

expressed will of a majority of the people. (Applause.) I look upon Kings and Princes and Noblemen as men in the livery of larceny wearing the insignia of robbery. I am proud I am an American and that I live in a civilized country. When I speak of a free country, I confine myself to the Northern and Western States of this great Republic. (Applause.)

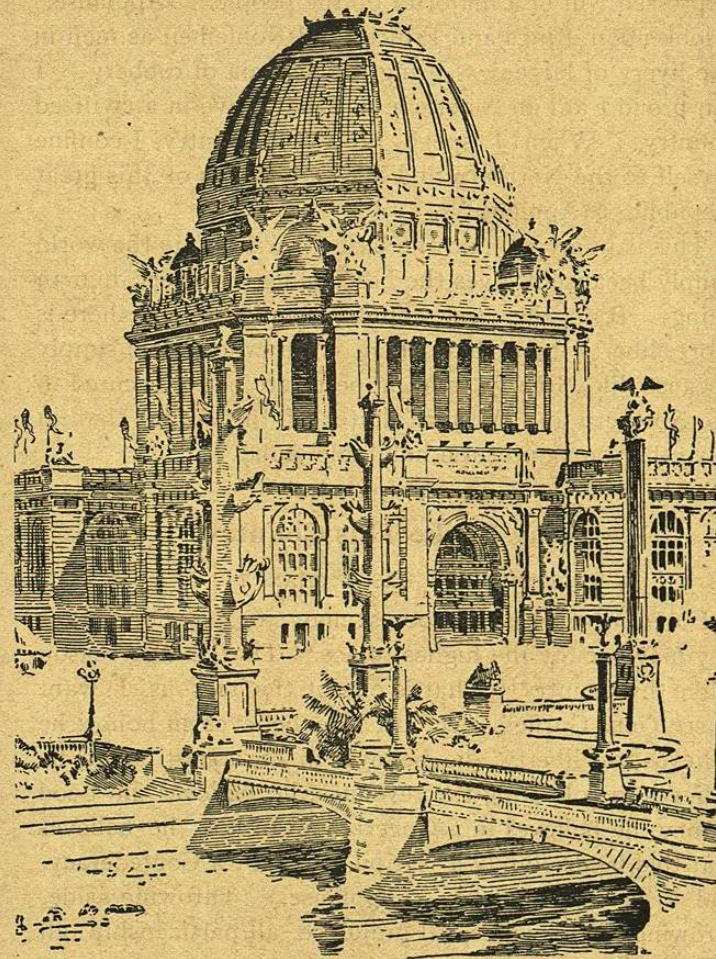
This is in my opinion the best government in the world simply because it gives the best chance to every human being. It is the best country simply because there is more liberty here than there is anywhere else; simply because life, liberty, and property are better secured in the Northern and Western States of this Union than in any other portion of the habitable globe.

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### Why I Like This Country.

EVERYBODY HAS A CHANCE.

I love it because the poorest man can live hoping his boy may occupy the highest place. That is the reason I like this country. That is one of the reasons I want to see Gen. Garfield elected. He believes in honor; he believes in liberty; he believes in an honest ballot; he believes in collecting the revenues; he believes in good money; he believes in a Government of law; he believes that this is absolutely a Nation, and not a Confederacy, and I believe in him. (Applause.) Throwing aside, throwing to the winds, all prejudice, all partizanship, all hatreds, I beg of every one who hears me to conscientiously decide for himself what, under the circumstances, as a man, as a patriot, as a lover of justice, what he ought to do. That is all I want you to do. Be honor



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING,  
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION,  
CHICAGO, 1893.



bright. (Laughter.) Do not be led away by the appeals of gentlemen who once belonged to the Republican party. Vote to sustain the greatest possible cause, human liberty. I know and appreciate what our liberty has cost. We are reaping to-day the benefits of the sufferings of every hero who ever died. We are to-day a great, a united, and a splendid people, simply because somebody was great and good enough to die that we might live. Now, do you believe if the dead could rise from their graves—the men fallen on all the battlefields of war—could they rise from the unknown graves that make this continent sacred, how would they vote next November? Think of it. Let us be true to the memory of every man that ever died for us. (Applause.)

