SUPPLEMENT.

INGERSOLL'S

Great Speech at Indianapolis.

A SUPERB SAMPLE OF POLITICAL INVECTIVE.

Wit, Sarcasm, Eloquence, and Reason Combined.

The following is a verbatim report of Colonel R. G. Ingersoll's address before the "Boys in Blue" gathering at Indianapolis:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FELLOW-CITIZENS, AND CITIZEN SOLDIERS: I am opposed to the Democratic party; and I will tell you why. Every State that seceded from the United States was a Democratic State. Every ordinance of secession that was drawn was drawn by a Democrat. Every man that endeavored to tear the old flag from the heaven that it enriches was a Democrat. [A voice—"Give it to them."] Every man that tried to destroy this nation was a Democrat. Every enemy this great Republic has had for twenty years has been a Democrat. Every man that shot Union soldiers was a Democrat. [Cheers—"That's so."] Every man that starved Union soldiers and refused them in the extremity of death a crust was a Democrat. [Renewed cheering.] Every man that loved slavery better than liberty was a Democrat. The man that assassinated Abraham Lincoln was a Democrat. Every man that sympathized with the assassin—every man glad that the noblest President ever elected was assassinated was a Democrat; every man who wanted the privilege of whipping another man to make him work for him for nothing and pay him with lashes on his naked back was a Democrat [cheers]; every man that raised bloodhounds to pursue human beings was a Democrat; every man that clutched from shrieking, shuddering, crouching mothers, babes from their breasts and sold them into slavery was a Democrat. [Cheers.] Every man that impaired the credit of the United States; every man that swore we would never pay the bonds; every man that swore we would never redeem the greenbacks; every maligner of his country's credit; every calumniator of his country's honor, was a Democrat. [Cheers.] Every man that resisted the draft; every man that hid in the bushes and shot at Union men simply because they were endeavoring to enforce the laws of their country, was a Democrat. [Cheers.] Every man that wept over the corpse of slavery was a Democrat. Every man that cursed Lincoln because he issued the Proclamation of Emancipation—the grandest paper since the Declaration of Independence—every one of them was a Democrat. [Cheers.] Every man that denounced the soldiers that bared their bosoms to the storms of shot and shell for the honor of America and for the sacred rights of man was a Democrat. [Cheers.] Every man that wanted an uprising in the North—that wanted to release the rebel prisoners that they might burn down the homes of Union soldiers above the heads of their wives and children, while the brave husbands, the heroic fathers, were in the front fighting for the honor of the old flag—every one of them was a Democrat. [Cheers.] I am not through yet. [Laughter and cheers.] Every man that believed this glorious nation of ours is a confederacy, every man that believed the old banner carried by our fathers through the Revolution, through the War of 1812, carried by our brothers over the fields of the rebellion, simply stood for a contract, simply stood for an agreement, was a Democrat. [Cheers.] Every man who believed that any State could go out of the Union at its pleasure, every man that believed that the grand fabric of the American Government could be made to crumble instantly into dust at the touch of treason, was a Democrat. [Cheers.] Every man that helped to burn orphan asylums in the city of New York was a Democrat; every man that tried to fire the city of New York, although he knew that thousands would perish, and knew that the great serpents of flames leaping from buildings would clutch children from their mother's arms—every wretch that did it was a Democrat. [Cheers.] Recollect it! Every man that tried to spread small-pox and yellow fever in the North as the instrumentalities of civilized war, was a Democrat. Soldiers, every scar you have got on your heroic bodies was given to you by a Democrat. [Cheers.] Every scar, every arm that is lacking, every limb that is gone, every scar is a souvenir of a Democrat. [Cheers.] I want you to recollect it. [A voice—"We will."] Every man that was the enemy of human liberty in this country was a Democrat. Every man that wanted the fruit of all the heroism of all the ages to turn to ashes upon the lips—every one was a Democrat. [Cheers.]

I am a Republican. [Laughter and cheers.] I will tell you why: This is the only free government in the world. The Republican party made it so. The Republican party took the chains from 4,000,000 of people. The Republican party, with the wand of progress, touched the auction block, and it became a schoolhouse. [Cheers.] The Republican party put down the rebellion, saved the nation, kept the old banner afloat in the air, and declared that slavery of every kind should be extirpated from the face of this continent. [Cheers.] What more? I am a Republican because it is the only free party that ever existed. It is a party that has a platform as broad as humanity—a platform as broad as the human race—a party that says you shall have all the fruit of the labor of your hands—a party that says no chains for the hands—no fetters for the soul. [A voice—"Amen!" Cheers.]

