





W. Kent

ADDITIONAL SPEECHES,

ADDRESSES,

AND

OCCASIONAL SERMONS,

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

THEODORE PARKER,

MINISTER OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY
IN BOSTON.

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TO

WENDELL PHILLIPS,

WHOSE MARVELLOUS ELOQUENCE IS ONLY SURPASSED BY THE
HUMANITY WHICH WIELDS THAT FIERY SWORD,
WROUGHT OF JUSTICE AND BEAUTY,

THESE VOLUMES ARE DEDICATED

BY HIS FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR,

THEODORE PARKER.



P R E F A C E .

SEVERAL years ago I began to write a large work on the "Historical Development of Religion in the various Races of Mankind," hoping to publish the first volume long before this time. But during the last five years, my attention has been mainly directed to quite different pursuits, less genial to my nature and more foreign to my culture: events of the saddest character and most dangerous tendency have forced other and indispensable duties upon me. For the assaults on the natural Rights of man have been so continuous, made with such vigor, and so often successful, and the consequent demand of resistance thereto, on the part of all friends of Humanity so urgent, that I have been forced to defer the welcome toil of converting the Facts of past History into Ideas of present Consciousness, and therewith helping to build up nobler Institutions for the future. Yes, the enemies of American liberty have so far prevailed, that within a few years, under federal enactments, Slavery has been spread over a once free territory more than twice as large as the original colonies at the Revolution; and in the "Free States" themselves the great Republican Safeguards of Lib-

erty have been captured by the foes — who have already torn down the Habeas Corpus and are now seeking to destroy the Trial by Jury. With the approbation of many of the controlling men of this town — “literary,” political, judicial, commercial, and ecclesiastical, — innocent men have been seized, and without any trial before a “judicial power,” in violation of “due Process of Law,” sent into eternal bondage amid the gratulations of Christian ministers, and the applause of delighted officials. While I write, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, continues the staunch defender of Slavery, supporting its most aggressive acts on the soil of our Commonwealth; and the Probate Judge of this county — the legal guardian of Widows and Orphans — is also a “legal” kidnapper, voluntarily and ostentatiously holding an office which, as he publicly maintains, “requires” him to send blameless men into Slavery forever.

In my own Parish I proudly number several colored families, and have also numerous other acquaintances and friends among the colored citizens of Boston, some of them fugitives from Slavery, their liberty, dearer than life to them, is in continual peril. Any day, or night, by some miscreant, with no opportunity for defence, they may be sworn off into eternal bondage before some willing member of that family of kidnapping Commissioners whose Nature seems in preëstablished harmony with that official function of stealing and enslaving innocent men.

Besides, some years ago, presently after the passage of the fugitive slave bill, and the first kidnapping in Boston, consequent thereon, my fellow-citizens appointed me “Minister at large for Fugitive Slaves:” I could not decline the honorable office at such a time; nay, I sought its duties

well knowing their peril. How often must I protect my own parishioners from the clutch of men seeking to enslave them! What scorn has been visited on me in consequence! Four years ago, a wealthy and prominent merchant of Boston declared to his fellows that if any men would assassinate Mr. Phillips and myself, and he were called as a Grand Juror to pass upon the act, he should "declare it a justifiable homicide!"

In such a time no man's liberty is safe; — nay, the nation itself is brought into imminent peril, into worse dangers than War ever thundered upon our fathers' honored heads. In the last five years, it has often seemed as if our Republican Ship must perish, and this Democracy, like so many others, be whelmed under in the great deep of Despotism which has successively swallowed down so many liberal-minded and fair States. But such is my certainty of the ultimate triumph of the great Truths now fluttering about the consciousness of this generation, and such my confidence in the mass of the American People in the Northern States, that I cannot yet give over my fairest, dearest earthly hope — womanly and romantic though it seems. Else I should long since have left that little company of noble men and women who toil for the liberation of America, and are hitherto honored chiefly with the scorn of the controlling classes in this town; and should have returned from public wrangling to silent study — Science, Philosophy, Letters. But with such trust in the American People, I have devoted what powers I possess to the practical duties of the day: yet hoping in better times to see my cherished bud bloom into some well-proportioned flower. In the last few years I could work at my favorite task only by snatches — learn a few

languages, collect books, and gather facts therefrom, or in the swift walks of a minister's practical business, in nocturnal railroad journeys, or other sleepless nights in stranger's houses, meditate the plan of the intended work. How long this will continue I know not, — only fear.

These two volumes contain some of the published results of those labors of the last few years. Some of the speeches were purely extemporaneous; for some others I had but the briefest time for composition. All but the opening article of each volume are reprinted from phonographic reports taken by my friends, — whose kindness moves them thus to daguerreotype all my Sunday sermons. The brief speech before the Ministerial Conference I wrote down a few days after its delivery, and have marked with brackets [] the words since added: the "Thoughts on the Progress of America," was never delivered, — for the terrible events of that period kept me in the court house during the session of the Convention. If any reader will compare the date of any Sermon or Speech, in these volumes with that of the occasion thereof, he will see that often very little time was left for the nicety of a work of art. But there was no special reason why the Sermon of Old Age, should have been delivered at the time it was preached, having no reference to any special occasion. I put it at the end of the last volume as a fitting termination of the book, as one day it may be of the reader's, or the writer's life.

Perhaps I ought also to say that, pressed with other duties, I write this Preface in the presence of the Circuit Court of the United States, before which I am now arraigned as a Malefactor, charged with a "Misdemeanor;"

committed by speaking, in Faneuil Hall and elsewhere, a few words against the kidnapping of my fellow-citizens of Boston, some of them also my own parishioners; and that the same man who so zealously supported the fugitive slave bill, and labored by its instrumentality to enslave men, is at this moment on the Bench to try me for resisting with a word the officer who sought to reduce a Boston man to the condition of a Virginia Slave.

THEODORE PARKER.

Boston, U. S. Circuit Court Room,
April 3, 1855.

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S P E E C H
AT THE
MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE
IN
BOSTON, MAY 29, 1851.

VOL. I.

I

S P E E C H .

OCCASION OF THE SPEECH.

THE subject of debate was "The Duty of Ministers under the Fugitive Slave Law." This had been brought up, by Rev. Mr. May of Syracuse, at a "Business Meeting" of the American Unitarian Association, and was refused a hearing. It was again brought forward at the meeting of the Ministerial Conference on Wednesday. The Conference adjourned to Thursday morning, at nine o'clock.

On Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, a good deal was done to prevent the matter from being discussed at all; and done, as it seemed to me, in a disingenuous and unfair manner. And on Thursday morning much time was consumed in mere trifles, apparently with the intention of wearing away the few hours which would otherwise be occupied in discussing the matter at issue, before the Conference.

At length the question was reached, and the debate began.

Several persons spoke. Mr. Pierpont made a speech, able and characteristic, in which he declared that the Fugitive Slave Bill lacked all the essentials of a law; that it had no claim to obedience; and that it could not be administered with a pure heart or unsullied ermine.

Several others made addresses. Rev. Mr. Osgood of New York defended his ministerial predecessor, Rev. Dr. Dewey, — making two points.

1. Dr. Dewey's conduct had been misrepresented; he had never said that he would send his own *Mother* into slavery to preserve the Union; it was only his *Son*, or *Brother*. [Mr. Parker remarked that the Principle was the same in all three cases, there was only a diversity of Measure.]

2. Dr. Dewey's motives had been misrepresented. He had conversed with Dr. Dewey; and Dr. Dewey felt very bad; was much afflicted — even to weeping, at the misrepresentations made of him. He had not been understood. Dr. Dewey met Dr. Furness in the street, [Dr. Furness had most manfully preached against the Fugitive Slave Act, and thereby drawn upon himself much odium in Philadelphia, and the indignation of some of his clerical brethren elsewhere,] and said, “Brother Furness — you have taken the *easy* road to duty. It is for me to take

the *hard* and *difficult* way! I wish it could be otherwise. But I feared the dissolution of the Union!" etc. etc.

Mr. Osgood then proceeded to censure "one of this Conference," [Mr. Parker,] for the manner in which he had preached on this matter of the Fugitive Slave Law. "It was very bad; it was unjust!" etc.

Rev. Dr. Gannett spoke at some length.

1. He said the brethren had laughed, and shown an indecorum that was painful; it was unpardonable. [The chairman, Rev. Dr. Farley of Brooklyn, N. Y., thought otherwise.]

2. He criticized severely the statement of Rev. Mr. Pierpont that the Fugitive Slave Law "could not be administered with a pure heart or unsullied ermine." [Mr. Pierpont affirmed it anew, and briefly defended the statement. Mr. Gannett still appeared dissatisfied.] His parishioner, Mr. George T. Curtis, had the most honorable motives for attempting to execute the law.

3. He (Dr. Gannett) was in a minority, and the majority had no right to think that he was not as *honest* in his opinion as the rest.

4. Here Dr. Gannett made two points in defence of the Fugitive Slave Bill, of making and obeying it.

(1.) If we did not obey it the disobedience would

lead to the violation of *all Law*. There were two things — Law without Liberty; and Liberty without Law. Law without Liberty was only despotism; Liberty without Law only license. Law without Liberty was the better of the two. If we began by disobeying any one law, we should come to violating all laws.

(2.) We must obey it to preserve the Union: without the Fugitive Slave Law, the Union would have been dissolved; if it were not obeyed it would also be dissolved, and then he did not know what would become of the cause of Human Freedom, and Human Rights.

Then Rev. George E. Ellis of Charlestown spoke. He would not have the Conference pass any resolutions; he stood on the first Principles of Congregationalism, — that the minister was not responsible to his brothers, but to himself and his God. So the brethren have no right to come here and discuss and condemn the opinions or the conduct of a fellow minister. We cannot bind one another; we have no right to criticize and condemn.

Next he declared his hatred of the Fugitive Slave Bill. If we must either keep it or lose the Union, he said, “Perish the Union.” He had always said so, and preached so.

After Mr. Ellis, Mr. Parker also spoke as follows:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN,—I am one of those that laughed with the rest, and incurred the displeasure of Dr. Gannett. It was not from lightness however; I think no one will accuse me of that. I am earnest enough; so much so as to be grim. Still it is natural even for a grim man to laugh sometimes; and in times like these I am glad we can laugh.

I am glad my friend, Mr. Ellis, said the brethren had no right here to criticize and condemn the opinions of one of their members: but I wish he and they had come to this opinion ten years ago. I should have been a gainer by it; for this is the first time for nine years that I have attended this Conference without hearing something which seemed said with the intention of insulting me. I will not say I should have been in general a happier man if Mr. Ellis's advice had been followed; nay if he had always followed it himself; but I should have sat with a little more comfort in this body if they had thought I was not responsible to them for my opinions.

I am glad also to hear Dr. Gannett say we have no right to attribute improper motives to any one who differs from us in opinion. It was rather gratuitous, however; no man has done it here to-day. But it is true, no man has a right thus to "judge another." But I will remind Dr. Gannett that a

few years ago, he and I differed in opinion on a certain matter of considerable importance, and after clearly expressing our difference, I said: "Well, there is an honest difference of opinion between us," and he said: "Not an *honest* difference of opinion, Brother Parker," for he called me "Brother" then, and not "Mr." as since, and now, when he has publicly said he cannot take my hand *fraternally*. Still there was an honest difference of opinion on his part as well as mine.

Mr. Osgood apologizes for Dr. Dewey; — that is, he defends his motives. I am glad he does not undertake to defend his conduct, only to deny that he [Dr. Dewey] uttered the words alleged. But I am sorry to say that I cannot agree with Mr. Osgood in his defence. I do not believe a word of it to be true: I have evidence enough that he said so.

Mr. Gannett in demanding obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law made two points, namely; if it be not obeyed, first, we shall violate all human laws; and next, there will be a dissolution of the Union.

Let me say a word of each. But first let me say that I attribute no unmanly motive to Mr. Gannett. I thought him honest when he denied that I was; I think him honest now. I know him to be conscientious, laborious, and self-denying. I think he would sacrifice himself for another's good. I wish he could now sink through the floor for two or three minutes,

that I might say of him absent yet more of honorable praise, which I will not insult him with or address to him while before my face. Let me only say this, that if there be any men in this Conference who honor and esteem Dr. Gannett, I trust I am second to none of them. But I do not share his opinions nor partake of his fears. His arguments for obeying the Fugitive Slave Law, (*ab inconvenienti*) I think are of no value.

If we do not obey this law, he says, we shall disobey all laws. It is not so. There is not a country in the world where there is more respect for human laws than in New England; nowhere more than in Massachusetts. Even if a law is unpopular, it is not popular to disobey it. Our courts of justice are popular bodies, nowhere are Judges more respected than in New England. No officer, constable or sheriff, hangman or jail-keeper, is unpopular on account of his office. Nay, it is popular to inform against your neighbor when he violates the law of the land. This is not so in any other country of the Christian world; but the informer is infamous everywhere else.

Why are we thus loyal to law? First, because we make the laws ourselves, and for ourselves; and next, because the laws actually represent the Conscience of the People, and help them keep the laws of God. The value of human laws is only this—to conserve the Great Eternal Law of God; to ena-

ble us to keep that; to hinder us from disobeying that. So long as laws do this we should obey them; New England will be loyal to such laws.

But the fugitive slave law is one which contradicts the acknowledged precepts of the Christian religion, universally acknowledged. It violates the noblest instincts of humanity; it asks us to trample on the Law of God. It commands what Nature, Religion, and God alike forbid; it forbids what Nature, Religion, and God alike command. It tends to defeat the object of all just human law; it tends to annihilate the observance of the Law of God. So faithful to God, to Religion, to Human Nature, and in the name of Law itself, we protest against this particular statute, and trample it under our feet.

Who is it that oppose the fugitive slave law? Men that have always been on the side of "law and order," and do not violate the statutes of men for their own advantage. This disobedience to the fugitive slave law is one of the strongest guaranties for the observance of any *just* law. You cannot trust a people who will keep law, *because it is law*; nor need we distrust a people that will only keep a law when it is just. The fugitive slave law itself, if obeyed will do more to overturn the power of human law, than all disobedience to it—the most complete.

Then as to dissolution of the Union. I [have] thought if any State wished to go, she had a natural

right to do so. But what States wished to go? Certainly not New England: by no means. Massachusetts has always been attached to the Union,—has made sacrifices for it. In 1775, if she had said, “There shall be no Revolution,” there would have been none. But she furnished nearly half the soldiers for the war, and more than half of the money. In '87, if Massachusetts had said, “Let there be no Union!” there would have been none. It was with difficulty that Massachusetts assented to the Constitution. But that once formed, she has adhered to it; faithfully adhered to the Union. When has Massachusetts failed in allegiance to it? No man can say. There is no danger of a dissolution of the Union; the men who make the cry know that it is vain and deceitful. You cannot drive us asunder;—just yet.

But suppose that was the alternative: that we must have the fugitive slave law, or dissolution. Which were the worst; which comes nearest to the law of God which we all are to keep. It is very plain. Now for the first time since '87, many men of Massachusetts calculate the value of the Union. What is it worth? Is it worth to us so much as Conscience; so much as Freedom; so much as allegiance to the Law of God? let any man lay his hand on his heart and say, “I will sacrifice all these for the union of the thirty States? For my own part, I would rather see my own house burnt to the

ground, and my family thrown, one by one, amid the blazing rafters of my own roof, and I myself be thrown in last of all, rather than have a single fugitive slave sent back as Thomas Sims was sent back. Nay, I should rather see this Union "dissolved," till there was not a territory so large as the county of Suffolk! Let us lose every thing but fidelity to God.

Mr. Osgood reflects on me for my sermons; they are poor enough. You know it if you try to read such as are in print. I know it better than you. But I am not a going to speak honeyed words and prophesy smooth things in times like these, and say, "Peace! Peace! when there is no peace!"

A little while ago we were told we must not preach on this matter of slavery, because it was "an abstraction;" then because the "North was all right on that subject;" and then because "we had nothing to do with it," "we must go to Charleston or New Orleans to see it." But now it is a most concrete thing. We see what public opinion is on the matter of slavery; what it is in Boston; nay, what it is with members of this Conference. It favors slavery and this wicked law! We need not go to Charleston and New Orleans to see slavery; our own Court House was a barracoon; our officers of this city were slave hunters, and members of Unitarian churches in Boston are kidnappers.

I have in my church black men, fugitive slaves.

They are the crown of my apostleship, the seal of my ministry. It becomes me to look after their bodies in order to "save their souls." This law has brought us into the most intimate connection with the sin of slavery. I have been obliged to take my own parishioners into my house to keep them out of the clutches of the kidnapper. Yes, gentlemen, I have been obliged to do that; and then to keep my doors guarded by day as well as by night. Yes, I have had to arm myself. I have written my sermons with a pistol in my desk, — loaded, a cap on the nipple, and ready for action. Yea, with a drawn sword within reach of my right hand. This I have done in Boston; in the middle of the nineteenth century; been obliged to do it to defend the [innocent] members of my own church, women as well as men!

You know that I do not like fighting. I am no non-resistant, "that nonsense* never went down with me." But it is no small matter which will compel me to shed human blood. But what could I do? I was born in the little town where the fight and bloodshed of the Revolution began. The bones of the men who first fell in that war are covered by the monument at Lexington, it is "sacred to Liberty

* Mr. May of Syracuse afterwards objected to the word *nonsense* as applied to non-resistance. The phrase was quoted from another member of the Conference, whose eye caught mine while speaking, and suggested his own language.

and the Rights of Mankind:" those men fell "in the sacred cause of God and their country." This is the first inscription that I ever read. These men were my kindred. My grandfather drew the first sword in the Revolution; my fathers fired the first shot; the blood which flowed there was kindred to this which courses in my veins to-day. Besides that, when I write in my library at home, on the one side of me is the Bible which my fathers prayed over, their morning and their evening prayer, for nearly a hundred years. On the other side there hangs the firelock my grandfather fought with in the old French war, which he carried at the taking of Quebec, which he zealously used at the battle of Lexington, and beside it is another, a trophy of that war, the first gun taken in the Revolution, taken also by my grandfather. With these things before me, these symbols; with these memories in me, when a parishioner, a fugitive from slavery, a woman, pursued by the kidnappers, came to my house, what could I do less than take her in and defend her to the last? But who sought her life — or liberty? A parishioner of my Brother Gannett came to kidnap a member of my church; Mr. Gannett preaches a sermon to justify the fugitive slave law, demanding that it should be obeyed; yes, calling on his church members to kidnap mine, and sell them into bondage forever. Yet all this while Mr. Gannett calls himself "a Christian," and me an "Infidel;" his doctrine is

“Christianity,” mine is only “Infidelity,” “Deism, at the best!”

O, my Brothers, I am not afraid of men, I can offend them. I care nothing for their hate, or their esteem. I am not very careful of my reputation. But I should not dare to violate the Eternal Law of God. You have called me “Infidel.” Surely I differ widely enough from you in my theology. But there is one thing I cannot fail to trust; that is the Infinite God, Father of the white man, Father also of the white man’s slave. I should not dare violate his Laws come what may come;—should you? Nay, I can love nothing so well as I love my God.

THE BOSTON KIDNAPPING.

A

DISCOURSE

TO COMMEMORATE THE

RENDITION OF THOMAS SIMS,

DELIVERED ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY THEREOF,

APRIL 12, 1852,

BEFORE THE COMMITTEE OF VIGILANCE,

AT THE MELODEON, IN BOSTON.

DISCOURSE.*

THERE are times of private, personal joy and delight, when some good deed has been done, or some extraordinary blessing welcomed to the arms. Then a man stops, and pours out the expression of his heightened consciousness; gives gladness words; or else, in manly quietness, exhales to heaven his joy, too deep for speech. Thus the lover rejoices in his young heart of hearts, when another breast beats

* REV. THEODORE PARKER:—

Dear Sir,— We know that we express the earnest and unanimous wish of all who listened to your appropriate and eloquent address last Monday, in asking a copy of it for the press.

Yours respectfully,

WENDELL PHILLIPS,	} Committee of Arrangements.
HENRY I. BOWDITCH,	
TIMOTHY GILBERT,	
JOHN P. JEWETT,	
M. P. HANSON,	
JOHN M. SPEAR,	

BOSTON, April 15, 1852.

in conscious unison with his own, and two souls are first made one; so a father rejoices, so a mother is filled with delight, her hour of anguish over, when their gladdened eyes behold the new-born daughter or the new-born son. Henceforth the day of newly welcomed love, the day of newly welcomed life, is an epoch of delight, marked for thanksgiving with a white stone in their calends of time, — their day of Annunciation or of Advent, a gladsome anniversary in their lives for many a year.

When these married mates are grown maturely wed, they rejoice to live over again their early loves, a second time removing the hindrances which once strewed all the way, dreaming anew the sweet prophetic dream of early hope, and bringing back the crimson mornings and the purple nights of golden days gone by, which still keep "trailing clouds of glory" as they pass. At their silver wedding, they are proud to see their children's manlyfying face, and remember how, one by one, these olive plants came up about their ever-widening hearth.

When old and full of memories of earth, their hopes chiefly of heaven now, they love to keep the golden wedding of their youthful joy, children and children's children round their venerable board.

Thus the individual man seeks to commemorate his private personal joy, and build up a monument of his domestic bliss.

So, in the life of a nation, there are proud days, when the people joined itself to some great Idea of Justice, Truth, and Love; took some step forward in its destiny, or welcomed to national baptism some institution born of its great idea. The anniversaries of such events become red-letter days in the almanac of the nation; days of rejoicing, till that people, old and gray with manifold experience, goes the way of all the nations, as of all its men.

Thus, on the twenty-second of December, all New England thanks God for those poor Pilgrims whose wearied feet first found repose in this great wilderness of woods, not broken then. Each year, their children love to gather on the spot made famous now, and bring to mind the ancient deed; to honor it with speech and song, not without prayers to God. That day there is a springing of New England blood, a beating of New England hearts; not only here, but wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of New England, there is the memory of the Pilgrims in the midst of them; and among the prairies of the West, along the rivers of the South, far off where the Pacific waits to bring gold to our shores of rock and sand,—even there the annual song of gladness bursts from New England lips.

So America honors the birth of the nation with a holiday for all the people. Then we look anew at the national idea, reading for the six and seventieth time the programme of our progress, — its first part a

revolution; we study our history before and since, bringing back the day of small things, when our fathers went from one kingdom to another people; we rejoice at the wealthy harvest gathered from the unalienable rights of men, sown in new soil. On that day the American flag goes topmast high; and men in ships, far off in the silent wilderness of the ocean, celebrate the nation's joyous day. In all the great cities of the Eastern World, American hearts beat quicker then, and thank their God.

But a few days ago, the Hebrew nation commemorated its escape out of Egypt, celebrating its Passover. Though three and thirty hundred years have since passed by, yet the Israelite remembers that his fathers were slaves in the land of the stranger; that the Pyramids, even then a fact accomplished and representing an obsolete idea, were witnesses to the thralldom of his race; and the joy of Jacob triumphant over the gods of Egypt lights up the Hebrew countenance in the melancholy Ghetto of Rome, as the recollection of the hundred and one Pilgrims deepens the joy of the Californian New Englanders delighting in the glory of their nation, and their own abundant gain. The pillar of fire still goes before the Hebrew, in the long night of Israel's wandering; and still the Passover is a day of joy and of proud remembrance.

Every ancient nation has thus its calendar filled with joyful days. The worshippers of Jesus delight

in their Christmas and their Easter; the Mahometans, in the Hegira of the Prophet. The year-book of mankind is thus marked all the way through with the red-letter days of history. And most beautifully do those days illuminate the human year, commemorating the victories of the race, the days of triumph which have marked the course of man in his long and varied, but yet triumphant, march of many a thousand years. Thereby Hebrews, Buddhists, Christians, Mahometans, men of every form of religion; English, French, Americans, men of all nations,—are reminded of the great facts in their peculiar story; and mankind learns the lesson they were meant to teach, writ in the great events of the cosmic life of man.

These things should, indeed, be so. It were wrong to miss a single bright day from the story of a man, a nation, or mankind. Let us mark these days, and be glad.

But there are periods of sorrow, not less than joy. There comes a shipwreck to the man; and though he tread the waters under him, and come alive to land, yet his memory drips with sorrow for many a year to come. The widow marks her time by dating from the day which shore off the better portion of herself, counting her life by years of widowhood. Marius, exiled, hunted after, denied fire and water, a price set on his head, just escaping the murderers and

the sea, "sitting a fugitive on the ruins of Carthage" which he once destroyed, himself a sadder ruin now, folds his arms and bows his head in manly grief.

