Our Future Ballot.

For years under oppression, held responsible to laws an whose making they had no voice, compelled to give support to institutions which violated conscience, prevented from doing what in their own minds they believed to be right; no people had a more sensitive sacred regard for liberty than our forefathers who landed on the historic soil of Massachusetts.

The consecrated devotion that went up from these reverential souls challenges our admiration. I fancy I see more in it than religious piety. I cannot but think when that fervent puritanic prayer went up to heaven, the angel of liberty descended to earth and declared all men equal, in rights and privileges—sons and daughters.

To me it is an interesting picture a look back on the envied world at the dawning of the fifteenth century. Prade began to grow commensurate to its wealth till it burst the bonds of feudalism and the lords castle gave way to the merchant store-houses, the seas by the oceans blossomed with whitened sails.
Every minority of the various classes began to thrill and thrash with life and action for the angels Saxons made liberty begin to pulsate—what a glorious birth-day was that of our Republic.

In her infancy our country began her onward march with tigers and tigers that had grown rich and opulent. But with a magnificent aggregation of natural resources, that for their intrinsic value would have dimmed the luster of oriental splendor. The light freedom caught the attention of the liberty-lovers of the world. The merchant unlocked her rich reservoir of supply. "Vastness was her native element. It was so with the farmers fertile acres, it was so with the miners metals. It was so with her running rivers and her rolling prairies—Allied with the immense immensity are the diversified immeasurable resources. All as these has man free of action, free of thought and free in government carried to a wonderful development; & a height where she American stands alone! And when the nations of the earth are assembled at our great Columbian exposition
they will behold the
of mans wisdom and might ever rallied to-
gether. It amounts to a splendor that
can but dazzle and illuminate - a monu-
ment to a free people.
This then my classmate and my
future voter is our glorious heritage our
sacred trust, that each year presses with
greater dependence upon our shoulders for
support. The realization of the magnitude of
this bequest, confided to our care, bids
the true American to look well to its pre-
servation. The coming generation is the heir
apparent to questions in politics complex
in their nature and dependences in the
interest involved.

Our forefathers have bequeathed to us the
great problem of tariff and commercial restrictions.
Monometalism is a new question that
is pressing hard on the minds of the people.
Before we place the civic crown on the
honored brow of our next president, the
clash of majorities and minorities may have
settled it. It stands as a new era. Our
parties - it is east against the west.
Immigration has come before us in a
new light. Nor withstanding the assistance the foreigner has given us in speedily settling and developing our country, the debt we owe her for some of our best citizens — that rhyming mass of ignorance abounding in criminals, secret societies and anarchists in fortresses of evil, already the first terrible alarm has sounded in New Orleans.

The mighty interest involved between labor and capital. A question of vital importance to every government is still before us. A half-score years of thinking, agitating, legislating and deluging with unceasing how far capital can appreciate its dependent labor or to what extent a systematic boycott may destroy a man's business. This capital.

Monopoly, a giant monster whose power is limited only by its insatiable greed, operates with fear and obstruction of laws or statutes, from ocean to ocean. It stands as a dangerous centralization of power. If when ever it is wielded it is in opposition to the only just law, trade has ever had a demand to apply. The result of an old evil is now to be seen plainer and more serious than ever.
before. That constant flow of the best of either sex from the country to the city has left a poor class in the farming communities. It is a question of vital importance. It ought not to be distasteful or disgraceful for the graduate of a college to return to the farm—providing he could do it well.

Have we a race question? My friends: along the Mississippi & the Ohio, from third to the Atlantic, a boundary line once traced by fraternal blood is the margin line as a cloud that shades the relict and fairest domain of our country. Two races unlike, unequal, unsatisfied, where the interest of each is not the existence either is involved—this fair to be the darkest stain on the Anglo-Saxon, splendid victorious march.

Here then just dawning is the prophetic future—the age reason—the era of intellect. The gladiators & the calicums have given place to the intellectual giant of the school-house. The prize-fighter of the future is the man that can grapple with the great problems of government—& a splendid opportunity it is
A wider field of a grander work, than ever before tempted the inquisitive intellect of man. It calls for brains, for study, for thought. This is a splendid chance for the young man who is willing to give his country what he owes her - and honest talent.

