

E

685

.I47

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. E 680 Copyright No.

Shelf I 47

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL'S LECTURES.

Free Speech and an Honest Ballot

Great Political Speech at Cooper Institute, New York,
October 23, 1880.



R. G. Ingersoll

16,370 L.

Copyright, 1880, by L. W. Blaisdell, Chicago.

Published for the Trade.

E 690
I
137

FREE SPEECH AND AN HONEST BALLOT.

GREAT ISSUES OF THE TIME.

Colonel Ingersoll at Cooper Union Oct. 23, 1880.

A Brilliant and Comprehensive Address that Reviewed all the great Questions of the Campaign — Honest Money, State Sovereignty and Protection of Labor.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll made one of his most eloquent and impressive addresses last evening before an immense audience in the Cooper Institute. The thousands who heard him were stirred as few other orators in the country have power to stir their hearers. Almost every sentence was interrupted or rounded with applause or laughter. The speech was crammed with good things — sharp hits, lively sallies, rich humor and glowing wit, and with appeals of a high order of eloquence. All the great questions of the campaign were considered. The orator first took up the suppression of free speech in the South; then he spoke of the importance of an honest ballot; the honest collection of the public revenues was then touched upon; the currency was next considered; the doctrine of State Sovereignty was riddled; the duty of the Government to protect every citizen was upheld; the importance of the protection of labor was presented, and in conclusion the claims of the candidates of the two parties to public support were reviewed in a masterly manner.

THE AUDIENCE AND THE SPEAKER.

The spaces around the Cooper Union were filled shortly after 6 o'clock last evening by great crowds of people who had hurried through their dinners to get seats to hear Colonel Ingersoll. Police Captain McCullagh was duly at his post with fifty patrolmen. He has had an extensive experience at Cooper Union meetings, but never, he was heard to say, had he seen so large and enthusiastic an assemblage as that of last night. At 6:45

the doors were opened and a rush was made. Pushing by the policemen on duty, the foremost among the throng entered the corridor. The others pressing on from behind, they were carried as if on a huge breaker to the very doors of the hall at the bottom of the stone staircases. The police, however, soon regained the mastery, and occupying the inner doors, controlled the general entry, which took place with very good order. Ladies were shown the greatest politeness, the best places being surrendered to them, even by the most ardent male admirers of the orator. In less than twenty five minutes, there was neither sitting nor standing room left. Every square foot—one might almost say every square inch — of the immense hall had its occupant. Over 3,500 persons found room during the evening, and supported the numerous inconvenience of the situation with a fortitude only equalled by their enthusiasm. But this number does not represent by half the mass of citizens who left their homes to hear Colonel Ingersoll. Fully 5,000 people were turned from the doors. Many of these persisted in remaining in the corridors, on the steps, and even out on the pavement, during a large part of the evening, in the futile hope that the departure of inmates of the hall would give them an opportunity of hearing the address.

Among those present were Collector Merritt, Hugh Gardner, Edmund Stephenson, Samuel Wood, George A. Street, M. N. Heckscher, F. B. Thurber, E. R. Peck, H. S. Hart, James Seligman, Joseph Height, Hugh N. Camp, and D. Duncan Vail.

Shortly after 7 o'clock Joseph Height

called the meeting to order, and the Ingersoll Chicago Campaign Glee Club appeared on the platform. This club is composed of four men who have accompanied Colonel Ingersoll throughout his campaign tour. Their songs were much applauded. At half past 7 precisely the handsome, though somewhat corpulent, figure of Colonel Ingersoll was seen struggling through the masses filling the background of the platform. The Colonel, who seemed as fresh and hearty as ever, in spite of his recent campaign experience, was accompanied by his wife and his daughter.

His appearance called forth thunders of applause, which did not die away until several minutes had elapsed. These demonstrations elicited an acknowledgment from the Colonel which took the form of a bow, a slight wave of the hand and a quaint expression of countenance peculiar to the man. Mr. Camp arose and introduced him as the speaker for the evening. Another cheer and then all was quiet. It is needless to say that almost every utterance had its accompaniment of applause. At one moment the orator convulsed his bearers with laughter, while another he drew tears into their eyes—and into those of men as well as women. His upholding of free speech which he considered a vital issue in the present campaign, his advocacy of honest money, hit attack on free trade, and in fact all the features of his powerful speech impressed his hearers deeply.

COLONEL INGERSOLL'S SPEECH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Years ago I made up my mind that there was no particular argument in slander. Applause. I made up my mind that for parties as well as for individuals, honesty in the long run is the best policy. Applause. I made up my mind that the people were entitled to know a man's honest thoughts, and I propose to-night to tell you exactly what I think. Applause. And it may be well enough, in the first place, for me to say that no party has a mortgage on me. Applause. I am the sole proprietor of myself. Laughter and applause. No party, no organization, has any deed of trust on what little brains I have, and as long as I can get my part of the common air I am going to tell my honest thoughts. Applause. One man in the right will finally get to be a majority. Laughter. I am not going to say a word to-night that every Democrat here will not know is true, and whatever he may

say with his mouth, I will compel him in his heart to give three cheers. Applause.

In the first place, I wish to admit that during the war there were hundreds of thousands of patriotic Democrats. I wish to admit that if it had not been for the War Democrats of the North, we never would have put down the rebellion. Applause. Let us be honest. I further admit that had it not been for other than War Democrats there never would have been a rebellion to put down. Great applause. War Democrats! Why did we call them War Democrats? Did you ever hear anybody talk about a War Republican? We spoke of War Democrats to distinguish them from those Democrats who were in favor of peace upon any terms.

I also wish to admit that the Republican party is not absolutely perfect. Laughter. While I believe that it is the best party that ever existed [applause] while I believe it has within its organization, more heart, more brain, more patriotism than any other organization that ever existed beneath the sun, I still admit that it is not entirely perfect. I admit, in its great things, in its splendid efforts to preserve their nation, in its grand effort to keep our flag in heaven, in its magnificent effort to free four millions of slaves [applause], in its great and sublime efforts to save the financial honor of this Nation, I admit that it has made some mistakes. In its great effort to do right it has sometimes by mistake done wrong. And I also wish to admit that the great Democratic party, in its effort to get office, has sometimes by mistake done right. Laughter. You see that I am inclined to be perfectly fair. Applause and laughter.

I am going with the Republican party because it is going my way; but if it ever turns to the right or left, I intend to go straight ahead.

In every government there is something that ought to be preserved; in every government there are many things that ought to be destroyed. Every good man, every patriot, every lever of the human race, wishes to preserve the good and destroy the bad; and every one in this audience who wishes to preserve the good, will go with that section of our common country—with that party in our country that he honestly believes will preserve the good and destroy the bad. Applause. It takes a great deal of trouble to raise a good Republican.

Laughter. It is a vast deal of labor. The republican party is the fruit of all ages—of self-sacrifice and devotion. Applause. The republican party is born of every good thing that was ever done in this world. Applause. The republican party is the result of all martyrdom, of all heroic bloodshed for the right. It is the blossom and fruit of the great world's best endeavor. Applause. In order to make a Republican you have got to have school-houses. Applause. You have got to have newspapers and magazines. Applause. A good Republican is the best fruit of civilization, of all there is of intelligence, of art, of music and of song. Applause. If you want to make Democrats let them alone. **Laughter.** The Democratic party is the settlings of this country. **Laughter.** Nobody hoes weeds. Nobody takes especial pains to raise dog fennel, and yet it grows under the very hoof of travel. The seeds are sown by accident and gathered by chance. But if you want to raise wheat and corn you must plough the ground. You must defend and you must harvest the crop with infinite patience and toil. It is precisely that way—if you want to raise a good Republican you must work. If you wish to raise a Democrat give him wholesome neglect. **Laughter.** The Democratic party flatters the vices of mankind. That party says to the ignorant man, "you know enough." It says to the vicious man, "you are good enough."