These days also are remembered. It takes long to efface what is written in tears. Forever the father bears the annual wound that rent his child away: fifty years do not fill up the tomb which let a mortal through the earth to heaven. The anniversaries of grief return. At St. Helena, on the eighteenth of every June, how Napoleon remembered the morning and the evening of the day at Waterloo, the beginning and the ending of his great despair!

So the nations mourn at some great defeat, and hate the day thereof. How the Frenchman detests the very name of Waterloo, and wishes to wipe off from that battle field the monument of earth the allies piled thereon, commemorative of his nation's loss! Old mythologies are true to this feeling of mankind, when they relate that the spirit of some great man who died defeated comes and relates that he is sad: they tell that —

"Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us."

An antique nation, with deep faith in God, looks on these defeats as correction from the hand of Heaven. In sorrow the Jew counts from the day of his Exile, mourning that the city sitteth solitary that was full of people; that among all her lovers she

hath none to comfort her ; that she dwelleth among the heathen and hath no rest. But, he adds, the Lord afflicted her, because of the multitude of her transgressions ; for Jerusalem had greatly sinned. How, in the day of her miseries, the Jew remembers her pleasant things that she had in the days of old ; how her children have swooned from their wounds in the streets of their city, and have poured out their soul into their mother's bosom ; Jerusalem is ruined, and Judah is forsaken, because their tongue and their doings were against the Lord, to provoke the eyes of his glory !

It is well that mother and Marius should mourn their loss ; that Napoleon and the Hebrew should remember each his own defeat. Poets say, that, on the vigil of a fight, the old soldier's wounds smart afresh, bleeding anew. The poet's fancy should be a nation's fact.

But sometimes a man commits a wrong. He is false to himself, and stains the integrity of his soul. He comes to consciousness thereof, and the shame of the consequence is embittered by remorse for the cause. Thus Peter weeps at his own denial, and Judas hangs himself at the recollection of his treachery ; so David bows his penitent forehead, and lies prostrate in the dust. The anniversary of doing wrong is writ with fire on the dark tablets of memory. How a murderer convicted, yet spared in jail,

— or, not convicted, still at large, — must remember the day when he first reddened his hand at his brother's heart! As the remorseless year brings back the day, the hour, the moment and the memory of the deed, what recollections of ghastly visages come back to him!

I once knew a New England man who had dealt in slaves; I now know several such; but this man stole his brothers in Guinea to sell in America. He was a hard, cruel man, and had grown rich by the crime. But, hard and cruel as he was, at the mention of the slave-trade, the poor wretch felt a torture at his iron heart which it was piteous to behold. His soul wrought within him like the tossings of the tropic sea about his ship, deep fraught with human wretchedness. He illustrated the torments of that other "middle passage," not often named.

Benedict Arnold, successful in his treason, safe, — only Andre hanged, not he, the guilty man, — pensioned, feasted, rich, yet hated by all ingenuous souls, not great enough to pity, hateful to himself; how this first great public shame of New England must have remembered the twenty-fifth September, and have lived over again each year the annual treason of his heart!

It is well for men to pause on such days, the anniversary of their crime, and see the letters which sin has branded in their consciousness come out anew, and burn, even in the scars they left behind.

In sadness, in penitence, in prayers of resolution, should a man mark these days in his own sad calendar. They are times for a man to retire within himself, to seek communion with his God, and cleanse him of the elephantine leprosy his sin has brought upon his soul.

There are such days in the life of a nation, when it stains its own integrity, commits treason against mankind, and sin against the most high God; when a proud king, or wicked minister, — his rare power consorting with a vulgar aim, — misled the people's heart, abused the nation's strength, organized iniquity as law, condensing a world of wicked will into a single wicked deed, and wrought some hideous Bartholomew massacre in the face of the sun. The anniversary of such events is a day of horror and of shivering to mankind; a day of sorrow to the guilty State which pricks with shame at the anniversary of the deed.

The twelfth of April is such a day for Boston and this State. It is the first anniversary of a great crime, — a crime against the majesty of Massachusetts law, and the dignity of the Constitution of the United States: of a great wrong, — a wrong against you and me, and all of us, against the babe not born, against the nature of mankind; of a great sin, — a sin against the Law God wrote in human nature, a sin against the Infi-

nite God. It was a great crime, a great wrong, a great sin, on the side of the American government, which did the deed: on the people's part it was a great defeat; your defeat and mine.

Out of the iron house of bondage, a man, guilty of no crime but love of liberty, fled to the people of Massachusetts. He came to us a wanderer, and Boston took him in to an unlawful jail; hungry, and she fed him with a felon's meat; thirsty, she gave him the gall and vinegar of a slave to drink; naked, she clothed him with chains; sick and in prison, he cried for a helper, and Boston sent him a marshal and a commissioner; she set him between kidnapers, among the most infamous of men, and they made him their slave. Poor and in chains, the government of the nation against him, he sent round to the churches his petition for their prayers;—the churches of commerce, they gave him their curse: he asked of us the sacrament of freedom, in the name of our God; and in the name of *their* Trinity, the Trinity of money,—Boston standing as god-mother at the ceremony,—in the name of their God they baptized him a slave. The New England church of commerce said, “Thy name is Slave. I baptize thee in the name of the gold eagle, and of the silver dollar, and of the copper cent.”

This is holy ground that we stand on: godly men laid here the foundation of a Christian Church; laid

it with prayers, laid it with tears, laid it in blood. Noble men laid here the foundation of a Christian State, with all the self-denial of New England men; laid that with prayers, with tears, laid that in blood. They sought a church without a bishop, a state without a king, a community without a lord, and a family without a slave. Yet even here in Massachusetts, which first of American colonies sent forth the idea of "inherent and unalienable rights," and first offered the conscious sacrament of her blood; here, in Boston, which once was full of manly men who rocked the Cradle of Liberty,—even here the rights of man were of no value and of no avail. Massachusetts took a man from the horns of her altar,—he had fled to her for protection,—and voluntarily gave him up to bondage without end; did it with her eyes wide open; did it on purpose; did it in notorious violation of her own law, in consciousness of the sin; did it after "fasting and prayer."*

It is well for us to come together, and consider the defeat which you and I have suffered when the rights of man were thus cloven down, and look at the crime committed by those whom posterity will rank among infidels to Christianity, among the ene-

* The annual day of "fasting and prayer," came between the seizure of Mr. Sims and his rendition! Boston fasted and made long prayers, and devoured a man's liberty!

mies of man; it is well to commemorate the event, the disgrace of Boston, the perpetual shame and blot of Massachusetts. Yet it was not the People of Massachusetts who did the deed: it was only their government. The officers are one thing; and the people, thank God, are something a little different.

If a deed which so outraged the people had been done by the government of Massachusetts a hundred years ago, there would have been a "Day of Fasting and Prayer;" and next a muster of soldiers: one day the people would have thought of their trust in God, and the next looked to it that their powder was dry. Now nobody fasts, save to the eye; he prays best who, not asking God to do man's work, prays penitence, prays resolutions, and then prays deeds, thus supplicating with heart and head and hands. This is a day for such a prayer. The twelfth of last April issued the proclamation which brings us here to-day.

We have historical precedent for this commemoration, if men need such an argument. After the Boston Massacre of the fifth of March, 1770, the people had annually a solemn commemoration of the event. They had their great and honored men to the pulpit on that occasion: Lovell, child of a tory father,—the son's patriotism brought him to a British jail; Tudor and Dawes, honorable and honored names; Thacher, "the young Elijah" of his times; Warren,

twice called to that post, but destined soon to perish by a British hand; John Hancock, — his very name was once the pride and glory of the town. They stood here, and, mindful of their brothers slain in the street not long to bear the name of “King,” taught the lesson of liberty to their fellow men. The menace of British officers, their presence in the aisles of the church, the sight of their weapons on the pulpit-stairs, did not frighten Joseph Warren, — not a hireling shepherd, though he came in by the pulpit-window, while soldiers crammed the porch. Did they threaten to stop his mouth? It took bullet and bayonet both to silence his lips. John Hancock was of eyes too pure to fear the government of Britain. Once, when Boston was in the hands of the enemy of freedom, — I mean the foreign enemy, — the discourse could not be delivered here; Boston adjourned to Watertown to hear “the young Elijah” ask whether “the rising empire of America shall be an empire of slaves or of free men.” But on that day there was another commemoration held hard by; “one George Washington” discoursed from the “Heights of Dorchester;” and, soon after, Israel Putnam marched over the Neck, — and there was not a “Red-coat” south of the North End. The March of ’76 was not far from the July of ’76, when yet another discourse got spoken.

For twelve years did our fathers commemorate the first blood shed here by soldiers “quartered

among us without our consent;" yes, until there was not a "Red-coat" left in the land; and the gloom of the Boston Massacre was forgot in the blaze of American independence; the murder of five men, in the freedom of two millions.

The first slave Boston has officially sent back since 1770 was returned a year ago. Let us commemorate the act, till there is not a kidnapper left in all the North; not a kidnapper lurking in a lawyer's office in all Boston, or in a merchant's counting-room; not a priest who profanes his function by flouting at the Higher Law of God; till there is not a slave in America; and sorrow at the rendition of Thomas Sims shall be forgotten in the freedom of three million men. Let us remember the Boston Kidnapping, as our fathers kept the memory of the Boston Massacre.

It is a fitting time to come together. There was once a "dark day" in New England, when the visible heavens were hung with night, and men's faces gathered blackness, less from the sky above than from the fears within. But New England never saw a day so black as the twelfth of April, 1851; a day whose Egyptian darkness will be felt for many a year to come.

New England has had days of misfortune before this, and of mourning at the sin of her magistrates. In 1761, a mean man in a high place in the British

Island, thinking that "discussion must be suppressed," declared that citizens "are not to demand the reasons of measures; they must, and they easily may, be taught better manners." The British ministry decided to tax the colonies without their consent. Massachusetts decided to be taxed only with her own consent. The Board of Trade determined to collect duties against the will of the people. The Government insisted; the mercenaries of the Custom-House in Boston applied for "Writs of Assistance," authorizing them to search for smuggled goods where and when they pleased, and to call on the people to help in the matter. The mercenary who filled the Governor's chair favored the outrage. The Court, obedient to power, and usually on the side of prerogative and against the right, seemed ready to pervert the law against Justice. Massachusetts felt her liberties in peril, and began the War of Ideas. James Otis, an irregular but brilliant and powerful man from Barnstable and an acute lawyer, resigned his post of Advocate to the Admiralty; threw up his chance of preferment, and was determined "to sacrifice estate, ease, health, applause, and even life, to the sacred calls of my country," and in opposition to that kind of power "which cost one King of England his head, and another his throne."

It was a dark day in Massachusetts when the Writs of Assistance were called for; when the tal-

ents, the fame, the riches, and the avarice of Chief-Justice Hutchinson, the respectability of venerable men, the power of the crown and its officers, were all against the right; but that brave lawyer stood up, his words "a flame of fire," to demonstrate "that all arbitrary authority was unconstitutional and against the law." His voice rung through the land like a war-psalm of the Hebrew muse. Hutchinson, rich, false, and in power, cowered before the "great incendiary" of New England. John Adams, a young lawyer from Quincy, who stood by, touched by the same inspiration, declared that afterwards he could never read the Acts of Trade without anger, nor "any portion of them without a curse." If the Court was not convinced, the people were. It was a dark day when the Writs of Assistance were called for; but the birthplace of Franklin took the lightning out of that thundering cloud, and the storm broke into rain which brought forth the green glories of Liberty-tree, that soon blossomed all over in the radiance of the bow of promise set on the departing cloud. The seed from that day of bloom shall sow with blessings all the whole wide world of man.

There was another dark time when the Stamp Act passed, and the day came for the use of the Stamps, Nov. 1st, 1765. The people of Boston closed their shops; they muffled and tolled the bells of the churches; they hung on Liberty-tree the

effigy of Mr. Huske, a New Hampshire traitor of that time, who had removed to London, got a seat in Parliament, and was said to have proposed the Stamp Act to the British minister. Beside him they hung the image of Grenville, the ministerial author of the Act. In the afternoon, the public cut down the images; carried them in a cart, thousands following to the Town-House, where the Governor and Council were in session; carried the effigies solemnly through the building, and thence to the gallows, where, after hanging a while, they were cut down and torn to pieces. All was done quietly, orderly, and with no violence. It was All-Saints-Day: two hundred and forty-eight years before, Martin Luther had pilloried the Papacy on a church-door at Wittenberg, not knowing what would fall at the sound of his hammer nailing up the Ninety-five Theses.

Nobody would touch the hated stamps. Mr. Oliver, the Secretary of the Province, and "distributor of stamps," had been hanged in effigy before. His stamp-office had already given a name to the sea, "Oliver's Dock" long commemorating the fate of the building. Dismayed by the voice of the people, he resigned his office. Not satisfied with that, the people had him before an immense meeting at Liberty-tree; and at noonday, under the very limb where he had been hung in effigy, before a Justice of the Peace he took an oath that he never would

take any measures . . . for enforcing the Stamp Act in America. Then, with three cheers for liberty, Mr. Oliver was allowed to return home. He ranked as the third crown-officer in the Colony. Where could you find "one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace" to administer such an oath before such a "town-meeting"? A man was found to do that deed, and leave descendants to be proud of it; for, after three generations have passed by, the name of Richard Dana is still on the side of liberty.

No more of stamps in Boston at that time. In time of danger, it is thought "a good thing to have a man in the house." Boston had provided herself. There were a good many who did not disgrace the name. Amongst others, there was one of such "obstinacy and inflexible disposition," said Hutchinson, "that he could never be conciliated by any office or gift whatever." Yet Samuel Adams was "not rich, nor a bachelor." There was another, one John Adams, son of a shoemaker at Quincy, not a whit less obstinate or hard to conciliate with gifts. When he heard Otis in that great argument, he felt "ready to take up arms against the Writs of Assistance." One day, the twenty-second of December of that year, he writes in his journal: "At home with my family, thinking." In due time, something came of his thinking. He wrote, "By inactivity we discover cowardice, and too much respect for the Act."

The Stamp Act was dead in New England and

in all America. Very soon the Ministry were glad to bury their dead.

It was in such a spirit that Boston met the Writs of Assistance and the Stamp Act. What came of the resistance? When Parliament came together, the "great commoner" said,—every boy knew the passage by heart when I went to school,—“I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest.” The Ministry still proposed to put down America by armies. Mr. Pitt said: “America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man. She would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the Constitution along with her. But she would not fall.” “I would advise,” said he, “that the Stamp Act be repealed, absolutely, totally, and immediately;” “that the reason for the repeal be assigned; that it was founded on an erroneous principle.” Repealed it was, “absolutely, totally, and immediately.”

But the British Ministry still insisted on taxation without representation. Massachusetts continued her opposition. There was a Merchants' Meeting in Boston in favor of freedom. It assembled from time to time, and had a large influence. Men agreed not to import British goods: they would wear their old clothes till they could weave new ones in America,

and kill no more lambs till they had abundance of wool. Boston made a non-importation agreement. Massachusetts wrote a "circular letter" to the other colonies, asking them to make common cause with her,—a circular which the king thought "of the most dangerous and factious character." On the seventeenth of June, 1768, the town of Boston instructed its four representatives, Otis, Cushing, Adams, and Hancock: "It is our unalterable resolution at all times to assert and vindicate our dear and invaluable rights, at the utmost hazard of our lives and fortunes."* This seemed to promise another "seventeenth of June," if the Ministry persisted in their course.

On the fifteenth of May, 1770, she again issued similar instructions. "James I." says the letter of instruction, "more than once laid it down, that, as it was atheism and blasphemy in a creature to dispute what the Deity may do, so it is presumptuous and sedition in a subject to dispute what a king may do in the height of his powers." "Good Christians," said he, "will be content with God's will revealed in his word, and good subjects will rest in the king's will revealed in *his* law." That was the "No Higher Law Doctrine" of the time. See how it went down at Boston in 1770. "Surely," said the people of Boston, in town-meeting assembled, "nothing except

* Town Records of that date.

the ineffable contempt of the reigning monarch diverted that indignant vengeance which would otherwise have made his illustrious throne to tremble, and hurled the royal diadem from his forfeit head."* Such was the feeling of Boston towards a government which flouted at the eternal law of God.

The people claimed that law was on their side; even Sir Henry Finch having said, in the time of Charles I., "The king's prerogative stretcheth not to the doing of any wrong." But, Boston said, "Had the express letter of the law been less favorable, and were it possible to ransack up any absurd, obsolete notions which might have seemed calculated to propagate slavish doctrines, we should by no means have been influenced to forego our birthright;" for "mankind will not be reasoned out of their feelings of humanity." "We remind you, that the further nations recede and give way to the gigantic strides of any powerful despot, the more rapidly will the fiend advance to spread wide desolation." "It is now no time to halt between two opinions." "We enjoin you at all hazards to deport . . . like the faithful representatives of a free-born, awakened, and determined people, who, being impregnated with the spirit of liberty in conception, and nurtured in the principles of freedom from their infancy, are resolved to breathe the same celestial ether, till summoned to

* Town Records.

resign the heavenly flame by that omnipotent God who gave it." That was the language of Boston in 1770.*

True there were men who took the other side; some of them from high and honorable convictions; others from sordid motives; some from native bigotry and meanness they could not help. But the mass of the people went for the rights of the people. It was not a mere matter of dollars and cents that stirred the men of Massachusetts then. True the people had always been thrifty, and looked well to the "things of this world." But threepence duty on a pound of tea, six farthings on a gallon of molasses, was not very burdensome to a people that had a school before there was any four-footed beast above a swine in the colony, — a people that once taxed themselves thirteen shillings and eight pence in a pound of income! It was the principle they looked at. They would not have paid three barley-corns on a hogshead of sugar, and admit the right of Parliament to levy the tax. This same spirit extended to the other colonies: Virginia and Massachusetts stood side by side; New York with Boston.

It was a dark day for New England when the Stamp Act became a law; but it was a much darker day when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed the Con-

* Town Records.

gress of the United States. The Acts of Trade and the Stamp Act were the work of foreign hands, of the ministers of England, not America. A traitor of New Hampshire was thought to have originated the Stamp Act; but even he did not make a speech in its favor. The author of the Act was never within three thousand miles of Boston. But the Fugitive Slave Bill was the work of Americans; it had its great support from another native of New Hampshire; it got the vote of the member for Boston, who faithfully represented the money which sent him there; though, God be thanked, not the men!

When the Stamp Act came to be executed in Boston, the ships hung their flags at half-mast; the shops were shut, the bells were tolled; ship, shop, and church all joining in a solidarity of affliction, in one unanimous lament. But, when the Fugitive Slave Bill came to Boston, the merchants and politicians of the city fired a hundred guns at noonday, in token of their joy! How times have changed! In 1765, when Huske of New Hampshire favored the Stamp Act, and Oliver of Boston accepted the office of distributor of stamps, the people hung their busts in effigy on Liberty-tree; Oliver must ignominiously forswear his office. After two of the Massachusetts delegation in Congress had voted for the Missouri Compromise in 1819, when they came back to Boston, they were hissed at on 'Change, and were both of them abhorred for the deed which spread

slavery west of the great river. To this hour their names are hateful all the way from Boston to Lanesboro'. But their children are guiltless: let us not repeat the fathers' name. But what was the Stamp Act or the Missouri Compromise to the Fugitive Slave Bill! One was looking at a hedge, the other stealing the sheep behind it. Yet when the representative of the money of Boston, who voted for the bill, returned, he was flattered and thanked by two classes of men;—by those whom money makes "respectable" and prominent; by those whom love of money makes servile and contemptible. When he resigned his place, Boston sent another, with the command, "Go thou and do likewise;" and he has just voted again for the Fugitive Slave Bill,—he alone of all the delegation of Massachusetts.

The Stamp Act levied a tax on us in money, and Boston would not pay a cent, hauled down the flags, shut up the shops, tolled the church-bells, hung its authors in effigy, made the third officer of the crown take oath not to keep the law, cast his stamp-shop into the sea. The Slave Act levied a tax in men, and Boston fired a hundred guns, and said, "We are ready; we will catch fugitives for the South. It is a dirty work, too dirty for any but Northern hands; but it will bring us clean money." Ship, shop, and church seemed to feel a solidarity of interest in the measure; the leading newspapers of the town were full of glee.

The Fugitive Slave Bill became a law on the eighteenth of September, 1850. Eighty-five years before that date, there was a town-meeting in Boston, at which the people instructed their representatives in the General Assembly of Massachusetts. It was just after the passage of the Stamp Act. Boston told her servants "by no means to join in any measures for countenancing and assisting in the execution of the same [the Stamp Act]; but to use your best endeavors in the General Assembly to have the inherent and unalienable rights of the people of this Province asserted, vindicated, and left upon the public record, that posterity may never have reason to charge the present times with the guilt of tamely giving them away."*

It was "voted unanimously that the same be accepted." This is the earliest use of the phrase "inherent and unalienable rights of the people" which I have yet found. It has the savor of James Otis, who had "a tongue of flame and the inspiration of a seer." It dates from Boston, and the eighteenth day of September, eighty-five years before the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill. In 1850 where was the town-meeting of '65? James Otis died without a son; but a different man sought to "fence in" the Slave Act, and fence men from their rights.†

* Town Records.

† Hon. Harrison Gray Otis.

The passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill was a sad event to the colored citizens of the State. At that time there were 8,975 persons of color in Massachusetts. In thirty-six hours after the passage of the bill was known here, five and thirty colored persons applied to a well-known philanthropist in this city for counsel.* Before sixty hours passed by, more than forty had fled. The laws of Massachusetts could not be trusted to shelter her own children: they must flee to Canada. "This arm, hostile to tyrants," says the motto of the State, "seeks rest in the enjoyment of liberty." Then it ought to have been changed, and read, "This arm, once hostile to tyrants, confederate with them now, drives off her citizens to foreign climes of liberty."

The word "commissioner" has had a traditional hatred ever since our visitation by Sir Edmund Andros; it lost none of its odious character when it became again incarnate in a kidnapper. With Slave Act commissioners to execute the bill, with such "ruling" as we have known on the Slave Act bench, such swearing by "witnesses" on the slave stand, any man's freedom is at the mercy of the kidnapper and his "commissioned" attorney. The one can manufacture "evidence" or "enlarge" it, the other manufacture "law;" and, with such an admin-

* Mr. Francis Jackson.

istration and such creatures to serve its wish, what colored man was safe? Men in peril have a keen instinct of their danger; the dark-browed mothers in Boston, they wept like Rachel for her first-born, refusing to be comforted. There was no comfort for them save in flight: that must be not in the winter, but into the winter of Canada, which is to the African what our rude climate is to the goldfinch and the canary-bird.

Some of the colored people had acquired a little property; they got an honest living; had wives and children, and looked back upon the horrors of slavery, which it takes a woman's affectionate genius to paint, as you read her book; looked on them as things for the memory, for the imagination, not as things to be suffered again. But the Fugitive Slave Bill said to every black mother, "This may be your fate; the fate of your sons and your daughters." It was possible to all; probable to many; certain to some, unless they should flee.

It was a dark bill for them; but the blackness of the darkness fell on the white men. The colored men were only to bear the cross; the whites made it. I would take the black man's share in suffering the Slave Act, rather than the white man's sin in making it; ay, as I would rather take Hancock's than Huske's share of the history of the Stamp Act. This wicked law has developed in the Africans some of the most heroic virtues; in the Yankee it has

brought out some of the most disgraceful examples of meanness that ever dishonored mankind.

The Boston Massacre, — you know what that was, and how the people felt when a hireling soldiery, sent here to oppress, shot down the citizens of Boston on the fifth of March, 1770. Then the blood of America flowed for the first time at the touch of British steel. But that deed was done by foreigners; thank God, they were not Americans born; done by hirelings, impressed into the army against their will, and sent here without their consent. It was done in hot blood; done partly in self-defence, after much insult and wrong. The men who fired the shot were brought to trial. The great soul of John Adams stood up to defend them, Josiah Quincy aiding the unpopular work. A Massachusetts jury set the soldiers free, — they only obeyed orders, the soldier is a tool of his commander. Such was the Boston Massacre. Yet hear how John Hancock spoke on the fourth anniversary thereof, when passion had had time to pass away: —

“Tell me, ye bloody butchers! ye villains high and low! ye wretches who contrived, as well as you who executed, the inhuman deed! do you not feel the goads and stings of conscious guilt pierce through your savage bosoms? Though some of you may think yourselves exalted to a height that bids defiance to the arms of human justice, and

others shroud yourselves beneath the mask of hypocrisy, and build your hopes of safety on the low arts of cunning, chicanery, and falsehood; yet do you not sometimes feel the gnawings of that worm which never dies? Do not the injured shades of Maverick, Gray, Caldwell, Attucks, and Carr, attend you in your solitary walks, arrest you even in the midst of your debaucheries, and fill even your dreams with terror?