I am a Republican because the Republican party says this country is a nation and not a confederacy. I am here in Indiana to speak, and I have as good a right to speak here in Indiana as though I had been born on this stand—not because the flag of the State of Indiana waves over me. I would not know it if I should see it. You have the same right to speak in Illinois; not because the State flag of Illinois waves over you, but because that banner, rendered sacred by the blood of all the heroes, waves over me and you. [Cheers.] I am in favor of this being a nation. Think of a man gratifying his entire ambition in the State of Rhode Island. [Laughter.] We want this to be a nation, and you can't have a great, grand, splendid people without having a great, grand, splendid country. The great plains, the sublime mountains, the great, rushing, roaring rivers, shores lashed by two oceans, and the grand anthem of Niagara, mingle and enter as it were in the character of every American citizen, and make him, or tend to make him, a great and grand character. I am for the Republican party because it says the Government has as much right, as much power to protect its citizens at home as abroad. The Republican party don't say that you have to go away from home to get the protection of the Government. The Democratic party says the Government can't march its troops into the South to protect the rights of the citizens. This is a lie. [Great cheers.] The Government claims the right, and it is conceded that the Government has the right to go to your house, while you are sitting by your fireside with your wife and children about you, and the old lady knitting and the cat playing with the yarn, and everybody happy and sweet—the Government claims the right to go to your fireside and to take you by force and put you into the army; take you down to the valley of the shadow of death; set you by the ruddy, roaring guns, and make you fight for your flag. [Cheers.] Now, that being so, when the war is over and your country is victorious, and you go back to your home, and a lot of Democrats want to trample upon your rights, I want to know if the Government that took you from your fireside and made you fight for it, I want to know if it is not good to fight for you? [Cheers.] The flag that will not protect its protectors is a dirty rag that contaminates the air in which it waves. A government that will not defend its defenders is a disgrace to the nations of the world. [A voice: "Amen!"] I am a Republican because the Republican party says: "We will protect the rights of American citizens at home, and, if necessary, we will march an army into any State to protect the rights of the humblest American citizen in that State." [Cheers.]

I am a Republican. [Laughter.] I am a Republican because that party allows me to be free—allows me to do my own thinking in my own way. [Cheers.] I am a Republican because it is a party grand enough and splendid enough and sublime enough to invite every human being in favor of liberty and progress to fight shoulder to shoulder for the advancement of mankind. [Cheers.] It invites the Methodist; it invites the Catholic; it invites the Presbyterian, and every kind of sectarian; it invites the free-thinker; it invites the infidel, provided he is in favor of giving to every other human being every chance and every right that he claims for himself. [Cheers.] I am a Republican, I tell you. [Laughter.] There is room in the Republican air for every wing; there is room on the Republican sea for every sail. Republicanism says to every man, "Let your soul be like an eagle; fly out in the great dome of thought, and question the stars for yourself. [Cheers "That's so."] But the Democratic party says: "Be blind, owls; sit on the dry limb of a dead tree, and only hoot when Tilden & Co. tell you to." [Laughter.] In the Republican party there are no followers. We are all leaders. [Cheers.] There is not a party chain. There is not a party lash. Any man that does not love this country; any man that does not love liberty; any man that is not in favor of human progress; that is not in favor of giving to others all he claims for himself—we don't ask him to vote the Republican ticket. [Cheers.] You can vote it if you please, and if there is any Democrat within hearing who expects to die before another election we are willing that he should vote one Republican ticket simply as a consolation upon his death-bed. [Great laughter.] What more? I am a Republican, because that party believes in free labor. It believes that free labor will give us wealth. It believes in free thought, because it believes that free thought will give us truth. [A voice—"That's so."] You don't know what a grand party you belong to. I never want any holier or grander title to nobility than that I belong to the Republican party and have fought for the liberty of man. [Cheers.] The Republican party, I say, believes in free labor. The Republican party also believes in slavery. What kind of slavery? In enslaving the forces of nature. We believe that free labor, that free thought, have enslaved the forces of nature and made them work for man. We make old Attraction and Gravitation work for us; we make the lightning do our errands; we make steam-hammers and fashion what we need. The forcess of nature are the slaves of the Republican party. [Cheers.] They have got no backs to be whipped; they have got no hearts to be torn—no hearts to be broken; they cannot be separated from their wives; they cannot be dragged from the bosoms of their husbands; they work night and day, and they never tire. You cannot whip them, you cannot starve them, and a Democrat even can be trusted with one of them. [Laughter.] I tell you I am a Republican. [Laughter.] I believe, as told you, that free labor would give us these, slaves. Free labor will produce all these things, and everything you have got to-day has been produced by free labor, nothing by slave labor. Slavery never invented but one machine, and that was a threshing machine in the shape of a whip. [Laughter.] Free labor has invented all the machines. We want to come down to the philosophy of these things. The problem of free labor, when a man works for the wife he loves, when he works for the little children he adores—the problem is to do the most work in the shortest space of time. The problem of slavery is to do the least work in the longest space of time. That is the difference. Free labor, love, affection—they have invented everything of use to the world. [Cheers.] I am a Republican. I tell you, my friends, this world is getting better every day, and the Democratic party is getting smaller every day. See the advancement we have made in a few years; see what we have done. We have covered this nation with wealth and glory, and with liberty. This is the first free Government in the world. The Republican party is the first party that was not founded on some compromise with the devil. [Laughter.] It is the first party of pure, square, honest principles; the first one. And we have got the first free country that ever existed. And right here I want to thank every soldier that fought to make it free [cries of "good!" "good!" and cheers]; every one, living and dead. I thank you again and again and again. You made the first free government in the world [cheers], and we must not forget the dead heroes. If they were here they would vote the Republican ticket, every one of them. I tell you we must not forget them.