The Republican party says, "you must be better next year than you are this." A man is a Republican because he loves something. Most men are Democrats because they hate something. A Republican takes a man, as it were, by the collar and says, "you must do your best, you must climb the infinite hill of human progress as long as you live." Now and then one gets tired. He says, "I have climbed enough, and so much better than I expected to do that I don't wish to travel any further. Now and then one gets tired and lets go all hold, and he rolls down to the very bottom, and as he strikes the mud he springs upon his feet transfigured, and says: "Hurra for Hancock." Great laughter.

NO FREE SPEECH IN THE SOUTH.

There are things in this Government that I wish to preserve, and there are things that I wish to destroy; and in order to convince you that you ought to go the way that I am going, it is only fair that I give you my reasons. This is a Republic founded upon intelligence and the patriotism of the people, and in every Republic it is absolutely necessary that there should be free speech.—"Good," "good," and applause. Free speech is the gem of the human soul. Words are the bodies of thought, and liberty gives to those words wings, and the whole intellectual heavens are filled with thought. Applause. In a Republic every individual tongue has right to the general ear. In a Republic every man has the right to give his reasons for the course he pursues to all his fellow-citizens, and when you say that a man shall not speak, you also say that others shall not hear. When you say a man shall not express his honest thought you say his fellow-citizens shall be deprived of honest thoughts; for of what use is it to allow the

attorney for the defendant to address the jury if the jury has been bought? Of what use is it to allow the jury, if they bring in a verdict of "not guilty," if the defendant is to be hung by a mob? I ask you to-night, is not every solitary man here in favor of free speech? Is there a solitary Democrat here who dares say he is not in favor of free speech? In what part of the country are the lips of thought free—in the South or in the North? What section of our country can you trust the inestimable gem of free speech with? Can you trust it to the gentlemen of Mississippi or to the gentlemen of Massachusetts? Can you trust it to Alabama or to New York? Can you trust it to the South or can you trust it to the great and splendid North? Honor bright (**laughter.**) honor bright, is there any freedom of speech in the South? There never was and there is none to-night—and let me tell you why.

They had the institution of human slavery in the South, which could not be defended at the bar of public reason. It was an institution that could not be defended in the high forum of human conscience. No man could stand there and defend the right too rob the cradle—none to defend the right to sell the babe from the breast of the agonized mother—none to defend the claim that lashes on a bare back are a legal-tender for labor performed. Every man that lived upon the unpaid labor of another knew in his heart that he was a thief. [Applause.] And for that reason he did not wish to discuss that question. **Laughter.** Thereupon the institution of slavery said, "You shall not speak; you shall not reason," and the lips of free thought were manacled. You know it. Every one of you. **Laughter.** Every Democrat knows it as well as every Republican. There never was free speech in the south.

And what has been the result? And allow me to admit right here, because I want to be fair, there are thousands and thousands of most excellent people in the South—thousands of them. There are hundreds and hundreds of thousands there who would like to vote the Republican ticket. Applause. And whenever there is free speech there and whenever there is a free ballot there, they will vote the Republican ticket. Great Applause. I say again, there are hundreds of thousands of good people in the South; but the institution of human slavery prevented free speech, and it is a splendid fact in nature that you cannot put chains upon the limbs of others without putting corresponding manacles upon your own brain. Applause. When the South enslaved the negro, it also enslaved itself and the result was an intellectual desert. No book has been produced, with one exception, that has added to the knowledge of mankind; no paper, no magazine, no poet, no philosopher, no philanthropist, was ever raised in that desert. Great Applause. Now and then some one protested against that infamous institution, and he came as near being a philosopher as the society in which he lived permitted. **Laughter.** Why is it that New-England, a rock-clad land, blossoms-like a rose? Why is it that New-York is the Empire State of the great Union? I will tell you. Because you have been permitted to trade in ideas. Because the lips of speech

have been absolutely free for twenty years. We never had free speech in any State in this Union until the Republican party was born. Applause. That party was rocked in the cradle of intellectual liberty, and that is the reason I say it is the best party that ever existed in the wide, wide world. Applause. I want to preserve free speech, and, as an honest man, I look about me: "How can I best preserve it?" By giving it to the South or North; to the Democracy or the Republican party. And I am bound, as an honest man, to say free speech is safest with the earliest defenders. Applause. Where is there such a thing as a Republican mob to prevent the expression of an honest thought; where? The people of the South are allowed to come to the North; they are allowed to express their sentiments upon every stump in the great East, the great West and the great Middle States; they go to Maine, to Vermont, and to all our States, and they are allowed to speak, and we give them a respectful hearing, and the meanest thing we do is to answer their argument. Applause.

I say to-night that we ought to have the same liberty to discuss these questions in the South that Southerners have in the North. And I say more than that, the Democrats of the North ought to compel the Democrats of the South to treat the Republicans of the South as well as the Republicans of the North treat them. Applause. We treat the Democrats well in the North (laughter); we treat them like gentlemen in the North; and yet they go in partnership with the Democracy of the South, knowing that the Democracy of the South will not treat Republicans in that section with fairness. A Democrat ought to be ashamed of that. If my friends will not treat other people as well as the friends of the other people treat me, I'll swap friends. (Applause and laughter.)

First, then, I am in favor of free speech, and I am going with that section of my country that believes in free speech; I am going with that party that has always upheld that sacred right. When you stop free speech, when you say that a thought shall die in the womb of the brain,—why, it would have the same effect upon the intellectual world that to stop springs at their sources would have upon the physical world. Stop the springs at their sources and they cease to gurgle, the streams cease to murmur, and the great rivers cease rushing to the embrace of the sea. So you stop thought. Stop thought in the brain in which it is born, and theory dies; and the great ocean of knowledge to which all should be permitted to contribute, and from which all should be allowed to draw, becomes a vast desert of ignorance. Applause.

I have always said; and I say again, that the more liberty there is given away, the more you have. There is room in this world for us all; there is room enough for all of our thoughts; out upon the intellectual sea there is room for every sail, and in the intellectual air there is space for every wing. Applause. A man that exercises a right that he will not give to others is a barbarian. A State that does not allow free speech is uncivilized, and is a disgrace to the American Union. Applause.

THE PARTY OF AN HONEST BALLOT.

I am not only in favor of free speech, but I am also in favor of an absolutely honest ballot. There is one king in this country; there is one emperor; there is one supreme Czar; and that is the legally expressed will of a majority of the people. Applause. The man who casts an illegal vote, the man who refuses to count a legal vote, poisons the fountain of power, poisons the spring of justice, and is a traitor to the only king in this land. The Government is upon the edge of Mexicanization through fraudulent voting. The ballot-box is the throne of America; the ballot-box is the ark of the covenant. Unless we see to it that every man who has a right to vote votes, and unless we see to it that every honest vote is counted, the days of this Republic are numbered.

When you suspect that a Congressman is not elected; when you suspect that a judge upon the bench holds his place by fraud, then the people will hold the law in contempt and will laugh at the decisions of courts, and then come revolution and chaos. It is the duty of every good man to see to it that the ballot-box is kept absolutely pure. It is the duty of every patriot whether he is a Democrat or Republican—and I want to further admit that I believe a large majority of Democrats are honest in their opinions, and I know that all Republicans *must be* honest in their opinions. Applause. It is the duty, then of all honest men of both parties to see to it that only honest votes are cast and counted. Now, honor bright, which section of this Union can you trust the ballot-box with? Honor bright, can you trust it with the masked murderers who rode in the darkness of night to the hut of the freedman and shot him down, not withstanding the supplication of his wife and the tears of his babe? Can you trust it to the men who since the close of our war have killed more men, simply because those men wished to vote, simply because they wished to be exercised a right with which they had been clothed by the sublime heroism of the North—who have killed more men than were killed on both sides during the War of 1812; than were killed on both sides in both wars? Can you trust them? Can you trust the gentlemen who invented the tisse-ballot? Laughter. Do you wish to put the ballot-box in the keeping of the shot-gun, of the White Liners, of the Ku Klux? Do you wish to put the ballot-box in the keeping of men who openly swear that they will not be ruled by a majority of American citizens if a portion of that majority is made of black men? Applause. And I want to tell you right here. I like a black man who loves this country better than I do a white man who hates it. Applause. I think more of a black man who fought for our flag than for any white man who endeavored to tear it out of heaven! Applause. I like black friends better than white enemies. Applause. And I think more of a man black outside and white inside than I do of one white outside and black inside. Applause.

