

\$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



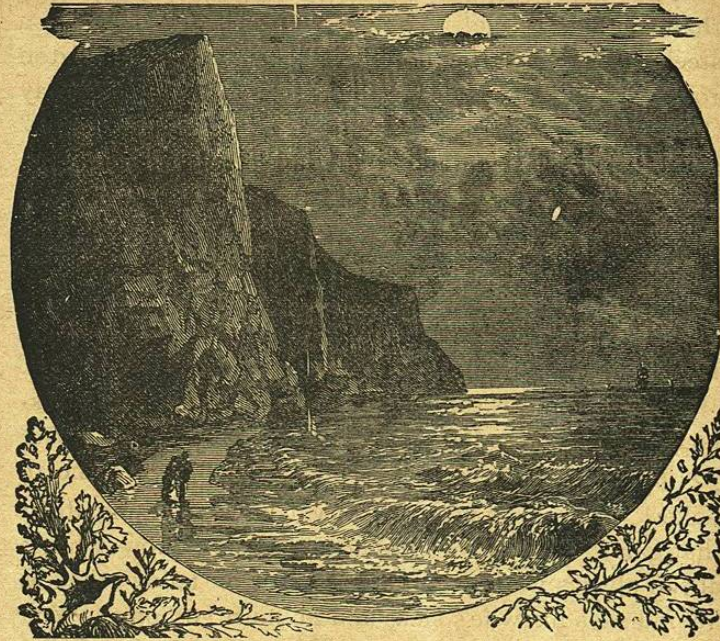
than she does of me! You know General Banks has a steel engraving of the horse that General Washington rode. Well, horsemen who have seen that picture say that this horse looks exactly like that one." "Yes," said the man looking at the horses teeth," I'll be ——— if I don't believe it is the same horse."

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### Playing Poker.

I don't blame the man who wanted inflation. I don't blame him for praying for another period of inflation. "When it comes," said the man who had a lot of shrunk-en property on his hands, "blame me, if I don't unload, you may shoot me." It's a good deal like a game of poker! I don't suppose any of you know anything about that game! Along towards morning the fellow who is ahead always wants another deal. The fellow that is behind says his wife's sick, and he must go home. You ought to hear that fellow descant on domestic virtue! And the other fellow accuses him of being a coward and wanting to jump the game. A man whose dead wood is hung up on the shore in a dry time wants the water to rise once more and float it out into the middle of the stream.

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### Liberty.

Last year I stood in the City of Paris, where once stood the old Bastile prison, where now stands the column of July. That column is surmounted by a magnificent statue of Liberty; in its right hand a broken chain, in its left hand a banner, and upon the glorious forehead the glittering and shining star of progress. And as I looked at it, I said: "Such is the Republican party of my country."

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### The Best Sovereign.

In this country we have our sovereign, our King- one



power. That is the legally expressed will of the majority of the people. That's our King. Every solitary voter has a certain amount of King! Any man that will throw an illegal vote; any man that will count votes illegally after they have been thrown, is a traitor to the great principles of our Government. He is a traitor to the only King we have. He deserves the punishment of a traitor, too.

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### **The Blessings of Free Speech.**

Now if there's anything that's dear to an American citizen, it's the right of free speech! The grand reason is that every human being has a right to the public ear. If a man cannot speak, others cannot hear. The right of free speech is the priceless gem of the human soul, and a man that don't allow another man the right of free speech is a barbarian. What is the use of free speech, if all the results of free speech are to be reversed by fraud? What's the use for a counsel on one side of a case to address a jury, if, before he commences, the jury has been bought? What's the use to try a man, if, after he's tried, he's taken out and hung by a mob?

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### **The Curse of Slavery.**

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 to 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. And for that reason he did not wish to discuss that question. 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. Every Democrat knows it as well as every Republican. There never was free speech in the South.

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### **The Negro's Wrongs.**

Allow me to say that I do not believe any man fit for the Presidency of this great Republic, who is capable of insulting a down-trodden race. I never meet a negro that I do not feel like asking his forgiveness for the wrongs that my race has inflicted on his. 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.

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### **Republicanism vs. Democracy.**

I belong to a party that is prosperous when the country is prosperous. That's me. I belong to the party that believes in good crops; that is glad when a fellow finds a gold mine; that rejoices when there are forty bushels of wheat to the acre, that laughs when every railroad declares dividends; that claps both of its hands



when every investment pays; when the rain falls for the farmer, when the dew lies lovingly upon the grass. I belong to the party that is happy when the people are happy; when the laboring man gets three dollars a day; when he has roast beef on his table; when he has a carpet on the floor; when he has a picture of Garfield on the wall. I belong to the party that is happy when everybody smiles; when we have plenty of money, good horses good carriages; when our wives are happy and our children feel glad. I belong to the party whose banner floats side by side with the great flag of the country; that does not grow fat on defeat. The Democratic party is a party of famine; it is a good friend of an early frost; it believes in the Colorado beetle and in the weevil. When the crops are bad the Democratic mouth opens from ear to ear with smiles of joy; it is in partnership with bad luck; a friend of empty pockets; rags help it. I am on the other side. The Democratic party is a party of darkness. I belong to the party of sunshine, and to the party that even in darkness believes that the stars are shining and waiting for us.

