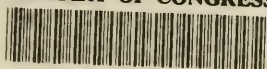


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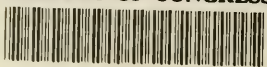
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SPEECHES
OF
HON. CARTER H. HARRISON,
OF ILLINOIS,
IN THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
ON
DEMOCRATIC MUSIC,
MAY 23, 1876,
AND ON
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
OF OUR
NATION'S INDEPENDENCE,
JANUARY 19, 1876.

WASHINGTON.
1876.

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1876

—“They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance.
Music make their welcome.”

TIMON OF ATHENS.—ACT I, SCENE 2.

SPEECH

OF

HON. CARTER H. HARRISON,

OF ILLINOIS,

ON THE

NAVAL APPROPRIATION BILL,

DELIVERED IN THE

UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

MAY 23, 1876.

Mr. HARRISON. Mr. Chairman, I rise to oppose a feature of the amendment which the gentleman from Alabama thinks is not an important one; it being, at any rate, one to which he has paid no attention in his remarks. It is that part which strikes at the Marine Band, which proposes to abolish this band. I oppose that part of the amendment from two motives; one purely æsthetic, and the other purely selfish. If I had time, I would like to dwell on the first motive. I would like to tell how in olden times, at Athens, those grand people considered music one of the great educators of youth; how wise fathers regularly carried their children to places where they could listen to the finest music; how they thought it not only ennobled the heart and purified the soul, but through them beautified the body. I would like to descant upon the beauty of the Athenian maid, the product of music, who stood in her naked loveliness before Praxiteles; and how the shapeless mass of Parian marble burst into the Venus de Medici. I would like to dwell upon the manly beauty of the young hero who stood before Phidias, and how his image sprang from the soulless marble into the godlike Apollo Belvedere. I would like to prove that the beauty of the models for these chefs-d'œuvre was due in a great measure to music. But, sir, I have not the time. So I will pass by this first motive, and shall confine my remarks to the other; especially as it will come home to the gentlemen on my side of the House more readily.

Mr. Chairman, for fifteen long dreary years at the other end of Pennsylvania avenue the White House has been occupied by a republican, and during the winter months, of evenings, the Marine Band has been up there at receptions to discourse sweet music for the delectation of a republican President, and for the delectation of his republican friends. At every reception a republican President has stood in a cer-

tain room receiving his guests, and his pet republican friends in white vests and white cravats have stood behind him enjoying the dulcet tones poured forth from the silver throats of silvered instruments by twenty-four gentlemen in scarlet coats. For long years, of summer Saturday afternoons, twenty-four gentlemen in scarlet coats have caused twenty-four silvered instruments, on the green in front of the White House, to belch forth martial music for the delectation of a republican President, and for the delectation of his republican friends.

On the 4th of next March, sir, there will be a democratic President in the White House. Sir, is the democratic President to have no music? [Laughter.] I have been up there at a presidential reception. I went in and I saw my friends from the other side enjoying the music. I went through a crowd of republicans with one hand on my watch-fob and the other on my wallet. I caught now and then the notes of the music, but I could not enjoy it. I was as a stranger in a strange land. I felt that I was one too many. But next year, sir, it will be different.

Mr. MILLIKEN. They will have their hands on their watch-fobs then. [Laughter.]

Mr. HARRISON. Very good; but we will be enjoying the music. [Laughter.] Why, sir, the other Saturday evening I was out in front of the White House among the *canaille*, the *sans culottes*, the men and children without breeches and shoes.

Mr. TOWNSEND, of New York. Was it a democratic meeting? [Laughter.]

Mr. HARRISON. And there, on the south portico, sat the Chief Magistrate, the republican President, with his feet on the balustrade and his Partaga in his mouth listening to the Marine Band. His republican friends were about him. Their feet were on the balustrade of the south portico, wreaths of blue smoke curled up in balmy deliciousness from Partagas fresh from the Flowery Isle. I shook a mental fist in their mental faces, and whispered to myself that every dog had his day, and I asked myself, "Shall this be ever thusly?" And from deep down in my heart came a reply, "No! No! never!" I will see a democratic President in the White House. He shall receive his friends to the music of twenty-four silvered instruments, filled with the breath of twenty-four gentlemen in scarlet coats. The Marine Band shall play true democratic music for a democratic President, [laughter;] and out there on that south portico I want to see a democratic President sitting with his feet on the balustrade listening to the music poured forth by the Marine Band, and I hope to be one of his friends; and I will sit there with my feet on the balustrade enjoying one of his Partagas. But they wish to abolish the Marine Band. Think of this being done, democrats, before the democratic President goes into his position. We have many men who we feel are fit to fill that position. In my mind's eye I see them now marching on from Saint Louis to the White House. Let me name them as they come in sight. They come first from the East.