I say, can you trust the ballot-box to the Democratic party? Read the history of the State of New-York! Read the history of this great and

magnificent city—the Queen of the Atlantic—read her history and tell us whether you can implicitly trust Democratic returns? Laughter. Honor bright! Laughter.

I am not only, then, for free speech, but I am for an honest ballot; and in order that you may have no doubt left upon your mind as to which party is in favor of an honest vote I will call your attention to this striking fact. Every law that has been passed in every State of this Union for twenty long years, the object of which was to guard the American ballot-box, has been passed by the Republican party (applause), and in every State where the Republican party has introduced such a bill for the purpose of making it a law; in every State where such a bill has been defeated it has been defeated by the Democratic party. Applause. That ought to satisfy any reasonable man to satiety.

WHO SHALL COLLECT THE REVENUE!

I am not only in favor of free speech and an honest ballot, but I am in favor of collecting and disbursing the revenues of the United States. I want plenty of money to collect and pay the interest on our debt. I want plenty of money to pay our debt and to preserve the financial honor of the United States. Applause. I want money enough to be collected to pay pensions to widows and orphans and to wounded soldiers. Applause. And the question is what section in this country can you trust to collect and disburse that revenue. Let us be honest about it. Laughter. What section can you trust? In the last four years we have collected \$467,000 of the internal revenue taxes. We have collected principally from taxes upon high wines and tobacco, \$468,000,000, and in those four years we have seized, libelled and destroyed in the Southern States 3,874 illicit distilleries. And during the same time the Southern people have shot to death twenty-five revenue officers and wounded fifty-five others, and the only offence that the wounded dead committed was an honest effort to collect the revenues of this country. Applause. Recollect it—don't you forget it. Laughter. And in several Southern States to-day every revenue collector or officer connected with the revenue is furnished by the Internal Revenue Department with a breech-loading rifle and a pair of revolvers, simply for the purpose of collecting the revenue. I don't feel like trusting such people to collect the revenue of my Government.

During the same four years we have arrested and have indicted 7,084 Southern Democrats for endeavoring to defraud the revenue of the United States. Recollect—3,874 distilleries seized, 25 revenue officers killed, 55 wounded, and 7,084 Democrats arrested. Applause. Can we trust them?

The State of Alabama in its last Democratic Convention passed a resolution that no man should be tried in a Federal Court for a violation of the revenue law—that he should be tried in a State Court. Laughter. Think of it—he should be tried in a State Court! Let me tell you how it will come out if we trust the Southern States to collect this revenue. A couple of Methodist ministers had been holding a revival for a weeks,

one said to the other that he thought it time to take up a collection. When the hat was returned he found in it pieces of slate pencils and nails and buttons, but not a single solitary cent (laughter)—not one—and his brother minister got up and looked at the contribution, and he said, "Let us thank God!" Laughter. And the owner of the hat said, "What for?" And the brother replied, "Because you got your hat back." Roars of laughter and applause. If we trust the South we won't get our hat back. Laughter and cheers.

HONEST MONEY AND AN HONEST NATION.

I am next in favor of honest money. I am in favor of gold and silver, and paper with gold and silver behind it. Applause. I believe in silver, because it is one of the greatest of American products, and I am in favor of anything that will add to the value of American product. Applause. But I want a silver dollar worth a gold dollar, even if you make it or have to make it four feet in diameter. Great Laughter. No Government can afford to be a clipper of coin. Applause. A great Republic can not afford to stamp a lie upon silver or gold. Great applause. Honest money, an honest people, an honest Nation. Renewed applause. When our money is only worth 80 cents on the dollar, we feel 20 per cent below par. Great Laughter. When our money is good we feel good. When our money is at par that is where we are. Applause and laughter. I am a profound believer in the doctrine that for nations as well as men, honesty is the best, always, everywhere and forever. Tremendous applause.

What section of this country, what party will give us honest money—honor bright—honor bright? Laughter. I have been told that during the war we had plenty of money. I never saw it. I lived years without seeing a dollar. I saw promises for dollars, but not dollars. Applause. And the greenback, unless you have the gold behind it, is no more a dollar than a bill of fare is a dinner. Great laughter. You cannot make a paper dollar without taking a dollar's worth of paper. We must have paper that represents money. I want it issued by the Government, and I want behind every one of these dollars either a gold or silver dollar, so that every greenback under the flag can lift up its hand and swear, "I know that my redeemer liveth." Great laughter.

When we were running into debt, thousands of people mistook that for prosperity, and when we began paying they regarded it as adversity. Laughter. Of course we had plenty when we bought on credit. No man has ever starved when his credit was good, if there were no famine in that country. Laughter. As long as we buy on credit we shall have enough. The trouble commences when the pay-day arrives. Laughter. And I do not wonder that after the war thousands of people said, "let us have another inflation." What party said, "No, we must pay the promise made in war?" Great applause. Honor bright! The Democratic party had once been a hard money party, but it drifted from its metallic moorings and floated off

in the ocean of inflation, and you know it! Laughter. They said, "Give us more money," and every man that had bought on credit and owed a little something on what he had purchased, when the property went down, he commenced crying, or many of them did, for inflation. I understand it. A man, say, bought a piece of land for \$6,000; paid \$5,000 on it; gave a mortgage for \$1,000, and suddenly in 1873, found that the land would not pay the other thousand. The land had resumed. Much laughter. And then he said, looking lugubriously at his note and mortgage, "I want another inflation." And I never heard a man call for it that did not also say, "If it ever comes, and I don't unload, you may shoot me." Great laughter.

It was very much as it is sometimes in playing poker, and I make this comparison knowing that hardly a person here will understand it. Great laughter. A voice—"Honor bright!" Renewed laughter. I have been told (laughter) that along toward morning (laughter) the man that is ahead suddenly says, "I have got to go home. Great laughter. The fact is, my wife is not well." Great laughter. And the fellow who is behind says, "Let us have another deal." Laughter. I have my opinion of a fellow that will jump the game. And so it was in the hard times of 1873. They said: "Give us another deal: let us get our driftwood back into the centre of the stream." And they cried out for more money. But the republican party said: "We do want more money, but no more promises. We have got to pay this first, and if we start out again upon that wide sea of promise we may never touch the shore." Applause.

THE FALLACY AND FOLLY OF FIAT DOLLARS.

A thousand theories were born of want; a thousand theories were born of the fertile brain of trouble; and these people said after all: "What is money? why it is nothing but a measure of value, just the same as a half bushel or yardstick." True. And consequently it makes no difference whether your half bushel is of wood, or gold, or silver or paper; and it makes no difference whether your yardstick is gold or paper. But the trouble about that statement is this: A half bushel is not a measure of value; it is a measure of quantity, and it measures rubies, diamonds and pearls, precisely the same as corn and wheat. The yardstick is not a measure of value; it is a measure of length, and it measures lace, worth \$100 a yard, precisely as it does cent tape. And another reason why it makes no difference to the purchaser whether the half bushel is gold or silver, or whether the yardstick is gold or paper, you don't buy the yardstick; you don't get the half bushel in the trade. And if it was so with money if the people that had the money at the start of the trade, kept it after the consummation of the bargain—then it wouldn't make any difference what you made your money of. But the trouble is the money changes hands. And let me say to-night, money is a thing—it is a product of nature and you can no more make a "fiat" dollar than you can make a fiat star. I am in

favor of honest money. Free speech is the brain of the Republic; an honest ballot is the breath of its life, and honest money is the blood that courses through its veins. (Applause.)

