

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 business;"

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."

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### Ingersoll's Apt Words on State Lines.

In old times, in the year of grace, 1860, if a man wished the army of the United States to pursue a fugitive slave then the army could cross a State line. Whenever it has been necessary to deprive some human being of a right, then we had a right to cross State lines; but whenever we wished to strike the shackles of slavery from a human being we had no right to cross a State line. In other words, when you want to do a mean thing you can step over the line, but if your object is a good one then you shall not do it.

This doctrine of State sovereignty is the meanest doctrine that was ever lodged in the American mind. It is political poison, and if this country is destroyed that doctrine will have done as much toward it as any other one thing. I believe the Union one absolutely. The Democrat tells me that when I am away from home the Government will protect me; but when I am home, when I am sitting around the family fireside of the nation, then the Government cannot protect me; that I

must leave if I want protection. Now I denounce that doctrine. For instance, we are at war with another country, and the American nation comes to me and says: "We want you."

I say: "I won't go."

They draft me, put some names in a wheel, and a man turns it and another pulls out a paper, and my name is on it, and he says: "Come." So I go, and I fight for the flag. When the war is over I go back to my State. Now let us admit that the war has been unpopular, and that when I got to the State the people of that State wished to trample upon my rights, and I cry out to my Government: "Come and defend me; you made me defend you." What ought the Government to do?

I only owe that Government allegiance that owes me my protection. Protection is the other side of the bargain; that is what it must be. And if the Government ought to protect even the man that it drafts, what ought it do for the volunteer, the man who holds his wife for a moment in his tremulous embrace, and kisses his children, wets their cheeks with his tears, shoulders his musket, goes to the field, and says: "Here I am to uphold my flag." A nation that will not protect such a protector is a disgrace to mankind, and its flag a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it waves.

I believe in a Government with an arm long enough to reach the collar of any rascal beneath its flag.

I want it with an arm long enough and a sword sharp enough to strike down tyranny wherever it may raise its snaky head.

I want a nation that can hear the faintest cries of its



humblest citizen.

I want a nation that will protect a freedman standing in the sun by his little cabin, just as quick as it would protect Vanderbilt in his palace of marble and gold.

I believe in a Government that can cross a State line on an errand of mercy. I believe in a Government that can cross a State line when it wishes to do justice. I do not believe that a sword turns to air at a State line. I want a government that will protect me. I am here (Rockford, Ill.) to-day—do I stand here because the flag of Illinois is above me? I want no flag of Illinois, and if I were to see it I should not know it. I am here to-day under the folds of the flag of my country, for which more good, blessed blood has been shed than for any other flag in this world. I have as much right to speak here as if I had been born right here.

That is the country in which I believe; that is the nation that commands my respect, that protects all.

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### Good Money.

Call it "fiat" money—call it what you please; the reason that a gold dollar is worth a dollar is, because you can buy the results of the same amount of labor that it took to dig that gold dollar and to mint it, including all the fellows that hunted and didn't find it.

If you take a piece of paper and say that it represents \$5 or \$10, it only represents it because there is a promise to pay that money—it is only good when you believe that the man or Government that made the promise is good, and you can't go beyond it.

Suppose you could blot from your mind, and there was no such thing as gold and silver—what is a dollar, just

leaving gold and silver entirely out? You have got a "fiat" bill that says it is \$10, and is valuable because it never will be redeemed. Gold and silver is valuable of itself. When I take a \$10 gold piece and go to England, I have to sell it the same as a bushel of corn, and all that spread-eagle nonsense doesn't add one farthing to its value. And when a sovereign comes here from England, we don't care anything 'about the beautiful picture of Queen Victoria or any other girl.