“Ye dark, designing knaves! ye murderers! parricides! how dare you thread upon the earth which has drank in the blood of slaughtered innocents, shed by your wicked hands? How dare you breathe that air which wafted to the ear of Heaven the groans of those who fell a sacrifice to your accursed ambition? But if the laboring earth doth not expand her jaws; if the air you breathe is not commissioned to be the minister of death; yet hear it, and tremble! the eye of Heaven penetrates the darkest chambers of the soul; traces the leading clue through all the labyrinths which your industrious folly has devised; and you, however you may have screened yourselves from human eyes, must be arraigned, must lift your hands, red with the blood of those whose deaths you have procured, at the tremendous bar of God.”

But the Boston kidnapping was done by Boston men. The worst of the kidnappers were natives of the spot. It was done by volunteers, not impressed

to the work, but choosing their profession, — loving the wages of sin, — and conscious of the loathing, and the scorn they are all sure to get, and bequeathe to their issue. They did it deliberately; it was a cold-blooded atrocity: they did it aggressively, not in self-defence, but in self-degradation. They did it for their pay: let them have it; verily, they shall have their reward.

When the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law, it seems to me the Governor ought to have assembled the Legislature; that they should have taken adequate measures for protecting the eight thousand nine hundred and seventy-five persons thus left at the mercy of any kidnapper; that officers should have been appointed, at the public cost, to defend these helpless men, and a law passed, punishing any one who should attempt to kidnap a man in this Commonwealth. Massachusetts should have done for Justice what South Carolina has long ago done for injustice. But Massachusetts had often seen her citizens put into the jails of the North, for no crime but their complexion, and looked on with a drowsy yawn. Once, indeed, she did send two persons, one to Charleston and the other to New Orleans, to attend to this matter: both of them were turned out of the South with insult and contempt. After that, Massachusetts did nothing; the Commonwealth did

nothing; the Commonwealth did not even scold: she sat mute as the symbolic fish in the State House. The Bay State turned non-resistant; — “passive obedience” should have been the motto then. So, when a bill was passed, putting the liberty of her citizens at the mercy of a crew of legalized kidnappers, the Governor of Massachusetts did nothing. Boston fired her hundred guns under the very eyes of John Hancock’s house; her servile and her rich men complimented their representative for voting away the liberty of nine thousand of her fellow-citizens. Was Boston Massachusetts? It is still the Governor.

As the Government of Massachusetts did nothing, the next thing would have been for the People to come together in a great mass meeting, and decree, as their fathers had often done, that so unjust a law should not be kept in the old Bay State, and appoint a committee to see that no man was kidnapped and carried off; and, if the kidnappers still insisted on kidnapping our brothers here in Massachusetts, the people could have found a way to abate that nuisance as easily as to keep off the stamped paper in 1765. The commissioners of the Slave Act might as easily be dealt with as the commissioners of the Stamp Act.

I love law, and respect law, and should be slow to violate it. I would suffer much, sooner than violate a statute that was simply inexpedient. There is no

natural reason, perhaps, for limiting the interest of money to six per cent.; but as the law of Massachusetts forbids more, I would not take more. I should hate to interrupt the course of law, and put violence in its place.

“The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straightforward goes
The lightning’s path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies, and rapid;
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches.
My son! the road the human being travels, —
That on which blessing comes and goes, — doth follow
The river’s course, the valley’s playful windings;
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.”

But when the rulers have inverted their function, and enacted wickedness into a law which treads down the unalienable rights of man to such degree as this, then I know no ruler but God, no law but natural Justice. I tear the hateful statute of kidnapers to shivers; I trample it underneath my feet. I do it in the name of all law; in the name of Justice and of Man; in the name of the dear God.

But of all this nothing was done. The Governor did not assemble the Legislature, as he would if a part of the property in Massachusetts had thus been put at the mercy of legalized ruffians. There was

no convention of the people of Massachusetts. True, there was a meeting at Faneuil Hall, a meeting chiefly of anti-slavery men; leading Freesoilers were a little afraid of it, though some of them came honorably forward. A venerable man put his name at the head of the signers of the call, and wrote a noble-spirited letter to the meeting; Josiah Quincy was a Faneuil Hall name in 1850, as well as in 1765. It was found a little difficult to get what in Boston is called a "respectable" man to preside. Yet one often true sat in the chair that night, — Charles F. Adams did not flinch, when you wanted a man to stand fire. A brave, good minister, whose large soul disdains to be confined to sect or party, came in from Cambridge, and lifted up his voice to the God who brought up Israel out of the iron house of bondage, and our fathers from thralldom in a strange land; thanking Him who created all men in His own image, and of one blood. Charles Lowell's prayer for all mankind will not soon be forgotten. The meeting was an honor to the men who composed it. The old spirit was there; philanthropy, which never fails; justice, that is not weary with continual defeat; and faith in God, which is sure to triumph at the last. But what a reproach was the meeting to Boston! "Respectability" was determined to kidnap.

At that meeting a Committee of Vigilance was appointed, and a very vigilant committee it has

proved itself, having saved the liberty of three or four hundred citizens of Boston. Besides, it has done many things not to be spoken of now. I know one of its members who has helped ninety-five fugitives out of the United States. It would not be well to mention his name, — he has “levied war” too often, — the good God knows it.*

Other towns in the State did the same thing. Vigilance Committees got on foot in most of the great towns, in many of the small ones. In some places, all the people rose up against the Fugitive Slave Bill; the whole town a vigilance committee. The country was right; off of the pavement, Liberty was the watchword; on the pavement, it was Money. But the Government of Massachusetts did nothing. Could the eight thousand nine hundred and seventy-five colored persons affect any election? Was their vote worth bidding for?

The controlling men of the Whig party and of the Democratic party, they either did nothing at all, or else went over in favor of kidnapping; some of them had a natural proclivity that way, and went over “with alacrity.”

The leading newspapers in the great towns, — they, of course, went on the side of inhumanity, with few honorable exceptions. The political papers thought kidnapping would “save the Union;”

* It is not yet safe to mention his name. Feb. 22, 1855!

the commercial papers thought it would "save trade," the great object for which the Union was established.

How differently had Massachusetts met the Acts of Trade and the Stamp Act! How are the mighty fallen! Yet, if you could have got their secret ballot, I think fifteen out of every twenty voters, even in Boston, would have opposed the law. But the leading politicians and the leading merchants were in favor of the bill, and the execution of it.

There are two political parties in America: one of them is very large and well organized; that is the Slave-soil party. It has two great subdivisions; one is called Whig, the other Democratic: together they make up the great national Slave-soil party. It was the desire of that party to extend slavery; making a national sin out of a sectional curse. They wished to "reannex" Massachusetts to the department of slave soil, and succeeded. We know the history of that party: who shall tell the future of its opponent? There will be a to-morrow after to-day.

The practical result was what the leading men of Boston desired: soon we had kidnappers in Boston. Some ruffians came here from Georgia, to kidnap William and Ellen Craft. Among them came a jailer from Macon, a man of infamous reputation, and character as bad as its repute; notoriously a cruel man, and hateful on that account even in Geor-

gia. In the handbills, his face was described as "uncommon bad." It was worthy of the description. I saw the face; it looked like total depravity incarnate in a born kidnapper. He was not quite welcome in Boston; Massachusetts had not then learned to "conquer her prejudices," yet he found friends, got "a sort of a lawyer" to help him kidnap a man and his wife: a fee will hire such men any day. He was a welcome guest at the United States Hotel, which, however, got a little tired of his company, and warned him off. The commissioner first applied to for aid in this business seemed to exhibit some signs of a conscience, and appeared a little averse to stealing a man. The Vigilance Committee put their eye on the kidnapper: he was glad to escape out of Boston with a whole skin. He sneaked off in a private way; went back to Georgia; published his story, partly true, false in part; got into a quarrel in the street at Macon, — I traced out his wriggling trail for some distance back, — it was not the first brawl he had been in; was stabbed to what is commonly called "the heart," and fell unmistakably dead. Some worthy persons had told him, if he went to Boston, he would "rot in a Massachusetts jail;" others, that they "hoped it would turn out so, for such an errand deserved such an end." Poor men of Georgia! they knew the Boston of 1765, not of 1850; — the town of the Stamp Act,

ruled by Select Men; not the city of the Slave Act, ruled by a "Mayor." Hughes came to save the "Union!"

That time the kidnappers went off without their prey. Somebody took care of Ellen Craft, and William took care of himself. They were parishioners of mine. Mr. Craft was a tall, brave man; his countrymen, not nobler than he, were once bishops of Hippo and of Carthage. He armed himself, pretty well too. I inspected his weapons: it was rather new business for me; New England ministers have not done much in that line since the Revolution. His powder had a good kernel, and he kept it dry; his pistols were of excellent proof, the barrels true and clean; the trigger went easy; the caps would not hang fire at the snap. I tested his poniard; the blade had a good temper, stiff enough, yet springy withal; the point was sharp. There was no law for him but the Law of Nature; he was armed and equipped "as that law directs." He walked the streets boldly; but the kidnappers did not dare touch him. Some persons offered to help Mr. Craft purchase himself. He said, "I will not give the man two cents for his 'right' to me. I will buy myself, not with gold, but iron!" That looked like "levying war," not like conquering his prejudices for liberty! William Craft did not obey "with alacrity." He stood his ground till the kidnappers had fled; then he also must flee. Boston was no home

for him. One of her most eminent ministers had said, if a fugitive came to him, "I would drive him away from my own door."

William and Ellen Craft were at the "World's Fair," specimens of American manufactures, the working-tools of the South; a proof of the democracy of the American State; part of the "outward evidences" of the Christianity of the American church. "It is a great country," whence a Boston clergyman would drive William Craft from his door! America did not compete very well with the European States in articles sent to the Fair. A "reaping machine" was the most quotable thing; then a "Greek slave" in marble; next an American slave in flesh and blood. America was the only contributor of slaves: she had the monopoly of the article; it is the great export of Virginia,—it was right to exhibit a specimen at the World's Fair. Visitors went to Westminster Abbey, and saw the monument of marble which Massachusetts erected to Lord George Howe, and thence to the Crystal Palace to see the man and woman whom Massachusetts would not keep from being kidnapped in her Capital.

In due time came the "Union meeting," on the twenty-sixth day of November, 1850, in Faneuil Hall, in front of the pictures of Samuel Adams and John Hancock,—in the hall which once rocked to the patriotism of James Otis, thundering against

Acts of Trade and Writs of Assistance, "more eloquent than Chatham or Burke." The Union meeting was held in the face and eyes of George Washington.

You remember the meeting. It was rather a remarkable platform; uniformly "Hunker," but decidedly heterogeneous. Yet sin abolishes all historical and personal distinctions. Kidnapping, like misery, "makes strange bedfellows." Three things all the speakers on that occasion developed in common: A hearty abhorrence of the Right; a uniform contempt for the Eternal Law of God; a common desire to kidnap a man. After all, the platform did not exhibit so strange a medley as it seemed at first: the difference in the speakers was chiefly cutaneous, only skin-deep. The reading and the speaking, the whining and the thundering, were all to the same tune. Pirates, who have just quarrelled about dividing the spoil, are of one heart when it comes to plundering and killing a man.

That was a meeting for the encouragement of kidnapping; not from the love of kidnapping in itself, but for the recompense of reward. I will not insult the common sense of respectable men with supposing that the talk about the "dissolution of the Union," and the cry, "The Union is in peril this hour," was any thing more than a stage-trick, which the managers doubtless thought was "well got up." So it was; but, I take it, the spectators who ap-

plauded, as well as the actors who grimaced, knew that the "lion" was no beast, but only "Simon Snug the joiner." Indeed, the lion himself often told us so. However, I did know two very "respectable" men of Boston, who actually believed the Union was in danger; only two,—but they are men of such incomprehensible exiguity of intellect, that their names would break to pieces if spoken loud.

Well, the meeting, in substance, told this truth: "Boston is willing; you may come here, and kidnap any black man you choose. We will lend you the marshal, the commissioner, the tools of perjury, supple courts of law, clergymen to bless the transaction, and editors to defend it!" That was the plain English meaning of the meeting, of the resolutions and the speeches. It was so understood North and South.

At the meeting itself it was declared that the Union was at the last gasp; but the next morning the political doctors, the "medicine-men" of our mythology, declared the old lady out of danger. She sat up that day, and received her friends. The meeting was "great medicine;" the crisis was passed. The Fugitive Slave Bill could "be executed in Boston," where the Writs of Assistance and the Stamp Act had been a dead letter: a man might be kidnapped in Boston any day.

But the meeting was far from unanimous at the

end. At the beginning a manly speech would have turned the majority in favor of the right. In November, 1850, half a dozen rich men might have turned Boston against the wicked law. But their interest lay the other side; and "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." Boston is bad enough, but bad only in spots; at that time the spots showed, and some men thought all Boston was covered with the smallpox of the Union meeting: the scars will mark the faces of only a few. I wish I could heal those faces, which will have an ugly look in the eyes of posterity.

The practical result of the meeting was what it was designed to be: soon we had other kidnapers in Boston. This time they found better friends: like consorteth with like. A certain lawyer's office in Boston became a huckstery of kidnapers' warrants. Soon the kidnapers had Shadrach in their fiery furnace, heated seven times hotter than before for William and Ellen Craft. But the Lord delivered him out of their clutch; and he now sings "God save the Queen," in token of his delivery out of the hands of the kidnapers of "Republican" Babylon. Nobody knows how he was delivered; the rescue was officially declared "levying war," the rescuers guilty of "treason." But, wonderful to say, after all the violations of law by the Court, and all the browbeating by the attorneys, and all the perjury and other "amendments and enlargement of

testimony" by witnesses, not a man was found guilty of any crime. Spite of "Union meetings," there is some respect for Massachusetts law; spite of judicial attempts to pack a jury, it is still the great safeguard of the people; spite of preaching, there is some virtue left; and, though a minister would send back his mother into slavery, a Massachusetts jury will not send a man to jail for such an act as that.

The case of Shadrach was not the last. Kidnapers came and kidnappers went: for a long time they got no spoil. I need not tell, must not tell, how they were evaded, or what help came, always in season. The Vigilance Committee did not sleep; it was in "permanent session" much of the whole winter; its eyes were in every place, beholding the evil and the good. The Government at Washington did not like this state of things, and stimulated the proper persons, as the keeper of a menagerie in private stirs up the hyenas and the cougars and the wolves, from a safe distance. There was a talk of "Sherman's flying-artillery" alighting at Boston; but it flew over and settled at Newport, I think. Next there was to be a "garrison of soldiers" to enforce the law; but the men in buckram did not appear. Then a "seventy-four gun ship was coming," to bombard Southack street, I suppose. Still it was determined that the "Union" was not quite safe; it was in danger of a "dissolution;" the

“medicine-men” of politics and commerce looked grave. True, the Union had been “saved” again and again, till her “salvation” was a weariness; she “was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse.” All winter long, the Union was reported as in a chronic spasm of “dissolution.” So the “medicine-men” prescribed: A man kidnapped in Massachusetts, to be taken at the South; with one scruple of lawyer, and two scruples of clergyman. That would set the Union on her legs. Boston was to furnish all this medicine.

It was long before this city could furnish a kidnapped man. The Vigilance Committee parried the blow aimed at the neck of the fugitive. The country was on our side,—gave us money, help, men when needed. The guardians of Boston could not bear the taunt that she had not sent back a slave. New York had been before her; the “City of Brotherly Love,” the home of Penn and Franklin, had assisted in kidnapping; it went on vigorously under the arm of a judge who appropriately bears the name of the great first murderer. No judge could be better entitled; Kane and kidnapping are names conjuring well. Should Boston delay? What a reproach to the fair fame of her merchants! The history of Boston was against them; America has not yet forgotten the conduct of Boston in the matter of the Stamp Act and Acts of Trade. She was deeply guilty of the Revolutionary War; she still kept its Cradle of

Liberty, and the bones of Adams and Hancock,—dangerous relics in any soil; they ought to have been “sent back” at the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and Faneuil Hall demolished. Bunker Hill Monument was within sight. Boston was suspected of not liking to kidnap a man. What a reproach it was to her!—8,975 colored persons in Massachusetts, and not a fugitive returned from Boston. September passed by, October, November, December, January, February, March; not a slave sent back in seven months! What a disgrace to the Government of Boston, which longed to steal a man; to the representative of Boston, who had voted for the theft; to the Union Meeting, which loved the Slave Act; to Mr. Webster, who thought Massachusetts would obey “with alacrity,”—his presidential stock looked down; to his kidnappers, who had not yet fleshed their fangs on a fugitive. What a reproach to the churches of commerce, and their patron, Saint Hunker! One minister would drive a fugitive from his door; another send back his own mother: what was their divinity worth, if, in seven months, they could not convert a single parishioner, and celebrate the sacrament of kidnapping!

Yet, after all, not a slave went back from old Boston, though more than four hundred fled out of the city from the stripes of America, and got safe to the Cross of England; not a slave went back from Boston, spite of her representative, her Government, her

Union Meeting, and her clerical advice. She would comfort herself against this sorrow, but her heart was faint in her. Well might she say, "The harvest is passed, the winter is ended, and we are not saved."

Yet the good men still left in Boston, their heart not wholly corrupt with politics and lust of gain, rejoiced that Boston was innocent of the great transgression of her sister-cities, and thought of the proud days of old. But wily men came here: it was alleged they came from the South. They went round to the shops of jobbers, to the mills of manufacturers, and looked at large quantities of goods, pretending a desire to purchase to a great amount; now it was a "large amount of domestics," then "a hundred thousand dollars worth of locomotives." "But then," said the wily men, "we do not like to purchase here; you are in favor of the dissolution of the Union." "Oh, no," says the Northerner; "not at all." "But you hate the South," rejoins the feigned customer. "By no means," retorts the dealer. "But you have not sent back a slave," concludes the customer, "and I cannot trade with you."

The trick was tried in several places, and succeeded. The story got abroad; it was reported that "large orders intended for Boston had been sent to New York, on account of the acquiescence of the latter city in the Fugitive Slave Bill." Trade is timid; gold is a cowardly metal; how the tinsel trembles when there is thunder in the sky! Em-

ployers threatened their workmen: "You must not attend anti-slavery meetings, nor speak against the Fugitive Slave Bill. The Union is in imminent danger."

The country was much more hostile to man-stealing than the city: it mocked at the kidnapers. "Let them try their game in Essex county," said some of the newspapers in that quarter. Thereupon commercial and political journals prepared to "cut off the supplies of the country," and "reduce the farmers and mechanics to submission." It was publicly advised that Boston should not trade with the obnoxious towns; nobody must buy shoes at Lynn. In 1774, the Boston Port Bill shut up our harbor: it was a punishment for making tea against the law. But "penurious old Salem," whose enterprise is equalled by nothing but her "severe economy," opened her safe and commodious harbor to the merchants of Boston, with no cost of wharfage! But the Boston of 1850 was not equal to the "penurious old Salem" of 1774!

It was now indispensable that a slave should be sent back. Trade was clamorous; the administration were urgent; the administration of Mr. Fillmore was in peril; Mr. Webster's reputation for slave-hunting was at stake; the Union was in danger; even the Marshal's commission was on the point of "dissolution," it is said. A descent was planned upon New Bedford, where the followers of Fox and

Penn had long hid the outcast. That attempt came to nothing. The Vigilance Committee made a long arm, and "toll^d the bell" of Liberty Hall in New Bedford. You remember the ghastly efforts at mirth made by some newspapers on the occasion. "The Vigilance Committee knows every thing," said one of the kidnappers.

It now became apparent that Boston must furnish the victim. But some of the magistrates of Boston thought the Marshal was too clumsy to succeed, and offered him the aid of the city. So, on the night of the third of April, Thomas Sims was kidnapped by two police-officers of Boston, pretending to the bystanders that he was making a disturbance, and to him that he was arrested for theft. He was had into the "Court" of the kidnappers the next morning, charged with being a slave and a fugitive.

You will ask, How did it happen that Sims did not resist the ruffians who seized him? He did resist; but he was a rash, heedless young fellow, and had a most unlucky knife, which knocked at a kidnapper's bosom, but could not open the door. He was very imperfectly armed. He underwent what was called a "trial," a trial without "due form of law;" without a jury, and without a judge; before a Slave Act Commissioner, who was to receive twice as much for sacrificing a victim as for acquitting a man! The Slave Commissioner decided that Mr. Sims was a slave. I take it, nobody beforehand

doubted that the decision would be against the man. The commissioner was to receive five dollars more for such a decision. The law was framed with exquisite subtlety. Five dollars is a small sum, very small; but things are great or little by comparison.

But, in doing justice to this remarkable provision of the bill, let me do no injustice to the commissioner, who decided that a man was not a man, but a thing. I am told that he would not kidnap a man for five dollars; I am told, on good authority, that it would be "no temptation to him." I believe it; for he also is "a man and a brother." I have heard good deeds of his doing, and believe that he did them. Total depravity does not get incarnated in any man. It is said that he refused both of the fees in this case; the one for the "examination," and the other for the actual enslaving of Mr. Sims. I believe this also: there is historical precedent on record for casting down a larger fee, not only ten but thirty pieces of silver, likewise "the price of blood," money too base for a Jew to put in the public chest eighteen hundred years ago!

A noble defence was made for Mr. Sims by three eminent lawyers, Messrs. Charles G. Loring, Robert Rantoul, Jr., and Samuel E. Sewall, all honorable and able men. Their arguments were productions of no common merit. But of what use to plead law in such a "Court" of the Fugitive Slave Bill; to appeal to the Constitution, when the statute is

designed to thwart justice, and to destroy "the blessings of liberty?" Of what avail to appeal to the natural principles of right before the tool of an administration which denies that there is any law of God higher than the schemes of a politician? It all came to nothing. A reasonable man would think that the human body and soul were "free papers" from the Almighty, sealed with "the image and likeness of God;" but, of course, in a kidnapper's "Court," such a certificate is of no value.

You all know the public account of the kidnapping and "trial" of Mr. Sims. What is known to me in private, it is not time to tell: I will tell that to your children; no! perhaps your grandchildren.

You know that the arrest was illegal, the officers of Massachusetts being forbidden by statute to help arrest a fugitive slave. Besides, it appears that they had no legal warrant to make the arrest: they lied, and pretended to arrest him for another alleged offence. He was on "trial" nine days, — arraigned before a Slave Act Commissioner, — and never saw the face of a judge or any judicial officer but once. Before he could be removed to slavery, it was necessary that the spirit of the Constitution should be violated; that its letter should be broken; that the laws of Massachusetts should be cloven down; its officers, its courts, and its people, treated with contempt. The Fugitive Slave Bill could only be enforced by the bayonet.

You remember the aspect of Boston, from the fourth of April till the twelfth. You saw the chains about the Court House; you saw the police of Boston, bludgeons in their hands, made journeymen kidnappers against their will. Poor fellows! I pitied them. I knew their hearts. Once on a terrible time,—it was just as they were taking Mr. Sims from the Court House, a year ago this day,—somebody reproached them, calling them names fitting their conduct, and I begged him to desist; a poor fellow clutched my arm, and said, “For God’s sake, don’t scold us: we feel worse than you do!” But with the money of Boston against them, the leading clergy defending the crime against human nature, the City Government using its brief authority, squandering the treasure of Boston and its intoxicating drink for the same purpose, what could a police-officer or a watchman do but obey orders? They did it most unwillingly and against their conscience.

You remember the conduct of the Courts of Massachusetts; the Supreme Court seemed to love the chains around the Court House; for one by one the judges bowed and stooped and bent and cringed and curled and crouched down, and crawled under the chains. Who judges justly must himself be free. What could you expect of a court sitting behind chains; of judges crawling under them to go to their own place?—the same that you found. It was a very appropriate spectacle,—the Southern chain on

the neck of the Massachusetts Court. If the Bay State were to send a man into bondage, it was proper that the Court House should be in chains, and the judges should go under.

