

# THE PROTEST OF THE FARMER.

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## ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT L. L. POLK

TO  
CITIZENS ALLIANCE No. 4 OF WASHINGTON,  
D. C., AT CONCORDIA HALL,  
APRIL 14, 1891.

*Mr Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I desire to express my sincere appreciation of the honor done me, through the kind invitation of Branch No. 4, Citizens Alliance, and the opportunity thus afforded for presenting before a Washington audience some views on the great industrial and economic questions now agitating the public mind throughout the country.

We are here to discuss principles, not parties; measures, and not men. Principles come of God, and are as eternal as the throne of justice itself. Men are of the dust of the earth, and are as transitory as the dewdrop on the morning flower.

Doubtless there are those present who will live to be numbered among two hundred millions of American people. They may live to see this magnificent country, stretching from ocean to ocean, in all the glory of a higher and happier civilization than has ever yet adorned or blessed a people, or they may live to see it the bleak and desolate abode of the genius of ruin. They may live to see this, the happiest, most prosperous and most powerful people that ever figured in the annals of the world, or they may live to see our God-favored land

transformed into one vast mausoleum, in which shall be buried forever the splendid wreck of our past and prospective glory, and with it the world's last hope for civil and religious liberty. And these possible conditions of power or impotence, of happiness or misery, of glory or shame, in the providence of God, as I believe, are to be determined in these closing years of the nineteenth century. Mighty forces are being marshaled which must test our virtue, our manhood, our patriotism, our appreciation of self government and our love of liberty.

History is ever repeating itself. The march of human progress is strewn with the wrecks of empires, kingdoms, systems, thrones and governments. Many of them went down in violence and blood. We stand to-day in the midst of a great revolution—peaceful and bloodless, I pray God it may be—but the mightiest, social, industrial and economic revolution the world has ever witnessed. It has not been heralded by the flare of flambeaux, the beating of drums, or the thunder of cannons. The millions who are enlisting in its ranks are marshaling under no ensign of hate, of blood or of carnage, but they allign themselves under a banner on whose snow white folds are emblazened in characters of heavenly light, the words: "Justice, equity and truth," and from one end of the land to the other the battle cry of this mighty host is: "Equal rights to all and special favors to none."

In the rapid development of our advancing civilization that equipoise between the great economic interests of the country—between the prominent

elements of our civilization which are absolutely essential to national happiness and prosperity and to the life of the republic—is seriously threatened with destruction. No one of these elements can dominate another with safety. Even the authority and power of civil government can not do it. Rome had this under a republic for hundreds of years. Commerce can not do it. Carthage and Tyre had this. Intellectual culture and development can not do it. Greece stood proudly pre-eminent in all this. The elective franchise can not do it. All the republics which have flourished and perished had this. Concentrated wealth with all its power can not do it. When the splendor of the Roman republic faded into night, eighteen hundred of her citizens owned the then known world. When Egyptian civilization perished from the earth, three per cent of her people owned ninety-six per cent of her wealth, and to-day the once fruitful fields of the orient are given over to the wild wanderer of the plain, and the splendors of its civilization lie buried beneath the drifting sands of the desert.

Will we, as a people, profit by the lesson of the past? How stand we to-day? To the student of industrial progress and economic development, an anomalous condition of affairs is presented. The rapid expansion of our railway system, stretching 156,000 miles all over our land and furnishing transportation equal to the demands of our productive power—the successful development of manufacturing enterprise in all its varied departments—the magical growth of villages, towns and cities,

the grand rumbling of trains, the inspiring scream of whistles, the ringing clatter of hammer and trowel, the musical hum and swelling din of workshops and factories, the mighty rushing tramp of our busy millions, the tinkling ring of hammer and anvil—all join to swell the grand chorus of the world's happy song of industrial progress; and yet, agriculture, "the art of all arts, the science of all sciences, the life of all life," is languishing, drooping, dying. Instead of the happy, cheerful song of plenty, contentment and peace, which should bless the home of the American farmer, we hear the dismal and universal wail of hard times all over the land.

Let us investigate, briefly, the situation and see if we may find the cause of this unnatural and dangerous condition of affairs.