If I am fortunate enough to leave a dollar when I die, I want it to be a good one; I don't wish to have it turn to ashèns in the hands of widowhood, or become a Democratic broken promise in the pocket of the orphan; I want it money. I saw not long ago a piece of gold bearing the stamp of the Roman Empire. That Empire is dust, and over it has been thrown the mantle of oblivion, but that piece of gold is as good as though Julius Caesar were still riding at the head of the Roman Legion. Applause. I want money that will outlive the Democratic party. They told us—and they were honest about it—they said, "when we have plenty of money, we are prosperous." And I said: "When we are prosperous, then we have credit, and, credit inflates the currency. Whenever a man buys a pound of sugar and says, 'Charge it,' he inflates the currency; whenever he gives his note, he inflates the currency, whenever his word takes the place of money, he inflates the currency. The consequence is that when we are prosperous, credit takes the place of money, and we have what we call 'plenty.' But you cannot increase prosperity simply by using promises to pay. Suppose you should come to a river that was about dry, and there you would see the ferryboat, and the gentleman who kept the ferry, high on the sand, and the cracks all opening in the sun filled with loose oakum, looking like an average Democratic mouth listening to a Constitutional argument, and you should say to him: "How is busine s?" Applause and laughter. And he would say, "Dull." And then you would say to him, "Now, what you want is more boat." He would probably answer, "If I had a little more water I could get along with this one." Laughter.

But I want to be fair (laughter), and I wish tonight to return my thanks to the Democratic party. You did a great and splendid work. You went all over the United States and you said upon every stump that a greenback was better than gold. You said, "We have at last found the money of a poor man. Gold loves the rich; gold haunts banks and safes and vaults; but we have got money that will go around inquiring for a man that is dead broke. Great Laughter. We have finally found money that will stay in a pocket with holes in it. Laughter. But after all, do you know that money is the most social thing in this world? Laughter. It a fellow has got \$1 in his pocket, and he meets another with two, do you know that dollar is absolutely homesick until he gets where the other two are? Laughter. And yet the Greenbackers told us that they had finally invented money that would be the poor man's friend. They said, "It is better than gold, better than silver," and they got so many men to believe it that when we resumed and said, "Here is your gold for your greenback," the fellows who had the greenback said, "We don't want it. The greenbacks are good enough for us." Do you know, if they had wanted it we could not give it to them? Laughter. And so I return my thanks to the

Greenback party. But allow me to say in this connection, the days of their usefulness have passed forever.

Now, I am not foolish enough to claim that the Republican party resumed. I am not silly enough to say that John Sherman resumed. But I will tell you what I do say. I say that every man who raised a bushel of corn or a bushel of wheat or a pound of beef or pork helped to resume. Applause. I say that the gentle rain and loving dew helped to resume. The soil of the United States impregnated by the loving sun helped to resume. The men that dug the coal and the iron and the silver and the copper and the gold helped to resume. And the men upon whose foreheads fell the light of furnaces helped to resume. And the sailors who fought with the waves of the seas helped to resume.

I admit to-night that the Democrats earned their share of the money to resume with. All I claim in God's world is that the Republican party furnished the honesty to pay it over. Great Applause. That is what I claim; and the Republican party set the day, and the Republican party worked to the promise. That is what I say. And had it not been for the Republican party this nation would have been financially dishonored. Applause. I am for honest money, and I am for the payment of every dollar of our debt, and so is every Democrat now, I take it. But what did you say a little while ago? Did you say we could resume? No; you swore we could not, and you swore our bonds would be worthless as the withered leaves of winter. And now, when a Democrat goes to England and sees an American four per cent quoted at 110 he kind of swells up (laughter), and he says: "That's the kind of a man I am." Great laughter. In that country he pretends he was a Republican in this. And I don't blame him. And I don't begrudge him enjoying respectability when away from home. Laughter. The Republican party is entitled to the credit for keeping this Nation grandly and splendidly honest. Applause. I say, the Republican party is entitled to the credit of preserving the honor of this Nation. Applause.

THE STRUGGLE AFTER THE PANIC.

In 1873 came the crash, and all the languages of the world cannot describe the agonies suffered by the American people from 1873 to 1879. A man who thought he was a millionaire came to poverty; he found his stocks and bonds ashes in the paralytic hand of old age. Men who expected to have lived all their lives in the sunshine of joy found themselves beggars and paupers. The great factories were closed, the workmen were demoralized, and the roads of the United States were filled with tramps. In the hovel of the poor and the palace of the rich came the serpent of temptation and whispered in the American ear the terrible word "Repudiation." But the Republican party said, "No; we will pay every dollar. Applause. No; we have started toward the shining goal of resumption and we never will turn back." Applause. And the Republican party struggled until it had the happiness of seeing upon the broad shining

forehead of American labor the words "Financial Honor." Applause.

The Republican party struggled until every paper promise was as good as gold. Applause. And the moment we got back to gold then we commenced to rise again. We could not jump up until our feet touched something that they be pressed against. And from that moment to this we have been going, going, going higher and higher, more prosperous every hour. Applause. And now they say, "Let us have a change." Laughter. When I am sick I want a change; when I am poor I want a change; and if I were a Democrat I would have a personal change. Laughter. We are prosperous to-day, and must keep so. We are back to gold and silver. Let us stay there; and let us stay with the party that brought us there. "Good," "good," and applause.

A NATION NOT A CONFEDERACY.

Now, I am not only in favor of free speech and an honest ballot-box and an honest collection of the revenue of the United States and an honest money, but I am in favor of the idea of the great and splendid truth that this is a Nation one and indivisible. Great Applause. I deny that we are a confederacy bound together with ropes of cloud and chains of mist. This is a Nation, and every man in it owes his first allegiance to the grand old flag for which more brave blood was shed than for any other flag that waves in the sight of heaven. Great Applause.

The Southern people say this is a confederacy and they are honest in it. They fought for it, they believed it. They believe in the doctrine of State Sovereignty, and many Democrats of the North believe in the same doctrine. No less a man than Horatio Seymour—standing, it may be, at the head of Democratic statesmen—said, if he has been correctly reported, only the other day, that he despised the word "nation." I bless that word. Applause. I owe my first allegiance to that Nation, and it owes its first protection to me. Great Applause. I am talking here to-night, not because I am protected by the flag of New York. I would not know that flag if I should see it. Laughter. I am talking here and have the right to talk here because the flag of my country is above us. Applause. I have the same right as though I had been born upon this very platform. I am proud of New York because it is a part of my country. I am proud of my country because it has got such a State as New York in it (great applause), and I will be prouder of New York on a week from next Tuesday, than ever before in my life. Great cheering. I despise the doctrine of State Sovereignty. I believe in the rights of the States, but not in the sovereignty of the States. States are political conveniences. Rising above States as the Alps above valleys are the rights of man. Rising above the rights of the Government even in this Nation are the sublime rights of the people. Loud applause. Governments are good only so long as they protect human rights. But the rights of a man never should

be sacrificed upon the altar of the State or upon the altar of the Nation. Applause.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY AND HUMAN SLAVERY.

Let me tell you a few objections that I have got to State Sovereignty. That doctrine has never been appealed to for any good. The first time it was appealed was when our Constitution was made. And the object then was to keep the slave trade open until the year 1808. The object then was to make the sea the highway of piracy—the object then was to allow American citizens to go into the business of selling men and women and children, and feed their cargo to the sharks of the sea, and the sharks of the sea were as merciful as they. That was the first time that the appeal to the doctrine of State Sovereignty was made, and the next time was for the purpose of keeping alive the interstate of slave trade, so that a gentleman in Virginia could sell his slave to the rice and cotton plantations of the South. Think of it! It was made so they could rob the cradle in the name of law. Think of it! Think of it! And the next time they appealed to the doctrine of State Sovereignty was in favor of the fugitive Slave law—a law that made a bloodhound of every Northern man; that made charity a crime. A law that made love a State prison offence; that branded the forehead of charity as if it were a felon. Think of it! A law that, if a woman ninety-nine one-hundredths white had escaped from slavery, had traversed forests, had been torn by briars, had crossed rivers, had travelled at night and in darkness, and had finally got within one step of free soil with the whole light of the North star shining in her tear-filled eyes, with her little babe on her withered bosom—a law that declared in the duty of Northern men to clutch that woman and turn her back to the domination of the hound and lash. Tremendous applause. I have no respect for any man living or dead who voted for that law. I have no respect for any man who would carry it out. I never had.

