

# WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

Corvallis, May 16, 1879.

## GREENBACKERS' DEPARTMENT.

Can the Government Create Money?

If the Government cannot create money, who can? After peace was ratified between the United States and Great Britain, this country was about as independent of all the other governments as it had been the only country in the world. It was bound by no laws except those of its own creation. Absolute power and sovereignty was diffused among the people. They adopted a constitution, created a government, and delegated to it the use of sovereign powers, among which was the power to coin money. Whatever rights the people collectively possessed to create, devise, adopt or agree upon as a medium of exchange, they delegated to congress. If they possessed a right to agree among themselves that any receipt, "check, token or other device," executed, stamped, or sealed by such authority as they might designate, should pass current among themselves as a medium of exchange and a tender of debt, that right was delegated to congress by that clause of the constitution which reads: "Congress shall have power to coin money and regulate the value thereof."

By virtue of this authority, congress, in 1792, authorized the coinage of eagles, half eagles, quarter eagles, double eagles and fractions thereof, cents and half cents. Gold, silver and copper were selected as the material out of which these moneys were to be coined—but was congress obliged to adopt these materials? Certainly not, for the authority to coin money, gave to congress the same discretion to choose materials that the people in their sovereignty possessed before they conferred it to congress. "If the people have a right to so amend the constitution as to declare specially that greenbacks, or United States notes shall be full legal tender money at their face value, then congress possesses that right, for it has not the power to exercise all the monetary rights of absolute sovereignty—by what authority does it decree that gold, silver, copper, zinc, nickel and other metals shall enter into coinage?" The fact that the constitution is silent in regard to the material of which money shall be coined, and the further fact that congress has from the beginning exercised its own discretion in regard to the material, quantity and quality of money, is proof that the intention of the framers of that instrument was not to restrict the government to any particular kind of money. The only way greenbacks can be rendered unconstitutional is by an amendment to that instrument, denying the right of congress to authorize them, "for in the absence of specific prohibition its general authority to coin money is sufficient to justify it in adopting shells, wampum, iron, leather or paper, so they bear the denomination of value, and the stamp of genuineness and authority."

The Supreme Court has decided "Whatever power there is over the currency is vested in Congress. If the power to declare what is money is not vested in congress, it is annihilated. And generally when one of such powers was expressly denied to the States it was for the purpose of rendering the federal power more complete and exclusive; how sensible, then, its framers must have been that emergencies might arise when the precious metals might prove inadequate to the necessities of the government and the demands of the people. By the obligation of contract, to pay money is to pay that which law shall recognize as money when the payment is to be made." In speaking of the standard of value, the court says, "It is hardly correct to speak of a standard of value. The constitution does not speak of it. It contemplates a standard for that which has gravity or extension, but value is an ideal thing. The coinage acts fix its unit as a dollar, but the gold or silver thing we call a dollar, is in no sense the standard of a dollar, it is a representative of it. It will be seen that we hold these acts of congress constitutional as applied to contracts made before or after their passage."

The bullionists are now endeavoring to bring before the Supreme Court a case testing the legality of a legal tender paper money issued in time of peace. They admit that congress can issue a legal tender paper money in time of war, but they deny that right to congress in time of peace. We defy any person to find a single clause in the constitution

which gives to congress one power over our currency in time of war and denies that power in time of peace. The substance of the decision of the court bearing on this point was that the mode or manner of providing the means for the maintenance of the government was, a legislative and not a judicial question, and as it is much the duty of congress to provide the means for maintaining the government in time of peace as in time of war, its power must be the same in both cases. This is common sense as well as common justice. The whole gist of this test case lies right here, to get the finance question from the people, if possible, and to make a more substantial foundation for the Credit Strengthening Act; for they know that, by the decision of the Supreme Court, the bonds, although they call for coin, can be paid in greenbacks. With the millions of dollars the bondholders have to back them, there is scarcely a doubt that they will get a decision in their favor.