In 1850 our farmers owned over 70 per cent of the wealth of the country; in 1860, about 50 per cent; in 1880 about 33 per cent, and to-day they own less than 25 per cent, and yet they pay over 80 cents in every dollar that is collected in taxes.

From 1850 to 1860 farm values increased 101 per cent.

From 1860 to 1870 farm values increased 43 per cent.

From 1870 to 1880 farm values increased only 9 per cent.

Notwithstanding this alarming decline in farm values, the aggregate wealth of the country, increased 45 per cent from 1870 to 1880, and the agricultural population increased over 29 per cent.

From 1850 to 1860, agriculture led manufacturing

10 per cent in increased value of products; from 1870 to 1880, manufacture led agriculture 27 per cent, showing a difference in favor of manufacturing of 37 per cent.

The value of the ten leading staple crops of the country in 1866 was \$2,007,462,231. The value of the same crops in 1864, eighteen years later, \$2,043,500,481. During this time the cultivated acreage had nearly doubled, the farm hands had doubled, and agricultural implements and machinery had vastly improved, and yet the crops of 1884 sold for only 2 per cent more than the same crops of 1866.

The average value per acre in yield of all our crops in 1867, was \$19, and in 1887, twenty years later, the average value was about \$9.

## WHEAT.

1860 to 1870, average price per bushel, \$1.99.

1880 to 1887, average price per bushel, \$1.07.

## CORN.

1860 to 1870, average price per bushel, 96 cents.

1880 to 1887, average price per bushel, 46 cents.

## COTTON.

1860 to 1870, average price per pound, 48½ cents.

1880 to 1887, average price per pound, 9 cents.

So that to-day a dollar costs the wheat farmer two and one-third times as much, the corn farmer over two and one-half times as much, and the cotton farmer over four times as much as it did from 1860 to 1870.

If a farmer had given a mortgage for \$1,000 in 1870, he could have paid it with 1050 bushels of

corn. Ten to seventeen years later, it would have taken, without interest, 2,702 bushels to have paid it, and so with his other crops. The farmer pays his debts with his labor. His crops cost him as much labor now as in 1870, but he receives only from one-fourth to one-half as much for them. Must we be told that the law of supply and demand regulates prices? How, then, may we explain that we produced nine and one-half bushels of wheat per capita in 1881, and it was worth \$1.15 per bushel; while we produced in 1889 only seven and one-half bushels per capita, and it was worth only 79 cents per bushel? The operations of this ancient law in trade have been practically annulled or supplanted by the more imperious law of greed as now enforced under the mandates of monopolistic combinations for the pillage and robbery of honest labor.

In the great State of Illinois the corn crop of 1889 cost its farmers \$9,935,823 more than the crop was worth after it was harvested.

The mortgages on land lots and chattels in that State in 1880, were \$204,461,334. In 1887 they were \$416,379,068—an increase of indebtedness in seven years of \$211,917,734—or 103 per cent.

On land alone the increase was \$44,953,000, or 40 per cent.

If every surplus bushel of wheat and corn of the crop of 1889 in that State had been applied to the mortgaged indebtedness on the farm lands in 1887, there would still remain \$117,784,977 to be paid out of other crops or earnings, or it would have fallen short \$3,875,250 of paying the interest.

In the great State of Michigan, with all its diversified industries, the farms are mortgaged to the amount of \$130,000,000 at an average interest of 7 per cent. And to pay the interest on the farm mortgages for one year would require 455,544 bushels more of wheat than the entire net crop of the State in 1889.

In the great State of Iowa \$199,000,000 of mortgaged indebtedness hangs over its farms—a sum equal to \$104 for every man, woman and child in the State. And this is exclusive of farms occupied by tenants. All over the face of this broad land, the most princely heritage ever given to man, may be read the same sad, sad story; and if you would read the fearful record of the frightful ravages of money power on the industrial energies of our people, go to your Census bureau in this city and you will find piled up the abstracts of 9,000,000 of mortgages on their homes—a mortgage for every seven of our population, or averaging about one mortgage to every family in the whole union.

But this law of supply and demand is inexorable and unchanging in its effects and operation as applied to money. Scarcity of money means high-priced money; a plentiful supply of money means cheap money. The high-priced dollar lessens the price of labor products, the cheap dollar raises the price of labor products. Look at our public debt. In 1886 it was \$2,783,000,000. We have paid in principal, interest and premiums on that debt the vast sum of \$4,198,931,361, and yet, it would take more of labor products to-day to pay the re-

mainder than it would have taken at the prices in 1886 to have paid the original debt.

