

# **THE NEW CRISIS**

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The New Crisis by Geo. W. Bell

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**GEO. W. BELL**

# **THE NEW CRISIS**



UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

THE

# NEW CRISIS

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BY

GEO. W. BELL,

Author of "TRAMMELED TRADE," "THE ISSUES OF '88,"  
"AMERICAN SHIPPING," AND OTHER WORKS.

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## PREFACE.

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I make no apology for presenting this volume to the public. This is an age of books, and of criticism, in which all may speak freely. I had something to say, and have said it as best I could, under the circumstances. I have written what I believe to be true, and offer it to the consideration of the public for what it is worth.

We have reached a crisis in our national development. We have rushed to this pinnacle of greatness with a mad impetuosity unparalleled in the annals of the world; ignoring social adjustments, essential to the symmetry and stability of a state.

My purpose being to prove the existence of a class conspiracy, the design of which is to subvert the principles of our government, by a monopoly of all wealth, I have discussed the merits of no measures, further than to prove their centralizing tendencies.

The times demand the greatest intelligence; the concerted wisdom of the wise; the grandest heroism of the brave; the purest virtue of the good, and the most unselfish devotion of the patriotic; and to contribute my mite in strengthening a feeling of duty among the masses, was my object in writing this volume.

I have endeavored to discuss all questions in a purely non-partisan spirit, and to be entirely impersonal, in allusions to measures and policies. I have "appealed to reason," and not to passion; to the understanding and not to the feeling of men,

These are times for calm reflection, earnest investigation and wise moderation.

I have not attempted to write a book of "standard facts," but a brief review to excite public thought. I have avoided general statistics as far as possible, using "facts and figures" only to show how recent legislation has resulted in centralizing wealth

and power. As far as I have used such statistics, I have endeavored to select from reliable sources; from secretary's reports, from the speeches of leading statesmen, and from political works, which are recognized as authority. As I use figures only as corroborating evidence, my argument would be little weakened if they failed, in any particular instance, to stand a severe test of criticism.

As the safety of the republic rests on the happiness of the home, I have plead for comforts for the cottage. To many, our national strength and great wealth are our security. But remember, the elements of liberty were never seized by force, but stealthily taken under forms of law. The weakest and poorest nations of Europe enjoy the greatest degree of safety, as wealth only excites the cupidity of ambition. The tramp is rarely robbed; the hovel is rarely burglarized.

I am aware that my suggestions will call out many severe, if not acrimonious criticisms. For this I care nothing. Monopoly has many and able defenders, insolent and aggressive; besides, as long as it is infinitely easier to criticise a good book than write one of but fair merit, there will be many critics for every new publication, having sufficient strength to excite comment.

After a hasty review, I frankly confess that my composition betrays almost unpardonable haste, with a leaning to carelessness, but, in extenuation, I plead a necessity, which gave me but a few weeks for the work, with frequent interruptions by the demands of business.

If this volume meets with public favor, it will strengthen the cause of the people; if not, it can injure only—

THE AUTHOR.



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## CHAPTER I.

A PRETTY STORY—AN ORIENTAL PICTURE OF AN OCCIDENTAL STATE.



SOJOURNING in an old Moorish village in southern Spain, where the dismal old mosque, with vine-covered minaret, the briar-grown fields and choked up canals, furnished the only evidence of ancient civilization and splendor, I read a pretty story, once popular among those characteristically poetic people. It was one of the charming oriental tales, so interesting in its perusal, while leaving a valuable lesson on the mind of the contemplative reader. Of course, it was of a prince, as stories to be pretty must be embellished with the dazzling splendor of wealth. A mighty prince, so the story goes, with all the love of pomp and show common in old Eastern times, prepared for a great feast. His whole people were to be his guests, and the gorgeous splendor of the occasion was to eclipse all the festivals of his opulent ancestors. Stupendous preparations were made. A great mansion was erected, with lofty rows of majestic pillars, balconies and balustrades, and alcoves and high-arched ceilings, upon which were rich paintings in gold and beautiful colors, giving in life-like reality the battles won by his warlike ancestors, the marriage feasts and stately ceremonies of a prince new crowned. At the left, and looking to the east, were the canopied heavens, with azure-tinted clouds from whose soft outlines angels emerged, with heavenly harps happyfying the glad occasion. Away back was the dark blue vault, studded with brilliant galaxies of stars, bearing the outlines and names given by the old Chaldee, as he watched from his cloudless desert the wonders of the skies. In the palace wings were dancing halls, where light-hearted mirth could trip the "light fantastic toe" and guide in the dizzy waltz