Why, there is one from the great Empire State [Governor Tilden who we know is greater than Alexander was, for Alexander only cut the Gordian knot with his sword; but the Gordian knot was made of nothing but a hempen string; but this man with his fist smashed a ring of adamantine steel, cut and destroyed the canal ring. He may be in the position, sir; and I want the Marine Band there to give him music. He is a man of purity, ay, of virginal purity. Perhaps he may wish to lead a bride into the White House. Shall we say the

Marine Band shall not play for him the wedding march? Shall we refuse to let the Marine Band fill with sweet music the bridal chamber? Not by my vote. Never, sir! *never!* NEVER! [Laughter.]

[Here the hammer fell, amid loud cries of "Go on!" "Go on!"]

The CHAIRMAN. Is there objection to the gentleman from Illinois proceeding?

Mr. LEWIS. I must object.

[Cries of "O, no!" "O, no!"]

Mr. KASSON. I move to strike out the last word, and yield my time to the gentleman from Illinois.

Mr. HARRISON. We have other men. There may be one from a smaller State [Senator BAYARD] who would grace the presidential chair as it has not been graced for long, long years past; one who in character as in name resembles the peerless knight who was *sans peur et sans reproche*. Sir, this almost faultless man may be there. Are you to deny him music from the Marine Band. Never, sir! *never!* NEVER! I will never consent by my vote. [Great laughter.]

We have them from Western States—

Mr. KELLEY. Bill Allen. [Laughter.]

Mr. HARRISON. From the Buckeye State one—a man who, at the other end of the Capitol, [Senator THURMAN,] never speaks but he utters words of wisdom—who is ready on every subject and makes no mistakes. Are we to have no music for him other than that which he himself gives forth from a nasal instrument in his own red bandana? No, sir; never! *never!* NEVER! [Great laughter.]

Sir, we have a man from the Hoosier State, the old democratic war-horse, [Governor Hendricks,] a great democratic leader, who, they say, is a little of a trimmer. If he is ever a trimmer or appears to be a trimmer, it is because his mind is so round that he sees both sides of a question and does not go wildly off on either side. [Laughter.] He may be in that position, and I may be his friend in the White House. Shall he have no music from the Marine Band? Never by my vote! *Never!* NEVER! [Laughter.]

From my own State, Mr. Chairman, there is a man who would fill the chair as it never was filled, [Judge Davis,] not a single inch of it will not be filled; a great man in law and a great man in politics, who, if President, would never give a wrong decision. One against whom not a word can be said. When, sir, I shall come down from Illinois to be at his inaugural to receive him at the White House, shall we have no music to aid him in tripping the light fantastic toe? [Laughter.] Never, sir, by my vote will I consent to that; never! *never!* NEVER! [Laughter.]

Sir, there is another still; there is one from your own Keystone State, great in arms, [General Hancock,] great as a civilian; a man who, if he had not been a great general, would have been talked of for his great civil acquirements. He may be there and he will wish to have some memories of the past brought to his mind by martial music. Is it to be denied him? Shall the Marine Band be refused to him? Not by my vote; never! *never!* NEVER! [Great laughter.]

Then, sir, there is still another, the Great Unknown, coming ten thousand strong from every part of the Union, the Great Unknown of the democratic party.

A MEMBER. Parker?

Mr. HARRISON. No, sir; I will call no names. He is all around in the democratic party. It is full of the great unknown.

Mr. WILLARD. The great unknowing?

Mr. MILLIKEN. I suppose that delicacy prevents the gentleman from naming him.

Mr. HARRISON. Yes, sir; delicacy and modesty forbids me calling names. [Laughter.] Sir, when the Great Unknown gets here, shall he have no music; shall no tunes come from those twenty-four silver-throated instruments, blown out by these twenty-four gentlemen in red coats, to welcome him to the White House? Shall we have no music when we introduce him to the American people? Not by my vote. No, sir; never! *never!* NEVER! [Great laughter and applause.]

Centennial Celebration of American Independence.

SPEECH

OF

HON. CARTER H. HARRISON,

OF ILLINOIS,

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

Wednesday, January 19, 1876.