Again, two farmers each had \$1,000 in 1870. The one deposited his money in a vault, the other invested in wheat and bought 500 bushels. To-day the cash farmer can buy with his money 1,500 bushels of wheat, while the wheat farmer, with his 500 bushels, can buy only \$333 in money. That is to say, the capital of the one has increased without interest 50 per cent, the other has depreciated 66 per cent. If this money, lying idle and drawing no interest, can thus increase its power so alarmingly over the products of labor, what mind can grasp the enormity of the evil that is inflicted in the industrial energies of the people, when money is loaned out at ruinous rates of interest?

In 1866 we had \$52 per capita in circulation. During that year we had 632 business failures, involving liabilities to the amount of \$47,333,000. In 1889 we had less than \$7 per capita in circulation, and during that year we had 13,277 business failures, involving liabilities to the amount of \$312,496,742.

The farmer sees United States 4-per-cent bonds, which would be utterly worthless but for the sturdy blows of his strong arm, due in 1907, which were bought at 54 cents in the dollar, selling at \$1.25 to the dollar, when he knows that a mortgage on not one farm in a thousand for the same time at one-third its value, at the rate of 7 per cent interest, could be sold at its face value. He is alarmed when he sees under our financial policy the major

part of the wealth of 63,000,000 people pass into the hands of 31,000 men. He sees centralized capital allied to corporate power, invading our temples of justice, subsidising the press, controlling conventions, corrupting the ballot box, dictating the platforms of parties, overriding individual rights, intimidating official authority and directing legislation, State and national. He sees the rich growing rapidly richer, and the poor growing rapidly poorer, and yet with each recurring year he continues to sow in faith, toil in hope, reap in despair. Surrounded by the most wonderful progress and development the world has ever witnessed, he stands appalled with impending bankruptcy and ruin. Is it any wonder that these suffering and oppressed millions are organizing for protection? But we are told that all these conditions have the sanction of law. But we know that there is no tyranny so degrading as legalized tyranny, and no injustice is so oppressive as that which stands entrenched behind the forms of law.

But the political doctors tell us we should be less indolent, less extravagant and less improvident, and all will be well. I hurl the insult back with the assertion that no class of men work so hard, or so many hours per day, or live so hard and receive such little reward for their labor, as the average American farmer. A prominent government official says that "diversification is essential to our agricultural salvation." I point him to the 1451 abandoned farms in Massachusetts, to the 1632 abandoned farms in New Hampshire, to the once beautiful hills and valleys of New England bloom-

ing in all the glory of profitable diversified agriculture, but now given over to the briar and bramble, for an answer to this assertion. I point him to that beautiful garden spot in American agriculture, New Jersey, and to the rich and fertile lands in Michigan, and other States where the farms have depreciated in value from 33 to 50 per cent, for a crushing refutation of the fallacious assumption. Others high in authority tell us that the meagre return for the products of our labor is due to "over production," and we are pointed to our exports of bread stuffs for proof of the assertion, when in fact, if we had used  $2\frac{1}{3}$  ounces per diem per capita more than was consumed in the year 1889, not one pound would have remained for export. He forgets that there are 3,000,000 tramps in this country and 5,000,000 human beings living in a state of semi-starvation. There can be no over production so long as the cry for bread from a single child in the land is heard. It is not over production, but it is under consumption—a want of a just and equitable distribution of the products of labor.

I solemnly protest, and with all reverence, that God is not to blame for our deplorable condition. I protest that it is not the fault of the farmer. But I assert and charge deliberately, that the fault is to be found in the unjust, partial, discriminating and wicked financial system of our government; a system that has imposed upon agriculture an unjust and intolerable proportion of the burdens of taxation, and has made it the helpless victim of the rapacious greed and tyrannical power of gold; a sys-

tem under which, despite the admonitions of history and all the teachings of the past, despite the warnings of the ablest political economists of this and of all countries, of this and all the ages past, our currency has been contracted to a volume totally inadequate to the demands of the legitimate business of the country with the natural and inevitable result—high-priced money and low-priced products

But again we are told that we should not complain, for "a dollar will buy more to-day than ever before." But where is the dollar? Should we not buy more with it than ever before? Does not the dollar cost us from two to four times as much as ever before? But buy more of what? Luxuries? In his terribly depressed condition the farmer aspires not to the indulgence of luxuries, but is happy if by any means he may secure to himself and family the enjoyment of the absolute necessities of life.