"Men of America, how long will you submit to the yoke of bondage? how long are you going to crouch beneath the bondholders' blow, under the party lash of Democracy or Republicanism? You were once free men, would you be free again? If so, rise in your strength and smite the monster which is now crushing the industries of your country and the life out of your sons and daughters." Do not say that the money question is too hard to understand; that is the plea the bondholder presents to keep you in ignorance and his abject slave. "It is a question of life and death—whether liberty shall live or die; whether labor shall be sovereign or slave, whether the work of the founders of the Republic shall be lost by the cowardice of the sovereign citizens of America, or shall endure through the bravery of patriotic men."

"Who dare defend their rights? Let him who dare speak, and he who dare not, go lick the hand that feeds him crumbs, when, if he is an honest toiler, he is entitled to all he earns." W. A. WELLS.

Corvallis, May 8, 1879.

## MEMBRANOUS CROUP.

The frightful and incurable disease, membranous croup, was ravaging the town and driving all mothers mad with terror. I called Mrs. McWilliams' attention to little Penelope and said:

"Darling, I wouldn't let that child be chewing that pine stick if I were you."

"Precious, where is the harm in it?" said she, but at that same time preparing to take away the stick—for women cannot receive even the most palpably judicious suggestion without arguing it; that is, married women.

"Love, it is notorious that pine is the least nutritious wood that a child can eat."

My wife's hand paused, in the act of taking the stick, and returned it self to her lap. She bridled perceptibly, and said:

"Hubby, you know better than that. You know you do. Doctors all say that turpentine in pine wood is good for weak back and the kidneys."

"Ah! I was under a misapprehension. I did not know that the child's kidneys and spine were affected, and that the family physician had recommended—"

"Who said that the child's spine and kidneys were affected?"

"My love, you intimated it."

"The idea! I never intimated anything of the kind."

"Why, my dear, it hasn't been two minutes since you said—"

"Brother what I said! I didn't care what I did say. There isn't a harm in the child's chewing a bit of pine stick if she wants to, and you know it perfectly well. And she shall chew it, too! So there, now."

"Say no more, my dear. I now see the force of your reasoning, and I will go and order two or three cords of the best pine wood to-day. No child of mine shall want while I—"

"O, please go along to your office, and let me have some peace. A body can never make the simplest remark but you must take it up and go to arguing and arguing, till you don't know what you are talking about, and you never do."

"Very well, it shall be as you say. But there is a want of logic in your last remark which—"

However, she was gone with a flourish before I could finish, and had taken the child with her. That night at dinner she confronted me with a face as white as a sheet.

"O, Mortimer, there's another! Little Georgia Gordon is taken."

"Membranous croup?"

"Is there any hope for him?"

"None in the wide world. O, what is to become of us?"

By and by our nurse brought in our Penelope to say good-night and offer the customary prayer at the mother's knee. In the midst of "Now I lay me down to sleep," she gave a slight cough. My wife fell back like one stricken with death. But the next moment she was up and running away with the activeness which terror inspires.

She commanded that the child's crib be removed from the nursery to

our bed-room, and she went along to see the order executed. She took me with her, of course. We got the matter arranged with speed. A cot bed was put in my wife's dressing room for the nurse. But now Mrs. McWilliams said we were too far away from the other baby, and what if he were to have the symptoms in the night—and she blanched again, poor thing.

We then restored the crib and the nurse to the nursery, and put up a bed for ourselves in a room adjoining.

Presently, however, Mrs. McWilliams said, suppose the baby should catch it from Penelope? This thought struck a new panic to her heart, and the tribe of us could not get the crib out of the nursery again fast enough to satisfy my wife, though she assisted in her own person, and well nigh pulled the crib to pieces in her frantic hurry.

We moved down stairs, but there was no place to stow the nurse, and Mrs. McWilliams said the nurse's experience would be an inestimable help. So we returned, bags and baggage, to our own bed-rooms once more, and felt a great gladness, like storm-buffed birds that have found their nest again.