The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men, and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when we enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do, and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are, by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters! All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father, and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look; instead of slaves, we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides and schoolhouses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the dances of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless; under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. [A voice, "Glory."] I have one sentiment for the soldiers, living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

There are three questions now submitted to the American people. The first is, Shall the people that saved this country rule it? [Cries of "Yes, yes."] Shall the men that saved the old flag hold it? [Cries of "Yes, yes."] Shall the men who saved the ship of State sail it? [Cries of "Yes, yes, yes,"] or shall the rebels walk her quarter-deck, give the orders and sink it? [Cries of "No, no."] That is the question. Shall a solid South, a united South, united by assassination and murder, a South solidified by the shot gun—shall a united South with the aid of a divided North, shall they control this great and splendid country? [Cries of "Never, never."] Well, then, the North must wake up. [Cries of "We will, we will."] We are right back where we were in 1861. This is simply a prolongation of the war. This is the war of the idea; the other was the war of the musket. The other was the war of the cannon; this is the war of thought, and we have got to beat them in this war of thought; recollect that. The question is, Shall the men that endeavored to destroy this country rule it? [Cries of "Never, never."] Shall the men that said this is not a Nation, have charge of this Nation? [Cries of "Never, never!"]

The next question, Shall we pay our debts? [Cries of "Yes! yes! and every cent!"] We had to borrow some money to pay for shot and shell to shoot Democrats with. We found that we could get along with a few less Democrats [laughter], but not with any less country, and so we borrowed the money, and the question now is, Will we pay it? And which party is the most apt to pay it, the Republican party, that made the debt—the party that swore it was constitutional, or the party that said it was unconstitutional? Whenever a Democrat sees a greenback the greenback says to the Democrat, "I am the one that whipped you." [Laughter.] Whenever a Republican sees a greenback, the greenback says to him, "You and I put down the rebellion and saved the country." [Laughter.] Now, my friends, you have heard a great deal about finances. Nearly everybody that talks about it gets as dry—just as if they had been in the final home of the Democratic party for forty years. [Great laughter.] I will give you my ideas about finances. [A voice. "Let's hear them."] In the first place the Government don't support the people; the people support the Government. [A voice. "That's it."] The Government passes around the hat, the Government passes around the alms-dish. True enough, it has a musket behind it, but it is a perpetual chronic pauper. It passes, I told you, the alms-dish, and we all throw in our share—except Tilden. [Great laughter.] This Government is a perpetual consumer. You understand me—the Government don't plough ground, the Government don't raise corn and wheat; the Government is simply a perpetual consumer. We support the Government. ["That's right."] Now, the idea that the Government can make money for you and me to live on—why, it is the same as though my hired man should issue certificates of my indebtedness to him for me to live on. [Laughter and applause.] Some people tell me that a government can impress its sovereignty on a piece of paper, and that is money. Well, if it is, what is the use of wasting it in making $1 bills? It takes no more ink and no more paper—why not make $1,000 bills? Why not make $1,000,000,000 bills, and all be billionaires? [Great laughter.] If the Government can make money what on earth does it collect taxes from you and me for? Why don't it make what money it wants, take the taxes out, and give the balance to us? [Laughter.] Mr. Greenbacker, suppose the Government issued $100,000,000 to-morrow; how would you get any of it? [A voice—"Steal it."] I was not speaking to the Democrats. [Laughter.] You would not get it unless you had something to exchange for it. The Government would not go around and give you your average. You have to have some corn, or wheat, or pork to give for it. How do you get money? By work. Where from? You have to dig it out of the ground. That is where it comes from. In old times there were some men who thought they could get some way to turn the baser metals into gold, and old, gray-haired men, trembling, tottering on the verge of the grave, were hunting for something to turn ordinary metals into gold; they were searching for the fountain of eternal youth; but they did not find it. No human ear has ever heard the silver gurgle of the spring of immortal youth. There used to