Let us look into this boasted purchasing power of the dollar from the farmer standpoint. He buys a dress fabric for his wife at 20 cents per yard, which twenty years ago would have cost 40 cents. The broker to whom he sells his cotton makes his usual profit, the road which transports it to New York makes its usual profit, the New York broker sells it to a New Hampshire manufacturer and makes his usual profit, the road transporting it to the New Hampshire mill makes its usual profit, the manufacturer manipulates it into a dress fabric, sells it to a New York jobber and makes his usual profit with a bonus of 35 per cent in the shape of

an import tax called protection, the road transporting it to New York makes its usual profit, the New York jobber sells it to the wholesale merchant and makes his usual profit, the wholesale merchant sells it to the merchant of the farmer in the South at his usual profit, the road transporting it to the Southern merchant makes its usual profit, and the Southern merchant sells it to the farmer who produced the cotton at his usual profit. Thus we see that from the time this raw cotton leaves the hands of the farmer and comes back to him, ten separate and distinct profits, with a protective tax of 35 per cent, has been realized on it. But was labor the gainer by it? Who reaped the profit? Every man through whose hands it had passed. Who were the losers? The man who produced it and sold it at a price barely covering the cost of production, and who, in its final purchase, paid all these added profits. Who else? That frail and pale-faced girl, who stood on her weary feet for 12 to 14 hours per day in manufacturing it, and who was forced to receive her pay in the scrip of the firm, that must be honored at the store of the firm only at a heavy discount, and which reduces her wages below living rates. Is labor benefited, when a dollar will purchase more of its products than ever before? Away with such fraudulent and hypocritical assertions! It is not so much in the *purchasing* power of the dollar that the farmer is interested, but he is profoundly interested in the *debt-paying* power of the dollar. Will this dollar, which cost him two to four times as much as when money was plentiful—will it pay more debt? Will it pay more interest? Will

it pay more on his mortgage? Will it pay more taxes? Will it pay more toward the education of his children? These are the questions which deeply concern our depressed, oppressed and debt-ridden people.

I have thus briefly adverted to some of the prominent causes and conditions which have forced into being, one of the mightiest revolutions ever known to the world. The advocates and promoters of this great reform movement, make war on no legitimate interests and extend the cordial right hand of fraternity and friendship to all men who are earnestly striving to make an honest living in the world. They seek to rescue agriculture and restore it to its just position among the other great industries of the country. They are not begging for charity, but they are demanding simple justice. They ask for no class legislation in favor of agriculture, but they demand for it only an open field and an equal chance with every other great interest in the race of progress. They see in the perilous conditions confronting them—in the class legislation of Congress, in the monopolistic combinations of money power, that we have demonstrated to the world that this government can be run in the interest of the few. They propose to solve the question as to whether it can be run in the interest of the many. They see it rapidly resolving our population into paupers and millionaires, and they propose to protect and preserve that great middle class which, in all ages, in all civilizations, in all countries, has always proved itself the surest and safest defender of civil liberty. As I walk the avenues of this beautiful

capital city, and look upon its magnificent buildings; as I travel over the country and see its rapidly growing villages, towns and cities, our wonderful development and growth, our splendid fertile plains, our forests and beautiful rivers, I am made to feel that this is truly and indeed the greatest country on the earth. But as I stand in this presence, and look into the faces of men who have always been the great conservators of the peace and liberties of the people, who have always been the breakwater against the surging tides of fanaticism, whether in church or State, and reflect that within their quiet, unostentatious homes are inculcated those lessons of virtue and patriotism, which is the citadel of civil and religious liberty, I forget our splendid cities, our magnificent plains, and beautiful rivers, and mighty works of internal improvement, and say in my heart that after all, the greatness, grandeur, glory, and power of this country, and of our government, rests in the homes of the middle class of our people. In their ominous surroundings they read not only the threatened doom of agriculture and the enslavement of labor, but the rapid approach of dissolution and death, to the republic.