You remember the "soldiers" called out, the celebrated "Sims Brigade," liquored at Court Square and lodged at Faneuil Hall. Do you remember when soldiers were quartered in that place before? It was in 1768, when hireling "regulars" came, slaves themselves, and sent by the British Ministry to "make slaves of us all;" to sheathe their swords "in the bowels of their countrymen!" That was a sight for the eyes of John Hancock,—the "Sims Brigade," in Faneuil Hall, called out to aid a Slave Act Commissioner in his attempt to kidnap one of his fellow-citizens! A man by the name of Samuel Adams drilled the police in the street. Samuel Adams of the old time left no children. We have lost the true names of men; only Philadelphia keeps one.

You remember the looks of men in the streets, the crowds that filled up Court Square. Men came in from the country,—came a hundred miles to look on; some of them had fathers who fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill. They remembered the old times, when, the day after the battle of Lexington, a hundred and fifty volunteers, with the firelock at the shoulder, took the road from New Ipswich to Boston.

You have not forgotten the articles in the news-

papers, Whig and Democratic both; the conduct of the "leading" churches you will never forget.

What an appropriate time that would have been for the Canadians to visit the "Athens of America," and see the conduct of the "freest and most enlightened people in the world!" If the great Hungarian could have come at that time, he would have understood the nature of "our peculiar institutions;" at least of our political men.

You remember the decision of the Circuit judge, — himself soon to be summoned by death before the Judge who is no respecter of persons, — not allowing the destined victim his last hope, "the great writ of right." The decision left him entirely at the mercy of the other kidnapers. The Court-room was crowded with "respectable people," "gentlemen of property and standing:" they received the decision with "applause and the clapping of hands." Seize a lamb out of a flock, a wolf from a pack of wolves, the lambs bleat with sympathy, the wolves howl with fellowship and fear; but when a competitor for the Presidency sends back to eternal bondage a poor, friendless negro, asking only his limbs, wealthy gentlemen of Boston applaud the outrage.

"O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!"

You remember still the last act in this sad tragedy, — the rendition of the victim. In the darkest

hour of the night of the eleventh and twelfth of April, the kidnappers took him from his jail in Court Square, weeping as he left the door. Two kindly men went and procured the poor shivering boy a few warm garments for his voyage: I will not tell their names; perhaps their charity was "treason," and "levying war." Both of the men were ministers, and had not forgotten the great human word: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." The chief kidnappers surrounded Mr. Sims with a troop of policemen, armed with naked swords; that troop was attended by a larger crew of some two hundred policemen, armed with clubs. They conducted him, weeping as he went, towards the water-side; they passed under the eaves of the old State House, which had rocked with the eloquence of James Otis, and shaken beneath the manly tread of both the Adamses, whom the cannon at the door could not terrify, and whose steps awakened the nation. They took him over the spot where, eighty-one years before, the ground had drunk in the African blood of Christopher Attucks, shed by white men on the fifth of March; brother's blood which did not cry in vain. They took him by the spot where the citizens of Massachusetts — some of their descendants were again at the place — scattered the taxed tea of Great Britain to the waters and the winds; they put him

on board the "Acorn," owned by a merchant of Boston, who, once before, had kidnapped a man on his own account, and sent him off to the perdition of slavery, without even the help of a commissioner; a merchant to whom it is "immaterial what his children may say of him!"

"And this is Massachusetts liberty!" said the victim of the avarice of Boston. No, Thomas Sims, that was not "Massachusetts liberty;" it was all the liberty which the Government of Massachusetts wished you to have; it was the liberty which the City Government presented you; it was the liberty which Daniel Webster designed for you. The people of Massachusetts still believe that "all men are born free and equal," and "have natural, essential, and unalienable rights," "of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties," "of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness." Even the people of Boston believe that; but certain politicians and merchants, to whom it is "immaterial what their children say" of them, — they wished you to be a slave, and it was they who kidnapped you.

Some of you remember the religious meeting held on the spot, as this new "missionary" went abroad to a heathen land; the prayer put up to Him who made of one blood all nations of the earth; the hymns sung. They sung then, who never sung before, their "Missionary Hymn:" —

“ From many a Southern river
And field of sugar-cane,
They call us to deliver
Their land from Slavery’s chain.”

On the spot where the British soldiers slew Christopher Attucks in 1770, other men of Boston resolved to hold a religious meeting that night. They were thrust out of the hall they had engaged. The next day was the Christian sabbath; and at night a meeting was held in a “large upper room,” a meeting for mutual condolence and prayer. You will not soon forget the hymns, the Scriptures, the speeches, and the prayers of that night. This assembly is one of the results of that little gathering.

Well, all of that you knew before; this you do not know. Thomas Sims, at Savannah, had a fair and handsome woman, by the courtesy of the master called his “wife.” Sims loved his wife; and, when he came to Boston, wrote, and told her of his hiding-place, the number in the street, and the name of the landlord. His wife had a paramour; that is a very common thing. The slave is “a chattel personal, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.” By the law of Georgia, no female slave owns her own virtue; single or married, it is all the same. This African Delilah told her paramour of her husband’s hiding-place. Blame her not: perhaps she thought “the Union is in peril this hour,” and wished

to save it. Yet I doubt that she would send back her own mother; the African woman does not come to that; only a Doctor of Divinity and Chaplain of the Navy. I do not suppose she thought she was doing her husband any harm in telling of his escape; nay, it is likely that her joy was so full, she could not hold it in. The Philistine had ploughed with Sims's heifer, and found out his riddle: the paramour told the master Sims's secret; the master sent the paramour of Mr. Sims's wife to Boston to bring back the husband! He was very welcome in this city, and got "the best of legal advice" at a celebrated office in Court street. Boston said, "God speed the paramour!" the Government of Massachusetts, "God speed the crime!" Money came to the pockets of the kidnappers; the paramour went home, his object accomplished, and the master was doubtless grateful to the city of Boston, which honored thus the piety of its founders!

He was taken back to Georgia in the "Acorn;" some of the better sort of kidnappers went with him to Savannah; there Sims was put in jail, and they received a public dinner. You know the reputation of the men: the workmen were worthy of their meat. In jail, Mr. Sims was treated with great severity; not allowed to see his relatives, not even his mother. It is said that he was tortured every day with a certain number of stripes on his naked back; that his master once offered to remit part of

the cruelty, if he would ask pardon for running away. The man refused, and took the added blows. One day, the jail-doctor told the master that Sims was too ill to bear more stripes. The master said, "Damn him! give him the lashes, if he dies;" — and the lashes fell. Be not troubled at that; a slave is only a "chattel personal." Those blows were laid on by the speakers of the Union meeting; it was only "to save the Union." I have seen a clerical certificate, setting forth that the "owner" of Mr. Sims was an "excellent Christian," and "uncommonly pious." When a clergyman would send back his own mother, such conduct is sacramental in a layman.

When Thomas Sims was unlawfully seized, and detained in custody against the law, the Governor of Massachusetts was in Boston; the Legislature was in session. It seems to me it was their duty to protect the man, and enforce the laws of the State; but they did no such thing.

As that failed, it seems to me that the next thing was for the public to come together in a vast multitude, and take their brother out of the hands of his kidnappers, and set him at liberty. On the morning of the sixth of March, 1770, the day after the Boston massacre, Faneuil Hall could not hold the town-meeting. They adjourned to the Old South, and demanded "the immediate removal of the troops;"

at sundown there was "not a Red-coat in Boston." But the people in this case did no such thing.

The next thing was for the Vigilance Committee to deliver the man: the country has never forgiven the Committee for not doing it. I am Chairman of the executive committee of the Vigilance Committee; I cannot now relate all that was done, all that was attempted. I will tell that when the time comes. Yet I think you will believe me when I say the Vigilance Committee did all they could. But see some of the difficulties in their way.

There was in Boston a large number of crafty, rich, designing, and "respectable" men, who wanted a man kidnapped in Boston, and sent into slavery; they wanted that for the basest of purposes,—for the sake of money; they wanted the name of it, the reputation of kidnapping a man. They protected the kidnappers,—foreign and domestic; egged them on, feasted them. It has been said that fifteen hundred men volunteered to escort their victim out of the State; that some of them are rich men. I think the majority of the middle class of men were in favor of freedom; but, in Boston, what is a man without money? and, if he has money, who cares how base his character may be? You demand moral character only of a clergyman. Some of the richest men were strongly in favor of freedom; but, alas! not many, and for the most part they were silent.

The City Government of that period I do not like to speak of. It offers to a man, as cool as I am, a temptation to use language which a gentleman does not wish to apply to any descendant of the human race. But that Government, encouraging its thousand and five hundred illegal grogeries, and pretending a zeal for law, was for kidnapping a man; so the police-force of the city was unlawfully put to that work; soldiers were called out; the money of the city flowed freely, and its rum. I do not suppose that the kidnapping was at all disagreeable to the "conscience" of the City Government; they seemed to like it, and the consequences thereof.

The prominent clergy of Boston were on the same side. The Dollar demanded that; and whither it went, thither went they. "Like people like priest" was a proverb two thousand five hundred years ago, and is likely to hold its edge for a long time to come. Still there were some very noble men among the ministers of Boston: we found them in all denominations.

Then the Courts of Massachusetts refused to issue the writ of *Habeas Corpus*. They did not afford the smallest protection to the poor victim of Southern tyranny.

Not a sheriff could be got to serve a writ; the high sheriff refused, all his deputies held back. Who could expect them to do their duty when all else failed?

The Legislature was then in session. They sat from January till May. They knew that eight thousand nine hundred and seventy-five citizens of Massachusetts had no protection but public opinion, and in Boston that opinion was against them. They saw four hundred citizens of Boston flee off for safety; they saw Shadrach captured in Boston; they saw him kidnapped, and put in jail against their own law; they saw the streets filled with soldiers to break the laws of Massachusetts, the police of Boston employed in the same cause; they saw the sheriffs refuse to serve a writ; they saw Thomas Sims kidnapped and carried from Boston; and, in all the five months of the session, they did not pass a law to protect their fellow-citizens; they did not even pass a "resolution" against the extension of slavery! The Senate had a committee to investigate the affair in Boston. They sat in the Senate-hall, and were continually insulted by the vulgarest of men; insulted not only with impudence, but impunity, by men who confessed that they were violating the laws of Massachusetts.

Massachusetts had then a Governor who said he "would not harbor a fugitive slave." What did he do? He sat as idle as a feather in the chair of State; he left the sheriffs as idle as he. While the laws of Massachusetts were broken nine days running, the successor of John Hancock sat as idle as a feather in the chair of State, and let kidnapping go

on! I hate to say these things. The Governor is a young man, not without virtues; but think of such things in Massachusetts!

This is my public defence of the Vigilance Committee. The private defence shall come, if I live long enough.

It was on the Nineteenth day of April that Thomas Sims was landed at Savannah, and put in the public jail of the city. Do you know what that day stands for in your calendar? Some of your fathers knew very well. Ten miles from here is a little monument at Lexington, "sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind," telling that on the 19th of April, 1775, some noble men stood up there against the army of England, "fired the shot heard round the world," and laid down their lives "in the sacred cause of God and their country;" six miles further off is another little monument at Concord; two miles further back, a third, all dating from the same day. The War of Revolution began at Lexington, to end at Yorktown. Its first battle was on the Nineteenth of April. Hancock and Adams lodged at Lexington with the minister. One raw morning, a little after daybreak, a tall man, with a large forehead under a three-cornered hat, drew up his company of seventy men on the green, farmers and mechanics like himself; only one is left now, the boy who "played" the men to the spot. They wheeled into line to wait

for the Regulars. The captain ordered every man to load "his piece with powder and ball." "Do n't fire," were his words, "unless fired upon; but, if they want a war, let it begin here."

The Regulars came on. Some Americans offered to run away from their post. Their captain said, "I will order the first man shot dead that leaves his place." The English commander cried out, "Disperse, you rebels; lay down your arms and disperse." Not a man stirred. "Disperse, you damned rebels!" shouted he again. Not a man stirred. He ordered the vanguard to fire; they did so, but over the heads of our fathers. Then the whole main body levelled their pieces, and there was need of ten new graves in Lexington. A few Americans returned the shot. British blood stained the early grass, which "waved with the wind." "Disperse and take care of yourselves," was the captain's last command! And, after the British fired their third round, there lay the dead, and there stood the soldiers; there was a battle field between England and America, never to be forgot, never to be covered over. The "mother-country" of the morning was the "enemy" at sunrise. "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" said Samuel Adams.

The Nineteenth of April was a good day for Boston to land a fugitive slave at Savannah, and put him in jail, because he claimed his liberty. Some of you had fathers in the Battle of Lexington, many of

you relations ; some of you, I think, keep trophies from that day, won at Concord or at Lexington. I have seen such things, — powder-horns, shoe-buckles, a firelock, and other things, from the Nineteenth of April, 1775. Here is a Boston trophy from April Nineteenth, 1851. This is the coat of Thomas Sims.* He wore it on the third of April last. Look at it. You see he did not give up with alacrity, nor easily “conquer” his “prejudices” for liberty. See how they rent the sleeve away ! His coat was torn to tatters. “And this is Massachusetts liberty !”

Let the kidnappers come up and say, “Massachusetts ! knowest thou whether this be thy son’s coat or not ?”

Let Massachusetts answer : “It is my son’s coat ! An evil beast hath devoured him. Thomas is without doubt rent in pieces !”

Yes, Massachusetts ! that is right. It was an evil beast that devoured him, worse than the lion which comes up from the swelling of Jordan : it was a kidnapper. Thomas was rent with whips ! Go, Massachusetts ! keep thy trophies from Lexington. I will keep this to remind me of Boston, and her dark places, which are full of cruelty.

After the formation of the Union, a monument was erected at Beacon Hill, to commemorate the chief events which led to the American Revolution,

* Here the coat was exhibited.

and helped secure liberty and independence. Some of you remember the inscriptions thereon. If a monument were built to commemorate the events which are connected with the recent "Salvation of the Union," the inscriptions might be:—

Union saved by Daniel Webster's Speech at Washington, March 7, 1850.

Union saved by Daniel Webster's Speech at Boston, April 30, 1850.

Union saved by the Passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, Sept. 18, 1850.

Union saved by the arrival of Kidnapper Hughes at Boston, Oct. 19, 1850.

Union saved by the "Union Meeting" at Faneuil Hall, Nov. 26, 1850.

Union saved by kidnapping Thomas Sims at Boston, April 3, 1851.

Union saved by the Rendition of Thomas Sims at Savannah, April 19, 1851. — "*Oh, what a glorious morning is this!*"

SICUT PATRIBUS SIT DEUS NOBIS.*

The great deeds of the American Revolution were also commemorated by medals. The Boston kidnapping is worthy of such commemoration, and would be an appropriate subject for a medal, which might bear on one side a bass-relief of the last scene of that act: the Court House in chains; the victim in the hollow square of Boston police, their swords and bludgeons in their hands. The motto might be

* The Latin words are the motto on the Seal of Boston.

— THE GREAT OBJECT OF GOVERNMENT IS THE PROTECTION OF PROPERTY AT HOME.* The other side might bear a Boston Church, surrounded by shops and taverns taller than itself, with the twofold inscription: NO HIGHER LAW; and I WOULD SEND BACK MY OWN MOTHER.

What a change from the Boston of John Hancock to the Boston of the Fugitive Slave Bill; from the town which hung Grenville and Huske in effigy, to the city which approved Mr. Webster's speech in defence of slave-catching! Boston tolled her bells for the Stamp Act, and fired a hundred holiday cannons for the Slave Act! Massachusetts, all New England, has been deeply guilty of slavery and the slave-trade. An exile from Germany finds the chief street of Newport paved by a tax of ten dollars a head on all the slaves landed there; the little town sent out Christian New England rum, and brought home Heathen men—for sale. Slavery came to Boston with the first settlers. In 1639, Josselyn found here a negro woman in bondage refusing to become the mother of slaves. There was much to palliate the offence: all northern Europe was stained with the crime. It did not end in Westphalia till 1789. But the consciences of New England never slept easy under that sin. Before 1641, Massachu-

* Remark of Mr. Webster.

setts ordered that a slave should be set free after seven years' service, reviving a merciful ordinance of the half-barbarous Hebrews a thousand years before Christ. In 1645, the General Court of Massachusetts sent back to Guinea two black men illegally enslaved, and made a law forbidding the sale of slaves, except captives in war, or men sentenced to sale for crime. Even they were set free after seven years' service. Still slavery always existed here, spite of the law; the newspapers once contained advertisements of "negro-babies to be given away" in Boston! Yet New England never loved slavery: hard and cruel as the Puritans were, they had some respect for the letter of the New Testament. In 1700, Samuel Sewall protested against "the selling of Joseph;" as another Sewall, in 1851, protested against the selling of Thomas. There was a great controversy about slavery in Massachusetts in 1766; even Harvard College took an interest in freedom, setting its young men to look at the rights of man! In 1767, a bill was introduced to the General Assembly to prevent "the unnatural and unwarrantable custom of enslaving mankind." It was killed by the Hunkers of that time. In 1774, a bill of a similar character passed the Assembly, but was crushed by the veto of Governor Hutchinson.

In 1788, three men were illegally kidnapped at Boston by "one Avery, a native of Connecticut," and carried off to Martinico. Then we had John

Hancock for governor, and he wrote to all the governors of the West India Islands in favor of the poor creatures. The Boston Association of Congregational Ministers petitioned the Legislature to prohibit Massachusetts ships from engaging in the foreign or domestic slave-trade. Dr. Belknap was a member of the Association, — a man worthy to have Channing for a successor to his humanity. The Legislature passed a bill for the purpose. In July the three men were brought back from the West Indies: Dr. Belknap says, “It was a day of jubilee for all the friends of justice and humanity.”

What a change from the Legislature, clergy, and governor of 1788 to that of 1851! Alas! men do not gather figs of thistles. The imitators of this Avery save the Union now: he saved it before it was formed. How is the faithful city become a harlot! It was full of judgment: righteousness lodged in it, but now murderers.

What is the cause of this disastrous change! It is the excessive love of money which has taken possession of the leading men. In 1776, General Washington said of Massachusetts: “Notwithstanding all the public spirit that is ascribed to this people, there is no nation under the sun that I ever came across, which pays greater adoration to money than they do.” What would he say now? Selfishness and covetousness have flowed into the commercial

capital of New England, seeking their fortune. Boston is now a shop, with the aim of a shop, and the morals of a shop, and the politics of a shop.

Thomas Jefferson said: Governments are instituted amongst men to secure the natural and unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. All America said so on the fourth of July, 1776. But we have changed all that. Daniel Webster said, at New York, 1850: "The great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad." John Hancock had some property to protect; but he said the design of government is "security to the persons and the properties of the governed." He put the persons first, and the property afterwards; the substance of man before his accidents. Hancock said again: "It is the indispensable duty of every member of society to promote, as far as in him lies, the prosperity of every individual." The Governor of Massachusetts says: "I would not harbor a fugitive." A clergyman says: I would send back my own mother! If the great object of government is the protection of property, why should a governor personally harbor a fugitive, or officially protect nine thousand colored men? Why should not a clergyman send to slavery his mother, to save the Union, or to save a bank, or to gain a chaplaincy in the navy? But, if this be so, then what a mistake it was in Jesus of Nazareth to say, "A man's life consisteth not in the abun-

dance of things that he possesseth!" Verily the meat is more than the life; the body less than raiment! Christ was mistaken in his "Beware of covetousness:" he should have said, "Beware of philanthropy; drive off a fugitive; send back your mother to bondage. Blessed are the kidnappers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Even Thomas Paine had a Christianity which would choke at the infidelity and practical atheism taught in the blessed name of Jesus in the Boston churches of Commeree to-day. The Gospel relates that Jesus laid his hands on men to bless them — on the deaf, and they heard; on the dumb, and they spoke; on the blind, and they saw; on the lame, and they walked; on the maimed and the sick, and they were whole. But Christian Boston lays its hand on a whole and free man, and straightway he owns no eyes, no ears, no tongue, no hands, no foot, he is a slave!

In 1761, the Massachusetts of John Hancock would not pay three pence duty on a pound of tea, to have all the protection of the British crown: ninety years later, the Boston of Daniel Webster, to secure the trade of the South, and a dim, delusive hope of a protective tariff, will pay any tax in men. It is no new thing for her citizens to be imprisoned at Charleston and New Orleans, because they are black. What merchant cares? It does not inter-

rupt trade. Five citizens of Massachusetts have just been sent into bondage by a Southern State. Of what consequence is that to the politicians of the Commonwealth? Our property is worth six hundred million dollars. By how much is a man worth less than a dollar! The penny wisdom of "Poor Richard" is the great gospel to the city which cradled the benevolence of Franklin.

Boston capitalists do not hesitate to own Southern plantations, and buy and sell men; Boston merchants do not scruple to let their ships for the domestic slave-trade, and carry the child from his mother in Baltimore, to sell him to a planter in Louisiana or Alabama; some of them glory in kidnapping their fellow-citizens in Boston. Most of the slave-ships in the Atlantic are commanded by New England men. A few years ago, one was seized by the British Government at Africa, "full of slaves;" it was owned in Boston, had a "clearance" from our harbor, and left its name on the books of the insurance offices here. The controlling men of Boston have done much to promote, to extend, and to perpetuate slavery. Why not, if the protection of property be the great object of Government? why not, if interest is before Justice? why not, if the higher law of God is to be sneered at in state and church?

When the Fugitive Slave Bill passed, the six New England States lay fast asleep: Massachusetts slept

soundly, her head pillowed on her unsold bales of cotton and of woollen goods, dreaming of "orders from the South." Justice came to waken her, and whisper of the peril of nine thousand citizens; and she started in her sleep, and, being frightened, swore a prayer or two, then slept again. But Boston woke, — sleeping, in her shop, with ears open, and her eye on the market, her hand on her purse, dreaming of goods for sale, — Boston woke broadly up, and fired a hundred guns for joy. O Boston, Boston! if thou couldst have known, in that thine hour, the things which belong unto thy peace! But no: they were hidden from her eyes. She had prayed to her god, to Money; he granted her the request, but sent leanness into her soul.

Yet at first I did not believe that the Fugitive Slave Bill could be executed in Boston; even the firing of the cannons did not convince me; I did not think men bad enough for that. I knew something of wickedness; I knew what love of money could do; I had seen it blind most venerable eyes. I knew Boston was a Tory town; the character of upstart Tories — I thought I knew that: the man just risen from the gutter knocks down him that is rising. But I knew also the ancient history of Boston. I remembered the first commissioner we ever had in New England, — Sir Edmund Andros, sent here by the worst of the Stuarts "to rob us of our charters in North America." He was a terrible

tyrant. The liberty of Connecticut fled into the
 "Great Oak at Hartford:" —

"The Charter Oak it was the tree
 That saved our blessed liberty."

"All Connecticut was in the Oak." But Massachusetts laid her hands on the commissioner, — he was her Governor also, — put him in jail, and sent him home for trial in 1689. William of Orange thought we "served him right." The name of "commissioner" has always had an odious meaning to my mind. I did not think a commissioner at kidnaping men would fare better than Sir Edmund kidnaping charters. I remembered the Writs of Assistance, and thought of James Otis; the Stamp Act, "Adams and Liberty" came to my mind. I did not forget the way our fathers made tea with salt-water. I looked up at that tall obelisk; I took courage, and have since revered that "monument of piled stones." — I could not think Mr. Webster wanted the law enforced, spite of his speeches and letters. It was too bad to be true of him. I knew he was a bankrupt politician, in desperate political circumstances, gaming for the Presidency, with the probability of getting the vote of the county of Suffolk, and no more. I knew he was not rich: his past history showed that he would do almost any thing for money, which he seems as covetous to get

as prodigal to spend. I knew that "a man in falling will catch at a redhot iron hook." I saw why Mr. Webster caught at the Fugitive Slave Bill: it was a great fall from the coveted and imaginary Presidency down to actual private life at Marshfield. It was a great fall. The Slave Act was the redhot iron hook to a man "falling like Lucifer, never to hope again." The temptation was immense. I could not think he meant to hold on there; he did often relax his grasp, yet only to clutch it the tighter. I did not like to think he had a bad heart. I hoped he would shrink from blasting the head of a single fugitive with that dreadful "thunder" of his speech; that he would not like to execute his own law. Men in Boston said it could not be executed. Even cruel men that I knew shuddered at the thought of kidnapping a man who fills their glasses with wine. The law was not fit to be executed: that was the general opinion in Boston at first. So, when kidnapper Hughes came here for William Craft, even the commissioner applied to was a little shy of the business. Yet that commissioner is not a very scrupulous man. I mean, in the various parties he has wriggled through, he has not left the reputation of any excessive and maidenly coyness in moral matters, and a genius for excessive scrupulousness as to means or ends. Even a Hunker minister informed me that he "would certainly aid a fugitive." But, after the Union Meeting, the clouds of darkness

gathered together, and it set in for a storm ; the kid-nappers went and rough-ground their swords on the grindstone of the church, a navy chaplain turning the crank ; and all our hopes fell to the ground.

“ Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

The relentless administration of Mr. Fillmore has been as cruel as the law they framed. Mr. Webster has thrust the red-hot iron hook into the flesh of thousands of his fellow-citizens. He and his kid-nappers came to a nation scattered and peeled, meted out and trodden down ; they have ground the poor creatures to powder under their hoof. I wish I could find an honorable motive for such deeds, but hitherto no analysis can detect it, no solar microscope of charity can bring such a motive to light. The end is base, the means base, the motive base.

Yet one charge has been made against the Government, which seems to me a little harsh and unjust. It has been said the administration preferred low and contemptible men as their tools ; judges who blink at law, advocates of infamy, and men cast off from society for perjury, for nameless crimes, and sins not mentionable in English speech ; creatures “ not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus’s sores ; but, like flies, still buzzing upon any thing

that is raw." There is a semblance of justice in the charge : witness Philadelphia, Buffalo, Boston ; witness New York. It is true for kidnappers the Government did take men that looked "like a bull-dog just come to man's estate ;" men whose face declared them, "if not the devil, at least his twin-brother." There are kennels of the courts wherein there settles down all that the law breeds most foul, loathsome, and hideous and abhorrent to the eye of day ; there this contaminating puddle gathers its noisome ooze, slowly, stealthily, continually, agglomerating its fetid mass by spontaneous cohesion, and sinking by the irresistible gravity of rottenness into that abhorred deep, the lowest, ghastliest pit in all the subterranean vaults of human sin. It is true the Government has skimmed the top and dredged the bottom of these kennels of the courts, taking for its purpose the scum and sediment thereof, the Squeers, the Fagins, and the Quilps of the law, the monsters of the court. Blame not the Government ; it took the best it could get. It was necessity, not will, which made the selection. Such is the stuff that kidnappers must be made of. If you wish to kill a man, it is not bread you buy : it is poison. Some of the instruments of Government were such as one does not often look upon. But, of old time, an inquisitor was always "a horrid-looking fellow, as beseemed his trade." It is only justice that a kidnapper should bear "his great commission in his look."

In a town full of British soldiers in 1774, on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, John Hancock said:—

“ Surely you never will tamely suffer this country to be a den of thieves. Remember, my friends, from whom you sprang. Let not a meanness of spirit, unknown to those whom you boast of as your fathers, excite a thought to the dishonor of your mothers. I conjure you by all that is dear, by all that is honorable, by all that is sacred, not only that ye pray, but that you act; that, if necessary, ye fight, and even die, for the prosperity of our Jerusalem. Break in sunder, with noble disdain, the bonds with which the Philistines have bound you. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by the soft arts of luxury and effeminaey into the pit digged for your destruction. Despise the glare of wealth. That people who pay greater respect to a wealthy villain than to an honest, upright man in poverty, almost deserve to be enslaved: they plainly show that wealth, however it may be acquired, is, in their esteem, to be preferred to virtue.

“ But I thank God that America abounds in men who are superior to all temptation, whom nothing can divert from a steady pursuit of the interest of their country, who are at once its ornament and safeguard. And sure I am I should not incur your displeasure, if I paid a respect so justly due to their much-honored characters, in this place; but, when I

name an Adams, such a numerous host of fellow-patriots rush upon my mind, that I fear it would take up too much of your time, should I attempt to call over the illustrious roll: but your grateful hearts will point you to the men; and their revered names, in all succeeding times, shall grace the annals of America. From them, let us, my friends, take example; from them let us catch the divine enthusiasm; and feel, each for himself, the godlike pleasure of diffusing happiness on all around us; of delivering the oppressed from the iron grasp of tyranny; of changing the hoarse complaint and bitter moans of wretched slaves into those cheerful songs which freedom and contentment must inspire. There is a heartfelt satisfaction in reflecting on our exertions for the public weal, which all the sufferings an enraged tyrant can inflict will never take away, which the ingratitude and reproaches of those whom we have saved from ruin cannot rob us of. The virtuous assertor of the rights of mankind merits a reward, which even a want of success in his endeavors to save his country, the heaviest misfortune which can befall a genuine patriot, cannot entirely prevent him from receiving."

But, in 1850, Mr. Webster bade Massachusetts "conquer her prejudices." He meant the "prejudices" in favor of Justice, in favor of the Unalienable Rights of Man, in favor of Christianity. Did Massachusetts obey? The answer was given a year

ago. "Despise the glare of wealth," said the richest man in New England in 1774: the "great object of government is the protection of property," said "the great intellect" of America in 1850! John Hancock seventy-eight years ago, said: "We dread nothing but slavery:" Daniel Webster two years ago, said, Massachusetts will obey the Fugitive Slave Bill "with alacrity." Boston has forgotten John Hancock.

In 1775, Joseph Warren said, "Scourges and death with tortures are far less terrible than slavery." Now it is "a great blessing to the African." Said the same Warren, "The man who meanly submits to wear a shackle contemns the noblest gift of Heaven, and impiously affronts the God that made him free." Now clergymen tell us that kidnappers are ordained of God, and passive obedience is every man's duty. The town of Boston in 1770, declared, "Mankind will not be reasoned out of the feelings of humanity." In 1850, the pulpit of Boston says, Send back your brother.

The talk of dissolution is no new trick. Hear General Warren, in the spirit of 1775: "Even anarchy itself, that bugbear held up by the tools of power, is infinitely less dangerous to mankind than arbitrary government. Anarchy can be but of short duration; for, when men are at liberty to pursue that course which is most conducive to their own happiness, they will soon come into it, and from the rudest state of

nature order and good government must soon arise. But tyranny, when once established, entails its curses on a nation to the latest period of time, unless some daring genius, inspired by Heaven, shall, unappalled by danger, bravely form and execute the design of restoring liberty and life to his enslaved and murdered country." Now a man would send his mother into slavery to save the Union!

Will Boston be called on again to return a fugitive? Not long since, some noble ladies in a neighboring town, whose religious hand often reaches through the darkness to save men ready to perish, related to me a fresh tale of woe. Here is their letter of the first of March:—

"Only ten days ago, we assisted a poor, deluded sufferer in effecting his escape to Canada, after having been cheated into the belief by the profligate captain who brought him from the South, that he would be in safety as soon as he reached Boston. . . . He had accumulated two hundred dollars, which he put into the captain's hands, upon his agreeing to secrete him, and bring him to Boston. The moment the vessel touched the wharf, the scoundrel bade the poor fellow be off in a moment; and he then discovered his liability to be pursued and taken. It was then midnight, and the cold was intense. He wandered about the streets, and in the morning strolled into the —— Depot, and came out to —— in the earliest cars. On reaching this town, he had the

sense to find out the only man of color who lives here, ——, a very respectable barber. Mr. —— sheltered him that day and the following night; and early the next morning a sufficient sum had been collected for him to pay his passage to Canada, and supply his first wants after arriving there; but, in the meanwhile, the villanous captain bears off his hard earnings in triumph.”

I must not give the names of the ladies: they are liable to a fine of a thousand dollars each, and imprisonment for six months.* It was atrocious in the captain to steal the two hundred dollars from the poor captive; but the Government of the United States would gladly steal his body, his limbs, his life, his children, to the end of time. The captain was honorable in comparison with the kidnappers. Perhaps he also wished to “Save the Union.” — SICUT PATRIBUS SIT DEUS NOBIS!

What a change from the Boston of our fathers! Where are the children of the patriots of old? Tories spawned their brood in the streets: Adams and Hancock died without a child. Has nature grown sterile of men? is there no male and manly virtue left? are we content to be kidnappers of men? No. Here still are noble men, men of the good old stock; men of the same brave, holy soul. No time

* It is still unsafe to mention their names! January, 1855.

of trial ever brought out nobler heroism than last year. Did we want money, little Methodist churches in the country, the humanest churches in New England, dropped their widow's mite into the chest. From ministers of all modes of faith but the popular one in money, from all churches but that of commerce, there came gifts, offers of welcome, and words of lofty cheer. Here, in Boston, there were men thoroughly devoted to the defence of their poor, afflicted brethren; even some clergymen faithful among the faithless. But they were few. It was only a handful who ventured to be faithful to the true and right. The great tide of humanity, which once filled up this place, had ebbed off: only a few perennial springs poured out their sweet and unflinching wealth to these weary wanderers.

Yet Boston is rich in generous men, in deeds of charity, in far-famed institutions for the good of man. In this she is still the noblest of the great cities of the land. I honor the self-sacrificing, noble men; the women whose loving-kindness never failed before. Why did it fail at this time? Men fancied that their trade was in peril. It was an idle fear; even the dollar obeys the "Higher Law," which its worshippers deny. Had it been true, Boston had better lose every farthing of her gold, and start anew with nothing but the wilderness, than let her riches stand between us and our fellow man. Thy money perish, if it brutalize thy heart!

I wish I could believe the motives of men were good in this; that they really thought the nation was in peril. But no; it cannot be. It was not the love of country which kept the "compromises of the Constitution" and made the Fugitive Slave Bill. I pity the politicians who made this wicked law, made it in the madness of their pride. I pity that son of New England, who, against his nature, against his early history, drew his sword to sheathe it in the bowels of his brother-man.* The melancholiest spectacle in all this land, self-despoiled of the lustre which would have cast a glory on his tomb, and sent his name a watchword to many an age, — now he is the companion of kidnappers, and a proverb amongst honorable men, with a certainty of leaving a name to be hissed at by mankind.

I pity the kidnappers, the poor tools of men almost as base. I would not hurt a hair of their heads; but I would take the thunder of the moral world, and dash its bolted lightning on this crime of stealing men, till the name of kidnapping should be like Sodom and Gomorrah. It is piracy to steal a man in Guinea; what is it to do this in Boston?

I pity the merchants who, for their trade, were glad to steal their countrymen; I wish them only good. Debate in yonder hall has shown how little of humanity there is in the trade of Boston. She looks

* Mr. Webster.

on all the horrors which intemperance has wrought, and daily deals in every street; she scrutinizes the jails, — they are filled by rum; she looks into the alms-houses, crowded full by rum; she walks her streets, and sees the perishing classes fall, mowed down by rum; she enters the parlors of wealthy men, looks into the bridal chamber, and meets death: the ghosts of the slain are there, — men slain by rum. She knows it all, yet says, “There is an interest at stake!” — the interest of rum; let man give way! Boston does this to-day. Last year she stole a man; her merchants stole a man! The sacrifice of man to money, when shall it have an end? I pity those merchants who honor money more than man. Their gold is cankered, and their soul is brass, — is rusted brass. They must come up before the posterity which they affect to scorn. What voice can plead for them before their own children? The eye that mocketh at the justice of its son, and scorneth to obey the mercy of its daughter, the ravens of posterity shall pick it out, and the young eagles eat it up!

But there is yet another tribunal: “After the death the judgment!” When he maketh inquisition for the blood of the innocent, what shall the stealers of men reply? Boston merchants, where is your brother, Thomas Sims? Let Cain reply to Christ.

Come, Massachusetts! take thy historic mantle, wrought all over with storied memories of two hun-

dred years, adorned with deeds in liberty's defence, and rough with broidered radiance from the hands of sainted men; walk backwards, and cover up and hide the naked public shame of Boston, drunk with gain, and lewdly lying in the street. It will not hide the shame. Who can annul a fact? Boston has chronicled her infamy, and on the iron leaf of time, — ages shall read it there!

Then let us swear by the glory of our fathers and the infamy of this deed, that we will hate slavery, hate its cause, hate its continuance, and will exterminate it from the land; come up hither as the years go by, and here renew the annual oath, till not a kidnapper is left lurking in the land; yes, till from the Joseph that is sold into Egypt, there comes forth a man to guide his people to the promised land. Out of this "Acorn" a tall oak may grow.

Old mythologies relate, that, when a deed of sin is done, the souls of men who bore a kindred to the deed come forth and aid the work. What a company must have assisted at this sacrament a year ago! What a crowd of ruffians, from the first New England commissioner to the latest dead of Boston murderers! Robert Kidd might have come back from his felon-grave at "Exeeution Dock," to resume his appropriate place, and take command of the "Acorn," and guide her on her pirate-course. Arnold

might sing again his glad *Te Deum*, as on that fatal day in March. What an assembly there would be, — “shapes hot from Tartarus!”

But the same mythologies go fabling on, and say that at such a time the blameless, holy souls who made the virtues blossom while they lived, and are themselves the starriest flowers of Heaven now, that they return to bless the old familiar spot, and witness every modern deed; and, most of all, that godly ministers, who lived and labored for their flocks, return to see the deed they cannot help, and aid the good they bless. What a gathering might there have been of the just men made perfect! The patriots who loved this land, mothers whose holy hearts had blessed the babes they bore; pure men of lofty soul who labored for mankind, — what a fair company this State could gather of the immortal dead! Of those great ministers of every faith, who dearly loved the Lord, what venerable heads I see: John Cotton and the other “famous Johns;” Eliot, bearing his Indian Bible, which there is not an Indian left to read; Edwards, a mighty name in East and West, even yet more marvellous for piety than depth of thought; the Mathers, venerable men; Chauncy and Mayhew, both noble men of wealthy soul; Belknap, who saw a brother in an African; Buckminster, the fairest, sweetest bud brought from another field, too early nipped in this; Channing and Ware, both

ministers of Christ, who, loving God, loved too their fellow men! How must those souls look down upon the scene! Boston delivering up — for lust of gold delivering up — a poor, forsaken boy to slavery; Belknap and Channing mourning for the church!

I turn me off from the living men, the living courts, the living churches, — no, the churches dead; from the swarm of men all bustling in the streets; turn to the sainted dead. Dear fathers of the State; ye blessed mothers of New England's sons; — O holy saints who laid with prayer the deep foundations of New England's church, is then the seed of heroes gone? New England's bosom, is it sterile, cold, and dead? "No!" say the fathers, mothers, all, — "New England only sleeps; even Boston is not dead! Appeal from Boston drunk with gold, and briefly mad with hate, to sober Boston in her hour to come. Wait but a little time; have patience with her waywardness; she yet shall weep with penitence that bitter day, and rise with ancient energy to do just deeds of lasting fame. Even yet there's Justice in her heart, and Boston mothers shall give birth to men!"

Tell me, ye blessed, holy souls, angels of New England's church! shall man succeed, and gain his freedom at the last? Answer, ye holy men; speak by the last great angel of the church who went to heaven. Repeat some noble word you spoke on earth!

Hear their reply : —

“ Oppression shall not always reign :
 There comes a brighter day,
 When Freedom, burst from every chain,
 Shall have triumphant way.
 Then Right shall over Might prevail,
 And Truth, like hero, armed in mail,
 The hosts of tyrant Wrong assail,
 And hold eternal sway.

“ What voice shall bid the progress stay
 Of Truth’s victorious car ? —
 What arm arrest the growing day,
 Or quench the solar star ?
 What reckless soul, though stout and strong,
 Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong, —
 Oppression’s guilty night prolong,
 And Freedom’s morning bar ?

“ The hour of triumph comes apace, —
 The fated, promised hour,
 When earth upon a ransomed race
 Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
 Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell !
 Bid high thy sacred banners swell !
 Let trump on trump the triumph tell
 Of Heaven’s redeeming power !” *

* These are the words of Henry Ware, jr., the last minister, eminent for religion, who had died in Boston.

THE ASPECT OF FREEDOM IN AMERICA.

A

S P E E C H

AT THE

MASS ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION

OF I N D E P E N D E N C E ,

AT

ABINGTON, JULY 5, 1852.

S P E E C H .

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN,— This is one of the anniversaries which mark four great movements in the progressive development of mankind; whereof each makes an Epoch in the history of the human race.

The first is the Twenty-fifth of December, the date agreed upon as the anniversary of the Birth of Jesus of Nazareth, marking the Epoch of Christianity.

The next is the First of November, the day when, in 1517, Martin Luther nailed the ninety-five theses on the church door at Wittenberg, the noise of his hammer startling the indolence, the despotism, and the licentiousness of the Pope, and his concubines, and his court far off at Rome. That denotes the Epoch of Protestantism, the greatest movement of mankind after the teaching of Jesus.

The third is the Twenty-second of December, the day when our Forefathers, in 1620, first set their feet on Plymouth Rock, coming, though unconsciously, to build up a Church without a Bishop, a State without a King, a Community without a Lord, and a Family without a Slave. This begins the Epoch of New England.

The last is the Fourth of July, when our Fathers, in 1776, brought distinctly to national consciousness what I call the American Idea; the Idea, namely, that all men have natural rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that all men are equal in their natural rights; that these rights can only be alienated by the possessor thereof; and that it is the undeniable function of government to preserve their rights to each and all. This day marks the Epoch of the United States of America — an Epoch indissolubly connected with the three preceding. The Idea was Christian, was Protestant, was of New England. Plymouth was becoming national, Protestantism going into politics; and the Sentiments and Ideas of Christianity getting an expression on a national scale. The Declaration of Independence was the American profession of faith in political Christianity.

This day is consecrated to freedom; let us look, therefore, at the Aspect of Freedom just now in America.

In 1776, there were less than three million per-

sons in the United States. Now, more than three million voters. But, alas! there are also more than three million slaves. Seventy-six years ago, slavery existed in all the thirteen colonies; but New England was never quite satisfied with it; only the cupidity of the Puritan assented thereto, not his conscience. Soon it retreated from New England, from all the North, but strengthened itself in the South, and spread Westward and Southward, till now it has crossed the Cordilleras, and the Pacific Ocean is witness to the gigantic wrong of the American People.

But, spite of this growth of slavery, the American Idea has grown in favor with the American people, the North continually becoming more and more democratic in the best sense of the word. True, in all the great cities of the North, the love of slavery has also grown strong, in none stronger than in Boston. The Mother city of the Puritans is now the metropolis of the Hunkers. Slavery also has entered the churches of the North, and some of them, we see, when called on to choose betwixt Christianity and slavery, openly and boldly decide against the Law of God, and in favor of this great crime against man. But simultaneously with this growth of Hunkerism in the cities and the churches of the North, at the same time with the spread of slavery from the Delaware to the Sacramento, the

Spirit of Liberty has also spread, and taken a deep hold on the hearts of the people.

In the material world, nothing is done by leaps, all by gradual advance. The land slopes upward all the way from Abington to the White Mountains. If Mt. Washington rose a mile and a quarter of sheer ascent, with perpendicular sides from the level of the ocean, only the eagle and the lightning could gain its top. Now its easy slope allows the girl to look down from its summit.

What is true in the world of matter holds also good in the world of man. There is no leap, a slope always; never a spring. The continuity of historical succession is never broke. Newtons and Shakespeares do not come up among Hottentots and Esquimaux, but among young nations inheriting the old culture. Even the men of genius, who brood like a cloud over the vulgar herd, have their predecessors almost as high, and the continuity of succession holds good in the Archimedes, the Gallileos, the Keplers, the Newtons, and the La Places. Christianity would not have been possible in the time of Moses; nor Protestantism in the days of St. Augustine; nor a New England Plymouth in the days of Luther; nor any national recognition of the American Idea in 1620. That Idea could not become a national Fact in 1776. No, not yet is it a fact.

First comes the Sentiment — the feeling of liberty;

next the Idea — the distinct notion thereof; then the Fact — the thought become a thing. Buds in March, blossoms in May, apples in September — that is the law of historical succession.

The Puritans enslaved the Indians. In 1675, the Indian apostle petitioned the “Honorable Governor and Council sitting at Boston, this 13th of the 6th, ’75,” that they would not allow Indians to be sold into slavery. But John Eliot stood wellnigh alone in that matter. For three months later, I find the Governor, Leveret, gives a bill of sale of seven Indians, “to be sold for slaves,” and affixes thereto the “Publique Seale of the Colony.”

Well, there has been a great progress from that day to the Twelfth of April, 1851, when the merchants of Boston had to break the laws of Massachusetts, and put the court house in chains, and get the chains over the neck of the Chief Justice, and call out the Sims brigade, before they could kidnap and enslave a single fugitive from Georgia.

But it would not be historical to expect a nation to realize its own Idea at once, and allow all men to be “equal” in the enjoyment of their “natural and unalienable rights.” Still, there has been a great progress towards that in the last seventy-six years, spite of the steps taken backward in some parts of the land. It is not a hundred and ten years since slaves were advertised for sale in Boston, as now in Norfolk; not eighty years since they were property

in Massachusetts, and appraised in the inventories of deceased "Republicans." So then the cause of African freedom has a more auspicious look on the Fourth of July, 1852, than it had on the Fourth of July, 1776. We do not always think so, because we look at the present evil, not at the greater evils of the past. So much for the GENERAL aspect of this matter.

Look now at the present position of the Political Parties. There are two great parties in America — only two. I. One is the PRO-SLAVERY PARTY. This has not yet attained a distinct consciousness of its idea and consequent function; so there is contradiction in its opinions, vacillation in its conduct, and heterogeneous elements in its ranks. This has two divisions, namely: the Whigs and the Democrats. The two are one great national party — they are one in slavery, as all sects are "one in Christ." Yet they still keep up their distinctive banners, and shout their hostile war-cry; but when they come to action, they both form column under the same leader, and fight for the same end — the promotion, the extension, and the perpetuation of slavery.

Once the Whig Party wanted a Bank. Democracy trod it to the earth. Then the Whigs clamored for a protective Tariff. That also seems now an obsolete idea, and a revenue tariff is a fact accomplished. The old issues between Whig and Demo-

erat are out of date. Shall it be said the Whigs want a strong central government, and the Democrats are still anti-federal, and opposed to the centralization of power? It is not so. I can see no difference in the two parties in this matter; both are ready to sacrifice the individual conscience to the brute power of arbitrary law; each to crush the individual rights of the separate States before the central power of the federal government. In passing the Fugitive Slave Bill, which aims at both these enormities, the Democrats outvied the Whigs; in executing it, the Whigs outdo the Democrats, and kidnap with a more malignant relish. I believe the official kidnappers are all Whigs, in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Buffalo.

Both parties have now laid down their Platforms, and nominated their candidates for the Presidency, and hoisted them thereon. Their platforms are erected on slave soil, and made of slave timber. Both express the same devotion to slavery, the same acquiescence in the Fugitive Slave Bill. The Whig Party says, we "will *discountenance* all efforts at the renewal or continuance of such agitation [on the subject of slavery,] in Congress or out of it — whenever, wherever, or however the attempt may be made." The Democrats say they "will *resist* all attempts at reviving, in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made." There is

the difference; one will *discountenance*, and the other *resist* all agitation of the question which concerns the freedom of three million American citizens. Slavery is their point of agreement.

Both have nominated their champions — each a “General.” They have passed by the eminent politicians, and selected men whose political experience is insignificant. The Democratic champion from New Hampshire jumps upon one platform, the Whig champion from New Jersey jumps upon the other, and each seems to like that “bad eminence” very well. But I believe that at what old politicians have left of a heart, both dislike slavery — perhaps about equally. General Pierce, in a public meeting, I am told, declared that the Fugitive Slave Bill was against the principles of the common law, and against natural moral right. General Scott, I am told, in a private conversation, observed, that if he were elected President, he would never appoint a slave-holder as Judge in any territory of the United States. Their letters accepting the nomination show the value of such public or private ejaculations.

It is a little remarkable that War and Slavery should be the *sine qua non* in the Chief Magistrate of the United States, and of no other country. A woman may be Queen of England, and rule one hundred millions of men, and yet not favor the selling of Christians. A man may be “Prince President” of the mock republic of France, and hate slavery; he

may be Emperor of Austria, or Autocrat of all the Russias, and think kidnapping is a sin ; yes, he may be Sultan of Turkey, and believe it self-evident that all men are created equal, with a natural, inherent, and unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness! But, to be President of the United States, a man must be devoted to slavery, and believe in the "finality of the compromise measures," and promise to discountenance or to resist all agitation of the subject of slavery, whenever, wherever, or however! Truly, "it is a great country."