I often hear men rail on politics: profoundly sorrowful for the lack of honesty, deep justice, and when I hear such a man talk, I want to tell him that the politics of to-day are what the people of this country make them. Our Constitution brought with it the greatest individual freedom ever foreseen in a system of government. It said "dem with the crafty gave every man a piece of the royal robe, but with that splendid gift came a corresponding responsibility. Of placed man as a moral being responsible for his actions, and it expected him to be true to his man.

There are men who spend their time on street corners and devote their attention between smokes and laughs: propounding theories of finance to relieve hard times, while their wives at home perform the operative department of labor.
If women's suffrage is to come, I hope it will come by the franchising of the street-corner politician and give the right to vote to these hard-working unfortunate women.

Says Geo. W. Curtis: Corrupt legislators are but the index to a corrupt public opinion. I honor and applaud the patriotic man, that fearlessly attacks that which he believes to be wrong—there is a moral qualification wanting in the coming man. It was a giant step in advance, when the people made the government, but greatest revolution is yet coming—when man puts the crown on his own head.—"the capacity of man to rule himself, is yet to be proven!"

Are there not changes in our laws to be made for the better? Are our political officers all that they might and should be? Is the management of prisons and asylums always economical and humane? Are taxes equally assessed, collectible, and they disbursed? Are our legislators wise and efficient—passing the best laws for the good of people or do they stand divided on the either side of a political fence held in dogged sincerity & imaginary
party lines while an opportunity for good legislation is lost.

Are our cities wisely or economically governed? If I be not mistaken, the phenomenal growth of our cities has brought a new question of government. Our last census report shows the startling fact that 53% of New York and 91% of Chicago are foreigners or their direct ascendants. A large portion of them ignorant or having lived under despotic foreign powers have grown to hate all government—midst vice, the vicious, without ambition, education or religion— it is nearly impossible for them to rise to a higher plane, while there is a constant tendency to pull them down to the lowest condition. Few is the training of a condition that under financial stress or political excitement, needs but a spark to cause an explosion that will shake the foundations of society.

Could there not be a change in the administration of justice be that a mob would not be a necessity? The present jury system has already attracted the attention of thinking men. There is a feeling in the minds of many that the man who
who reads the least, sees the least, thinks the least, or knows the least, should not be the judge of the law. In my mind, a system that app to the criminal, "Bible" ode of these twelve men, and the law is lawless. That says the vote of an ignorant man, perhaps a rascal, shall rule the righteous judgment of eleven others, is unjust and inhuman.

What I have said I mean in no way as an outcry against the poor man the ignorant man or the common man. I cannot when I see the unmerited, unmerited work which has freely given, it makes him the mark of the ages. He plods his way in the narrow furrow of the soil, in the factory he stands by the flaming forge. He takes the mountains by their eternal peaks of whiteness, he hearing them to the chasms below. It was he who, at Valley Forge, at Shiloh, at Antietam, at Gettysburg, with the vision of home behind him with the stars and shapes above him, and death before him, went marching on, to the very cannons' muzzles, shouting the "union forever" I want the laboring man to have
enough to eat, enough to wear. "I want him to see his family respected by his children educated." I want him to feel that over him standing as a protecting shield is a government that holds his untrust as dear as the rich man.

We sir! are Americans, and a mighty unsupervising arm that we seek well to this priceless heritage. Our forefathers founded this government, but the more sacred duty of preserving it is ours by the generations yet to come. If we fail the glorious right of liberty goes out. Promy, my slaves are our victorios. The uplifting force of the American idea under every throne on earth. Be hold the arch dome of Heaven, lit by the eternal radiance of the moon, studded and adorned by a million stars. They move in their orbits, the mystic fingers of the morning lift the blanket of darkness. The sun as it rises warms the radiance of the moon and blows the starlight from the sky with divine mechanism, what majesty in movement! The sun loses not a ray of his brightness, the moon parts not from
her way, "not a star falls but the universe trembles at its death." What perfect government. It stands as a model and when man lie the light of intelligence, honest effort and moral conscience, shall have made his "near so perfect." surely will he be little lower than the angels."

N. N. Avery

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