It is worth so much and no more. But they say it is the stamp of the government that makes it valuable. Why not stamp them tens, thousands or millions, and let us all be millionaires? It won't do! We will never get prosperity in that way. Slowly, slowly, steadily and surely the world has had more and more confidence in the industry, the honesty and the integrity of the American people, and to that extent our money has advanced until it has finally clasped hands upon an equality with the precious metals. We are just inside of port. We came in tempest-tossed; every sail torn and rent, and every mast by the side; and these wreckers stand on the shore and say, "If you want prosperity, put out to sea once more." We don't want to—we want honest methods. No man lives in a country whose money is under par, that he does not feel a little under par himself. I never took out a bill that was at 2, or 3 per cent. discount that I did not feel a little that way, too. This great and splendid Republic, with the most intelligent and the best people in the world,—and I say the most honest,—I want its promise to be as good in every part of the world as the promise of any other nation. I want the greenback to be preserved; I want to have gold

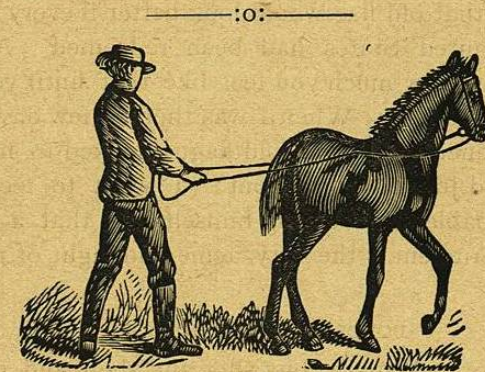


and silver behind it; I want it so that if I should go into the farthest isle of the Pacific and should take out a greenback a savage would look at it and his eyes would glitter as if he looked at gold. Then you feel like you are somebody; like you had a great and splendid nation, and even that old flag would look better if every promise of the United States had been redeemed. And you never know how much you feel like that until you go to a foreign country. When I was there a few days ago, I just happened to see that old flag; it looked to me as if the air had just blossomed out. I want to feel that a man is capable of governing himself, and that a Republican government is the very acme and hight of national honor.

#### BONDS AND GREENBACKS.

What for? Why, to buy shot and shell and muskets to shoot enough Democrats to save the Union. There was a division then forced on the people of the country, not into Democrats and Republicans, but into patriots and traitors; and thousands and thousands went out of the Democratic party to aid the Government to put down the rebellion. But every one who thus went into the service of the country, was then known as a Republican, and those who were against the Government were known as Democrats. These Democrats went into the markets of the world, and they maligned and they slandered these efforts to raise money to sustain the Government in its time of trial. They said, "Your bonds can never be paid, and your greenbacks are unconstitutional;" and to such an extent did they so slander and malign and calumniate the Government that at one time gold was 290, which meant that a greenback was

34 cents on the dollar. Where were the other 66 cents? They were slandered and calumniated out by the Democratic party of the North, and every time you working-men blister your hands to pay a debt, take off the blister and under it you will find a Democratic lie.



**A Country Full of Kings.**

I want the power where somebody can use it. As long as a man is responsible to the people there is no fear of despotism. There's no reigning family in this country. And when any man talks about despotism, you may be sure he wants to steal or be up to devilment. If we have any sense, we have got to have localization of brain. If we have any power, we must have centralization. We want centralization of the right kind, The man we choose for our head wants the army in one hand and the navy in the other, and to execute the supreme will of the supreme people.

But you say you will cross a State line. I hope so. When the Democratic party was in power and wanted to pursue a human slave, there was no State line. When we want to save a human being, the State line rises up



like a Chinese wall. I believe when one party can cross a State line to put a chain on, another party can cross it to take a chain off. "Why," you say, "you want the Federal Government to interfere with the rights of a State." Yes, I do, if necessary. I want the ear of the Government acute enough and arm long enough to reach a wronged man in any State. A government that will not protect its protectors is no government. Its flag is a dirty rag. That is not my government. I want a government that will protect its citizens at home. The Democratic doctrine is that a government can only protect its citizens abroad. If a father can't protect his children at home, depend upon it, he can't do much for them when they are abroad.

Think of it! Here's a war. They come to me in Illinois and draft me. I say to the Federal Government, "You told me I owed my first allegiance to you, and I had to go to war. Now, I say to you, You owe your first allegiance to me. and I want you to protect me!"

The Federal Government says to me, Oh, you must ask your State to request it."

I say, "That's just what they won't do!" Such a condition of things is perfectly horrible!"

If so with a man who is drafted, what will you say of a volunteer? Yet that's the Democratic doctrine of Federal Government. It won't do! And you know it!

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### Some Laughable Remarks About Money With Illustrations.