#### BEST COUNTRY FOR THE POOR.

I like this country because the honest and industrious man is a nobleman. I like it because a man, no matter how poor he may be, whether a merchant or clerk, can go home at night, take his tow-headed boy on his knee, and say to him: "John, the public schools and every avenue of distinction are open to you. Your father may be ignorant; he may not be good at figures; but you may rise to the highest office within the gift of civilized people." (Applause and cheers.) We don't know how good this country is. Do you know that we have more to eat here than any other nation of the globe has? And that is quite an item. (Laughter.) We have better clothes and they come nearer fitting us. (Applause.) There is more general information among our people, and it is better distributed than in any other country.

#### REPUBLICAN FAMILIES.

But really the greatest thing about our country is that in no other country are women and children treated as well as they are in the United States. (Cheers.) Let me tell you why:—In other countries the family is patterned after the form of government. In other countries, where there is a monarch, the head of the family is a monarch; in countries where the head of the government is a despot, the head of the family is a despot. Here in this country our families are Republican; every man sitting by the fireside has a vote. (Cheers.) These are a few of the reasons why I like this country. I like it because it gives me a chance. (Applause.) I like it because a man in the lowest walks of life can have the same chance. I like it because a boy who has worked on a canal, a boy who has driven a mule on the towpath, a boy who has cut wood at twenty-five cents a cord,—I like it because such a boy is going to be the next president of the United States. (Applause.) What a magnificent compliment they pay our system of government! what a splendid compliment they pay to the good heart of our people, by making prominent in this canvass the fact that the boy was poor, that the boy was compelled to work! What in other countries would be a work of disgrace, in this country is transfigured into the wings of honor and of fame.

#### THE PERILS OF THE NATION.

There are certain perils that menace this Government; and let us be honest about it. I tell you to-night that I have no favors to ask of any political parties in this world.



The first peril, in my judgment, is the doctrine of State rights. The doctrine that a part is greater than the whole; the doctrine that the General Government is born of the States, when everybody knows that the States were born of the General Government, and that before that time they were colonies on their knees to George III, and they were not raised from their degradation into the majesty of States until the Continental Congress resolved that they were free and independent States. (Applause.) That heresy is, in my judgment, one of the



great perils that menace this Republic at the present time. It was not settled by the war; it has not been beaten out of the Democratic leaders; and let me assure you that it is as strongly intrenched in the hearts of these men at the present time, as it ever was in the history of the Government. The doctrine of State rights was appealed to, to perpetuate human slavery; it was appealed to to keep the slave trade open until the year 1808; it was appealed to to justify Secession and Rebellion. It is appealed to in order that the Southern States may deny to the black people their rights. By this time you

will see that the doctrine of State Rights has never been appealed to in the history of this country except when somebody wanted to steal something from somebody else. (Applause.) I detest the doctrine. I abhor it in every drop of my blood. This is not a Confederacy; this is a Nation. I have the same right to speak here in Massachusetts that I have in Illinois; not because the flag of Massachusetts floats over me—because I would not know it if I should see it—it is because the right is guaranteed to me by the flag of the Republic. (Cheers.)

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The doctrine has never been appealed to except to justify some kind of rascality, and would never have been dreamed except that the South wanted to preserve slavery.

It was appealed to to keep the slave trade open, and then to make Northern men slave catchers, then to justify secession, and now to allow the people of the Southern States to deny the negroes the right of citizenship. We have always heard about the rights of South Carolina, but we never hear of the rights of New York and Pennsylvania and any State of importance. Wherever the State fails to give its protection to the people the General Government must step in and give them the protection they require. Wade Hampton recently said that the principles of the Democratic party are to-day the same for which Lee and Stonewall Jackson fought, and, from the bottom of my heart, I believe him.

