Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes.

[From Ingersoll's speech, Cooper Institute, New York, Sept. 11, 1876.]

On the other side there is another man, Rutherford B. Hayes. I want to tell you something about this man. In the first place he is an honest man, a patriotic man, and when this war commenced Rutherford B. Hayes said: "I would rather go into the war and be killed in the cause of it than live through it and take no part in it." Compare, if you please, that with Mr. Tilden's refusal to sign a call for a Union meeting in this city of New York, headed by that honored man, who was, at that time, a staunch Democrat; John A. Dix; Rutherford B. Hayes is, as I said, a patriotic man; he went and dispersed rebel meetings when Mr. Tilden refused to disperse these meetings. He bears now three wounds in his flesh received while helping his country in this manner. He is also a man of good character. and, as I said before, good character cannot be made in a day; good character is made up of all good things; all the ennobling things accomplished go into this grand thing called character, and the character of Rutherford B. Hayes rises before the people to-day like a dome of honor, of patriotism and integrity. All the Democratic snakes, with their poisonous tongues thrust out, cannot find a crevice in the character of Mr. Hayes into which to deposit their malignty. Imagine a man so good that the Democratic men cannot lie about him. I would also say that William A. Wheeler is also as staunch a Republican as ever there was in the party. The is no one a greater advocate of reform than he.

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Extracts From Ingersoll's Oration on Decoration Day, Delivered in New York, May 30, 1882.

This day is sacred to our heoric dead. Upon their tombs we have lovingly laid the wealth of spring.

This is a day for memory and tears. A mighty nation bends above its honored graves, and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love.

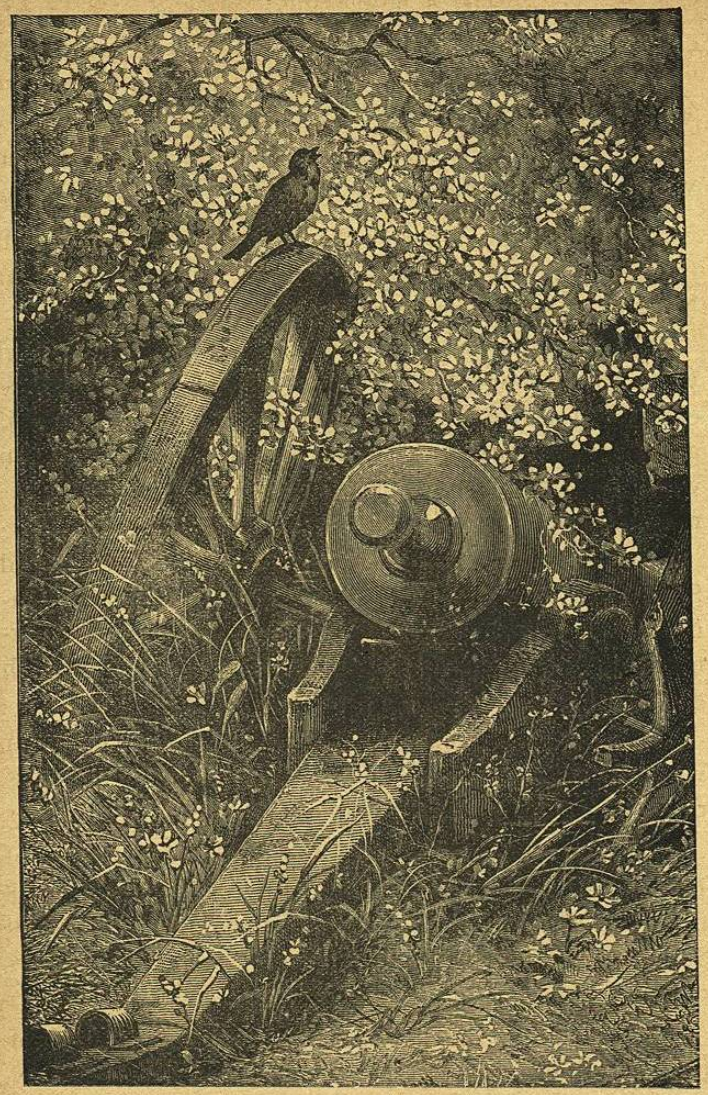
Here in this peaceful land of ours—here where the sun shines, where flowers grow, where children play, millions of armed men battled for the right and breasted on a thousand fields the iron storms of war.