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### Desirable Treatment of the South.

I will tell you what we are going to do. We are going to treat them in the South just as well as we treat the people in the North. Victors cannot afford to have malice. The North is too magnanimous to have hatred. We will treat the South precisely as we treat the North. There are thousands of good people there. Let us give them money to improve their rivers and harbors; I want to see the sails of their commerce filled with the breeze of prosperity; their fences rebuilt; their houses painted. I want to see their towns prosperous; I want to see schoolhouses in every town. I want to see books in the hands of every child, and papers and magazines in every house; I want to see all the rays of light of the civilization of the nineteenth century enter every home of the South; and in a little while you will see that country full of good Republicans.

We can afford to be kind; we cannot afford to be unkind. I will shake hands cordially with every believer in human liberty; I will shake hands with every believer in Nationality. I will shake hands with every man who is a friend of the human race. That is my doctrine. I believe in the great Republic, in this magnificent country of ours. I believe in the great people of the United States. I believe in the muscle and brain of America,



in the prairies and forests. I believe in New York. I believe in the brain of your city. I believe that you know enough to vote the Republican ticket. I believe that you are grand enough to stand by the country that has stood by you. But whatever you do, I shall never cease to thank you for the great honor you have conferred upon me this day.

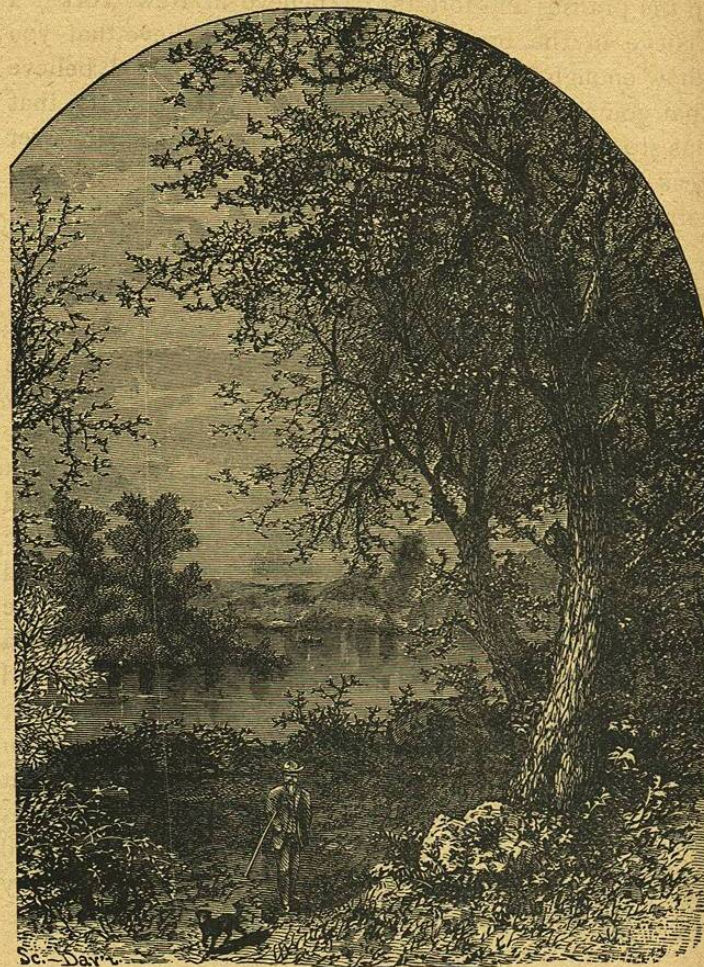
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### The Fugitive Slave Law.