be mechanics that tried to make perpetual motion by combinations of wheels, shifting weights, and rolling balls; but somehow the machine would never quite run. A perpetual fountain of greenbacks, of wealth without labor, is just as foolish as a fountain of eternal youth. The idea that you can produce money without labor is just as foolish as the idea of perpetual motion. They are old follies under new names. Let me tell you another thing. The Democrats seem to think that you can fail to keep a promise so long that it is as good as though you had kept it. They say you can stamp the sovereignty of the Government upon paper. The other day I saw a piece of silver bearing the sovereign stamp of Julius Cæsar. Julius Cæsar has been dust about two thousand years, but that piece of silver was worth just as much as though Julius Cæsar was at the head of the Roman legions. Was it his sovereignty that made it valuable? Suppose he had put it upon a piece of paper—it would have been of no more value than a Democratic promise. Another thing, my friends; this debt will be paid; you need not worry about that. The Democrats ought to pay it. They lost the suit and they ought to pay the costs. [Laughter and applause.] But we are willing to pay our share. It will be paid. The holders of the debt have got a mortgage on a continent. They have a mortgage on the honor of the Republican party, and it is on record. Every blade of grass that grows upon the continent is a guarantee that the debt will be paid; every field of bannered corn in the great, glorious West is a guarantee that the debt will be paid; all the coal put away in the ground millions of years ago by that old miser, the sun, is a guarantee that every dollar of that debt will be paid; all the cattle on the prairies, pastures and plains, every one of them is a guarantee that this debt will be paid; every pine standing in the sombre forests of the North, waiting for the woodman's axe, is a guarantee that this debt will be paid; all the gold and silver hid in the Sierra Nevadas waiting for the miner's pick is a guarantee that the debt will be paid; every locomotive, with its muscles of iron and breath of flame, and all the boys and girls bending over their books at school, every dimpled child in the cradle, every good man and every good woman, and every man that votes the Republican ticket, is a guarantee that the debt will be paid. [Applause.]

What is the next question? The next question is, Will we protect the Union men in the South? [Voices—"Yes, yes."] I tell you the white Union men there have suffered enough. It is a crime in the Southern States to be a Republican. It is a crime in every Southern State to love this country, to believe in the sacred rights of men. I tell you the colored people have suffered enough. They have been owned by Democrats for 200 years. Worse than that; they have been forced to keep the company of their owners. [Laughter.] It is a terrible thing to live with a man that steals from you. They have suffered enough. For 200 years they were branded like cattle. Yes, for 200 years every human tie was torn asunder by the cruel hand of avarice and greed. For 200 years children were sold from their mothers, husbands from their wives, brothers from brothers, sisters from sisters. There was not, during the whole rebellion, a single negro who was not our friend. We are willing to be reconciled to our Southern brethren when they will treat our friends as men. When they will be just to the friends of this country; when they are in favor of allowing every American citizen to have his rights—then we are their friends. We are willing to trust them with the nation when they are friends of the nation. We are willing to trust them with liberty when they believe in liberty. We are willing to trust them with the black man when they cease riding in the darkness of night—those masked wretches—to the hut of the freedman, and notwithstanding the prayers and supplications of his family, shoot him down; when they cease to consider the massacre of Hamburg as a Democratic triumph—then, I say, we will be their friends, and not before. [A voice—"That is the idea."]

Now, my friends, thousands of the Southern people and thousands of the Northern Democrats are afraid that the negroes are going to pass them in the race of life. And, Mr. Democrat, he will do it unless you attend to your business. The simple fact that you are white cannot save you always. You have got to be industrious, honest, and cultivate a sense of justice. If you don't, the colored race will pass you as sure as you live. I am for giving every man a chance. Anybody that can pass me is welcome. [A voice, "There can't many do it."] I believe, my friends, that the intellectual domain of the future, like the land used to be in the State of Illinois, is open to pre-emption. The fellow that gets a fact first, that is his; that gets an idea first, that is his. Every round in the ladder of fame, from the one that touches the ground to the last one that leans against the shining summit of human ambition belongs to the foot that gets upon it first. [Applause.] Mr. Democrat (I point down because they are nearly all on the first round of the ladder), if you can't climb, stand on one side and let the deserving negro pass.