These brave, these incomparable men founded the first Republic.

They fulfilled the prophesies; they brought to pass the dreames they realized the hopes that all the great and and good and wise and just have made and had, since man was man.

But what of those who fell?

There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear, to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand beside their graves, and, in the hush and silence, feel what speech has never told.



PEACE. (252)

They fought, they died, and for the first time since man has kept a record of events, the heavens bent above and domed a land without a serf, a servant, or a slave.

In defense of this sublime and self-evident truth, the war was waged and won.

To-day we remember all the hopes, all the heroes, all the generous and chivalric men who came from other lands to make ours free.

Of the many thousands who shared the seven sacred years not one remains. The last has mingled with the earth, and nearly all are sleeping in unmarked graves, and some beneath the leaning, crumbling stones, from which their names have been effaced by Time's irreverent and relentless hands.

But the nation they founded remains. The United States are still free and independent. The "Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed," and fifty millions of free people remember with gratitude the heroes of the Revolution.

To-day we remember the heroes of the second war with England—in which our fathers fought for the freedom of the seas, for the rights of the American sailor.

We remember with pride the splendid victories of Erie and Champlain, and the wondrous achievements upon the sea—achievements that covered our navy with glory that neither the victories nor defeats of the future can dim.

We remember the heroic services and sufferings of those who fought the merciless savages of the frontier. We see the midnight massacre, and hear the war-cries

of the allies of England. We see the flames climb 'round the happy homes, and in the charred and blackened ruins we see the mutilated bodies of women and children.

Peace came at last, crowned with the victory of New Orleans—a victory that "did redeem all sorrows" and all defeats.

The Revolution gave our fathers a free land—the war of 1812 a free sea.

To-day we remember the gallant men who bore our flag in triumph from the Rio Grande to the heights of Chapultepec.

Leaving out of the question the justice of our cause—the necessity for war—we are yet compelled to applaud the marvelous courage of our troops. A handful of men—brave, impetuous, determined, irresistable—conquered a nation. Our history has no record of more daring deeds.

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Capital and Labor.

Here in the United States man at last is free; here man makes the laws and all have an equal voice. The rich cannot oppress the poor, the poor are in a majority; the laboring men, those who in some way work for their living, can elect every Congressman and every Judge; they can make and interpret the laws, and if labor is oppressed in the United States by capital, labor is simply itself to blame. The cry is now raised that capital, in some mysterious way, oppresses industry; that the capitalist is the enemy of the man who labors.

Every man who has good health is a capitalist; every one with good sense, every one who has had his dinner and has enough left for supper, is to that extent a capitalist. Every man with a good character, who has the credit to borrow a dollar or to buy a meal is a capitalist; and nine out of ten of the capitalists in the United States are simply successful workingmen. There is no conflict, and can be no conflict, in the United States between capital and labor, and the men who endeavor to excite the envy of the unfortunate, the malice of the poor, such men are the enemies of law and order.

As a rule wealth is the result of industry, economy, attention to business, and, as a rule, poverty is the result of idleness, extravagance, and inattention to business, though to these rules there are thousands of exceptions. The man who has wasted his time, who has thrown away his opportunities, is apt to envy the man who has not. For instance, here are six shoemakers working in one shop. One of them attends to his business; you can hear the music of his hammer late and early; he is in

love, it may be, with a girl on the next street; he has made up his mind to be a man; to succeed, to make somebody else happy, to have a home; and while he is working, in his imagination, he can see his own fireside with the light falling upon fhe faces of wife and child.

The next thing you know he is married, and he has built him a house, and he is happy, and his dream has been realized.

After awhile the same five shoemakers, having pursued the old course, stand on the corner some Sunday when he rides by.