They say that money is a measure of value. 'Tisn't so. A bushel doesn't measure values. It measures diamonds as well as potatoes. If it measured values, a bushel of potatoes would be worth as much as a bushel of diamonds. A yard-stick doesn't measure values. They used to say, "there's no use in having a gold yard-stick." That is right. You don't buy the yard-stick. If money bore the same relation to trade as a yard-stick or half-bushel, you would have the same money when you got through trading as you had when you begun. A man don't sell half-bushels. He sells corn. All we want is a little sense about these things.

We were in trouble. The thing was discussed. Some said there wasn't enough money. That's so; I know what that means myself. They said if we had more money we'd be more prosperous. The truth is, if we were more prosperous we'd have more money. They said more money would facilitate business.

Suppose a shareholder in a railroad that had earned \$18,000 in the past year should look over the books and find that in that year the railroad had used \$12,000 worth of grease. The next year, suppose the earnings should fall off \$5,000, and the man, in looking over the accounts, should learn that in that year the road had used only \$500 worth of grease! Suppose the man should say: "The trouble is we want more grease." What would you think of a man if he discharged the superintendent for not using more grease?

I said, years ago, that resumption would come only by prosperity, and the only way to pay debts was by



labor. I knew that every man who raised a bushel of corn helped resumption. It was a question of crops, a question of industry.

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### An Amusing Story.

You Greenbackers are like the old woman in the Tewksbury, Mass., Poor-House. She used to be well off, and didn't like her quarters. You Greenbackers have left your father's house of many mansions and have fed on shucks about long enough. The Supervisor came into the Poor-House one day and asked the old lady how she liked it. She said she didn't like the company, and asked him what he would advise her to do under similar circumstances.

"Oh, you'd better stay. You're prejudiced," said he.

"Do you think anybody is ever prejudiced in their sleep?" asked the old lady. "I had a dream the other night. I dreamed I died and went to Heaven. Lots of nice people were there. A nice man came to me and asked me where I was from. Says I, 'From Tewksbury, Mass.'

"He looked in his book and said, 'You can't stay here.'

"I asked what he would advise me to do under similar circumstances.

"Well," he said, "there's Hell down there, you might try that."

"Well, I went down there, and the man told me my name wasn't on the book and I couldn't stay there. 'Well,' said I, 'what would you advise me to do under similar circumstances.'

"Said he, 'You'll have to go back to Tewksbury.'"

And when Greenbackers remember what they once were, you must feel now, when you were forced to join the Democratic party, as bad as the old lady who had to go back to Tewksbury.

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### Money and Yardsticks.

A thousands 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 only a measure of value, just the same as a half-bushel or yard-stick." 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 right here, money is a thing—thing is a product of nature—and you can no more make a "fiat" dollar than a fiat star.



**Bright Money.**

Now listen: No civilized nation, no barbarous nation, no tribe, however ignorant, ever used anything as money that man could make. They had always used for money a production of nature. Some may say, "Have not some uncivilized tribes used beads for money?" Yes, but a savage tribe could not make beads. The savage tribes believed them to be a product either of nature or of something else they could not imitate.

Nothing has ever been considered money among any people on this globe that those people could make. What is a greenback? The greenbacks are a promise, not money. You can not make a fiat dollar any more than you can make a fiat store. You can make a promise, and that promise may be made by such a splendid man that it will pass among all who know him as a dollar; but it is not a dollar. You might as well tell me that a bill of fare is a dinner. The greenback is only good now because you can get gold for it. If you could not get gold for it it would not be worth any more than a ticket for dinner after the fellow who issued the ticket had quit keeping hotel. A dollar must be made of something that nature has produced.

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**Repudiation.**

The mechanic said "No;" the ruined manufacturer said "No;" the once millionaire said "No, we will settle fair; we will agree to pay whether we ever pay or not, and we will never soil the American name with the infamous word, 'repudiation.'" Are you not glad? What is the talk? Are you not glad that our flag is covered all over with financial honors? The stars shine and gleam now because they represent an honest nation.

I think there is the greatest heroism in living for a thing! There's no glory in digging for potatoes. You don't wear a uniform when you're picking up stones. You can't have a band of music when you dig potatoes! In 1873 came the great crash. We staggered over the desert of bankruptcy. No one can estimate the anguish of that time. Millionaires found themselves paupers. Palaces were exchanged for hovels. The aged man, who had spent his life in hard labor, and who thought he had accumulated enough to support himself in his old age, and leave a little something to his children and grandchildren, found they were all beggars. The high-ways were filled with tramps.