That is the aspect of the great Pro-Slavery Party of America. But I must say a word of the late Whig convention. It resulted in one of the most signal defeats that ever happened to an American statesman. Even Aaron Burr did not fall so suddenly and deep into the ground, at his first downfall, as Daniel Webster.

If I am rightly informed, Mr. Mason, in 1850, brought forward the Fugitive Slave Bill, with no expectation that it would pass; perhaps with no desire that it should pass. If it were rejected, then there was what seemed a tangible grievance, which the disunionists would lay hold of, as they cried for "secession." I do not know that it was so; I am told so. He introduced the Bill. Mr. Webster seized it, made it his "thunder" on the 7th of March, 1850. It seemed a tangible thing for him to hold

on by, while he pushed from under him his old platform of liberty, made of such timbers as his orations at Plymouth, at Bunker Hill, at Faneuil Hall — his speech for the Greeks, and his speech against Gen. Taylor. He held on to it for two years, and three months, and fourteen days ;— a long time for him. He took hold on the 7th of March, 1850 ; and on the 21st of June, 1852, his hands slipped off, and the Fugitive Slave Bill took flight towards the Presidency, without Daniel Webster, but with Gen. Pierce at one end of it, and Gen. Scott at the other.

“ The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
The prophet gazed — *and wished to follow too.*”

The downfall of Daniel Webster is terrible :— it was sudden, complete, and final. He has fallen “ like Lucifer — never to hope again.”

His giant strength was never so severely tasked as in the support of slavery. What pains he took — up early and down late ! What speeches he made, — at Boston, New York, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, at Philadelphia, and I know not at how many other places ! What letters he wrote ! And it was all to end in this ! What a fee for what a pleading ! He was never so paid before.

The pride of Boston — its Hunkerism — ten hundred strong, went to Baltimore to see him rise. They came back amazed at the totality of his downfall !

I think this was at first the plan of some of the most skilful of the Northern leaders of the Whigs, to nominate General Scott without a platform — not committed to slavery or to freedom; then to represent him as opposed to slavery, and so on that ground to commend him to the North, and carry the election; for any day when the North rallies, it can outvote the South. But some violent pro-slavery men framed the present platform, and brought it forward. The policy of Mr. Webster's friends would have been to say — “We need no platform for Mr. Webster. The speech of March 7th is his platform. Mr. Fillmore needs none. General Scott needs a platform, for you don't know his opinions.” But, “it is enough for the servant that he be as his master.” As Mr. Webster had caught at Mason's Bill, so the “Retainers” caught at the Northern platform, and one who has a great genius for oratory enlarged on its excellence, and whitewashed it all over with his peculiar rhetoric. The platform was set up by the Convention, to the great joy of the “Retainers” from New England; when all at once, the image of General Scott appeared upon it! He as well as Fillmore or Webster can stand there. This was the weight that pulled them down; for after Scott had signified his willingness to accept the platform, the great objection to him on the part of the South was destroyed.

The defeat of Mr. Webster is complete and awful.

In fifty-three ballotings, he never went beyond thirty-two votes out of 293. Fifty-three times was the vote taken, and fifty-three times the whole South voted against him. When it became apparent that the vote would fall to General Scott, Mr. Webster's friends went and begged the Southerners to give him a few votes, votes which could then do Mr. Fillmore no good; but the South answered — *not a vote!* They went with tears in their eyes; still the South answered — *not a vote!* That is a remarkable "chapter in History!"

Now that the great man has fallen, — utterly and terribly fallen, — a warning for many an age to come, I feel inclined to remember not only the justice of the judgment, but the great powers and the great services of the victim. I wish something may be done to comfort him in his failure, and am glad that his friends now seek an opportunity to express their esteem. Words of endearment are worth something when deeds of succor fail, and when words of consolation awake no hope. I think the anti-slavery men have dared to be just towards Mr. Webster, when he thundered from the seat of his power; now let us be generous. I hope no needless word of delight at his fall will be spoken by any one of us. If we fought against the lion in his pride, and withstood his rage and his roar, let us now remember that he was a LION, and not insult the prostrate majesty of mighty power. "It was a grievous

fault, and grievously hath *Webster* answered it." But there was greatness, even nobleness in the man; and much to excuse so monstrous a departure from the true and right. He was a bankrupt politician, and fancied that he saw within his grasp the scope and goal of all his life; he represented a city whose controlling inhabitants prize gold and power above all things, and are not very scrupulous about the means to obtain either; men that run their taxes, let shops for drunkeries and houses for brothels, and bribe a senator of the nation! The New England doctors of divinity, in the name of God, justified his greatest crime. Do you expect more piety in the bear-garden of politics, than in the pulpit of the Christian church? Let us remember these things when the mighty is fallen. Let us pity the lion now that his mane is draggled in the dust, and his mouth filled with Southern dirt. Blame there must be indeed; but pity for fallen greatness should yet prevail — not the pity of contempt, but the pity of compassion, the pity of love. Let us gather up the white ashes of him who perished at the political stake, and do loving honor to any good thing in his character and his life. If we err at all, let it be on the side of charity. We all need that.

If General Scott is President, I take it we shall have a moderate pro-slavery administration, fussy and feathery; that we shall take a large slice from Mexico

during the next four years. General Scott is a military man, of an unblemished character, I believe — that is, with no unpopular vices — but with the prejudices of a military man. He proposes to confer citizenship on any foreigner who has served a year in the army or navy of the United States, and seems to think a year of work at fighting is as good a qualification for American citizenship as five years industrious life on a farm, or in a shop. This is a little too military for the American taste, but will suit the military gentlemen who like to magnify their calling.

If General Pierce is chosen, I take it we shall have a strong pro-slavery administration; shall get the slice of Mexico, and Cuba besides, in the next four years. “Manifest destiny” will probably point that way.

I do not know that it will not be better for the cause of freedom that Pierce should succeed. Perhaps the sooner this whole matter is brought to a crisis, the better. In each party there is a large body of Hunkers, — men who care little or nothing for the natural rights of man; mean, selfish men, who seek only their own gratification, and care not at what cost to mankind this is procured. If the Whig Party is defeated, I take it the majority of these Hunkers will gradually fall in with the Democrats; that the Whig Party will not rally again under its old name; that the party of Hunkers will hoist the

flag of slavery, and the whole hosts of noble, honest, and religious men in both parties will flee out from under that flag, and go over to the Party of Freedom. Now the sooner this separation of the elements takes place, the better. Then we shall know who are our friends, who our foes. Men will have the real issue set before them. But, until the separation is effected, many good men will cling to their old party organization, with the delusive hope of opposing slavery thereby. Thus we see two such valuable newspapers as the New York *Evening Post* and the *Tribune*, with strong anti-slavery feelings, at work for the Democrats or the Whigs. I think this is the last Presidential election in which such journals will defend such a platform.

II. Look at the ANTI-SLAVERY PARTY. Here also are two great divisions: one is political, the other moral. A word of each — of the political party first.

This is formed of three sections. One is the Free Soil party, which has come mainly from the Whigs; the next is the Free Democracy, the Barnburners, who have come mainly from the Democrats. Each of these has the prejudices of its own historical tradition — Whig prejudices or Democratic prejudices; it has also the excellences of its primal source. I include the Liberty party in this Free Soil, Free

Democratic division. They differ from the other in this — a denial that the Constitution of the United States authorizes or allows slavery; a denial that slavery is constitutional in the nation, or even legal in any State.

But all these agree in a strong feeling against slavery. They are one in freedom, as the Whigs and Democrats are one in slavery. Part of this feeling they have translated into an Idea. To express it in their most general terms — Slavery is sectional, not national; belongs to the State, and not the Federal Government. Hence they aim to cut the nation free from slavery altogether, but will leave it to the individual States.

This political Anti-Slavery party is a very strong party. It is considerable by its numbers — powerful enough to hold the balance of power in several of the States. Four years ago, it cast three hundred thousand votes. This year I think it will go up to four hundred thousand.

But it is stronger in the talent and character of its eminent men, than in the force of its numbers. You know those men. I need not speak of Chase and Hale, of Giddings and of Mann, with their coadjutors in Congress and out of it. Look at names not so well known as yet in our national debates. Here is a noble speech from Mr. Townshend, one newly in the field from the good State of Ohio. This is the first speech of his that I have ever read; it is

full of promise. There is conscience in this man; there is power of work in him.

Mr. Rantoul has done honorably — done nobly, indeed. What he will say to-day, I shall not pretend to calculate. He is a politician, like others, and in a very dangerous position; but I have much faith in him; and, at any rate, I thank God for what he has done already. He is a man of a good deal of ability, and may be trusted yet to do us good service, not in your way or my way, but in his own way.

I ought to say a word of Mr. Sumner. I know that he has disappointed the expectations of his best friends by keeping silent so long. But Mr. Sumner's whole life shows him to be an honest man, not a selfish man at all — a man eminently sincere, and eminently trustworthy, eminently just. He has a right to choose his own time to speak. I wish he had spoken long ago, and I doubt if this long delay is wholly wise for him. But it is for him to decide, not for us. "A fool's bolt is soon shot," while a wise man often reserves his fire. He should not be taunted with his remarks made when he had no thought of an election to the Senate. A man often thinks a thing easy, which he finds difficult when he comes up to the spot. But this winter past, Mr. Sumner has not been idle. I have a letter from an eminent gentleman at Washington, — a man bred in kings' courts abroad, — who assures me that Sumner has carried the ideas of freedom where they have

never been carried before, and when he speaks, will be listened to with much more interest than if he had uttered his speech at his first entrance to Congress. Depend upon it, we shall hear the right word from Charles Sumner, yet. I do not believe that he has waited to make it easy for him to speak, but that it may be better for his Idea, and the cause of Freedom he was sent there to represent.

Then there is another man of great mark on the same side. I mean Mr. Seward. He is nominally with the Whigs, but he is really of the Political Anti-Slavery Party, the chief man in it. Just now he has more influence than any man in the Northern States, and is the only prominent Whig politician of whom we might wisely predict a brilliant future. General Scott, I take it, owes his nomination to Senator Seward. In the Convention, he seems to have wished for three things:—1. To defeat Mr. Webster at all events. 2. To defeat Mr. Fillmore, if possible. 3. To have the nomination of General Scott, without a platform, if possible, but if not, with a platform, even with the present platform. Had General Scott been nominated without a slavery platform, I think Mr. Seward, and many other leading Free Soilers, would have stood by to help his election — would have taken office had he succeeded, and I think his chance of success would not have been a bad one then. But now Mr. Seward stands out for a more distant day. He will not ac-

cept office under General Scott. He sees that Scott is a compromise candidate, conceded by the fears of the South; that his administration must be a compromise administration, and he that succeeds on that basis now is sure to be overtaken by political ruin at no distant day. He reserves his fire till he is nearer the mark! I think we may yet see him the candidate of a great Northern Party for the Presidency; see him elected.

Such is the aspect of the Political Anti-Slavery Party. It defeated the strongest pro-slavery section of the Whigs in their convention, defeated them of their candidate, sent the one thousand Hunkers of Boston home from Baltimore, in a rather melancholy state of mind. We shall soon see what it will do in its national convention at Pittsburgh, on the 11th of August.

Now a word on the MORAL division of the Anti-Slavery party. I use the word Moral merely as opposed to Political. It is a party not organized to get votes, but to kindle a Sentiment and diffuse an Idea. Its Sentiment is that of Universal Philanthropy, specially directed towards the African Race in America. Its Idea is the American Idea, of which it has a quite distinct consciousness—the Idea of the Declaration of Independence. It does not limit itself by constitutional, but only by moral restrictions.

The functions of this party is to kindle the Sentiment and diffuse the Idea of Universal Freedom. It is about this work to-day. These four thousand faces before me at this moment are lit with this Idea; the other thousands beyond the reach of my voice are not without it. It will not be satisfied till there is not a slave in America — not a slave in the world.

This party is powerful by its Sentiments, its Ideas, and its Eminent Men; not yet by its numbers. Here is one indication of its power — the absolute hatred in which it is held by all the Hunkers of the land. How Mr. Webster speaks of this party; with the intense malignity of affected scorn. Men do not thus hate a mouse in the wall. Then the abuse which we receive from all the gnats and mosquitoes of the political penny press is a sign also of our power. There are Hunkers who know that our Ideas are just — that they will be triumphant; hence their hate of our Ideas, and their hate of us.

Well, gentlemen, the cause of freedom looks very auspicious to-day: it never looked better. Every apparent national triumph of slavery is only a step to its defeat. The annexation of Texas, the Fugitive Slave Bill, are measures that ultimately will help the cause of freedom. At first, if a man is threatened with a fever, the doctor tries to "throw it off." If that is impossible, he hastens the crisis —

knowing that the sooner that comes, the sooner will the man be well again. I think General Pierce will hasten the crisis, when a Northern party shall get founded, with the American Idea for its motto. The recent action of Congress, the recent decisions of the Supreme Court, the recent action of the Executive, have *de facto* established this: that slavery in the States is subject to the control of the Federal Government. True, they apply this only to the Northern States; but if the Federal Government can interfere with slavery in Massachusetts, to the extent of kidnapping a man in Boston, and keeping him in duress by force of armed soldiers, then the principle is established, that the Federal Government may interfere with slavery in South Carolina; and when we get the spirit of the North aroused, and the numbers of the North on the side of freedom, it will take but a whiff of breath to annihilate human bondage from the Delaware to the Sacramento.

Even the course of Politics is in our favor. The spirit of this Teutonic family of men is hostile to slavery. We alone preserve slavery which all the other tribes have cast off. We cannot keep it long. The Ideas of America, the Ideas of Christianity, are against it. The spirit of the age is hostile — ay, the spirit of mankind and the Nature of the Infinite God!

DISCOURSE

OCCASIONED BY THE

DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

PREACHED AT THE MELODEON

ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1852.

P R E F A C E .

IT is now four months since the delivery of this Sermon. A phonographic report of it was published the next morning, and quite extensively circulated in all parts of the country. Since then, I have taken pains to examine anew the life and actions of the distinguished man who is the theme of the discourse. I have carefully read all the criticisms on my estimate of him, which came to hand; I have diligently read the most important sermons and other discourses which treat of him, and have conversed anew with persons who have known Mr. Webster at all the various periods of his life. The result is embodied in the following pages.

My estimate of Mr. Webster differs from that which seems to prevail just now in Church and State; differs widely; differs profoundly. I did not suppose that my judgment upon him would pass unchallenged. I have not been surprised at the swift condemnation which many men have pronounced upon this sermon, — upon the statements therein, and the motives thereto. I should be sorry to find that Americans valued a great man so little as to have

nothing to say in defence of one so long and so conspicuously before the public. The violence and rage directed against me is not astonishing; it is not even new. I am not vain enough to fancy that I have never been mistaken in a fact of Mr. Webster's history, or in my judgment pronounced on any of his actions, words, or motives. I can only say I have done what I could. If I have committed any errors, I hope they will be pointed out. Fifty years hence, the character of Mr. Webster and his eminent contemporaries will be better understood than now; for we have not yet all the evidence on which the final judgment of posterity will rest. Thomas Hutchinson and John Adams are better known now than at the day of their death; five and twenty years hence they will both be better known than at present.

BOSTON, March 7, 1853.

INTRODUCTION.

TO THE YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA.

GENTLEMEN, — I address this Discourse to you in particular, and by way of introduction will say a few words.

We are a young nation, three and twenty millions strong, rapidly extending in our geographic spread, enlarging rapidly in numerical power, and greatening our material strength with a swiftness which has no example. Soon we shall spread over the whole continent, and number a hundred million men. America and England are but parts of the same nation, — a younger and an older branch of the same Anglo-Saxon stem. Our character will affect that of the mother country, as her good and evil still influence us. Considering the important place which the Anglo-Saxon tribe holds in the world at this day, — occupying one eighth part of the earth, and controlling one sixth part of its inhabitants, — the national character of England and America becomes one of the great human forces which is to control the world for some ages to come.

In the American character there are some commanding

and noble qualities. We have founded some political and ecclesiastical institutions which seem to me the proudest achievements of mankind in Church and State. But there are other qualities in the nation's character which are mean and selfish; we have founded other institutions, or confirmed such as we inherited, which were the weakness of a former and darker age, and are the shame of this.

The question comes, Which qualities shall prevail in the character and in the institutions of America, — the noble, or the mean and selfish? Shall America govern herself by the eternal laws, as they are discerned through the conscience of mankind, or by the transient appetite of the hour, — the lust for land, for money, for power, or fame? That is a question for you to settle; and, as you decide for God or Mammon, so follows the weal or woe of millions of men. Our best institutions are an experiment: shall it fail? If so, it will be through your fault. You have the power to make it succeed. We have nothing to fear from any foreign foe, much to dread from Wrong at home: will you suffer that to work our overthrow?

The two chief forms of American action are Business and Politics, — the commercial and the political form. The two humbler forms of our activity, the Church and the Press, the ecclesiastic and the literary form, — are subservient to the others. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study carefully our commercial and political action, criticizing both by the Absolute Right; for they control the development of the people, and determine our character. The commercial and political forces of the time culminate in the leading politicians, who represent those forces in

their persons, and direct the energies of the people to evil or to good.

It is for this reason, young men, that I have spoken so many times from the pulpit on the great political questions of the day, and on the great political men ; for this reason did I preach and now again publish, this Discourse, on one of the most eminent Americans of our day, — that men may be warned of the evil in our Business and our State, and be guided to the Eternal Justice which is the foundation of the common weal. There is a Higher Law of God, written imperishably on the Nature of Things, and in the Nature of Man ; and, if this nation continually violates that Law, then we fall a ruin to the ground.

If there be any Truth, any Justice, in my counsel, I hope you will be guided thereby ; and, in your commerce and politics, will practise on the truth which ages confirm, that Righteousness exalteth a Nation, while Injustice is a reproach to any People.

DISCOURSE.

WHEN Bossuet, who was himself the eagle of eloquence, preached the funeral discourse on Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, and wife of Charles the First of England, he had a task far easier than mine to-day. She was indeed the queen of misfortunes; the daughter of a king assassinated in his own capital, and the widow of a king judicially put to death in front of his own palace. Her married life was bounded by the murder of her royal sire, and the execution of her kingly spouse; and she died neglected, far from kith and kin. But for that great man, who in his youth was called, prophetically, a "Father of the Church," the sorrows of her birth and her estate made it easy to gather up the audience in his arms, to moisten the faces of men with tears, to show them the nothingness of mortal glory, and the beauty of eternal life. He led his hearers to his conclusion that day, as the

mother lays the sobbing child in her bosom to still its grief.

To-day it is not so with me. Of all my public trials, this is my most trying day. Give me your sympathies, my friends; remember the difficulty of my position, — its delicacy too.

I am to speak of one of the most conspicuous men that New England ever bore, — conspicuous, not by accident, but by the nature of his mind, — one of her ablest intellects. I am to speak of an eminent man, of great power, in a great office, one of the landmarks of politics, now laid low. He seemed so great that some men thought he was himself one of the institutions of America. I am to speak while his departure is yet but of yesterday; while the sombre flags still float in our streets. I am no party man; you know I am not. No party is responsible for me, nor I to any one. I am free to commend the good things of all parties, — their great and good men; free likewise to censure the evil of all parties. You will not ask me to say what only suits the public ear: there are a hundred to do that to-day. I do not follow opinion because popular. I cannot praise a man because he had great gifts, great station, and great opportunities; I cannot harshly censure a man for trivial mistakes. You will not ask me to flatter because others flatter; to condemn because the ruts of condemnation are so deep and so easy to travel in. It is unjust to be un-

generous, either in praise or blame : only the truth is beautiful in speech. It is not reverential to treat a great man like a spoiled child. Most of you are old enough to know that good and evil are both to be expected of each man. I hope you are all wise enough to discriminate between right and wrong.

Give me your sympathies. This I am sure of,— I shall be as tender in my judgment as a woman's love ; I will try to be as fair as the justice of a man. I shall tax your time beyond even my usual wont, for I cannot crush Olympus into a nut. Be not alarmed : if I tax your time the more, I shall tire your patience less. Such a day as this will never come again to you or me. There is no DANIEL WEBSTER left to die, and Nature will not soon give us another such as he. I will take care by my speech that you sit easy on your bench. The theme will assure it that you remember what I say.

A great man is the blossom of the world ; the individual and prophetic flower, parent of seeds that will be men. This is the greatest work of God ; far transcending earth, and moon, and sun, and all the material magnificence of the universe. It is "a little lower than the angels," and, like the aloe-tree, it blooms but once an age. So we should value, love, and cherish it the more. America has not many

great men living now,—scarcely one: there have been few in her history. Fertile in multitudes, she is stingy in greatness,—her works mainly achieved by large bodies of but common men. At this day, the world has not many natural masters. There is a dearth of great men. England is no better off than we her child. Sir Robert Peel has for years been dead. Wellington's soul has gone home, and left his body awaiting burial. In France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, few great characters appear. The Revolution of 1848, which found every thing else, failed because it found not them. A sad Hungarian weeps over the hidden crown of Maria Theresa; a sadder countenance drops a tear for the nation of Dante, and the soil of Virgil and Cæsar, Lucretius and Cicero. To me these two seem the greatest men of Europe now. There are great chemists, great geologists, great philologists; but of great men, Christendom has not many. From the highest places of politics greatness recedes, and in all Europe no kingly intellect now throbs beneath a royal crown. Even Nicholas of Russia is only tall, not great.

But here let us pause a moment, and see what greatness is, looking at the progressive formation of the idea of a great man.

In general, greatness is eminence of ability; so there are as many different forms thereof as there are qualities wherein a man may be eminent. These

various forms of greatness should be distinctly marked, that, when we say a man is great, we may know exactly what we mean.

In the rudest ages, when the body is man's only tool for work or war, eminent Strength of Body is the thing most coveted. Then, and so long as human affairs are controlled by brute force, the giant is thought to be the great man, — is had in honor for his eminent brute strength.

When men have a little outgrown that period of force, Cunning is the quality most prized. The nimble brain outwits the heavy arm, and brings the circumvented giant to the ground. He who can overreach his antagonist, plotting more subtly, winning with more deceitful skill; who can turn and double on his unseen track, "can smile and smile, and be a villain," — he is the great man.

Brute force is merely animal; cunning is the animalism of the intellect, — the mind's least intellectual element. As men go on in their development, finding qualities more valuable than the strength of the lion or the subtlety of the fox, they come to value higher intellectual faculties, — great Understanding, great Imagination, great Reason. Power to think is then the faculty men value most; ability to devise means for attaining ends desired; the power to originate ideas, to express them in speech, to organize them into institutions; to organize things into a machine, men into an army, or a State, or a gang of

operatives; to administer these various organizations. He who is eminent in this ability is thought the great man.

But there are qualities nobler than the mere intellect, the Moral, the Affectional, the Religious Faculties,—the power of justice, of love, of holiness, of trust in God, and of obedience to his law,—the Eternal Right. These are the highest qualities of man: whoso is most eminent therein is the greatest of great men. He is as much above the merely intellectual great men, as they above the men of mere cunning or of force.

Thus, then, we have four different kinds of greatness. Let me name them bodily greatness, crafty greatness, intellectual greatness, religious greatness. Men in different degrees of development will value the different kinds of greatness. Belial cannot yet honor Christ. How can the little girl appreciate Aristotle and Kant? The child thinks as a child. You must have manhood in you to honor it in others, even to see it.

Yet how we love to honor men eminent in such modes of greatness as we can understand! Indeed, we must do so. Soon as we really see a real great man, his magnetism draws us, will we or no. Do any of you remember when, for the first time in adult years, you stood beside the ocean, or some great mountain of New Hampshire, or Virginia, or Pennsylvania, or the mighty mounts that rise in

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Switzerland? Do you remember what emotions came upon you at the awful presence? But if you are confronted by a man of vast genius, of colossal history and achievements, immense personal power of wisdom, justice, philanthropy, religion, of mighty power of will and mighty act; if you feel him as you feel the mountain and the sea, what grander emotions spring up! It is like making the acquaintance of one of the elementary forces of the earth,—like associating with gravitation itself! The stiffest neck bends over: down go the democratic knees; human nature is loyal then! A New England ship-master, wrecked on an island in the Indian Sea, was seized by his conquerors, and made their chief. Their captive became their king. After years of rule, he managed to escape. When he once more visited his former realm, he found that the savages had carried him to heaven, and worshipped him as a God greater than their fancied deities: he had revolutionized divinity, and was himself enthroned as a God. Why so? In intellectual qualities, in religious qualities, he was superior to their idea of God, and so they worshipped him. Thus loyal is human nature to its great men.