He has got a carriage; his wife sits by his side, her face covered with smiles, and they have got two children, their faces beaming with joy, and the blue ribbons fluttering in the wind. And thereupon these five shoemakers adjourned to some neighboring saloon and passed a resolution that there is an irrepressible conflict between capital and labor.

There is, in fact no such conflict, and the laboring men of the United States have the power to protect themselves. In the ballot-box, the vote of Lazarus is on an equality with that of Dives; the vote of a wandering pauper counts the same as a millionaire. 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 Stare 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 wide-spread 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.

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Oration at a Child's Grave.

In a remote corner of the Congressional Cemetery in Washington, D. C., a small group of people with uncovered heads were ranged around a newly-made grave. They included Detective and Mrs. George O. Miller and family and friends, who had gathered to witness the burial of the former's bright little son Harry, a recent victim of diphtheria.

As the casket rested upon the trestles there was a painful pause, broken only by the mother's sobs, until the un-

dertaker advanced toward a stout, florid-complexioned gentleman in the party and whispered to him, the words being inaudible to the lookers on.

This gentleman was Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, a friend of the Millers, who had attended the funeral at their request. He shook his head when the undertaker first addressed him, and then said suddenly, "Does Mrs. Miller desire it?"

The undertakea gave an affirmative nod. Mr. Miller looked appealingly toward the distinguished orator, and then Col. Ingersoll advanced to the side of the grave, made a motion denoting a desire for silence, and in a voice of exquisite cadence, delivered one of his characteristic eulogies for the dead. The scene was intensely dramatic. A fine drizzling rain was falling, and every head was bent, and every ear turned to catch the impassioned words of eloquence and hope that fell from the lips of the speaker.

Col. Ingersoll was unprotected by either hat or umbrella, and his invocation thrilled his hearers with awe; each eye that had previously been bedimmed with tears brightening and sobs becoming hushed. The Colonel said:

My Friends: I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here in this world. where life and death are equal kings, all should be brave enough to meet what all have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth patriarchs and babes sleep side by side. Why should we fear that which will come

to all that is? We cannot tell. We do not know which is the greatest blessing, life or death. We cannot say that death is not good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another or whether night here is not somewhere else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate, the child dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch. Every cradle asks us "Whence?" and every coffin "Whither?" The poor barbarian weeping above his dead can answer the question as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The tearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other. No man standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. 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 without 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 live and love again the ones who love us here. They who stand with breaking hearts around this little grave need have no fear. The largest and the nobler faith is all that is and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life, the needs and duties of each hour. their griefs will lessen day by day until at last these graves will

be to them a place of rest and peace, almost of joy. There is for them this consolation: The dead do not suffer. If they live again their lives will surely be as good as ours. We have no fear; we are all children of the same mother and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion. and it is this: "Help for the living, hope for the dead."

At the conclusion of the eloquent oration the little coffin was deposited in its last resting place covered with flowers.

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A Harrison Ratification Speech.

The Metropolitan Opera House in New York City was crowded from the uttermost edge of the topmost gallery to the farthest extremity of the stage with Republicans who had assembled under the auspices of the Republican clubs of the city to ratify the nomination of Harrison and Morton. Hundreds who tried to gain admittance were unable to do so. In the large audience assembled the number of ladies present was noticeable. They were almost as numerous as the men in the orchestra seats, and in almost every box there were fashionably dressed women.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll was introduced and was warmly greeted. He said:

"The speaker who is perfectly candid, who tells his honest thoughts, not only honors himself but compliments his audience. It is only to the candid that one can open his heart. When a presidential candidate is put up most people alway claim that they were with him from the start. Generally they claim that they discovered him. They are anxious to be with the procession. I will be frank wlth you and say that I was not working for the successful ticket in this instance, but there is something in the American blood which bows to the will of the majority, so that when the convention was through all were for the ticket heart and soul. Some people said I made a mistake, but I always know who I am for, and why I am for him, and it never once occurred to me that we could get a man nominated and keep his name a secret.