Mrs. McWilliams sped to the nursery to see how things were going on there. She was back in a moment with a new dread. She said:

"What can make the baby sleep so?"

"Why, my darling, baby always sleeps like a graven image."

"I know, I know; but there's something peculiar about his sleep now. He seems to—breathe so regularly. Oh, this is dreadful!"

"But, my dear, he always breathes regularly."

"Oh, I know it; but there is something dreadful about it now. His nurse is too young and inexperienced. Maria shall stay there with her, and be on hand if anything happens."

"That is a good idea; but who will help you?"

"You can help me all I want. I wouldn't allow anybody to do anything but myself, anyhow, at such a time as this."

I said I would feel mean to lie abed and sleep, and leave her to watch and toil over our little patient all the weary night. But she reconciled me to it. So old Maria departed and took up her ancient quarters in the nursery.

Penelope coughed twice in her sleep.

"Oh, why don't the doctor come? Mortimer, this room is too warm; this room is certainly too warm. Turn off the register—quick!"

I shut it off, glancing at the thermometer at the same time, and wondering to myself if seventy degrees was too warm for a sick child.

The coachman arrived from down town, now, with the news that our physician was ill and confined to his bed. Mrs. McWilliams turned a dead eye upon me, and said in a dead voice:

"There is Providence in it. It is foreordained. He never was sick before—never! We have not been living as we ought to live. Mortimer, time and again I have told you so. Now see the result. Our child will never get well. Be thankful if you can forgive yourself. I never can forgive myself."

I said without intent to hurt, but with needless choice of words, that I could not see that we had been living such an abandoned life.

"Mortimer! Do you want to bring the judgment on baby, too?"

Then she began to cry, but she suddenly exclaimed:

"The doctor must have sent medicines!"

"Certainly; they are here. I was only waiting for you to give me a chance."

"Well, do you give them to me! Don't you know that every moment is precious now! But what was the use in sending medicines, when he knows the disease is incurable?"

I said that while there was life there was hope.

"Hope! Mortimer, you know no more what you are talking about than the child unborn. If you would—As I live, the directions say give one teaspoonful once an hour! Once an hour!—as if we had a whole year before us to save the child! I'm mortimer, please hurry. Give the poor, perishing thing a tablespoonful, and try to be quick!"

"Why, my dear, a tablespoonful might—"

"Don't drive me frantic!—There, there, there, my precious, my own; it's nasty, bitter stuff, but it's good for Nelly—good for mother's precious darling, and it will make her well. There, there, there, put the little hand on mamma's breast and go to sleep, and pretty soon—Oh, I know she can't live till morning!"

Mortimer, a tablespoonful every half-hour will—Oh, the child needs belladonna, too; I know she does—and aconite. Get them, Mortimer. Now do let me have my way. You know nothing about these things."

We now went to bed, placing the crib close to my wife's pillow. All this turmoil had worn upon me, and within two minutes I was something more than half asleep. Mrs. McWilliams roused me:

"Darling, is that register turned on?"

"No."

"I thought as much. Please turn it on at once. This room is cold."

I turned it on, and presently fell asleep again. I was roused once more.

"Dearie, would you mind moving the crib to your side of the bed? It is nearer the register."

I moved it, but had a collision with the rug and woke up the child. I dozed off once more, while my wife quieted the sufferer. But in a little

while these words came murmuring remotely through the fog of my drowsiness:

"Mortimer, if we only had some goose-grease—will you ring?"

I climbed drearily out, and stepped on a cat, which responded with a protest, and would have got a convincing kick for it if a chair had not got in the way.

"Now, Mortimer, why do you want to turn up the gas and wake up the child again?"

"Because I want to see how much I am hurt, Caroline."

"Well, look at the chair, too. I have no doubt it is ruined. Poor cat! Suppose you had—"

"Now, I am not going to suppose anything about the cat. It never would have occurred if Maria had been allowed to remain here and attend to those duties, which are in her line and not in mine."