Talk of Democracy!—we are all looking for a master; a man manlier than we. We are always looking for a great man to solve the difficulty too hard for us, to break the rock which lies in our way,—to represent the possibility of human nature as an

ideal, and then to realize that ideal in his life. Little boys in the country, working against time, with stints to do, long for the passing-by of some tall brother, who in a few minutes shall achieve what the smaller boy took hours to do. And we are all of us but little boys, looking for some great brother to come and help us end our tasks.

But it is not quite so easy to recognize the greatest kind of greatness. A Nootka-Sound Indian would not see much in Leibnitz, Newton, Socrates, or Dante; and if a great man were to come as much before us as we are before the Nootka-Sounders, what should we say of him? Why, the worst names we could devise, Blasphemer, Hypocrite, Infidel, Atheist. Perhaps we should dig up the old cross, and make a new martyr of the man posterity will worship as a deity. It is the men who are up that see the rising sun, not the sluggards. It takes greatness to see greatness, and know it at the first; I mean to see greatness of the highest kind. Bulk, anybody can see; bulk of body or mind. The loftiest form of greatness is never popular in its time. Men cannot understand or receive it. Guinea negroes would think a juggler a greater man than Franklin. What would be thought of Martin Luther at Rome, of Washington at St. Petersburg, of Fenelon among the Sacs and Foxes? Herod and Pilate were popular in their day,—men of property and standing. They got nominations and

honor enough. Jesus of Nazareth got no nomination, got a cross between two thieves, was crowned with thorns, and, when he died, eleven Galileans gathered together to lament their Lord! Any man can measure a walking-stick, — so many hands long, and so many nails beside; but it takes a mountain-intellect to measure the Andes and Altai.

Now and then, God creates a mighty man, who greatly influences mankind. Sometimes he reaches far on into other ages. Such a man, if he be of the greatest, will, by and by, unite in himself the four chief forces of society, — business, politics, literature, and the church. Himself a stronger force than all of these, he will at last control the commercial, political, literary, and ecclesiastical action of mankind. But just as he is greater than other men, in the highest mode of greatness, will he at first be opposed, and hated too. The tall house in the street darkens the grocer's window opposite, and he must strike his light sooner than before. The inferior great man does not understand the man of superior modes of eminence. Sullenly the full moon at morning pales her ineffectual light before the rising day. In the Greek fable, jealous Saturn devours the new gods whom he feared, foreseeing the day when the Olympian dynasty would turn him out of heaven. To the natural man the excellence of the spiritual is only foolishness. What do you suppose the best educated Pharisees in Jerusalem thought of Jesus?

They thought him an infidel: "He blasphemeth." They called him crazy: "he hath a devil." They mocked at the daily beauty of his holiness: he had "broken the sabbath." They reviled at his philanthropy: it was "eating with publicans and sinners."

Human nature loves to reverence great men, and often honors many a little one under the mistake that he is great. See how nations honor the greatest great men,—Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, Jesus,—that loftiest of men! But by how many false men have we been deceived,—men whose light leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind! If a preacher is a thousand years before you and me, we cannot understand him. If only a hundred years of thought shall separate us, there is a great gulf between the two, whereover neither Dives nor Abraham, nor yet Moses himself, can pass. It is a false great man often who gets possession of the pulpit, with his lesson for to-day, which is no lesson; and a false great man who gets a throne, with his lesson for to-day, which is also no lesson. Men great in little things are sure of their pay. It is all ready, subject to their order.

A little man is often mistaken for a great one. The possession of office, of accidental renown, of imposing qualities, of brilliant eloquence, often dazzles the beholder; and he reverences a show.

How much a great man of the highest kind can do for us, and how easy! It is not harder for a

cloud to thunder, than for a chestnut in a farmer's fire to snap. Dull Mr. Jingle urges along his restive, hardmouthed donkey, besmouched with mire, and wealed with many a stripe, amid the laughter of the boys; while, by his proper motion, swanlike Milton flies before the faces of mankind, which are new lit with admiration at the poet's rising flight, his garlands and singing robes about him, till the aspiring glory transcends the sight, yet leaves its track of beauty trailed across the sky.

Intellect and conscience are conversant with ideas, — with absolute Truth and absolute Right, as the norm of conduct. But, with most men, the affections are developed in advance of the intellect and the conscience; and the affections want a person. In his actions, a man of great intellect embodies a principle, good or bad; and, by the affections, men accept the great intellectual man, bad or good, and with him the principle he has got.

As the affections are so large in us, how delightful is it for us to see a great man, honor him, love him, reverence him, trust him! Crowds of men come to look upon a hero's face, who are all careless of his actions and heedless of his thought; they know not his what, nor his whence, nor his whither; his person passes for reason, justice, and religion.

They say that women have the most of this affection, and so are most attachable, most swayed by persons, — least by ideas. Woman's mind and con-

science, and her soul, they say, are easily crushed into her all-embracing heart; and truth, justice, and holiness are trodden underfoot by her affection, rushing towards its object. "What folly!" say men. But, when a man of large intellect comes, he is wont to make women of us all, and take us by the heart. Each great intellectual man, if let alone, will have an influence in proportion to his strength of mind and will, — the good great man, the bad great man; for as each particle of matter has an attractive force, which affects all other matter, so each particle of mind has an attractive force, which draws all other mind.

How pleasant it is to love and reverence! To idle men how much more delightful is it than to criticize a man, take him to pieces, weighing each part, and considering every service done or promised, and then decide! Men are continually led astray by misplaced reverence. Shall we be governed by the mere instinct of veneration, uncovering to every man who demands our obeisance? Man is to rule himself, and not be overmastered by any instinct subordinating the whole to a special part. We ought to know if what we follow be real greatness or seeming greatness; and of the real greatness, of what kind it is, — eminent cunning, eminent intellect, or eminence of religion. For men ought not to gravitate passively, drawn by the bulk of bigness, but consciously and freely to follow eminent wisdom,

justice, love, and faith in God. Hence it becomes exceedingly important to study the character of all eminent men; for they represent great social forces for good or ill.

It is true, great men ought to be tried by their peers. But "a cat may look upon a king," and, if she is to enter his service, will do well to look before she leaps. It is dastardly in a democrat to take a master with less scrutiny than he would buy an ox.

Merchants watch the markets: they know what ship brings corn, what hemp, what coal; how much cotton there is at New York or New Orleans; how much gold in the banks. They learn these things, because they live by the market, and seek to get money by their trade. Politicians watch the turn of the people and the coming vote, because they live by the ballot-box, and wish to get honor and office by their skill. So a minister, who would guide men to wisdom, justice, love, and piety, to human welfare,—he must watch the great men, and know what quantity of truth, of justice, of love, and of faith there is in Calhoun, Webster, Clay; because he is to live by the word of God, and only asks, "Thy kingdom come!"

What a great power is a man of large intellect! Aristotle rode on the neck of science for two thousand years, till Bacon, charging down from the vantage-ground of twenty centuries, with giant spear unhorsed the Stagyrte, and mounted there himself;

himself in turn to be unhorsed. What a profound influence had Frederick in Germany for half a century! What an influence Sir Robert Peel and Wellington have had in England for the last twenty or thirty years! — Napoleon in Europe for the last fifty years! Jefferson yet leads the democracy of the United States; the cold hand of Hamilton still consolidates the several States. Dead men of great intellect speak from the pulpit. Law is of mortmain.

In America it is above all things necessary to study the men of eminent mind, even the men of eminent station; for their power is greater here than elsewhere in Christendom. Money is our only material, greatness our only personal nobility. In England, the influence of powerful men is checked by the great families, the great classes, with their ancestral privileges consolidated into institutions, and the hereditary crown. Here we have no such families; historical men are not from or for such; seldom had historic fathers; seldom leave historic sons.

Tempus ferax hominum, edax hominum.

Fruitful of men is time; voracious also of men.

Even while the individual family continues rich, political unity does not remain in its members, if numerous, more than a single generation. Nay, it is only in families of remarkable stupidity that it lasts a single age.

In this country the swift decay of powerful families is a remarkable fact. Nature produces only indi-

viduals, not classes. It is a wonder how many famous Americans leave no children at all. Hancock, and Samuel Adams, Washington, Madison, Jackson — each was a childless flower that broke off the top of the family tree, which after them dwindled down, and at length died out. It has been so with European stocks of eminent stature. Bacon, Shakespeare, Leibnitz, Newton, Descartes, and Kant died and left no sign. With strange self-complaisance said the first of these, “Great benefactors have been childless men.” Here and there an American family continues to bear famous fruit, generation after generation. A single New England tree, rooted far off in the Marches of Wales, is yet green with life, though it has twice blossomed with Presidents. But in general, if the great American leave sons, the wonder is what becomes of them, — so little, they are lost, — a single needle from the American pine, to strew the forest floor amid the other litter of the woods.

No great families here hold great men in check. There is no permanently powerful class. The mechanic is father of the merchant, who will again be the grandsire of mechanics. In thirty years, half the wealth of Boston will be in the hands of men now poor; and, where power of money is of yesterday, it is no great check to any man of large intellect, industry, and will. Here is no hereditary office. So the personal power of a great mind, for good or evil,

is free from that threefold check it meets in other lands, and becomes of immense importance.

Our nation is a great committee of the whole; our State is a provisional government, riches our only heritable good, greatness our only personal nobility; office is elective. To the ambition of a great bad man, or the philanthropy of a great good man, there is no check but the power of money or numbers; no check from great families, great classes, or hereditary privileges; If our man of large intellect runs up hill, there is nothing to check him but the inertia of mankind; if he runs down hill, that also is on his side.

With us the great mind is amenable to no conventional standard measure, as in England or Europe, — only to public opinion. And that public opinion is controlled by money and numbers; for these are the two factors of the American product, the multiplier and the multiplicand, — millions of money, millions of men.

A great mind is like an elephant in the line of ancient battle, — the best ally if you can keep him in the ranks, fronting the right way; but, if he turn about, he is the fatalest foe, and treads his master underneath his feet. Great minds have a trick of turning round.

Taking all these things into consideration, you see how important it is to scrutinize all the great men, — to know their quantity and quality, — before we allow them to take our heart. To do this is to

measure one of the most powerful popular forces for guiding the present and shaping the future. Every office is to be filled by the people's vote,—that of public president and private cook. Franklin introduced new philanthropy to the law of nations. Washington changed men's ideas of political greatness. If Napoleon the Present goes unwhipped of Justice, he will change those ideas again; not for the world, but for the saloons of Paris, for its journals and its mob.

How different are conspicuous men to different eyes! The city corporation of Toulouse has just addressed this petition to Napoleon:—

“MONSEIGNEUR,—The government of the world by Providence is the most perfect. France and Europe style you the elect of God for the accomplishment of his designs. It belongs to no Constitution whatever to assign a term for the divine mission with which you are intrusted. Inspire yourself with this thought,—to restore to the country those tutelar institutions, which form the stability of power and the dignity of nations.”

That is a prayer addressed to the Prince President of France, whose private vices are equalled only by his public sins. How different he looks to different men! To me he is Napoleon the Little; to the Mayor and Aldermen of Toulouse, he is the Elect of God, with irresponsible power to rule as long and as badly as likes him best. Well said Sir Philip Sidney, “Spite of the ancients, there is not a piece

of wood in the world out of which a Mercury may not be made.”

It is this importance of great men which has led me to speak of them so often; not only of men great by nature, but great by position on money or office, or by reputation; men substantially great, and men great by accident. Hence I spoke of Dr. Channing, whose word went like morning over the continents. Hence I spoke of John Quincy Adams, and did not fear to point out every error I thought I discovered in the great man's track, which ended so proudly in the right; and I did homage to all the excellence I found, though it was the most unpopular excellence. Hence I spoke of General Taylor; yes, even of General Harrison, a very ordinary man, but available, and accidentally in a great station.

You see why this ought to be done. We are a young nation; a great man easily gives us the impression of his hand; we shall harden in the fire of centuries, and keep the mark. Stamp a letter on Chaldean clay, and how very frail it seems! but burn that clay in the fire,—and, though Nineveh shall perish, and Babylon become a heap of ruins, that brick keeps the arrow-headed letter to this day. As with bricks, so with nations.

Ere long, these three and twenty millions will become a hundred millions; then perhaps a thousand millions, spread over all the continent, from the Arctic to the Antarctic Sea. It is a good thing to

start with men of great religion for our guides. The difference between a Moses and a Maximian will be felt by many millions of men, and for many an age, after death has effaced both from the earth. The dead hand of Moses yet circumcises every Hebrew boy; that of mediæval doctors of divinity still clutches the clergyman by the throat; the dead barons of Runnymede even now keep watch, and vindicate for us all a trial by the law of the land, administered by our peers.

A man of eminent abilities may do one of two things in influencing men.

I. Either he may extend himself at right angles with the axis of the human march, lateralize himself, spreading widely, and have a great power in his own age, putting his opinion into men's heads, his will into their action, and yet never reach far onward into the future. In America, he will gain power in his time, by having the common sentiments and ideas, and an extraordinary power to express and show their value; great power of comprehension, of statement, and of will. Such a man differs from others in quantity, not quality. Where all men have considerable, he has a great deal. His power may be represented by two parallel lines, the one beginning where his influence begins, the other where his influence ends. His power will be measured by the length of the lines laterally, and the distance betwixt the parallels. That is one thing.

Or a great man may extend himself forward, in the line of the human march, himself a prolongation of the axis of mankind: not reaching far sideways in his own time, he reaches forward immensely, his influence widening as it goes. He will do this by superiority in sentiments, ideas, and actions; by eminence of justice and of affection; by eminence of religion: he will differ in quality as well as quantity, and have much where the crowd has nothing at all. His power also may be represented by two lines, both beginning at his birth, pointing forwards, diverging from a point, reaching far into the future, widening as they extend, comprehending time by their stretch, and space by their spread. Jesus of Nazareth was of this class: he spread laterally in his lifetime, and took in twelve Galilean peasants and a few obscure women; now his diverging lines reach over two thousand years in their stretch, and contain two hundred and sixty millions of men within their spread.

So much, my friends, and so long, as preface to this estimate of a great man.

DANIEL WEBSTER was a man of eminent abilities: for many years the favored son of New England. He was seventy years old; nearly forty years in the councils of the nation; held high office in times of peril and doubt; had a commanding elo-

quence—there were two million readers for every speech he spoke; and for the last two years he has had a vast influence on the opinion of the North. He has done service; spoken noble words that will endure so long as English lasts. He has largely held the nation's eye. His public office made his personal character conspicuous. Great men have no privacy; their bed and their board are both spread in front of the sun, and their private character is a public force. Let us see what he did, and what he was; what is the result for the present, what for the future.

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, N. H., on the borders of civilization, on the 18th of January, 1782. He was the son of Capt. Ebenezer and Abigail (Eastman) Webster.

The mother of Capt. Webster was a Miss Bachelder, of Hampton, where Thomas Webster, the American founder of the family, settled in 1636. She was descended from the Rev. Stephen Bachiller, formerly of Lynn in Massachusetts, a noted man in his time, unjustly, or otherwise, driven out of the colony by the Puritans. Ebenezer Webster, in his early days, lived as "boy" in the service of Col. Ebenezer Stevens, of Kingston, from whom he received a "lot of land" in Stevenstown, now Salisbury. In 1764, Mr. Webster built himself a log-cabin on the premises, and lighted his fire. His land

“lapped on” to the wilderness; no New Englander living so near the North Star, it is said. The family was any thing but rich, living first in a log-cabin, then in a frame-house, and some time keeping tavern.

The father was a soldier in the French war, and in the Revolution; a great, brave, big, brawny man; “high-breasted and broad-shouldered;” “with heavy eyebrows,” and “a heart which he seemed to have borrowed from a lion;” “a dark man,” so black that “you could not tell when his face was covered with gunpowder;” six feet high, and both in look and manners “uncommon rough.” He was a shifty man of many functions,—a farmer, a saw-miller, “something of a blacksmith,” a captain in the early part of the Revolutionary War, a colonel of militia, representative and senator in the New Hampshire legislature, and finally Judge of the Court of Common Pleas; yet “he never saw the inside of a school-house.” In his early married life, food sometimes failed on the rough farm: then the stout man and his neighbors took to the woods, and brought home many a fat buck in their day.

The mother, one of the “black Eastmans,” was a quite superior woman. It is often so. When virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear breast of some mother, who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer’s dew into

fair, sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets. Bulk is bearded and masculine; niceness is of woman's gendering.

Daniel Webster was fortunate in the outward circumstances of his birth and breeding. He came from that class in society whence almost all the great men of America have come,—the two Adamses, Washington, Hancock, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, and almost every living notable of our time. New Hampshire herself has furnished a large number of self-reliant and able-headed men, who have fought their way in the world with their own fist, and won eminent stations at the last. The little, rough State breeds professors and senators, merchants and hardy lawyers, in singular profusion. Our Hercules was also cradled on the ground. When he visited the West, a few years ago, an emigrant from New Hampshire met him in Ohio, recognized him, and asked, "Is this the son of Capt. Webster?" "It is, indeed," said the great man. "What!" said he, "is this the little black Dan that used to water the horses?" And the great Daniel Webster said, "It is the little black Dan that used to water the horses." He was proud of his history. If a man finds the way alone, should he not be proud of having found the way, and got out of the woods?

He had small opportunities for academical education. The schoolmaster was "abroad" in New Hampshire; and was seldom at home in Salisbury.

Only two or three months in the year was there a school; often only a movable school, that ark of the Lord, shifting from place to place. Sometimes it was two or three miles from Capt. Webster's. Once it was stationary in a log-house. Thither went Daniel Webster, "carrying his dinner in a tin pail," a brave, bright boy. "The child is father of the man." The common-school of America is the cradle of all her greatness. How many Presidents has she therein rocked to vigorous manhood! But Mr. Webster's school-time was much interrupted: there were "chores to be done" at home,—the saw-mill to be tended in winter; in summer, Daniel "must ride horse to plough;" and in planting-time, and hay-time, and harvest, have many a day stolen from his scanty seed-time of learning. In his father's tavern-barn, the future Secretary gave a rough currying, "after the fashion of the times," to the sorry horse of many a traveller, and in the yard of the inn yoked the oxen of many a New Hampshire teamster.

"Cast the bantling on the rocks."

When fourteen years old, he went to Phillips Academy* at Exeter for a few months, riding thither

* At the commemoration of Mr. Abbott's fiftieth anniversary as Preceptor of Phillips Academy, a time when "English was of no more account at Exeter than silver at Jerusalem in the days of

on the same horse with his father; then to study with Rev. Mr. Wood at Boseawen, paying a "dollar a week" for the food of the body and the food of the mind. In the warm weather, "Daniel went bare-foot, and wore tow trousers and a tow shirt, his only garments at that season," spun, woven, and made up by his diligent mother. "He helped do the things" about Mr. Wood's barn and woodpile, and so diminished the pecuniary burden of his father. But Mr. Wood had small Latin and less Greek, and only taught what he knew. Daniel was an ambitious boy, and apt to learn. Men wonder that some men can do so much with so little outward furniture. The wonder is the other way. He was more college than the college itself, and had a university in his head. It takes time, and the sweat of oxen, and the shouting of drivers, goading and whipping, to get a cart-load of cider to the top of Mount Washington; but the eagle flies there on his own wide wings, and asks no help. Daniel Webster had little academie furniture to help him. He had the mountains of New Hampshire, and his own great mountain of a head. Was that a bad outfit? No millionaire can buy it for a booby-son.

King Solomon," Mr. Abbott sat between Mr. Webster and Mr. Everett, both of them his former pupils. Mr. John P. Hale, in his neat speech, said, "If you had done nothing else but instruct these two, you might say, EXEGI MONUMENTUM ÆRE PERENNIOUS."

There was a British sailor, with a wife but no child, an old "man-of-war's-man" living hard by Capt. Webster's, fond of fishing and hunting, of hearing the newspapers read, and of telling his stories to all comers. He had considerable influence on the young boy, and never wore out of his memory.

There was a small social library at Salisbury, whence a bright boy could easily draw the water of life for his intellect; at home was the Farmers' Almanac, with its riddles and "poetry," Watts's Hymns and the Bible, the inseparable companion of the New England man. Daniel was fond of poetry, and, before he was ten years old, knew dear old Isaac Watts all by heart. He thought all books were to be got by heart. I said he loved to learn. One day his father said to him, "I shall send you to college, Daniel;" and Daniel laid his head on his father's shoulder, and wept right out. In reading and spelling he surpassed his teacher; but his hard hands did not take kindly to writing, and the schoolmaster told him his "fingers were destined to the plough-tail."

He was not a strong boy, was "a crying baby" that worried his mother; but a neighbor "prophe-sied," "You will take great comfort in him one day!" As he grew up, he was "the slimmest of the family," a farmer's youngest boy, and "not good for much." He did not love work. It was these peculiarities which decided Capt. Webster to send Daniel to college.

The time came for him to go to college. His father once carried him to Dartmouth in a wagon. On the way thither, they passed a spot which Capt. Webster remembered right well. "Once when you were a little baby," said he, "in the winter we were out of provisions, I went into the woods with the gun to find something to eat. In that spot yonder, then all covered with woods, I found a herd of deer. The snow was very deep, and they had made themselves a *pen*, and were crowded together in great numbers. As they could not get out, I took my choice, and picked out a fine, fat stag. I walked round and looked at him, with my knife in my hand. As I looked the noble fellow in the face, the great tears rolled down his cheeks, and I could not touch him. But I thought of you, Daniel, and your mother, and the rest of the little ones, and carried home the deer."

He can hardly be said to have "entered college:" he only "broke in," so slenderly was he furnished with elementary knowledge. This deficiency of elementary instruction in the classic tongues and in mathematics was a sad misfortune in his later life which he never outgrew.

At college, like so many other New Hampshire boys, he "paid his own way," keeping school in the vacation. One year he paid his board by "doing the literature" for a weekly newspaper. He graduated at Dartmouth in his twentieth year, largely dis-

tinguished, for power as a writer and speaker, though not much honored by the college authorities; so he scorned his degree; and, when the faculty gave him their diploma, he tore it to pieces in the college-yard, in presence of some of his mates, it is said, and trod it underfoot.

When he graduated, he was apparently of a feeble constitution, "long, slender, pale, and all eyes," with "teeth as white as a hound's;" thick, black hair clustered about his ample forehead. At first he designed to study theology, but his father's better judgment overruled the thought.

After graduating, he continued to fight for his education, studying law with one hand, keeping school with the other, and yet finding a third hand — this Yankee Briareus — to serve as Register of Deeds. This he did at Fryeburg in Maine, borrowing a copy of Blackstone's Commentaries, which he was too poor to buy. In a long winter evening, by copying two *deeds*, he could earn fifty cents. He used his money, thus severely earned, to help his older brother, Ezekiel, "Black Zeke," as he was called, to college. Both were "heinously unprovided."

Then he came to Boston, with no letters of introduction, raw, awkward, and shabby in his dress, with cowhide shoes, blue yarn stockings "coarsely ribbed," his rough trousers ceasing a long distance above his feet. He sought admittance as a clerk to more than

one office before he found a place ; an eminent lawyer, rudely turning him off, "would not have such a fellow in the office!" Mr. Gore, a man of large reputation, took in the unprotected youth, who "came to work, not to play." Here he struggled with poverty and the law. Ezekiel, not yet graduated, came also and took a school in Short street. Daniel helped his brother in the school. Edward Everett was one of the pupils, a "marvellous boy," with no equal, it was thought, in all New England, making the promise scholarly he has since fulfilled.

Mr. Webster was admitted to the bar in 1805, with a prophecy of eminence from Mr. Gore, — a prophecy which might easily be made : such a head was its own fortune-teller. His legal studies over, refusing a lucrative office, he settled down as a lawyer at Boseawen, in New Hampshire. Thence went to Portsmouth in 1807, a lawyer of large talents, getting rapidly into practice ; "known all over the State of New Hampshire," known also in Massachusetts. He attended to literature, wrote papers in the *Monthly Anthology*, a periodical published in the "*Athens of America*" — so Boston was then called. He printed a rhymed version of some of the odes of Horace, and wrote largely for the "*Portsmouth Oracle*."