The next time they appealed to the doctrine of State Sovereignty was to increase the area of human slavery so that the bloodhound with clots of blood dropping from his loose and hanging jaws, might traverse the billowy plains of Kansas. Think of it! The Democratic party then said the Federal Government had a right to cross the State line. And the next time they appealed to that infamous doctrine was in defence of secession and treason; a doctrine that cost us six thousand millions of dollars; a doctrine that cost four hundred thousand lives; a doctrine that filled our country with widows, our homes with orphans. And I tell you the doctrine of State Sovereignty is the viper in the bosom of this Republic, and if we do not kill this viper it will kill us. (Long continued applause.)

The Democrats tell us that in the olden time the Federal Government had a right to cross a State line to put shackles upon the limbs of men. It had a right to cross a State line to trample upon the rights of human beings, but

now it has no right to cross those lines upon errand of mercy or justice. We are told that now, when the Federal Government wishes to protect a citizen a State line rises like a China wall, and the sword of Federal power turns air the moment it touches one of those lines. I deny it and I despise, abhor and execrate the doctrine of State Sovereignty. Applause. The Democrats tell us if we wish to be protected by the Federal Government we must leave home. Laughter. I wish they would try it (applause for about ten days. Great laughter. They say the Federal Government can defend a citizen in England, France, Spain or Germany, but cannot defend a child of the Republic sitting around the family hearth. I deny it. A Government that cannot protect its citizen at home is unfit to be called a Government. Applause. I want a Government with an arm long enough and sword sharp enough to cut down treason whenever it may raise its serpent head. Applause. I want a Government that will protect a free man, standing by his little log hut, with the same efficiency that it would protect Vanderburg living in a palace of marble and gold. Applause. Humanity is a sacred thing, and manhood is a thing to be preserved. Let us look at it. For instance, here is a war, and the Federal Government says to a man, "We want you," and says, "No I don't want to go," and then they put a lot of pieces of paper in a wheel and one of those pieces is his name and another man turns the crank, and then they pull it out and there is his name, and they say, "Come," and he goes. Laughter. And they stand him in front of the brazen-throated guns; they make him fight for his native land, and when the war is over he goes home and he finds the war has been unpopular in his neighborhood, and the tramp upon his rights, and he says to the Federal Government, "Protect me." And I say to that Government, "I owe my allegiance to you. You must protect me." What will you say of that Government if it says to him, "You must look to your State for protection." "Alas but," he says, "my State is the very power trampling upon me," and, of course, the robbery is not going to send for the police. Applause. It is the duty of the Government to defend even its drafted men; and if that is the duty of the Government, what shall I say of the volunteer who for one moment holds his wife in a tremulous and agonized embrace, kisses his children, should his musket, goes to the field, and says "Here I am, ready to die for my native land. A voice "Good." A nation that will not defend its volunteer defenders is a disgrace to the men of this world. A flag that will not protect its protectors is a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it waves. Applause. This is the Nation. Free speech is the brain of the Republic, an honest ballot is the breath of its life; money is the blood of its veins; and the idea of nationality is its great beating, throbbing heart. Applause. I am for a nation. And yet the Democrats tell me that it is dangerous to have centralized power. How would you have it? I believe in the localization of power; I believe in having enough of it localized in one place to be

effectively used; I believe in a localization of brain. I suppose Democrats would like to have it spread all over your body (applause and laughter), and they act as though there was.

PROTECTING AMERICAN LABOR.

There is another thing in which I believe; I believe in the protection of American labor. The hand that holds Aladdin's lamp must be the hand of toil. This Nation rests upon the shoulders of its workers, and I want the American laboring man to have enough to wear; I want him to have enough to eat; I want him to have something for the ordinary misfortunes of life; I want him to have the pleasure of seeing his wife well dressed; I want him to see a few blue ribbons fluttering about his children; I want him to see the flags of health flying in their beautiful cheeks; I want him to feel that this is his country, and the shield of protection is above his labor. Applause.

And I will tell you why I am for protection, too. If we were all farmers we would be stupid. If we were all shoemakers we would be stupid. If we all followed one business, no matter what it was, we would become stupid. Protection to American labor diversifies American industry, and to have it diversified touches and develops every part of the human brain. Protection protects integrity; it protects intelligence; and protection raises sense; and by protection we have greater men and better looking women and healthier children. Applause. Free Trade means that our laborer is upon an equality with the poorest paid labor of this world. And allow me to tell you that for an empty stomach, "Hurrah for Hancock" is a poor consolation, laughter. I do not think much of a Government where the people do not have enough to eat. Applause. I am a materialist to that extent; I want something to eat. I have been in countries where the laboring man had meat once a year; sometimes twice—Christmas and Easter. And I have seen women carrying upon their heads a burden that no man in the audience could carry, and at the same time knitting busily with both hands, and those women lived without meat; and when I thought of the American laborer, I said to myself, "After all, my country is the best in the world." Applause. And when I came back to the sea and saw the old flag flying in the air it seemed to me as though the air from pure joy had burst into blossom. Applause.

Labor has more to eat and more to wear in the United States than in any other land of this earth. Applause. I want America to produce everything that Americans need. I want it so the whole world should declare war against us, so if we were surrounded by walls of cannons and bayonets and swords, we could supply all our human wants in and of ourselves. Applause. I want to live to see the American woman dressed in American silk; the American man in everything from hat to boots produced in America (applause), by the cunning hand of the American toil. I want to see workmen have good house, painted white, grass in the front yard, carpets on its floor, pictures on the wall.

Applause. I want to see him a man feeling that he is a king by the divine right of living in the Republic. Applause. And every man here is just a little bit a king, you know. Every man here is a part of the sovereign power. Every man wears a little of purple; every man has a little of crown and a little of sceptre; and every man that will sell his vote for money or be ruled by prejudice is unfit to be an American citizen. Applause.

I believe in American labor, and I tell you why. The other day a man told me that we had produced in the United States of America one million tons of rails. How much are they worth? Sixty dollars a ton. In other words, the million tons are worth \$60,000,000. How much is a ton of iron worth in the ground? Twenty-five cents. American labor takes 25 cents of iron in the ground and adds to it \$59.75. Applause. One million tons of rails, and the raw material not worth \$24,000. We build a ship in the United States worth \$500,000, and the value of the ore in the earth, of the trees in the great forest, of all that enters into the composition of that ship bringing \$500,000 in gold is only \$20,000; \$480,000 by American labor, American muscle, coined into gold; American brains made a legal-tender the world around. Applause.

SOURCE OF THE FREE TRADE DOCTRINE.

I propose to stand by the Nation. I want the the furnaces kept hot. I want the sky to be filled with the smoke of American industry, and upon that cloud of smoke will rest forever the bow of perpetual promise. "Good," "good"; great cheers. That is what I am for. A voice—"So are we all." Yes, sir. Laughter. Where did this doctrine of a tariff for revenue only come from? From the South. The South would like to stab the prosperity of the North. They had rather trade with Old England than with New England. They had rather trade with the people who were willing to help them in war than those who conquered the rebellion. Great cheers. They knew what gave us our strength in war. They knew that all the brooks and creeks and rivers of New-England were putting down the rebellion. They knew that every wheel that turned, every spindle that revolved, was a soldier in the army of human progress. It won't do. Great applause. They were so lured by the greed of office that they were willing to trade upon the misfortunes of a Nation. It won't do. I don't wish to belong to a party that succeeds only when my country falls. I don't wish to belong to a party whose banner went up with the banner of rebellion. I don't wish to belong to a party that was in partnership with defeat and disaster. I don't. Applause. And there isn't a Democrat here but what knows that a failure of the crops this year would have helped his party. Applause. You know that an early frost would have been a godsend to them. Applause. You know that the potato-bug could have done them more good than all their speakers. Great applause. I wish to belong to that party which is prosperous when the country is prosperous. I be-

long to that party which is not poor when the golden billows are running over the seas of wheat. I belong to that party that is prosperous when there are oceans of corn, and when the cattle are upon the thousand hills. I belong to that party which is prosperous when the furnaces are aflame; and when you dig coal and iron and silver; when everybody has enough to eat; when everybody is happy; when the children are all going to school (applause); and when joy covers my nation as with a garment. Applause. That party which is prosperous, then, that is my party.

