

**WRETCHED
INGRATITUDE.** "Ingratitude is monstrous; and for the multitude to be ungrateful, were to make a monster of the multitude."

In the second act of *Coriolanus*, the greatest analyst of human nature, so depicts ungratefulness. And it is a sincere sorrow to THE CONSERVATIVE that ex-Governor Crouse, who only last week was lauded for his vigorous defence of taxpayers, should have become the advocate of the monster multitude in its wretched ingratitude. The question before the legislative body of which Lorenzo Crouse is an eminent member was whether the state should appropriate the pitiable sum of four thousand dollars with which to buy medals for the purpose of decorating soldiers in the second and third regiments of Nebraskans. The question was, "shall the state be grateful or ungrateful to those who defended its honor and good name against Spanish effrontery and cruelty?" And Mr. Crouse audaciously opposed gratitude! From his place he said in substance:

"The decoration of officers and soldiers who merely entered the service and donned the uniform of this great and glorious republic, but never saw a battle, nor even smelled, from afar, the stifling fumes of gunpowder burned in wrath, is as out of place as the voting of artificial legs and arms to the same innocent-of-blood militia. Take for incandescent example the heroic exploits of the third regiment.

"The colonel, for whose glorious exaltation among the world's warriors, that regiment was organized and equipped, never fired a gun, swung a sword or rode a horse against the cohorts of Spain. True he is valiant in verbosity. He is ever ready with a warful mouth, full of invectives, to meet imaginary foes and in gorgeous uniform to pose before the fateful vitascope and, also to endure, with fortitude, the snap-shot ambushes of the amateur artist. And no one man has periled more in defending, with all his might of brain and lungs and tongue, the common people. He has been, by choice, the voice and not the violence of war. Among the watermelons of Florida, in the lurid heat of Thomasville, Georgia, camped upon the plains of Nebraska, and, even in the thickest fights of populist conventions, the colonel of the third regiment was undaunted, his steady eye immovable, fixed and unwavering on nominations to be won in playing go-to-war.

"The art of war as defined and delineated in the 'First Battle' — an encyclopedia of martial and civic prescriptions for the sanitation of the government of the United States — demonstrates the bellicosity, capability and courage of Colonel Bryan.

But, sir, I oppose voting him a medal! I oppose it, sir, as I would an appropriation to make the Platte river flatter, more tortuous in its course and wider and emptier at its mouth. It is unnecessary.

"An appropriation to gild the sun, to paint the grass green, to increase the altitude of Pike's Peak, to decorate the grave of Adam or to buy a compass for Noah's Ark, would be no more a work of supererogation than to buy a medal for the slashing, dashing, gashing, crashing colonel of the Third who was so 'resigned,' — even in the face of the enemy, — that his corporeal presence became invisible to the piercing eyes of his men. Would you vote a medal to the memory of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln; and if not then, why attempt to minimize the marvelous military achievements of Colonel Bryan — than whom no soldier in all the history of this fighting earth has been brainier, braver or better in unfought battles. Let the vitascope perpetuate his prowess as the peerless one, — first out of war, first to get home and last to reenlist! But, sir, let not the legislature of Nebraska attempt to make luminous the sun by hanging a farthing candle in its meridian blaze! Let not this body vote money with which to make the peerless appear puerile, the patriotic seem politic, and the great, small. He needs no medal. He is 'invincible in peace, invisible in war.'"

And, thus, the medal appropriation was defeated and, perhaps, forever.

SOCIALISM. Protection as it has long prevailed in the United States is a sort of exclusive socialism adapted to the demands and avarice of a manufacturing four hundred. It is socialism because it makes artificial profits possible by action of the government. It, by law, provides gains for a few by taxing all, and thus protection becomes the Socialism of Capital.

The *droit-au-travail* in France, as described in THE CONSERVATIVE of last week, is the right of the workman to have work and wages furnished him by the government out of the people who compose it and contribute its revenues and that is the Socialism of Labor.

Here in the republic of North America the power to tax the citizens being granted by the constitution for only the purpose of raising money with which "to pay the public debt, to provide for the common defense, and to promote the general welfare," — the imposition of protective duties, which do not put money into the national treasury, is merely Socialism for the Capitalists. A protective tariff which shuts out foreign goods and compels purchases of home-manufacturers at bigger prices is Man-

datory Socialism. And if this be equitable; then the workmen who demand the right to work and to wages from the government, are not wrong. It is as much the duty of a government to supply remunerative wages to labor by enactment as it is to furnish by statute remunerative profits to capital. In either case Protection is Socialism.

HOLD ON!

During forty odd years THE CONSERVATIVE has witnessed the selling and buying of fertile lands in Nebraska. In a certain area of ten miles square here in Otoe county the lands were transferred first to the pre-emptors at one dollar and a quarter an acre in 1857. After that their owners began selling them. They passed from hand to hand at five, ten, and even fifteen dollars an acre up to the year 1875. From this latter date they have enhanced steadily until now the same lands are in demand at fifty, seventy-five and one hundred dollars an acre. They are excellent lands and very productive. The farmers who sold them have, as a rule, regretted their trades and wished again and again that they had never made them.

These lands, all lands in Otoe county, all lands in Eastern Nebraska, all fertile lands in all the states of the Union are advancing in price. They will continue to advance as long as population increases. The supply of corn lands, wheat lands, all kinds of productive lands, is diminishing in this republic, and the demand is doubling every twenty-five years. Hold on to your lands, cultivate them intelligently and — content with health and a moderate competence — envy not the so-called rich of the cities where sunlight, water and even the air itself are polluted and the children have no acres to romp, roam and ride upon. Hold on to your lands.

REPEALERS.

The repeal of a lot of useless laws now on the statute books of Nebraska is demanded. Inoperative, unrespected laws give contempt in the whole public mind for all law. The statute which makes profanity a penal offence is never invoked except for spite. The one which makes it a crime to invite a friend to take a glass of beer, whiskey, or wine is equally dead and disregarded. And this is only a brace of moribund laws selected for illustration out of a job lot of similar bigotry which should be repealed, erased and forgotten. They are unworthy of an enlightened people who know enough to know that the human intellect and heart cannot be reconstructed by silly enactments.