I must tell you one thing. I have told it so much, and you have all heard it, I have no doubt, fifty times from others, but I am going to tell it again because I like it:

Suppose there a great horse-race here to day, free to every horse in the world, and to all the mules, and all the scrubs, and all the donkeys. At the tap of the drum they come to the line, and the judges say, "Is it a go?" Let me ask you, what does the blooded horse, rushing ahead, with nostrils distended, drinking in the breath of his own swiftness, with his mane flying like a banner of victory, with his veins standing out all over him as if a net of life had been cast around him—with his thin neck, his high withers, his tremulous flanks—what does he care how many mules and donkeys run on that track. [Prolonged and deafening laughter.] But the Democratic scrub, with his chucklehead and lop ears, with his tail full of cockleburs, jumping high and short, and digging in the ground when he feels the breath of the coming mule on his cockle-bur tail, he is the chap that jumps the track and says: "I am down on mule equality." [Renewed and uproarious laughter.]

My friends, the Republican party is the blooded horse in the race. [A voice—"Anything may follow that wants to." Laughter.] I stood a little while ago in the city of Paris where stood the Bastile, where now stands the Column of July, surmounted by the figure of Liberty. In its right hand is a broken chain, in its left hand a banner; upon its forehead a glittering star—and as I looked upon it I said, such is the Republican party of my country.

The other day going along the road I came to the place where the road had been changed, but the guide-board was as they had put it twenty years before. It pointed diligently in the direction of a desolate field. Now, that guide-post has been there for twenty years. Thousands of people passed but nobody heeded the hand on the guide-post, and it stuck there through storm and shine, and it pointed as hard as ever as if the road was through the desolate field, and I said to myself, "Such is the Democratic party of the United States." [Laughter and applause.]

The other day I came to a river where there had been a mill; a part of it was there yet. An old sign said, "Cash for wheat." [Laughter.] The old water-wheel was broken; it had been warped by the sun, cracked and split by many winds and storms. There hadn't been a grain of wheat ground there for twenty years. There was nothing in good order but the dam; it was as good a dam as I ever saw, and I said to myself, "Such is the Democratic party." [Renewed laughter.]

I was going along the road the other day, when I came to where there had once been a hotel. But the hotel and barn had burned down; nothing remained there but the two chimneys, monuments of the disaster. In the road there was an old sign, upon which there were these words: "Entertainment for man and beast." The word "man" was nearly burned out, There hadn't been a hotel there for thirty years. That sign had swung and creaked in the wind; the show had fallen upon it in the winter, the birds had sung upon it in the summer. Nobody ever stopped at that hotel; but the sign stuck to it, and kept swearing to it, "Entertainment for man and beast;" and I said to myself, "Such is the Democratic party of the United States." [Laughter.] And I further said, "One chimney ought to be called Tilden and the other Hendricks." [Renewed and continued cheering and laughter.]

Now, my friends, both of these parties have candidates. The Democratic party trots out Samuel J. Tilden. Who is he? He is a man that advertises his honesty and reform, the same as people advertise quack medicines. In every Democratic paper in the United States he has advertisements of his honesty and reform.

Samuel J. Tilden is an attorney—a legal spider that weaves webs of technicalities, and catches in its meshes honest incorporated flies. He has stood on the shores of bankruptcy and clutched the drowning by the throat. Samuel J. Tilden is a demurrer that the Confederate Congress has filed against the amendments to the Constitution of the United States. Samuel J. Tilden is an old bachelor. In a country depending upon the increase of its population for its glory and honor [cheers and laughter], to elect an old bachelor is a suicidal policy. [Renewed and prolonged laughter]. Think of a man surrounded by beautiful women, dimpled cheeks, coral lips, pearly teeth, shining eyes! think of a man throwing them all away for the embrace of the Democratic party. [Laughter.] Such a man does not know the value of time. [Laughter.]

Samuel J. Tilden belongs to the Democratic party of the city of New York. That party never had but two objects—grand and petit larceny. [Laughter.] They rarely elect a man to office except for a crime committed. They don't elect on a crime credit; it must be a crime accomplished. They have stolen everything they could lay their hands on, and, my God, what hands! When they had stolen all the people could pay the interest on they clapped their enormous hands upon their spacious pockets and shouted for honesty and reform. Samuel J. Tilden has been a pupil in that school. He has been a teacher in that school. He was reared in Tammany Hall, which bears the same relation to a penitentiary as the Sunday school to a church. [Applause.] More than this, when the rebellion began they called a meeting at Union Square, in the city of New York. It was of great importance how the city of New York should go. No man refused to sign that petition in the city of New York but one, and that man was Samuel J. Tilden. A man that will not lend his name to save his country never should be the President of that country. You offered to save your lives, and he would not give his infamous name.

