

Nebraska went to sell his wheat and to exchange the price he obtained for it for woolen clothing, he would get as much woolen clothing as the English farmer would get for the same amount of wheat when he went to exchange his product. You remember the answer. There was no direct answer, but, like my friend from New York (Mr. Raines), he spurned the present and soared with outstretched wings into the dismal future, and told us that if we got free trade, then he would not. I ask, how is it today? We have had enough of your prophecies. We want to come down and find what are doing now.

His answer, if it was an answer, must be construed to mean that while the farmer in Nebraska had to pay more wheat for the same amount of clothes than the English farmer, he got it back in other ways. That, being surrounded by the benefits of protection, he absorbed through his skin what he paid out of his pocket. Living in an atmosphere of protection, forced upon this country by philanthropists who tell you, as the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Walker) did, that free trade would help manufacturers—but he so loves the great mass of the people that he does not dare to give himself the benefit—living surrounded by these elevated minds, you breathe in an atmosphere that far more than compensates for all you lose.

Now, there are two arguments which I have never heard advanced in favor of protection; but they are the best arguments. They admit a fact and justify it, and I think that is the best way to argue, if you have a fact to meet. Why not say to the farmer, "Yes, of course you lose; but does not the Bible say, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and if you suffer some inconvenience, just look back over your life and you will find that your happiest moments were enjoyed when you were giving something to somebody, and the most unpleasant moments were when you were receiving." These manufacturers are self-sacrificing. They are willing to take the lesser part, and the more unpleasant business of receiving, and leave to you the greater joy of giving.

Why do they not take the other theory, which is borne out by history—that all nations which have grown strong, powerful and influential, just as individuals have done it, through hardship, toll and sacrifice, and that after they have become wealthy they have been enervated, they have gone to decay through the enjoyment of luxury, and that the great advantage of the protective system is that it goes around among the people and gathers up their surplus earnings so that they will not be enervated or weakened, so that no legacy of evil will be left to their children. Their surplus earnings are collected up, and the great mass of our people are left strong, robust and hearty. These earnings are garnered and put into the hands of just as few people as possible, so that the injury will be limited in extent. And they say, "Yes, of course, of course; it makes dudes of our sons, and it does, perhaps, compel us to buy foreign titles for our daughters, but of course if the great body of the people are benefited, as good, patriotic citizens we ought not to refuse to bear the burden."

Why do they not do that? They simply come to you and tell you that they want a high tariff to make low prices, so that the manufacturer will be able to pay large wages to his employes. And then, they want a high tariff on agricultural products, so that they will have to buy what they buy at the highest possible price. They tell you that a tariff on wool is for the benefit of the farmer, and goes into his pocket, but that the tariff on manufactured products goes into the farmer's pocket,

too, "and really hurts us, but we will stand it if we must." They are much like a certain maiden lady of uncertain age, who said, "This being the third time that my beau has called, he might make some affectionate demonstration;" and, summing up all her courage, she added, "I have made up my mind that if he does I will bear it with fortitude."

Mr. Chairman (looking at the clock—cries of "Go on!"), if there is no limit to your patience there is a limit to my strength, and I will not claim your attention much longer. But I desire to say here, Mr. Chairman—

Mr. Bushnell. Let the committee rise, and close in the morning.

Mr. Bryan. I prefer to finish tonight if gentlemen are willing to listen.

I desire to say, Mr. Chairman, that the republican party, which is responsible for the present system, has stolen from the vocabulary one of its dearest words and debased its use. Its orators have prated about home industries while they have neglected the most important of home industries—the home of the citizen. The democratic party, so far from being hostile to the home industries, is the only champion, unless our friends here, the independents, will join with us, of the real home industry of this country.

When some young man selects a young woman who is willing to trust her future to his strong right arm, and they start to build a little home, that home which is the unit of society and upon which our government and our prosperity must rest—when they start to build this little home, and the man who sells the lumber reaches out his hand to collect a tariff upon that; the man who sells paints and oils wants a tariff upon them; the man who furnishes the carpets, tablecloths, knives, forks, dishes, furniture, spoons, everything that enters into the construction and operation of that home—when all these hands, I say, are stretched out from every direction of that home—when all these hands, I say, are stretched out from every direction to lay their blighting weight upon that cottage, and the democratic party says, "Hands off, and let that home industry live," it is protecting the grandest home industry that this or any other nation ever had.

And I am willing that you, our friends on the other side, shall have what consolation you may gain from the protection of those "home industries" which have crowned with palatial residences the hills of New England, if you will simply give us the credit of being the champions of the homes of this land. It would seem that if any appeal could find a listening ear in this legislative hall it ought to be the appeal that comes up from those co-tenants of earth's only paradise; but your party has neglected them; more, it has spurned and spit upon them. When they asked for bread you gave them a stone, and when they asked for a fish you gave them a serpent. You have laid upon them burdens grievous to be borne. You have filled their days with toil and their nights with anxious care, and when they cried aloud for relief you were deaf to their entreaties.

It is said that when Ulysses was approaching the island of the Sirens, warned beforehand of their seductive notes, he put wax into the ears of his sailors and then strapped himself to the mast of the ship, so that, hearing, he could not heed. So our friends upon the other side tell us that there is depression in agriculture, and a cry has come up from the people; but the leaders of your party have, as it were, filled with wax the ears of their associates, and then have so tied themselves, by promises made before the election to the protected interests, that, hearing, they can not heed.