The House being in Committee of the Whole and having under consideration the bill (H. R. No. 514) relating to the centennial celebration of American Independence—

Mr. HARRISON said:

Mr. CHAIRMAN. It is said by some of the members on this floor who have opposed this appropriation, and by that portion of the press which opposes it, that this House cannot vote for it without stultifying itself; that by the vote recorded on the 14th of last month we have committed ourselves against all subsidies and against this measure. For the purpose of placing ourselves right, I wish to remind gentlemen, and to remind the press of the fact, that when that resolution was here to be voted upon a distinguished gentleman from Massachusetts asked the question if that resolution would or would not cut off the centennial appropriation. The same question was asked by other gentlemen around me, and by myself among the number. The distinguished mover of that resolution, the gentleman from Indiana, [Mr. HOLMAN,] distinctly stated that he did not consider the word "subsidy" in that resolution as covering the centennial appropriation. Therefore it does not bind us. We voted for that resolution with a reservation in favor of the centennial appropriation—not a mental reservation, but an outspoken and a loudly spoken reservation. And I hope to show in the course of my remarks that this appropriation is not a subsidy, but is a compliance with the implied obligations of the Government when it invited the world to become its guests and to assist in this the first hundredth anniversary of our national existence.

It is said, too, Mr. Chairman, that this is not a national undertaking; that it is a private scheme, gotten up by a corporation in Philadelphia. To a certain extent it is private. Scarcely any great act of government is ever originated otherwise than through some private individuals. If a great public building is to be erected to accommodate officers of the Government in New York, in Saint Louis, or in Chicago, what is everybody's business is no person's business, and the

proposition is never acted upon until some interested parties, parties who wish to get a contract or to sell a site, bring it before Congress. It is true that this matter was brought before Congress by individuals from Philadelphia. But it was in answer to an expression of feeling that was as widespread as our Union itself that some great national rejoicing was befitting the people of America in the centennial year of its existence. They came here and suggested an exposition at Philadelphia. It was readily conceded that Philadelphia was the fitting spot in which to hold such an exposition. Philadelphia was acknowledged to be the cradle of American Independence and the place where it should be held. But, Mr. Chairman from that moment this undertaking became purely and strictly national. Congress named it, Congress gave it its very birth. It declared what its objects should be. Congress declared who should be its officers, and one branch of the Government, the President of the United States, named those officers. Those officers have to report to the Government of the United States all that is done. They are liable to the Government of the United States for any mismanagement on their part. They are liable to this Congress by impeachment should they be guilty of malfeasance. The President of the United States was directed by a law of Congress to invite the world to this our first great national jubilee. He did invite them. But gentlemen say here, as was said by the gentleman from New York, [Mr. WILLIS,] that Congress, when it made that law, put in a proviso that there should be no more money expended by the National Government; that it should not be liable for the debts of this corporation. Was that embodied in the invitation that General Grant sent abroad to the nations of the world? Was that proviso incorporated in the invitation to come and assist us in this glorious, this grand undertaking to show the world our appreciation of the great boon our forefathers had handed down to us? No, sir; of course not. It is true that we as citizens must follow the maxim that every man must take cognizance of every law enacted by the proper law-making powers. But foreigners have no such obligations attaching to them. They received our invitation. They have answered that invitation. Russia has donated \$700,000 to aid its citizens in being represented in this international exposition. People of all nations are coming. But the gentlemen who undertook to act as the agents of the Government, and to provide for the entertainment of the nation's guests, find that owing to the panic of 1873 they cannot raise the funds to complete the necessary buildings and to open the exposition in a fitting manner. They therefore appeal to Congress. They show us that they have wasted nothing; that there have been no leakages; that their inability to complete their preparations is no fault of theirs.

And yet we whose glory is to be celebrated by this great event, we whose glory is to be exhibited to the world, cannot make an appropriation of a little more than twice the amount which the autocratic government of Russia has made to enable his subjects to appear among us with their goods and their wares and to help us succeed in this enterprise. We invite the world to our feast; and now we are told we must have the President issue his circular to the people of other nationalities to inform them that, owing to a proviso in the law, we cannot spread the cloth or uncover a plate; that they must bring their lunch-baskets with them; that they must be prepared to pay a dollar for those things they buy at home for less than half the sum; that they can pay their money and take their choice of what they find; that the centennial buildings may be without a roof; that we are

very sorry, but it cannot be helped, for we have found a constitutional objection to a further compliance with our implied agreement when we invited them to our feast, that is, to give them at least decent entertainment.

I ask this House shall the United States occupy this position?