#### PERIL OF REPUDIATION.

Whether we shall pay our debts is the great question, and with State sovereignty, the Southern States would



repudiate their debts by issuing currency to be redeemed eventually by the National Government. As long as there is a greenback in circulation, it is an earnest advocate that the Democratic party shall not come into power. People say now that the country is prosperous and that repudiation is not to be feared; but let us have bad crops for one or two years, and a depression of business, and demagogues would rise by the thousands and advocate it. With honest money we may become a commercial nation, but we can never become so with mere promises to pay.

#### PERIL OF FRAUDULENT VOTING.

Another peril is fraudulent voting, and this can be overcome by extending the required time of residence to voters, identifying them thoroughly with the place before they can cast a ballot in it.

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#### A Political Tramp.

The Democratic party to-day is a political tramp, crawling to the back door of the White House, begging for official food. The Democratic party has not had a bite to eat for sixteen long and weary years. The Democratic party has a vast appetite. The Democratic party is all teeth and an empty stomach. In other words, the Democratic party is a political tramp with a yellow passport. This political tramp begs food, and carries in his pocket old dirty scraps of paper as a kind of certificate of character. On one of these papers he will show you the ordinance of 1789; on another one of those papers he will have a part of the fugitive slave law; on another some of the black laws that used to disgrace

Illinois; on another, Governor Tilden's letter to Kent; on another a certificate signed by Lyman Trumbull that the Republican party is not fit to associate with—that certificate will be endorsed by Governor John M. Palmer and my friend Judge Doolittle. He will also have in his pocket an old wood-cut, somewhat torn, representing Abraham Lincoln falling upon the neck of S. Corning Judd, and thanking him for saving the Union as commander-in-chief of the Sons of Liberty. Following this tramp will be a bloodhound; and when he asks for food, the bloodhound will crouch for employment on his haunches, and the drool of anticipation will run from his loose and hanging lips. Study the expression of that dog. Translate it into English and it means: "Oh! I want to bite a nigger!" And when the dog has that expression he shows a striking likeness to his master. The question is, "Shall that tramp and that dog gain possession of the White House?"

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#### An Ingersoll Picture.

The other day I was walking along the road and I came to a place where it had been changed, and the guide-board did not know it. It had stood there for twenty years pointing industriously, pointing diligently to a deserted field; nobody ever went that way, but the guide-board thought the next man would. Thousands passed, and notwithstanding the fact that not one went in the direction of the guide-board, through calm and shine and storm, it pointed diligently into the old field, and swore to it the road went that way, and I said to myself, "Such is the Democratic party of the United



States." (Laughter.) I saw a little while ago a place in the road where there had been a hotel. The hotel had gone down over thirty years ago, and there was nothing standing but two desolate chimneys, up the flues of which the fires of hospitality had not roared for thirty years. The fence was gone, and the post holes even were obliterated, but there was a sign in the road, and on the sign were the words: "Entertainment for man and beast." The old sign swung and creaked in the winter wind, the snow fell upon it, the sleet clung to it, and in the summer the birds sung and twittered and made love upon it; nobody ever stopped there, but the sign swore to it, the sign certified to it: "Entertainment for man and beast." And I said to myself, "Such is the Democratic party of the United States, and one chimney ought to be called Tilden, and the other chimney ought to be called Hendricks." I saw also, by a stream, a building that had once been a mill; all the clapboards nearly were gone, and the roof leaked like an average Democratic wool hat with the top burst; though there was a sign hanging by one nail: "Cash for wheat." Not a kernel had been ground there for thirty years; the old mill-wheel had fallen off its gudgeons into the street, and it was a dry as though it had been in the final home of the Democratic party for forty years. The dam was gone; nobody had built a new dam; the mill was not worth a dam! And I said to myself, "That is exactly the condition of the democratic party to-day."

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### Fiat Money.

You can't make a dollar out of paper except by taking

a dollar's worth of paper to do it. Did you ever hear of a fiat load of corn, or a fiat load of wheat? (Laughter.) You can no more make a paper dollar a dollar than you can make a warehouse certificate a load of wheat. When resumption is an accomplished fact, confidence and credit take the place of gold and silver. I admit that the Democratic party raised their share of corn, and pork, and wheat, that enabled us to resume. They furnished their share of the money, and the Republicans furnished the honor to pay it over. The soft money Democrats said that the greenback was the money for the poor man. Did any one ever hear before of money that sought out only the poor man, that was always hunting for fellows that were dead-broke, and that despised banks?