They have formulated and announced to the world a platform of principles which they believe will bring the greatest good to the greatest number, and will conserve the highest and best interests of all the people of this great country. Alliance men, Democrats and Republicans alike, believe that these principles embody the very quintessence of Lincolnian-Republicanism and Jeffersonian-De-

mocracy. But we are told by presumptuous and arrogant partisans and self-constituted leaders, that farmers and other laboring classes "should not go into politics;" that we "will ruin parties and ruin the country." Who constitute parties in this country? To whom do political parties belong; to the people, or to the few who arrogantly assume to control them? Who has a better right to go into politics than the farmers of this country? Do they not clothe and feed the world? Do they not pay from their hard earnings 80 cents of every dollar of the taxes of the country? Of the ten hundred millions of dollars expended by the last Congress, did not eight hundred millions of it come from their pockets? Without the farmers all our mighty network of railways would grow up in grass and weeds in ninety days; without them all progress would be paralyzed and all civilization would perish. It is not only their right, but one of their highest duties as citizens, to study politics, the science of government, that they may discharge the responsibilities of citizenship intelligently and wisely. One of the greatest needs of the times is more genuine politics and less corrupt partyism. The organization of the National Farmers Alliance and Industrial Union is not, nor can it be, partisan in its character; it does not and cannot interfere or abridge in any manner the most perfect freedom of its members as to their political action. It seeks to inculcate a proper conception of the great and important responsibilities of citizenship and those essential principles of free government, which are founded in equity and justice, and leaves the member to fol-

low the dictates of his conscience, and judgment, and patriotism, as to the best methods for securing the supremacy of these principles. Our Order has no more right to say that a member shall or shall not be a Democrat, shall or shall not be a Republican, shall or shall not be an independent, than it has to say that he shall or shall not be a Baptist, a Methodist or a Lutheran. But while it is not partisan, it is emphatically and essentially political in the broad and liberal sense of the term.

But if the picture I have portrayed of the condition of agriculture be not overdrawn, and if it be true that this condition is chiefly due to discriminating legislation, it is a duty he owes to himself, to his family, to his country, and to his God, to go actively and practically into politics with the determined purpose of securing these greatly needed reforms. He has appealed to Congress for relief, but his appeals have been in vain. He has been beguiled with false promises and had his confidence and his highest interests betrayed and ignored. Hundreds of thousands of farmers during the past sessions of Congress sent in their petitions and demands for relief, but all in vain. Hereafter he proposes to place his petitions, and resolutions, and demands, where they will be felt and respected—he proposes to place them in the ballot box.

In vain have the people plead for relief. In vain have they suffered and endured—patiently, submissively, uncomplainingly. Over one thousand years ago, the old Sheik Ilderim of Medina, said to certain Roman ingrates: “Do you dream that because the prophet of Allah dwells now beyond the

bridge of Al Sirat, that therefore he is deaf, dumb and blind? I tell you by the splendor of God, that a tempest is brooding on his brow—there is lightning gathering in his soul for you.”

Do men dream that because the sovereign and oppressed people of this country have thus suffered, thus endured, that therefore they have become deaf, and dumb, and blind? I tell them that the friends of freedom and of liberty will marshal their forces and come forth “more terrible than an army with banners,” and led by the flaming sword of the avenging angel of outraged justice, as “a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night,” they will rebuke treason and hurl from power those who have thus trifled with their dearest and most sacred rights and interests.

Had the heart and pen of the immortal Lincoln been divinely inspired, he could not have portrayed in more vividly truthful coloring the heartless ravages of the money power than was given in his wonderful prophecy. “I see in the near future,” said he, “a crises arising which unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned, and an area of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavor to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the republic is destroyed. I feel at this time more anxiety for the safety of my country than ever before, even in the midst of the war. God grant that my fears may prove groundless.” We read its terrible transla-

tion on the lintels of the home of every farmer and laborer in the land, and we hear it on every breeze in the heart-rending wail of poverty and distress.

