



LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

INGERSOLL'S WIT, WISDOM & ELOQUENCE.

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Human Happiness.

I tell you I had rather make somebody happy; I would rather have the love of somebody; I would rather go to the forest, far away, and build me a little cabin—build it myself and daub it with mud, and live there with my



THE CABIN HOME OF LINCOLN'S PARENTS.

wife and children; I had rather go there and live by myself—our little family—and have a little path that led down to the spring, where the water bubbled out day and night like a little poem from the heart of the earth; a little hut with some hollyhocks at the corner, with their bannered bosoms open to the sun, and with the

thrush in the air, like a song of joy in the morning; I would rather live there and have some lattice work across the window, so that the sunlight would fall checkered on the baby in the cradle; I would rather live there and have my soul erect and free, than to live in a palace of gold and wear the crown of imperial power and know that my soul was slimy with hypocrisy.

It is not necessary to be rich and great and powerful in order to be happy. If you will treat your wife like a splendid flower, she will fill your life with a perfume and with joy. I believe in the democracy of the fireside; I believe in the republicanism of home; in the equality of man and woman; in the equality of husband and wife.

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Protection.

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.

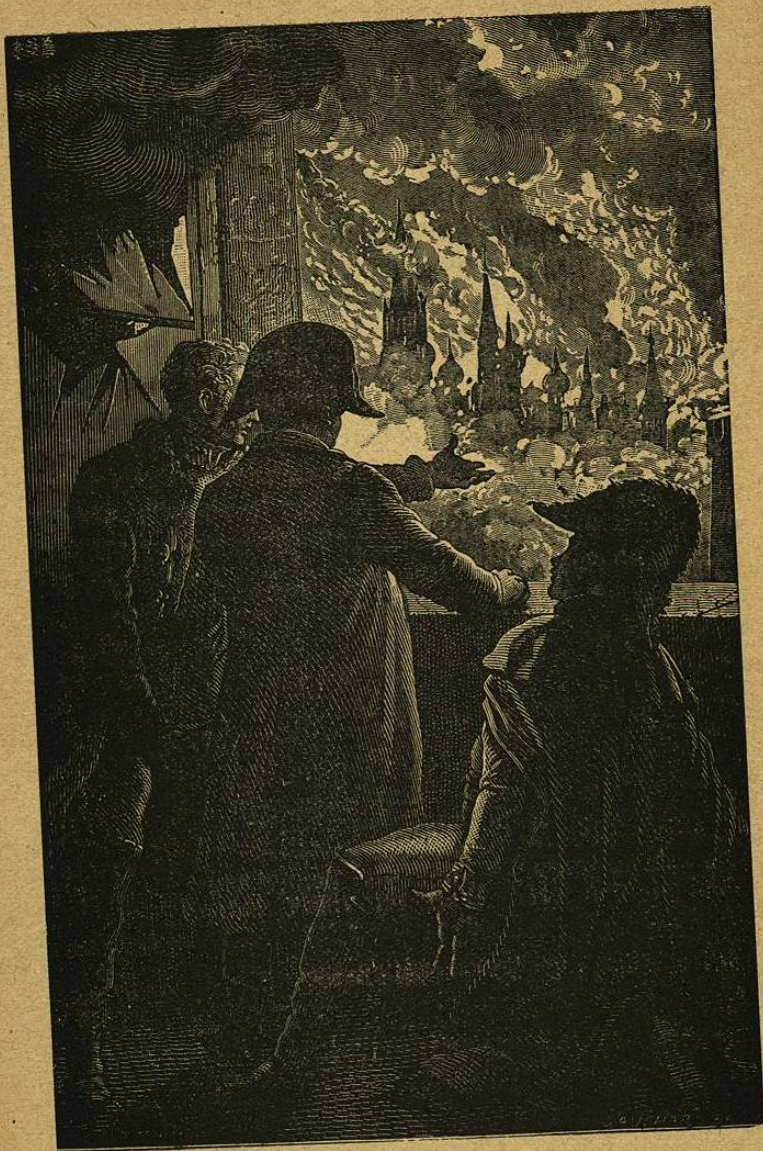
I want him to have the pleasure of seeing his wife well dressed. I want him to see a few blue ribbons fluttering about his children. I want him to see the flags of health flying in their beautiful cheeks. I want him to feel that this is his country, and the shield of protection is above his labor.

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 healthy children. Free trade means that our laborer is upon an equality with the poorest paid labor of this world.