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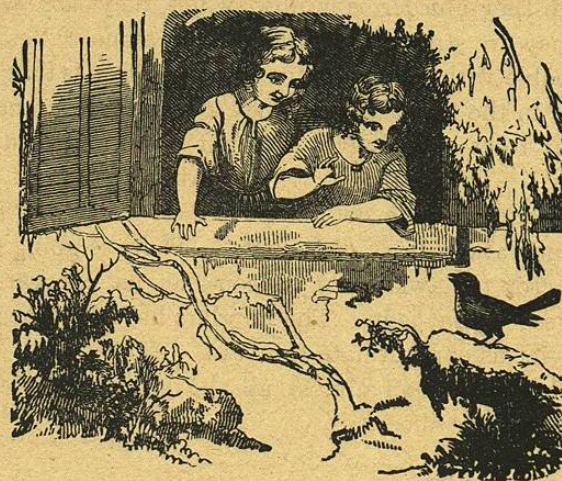
### The Colored Race.

I have thought that human impudence reached its limit ages and ages ago. I had believed that some time in the history of the world impudence had reached its height, and so believed until I read the congratulatory address of Abram S. Hewit, chairman of the National Executive Democratic Committee, wherein he congratulates the negroes of the South on what he calls a Democratic victory in the State of Indiana. If human impudence can go beyond this, all I have to say, it never has. What does he say to the Southern people, the colored people? He says to them, in substance: "The reason the white people trample upon you is because the white people are weak. Give the white people more strength, put the white people in authority, and,



although they murder you now when they are weak, when they are strong they will let you alone. Yes; the only trouble with our Southern white brethren is that now they are in the minority, and they kill you now, and the only way to save your lives is to put your enemy in the majority." That is the doctrine of Abram S. Hewit, and he congratulates the colored people of the South upon the Democratic victory of Indiana. There is going to be a great crop of hawks next season—let us congratulate the doves. That is it. The burglars have whipped the police—let us congratulate the bank. That is it. The wolves have killed off almost all the shepherds—let us congratulate the sheep.

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### Sufferings of the Slaves.

In my judgment the black people have suffered enough. They have been slaves for 200 years, and, more than all, they have been compelled to keep the company of the men that owned them. (Laughter and applause.) Think of that. Think of being compelled to keep the society of the man who is stealing from you! Think of being compelled to live with the man who sold your wife! Think of being compelled to live with the man who sold your child from the cradle before your very eyes! Think of being compelled to live with the thief of your life, and spend your days with the white robber, and to be under his control! The black people have suffered enough. For 200 years they were owned and bought and sold and branded like cattle. For 200 years every human tie was rent and torn asunder by the bloody, brutal hands of



avarice and might. They have suffered enough. During the war the black people were our friends not only, but whenever they were entrusted with the family, with the wives and children of their masters, they were true to them. They stayed at home and protected the wife and child of the master while he went into the field and fought for the right to whip and steal the child of the very black man that was protecting him. (Applause.) The black people, I say, have suffered enough, and for that reason I am in favor of this Government protecting them in every Southern State, if it takes another war to do it. (Cheers.) We never can compromise with the South at the expense of our friends. (Voices, "Never!") We can never be friends with the men that starved and shot our brothers. (Voices, "Never!") We never can be friends with the men that waged the most cruel war in the world; not of liberty, but for the right to deprive other men of their liberty. We never can be their friends until they treat the black man justly; until they treat the white Union man respectfully; until Republicanism ceases to be a crime; until to vote the Republican ticket ceases to make you a political and social outcast. We want no friendship with the enemies of our country. (Applause.)

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### The Greenback Question.

The next question prominently before the people—though I think the great question is, whether citizens shall be protected at home—the next question I say, is the financial question. With that there is no trouble. We had to borrow money and we have got to pay it.