I believe in doing things above board, openly in the

air. I was not for one man because I had anything against the other noble, splendid men, each worthy to be the chief officer of the United States. Let us see what animated our party in its recent convention. What was our country when this party first took hold of it. Every man was a bloodhound pledged to aid in catching human beings flying to freedom, led by the light of the Northern star. When this great party came together in Chicago what was its first act? It was to honor the names of the greatest men this country ever produced—Lincoln and Grant.

The next resolution adopted by the convention was "We earnestly hope that we shall soon congratulate our Irish fellow citizens upon the recovery of home rule in Ireland. Wherever a human being wears a chain there he will find the sympathy of the Republican party with him. The Republican party does not believe in State sovereignty, but in reserving to the States those rights given to the constitution we deny that any State has the right to deprive a citizen of his ballot. Whoever refuses to count an honest vote or casts a dishonest one is a traitor to the principles on which the country is founded.

The next thing in the platform is protection for American labor. I'll tell you why I am in favor of it. I want this Republic substantially independent of the rest of this world. For my next reason, the man who raises raw material only is eternally poor. The farmer who raises wheat is always poor, because he only gets one profit, and that is generally a loss. The farmer who raises wheat and pork and beef and horses makes a second or a third profit and gets rich. The country which

grows raw material will grow poor, while the country to which it sells it and manufactures it into fabrics and sells them back to it again will grow intelligent and rich. Just to the extent that you mix mind and muscle you give value. The South raises cotton and sells it. Just so long as the South does this it will be poor and democratic.

I am for protection because it will enable us to raise greater men. We want to rock the cradle of liberty so long as there is a baby in it, and when he gets six or seven feet tall—["We'll get another one," cried a man in the gallery]. No, we'll let him shift for himself. How little, after all, the laboring man receives for his work. ["Even under protection," said another man in the gallery.] Yes, even under protection. but let me ask you this, my Democratic friend, if the laboring man is not paid better here than abroad? Why do we not find American workingmen emigrating to Europe? [This reply was greeted by the most enthusiastic cheering of the evening, men in all parts of the house joining in the prolonged applause that followed it.]

There is no place in the civilized world where the laborer receives an adequate reward for his labor, but I hope the time is near at hand when he will be better paid in this country, but that will never be under free trade.

Why do the Democrats object to the immigration of Chinese? Why do they object to the competition of convict labor. Is is not because they recognize the need of protection? And why not object to immigration from Europe? Because those immigrants when they come

here become like us, they develop the same wants Or, if not they, their children.

The second generation of Germans and Irish are as patriotic as the fortieth generation of Americans. Who wants free trade? Only those who want to make us their customers. If England gets her goods in here free she will soon become the richest empire on the globe, and we will become nobodies. The Democrats point to lands given away by the Republicans, but they do not tell us of the good uses made of the lands thus granted in establishing connections throughout the nation. They point to the lands they have taken back, but they do not tell you that they were recovered under provisions put in the grants for that purpose."

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Robert Ingersoll's Matchless Eulogy of Roscoe Conkling.

(Delivered in Albany, N. Y.)

The ceremonies were under auspices of the Senate and Assembly. Col. Ingersoll said:

Roscoe Conkling, a great man, an orator, a statesman, a lawer, a distinguished citizen of the Republie, in the zenith of his fame and power has reached his journey's end; and we are met, here in the city of his birth, to pay our tribute to his worth and work. He earned and held a proud position in the public thought. He stood for independence, for courage, and above all for absolute integrity, and his name was known and honored by many millions ot his fellow-men.

The literature of many lands is rich with the tributes that gratitude, admiration and love have paid to the honored dead. These tributes disclose the character of nations, the ideals of the human race. In them we find the estimates of greatness—the deeds and lives that challenged praise and thrilled the hearts of men.

In the presence of death the good man judges as he would be judged. He knows that men are only fragments, that the greatest walk in shadow, and that faults and failures mingle with the lives of all. In the grave should be buried the prejudices and passions born of conflict.

Charity should hold the scales in which are weighed the deeds of men. Peculiarities, traits born of locality and surroundings, these are but the dust of the race. These are accidents, drapery, clothes, fashions, that have