Now, then, I have been telling you what I am for, I am for free speech, and so ought you to be. I am for an honest ballot, and if you are not you ought to be. I am for the collection of revenue. I am for honest money. I am for the idea that this is a nation forever. Great applause. I believe in protecting American labor. Great Applause. I want the shield of my country above every anvil, above every furnace, above every cunning head and above every deft of American labor. Applause.

Now, then, what section of this country will be the more apt to carry these ideas into execution? What party will be the more apt to achieve these grand and splendid things? Honor bright? Laughter. Now we have not only to choose between sections of the country; we have to choose between parties. Here is the Democratic party; and I admit that there are thousands of good Democrats who went to the war, and some of those that stayed at home were good men; and I want to ask you, and I want you to tell me in reply what that party did during the war when the War Democrats were away from home. What did they do? That is the question. I say to you that every man who tried to tread our flag out of heaven was a Democrat. Applause. The men who wrote the ordinances of secession, who fired upon Fort Sumter; the men who starved our soldiers, who fed them with the crumbs that the worms had devoured before, they were Democrats. The keepers of Libby, the keepers of Andersonville were Democrats; Libby and Andersonville, the two mighty wings that will bear the memory of the confederacy to eternal infamy. And when some poor, emaciated Union patriot, driven to insanity by famine, saw in an insane dream the face of his mother, and she beckoned him and he followed hoping to press her lips once again against his fevered face and when he stepped one step beyond the dead line the wretch that put the bullet through his loving, throbbing heart was a Democrat. Great applause. The men who wished to scatter yellow fever in the North and who tried to fire the great cities of the North knowing that the serpents of flame would devour the women and babes—they were all Democrats Applause. He who said that the greenback never would be paid and he who slandered 60 cents out of every dollar of the Nation's promises were Democrats. Who were joyful when your brothers and your sons and fathers lay dead on the field of battle that the country has lost? They were Democrats. The men who wept when the old flag floated in triumph above the ramparts of Rebellion—they

were Democrats. You know it. The men who wept when slavery was destroyed, who regarded slavery to be a Divine institution, who regarded bloodhounds as apostles and missionaries, and who wept at the funeral of that infernal institution—they were Democrats. Bad company—bad company! Laughter and applause.

And let me inspire all the young men here not to join that party. Do not give new blood to that institution. The Democratic party has a yellow passport. On one side it says "dangerous." They imagine they have not changed, and that is because they have not intellectual growth. That party was once the enemy of my country, was once the enemy of our flag, and more than that it was once the enemy of human liberty, and that party to-night is not willing that the citizens of the Republic should exercise all their rights irrespective of their color. And allow me to say right here that I am opposed to that party. Loud applause.

CANDIDATES OF THE TWO PARTIES.

We have not only to choose between parties, but to choose between candidates. The Democracy have put forward as the bearers of their standard General Hancock and William H. English. Hisses. No, no, no. They will soon be beyond hissing. Roars of laughter. But let us treat them respectfully. When I am by the side of the dying, I never throw up their crimes. I feel to-night as though standing by the open grave of the Democratic party (great laughter), and allow me to say, that I feel as well as could be expected. Much laughter.

That party has nominated General Winfield S. Hancock, and I am told that he is a good soldier. I admit it. I don't know whether he is or not. I admit it. Laughter. That was his reputation before he was nominated, and I am willing to let him have the advantage of all he had before he was nominated. He had a conversation with General Grant. Great applause. It was a time when he had been appointed at the head of the Department of the Gulf. In that conversation he stated to General Grant that he was opposed to "nigger domination." Grant said to him, "We must obey the laws of Congress. Applause. We are soldiers." And that meant, the military is not above the civil authority. Applause. And I tell you to-night, that the army and the navy are the right and the left hands of the civil power. Applause. Grant said to him: "Three or four million ex-slaves, without property and without education, cannot dominate over thirty or forty millions of white people, with education and with property." General Hancock replied to that: "I am opposed to 'nigger domination.'" Allow me to say that I do not believe any man fit for the Presidency of the great Republic, who is capable of insulting a down-trodden race. Great applause. I never meet a negro that I do not feel like asking his forgiveness for the wrongs that my race has inflicted on his. Applause. I remember that from the white man he received for 200 years agony and tears; I remember that my race sold a child from the agonized breast of a mother; I remember that my race trampled

with the feet of greed upon all the holy relations of life; and I do not feel like insulting the colored man; I feel rather like asking the forgiveness of his race for the crimes that my race have put upon him. "Nigger domination." What a fine scabbard that makes for the sword of Gettysburg. It won't do. Laughter.

What is General Hancock for, besides the Presidency? Laughter. How does he stand upon the great questions affecting American prosperity? [Cries of "Give it up," "Give us an easier one." Laughter.] He told us the other day that the tariff is a local question. The tariff affects every man and woman that has a back to be covered or a stomach to be filled, and yet he says it is a local question. Laughter. So is death. Laughter. He also told us that he heard that question discussed once in Pennsylvania. Great laughter. He must have been "eavesdropping." Great laughter. And he tells us that his doctrine of the tariff will continue as long as Nature lasts. Laughter. Then Senator Randolph wrote him a letter. I don't know whether Senator Randolph answered it or not (laughter); but that answer was worse than the first interview; and I understand now that another letter is going through a period of incubation at Governor's Island, upon the great subject of tariff. It won't do. Applause and laughter.

They say one thing they are sure of, he is opposed to paying Southern pensions and Southern claims. He says that a man that fought against this Government has no right to a pension. Good! I say a man that fought against this Government has no right to office. Loud and prolonged applause. If a man cannot earn a pension by tearing our flag out of the sky, he cannot earn power. A voice—"How about Longstreet?"—Longstreet has repented of what he did. Longstreet admits that he was wrong. And there was no braver officer in the Southern Confederacy. — Applause.—Every man of the South who will say, "I made a mistake"—I don't want him to say that he knew he was wrong—all I ask him to say is that he now thinks he was wrong, and every man of the South to-day who says he was wrong, and who says from this day forward, henceforth and forever, he is for this being a nation, I will take him by the hand. Renewed applause. But while he is attempting to do at the ballot-box what he failed to accomplish upon the field of battle, I am against him; while he uses a Northern General to bait a Southern trap, I won't bite. I will forgive men when they deserve to be forgiven; but while they insist that they were right, while they insist that State Sovereignty is the proper doctrine, I am opposed to their climbing into power.

Hancock says that he will not pay these claims; he agrees to veto a bill that his party may pass; he agrees in advance that he will defeat a party that he expects will elect him; he in effect, says to the people, "You can't trust that party, but you can trust me." He says, "Look at them; I admit they are a hungry lot; I admit that they haven't had a bite in twenty years; I admit that an ordinary famine is satiety compared to the hunger they feel." But be-

tween that vast appetite known as the Democratic party, and the public treasury I will throw the shield of my veto." Applause. No man has a right to say in advance what he will veto, any more than a judge has a right to say in advance how he will decide a case. Applause. The veto-power is a distinction with which the Constitution has clothed the Executive, and no President has a right to say that he will veto until he has heard both sides of the question. Applause. But he agrees in advance. Laughter.

I would rather trust a party than a man. Death may vote Hancock, and death has not been a successful politician in the United States. Laughter. Tyler, Fillmore, Andy Johnson, (laughter)—I don't wish Death to elect any more Presidents; and if he does, and if Hancock is elected, William H. English becomes President of the United States. (Hisses No, no, no!) All I need to say about him is simply to pronounce his name (laughter); that is all. You don't want him. Whether the many stories that have been told about him are true or not I don't know, and I will not give currency to a solitary word against the reputation of an American citizen unless I know it to be true. Applause and cries of "Good" What I have got against him is what he has done in public life. When Charles Sumner (loud applause), that great and splendid publicist—Charles Sumner, the great philanthropist, one who spoke to the conscience of the time and to the history of the future, —when he stood up in the United States Senate and made a great and glorious plea for human liberty, there crept into the Senate a villain and struck him down as though he had been a wild beast. That man was a member of Congress, and when a resolution was introduced in the House to expel that man William H. English voted No. [Hisses.] All the stories in the world could not add to the infamy of that public act. Applause. That is enough for me, and whatever his private life may be, let it be that of an angel, never, never, never will I vote for a man that would defend the assassin of free speech. Applause General Hancock, they tell me, is a statesman (laughter); that little time he has to spare from war he has given to the tariff (laughter), and what little time he could spare from the tariff he has given to the Constitution of his country; showing under what circumstances a Major-General can put at defiance the Congress of the United States. It won't do.