Sir, this undertaking was from the beginning national; it is national. But it is said that it is carried on and to be carried on by a private corporation. That corporation, sir, is a creature of the Government; it is a corporation born of governmental action; officered by the Government; commanded by the Government to do certain things; empowered by the Government to do certain things. It is nothing more nor less than the agent of the Government. And we, by the fact that we made it a corporation, did not for one moment rob ourselves of the right to claim all the glory and all the praise if this great undertaking shall be a success.

Sir, Congress may have committed an error in giving this enterprise so national an aspect; but it is too late now to recede. It has told the world that this was our mode of celebrating our hundredth birthday. The world understands that it was for this purpose that enterprise had its origin. We cannot now undeceive them without national dishonor. We have reached the middle of the stream. It is too late to swap horses.

The President has invited foreign nations to take part in it; the people of foreign nations have responded. Year before last, in 1874, I had the pleasure of spending several months traveling in Germany, in Austria, and in the Tyrol. Although I speak the language of those people but indifferently, and mingled with them only as an ordinary traveler, I do not think I exaggerate when I say that I must have spoken with more than one hundred who intended to come to our international exposition at Philadelphia. They were not poor and homeless emigrants, but they were men of means and intelligence; men who intended to come here and visit the exhibition, and when that visit was over, they hoped to visit and see other parts of America. They advised with me as to the places they might possibly visit within a given time. Last summer I was again abroad. I was in Denmark and Sweden, and again in parts of Germany. I found that a wet blanket had been thrown over this whole thing. Men told me that they did not intend to come; that the American people were too niggard to make an appropriation for the purpose; that the enterprise was descending into what would be simply a private and local affair. The impression was being made upon them that this undertaking was purely local and would not be worth visiting. Let this appropriation be passed, and if it shall pass this evening, by to-morrow morning the lightning's tongue will carry the information to Europe, and a great impetus will be given to the tide of visiting strangers.

Is there not a great good to be attained by these people visiting us? I would state here that the calculation is that not less than twenty thousand people will come to this exposition from foreign countries. As the gentleman from New York [Mr. HEWITT] has stated, the tide will be limited only by the accommodations afforded by European steamers. Each man coming here will bring a large amount of money with him, if I may use so ungenerous an argument. There is no doubt that they will spend in America several millions of dollars, not poured into the lap of Philadelphia alone, but scattered over the whole country. But, as I said, that is an ungenerous argument. But just here I will make an argument which to me is of great importance.

These are hard times. The people are suffering for bread, although our granaries are bursting with plethora. The people are without money, although our bank vaults are loaded with idle currency. Why, sir, is this the case? Because confidence has fled from the land; men of means are groaning under their load of idle capital. And why, sir? Because they have lost confidence in their fellow-men. This exposition, this national jubilee will bring people together from all parts of the land. It will open the hearts of the rich; it will bring them face to face with their fellow-citizens. It will re-open trade all along the great lines of railways. It will put idle money into circulation. The people will for the moment forget hard times, and in that very forgetfulness confidence will be begotten. We have millions of money. All we want is to put it in circulation. It is believed this Centennial will go far toward this end.

There is a higher argument than that. We all want to be brought into closer communion with foreign nations. When the mists have been lifted which now veil the forms of the stranger, as the gentleman from Philadelphia has so eloquently said, when speaking of our southern friends who were but lately our enemies, we will stand face to face, not only with our southern brethren, but with foreigners of every clime, and will feel that they are all men and brothers.

They will come here and learn something of our great country. Gentlemen who have spent much time abroad will understand me when I say that the ignorance of foreigners in regard to our Government, our society, and our affairs is remarkable. Talk with them about our great country, speak of the length of our rivers, and they are struck with amazement and surprise. They are amazed at the great distances from one place to another in America. They are surprised at the huge dimensions of our inland fresh-water seas. By bringing them here we spread a knowledge of our country, make them better friends and more disposed to trade with us in the future and to mingle with us at all times.

It is true that we here think that Europe should understand our affairs as well as we understand theirs. But we must remember that Europe has furnished the area on which the great drama of history has been enacted. We read its history and are familiar with its scenes. But America is to Europe almost a *terra incognita*. By bringing them here to this exposition we enable them to see our country for themselves; we will awaken in them an interest in our affairs and thus bring them into a closer communion with ourselves.

We are told by the gentleman from New York [Mr. WILLIS] that these are hard times; that we have no right to put our hands into the pockets of the sons of toil and take from them their hard earnings. Sir, the population of the United States is estimated to be forty-five millions. This appropriation is for \$1,500,000. Distribute this sum among the people *per capita* and it will amount to the enormous sum of 3½ cents each.

Mr. WILLIS. Will the gentleman allow me to interrupt him a moment?

Mr. HARRISON. Certainly.