Now, my friends, I want you to vote the Republican ticket. [A voice, "We will do it."] I want you to swear you will not vote for a man who opposed putting down the rebellion. I want you to swear you will not vote for a man opposed to the proclamation of emancipation. I want you to swear that you will not vote for a man opposed to the utter abolition of slavery. I want you to swear that you will never vote for a man who called the soldiers in the field Lincoln hirelings. I want you to swear that you will not vote for a man who denounced Lincoln as a tyrant. I want you to swear that you will not vote for any enemy of human progress. Go and talk to every Democrat that you can see; get him by the coat-collar; talk to him; hold him, like Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, with your glittering eye; hold him; tell him all the mean things his party ever did; tell him kindly; tell him in a Christian spirit, as I do, but tell him. [Applause and laughter.] Recollect there never was a more important election than the one you are going to hold in Indiana. I want you every one to swear that you will vote for glorious Ben. Harrison. [Tremendous applause.] I tell you we must stand by the country. It is a glorious country. It permits you and me to be free. It is the only country in the world where labor is respected. Let us support it. It is the only country in the world where the useful man is the only aristocrat. The man that works for a dollar a day goes home at night to his little ones, takes his little boy on his knee, and he thinks that boy can achieve anything that the sons of the wealthy man can achieve. The free schools are open to him; he may be the richest, the greatest, and grandest; and that thought sweetens every drop of sweat that rolls down the honest face of toil. [Applause.] Vote to save the country.

DEMOCRATIC OPINIONS

OF

SAMUEL J. TILDEN,

Expressed Prior to the St. Louis Convention.

The True Character of the Man as Portrayed by his own Partisans.

FROM THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER.

"There are a few facts concerning Sam Tilden which we trust will sink into the minds of Western and Southern Democrats:

"1. He cannot carry his own State in November.

"2. He cannot carry any Northern State.

"3. He is a hypocrite, a political swindler, has long been a public plunderer, and is really the only disreputable candidate prominently named on the Democratic side.

"4. He has sought this high office by methods so unprecedentedly shameless and disreputable that it would be an everlasting stigma upon a Democratic convention to nominate him, and a reproach upon the American people to elect him if nominated.

"Should 'God's providence, seeming estranged,' permit his nomination, by whom and what would he be nominated? By the servile, conscienceless tools that money can purchase; by the most corrupt influences that ever entered into a Presidential nomination; by the system on which all other quack medicines are sold—advertising—and even respectable medical associations read out of the profession doctors that will advertise. It would seem that the Democratic party should have as high a respect for the good name of the party and the Government as the vendors of pills have for their craft. It could not but be that a man educated in cunning, hypocrisy, and iniquity, nominated in corruption and shameless effrontery, even though his millions could elect him, would give us the most corrupt administration the country has ever known. Neither imperial dignities nor the gloom of solitude, says Tacitus, could save Tiberius from himself, and Tilden could not rise above himself, or above the sources of his power.

"There are many reasons why Governor Tilden should not be nominated, and why, if nominated, he will be defeated. He has been too closely identified, socially and politically, and legally—we will not say financially—with the Tweed *regime* of New York. When Tweed escaped from the custody of the Sheriff of New York, many months ago, the Boss was not only a penitentiary convict, who had not fulfilled one-fifth of his term, but was being tried on a civil suit to recover $3,000,000—but a portion of the amount he had stolen from the city. There was every likelihood of making Tweed disgorge, but the Sheriff's officers were bribed, no doubt, and the Boss went on his way rejoicing. Tilden, the next day, with a flourish of trumpets, declared that the Sheriff, who was under bonds, was liable for Tweed's escape; and furthermore, to pay over to the city $3,000,000, for which Tweed was held, and which suit, as a matter of course, must go by default. Nearly ten months have since elapsed. Tweed has not been caught. The Sheriff of New York (Conner) still holds his post, and his bail bond and property, and all effort to capture and bring back the Boss has been abandoned. The people of New York city hold Tilden responsible for retaining in office a Sheriff who lets fly the great thieves of the Ring who nearly bankrupted the city. Another objection to Tilden is his aristocratic proclivities. The common people of New York do not like him. His money helped to elect him two years ago. He is a bachelor, with an ample fortune of four or five millions, and spent it freely, or let his friends spend it freely for him, in the campaign of 1874. Until his election for Governor he was hardly known outside of New York. Tilden and his friends bamboozled the poor working men of New York by telling them they could have plenty of work, at good wages, if they would vote for him for Governor. They did so. To-day there are more idle men in New York city than when Dix was Governor. Besides, wages have been cut down."