But while I am upon that subject it may be well for me to state that he never will be President of the United States. (Loud applause.) Now, I say that a man who, in time of peace prefers peace, and prefers the avocations of peace; a man who, in the time of peace would rather look at the corn in the air of June, rather listen to the hum of bees, rather sit by his door with his wife and children; the man who, in time of peace loves peace, and yet when the blast of war flows in his ears should the musket and goes to the field of war to defend his country, and when the war is over goes home and again pursues the avocation of peace—that man is just as good, to say the least of him, as a

man who in a time of profound peace makes up his mind that he would like to make his living killing other folks. To say the least of it, he is as good.

THE REPUBLICAN STANDARD BEARERS.

The Republicans have named as their standard-bearers James A. Garfield (tremendous cheers, again and again renewed, the men standing up, waving their hats and the ladies their handkerchiefs)—James A. Garfield (cheers) and Chester A. Arthur (great cheers and applause). James A. Garfield was a volunteer soldier, and he took away from the field of Chickamauga as much glory as any man could carry. (Great applause.) He is not a soldier—he is a statesman. (Applause.) He has studied and discussed all the great questions that affect the prosperity and well-being of the American people. His opinions are well known, and I say to you to-night that there is not in this Nation, there is not in this Republic a man with greater brain and greater heart than James A. Garfield. (Great cheers.) I know him and like him. (Applause.) I know him as well as any other public man, and I like him. The Democratic party say that he is not honest. I have been reading some Democratic papers to-day, and you would say that every one of their editors had a private sewer of his own (laughter) into which had been emptied for a hundred years the slops of hell. (Laughter and applause.) They tell me that James A. Garfield is not honest. Are you a Democrat? Your party tried to steal nearly half this country. Applause. Your party stole the armament of a nation. Your party was willing to live upon the unpaid labor of four millions of people. You have no right to the floor for the purpose of making a motion of honesty. Applause. Sit down. Laughter and applause. James A. Garfield has been at the head of the most important committees of Congress; he is a member of the most important one of the whole House. He has no peer in the Congress of the United States. Applause. And you know it. He is the leader of the House. With one wave of his hand he can take millions from the pocket of one industry and put it into the pocket of another;—with a motion of his hand he could have made himself a man of wealth, but he is to-night a poor man. Applause. But he is rich in honor (applause), in integrity he is wealthy (applause), and in brain he is millionaire. Great applause. I know him and I like him. Cheers. He is as genial as May and he is as generous as Autumn. Applause. And the men for whom he has done unnumbered favors, the men whom he had pity enough not to destroy with an argument, the men who, with his great generosity, he has allowed, intellectually, to live, are now throwing filth at the reputation of that great and splendid man. (Cheers.)

Several ladies and gentlemen were passing a muddy place around which were gathered ragged and wretched urchins. And these little wretches began to throw mud at them; and one gentleman said, "If you don't stop I will throw it back at you." And a little fellow said, "You can't do it without dirtying your hands."

Laughter and applause. And it doesn't hurt us, anyway. Renewed laughter.

I never was more profoundly happy than on the night of that 12th day of October when I found that between an honest and a kingly man and his maligners, two great States had thrown their shining shields. Great Applause. When Ohio said, "Garfield is my greatest son, and there never has been raised in the cabins of Ohio a grander man" (tremendous and prolonged applause and cheers); and when Indiana (loud cheers) — and when Indiana held up her hands and said, "Allow me to endorse that verdict," I was profoundly happy, because that said to me, "Garfield will carry every Northern State," that said to me, "The Solid South will be confronted by a great and splendid North." Cheers.

I know Garfield — I like him. Laughter and cheers. Some people have said, "How is it that you support Garfield, when he was a minister?" Laughter. "How is it that you support Garfield, when he is a Christian?" I will tell you. There are two reasons. The first is, I am not a beggar; and secondly, James A. Garfield is not a beggar. He believes in giving to every other human being every right he claims for himself. He believes in an absolute divorce between Church and State. He believes that every religion should rest upon its morality, upon its reason, upon its persuasion, upon its goodness, upon its charity, and that love should never appeal to the sword of civil power. He disagrees with me in many things; but in the one thing, that the air is free for all, we do agree. I want to do equal and exact justice everywhere. I want the world of thought to be without a chain, without a wall. James A. Garfield, believing with me as he does, disagreeing with me as he does, is perfectly satisfactory to me. I know him, and I like him.

Men are to-day blackening his reputation, who are not fit to blacken his shoes. Applause. He is a man of brain. Since his nomination he must have made forty or fifty speeches, and every one has been full of manhood and genius. He has not said a word that has not strengthened him with the American people. He is the first candidate who has been free to express himself and who has never made a mistake. Great applause. I will tell you why he don't make a mistake; because he spoke from the inside out. Applause. Because he was guided by the glittering Northern star of principle. Lie after lie has been told about him. Slander after slander has been hatched and put in the air, with its little short wings, to fly its dirty day, and the last lie is a forgery. Great applause.

I saw to-day the fac-simile of a letter that they pretend he wrote upon the Chinese question. I know his writing; I know his signature; I am well acquainted with his writing, I know handwriting, and I tell you to-night that letter and that signature are forgeries. Long and continued applause. A forgery for the benefit of the Pacific States; a forgery for the purpose of convincing the American workingman that Garfield is without heart. I tell you, my fellow citizens, that cannot take from him a vote. A applause. But Ohio pierced their centre and in

ana rolled up both flanks and the rebel line cannot reform with a forgery for a standard. Applause. They are gone. Laughter.

NOT PREACHING A GOSPEL OF HATE.

Now some people say to me, "How long are you going to preach the doctrine of hate? I never did preach it. In many States of this Union it is a crime to be a Republican. I am going to preach my doctrine until every American citizen is permitted to express his opinion and vote as he may desire in every State of the Union. Applause. I am going to preach my doctrine until this is a civilized country. That is all. I will treat the gentlemen of the South precisely as we do the gentlemen of the North. I want to treat every section of the country precisely as we do ours. I want to improve their rivers and their harbors; I want to fill their land with commerce; I want them to prosper; I want them to build school-houses; I want them to open the lands to immigration to all people who desire to settle upon their soil. I want to be friends with them; I want to let the past be buried forever; I want to let bygones be bygones, but only upon the basis that we are now in favor of absolute liberty and eternal justice. Great applause. I am not willing to bury nationality or free speech in the grave for the purpose of being friends. Let us stand by our colors; let the old Republican party

that has made this a Nation—the old Republican party that has saved the financial honor of this party—let that party stand by its color.

Let that party say, "Free speech forever!" Let that party say, "An honest ballot forever." Let that party say, "Honest money forever; the Nation and the flag forever." And let that party stand by the great men carrying her banner. James A. Garfield and Chester A. Arthur. Applause. I had rather trust a party than a man. If General Garfield dies, the Republican party lives; if General Arthur dies, General Arthur will take his place—a brave, and honest and intelligent gentleman, upon whom every Republican can rely. Applause. And if he dies, the Republican party lives, and as long as the Republican party does not die, the great Republic will live. As long as the Republican party lives this will be the asylum of the world. Let me tell you, Mr. Irishman, this is the only country on the earth where Irishmen have had enough to eat. Let me tell you, Mr. German, that you have more liberty here than you had in the Fatherland. Let me tell you, all men, that this is the land of humanity.