Mr. WILLIS. My argument had no reference to the financial condition of the country. I am very thankful to the gentleman from Illinois, [Mr. HARRISON,] and also to the gentleman from New York, [Mr. HEWITT,] that they have given us the advantage of their computation that this appropriation will be but three cents a head for the population of this country. I would remind them, however, that there was another gentleman, a former member of this body, a gen-

tleman from Massachusetts, but not here to-day, who made a computation to the effect that the salary grab amounted to but three cents a head for the population of this country, or the price of a postage-stamp, he inclosed to it to the party complaining of the grab, and the people permitted him to remain at home. I advise the gentleman to heed the lesson.

Mr. HARRISON. The cheapness of the salary grab, or any reference to the Credit Mobilier, does not make that right which of itself is wrong. But it affords an answer to the gentleman when he speaks of the money this appropriation will take from the hardy sons of toil. This \$1,500,000 divided among the voters of this country would make sixteen and two-thirds cents each. Does any one believe for a moment that if the voters of America could be appealed to they would hesitate to put their hands into their pockets and donate sixteen and two-thirds cents each to this great undertaking?

But, says the gentleman from New York, the rich men should do it. The rich men, who have made fortunes out of our bleeding country, should do it. But, sir, the rich men do not do it. The rich men among his own constituency, who revel in wealth, who wallow in untold fortunes, they do not do it.

Mr. WILLIS. The gentleman will permit me to say that the citizens of New York City subscribed some \$240,000 more than has been subscribed by the rest of the nation together.

Mr. HARRISON. Very well for New York; but New York should have subscribed all the balance, rather than have had this enterprise fail.

Mr. WILLIS. It will.

Mr. WIKE. I understand the gentleman to say that this appropriation was excluded from the resolution against subsidies, which passed the House by so large a majority.

Mr. HARRISON. The gentleman is mistaken. I said this, that Mr. HOLMAN himself said that he did not suppose that resolution covered the Centennial appropriation. The gentleman will see it is so if he will read from the RECORD.

Mr. WIKE. Did not the gentleman vote for that resolution himself?

Mr. HARRISON. I did, with a reservation.

Mr. WIKE. A mental reservation?

Mr. HARRISON. No; an open-spoken reservation.

Mr. WIKE. The resolution is as follows:

Resolved, That in the judgment of this House in the present condition of financial affairs of the Government no subsidies in moneys, bonds, public lands, indorsements, or by pledge of the public credit should be granted by Congress to associations or corporations engaged or proposing to engage in public or private enterprises—

I want now to call the gentleman's attention to the closing words of this resolution—

and that all appropriations from the public Treasury ought to be limited at this time to such amounts only as shall be imperatively demanded by the public service.

Now I want to ask my colleague what connection this appropriation has with the public service?

Mr. HARRISON. If the gentleman will allow me I will show that, at least to my mind, there is an imperative demand for the appropriation. But let him read a little further from the RECORD and see what Mr. HOAR said.

Mr. WIKE. Mr. HOAR said: "I should like the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. HOLMAN] to inform the House whether he intends to

cut off the appropriation from the Centennial?" And Mr. HOLMAN answered: "I do not suppose it is covered by the word 'subsidies,' although I should be willing to have it so construed."

Mr. HARRISON. By a wonderful recollection I have quoted it correctly.

Mr. WIKE. I have read now to accommodate you. Allow me to put my construction on that resolution now.

Mr. HARRISON. The gentleman will have an hour hereafter.

Mr. WIKE. Mr. HOLMAN simply says that this appropriation was not covered by the word "subsidy;" but he does not undertake to say that it is not covered by the spirit of the resolution.

Mr. HARRISON. I submit that my colleague will have time to make a speech himself.

Mr. WIKE. I beg the gentleman's pardon for interrupting him.

Mr. HARRISON. I know he is my friend, but is tied up just now by constitutionality. His patriotism to-day is tied up in the green-back. [Laughter.]

Mr. REA. Will the gentleman allow me to ask him a question?

Mr. HARRISON. I really cannot allow gentlemen on this side of the floor to interrupt me in this way.

The CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from Illinois [Mr. HARRISON] will proceed without interruption.