The Fifty-first Congress, but recently adjourned, was in session thirteen months. During that time it expended in round numbers one billion dollars of the people's money—a sum equal to \$77,000,000 per month, \$17,500,000 per week, \$2,500,000 per day, \$104,000 per hour, \$1,733 per minute, and \$28 per second! Let us bear steadily in mind that 80 cents of every dollar of this vast sum came from the agriculturists of the country. These suffering millions besieged the doors of the Capitol during that time, pleading for relief. They were turned away empty handed, their importunities disregarded, their entreaties ignored, and they were insolently admonished to “keep out of politics,” to “live closer and work harder.”

They asked for the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Democrats in the Alliance, and Republicans in the Alliance, simply asked their party friends in Congress to redeem the pledge which both these parties had made before the world in their platforms, and in the most solemn manner. We know the result. At the dictation of Wall and Lombard streets, men of both parties stultified themselves and their parties before the world and defeated this just measure. The people asked that national banks be abolished and gambling in futures be prohibited, by issuing money direct to the people at a cheap rate of interest and in sufficient volume to meet the demands of the legitimate business of the country. They formulated

and presented a plan by which this might be done. Promptly it was met with the assertion that "the government has no power under the Constitution to loan money," and therefore our bill was unconstitutional. It was asserted that it was "class legislation" and that the bill was "impracticable." "Class legislation"! Why, our statutory records are crowded with class legislation in favor of all all classes, except the agriculturists. "Impracticable"! If true, whose duty was it to correct it? "Unconstitutional"! If true, whose duty was it to frame a bill that would be constitutional? What are the duties of modern Congressmen? Are they to be confined continually and forever to the manipulation of party schemes by which to gain party supremacy, and to the neglect of the great interests of the country? It is perfectly constitutional to loan our money to banks, corporations, expositions and whisky rings, but it is unconstitutional to loan it to the wealth producers of the land. When Wall street, through its heartless gambling on the brain, and brawn, and sweat, and muscle of honest labor, becomes entangled in the meshes of its own wicked devising, it has only to look to our Secretary of the Treasury and say: "Help us, Cassius, or we sink," and immediately that official flies to its relief on electric wing and pours into its lap \$10,000,000 of the people's gold. But it would be grossly unconstitutional to come, in response to the piteous appeals from eight millions of panic stricken homes all over the land, and provide relief. It is perfectly constitutional, in order to get \$180,000,000 from the vaults to the banks, to pay thereon

\$12,000,000 in advanced interest, \$30,700,000 in premiums, and in order to get it into the pockets of the people to charge an additional 10 per cent of \$18,000,000. Perfectly constitutional to pay to speculators and monopolists \$60,000,000 in premiums and interest, to put \$180,000,000 in circulation, but it would be shamefully unconstitutional, to adopt our plan of a direct issue to the people of this \$180,000,000 at 2 per cent, at a cost of only \$3,600,000, and which would go into our treasury to diminish taxation from other sources and thus save in the one transaction the sum of \$57,100,000. But no bill could be framed that would not be rejected by politicians as unconstitutional if it provided for an adequate amount of circulation at a low rate of interest. Money must not be issued direct to the people at a cheap rate, as that would always be "unconstitutional," and therein lies the objection to the sub-treasury plan with politicians.

On questions of finance, on legislation for the relief of the people, there is a higher court in this country than even our supreme judiciary. It sits enthroned in Wall street, reveling in the strength of its ill-gotten power, and levies tribute at will on the industrial energies of the people.

In the coming contest between labor and capital, FINANCIAL REFORM must and will be, the slogan and rallying cry of the people. They want gold robbed of its power to oppress. They demand that silver shall be restored to all the rights in coinage and to all the qualities of legal tender which gold possesses. They demand that the circulating medium of the

country shall be issued direct to the people at a low rate of interest and in sufficient volume to do the business of the country, and that in whatever form it may be issued, if it bear the imprint of the government and is denominated a dollar, that it shall be worth one hundred cents in payment of all dues, public and private. They demand the prohibition of gambling in futures of all agricultural and mechanical products. They believe that every acre of our public domain should be secured to actual settlers, and that not one foot of our territory should be held except by citizens of this country. They believe that barriers should be erected between corporate power and the rights of the people. They favor absolute governmental control of transportation and telegraph lines, because they prefer that the government should control these great agencies of power, rather than that they should control the government. They demand a just system of graduated tax on incomes. They demand that an amendment to the Constitution shall be submitted to the people, by which United States Senators shall be elected by a direct vote of the people. They believe that no interest, or class, or industry, should be taxed to build up any other interest, or class, or industry. They demand that all revenues shall be limited to the necessary expenses of an honestly and economically administered government. From these great questions they cannot and will not be diverted. Even the protective tariff, with all its abominable iniquities, cannot supplant them. Force bills, "bloody shirts," the cry of "negro supremacy in the South," and of "rebels" in the

North, will lose all the power of their baleful charm in the presence of these great, overshadowing questions.

