

real satisfaction. If this were the case I do not see how it is possible we could bring in society as in debt to the man who took the money in exchange, say, for his corn. The man who gave the money would be the real debtor still. But surely it needs no demonstration to show that the man who toiled in the mine for the bit of gold gave a real satisfaction to the man who sold the corn to him. For he gave his labor just as the farmer gave his labor,—and if labor does not satisfy, what else will? You may say that the possession of a house and grounds is the ultimate object of my desire, and that it is really to acquire the house and grounds that I exchange my goods for money as a preliminary to these acquisitions. But may not the same be as truly said of ploughing ground, sowing and reaping grain, or manufacturing cottons? The workman manufactures far more cotton than he can consume. And, if society left it all on his hands, he would just be in the same position as the man from whom society might refuse to take the gold. Perhaps men generally feel most real satisfaction when they handle the hard cash. Every commodity in demand, and to acquire which labor is given, is necessarily brought within the circle of merchantable commodities, and, so far as we know, within the influence of all the laws of political economy. That we cannot eat money, or make it into clothing, will never alter its relation to these laws.

I need not remind the reader how thoroughly and sedulously the human mind has been educated into the belief that money produces interest. And thus one of the most beneficent gifts of God has been turned into the unhappy mother of innumerable ills. Sent to secure freedom and protection to industry, and to facilitate all exchanges, it has, in the hands of lenders, become by far the most terrible instrument of oppression which the world has ever seen. In the ceaseless anxiety to produce this interest to the day, and to receive at all times the maximum of production, I trace the principal cause of those corroding cares which are everywhere exhibiting their disastrous effect on society. The money centage is the fictitious basis on which all sorts of calculations are founded; and in presence of its insatiable claims even the most sacred things are anything but safe.

Now, if it be the case that money, true money, can never produce such a thing as interest, what shall we say of a paper currency, no money at all, and which, in its most prominent and indispensable features, must ever be a general suspension of payments? What are the effects of such a currency thus lent? Where is the intellect acute enough to calculate the weight and intensity of the burden laid by such means on defenceless and afflicted labor throughout the world? Who can measure the guilt of a system which, thus, in addition to the drainage of interest, uses the capital of industry to ruin industry itself? How degrading to our common humanity is the thought of innumerable multitudes constantly crouching before this vast paper edifice with fears so abject that, as it were, the sound of a falling leaf puts them in dread, and a whisper against their credit brings them into the terrors of the shadow of death.

On a review of all these considerations, it appears perfectly plain that there is no such thing as interest in money—no such thing produced by money—no such thing in exchange of money—no such thing in commerce—no such thing in nature or utilities—no such thing in labor. *It is a myth.*