Mr. HARRISON. I believe I was talking, when interrupted, about the cost of this thing. I said that it would cost to each voter in the United States sixteen and two-thirds cents. I believe that I asked the question, if the voters of the United States could be called upon would they refuse to make this donation? It is said that this celebration ought to have been a celebration made by the people as such. If there is no doubt that the people would have been patriotic enough to donate three and one-third cents and that the voters would have been willing to have donated sixteen and two-thirds cents, then it strikes me that it is our duty to collect from each person three and one-third cents, or, if preferred, sixteen and two-third cents from each voter, in the most economical manner. If each man, woman, and child in the country should send three and one-third cents to the finance committee of the Centennial by letter, it would cost \$1,350,000 in postage-stamps to get this pittance into the hands of the Centennial managers. If each voter should send sixteen and two-thirds cents, it would cost \$270,000 for postage alone, besides the time spent in going to and from the offices. It would have made the cost of the machinery of collection twice as large as the appropriation itself. If therefore we believe that the people of the United States are sufficiently patriotic to answer the demand of the Government that they should celebrate the one hundredth anniversary in the way the Government proposes, then we are doing the best thing possible to enable each voter to draw upon the people's bank, the Treasury of the United States. If, on the other hand, the people are not patriotic enough, then indeed is it time that we should do something to arouse again the spirit of patriotism which once burned in our land, but which has been deadened by the civil war and by the great attention of our people to the making of the eternal dollar. Sir, the power of a free country is in the patriotism of its people. In a despotism the king cares not for the patriotism of his subjects. All he asks is willing obedience and enduring muscles. But with us it is a different thing. Sir, there are two kinds of patriotism. One is mixed with selfishness; it has its origin in the knowledge of the protection given the citizen by the flag of his country, and the ability afforded him by its institutions to ac-

quire material wealth and material comforts. And there is a patriotism unmixed with selfishness; it is that blind love of country which knows no reason for its existence; that love a man feels for his native land because it is his native land, and because his forefathers have lived in it and their ashes mingle with the soil he treads upon. He loves his country because he breathes its atmosphere, and because he knows that when his race is run he will lie down in its soil, and his ashes will be mingled with the ashes of those who have gone before him.

He loves it because his children will be gathered to his side by those who in their turn shall follow them. He wants that they shall all lie down and sleep in one common bed. Sir, this is emotional patriotism, it is sentimental patriotism. It is that feeling which nerved the army of Leonidas at Thermopylae. It fired patriot hearts at Valley Forge. It is the feeling which, when "God save the Queen" is struck up by voice or by band, makes an Englishman rise and uncover himself, and with glowing bosom thank Heaven that he is a Briton. It is the feeling which makes a Frenchman, in the midst of festival or in the midst of combat, join in the Marseillaise with almost frantic enthusiasm.

When an invader crosses the frontier of the Tyrol that feeling lights a thousand beacon-fires on a thousand hill-tops, flashing as it were by magic, as the stars peep out of the firmament when the sun drops behind the western horizon; it is that feeling which makes the poor Tyrolean when he sees that fire gleam leave his earth-floored hut or his poverty-stricken *chalet*, seize his rifle, place himself by the side of the eternal mountains, making his body a bulwark of the house of Hapsburg as impassable as is the mountain itself.

These men of the mountains are not actuated by any feeling of interest. There is no dollar-patriotism in them. They have no fields waving with grain; they have no noble dwellings. They are poor. They love their native land because their homes are hidden in its sequestered glen or are perched on the mountain-side. They love it because it is their home and because all their songs have been songs of father-land.

This emotional patriotism is born of love of locality; and is as instinctive in the generous breast as is the love for woman to the boy when the down of manhood first darkens his lip. Like the boy's love, it may be frittered away by licentiousness, poisoned by internecine strife, and deadened by inordinate greed of gain. It is nourished by legendary tales and by songs of glory. It is fed on mystic words, as *Magna Charta* and *Runnymede*; on legends of *Tell* and of *Marion*. It is painted on the retina of the soul by panoramas of *Bunker Hill* and of *Yorktown*, and of *Washington* buffeting with the waves of icy *Delaware*. It is kept alive by national pomps, by national games, and national holidays. It is fired by anniversary drum-beats and cannon-booms, by *Fourth-of-July* orations replete with patriotic hyperbole.

Sir, this feeling is one that we should cultivate in America. It was this that enabled our forefathers to fight through eight long years of dreadful carnage, suffering every privation, knowing not what privation was when they felt that their country called upon them. But to-day we are wrapping up all that glorious feeling in the folds of a piece of money less than a greenback—a smaller piece of currency than the fractional currency is yet divided into, so small that we must mutilate the smallest piece of that currency to get at the amount—the amount of three cents and one-third of a cent.