"Now, Mortimer, I should think you would be ashamed to make a remark like that. It is a pity if you cannot do the few little things that I ask of you at such an awful time as this, when our child—"

"There, there, I will do anything you want. But I can't raise anybody with this bell. They're all gone to bed. Where is the goose-grease?"

"On the mantelpiece in the nursery. If you'll step there and speak to Maria—"

I fetched the goose grease and went to sleep again. Once more I was called.

"Mortimer, I so hate to disturb you, but the room is still too cold for me to try to apply this stuff. Would you mind lighting the fire? It is all ready to touch a match to."

I dragged myself out and lit the fire, and then sat down disconsolate.

"Mortimer, don't sit there and catch your death of cold. Come to bed."

"I was stepping in, she said—"

"But wait a moment. Please give the child some more of the medicine."

Which I did. It was a medicine which made a child more or less lively; so my wife made use of its waking interval to strip it and grease it all over with goose oil. I was soon asleep once more, but once I had to get up.

"Mortimer, I feel a draft. I feel it distinctly. There is nothing so bad for this disease as a draft. Please move the crib in front of the fire."

I did it, and collided with the rug again, which I threw into the fire. Mrs. McWilliams sprang out of bed and rescued it, and we had some words. I had another trifling interval of sleep, and then got up, by request, and constructed a flaxseed poultice. This was placed upon the child's breast and left there to do its healing work.

A wood fire is not a permanent thing. I got up every twenty minutes and renewed ours, and this gave Mrs. McWilliams an opportunity to shorten the times of giving the medicines by ten minutes, which was a great satisfaction to her. Now and then, between times, I recognized the flaxseed poultices, and applied sinapisms and other blisters where unoccupied places could be found upon the child. Well, toward morning the wood gave out, and my wife wanted me to go down in the cellar and get some more. I said:

"My dear, it is a laborious job, and the child must be nearly warm enough with her extra clothing. Now, mightn't we put on another layer of poultices and—"

I did not finish, because I was interrupted. I lugged wood up from below for some little time, and then turned in and fell to snoring as only a man can whose strength is all gone and whose soul is worn out. At broad daylight I felt a grip on my shoulder that brought me to my senses suddenly. My wife was glaring down on me and gasping. As soon as she could command her tongue she said:

"It is all over! All over! The child's perspiring! What shall we do?"

"Mercy how you terrify me! I don't know what we ought to do. Maybe if we scraped her and put her in the draft again—"

"Oh, idiot! There is not a moment to lose. Go for the doctor. Go yourself. Tell him that he must come, dead or alive."

I dragged that poor sick man from his bed and brought him. He looked at the child and said she was not dying. This was joy unspeakable to me, but it made my wife as mad as if he had offered a personal affront. Then he said the child's cough was only caused by some trifling irritation or other in the throat. At this I thought my wife had a mind to show him the door. Now the doctor said he would make the child's cough harder and dislodge the trouble. So he gave her something that sent her into a spasm of coughing, and presently up came a little wood splinter or so.

"This child has no membranous croup," said he. "She has been chewing a bit of pine shingle or something of that kind, and got some little shivers in her throat. They won't do her any hurt."

"No," said I. "I can well believe that. Indeed, the turpentine that is in them is very good for certain sorts of diseases that are peculiar to children. My wife will tell you so."

But she did not. She turned away in disdain, and left the room; and since that time there is one episode in our life which we never refer to. Hence the tide of our days flows in deep and untroubled serenity.—*Maud Thwin.*

A Boston man loudly bewailed the loss of his pocketbook, and exclaimed that he would give \$50 to get it again. A ragged little fellow found it, brought it back and gave it to him. The Boston man seized it, looked kindly upon him, and said—"Boy, you're a good boy," and walked off.

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March 24, 1879. EMMETT F. WELLS.

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