

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

but I want to say that he was, in my judgment, in many respects the grandest man ever President of the United States. I say that upon his tomb there ought to be this line—and I know of no other man deserving it so well as he: "Here lies one who having been clothed with almost absolute power never abused it except on the side of mercy."

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What the Colonel Has Seen and What He Wants to See.

I have been in countries where the laboring man had meat once a year; sometimes twice—Christmas and Easter. And I have seen women carry upon their heads a burden that no man would like to 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." 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 blossoms.

Labor has more to eat and more to wear in the United States than any other land on this earth. I want America to produce everything that Americans need. I want it so if 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. 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 by the cunning hand of the American toiler.

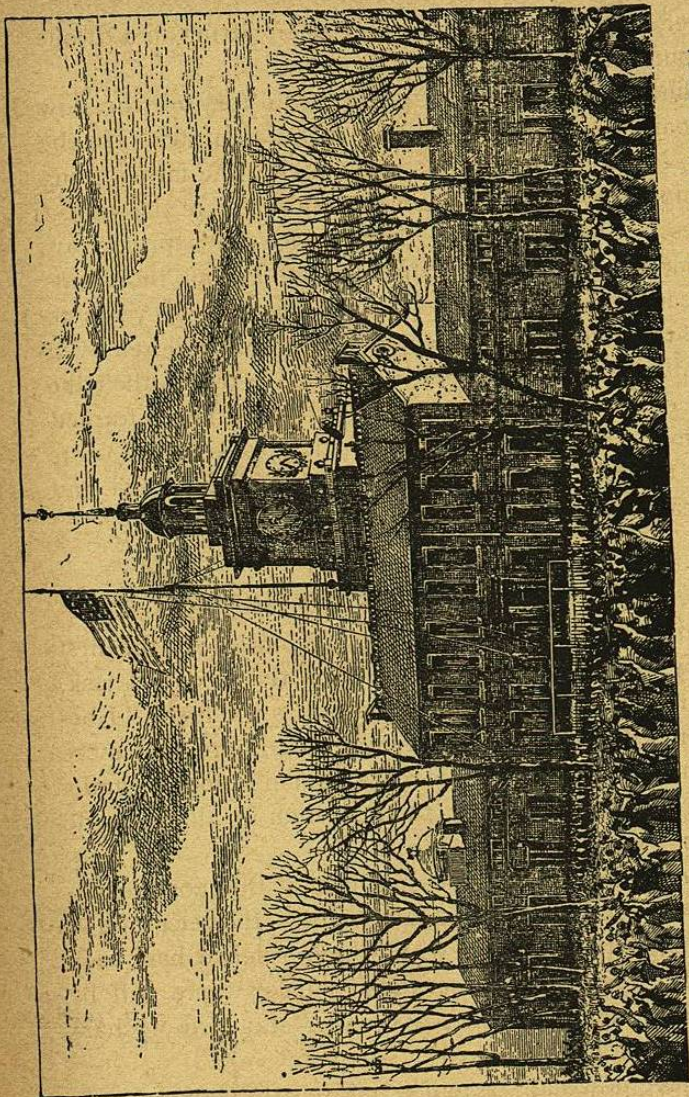
I want to see a workingman have a good, house painted white, grass in the front yard, carpets on the floor and pictures on the wall. I want to see him a man feeling that he is a king by the divine right of living in the Republic. And every man here is just a little bit a king, you know. Every man here 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.

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The Struggle for Liberty.

Seven long years of war—fighting for what? For the principle that all men are created equal—a truth that nobody ever disputed except a scoundrel; nobody in the entire history of this world. No man ever denied *that* truth who was not a rascal, and at heart a thief; never, never, and never will. What else were they fighting for? Simply that in America every man should have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Nobody ever denied that except a villain; never, never. It has been denied by kings—they were thieves. It has been denied by statesmen—they were liars. It has been denied by priests, by clergymen, by cardinals, by bishops and by popes—they were hypocrites.

What else were they fighting for? For the idea that all political power is vested in the great body of the people. They make all the money; do all the work. They plow the land; cut down the forests; they produce everything that is produced. Then who shall say what shall be done with what is produced, except the pro-



LINCOLN RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.
(102)
FEB. 21, 1862.

ducer? Is it the non-producing thief, sitting on a throne surrounded by vermin?

The history of civilization is the history of the slow and painful enfranchisement of the human race. In the olden times the family was a monarchy, the father being the monarch. The mother and children were the veriest slaves. The will of the father was the supreme law. He had the power of life and death. It took thousands of years to civilize this father, thousands of years to make the condition of wife and mother and children even tolerable. A few families constituted a tribe, the tribe had a chief; the chief was a tyrant; a few tribes formed a nation; the nation was governed by a king, who was also a tyrant. A strong nation robbed, plundered and took captive the weaker ones.