Sir, I do not believe in this thing. Let me read what was written by *John Adams* nearly one hundred years ago. On the 3d of July,

1776, the Declaration of Independence having been resolved upon the day before, although it was not signed until the day after, John Adams—one of those men born of “the days that tried men’s souls,” one of those men who, if this had been a pagan land, would have adorned this Hall by statue or by bust, and would have been revered by us as one of our demi-gods—John Adams wrote to his wife in these words:

But the day is past. The 2d day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of this continent to the other from this time forward, forevermore.

You will think me transported with enthusiasm; but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost to maintain this Declaration and support and defend these States. Yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory.

This man was deeply read in historic lore, and had pondered well its lessons. He was deeply read in the human heart; he knew what sort of soil that human heart was; he knew, if neglected, it would grow up in brambles and weeds, while, if cultivated, it would give forth fruit of the finest character. John Adams wrote this not simply in a spirit of prophecy; he wrote it to be a lesson to all time. He knew how patriotism had been nurtured in days gone by in olden Greece by Olympic games; in Rome by pomps and shows and triumphal processions; and he wanted it so done to-day and hereafter in this country. Sir, in after-years John Adams was not ashamed to make Fourth-of-July orations—orations which, if uttered to-day, would be sneered at as spread-eagle speeches. Would to God there were more spread-eagleism in the land than there is. Our Fourths of July have become unmeaning holidays, for boys to fire off crackers and to throw up Roman candles. Orations in praise of our glorious land are rarely heard. It is to be hoped this centennial year may be the commencement of a new era; that this great jubilee at Philadelphia may cause to be hatched a new brood of American eagles, to be spread in succeeding years.

Think, Mr. Chairman, of the difference between now and 1776. A common eagle, extending his flight from the extreme eastern limits of our civilization to its western limit in 1776, would have made that flight in one single day. To-day the proudest monarch of the forest, lifting himself from the Atlantic and looking to the setting sun, ever intent in sailing onward, days, ay weeks, will have passed before he shall be able to cool his wearied pinions in the spray of the Pacific; and yet we are afraid of making a centennial precedent of celebrating the glorious boon handed down to us by 1776. Sir, ninety-two years ago, when the first anniversary of the Fourth of July was celebrated after the acknowledgment of Independence, when the gun first belched forth upon the eastern slope of Maine at sunrise, that the day of our national birth had come, as in the sun’s rapid flight across the continent gun after gun was heard, in less than one hour the last gun was heard on our western limits, and was echoed by the crack of the red man’s rifle, and the war-whoop of the Indian was the chorus to the orator’s patriotic words. What is it to-day? When the sun shall rise on the Fourth of July next, and shall gild the hill-tops on the Saint John’s and the boom of the cannon is heard announcing the one hundredth birthday of our existence, as the sun shall roll on in his march of a thousand miles an hour, and gun after gun shall catch up the detonation of the last gun, the national anthem will swell as it goes westward until, reaching a line stretching from the far north to the extreme south on the Gulf of Mexico, one grand peal shall be heard, a peal of a thousand guns, rocking the very foundations of earth,



echoed to the blue vaults of heaven, mingling its tones with the songs of the stars as they roll in their musical spheres. Ay, sir, that tone, that grand national anthem, rolling over a land teeming with population, rich in all that blesses man, will take nearly five hours going from our eastern to our western limits; and yet we cannot vote three and a quarter cents each of the people's money for a celebration of the magnificent boon our forefathers have given us!

Sir, they say it is unconstitutional. I could if I had time convince any man that it is according to the very spirit of the Constitution. Sir, the Constitution made our Government. When it formed it, it made it with certain incidents of government, incidents which belong to nationality. A very incident of nationality is to preserve itself, to glorify itself among nations, to give expression to its pride of existence. One of these incidents is to nourish the heart of our people as we nourish its brain. Sir, what right under the Constitution had we to erect this magnificent pile here as the nation's Capitol? Brick and mortar would have warmed us as well—would have protected us as well in summer and winter; but when we stand at the foot of this hill and look at yonder magnificent Dome, cutting the blue vault of heaven with its rounded brow, we feel proud of the country, proud of the land of which it is the type and emblem, and our citizens when they come here tell us not of any waste of money. Yet that Dome cost many millions.