Then it was that the serpent of temptation whispered in the ear of want that dreadful word "Repudiation." An effort was made to repudiate. They appealed to want, to misery, to threatened financial ruin, to the bare hearthstones, to the army of beggars. We had grandeur enough to say: "No; we'll settle fair if we don't pay a cent!" And we'll pay it. 'Twas grandeur! Is there a Democrat now who wishes we had taken the



advice of Bayard to scale the bonds? Is there an American, a Democrat here, who is not glad we escaped the stench and shame of repudiation, and did not take Democratic advice? Is there a Greenbacker here who is not glad we didn't do it? He may say he is, but he isn't. We then had to pay 7 per cent. interest on our bonds. Now we only pay 4. Our greenbacks were then at 10 per cent. discount. Now they are at par. How would an American feel to be in Germany or France and hear it said that the United States repudiated? We have found out that money is something that can't be made. We have found out that money is a product of Nature. When a nation is hard up, it is right and proper for it to give its notes, and it should pay them. We have found out that it is better to trust for payment to the miserly cleft of the rocks than to any Congress blown about by the wind of demagogues. We want our money good in any civilized nation. Yes, we want it good in Central Africa! And when a naked Hottentot sees a United States greenback blown about by the wind, he will pick it up as eagerly as if it was a lump of gold. They say even now that money is a device to facilitate exchanges. 'Tisn't so! Gold is not a device. Silver is not a device. You might as well attempt to make fiat suns, moons, and stars as a fiat dollar.

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### The Tariff.

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. They knew what gave us our strength in war. They knew that all the brooks and creeks and rivers in New England were putting down the rebellion. They knew that every wheel turned, every spindle that revolved, was a soldier in the army of human progress.. It won't do. 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. And there isn't a Democrat here but what knows that a failure of the crops this year would have helped his party. You know that an early frost would have been a god-send to them. You know that the potato bug could have done them more good than all their speakers.

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### Ingersoll's History of State Sovereignty.

This doctrine of State sovereignty has to be done away with; we have got to stamp it out. Let me tell you its history: The first time it ever appeared was when they wished to keep the slave trade alive until 1808. The first resort to this doctrine was for the protection of piracy and murder, and the next time they appealed to it was to keep the inter-state slave trade alive, so that a man in Virginia could sell the very woman that nursed him, to the rice fields of the South. It was done so they could raise mankind as a crop. It



was a crop that they could thresh the year around.

The next time they appealed to the doctrine was in favor of the Fugitive Slave law, so that every white man in the North was to become a hound to bay upon the track of the fugitive slave. Under that law the North agreed to catch women and give them back to the bloodhounds of the South. Under that infamy men and women were held and were kidnapped under the shadow of the dome of the National Capitol. If the Democratic party had remained in power it would be so now. The South said: "Be friends with us, all we want is to steal labor; be friends with us, all we want of you is to have you catch our slaves; be friends with us, all we want of you is to be in partnership in the business of slavery, and we are to take all the money and you are to have the disgrace and dishonor for your share." The dividend didn't suit me.

The next time they appealed to the doctrine of State rights was that they might extend the area of human slavery; it was that they might desecrate the fair fields of Kansas.

The next time they appealed to this infamous doctrine was in secession and treason; so now, when I hear any man advocate this doctrine, I know that he is not a friend of my country, he is not a friend of humanity, of liberty, nor of progress.

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### A Dark Picture.

This world has not been fit to live in fifty years. There is no liberty in it—very little. Why, it is only a few years ago that all the Christian nations were engaged in the slave trade. It was not until 1808 that England

abolished the slave trade, and up to that time her priests in her churches, and her judges on her benches, owned stock in slave ships, and luxuriated on the profits of piracy and murder; and when a man stood up and denounced it, they mobbed him as though he had been a



common burglar or a horse thief. Think of it! It was not until the 28th day of August, 1833, that England abolished slavery in her colonies; and it was not until the first day of January, 1863, that Abraham Lincoln, by direction of the entire North, wiped that infamy out of this country; and I never speak of Abraham Lincoln