Oh! I love the old Republic, bound by the seas, walled by the wide air, domed by heaven's blue, and lit with the eternal stars. I love the Republic; I love it because I love liberty. Liberty is my religion, and at its altar I worship and will worship. Long-continued applause. ■

The Full and Complete Editions of the LECTURES of COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

- | | |
|---|---|
| No. 1. MISTAKES OF MOSES. | No. 17. THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE. |
| No. 2. SKULLS. | No. 18. NOMINATING BLAINE FOR PRESIDENT AT CINCINNATI. |
| No. 3. GHOSTS. | No. 19. LIFE and DEEDS OF THOS. PAINE |
| No. 4. HELL. | No. 20. FARMING. |
| No. 5. LIBERTY OF MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD. | No. 21. SPEECH AT THE SOLDIERS' REUNION AT INDIANAPOLIS 1876. |
| No. 6. GODS. | No. 22. WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED. |
| No. 7. INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT | No. 23. PAST AND PRESENT GODS, HOW GODS GROW. |
| No. 8. HUMAN RIGHTS, | No. 24. THE CHINESE GOD. (Ingersoll's Views on the Chinese Question), and INGERSOLL'S BRAIN PHRENOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED. |
| No. 9. HEREAFTER. | No. 25. MODERN THINKERS. |
| No. 10. RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE. | |
| No. 11. HERETICS AND HERESIES. | |
| No. 12. Col. INGERSOLL'S VINDICATION OF THOMAS PAINE. | |
| No. 13. PLEA FOR INDIVIDUALITY AND ARRAIGNMENT OF THE CHURCH. | |
| No. 14. THE RELIGION OF OUR DAY. | |
| No. 15. PERSONAL DEISM DENIED. | |
| No. 16. THE PHILOSOPHER OF REASON — HUMBOLDT. | |

No. 26. GREAT REPUBLICAN SPEECH IN MAINE, September 10, 1880.

No. 27. WHAT MUST WE DO IN ORDER TO BE SAVED, held at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, September 19, 1880.

WOMAN'S FREEDOM—“Mankind will never be free until Woman is free.”

Col. Ingersoll and His Chicago Critics.

A Lecture by the Rev. JAS. K. APPLEBEE.

- “LYING MADE EASY.” A reply to Col. R. G. Ingersoll. By Rabbi H. Bien.
- “LIFE AND TRIP AROUND THE WORLD OF Gen. U. S. GRANT,” with Portrait of Gen. Washington and Gen. Grant.
- “SENATOR ZACH CHANDLER'S LAST SPEECH,” with a Biographical Sketch and Large Portrait of Sen. Chandler on Cover Page.

PRICE OF ANY OF THE ABOVE, 5 CENTS EACH.

The People's Popular Liberal Library.

- No. 1. THE AGE OF REASON, by Thomas Paine. Price, 15c.
- No. 2. COMMON SENSE, ESSAY ON DREAMS, THE RELIGION OF DEISM, in one volume, by Thomas Paine. Price, 15c.
- No. 3. THE RIGHTS OF MAN, by Thomas Paine. Written in defence of his fellow-man. A work almost without a peer in the world. Price, 15c.
- No. 4. VOLNEY'S RUINS: Or, Meditations on the Revolutions of Empires. Portrait of Volney on Cover Page. Price, 20c.
- No. 5. THE CRISIS, by Thomas Paine. Price 20c.
- No. 6. POCKET THEOLOGY, by Voltaire. With Portrait Price 20c.

Human Ignorance, or the Nineteenth Century Bible of Truth, and the Newer Testament, etc., the New Liberal Work. 25,000 sold. Price 25c.

Fruits of Philosophy. *A Treatise on the Population Question.* By Charles Bradlaugh and Anne Besant, with Portraits on Cover Page. Price 25c.

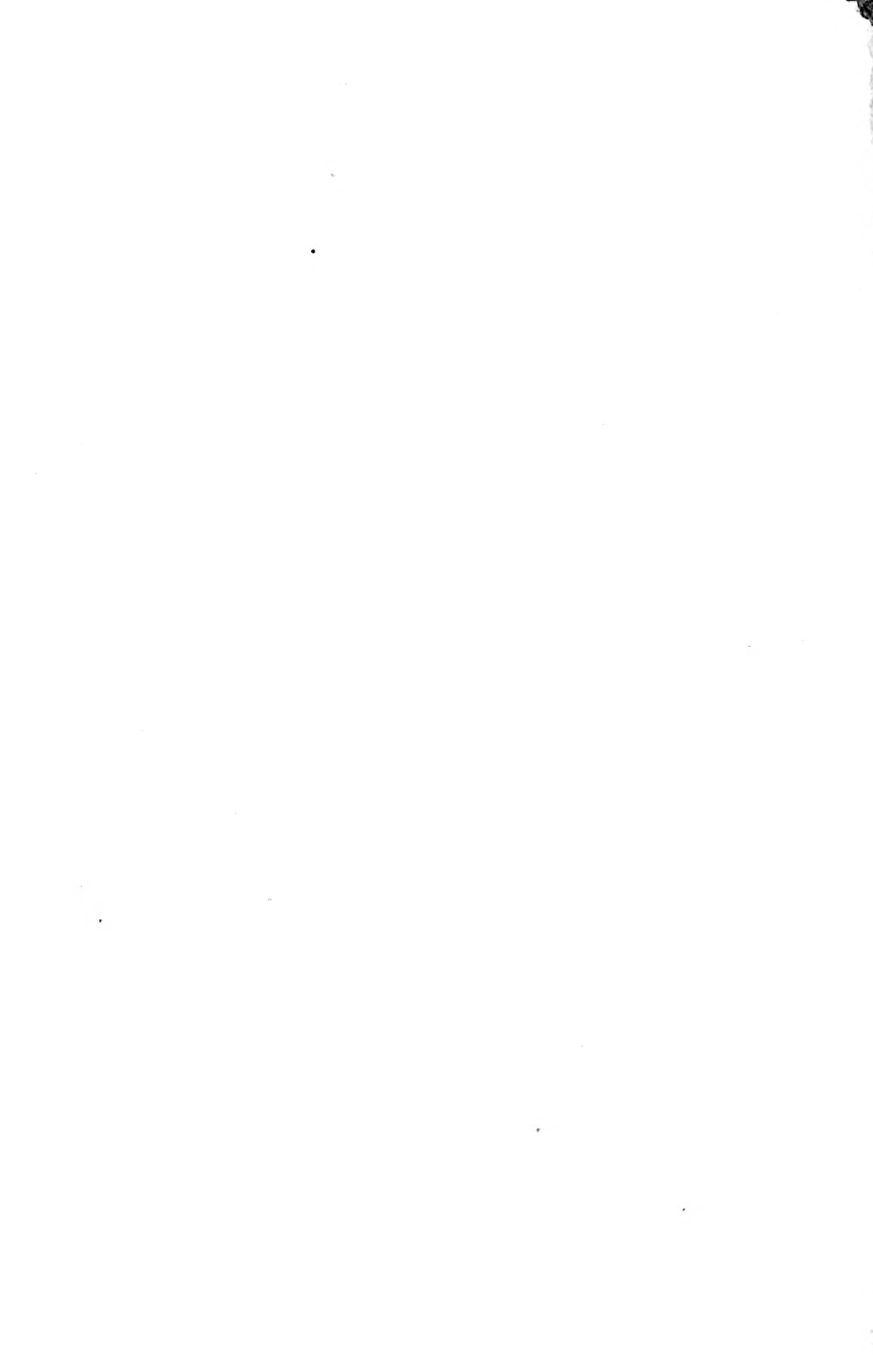
Full Report of the Grand Re-Union of the Soldiers and Sailors of the late war, held at Chicago, November 12—15, 1879, with all the Speeches incident thereto, and Speeches made at the Grand Banquet tendered to Gen. Grant at the Palmer House, November 13, 1879. Price 10c.

The Bible Inquirer; or A Key to Bible Investigation, containing 148 propositions, with references to the most plain and striking self-contradictions of the so-called inspired scriptures. By A. Jacobson. 25c.

Large Lithographs of Col. R. G. Ingersoll, size 8x10, price 15 Cts.

To be obtained from all Newsdealers and Booksellers throughout the United States.









LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 789 667 9