FROM THE ALBANY "EVENING TIMES."

"Supreme selfishness, and a cold, unscrupulous, cunning nature, are his marked characteristics. The intensity of his selfishness has never been relaxed even by the softening influences of married life, and he seems to be as destitute of magnetism or emotion as a mummy. Having devoted the earlier portion of his life to the study of the art of money-making, he practiced it with a success which, within a few years, by one means and another, put millions in his purse. When he felt assured that the downfall of his former Tammany associates was inevitable, he hastened to promote that result. Having possessed himself of the party machinery, he used it to secure the nomination for Governor, and succeeded on account of the want of any organized opposition, and the determined declination of the man whom the party really desired to nominate. Having become Governor, every act has been performed with an eye single to the *next step*. Finding that to attack corruption and fraud was popular, and that the public mind was suspicious of any against whom charges were made, he hesitated not to promote attacks upon those in every respect his superiors, but whom he thought were possible impediments in his path; that, as Governor, he succeeded in a single year in reducing the Democratic majority over thirty-five thousand votes, notwithstanding the unquestionably popular attack upon the canal frauds and mismanagement, is conclusive evidence of his want either of capacity or tact to successfully lead the Democratic party of the Empire State. That he is an inefficient, hesitating, and unreliable public officer, is palpable. He is neither prompt, nor frank, nor generous, nor agreeable, nor popular. To say that the Democracy of the Union really seek such a candidate is to say that they are unfitted to select a President."

Yet again the *Times* says:

"There is a great stress put upon the services of Tilden in 'breaking up the Tweed Ring.' Tilden was a co-worker with Tweed for years, and did not open his mouth against him until Jimmy O'Brien and the New York *Times* had furnished many of the leading facts to the public. When it was discovered that an outraged community could no longer stand the frauds of the Rings, but were determined to break them up, then it occurred to our great railroad financier that the opportune moment had arrived for him to make capital out of the facts of fraud with which for years he had been familiar. Had the public remained indifferent to the frauds of Tweed, there is no reason to doubt that Mr. Tilden would have been as mum as a mouse up to this very day."

FROM THE NEW YORK "EXPRESS."

"While New York Democrats have not changed their position Governor Tilden has changed his. He is no longer for Seymour, nor for Church, nor for any man in the land but Samuel J. Tilden! * * * The *Tribune* wants to know the reason of opposition in the country to Governor Tilden. If it will read the addresses made at Albany it will find its question answered. If it will read the disreputable record of public opinion, manufactured and circulated through a large advertising agency in this city, it will find an answer. If it knew, as we know, of the appliances used all over the State to elect and defeat delegates for the Utica Convention it would ask for no other answer—but, beyond this, there are ample reasons. There are better men. There are more popular men; men just as true as reformers, just as honest, just as true to principles and to the country, more faithful to friends, of quicker perception, of better judgment, of more executive ability, less selfish, less ambitious, and wholly incapable of making the bad record which has stirred so many thousands in this State either to a preference for some other man or to a more direct opposition to Governor Tilden. We might add many other reasons, but we forbear for to-day at least."

Again, June 22, it says:

"A man who has dealt so largely in railroads, and profited so largely by them, will not be trusted as a candidate. The losses have been too frightful upon the one hand, and the private gains too enormous on the other, to make any man, identified, as Mr. Tilden is, with railroads, the proper candidate for the President of the United States. We seek simply to avoid the defeat of the Democratic party in November next by using all fair and honorable means to prevent an unwise nomination at St. Louis."

FROM THE CHICAGO "TIMES."

"Tilden and Hendricks combined would be a guarantee of the success of the Hayes party, even in Indiana. * * * Instead of a strong ticket, Tilden and Hendricks would probably be found the weakest ticket that could be made. Tilden, without Hendricks, might carry New York, were it not that Tilden's nomination would inevitably give Indiana to the Hayes party in October. Hendricks, without Tilden, might possibly (but not probably) carry Indiana, but certainly not New York, Connecticut, or New Jersey. But Tilden and Hendricks combined would be a trade-mark of political dishonesty that all honest citizens would spurn. It would not get an electoral vote north of the Ohio river. For Tilden to swallow Hendricks and survive is an imaginable possibility. For Hendricks to swallow Tilden and survive is an imaginable possibility. But for Tilden and Hendricks to swallow each other and survive is plainly not within the bounds of things possible."

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA "TIMES."