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Love vs. Glory.

A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble, where rest at last the ashes of the restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world. I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide—I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tri-color in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the



NAPOLÉON WITNESSING THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

Pyramids ; I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like Winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea. I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant, and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me ; I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great. And so I would, ten thousand thousand times.

Influence of a Home.

There can be no such thing in the highest sense as a home, unless you own it. There must be an incentive to plant trees, to beautify the grounds, to preserve and improve. It elevates a man to own a home. It gives a certain independence, a force of character that is obtained in no other way. A man without a home feels like a passenger. There is in such a man a little of the vagrant. Homes make patriots. He who has sat by his own fireside with wife and children, will defend it. When he hears the word country pronounced, he thinks of his home.

Few men have been patriotic enough to shoulder a musket in defense of a boarding house.

The prosperity and glory of our country depend upon the number of our people who are the owners of homes. Around the fireside cluster the private and the public virtues of our race. Raise your sons to be independent through labor—to pursue some business for themselves, and upon their own account—to be self-reliant—to act upon their own responsibility, and to take the consequences like men. Teach them above all things to be good, true and faithful husbands—winners of love, and builders of homes.

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Love and Marriage.

It is not necessary to be rich in order to be happy. It is only necessary to be in love. Thousands of men go to college and get a certificate that they have an education, and that certificate is in Latin, and they stop studying, and in two years to save their life they couldn't

read the certificate they got. It is mostly so in marrying. They stop courting when they get married. They think, we have won her and that is enough. Ah! the difference before and after! How well they look! How bright their eyes! How light their steps, and how full they were of generosity and laughter! I tell you a man should consider himself in good luck if a woman loves him when he is doing his level best! Good luck! Good luck! And another thing that is the cause of



BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL GRANT.

much trouble is that people don't count fairly. They do what they call putting their best foot forward. That means lying a little. I say put your worst foot forward. If you have got any faults admit them. If you drink, say so and quit it. If you chew smoke and swear, say so. If some of your kindred are not very good people, say so. If you have had two or three that died on the gallows, or that ought to have died there, say so. Tell all your faults, and if after she knows your faults she

says she will have you, you have got the dead wood on that woman forever. I claim that there should be perfect equality in the home, and I cannot think of anything nearer Heaven than a home where there is true republicanism and true democracy at the fireside. All are equal. And then, do you know, I like to think that love is eternal; that if you really love the woman for her sake, you will love her no matter what she may do; that if she really loves you, for your sake, the same—if you really love her you will always see the face you loved and won.

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Love and Joy.

It is not necessary to be great to be happy; it is not necessary to be rich to be just and generous, and to have a heart filled with divine affection. No matter whether you are rich or poor, use your wife as though she were a splendid creation, and she will fill your life with perfume and joy. And do you know it is a splendid thing for me to think that the woman you love will never grow old to you. Through the wrinkles of time, through the music of years, if you really love her, you will always see the face you loved and won. And a woman who really loves a man, does not see that he grows older; he is not decrepit; he does not tremble; he is not old; she always sees the same gallant gentleman who won her hand and heart. I like to think of it in that way; I like to think of all passions, love is eternal, and as Shakspeare says, "Although time with his sickle can rob ruby lips and sparkling eyes, let him reach as far as he can, he cannot quite touch love, that

reaches even to the end of the tomb." And to love in that way and then go down the hill of life together, and as you go down, hear, perhaps, the laughter of grandchildren, and the birds of joy and love will sing once more in the leafless branches of age.

It is not necessary to be great to be happy; I believe in the democracy of home. I believe in the republicanism of the family. I believe in liberty and equality with those we love.

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Liberty of Mind,

I do not know what inventions are in the brain of the future; I do not know what garments of glory may be woven for the world in the loom of years to be; we are just on the edge of the great ocean of discovery. I do not know what is to be discovered; I do not know what science will do for us. I do know that science did just take a handful of sand and make the telescope, and with it read all the starry leaves of heaven; I know that science took the thunderbolts from the hands of Jupiter, and now the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under waves of the sea; I know that science stole a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, converted it into steam, and created giant that turns with tireless arms the countless wheels of toil; I know that science broke the chains from human limbs and gave us instead the forces of nature for our slaves; I know that we have made the attraction of gravitation work for us; we have made the lightnings our messengers; we have taken advantage of fire and flames and wind and sea; these slaves have no backs to be whipped; they have no

hearts to be lacerated; they have no children to be stolen, no cradles to be violated. I know that science has given us better houses; I know it has given us better pictures and better books; I know it has given us better wives and better husbands, and more beautiful children. I know it has enriched a thousand-fold our lives; and for that reason I am in favor of intellectual liberty.

