberties. (applause.)

We would have schools for every child in the land, white or black, native or foreign-born. We would have churches for those who would worship God, and pillories for the clerical scoundrels who incite people to strife and who would gain heaven by the sword rather than by prayer and a life of virtuous honesty. We would allow on our platform no idlers, robbers, tyrants; interferers with the rights of States or people; no land-stealers, bondholders, unnecessary tax-collectors or black law-makers, till, after due inquiry and further experiment, it were fully proven that the white race is not capable of self-government. We should have no standing army; but an improved State militia; no army of custom-house officers to eat what others earned; no men in high places to protect thieves and robbers, to interfere with the marching of processions (loud applause); no men working to set brother against brother, State against State; no exemption of any from a joint share in taxation; no closing of public places against any white man; no smothering of honest, ambitious, young inventors, teachers or law-makers, duly educated to progression, to make places for old fogies and venerable fossils still clinging to life because, perhaps, forgotten by the Creator. In youth, vigor, living manhood, earnest endeavor, pluck, concentrated determination and a disposition to dare is that great power to accomplish success. And where

can these elements be found? Not with those who are shivering with folded hands and mumbling jaws, trying to warm their toes in the ashes of the past; but in the live plucky, young men of America, in whom, through whom, by whom and from whom will be the success of the nation which ere long will eclipse all her past greatness. We see what our loved land now is, what enterprise and labor have done; what the people have done for themselves—and this is not the work of party but of the people. This is not the result of internal warring and striving, but the work of a union of hearts, hands and interests, which alone can make this a union of lakes, a union of lands, a union of hopes for our own loved Union forever. (applause.)

Mr. Pomeroy spoke earnestly, and secured the undivided attention of his audience.

NOTICE!

"CUT LIP JIM," and another Ute Indian brought into this city one brown mare, branded F L on the top of another brand illegible. One sorrel horse about 6 years old, white face, all four legs white, no brand visible, larlet mark on the left hind leg, also saddle marks on the back and collar marks on the neck. All these animals are about 15 hands high each. The Indians say they took them from other Indians who had stolen them.
JOHN ALLAN,
d1981 s w l e Poundkeeper.

TO THE WOOD-WORKERS

I WOULD SAY I AM NOW PREPARED to Gum, Hammer, Set, Sharpen, and Repair ALL KINDS OF SAWS On the Shortest Notice, Warranting Satisfaction.
HENRY B. SKIDMORE, Saw Smith, North side 1st South St., West of Townsend House.
N. B.—Reference to Henry Diston, Phil., Pa. w 22 tr

TO THE LADIES!

I SHALL TRAVEL IN PRESIDENT YOUNG'S COMPANY GOING NORTH, And stay in the Settlements with him. Any Lady wishing her Hair Cut and WISHING TO SELL IT, I will buy at the following rates, IN GREENBACKS:
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