"Without dealing with the question, whether or not Tilden deserves to be elected over Hayes, we turn to the practical and vital fact that he would be defeated by the largest popular majority ever cast against any candidate, excepting Mr. Greeley. He would be pitted against the same Mr. Hayes who owes his election over Allen in 1875, and thereby his nomination in 1876, to the open defection of Mr. Tilden's friends and their defiant assaults upon their own party and its candidates, and the October elections in Ohio and Indiana would be swept by tens of thousands for Hayes, with New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Connecticut certain to follow in November by majorities second only to Grant's in 1872."

FROM THE CADIZ (OHIO) "SENTINEL."

"Bates & Locke, advertising agents, of New York, send us some puffs of that old bull-headed Bullionist, Sam Tilden, which they want inserted as reading matter, and for which they offer to pay us in 'rag money.' We do not insert advertisements among reading matter, and therefore decline their offer. The proprietors of 'sugar coated' pills, who advertise in the *Sentinel*, have to assume the pressure and humbug the people by shouldering the responsibility in the regular advertising columns. But this Tilden matter has another objection. The laws of Ohio forbid newspapers advertising abortion goods."

FROM THE PETERSBURG (VA.) "INDEPENDENT APPEAL."

"What we urge is that the public should be enlightened as to the depth and origin of this lately-born clamor for Tilden. It is meretricious and mechanical; as soon as his nomination is made the people will fall off from the ticket in disgust. Now pause and inquire, while there is yet time, about the truth of the matter. Respectable journals like the Memphis *Avalanche*, the Savannah *News*, the Augusta *Chronicle*, testify to having been approached with money in the interest of this New York candidate, and there is indisputable and undisputed evidence that an advertising agency in New York is running off Mr. Tilden's name as Helmbold was wont to do his buchu. Is the strength so based a safe one on which to build the Democratic canvass? If so, go on; we wash our hands of the responsibility."

FROM THE NEW HAVEN "UNION."

"Governor Tilden meets with admirable success in capturing Democratic conventions in States where the party has virtually no existence. The sure Democratic States are all bitterly opposed to Tilden, so far as public sentiment is concerned, but Tilden's money has a perceptible influence on the delegates. It would not surprise us in the least should Tilden pull through. He is utterly unscrupulous, and by his lavish expenditure of money now, he is raising hope in the breasts of impecunious strikers that money will flow like water if he becomes the standard-bearer."

PROMINENT DEMOCRATS DENOUNCE HIM.

HON. AUGUSTUS SCHELL.

"I am decidedly and unalterably opposed to Governor Tilden as a Presidential candidate. He is bitterly opposed by some of the best known and most influential Democrats in the State, in the metropolis, and all through the interior. It is idle to talk of his ability to carry New York."

COLONEL ISAAC E. EATON.

"If Tilden is nominated, the Greenback men will organize and nominate a candidate on a Greenback platform in less than thirty days from the adjournment of the convention. The Kansas Democrats will utterly refuse to support Tilden."

GENERAL JAMES B. STEADMAN

"Under no circumstances that could be imagined would we accept Tilden. If Tilden should unfortunately receive the nomination, Hayes would beat him in Ohio by 60,000 to 70,000 majority, and in Indiana he would be beaten by from 20,000 to 25,000. If any other man that has been named should be nominated on a platform declaring in favor of an immediate repeal of the resumption act, we can carry Ohio by 25,000 majority. We would not even accept Tilden on a platform with that plank in it, because the man and the platform would neutralize each other. If the city of Toledo, in which I live, is to be taken as at all a test of the State, he would be beaten utterly by Hayes."

HON. AUGUST BELMONT, OF NEW YORK.

"Those who claim that Tilden is unassailable do not know him, or if they do, then they are quite as dishonest as he is. He has been counsel for all the broken-down corporations with which New York has been afflicted for a long term of years, and out of them he has not come with clean hands."

GENERAL EWING, OF OHIO.

"I am very much surprised at one thing. The advocacy of Tilden comes either from States that are innately Democratic or hopelessly Republican, while two great States whose vote is the index to the final result of the fight are arrayed sternly against him. It is also a curious thing that Manning, editor of the Albany paper regarded as Tilden's special organ, should, in an interview in St. Louis, make the statement that Governor Tilden is looking for the receipt of the votes of a large number of Republicans in New York."

HON. GEORGE W. HOUK,

delegate to the St. Louis Convention from Ohio, says:

"The party can survive a Presidential defeat, as it has already survived three since 1864, inaugurated under the same auspices and leadership as the present, but it cannot survive the sacrifice of the great principle of fidelity to the rights of the people which it was organized to maintain. * * * He [Tilden] has used his fortune with a lavish hand to promote his political aspirations. He is the first aspirant for Presidential honors in the history of the country who has utilized the provincial press by advertising his qualifications as extensively and as successfully as Helm