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Industry.

We must get rid of the idea that a little learning unfits one for work. There are hundreds of graduates of Yale and Harvard and other colleges, who are agents of sewing machines, solicitors for insurance, clerks, copyists, in short, performing a hundred varieties of menial service. They seem willing to do anything that is not regarded as work—anything that can be done in a town, in the house, in an office, but they avoid farming as they would leprosy. Nearly every young man educated in this way is simply ruined. Such an education ought to be called ignorance. It is a thousand times better to have common-sense without education than education without the sense. Boys and girls should be educated to help themselves. They should be taught that it is disgraceful to be idle, and dishonorable to be useless.

You can divide mankind into two classes; the laborers and the idlers, the supporters and the supported, the honest and the dishonest. Every man is dishonest who lives upon the unpaid labor of others, no matter if he occupies a throne. All laborers should be brothers. The laborers should have equal rights before the world and before the law. And I want every farmer to con-

sider every man who labors either with hand or brain as his brother. Until genius and labor formed a partnership there was no such thing as prosperity among men. Every reaper and mower, every agricultural implement, has elevated work of the farmer, and his vocation grows grander with every invention. In the olden time the agriculturist was ignorant; he knew nothing of machinery, he was the slave of superstition.

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How to Marry.

Whoever marries simply for himself will make a mistake; but whoever loves a woman so well that he says, "I will make her happy," makes no mistake; and so with the woman who says, "I will make him happy." There is only one way to be happy and that is to make somebody else so, and you can't be happy cross-lots; you have got to go the regular turnpike road.

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The Evolution of Woman.

I say it took hundreds of years for a woman to come from a state of slavery to marriage; and, ladies, the chains that were upon your necks and the bracelets that were put upon your arms were iron, and they have been changed by the touch of the wand of civilization, to shining, glittering gold. Woman came from a condition of abject slavery, and thousands and thousands are in that condition now.

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A Worthy Ambition.

Let me say right here—and I have thought a good deal about it—let me say right here, the grandest ambi-

tion that any man can possibly have, is to so live and so improve himself in heart and brain as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman; and the grandest ambition of any girl is to make herself worthy of the love and adoration of some magnificent man. That is my idea, and there is no success in life without it.

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The Right Woman to Love.

I would not want the love of a woman that is not great enough, grand enough and splendid enough to be free. I will never give to any woman my heart upon chains. Do you know sometimes I think generosity is about the only virtue there is? How I do hate a man that has to be begged and importuned every minute for a few cents by his wife. "Give me a dollar?" "What did you do with that fifty cents I gave you last Christmas?"

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How to Come Home to Your Family.

When a man comes home let him come home like a ray of light in the night bursting through the doors and illuminating the darkness. What right has a man to assassinate joy, and murder happiness in the sanctuary of love—to be a cross man, a peevish man? Is that the way he courted? Was there always something ailing him? Was he too nervous to hear her speak? When I see a man of that kind I am always sorry that doctors know so much about preserving life as they do.

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A Woman's Love.

I tell you women are more prudent than men. I tell you, as a rule, women are more truthful than men. I

tell you that women are more faithful than men—ten times as faithful as man. I never saw a man pursue his wife into the very ditch and dust of degradation and take her in his arms. I never saw a man stand at the shore where she has been morally wrecked, waiting for the waves to bring back even her corpse to his arms; but I have seen woman do it. I have seen woman with her white arms lift man from the mire of degradation, and hold him to her bosom as though he were an angel.

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The Kingdom of Kindness.

Above all, let every man treat his wife and children with infinite kindness. Give your sons and daughters every advantage within your power. In the air of kindness they will grow about you like flowers. They will fill your homes with sunshine and all your years with joy. Do not try to rule by force.

A blow from a parent leaves a scar on the soul. I should feel ashamed to die surrounded by children I had whipped. Think of feeling upon your dying lips the kiss of a child you had struck.

See to it that your wife has every convenience. Make her life worth living. Never allow her to become a servant. Wives, weary and worn; mothers, wrinkled and bent before their time, fill homes with grief and shame. If you are not able to hire help for your wives, help them yourselves. See that they have the best utensils to work with. Women cannot create things by magic. Have plenty of wood and coal—good cellars and plenty in them.

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