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America's Coming Greatness.

Standing here amid the sacred memories of the first century, on the golden threshold of the second, I ask, will the second century be as grand as the first? I believe it will, because we are growing more and more humane; I believe there is more human kindness, and a greater desire to help one another, than in all the world besides.

We must progress. We are just at the commencement of invention. The steam engine—the telegraph—these are but the toys with which science has been amused. There will be grander things; there will be wider and higher culture—a grander standard of character, of literature and art.

We have now half as many millions of people as we

have years. We are getting more real solid sense. We are writing and reading more books ; we are struggling more and more to get at the philosophy of life, of things—trying more and more to answer the questions of the eternal Sphinx. We are looking in every direction—investigating ; in short, we are thinking and working.

The world has changed. I have had the supreme pleasure of seeing a man—once a slave—sitting in the seat of his former master in the Congress of the United States. I have had that pleasure, and when I saw it my eyes were filled with tears, I felt that we had carried out the Declaration of Independence, that we had given reality to it, and breathed the breath of life into its every word. I felt that our flag would float over and protect the colored man and his little children—standing straight in the sun, just the same as though he were white and worth a million.

All who stand beneath our banner are free. Ours is the only flag that has in reality written upon it: Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—the three grandest words in all the languages of men. Liberty: Gives to every man the fruit of his own labor—the labor of his hand and of his brain. Fraternity: Every man in the right is my brother. Equality: The rights of all are equal. No race, no color, no previous condition, can change the rights of men. The Declaration of Independence has at last been carried out in letter and in spirit. The second century will be grander than the first. To-day the black man looks upon his child and says: The avenues of distinction are open to you—upon your brow may fall the civic wreath. We are celebrating the courage and

wisdom of our fathers, and the glad shout of a free people, the anthem of a grand nation, commencing at the Atlantic, is following the sun to the Pacific, across a continent of happy homes. We are a great people. Three millions have increased to fifty—thirteen states to thirty-eight. We have better homes, and more of the conveniences of life than any other people upon the face of the globe. The farmers of our country live better than did the kings and princes two hundred years ago—and they have twice as much sense and heart. Liberty and labor have given us all. Remember that all men have equal rights. Remember that the man who acts best his part—who loves his friends the best—is most willing to help others—truest to the obligation—who has the best heart—the most feeling—the deepest sympathies—and who freely gives to others the rights that he claims for himself, is the best man. We have disfranchised the aristocrats of the air and have given one country to mankind.



State Sovereignty and Human Slavery.

Let me tell you a few objections I have got to State Sovereignty. That doctrine has never been appealed to for any good. The first time it was appealed to 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 woman 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 inter-state 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 offense; 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 traveled 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 it the duty of Northern men to clutch that woman and turn her back to the domination of the hounds 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.

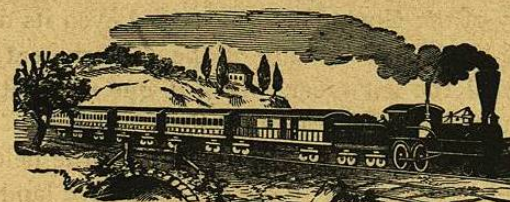
The next time they appealed to the doctrine of State Sovereignty was to increase the area of human slavery, so that the blood-hound with clots of blood dropping from his loose and hanging jaws, might traverse the billowy plains of Kansas. Think of it! The Democratic party then said the Federal Government had a right to cross the State line. And the next time they appealed to that infamous doctrine was in defense 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 an 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 Chinese wall, and the sword of Federal power turns to 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 can not 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 a sword sharp enough to cut down treason wherever it may raise its serpent head. (Applause.) I want a Government that will protect a freedman, standing by his little log hut, with the same efficiency that it would protect Vanderbilt 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 he says, "No, I don't want to go," and then they put a lot of pieces of paper in a wheel and on 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 so 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 they trample upon his rights, and he says to the Federal Government, "Protect me." And he says 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." "Ah, but," he says, "my State is the very power trampling upon me," and, of course, the robber 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 agonizing embrace, kisses his children, shoulders 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 man 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 a Nation. Free speech is the brain of the Republic, an honest ballot is the breath of its life ; honest money is the blood of its veins ; and the idea of nationality is its great beating, throbbing heart. (Applause.) I am for a Nation.—If those who press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be a common faith treads from out the paths between our hearts the weeds of selfishness, and I should rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is naught, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here.



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.

And I will tell you why I am for protection, too. If we were all farmers 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 Cleveland" is a poor consolation,