That is all there is of that, and we are going to pay it just as soon as we make the money to pay it with, and we are going to make the money out of prosperity. We have got to dig it out of the earth. You can't make a dollar by law. You can't redeem a cent by statute. You can't pay one solitary farthing by all the resolutions, by all the speeches ever made under the sun, (Applause.) You have got to dig this money right square out of the ground. Every dollar we owe is not wealth of this Nation, but it is the evidence of the poverty of this Nation. The Nation cannot make money. The Nation cannot support you and me; it cannot support us. We support the Nation. The Nation collects its taxes from us. The Nation is a perpetual, everlasting pauper, and we have to support the Nation. The Nation passes the measure of taxation, and the Nation passes around the hat, and makes us all throw in our charity to support the Government, and everybody does throw in except Tilden, as far as heard from. (Laughter.) Now, then, we have some men among us who say that the Government can make money. If the Government can make money, why should it collect taxes from us? Why shouldn't it make all the taxes it wants? Why shouldn't it make all the money it wants, and take the taxes out and give the balance to us? Why should this Government, if it has the power to make money, collect any money from the people? But they tell you that this Government has the power to put its sovereign impress on a piece of paper; and, if the Government has that power, it don't take any more sovereignty to make a \$1 than it does to make a \$2 bill. What is the use of wasting sovereignty on \$1 bills? (Laughter.) Why not have



\$10 bills? What is the use of wasting sovereignty on a \$10 bill? Why not have \$100 bills? (Laughter.) Why not have million-dollar bills, and every one become a millionaire at once? (Laughter and applause.) If the greenback doctrine is right, that evidence of national indebtedness is wealth, if that is their idea, why not go another step and make every individual note a legal tender? Why not pass a law that every man shall take every other man's note? Then, I swear, we would have money in plenty. (Laughter.) No, my friends, a promise to pay a dollar is not a dollar, no matter if that promise is made by the greatest and most powerful Nation on the globe. A promise is not a performance. An agreement is not an accomplishment, and there never will come a time when a promise to pay a dollar is as good as the dollar, unless everybody you owe has got the dollar, and will pay it whenever they ask for it.

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#### **Guaranteeing Payment of the National Debt.**

No, my friends, we are going to pay that money: every man that has got a bond, every man that has got a greenback dollar has got a mortgage upon the best continent of land on earth, and every spear of grass on this continent is a guaranty that the debt will be paid. Every particle of coal, laid away by that old miser, the sun, millions of years ago, is a guaranty that every dollar will be paid; all the iron ore, all the gold and silver under the snow-capped Sierra Nevadas, waiting for the miner's pick to give back the flash of the sun, every ounce is a guaranty that this debt will be paid, and every furrowed field of corn, and every good man, and every

good woman, and every dimpled, kicking, healthy babe in the cradle, and all the boys and girls bending over their books at school, and every good man who is going to vote the Republican ticket, is a guaranty that every dollar of the national debt will be paid.

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#### **A Fling at Old Bachelors.**

Now, my friends, the Democratic party (if you may call it a party) brings forward as its candidate, Samuel J. Tilden, of New York. I am opposed to him, first: because he is an old bachelor. In a country like ours, depending for its prosperity and glory upon an increase of the population, to elect an old bachelor is suicidal policy. Any man that will live in this country for sixty years, surrounded by beautiful women with rosy lips and dimpled cheeks, in every dimple lurking a cupid, with coral lips and pearly teeth and sparkling eyes—any man that will push them all aside and be satisfied with the Democratic party—does not even know the value of time.

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#### **Buying a Family Horse.**

This reminds me of the story about the man who wanted to buy a family horse. He went into a Boston stable, and the keeper showed him a handsome bay. "Oh, that one won't do for me. I want one that is handsome, spirited and safe," said the man. The dealer brought out another horse. "Oh, he's too logy," said the man. Then they came along to a handsome gray. "There," said the dealer, "is a horse I wouldn't part with. I keep it for my wife. She thinks more of him