The great mass of the industrial classes, North and South, Democrats and Republicans, without regard to sectional or geographical lines, with one purpose and with one heart, have locked their hands and shields in a common cause—the cause of a common country. The evils under which they suffer, and which threaten the destruction of the republic and its institutions, are national in their character and cannot be corrected by sectional remedies. Hence, recognizing but one flag—the flag of our common country—impelled by a common purpose, actuated by a common motive, confronted by a common danger, they have solemnly resolved to turn their backs upon the past and make one mighty effort to rescue our government and institutions from impending peril. They have wiped out, and forever, the last trace of Mason and Dixon's line across Alliance territory. African slavery is gone, thank God, and in the spirit of manly magnanimity and fraternity the Alliancesmen of the "blue" and the Alliancesmen of the "gray" say: "Let the bitterness, animosities and prejudices, born of its existence, perish with it and forever." The proud Saxon spirit, and courage, and patriotism, which crowned the heroism of the "blue and the gray" with undying fame, are now summoned to break the galling and degrading chains of white slavery, the slavery of honest labor and how fitting that they should lead in this glorious struggle for God and humanity.

Ye brave men of the North! who stood by the stars and stripes with a devotion and a courage that would have added new luster to the splendor of Rome's legions in her palmiest days—ye brave men of the South! who stood by the sinking stars of a doomed cause while you bore in your manly hearts a more forlorn hope than that which inspired the six hundred at Balaklava—America's heroes! Did ye win glory in the dread conflict of arms?

Standing now under the Alliance banner, on whose folds glows in radiant beauty: "On earth, peace, good will to men," how grandly and resplendently sublime that glory shall become when crowned with your nobler achievements as citizens in peace!

Grant and Lee, Jackson and McPherson, Sherman and Johnston, Stewart and Custer, with thousands of their brave and devoted followers, have crossed over the River and are bivouacked under the shade of the trees, where they will rest peacefully until the archangel shall sound the final reveille and summon them to the Grand Review on the Eternal Plains. Let the living, and those who are to follow us, remember only their virtue—their superb manhood and heroism.

Inscribe it on imperishable tablet! Embalm it in undying song! Let the genius of pencil and chisel embellish it with its most resplendent inspiration! Let fame place it among her richest treasures in the Pantheon of Immortality, and let the time-swept harp of the ages swell in grander strain the giant anthem of its praise!

Fathers, brothers, husbands and sons, who are

more profoundly interested and concerned in all that pertains to the peace, the happiness, and prosperity of our country than the noble women of the land? They are here to-night. I would be false to them, false to the occasion, false to the Alliance, and false to myself, did I fail to tender to them my profound acknowledgements for the honor they have thus done me. Proud as we are, and should be, of the splendid record of the American soldiery to which I have referred, yet in honor of her patient endurance, her devotion, her constancy and her superb moral courage, we stand uncovered in her presence. Do you ask me for a model of moral heroism? I would not go to the muster rolls of the splendid armies of a Grant or a Lee; I would not point to the waving plume in victorious battle, but I would point you to that isolated country home, with its cares and trials, its loneliness and anxieties in sickness and in health, presided over by the queenly spirit of her whose hours of anguish through four long years of war were more trying than the ordeal of battle.

And I would summon all the grand old heroes among the living, and the spirits of our immortal dead, and align them in her presence and ask them to join me in saluting her as the queen of the heroes of the world.

A celebrated English barrister when defending a criminal, was reminded by the court that he was extending his argument to very great length. Turning to his honor he said: "Remember, sir, that I am pleading for the life of a human being!"

My friends, if in my zeal I have transcended the proprieties of the occasion and have wearied your patience, I enter the plea in extenuation that I am pleading for the life of the republic and the liberties of the people.