When the Republican party was born there was on the statute books of the United States of America a law known as the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, under the provisions of which every man in the State of New York was made by law a bloodhound, and could be set, could be hissed, upon a negro who was simply attempting to attain his birthright of freedom, the same as you would hiss a dog upon a wild beast. That was the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850. It made every man, every Northern man, a dog; it put round his neck a collar, and they did not have the decency to put a man's name on the collar, but they put the name of his master. I have said it in the State of Maine several times, and I expect to say it several times again, although I heard I outraged the religious sentiment of the Democratic party and shocked the pity of that organization by saying it. I did say there and now say here:—

THE FUGITIVE LAW OF 1850

would have disgraced hell in her palmyest days. At the



OUT ON THE HUNT.



same time in nearly all of the Western States there was a law by virtue of which hospitality became an indictable offense. There was a law by virtue of which charity became a crime, and a man, simply for an act of kindness exercised, could be indicted, imprisoned, and fined. It was the law of Illinois, of my State, that if I gave a drop of cold water, or a crust of bread, to a poor fugitive from slavery, I could be indicted, fined and imprisoned. Under the infamous Slave Law of 1850, under the infamous Black laws of the Western States when the Republican party was born, if a woman ninety-nine hundredths white, had escaped from slavery carrying her child in her arms, had gone through wilderness and tangle and swamp and river, and finally got within one foot of free soil, with the light of the North Star beckoning her to freedom, it would have been an indictable offense to have given her a drop of water and a crust of bread. And under the Fugitive Slave Law it would have been the duty of a Northern citizen claiming to be a free man, to clutch that woman and hand her back to the dominion of the hound, the Democrat, and the lash. Want more? The institution of slavery had polluted and corrupted the church not only in the South, but a large proportion of the church in the North, so that ministers stood up in their pulpits here and in New England, and defended the very laws that I have mentioned. Not only so, but the Presbyterian Church South, in 1863, met in General Synod and passed three resolutions, two of which were: "*Resolved*, That slavery is a divine institution; *Resolved*, That God raised up the Presbyterian Church South to protect and perpetuate that institution." All I have to say is, that if God did it, He never chose a more infam-

ous instrument to carry out a more diabolical object. What more had slavery done? It had corrupted the courts so that, in nearly every State of the Union, if a Democrat had gone to the hut of a poor negro, and shot down his wife and children before his very eyes, and strangled the babe in the cradle, his testimony was valueless, and he was not allowed to appear before the Grand Jury and prosecute the wretch. Justice to him was not only blind, but was deaf, and that was the idea of justice in the United States when the Republican party was born.

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### A Government Duty.

It is the duty of this Government to see to it that each and every American citizen has all his rights in every State of the Union, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. The Republican party made the black men of this country citizens. It put the ballot in their hands, and it is the duty of the Republican party to see to it that they have a peaceable opportunity to cast their ballots. There are plenty of men in the South who fought against the Government and who were satisfied with the arbitrament of the war, and who laid down their arms and are Union men to-day. I want the Government to protect them, too. As a general rule, however, the population of the South is turbulent, and the best men cannot control it, and men are shoved down for opinion's sake. It ought to be stopped. It is a disgrace to American civilization.

PROPERTY COMMENCED TO DECLINE,

that is to say, it began to be rated at its real instead of



its speculative value. Land is worth what it will produce and no more. It may have a speculative value, and, if the prophecy is fulfilled, the man who buys it may become rich, and if the prophecy is not fulfilled, then the land is simply worth what it will produce. Lots worth from \$5,000 to \$10,000 apiece suddenly vanished into farms worth \$25 per acre. These lots resumed; the farms that before that time had been considered worth \$100, that are now worth \$20 or \$30, have simply resumed. Magnificent residences, supposed to be worth \$100,000, that can now be purchased for \$25,000, they have simply resumed. The property in the United States has not fallen in value, but its real value has been ascertained. The land will produce as much as it ever would, and is as valuable to-day as it ever was; and every improvement, every invention that adds to the productiveness of the soil or to the facilities for getting the product to market, adds to the wealth of the nation. As a matter of fact, the property kept pace with what we were pleased to call our money. As the money depreciated, property appreciated; as the money appreciated, property depreciated. The moment property began to fall speculation ceased. There is but little speculation on a falling market. The stocks and bonds, based simply upon ideas, became worthless, the collaterals became, so to speak, dust and ashes. At the close of the war, when the Government ceased to be a vast purchaser and consumer, many of the factories had to stop. When the crash came the men stopped digging ore, they stopped felling the forest, the fires died out in the furnaces, the men who had stood in the glare of the forge were in the gloom of despondency. There was no employment for

them. The employer could not sell his product, business stood still, and then came what we call the hard times. Our wealth was a delusion and illusion, and we simply came back to reality. Too many men were doing nothing, too many men were traders, brokers, speculators. There were not enough producers of the things needed, there were too many producers of the things no one wished.

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### Preventing Corporational Tyranny.

In a land where the poor, where the laboring men have the right and have the power to make the laws, and do in fact make the laws, certainly there should be no complaint. In our country the people hold the power, and if any corporation in any state is devouring the substance of the people, every state has retained the power of eminent domain under which it can confiscate the property and franchise of any corporation by simply paying to that corporation what such property is worth. And yet thousands of people are talking as though there existed a widespread conspiracy against industry, against honest toil, and thousands and thousands of speeches have been made and numberless articles have been written to fill the breasts of the unfortunate with hatred.