Out in the west the people have been

taught to worship this protection. It has been a god to many of them. But I believe, Mr. Chairman, that the time for worship has passed. It is said that there is in Australia what is known as the cannibal tree. It grows not very high, and spreads out its leaves like great arms until they touch the ground. In the top is a little cup, and in that cup a mysterious kind of honey. Some of the natives worship the tree, and on their festive days they gather around it, singing and dancing, and then, as a part of their ceremony, they select one from their number, and, at the point of spears, drive him up over the leaves onto the tree; he drinks of the honey, he becomes intoxicated as it were, and then those arms, as if instinct with life, rise up; they encircle him in their folds, and, as they crush him to death, his companions stand around shouting and singing for joy.

Protection has been our cannibal tree, and as one after another of our farmers has been driven by the force of circumstances upon that tree and has been crushed within its folds his companions have stood around and shouted, "Great is protection!"

But the dream has passed, the night is gone, and in the east we see more than the light of coming day. A marvelous change has taken place, and, rising from the political mourners' benches throughout the northwest, their faces radiant with a new-found joy, multitudes are ready to declare their allegiance to the cause of tariff reform.

And if you believe, gentlemen, as you have so often professed to believe, that your political disfigurement is simply temporary, or if you console yourselves with the idea that the Lord is only chastising those whom he loves—if so, it is the most affectionate demonstration known to political history—you are making a grave mistake.

We have heard from that side of the house twice, I think, recently that "truth is eternally triumphant." That is true; and while the proposition may describe the success of the democratic party in 1890 and give us encouragement to hope that that success will continue, I want to suggest to our friends over there a quotation that is far more appropriate to describe the condition of the republican party. It is this: "Though justice has leaden feet, it has an iron hand." You rioted in power, you mocked the supplication of the people, you denied their petitions, and now you have felt their wrath. At last justice has overtaken you, and now you are suffering the penalty that must sooner or later overtake the betrayer of a public trust.

I believe, Mr. Chairman, that the overthrow of the republican party is not temporary, but permanent. As the poet has beautifully expressed it:

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;

Th' eternal years of God are hers;

But error, wounded, writhes in pain,

And dies among her worshippers.

Mr. Clarkson, high republican authority, has told us that the young men of the country are becoming democrats. Why? Because we are right. And when you find where the young men of the country are going, you can rest assured that that party is going to succeed. Why are we right? Because, Mr. Chairman, we are demanding for this people equal and exact justice to every man, woman, and child. We desire that the laws of this country shall not be made, as they have been, to enable some men to get rich and many to get poor.

I will append to my speech statistics from seven states, furnished by the census bureau, showing the proportion of those who in 1880 rented their farms and the proportion who rented in 1890. These statistics are only par-

tial, embracing in some states only a few counties. I was told by the official who gave them to me that they might be changed a little by verification, but that they were substantially correct. I want the people of this country to read these statistics and understand what they mean. In ten counties in the state of Kansas the proportion of those renting their farms rose from 13.13 in 1880 to 33.25 per cent in 1890; 64.38 per cent of the farms are mortgaged. Yet they tell us that they are protecting "infant industries."

Why, sir, these mortgages are held in the east; and if these manufacturing states, when their industries are "infants," own themselves and have a mortgage on us, what is going to be the result when they get full grown?

In Ohio in ten counties the proportion of renters in 1880 was 24.96 per cent; in 1890, 37.10 per cent. In five counties of Virginia in 1880 the proportion was 15.20 per cent; in 1890, 20.20 per cent; in New York in eight counties 18.20 per cent in 1880, 24 per cent in 1890; in Massachusetts in ten counties 6.70 per cent in 1880, and 14.20 per cent in 1890; in Rhode Island in four counties 19.50 per cent in 1880, 23.25 per cent in 1890; in Maine in six counties 2.50 per cent in 1880, 7.33 per cent in 1890.

Thus in every state, so far as these statistics have been collected, the proportion of home-owning farmers is decreasing and that of tenant farmers increasing. This means but one thing; it means a land of landlords and tenants; and, backed by the history of every nation that has gone down, I say to you that no people can continue a free people under a free government when the great majority of its citizens are tenants of a small minority. Your system has driven the farm owner from his land and substituted the farm tenant.

Mr. Chairman, just a word more, and I am through. You can, if you like, build up these "infant industries," if your country is willing to pay the price. A good many years ago a colored man, whose child had the whooping-cough, went to his physician and laid the matter before him. The doctor looked very wise for a moment and then said: "Take three hairs out of the back of your mule and lay them on the child; you will cure the child, but you will kill the mule." The man thought of his love for his child and his need for the mule, and said: "Doctor, I'm poor; I can't afford to lose de mule." Yes, my friends, you can build up your "infant industries" if you are willing to risk the destruction of the people. But I say that the country is poor; it cannot afford to lose its common people; it cannot spare the men who will thus be sacrificed. Well has the poet said:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,

Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—

A breath can make them, as a breath has made;

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,

When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

We cannot afford to destroy the peasantry of this country. We cannot afford to degrade the common people of this land, for they are the people who in time of prosperity and peace produce the wealth of the country, and they are also the people who in time of war bare their breasts to a hostile fire in defense of the flag. Go to Arlington or to any of the national cemeteries, see there the plain white monuments which mark the place "where rest the ashes of the nation's countless dead," those of whom the poet has so beautifully written:

On Fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread.

Who were they? Were they the ben-