Sir, what right had our forefathers to fill that panel there to the right of your chair with the picture of the Father of his Country? The right was incident to government, to erect statues and to paint pictures commemorating our glorious heroes—men who gave their time and wasted their fortunes for our benefit. When sitting here and our minds are clouded with any ignoble thought, let us look at that calm face and remember that no sordid thought ever stained his mind, and then every groveling desire will be exorcised from our heart. What right had we to put that picture, Mr. Chairman, to your left? He was the friend of America; there was no other right than the right incident to our nationality to reward this friend of our country—a man who came here when we were struggling for independence, came in the name of his king. It stands there a *memoria technica* of international obligations. When in this Hall we feel disposed in our power to snatch from a weak sister-republic her lands and appropriate them to ourselves, he stands there and bids us remember what we owe to foreigners. When in the greed and lust of party power we are asked to take advantage of the internecine strife of a sister-government, when Spain is rocked by wars and we are asked to rob her of her brightest jewel, Lafayette stands there and tells us to remember our duty to those who have gone before us, and to remember that golden rule, "We should do unto others as we would they should do unto us."

Mr. Chairman, we decorate the graves of our soldiers. Is it under the war power? Do the bones and ashes of our soldiers fight? No, sir; it is an incident of nationality itself. It is our duty, not simply our right; it is our duty to give a resting-place befitting the heroes who gave their lives for us. We do so at Gettysburgh; and we are not told we are doing an unconstitutional thing.

When Ireland was starving and stretched her meager hand across the ocean and pleaded to America for bread, did we cry out, The Constitution prevents? No, sir; we sent ships freighted with corn. And Ireland was grateful and happy.

When that late Egyptian scourge came like a blighting cloud from the Rocky Mountains, sweeping from Nebraska and Kansas everything that was green, and the people in distress appealed to Congress for assistance, it gave them raiment and bread, and gave them seeds.

Under the Constitution? No, sir. O! no. But under the right that belonged to us as an incident of nationality, believing that we were made in the image of the Eternal Jehovah, to be kind and generous to those who were cast in the like mold with ourselves.

Sir, these acts have been done since the beginning of the Government, and yet we are told that this will be a precedent in the future. Ay, sir, let the watch-dogs of the Treasury tremble; we are going to vote this Centennial appropriation, and in 1976 our act will be quoted against us. We shall all then have been gathered to our fathers. Our children even will not be alive. Nothing now living born of women will be then in this House. I may be mistaken, Mr. Chairman, when I look upon the brow of the present occupant of the chair, [Mr. WOOD, of New York,] around which are clustering the eternal snows of winter to keep it forever fresh. I feel it is possible that he may be sitting here in 1976. My friend from West Virginia, [Mr. FAULKNER,] whose words of wisdom I heard years ago, seems to know no creeping of time. He may be living here in 1976. I give him the benefit of this precedent, and I hope that if he be here then, when this country shall number a population of 150,000,000, he will quote our acts to-day, and will vote an appropriation to make a celebration that will cause the very welkin to ring from one end of the country to the other.

Sir, some of my friends are afraid of their constituents. They say they would like this bill to pass, but they cannot vote it. I am not afraid of mine. Chicago, midway between two oceans, in less than one short half a century springing from nothing into the Queen City of the West, knows no jealousy of Philadelphia. She remembers that when the fire-fiend swept over her and her palatial structures and her comfortable homes were laid low; when her people were bowed down in the ashes of despair, the generous world came to her assistance; and lightning words told her to be of good cheer, because bread and money were coming to aid her. Chicago, remembering all this, knowing no jealousy, will feel that not three and one-third cents should have been voted by her Representatives, but will say, ay, the poorest man that carries a hod or wields a pick, will tap me on the shoulder and tell me I ought to have voted a dollar.

Sir, I hope this appropriation will pass, and I hope that my southern friends—and I will say to them that I was myself born on southern soil—will not allow this opportunity to pass without proving to the North that they have as much pride in the Fourth of July as any man in the North. It belongs to us all in common. I know they are strict constructionists. I hope they will be able to see, as I do, a right under the Constitution to vote for this measure. And then on the 4th of July next at Philadelphia the people, gathering from every part of the Union, will feel that the glory of the pageant is theirs.

Mr. ATKINS. Does the gentleman mean to imply that members who are opposed to this bill are disloyal to the Government?

Mr. HARRISON. By no means.

Mr. ATKINS. I hope not. No such test as that should be made.

Mr. HARRISON. I would say to my friend from Tennessee that, although I did not fight myself, I have read that brave men are always the first to strike hands across the bloody chasm; that true soldiers bear no ill-will after the smoke of battle is over.

Mr. ATKINS. I am ready to strike hands across the bloody chasm, but I am not going to vote for this bill.

Mr. HARRISON. That, Mr. Chairman, is the gentleman's own right, and I do not question his motives, however he may vote.

Mr. Chairman, I hope and trust that this appropriation will pass by as large a vote as possible; and if it could be a unanimous vote I feel that it would be for the good of our whole country.

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