In 1808 he married Miss Grace Fletcher, an attractive and beautiful woman, one year older than himself, the daughter of the worthy minister of Hop-

kinton, N. H. By this marriage he was the father of two daughters and two sons. But, alas for him! this amiable and beloved woman ceased to be mortal in 1828.

In 1812, when thirty years of age, he was elected to Congress, — to the House of Representatives. In 1814 his house was burned, — a great loss to the young man, never thrifty, and then struggling for an estate. He determined to quit New Hampshire, and seek a place in some more congenial spot. New Hampshire breeds great lawyers, but not great fortunes. He hesitated for a while between Boston and Albany. “He doubted;” so he wrote to a friend, if he “could make a living in Boston.” But he concluded to try; and in 1816 he removed to Boston, in the State which had required his ancestor, Rev. Stephen Bachiller, “to forbare exercising his gifts as a pastor or teacher publicly in the Pattend,” “for his contempt of authority, and till some scandles be removed.”*

In 1820, then thirty-eight years old, he is a member of the Massachusetts Convention, and is one of the leading members there; provoking the jealousy, but at the same time distancing the rivalry, of young men Boston born and Cambridge bred. His light, taken from under the New Hampshire bushel at

* MS. Records of Mass. General Court, Oct. 3, 1632.

Portsmouth, could not be hid in Boston. It gives light to all that enter the house. In 1822 he was elected to Congress from Boston; in 1827, to the Senate of the United States. In 1841 he was Secretary of State; again a private citizen in 1843; in the Senate in 1845, and Secretary of State in 1850, where he continued, until, "on the 24th of October, 1852, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster was no more!"

He was ten days in the General Court of Massachusetts; a few weeks in her Convention; eight years Representative in Congress; nineteen, Senator; five, Secretary of State. Such is a condensed map of his outward history.

Look next at the Headlands of his life. Here I shall speak of his deeds and words as a citizen and public officer.

He was a great lawyer, engaged in many of the most important cases during the last forty years; but, in the briefness of a sermon, I must pass by his labors in the law.

I know that much of his present reputation depends on his achievements as a lawyer; as an "expounder of the Constitution." Unfortunately, it is not possible for me to say how much credit belongs to Mr. Webster for his constitutional arguments, and how much to the late Judge Story. The publication

of the correspondence between these gentlemen will perhaps help settle the matter; but still much exact legal information was often given by word of mouth, during personal interviews, and that must for ever remain hidden from all but him who gave and him who took. However, from 1816 to 1842, Mr. Webster was in the habit of drawing from that deep and copious well of legal knowledge, whenever his own bucket was dry. Mr. Justice Story was the Jupiter Pluvius from whom Mr. Webster often sought to elicit peculiar thunder for his speeches, and private rain for his own public tanks of law. The statesman got the lawyer to draft bills, to make suggestions, to furnish facts, precedents, law, and ideas. He went on this *aquilician* business, asking aid, now in a "bankruptcy bill," in 1816 and 1825; then in questions of law of nations, in 1827; next in matters of criminal law in 1830; then of constitutional law in 1832; then in relation to the North-eastern boundary in 1838; in matters of international law again, in his negotiations with Lord Ashburton, in 1842. "You can do more for me than all the rest of the world," wrote the Secretary of State, April 9th, 1842, "because you can give me the lights I most want; and, if you furnish them, I shall be confident that they will be true lights. I shall trouble you greatly the next three months." And again, July 16th, 1842, he writes, "*Nobody but yourself can do this.*" But, alas! in his later years the beneficiary

sought to conceal the source of his supplies. Jupiter Pluvius had himself been summoned before the court of the Higher Law.

Much of Mr. Webster's fame as a Constitutional lawyer rests on his celebrated argument in the Dartmouth College case. But it is easy to see that the facts, the law, the precedents, the ideas, and the conclusions of that argument, had almost all of them been presented by Messrs. Mason and Smith in the previous trial of the case.*

Let me speak of the public acts of Mr. Webster in his capacity as a private citizen. Here I shall speak of him chiefly as a Public Orator.

Two juvenile orations of his are still preserved, delivered while he was yet a lad in college.† One is

* See the Report of the Case of the Trustees of Dartmouth College, etc. Portsmouth, N. H. [1819.]

† "An Oration pronounced at Hanover, N. H., the 4th day of July, 1800, being the Twenty-fourth Anniversary of Independence, by Daniel Webster, member of the Junior Class, Dartmouth University.

"Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,
And make our lives in thy possession happy,
Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence," etc.

"Hanover, 1800." 8vo. pp. 15.

"Funeral Oration, occasioned by the Death of Ephraim Simonds, of Templeton, Mass., a Member of the Senior Class in Dartmouth College, who died at Hanover (N. H.), on the 18th of June, 1801, æt. 26. By Daniel Webster, a class-mate of the de-

a Fourth-of-July oration, — a performance good enough for a lad of eighteen, but hardly indicating the talents of its author. The sentiments probably belong to the neighborhood, and the diction to the authorities of the college: —

“Fair Science, too, holds her gentle empire amongst us, and almost innumerable altars are raised to her divinity from Brunswick to Florida. Yale, Providence, and Harvard now grace our land; and DARTMOUTH, towering majestic above the groves which encircle her, now inscribes her glory on the registers of fame! Oxford and Cambridge, those oriental stars of literature, shall now be lost, while the bright sun of American science displays his broad circumference in uneclipsed radiance.” — p. 10.

Here is an opinion which he seems to have entertained at the end of his life. He speaks of the formation of the Constitution: —

“We then saw the people of these States engaged in a transaction, which is undoubtedly the greatest approximation towards human perfection the political world ever yet experienced; and which will perhaps for ever stand, in the history of mankind, without a parallel.” — p. 8, 9.

In 1806, he delivered another Fourth-of-July address at Concord, N. H.,* containing many noble and generous opinions: —

ceased. *Et vix sentiunt dicere lingua. Vale.* Hanover, 1801.”
8vo. pp. 13.

* “An Anniversary Address, delivered before the Federal

“Patriotism,” said he, “hath a source of consolation that cheers the heart in these unhappy times, when good men are rendered odious, and bad men popular; when great men are made little, and little men are made great. A genuine patriot, above the reach of personal considerations, with his eye and his heart on the honor and the happiness of his country, is a character as easy and as satisfactory to himself as venerable in the eyes of the world. While his country enjoys freedom and peace, he will rejoice and be thankful; and, if it be in the councils of Heaven to send the storm and the tempest, he meets the tumult of the political elements with composure and dignity. Above fear, above danger, above reproach, he feels that the last end which can happen to any man never comes too soon, if he fall in defence of the law and the liberty of his country.”—p. 21.

In 1812, he delivered a third Fourth-of-July address at Portsmouth.* The political storm is felt in the little harbor of Portsmouth, and the speaker swells with the tumult of the sea. He is hostile to France; averse to the war with England, then waging, yet ready to fight and pay taxes for it. He wants a navy. He comes “to take counsel of the dead,” with whom he finds an “infallible criterion.” But, alas! “dead men tell no tales,” and give no

Gentlemen of Concord and its Vicinity, July 4, 1806. By Daniel Webster. Concord, N. H., 1806.” 8vo. pp. 21.

* “An Address delivered before the Washington Benevolent Society at Portsmouth, July 4, 1812. By Daniel Webster. Portsmouth, N. H.” 8vo. pp. 27. He delivered also other Fourth-of-July addresses, which I have not seen.

counsel. There was then no witch at Portsmouth to bring up Washington quickly.

His subsequent deference to the money-power begins to appear: "The Federal Constitution was adopted for no single reason so much as for the protection of commerce." "Commerce has paid the price of independence." It has been committed to the care of the general government, but "not as a convict to the safe-keeping of a jailor," "not for close confinement." He wants a navy to protect it. Such were the opinions of Federalists around him.

But these speeches of his youth and early manhood were but commonplace productions. In his capacity as public orator, in the vigorous period of his faculties, he made three celebrated speeches, not at all political, — at Plymouth Rock, to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of New England's birth; at Bunker Hill, in memory of the chief battle of New England; and at Faneuil Hall, to honor the two great men who died when the nation was fifty years old, and they fourscore. Each of these orations was a great and noble effort of patriotic eloquence.

Standing on Plymouth Rock, with the graves of the forefathers around him, how proudly could he say: —

"Our ancestors established their system of government on morality and religious sentiment. Moral habits, they believed, cannot safely be trusted on any other foundation than religious

principle, nor any government be secure which is not supported by moral habits. Living under the heavenly light of revelation, they hoped to find all the social dispositions, all the duties which men owe to each other and to society, enforced and performed. Whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens. Our fathers came here to enjoy their religion free and unmolested; and, at the end of two centuries, there is nothing upon which we can pronounce more confidently, nothing of which we can express a more deep and earnest conviction, than of the inestimable importance of that religion to man, both in regard to this life and that which is to come."

At Bunker Hill, there were before him the men of the Revolution, — venerable men who drew swords at Lexington and Concord, and faced the fight in many a fray. There was the French nobleman, — would to God that France had many such to-day! — who perilled his fortune, life, and reputation, for freedom in America, and never sheathed the sword he drew at Yorktown till France also was a republic, — Fayette was there; the Fayette of two revolutions; the Fayette of Yorktown and Olmutz. How well could he say: —

"Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, **OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY.** And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration for ever!"

On another occasion, he stood at the grave of two great men, who, in the time that tried men's souls, were of the earliest to peril "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," — men who, having been one in the Declaration of Independence, were again made one in death; for then the people returned to the cradle wherein the elder Adams and Hancock had rocked Liberty when young; and Webster chaunted the psalm of commemoration to Adams and Jefferson, who had helped that new-born child to walk. He brought before the living the mighty dead. In his words they fought their battles o'er again; we heard them resolve, that, "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," they gave their hand and their heart for liberty; and Adams and Jefferson grew greater before the eyes of the people, as he brought them up, and showed the massive services of those men, and pointed out the huge structure of that human fabric which had gone to the grave: —

"Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded

proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world."

How loftily did he say:—

"If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear, upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation. They circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination let us walk the course of life, and, at its close, devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine Benignity."

As a political officer, I shall speak of him as a Legislator and Executor of the law, a maker and administrator of laws.

In November, 1812, Mr. Webster was chosen as Representative to the Thirteenth Congress. At that time the country was at war with Great Britain; and the well-known restraints still fettered the commerce of the country. The people were divided into two great parties,—the Federalists, who opposed the embargo and the war; and the Democrats, who

avored both. Mr. Madison, then President, had been forced into the war, contrary to his own convictions of expediency and of right. The most bitter hatred prevailed between the two parties: "party politics were inexpressibly violent." An eminent lawyer of Salem, afterwards one of the most distinguished jurists in the world, a Democrat,* was, on account of his political opinions, knocked down in the street, beaten, and forced to take shelter in the house of a friend, whither he fled, bleeding, and covered with the mud of the streets. Political rancor invaded private life; it occupied the pulpit; it blinded men's eyes to a degree almost exceeding belief: were it not now again a fact, we should not believe it possible at a former time.

Mr. Webster was a Federalist, earnest and devoted, with the convictions of a Federalist, and the prejudices and the blindness of a Federalist; and, of course, hated by men who had the convictions of a Democrat, and the prejudices and blindness thereof. It is difficult to understand the wilfulness of thorough partisans. In New Hampshire the Judges were Democrats; the Federalists, having a majority in the Legislature, wished to be rid of them, and, for that purpose, abolished all the Courts in the State, and appointed others in their place (1813). I mention this only to show the temper of the times.

* Joseph Story.

There was no great principle of political morals on which the two parties differed, only on measures of expediency. The Federalists demanded freedom of the seas and protection for commerce; but they repeatedly, solemnly, and officially scorned to extend this protection to sailors. They justly complained of the embargo that kept their ships from the sea, but found little fault with the British for impressing sailors from American ships. The Democrats professed the greatest regard for "sailors' rights;" but, in 1814, the government forbade its officers to grant protection to "colored sailors," though Massachusetts alone, had more than a thousand able seamen of that class! A leading Federal organ, said, — "The Union is dear; Commerce is still more dear." "The Eastern States agreed to the Union for the sake of their Commerce." *

With the Federalists there was a great veneration for England. Mr. Fisher Ames, said, — "The immortal spirit of the wood-nymph Liberty dwells only in the British oak." "Our country," quoth he, "is too big for union, too sordid for patriotism, and too democratic for liberty." "England," said another, "is the bulwark of our religion," and the "shield of afflicted humanity." A Federalist newspaper at Boston censured Americans as "enemies of England and monarchy," and accused the Democrats of

* "Columbian Centinel" for July 25th, 1812.

“antipathy to kingly power.” Did Democrats complain that our prisoners were ill-treated by the British, it was declared “foolish and wicked to throw the blame on the British government!” Americans expressed indignation at the British outrages at Hampton, — burning houses and violating the women. The Federal newspapers said, it is “impossible that their (the British) military or naval men should be other than magnanimous and humane.” Mr. Clay accused the Federalists of “plots that aim at the dismemberment of the Union,” and denounced the party as “conspirators against the integrity of the nation.”

In general, the Federalists maintained that England had a right to visit American vessels to search for and take her own subjects, if found there; and, if she sometimes took an American citizen, that was only an “incidental evil.” Great Britain, said the Massachusetts Legislature, has done us “no essential injury:” she “was fighting the battles of the world.” They denied that she had impressed “any considerable number of American seamen.” Such was the language of Mr. Webster and the party he served. But even at that time the “Edinburgh Review” declared, “Every American seaman might be said to hold his liberty, and ultimately his life, at the discretion of a foreign commander. In many cases, accordingly, native-born Americans were dragged on board British ships of war: they were

dispersed in the remotest quarters of the globe, and not only exposed to the perils of service, but shut out by their situation from all hope of ever being reclaimed. The right of reclaiming runaway seamen was exercised, in short, without either moderation or justice."

Over six thousand cases of impressment were recorded in the American Department of State. In Parliament, Lord Castlereagh admitted that there were three thousand five hundred men in the British fleet claiming to be American citizens, and sixteen hundred of them actually citizens. At the beginning of the war, two thousand five hundred American citizens, impressed into the British navy, refused to fight against their native land, and were shut up in Dartmoor prison. When the *Guerriere* was captured, there were ten American sailors on board who refused to fight. In Parliament, in 1808, Mr. Baring (Lord Ashburton) defended the rights of Americans against the British orders in council, while in 1812 and 1813 the Federalists could "not find out the cases of impressment";—such was the influence of party spirit.

The party out of power is commonly the friend of freedom. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts declared that unconstitutional acts of Congress were void; the Legislature declared it the duty of the State Courts to prevent usurped and unconstitutional powers from being exercised: "It is the duty

of the present generation to stand between the next and despotism ;” “ Whenever the national compact is violated, and the citizens of this State oppressed by cruel and unauthorized enactments, this Legislature is bound to interpose its power to wrest from the oppressor his victim.”

After the Federal party had taken strong ground, Mr. Webster opposed the administration, opposed the war, took the part of England in the matter of impressment. He drew up the Brentwood Memorial, once so famous all over New England, now forgotten and faded out of all men’s memory.*

On the 24th of May, 1813, Mr. Webster first took his seat in the House of Representatives, at the extra session of the thirteenth Congress. He was a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and industriously opposed the administration. In the three sessions of this Congress, he closely followed the leaders of the Federal party ; voting with Mr. Pickering a hundred and ninety-one times, and against him only four times, in the two years. Sometimes he “ avoided the question ;” but voted against thanking Commodore Perry for his gallant conduct, against the purchase of Mr. Jefferson’s library, against naval supplies, direct taxes, and internal duties.

He opposed the government scheme of a National

* I purposely pass over other political writings and speeches of his.

Bank.* No adequate reports of his speeches against the war † are preserved; but, to judge from the testimony of an eminent man, ‡ they contained prophetic indications of that oratorical power which was one day so mightily to thunder and lighten in the nation's eyes. Yet his influence in Congress does not appear to have been great. In later years he defended the United States Bank; but that question, like others, had then become a party question; and a horse in the party-team must go on with his fellows, or be flayed by the driver's lash.

But though his labors were not followed by any very marked influence at Washington, at home he drew on himself the wrath of the Democratic party. Mr. Isaac Hill, the editor of the leading Democratic paper in New Hampshire, pursued him with intense personal hatred. He sneeringly says, and falsely, "The great Mr. Webster, so extremely flippant in arguing petty suits, in the courts of law, cuts but a sorry figure at Washington: his overweening confidence and zeal cannot *there* supply the place of knowledge." §

He was sneeringly called the "great," the "eloquent," the "preëminent" Daniel Webster. His

* Speech in the House of Representatives, January 2, 1815. Works, vol. iii. p. 35, *et seq.*

† See his Speech in House of Representatives, January 14, 1814, on the Army Bill. Alexandria, 1814. Svo. pp. 14.

‡ Mr. Story.

§ "New Hampshire Patriot" of July 27, 1813.

deeds, his words, his silence, all were represented as coming from the basest motives, and serving the meanest ends. His Journal at Portsmouth was called the "lying *Oracle*." Listen to this: "Mr. Webster spoke much and often when he was in Congress; and, if he had studied the Wisdom of Solomon (as some of his colleagues probably did), he would have discovered that *a fool is known by his much speaking.*"

Mr. Webster, in common with his party, refused to take part in the war. "I honor," said he, "the people that shrink from such a contest as this. I applaud their sentiments: they are such as religion and humanity dictate, and such as none but *canibals* would wish to eradicate from the human heart." Whereupon the editor asks, Will not the federal soldiers call the man who made the speech "a cold-blooded wretch, whose heart is callous to every patriotic feeling?"* and then, "We do not wonder at Mr. Webster's reluctance again to appear at the city of Washington" (he was attending cases at court): "even his native brass must be abashed at his own conduct, at his own speeches."† Flattery "has spoiled him; for application might have made him something a dozen years hence. It has given him confidence, a face of brass, which and his native

* "New Hampshire Patriot," August 27, 1814.

† *Id.*, October 4, 1814.

volubility are mistaken for 'preëminent talent.' Of all men in the State, he is the fittest to be the tool of the enemy." * He was one of the men that bring the "nation to the verge of ruin;" a "Thompsonian intriguer;" a "Macfarland admirer;" "The self-importance and gross egotism he displays are disgusting;" "You would suppose him a great merchant, living in a maritime city, and not a man reared in the *woods* of Salisbury, or educated in the *wilds* of Hanover." †

Before he was elected to Congress, Mr. Hill accused him of "deliberate falsehood," of "telling bold untruths to justify the enormities of the enemy." ‡ The cry was raised, "The Union is in danger." Mr. Webster was to bring about "a dissolution of the Union;" § "The few conspirators in Boston, who aim at the division of the Union, and the English Government, who support them in their rebellion, appear to play into each other's hands with remarkable adroitness." The Patriot speaks of "the mad measures of the Boston junto; the hateful, hypocritical scheme of its canting, disaffected chief, and the audacious tone of its public prints." || The language of Washington was quoted against political foes; his Farewell Address reprinted. Mr. Webster was

* "New Hampshire Patriot," August 2, 1814.

† *Id.*, Aug. 9, 1814.

‡ *Id.*, Oct. 29, 1812.

§ *Id.*, Oct. 13, 1812.

|| March 30, 1813, quoted from the "Baltimore Patriot."

charged with "setting the North against the South." The Essex junto was accused of "a plot to destroy the Union," in order "to be under the glorious shelter of British protection."* The Federalists were a "British faction;" the country members of the Massachusetts Legislature were "wooden members;" distinguished characters were "exciting hostility against the Union;" one of these "ought to be tied to the tail of a Congreve rocket, and offered up a burnt sacrifice." It was "moral treason" not to rejoice at the victories of the nation—it was not then "levying war." The Legislature of New Jersey called the acts of the Massachusetts Legislature "the ravings of an infuriated faction," and Gov. Strong a "Maniac Governor." The "Boston Patriot" † called Mr. Webster "the poor fallen Webster," who "curses heartily his setters on:" "the poor creature is confoundedly mortified." Mr. Clay, in Congress, could speak of "the howlings of the whole British pack, let loose from the Essex junto:" the Federalists were attempting "to familiarize the public mind with the horrid scheme of disunion." ‡ And Isaac Hill charged the Federalists with continually "threatening a separation of the States; striving to stir up the passions of the North against the South,

* "Boston Patriot," No. 1.

† July 21, 1813.

‡ Speech in House of Representatives, January 8, 1813.

—in clear defiance of the dying injunctions of Washington.”* I mention these things that all may understand the temper of those times.

In 1815, Mr. Webster sought for the office of Attorney-General of New Hampshire, but, failing thereof, was reëlected to the House of Representatives.† In the fourteenth Congress, two important measures came up amongst others,—the Bank and the Tariff. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Clay favored the establishment of a national bank, with a capital of \$35,000,000. Mr. Webster opposed it by votes and words, reaffirming the sound doctrines of his former speech: the founders of the Constitution were “hard-money men;” government must not receive the paper of banks which do not pay specie; but “the taxes must be paid in the legal money of the country.”‡ Such was the doctrine of the leading Federalists of the time, and the practice of New England. He introduced a resolution, that all revenues of the United States should be paid in the legal currency of the nation. It met scarce any opposition, and was passed the same day. I think this was the greatest service he ever performed in relation to our national

* “New Hampshire Patriot” for June 7, 1814.

† See the Farmers’ Monthly Visitor, vol. xii. p. 198, *et seq.* (Manchester, N. H. 1832.)

‡ Speech in House of Representatives, Feb. 28, 1816 (in “National Intelligencer” for March 2, 1816). See also Works, vol. iii. p. 35, *et seq.*

currency or national finance. He was himself proud of it in his later years.*

The protective tariff was supported by Messrs. Calhoun, Clay, and Lowndes. Mr. Webster opposed it; for the capitalists of the North, then deeply engaged in commerce, looked on it as hostile to their shipping, and talked of the "dangers of manufactories." Was it for this reason that the South, always jealous of the Northern thrifty toil, proposed it? So it was alleged.† Mr. Webster declared that Congress has no constitutional right to levy duties for protection; only for revenue; revenue is the constitutional substance; protection, only the accidental shadow.‡

In 1816, Mr. Webster removed to Boston. In 1819, while he was a private citizen, a most important question came before the nation, — Shall slavery be extended into the Missouri Territory? Here, too, Mr. Webster was on the side of freedom.§ He was one of a committee appointed by a meeting of the citizens of Boston to call a general meeting of the

* It passed April 26, 1816. Yeas 79; nays, 35.

† But see Mr. Calhoun's defence of his course. *Life and Speeches*. New York, 1843. p. 329.

‡ Speech in House of Representatives.

§ In Mr. Everett's Memoir prefixed to the Works of Mr. Webster, no mention is made of this opposition to the Missouri Compromise!

citizens to oppose the extension of slavery. The United States Marshal was chairman of the meeting. Mr. Webster was one of the committee to report resolutions at a subsequent meeting. The preamble said:—

“The extirpation of slavery has never ceased to be a measure deeply concerning the honor and safety of the United States.” “In whatever tends to diminish the evil of slavery, or to check its growth, all parts of the confederacy are alike interested.” “If slavery is established in Missouri, then it will be burdened with all the mischiefs which are too well known to be the sure results of slavery; an evil, which has long been deplored, would be incalculably augmented; the whole confederacy would be weakened, and our free institutions disgraced, by the voluntary extension of a practice repugnant to all the principles of a free government, the continuance of which in any part of our country necessity alone has justified.”

It was Resolved, that Congress “possesses the constitutional power, upon the admission of any new State created beyond the limits of the original territory of the United States, to make the prohibition of the further extension of slavery or involuntary servitude in such new State, a condition of its admission.” “It is just and expedient that this power should be exercised by Congress, upon the admission of all new States created beyond the limits of the original territory of the United States.”

In a speech, Mr. Webster “showed incontrovertibly that Congress had this power; that they were called upon by all the principles of sound policy, humanity, and morality, to enact it, and, by prohibit-

ing slavery in the new State of Missouri, oppose a barrier to the future progress of slavery, which else — and this was the last time the opportunity would happen to fix its limits — would roll on desolating the vast expanse of continent to the Pacific Ocean.”*

Mr. Webster was appointed chairman of a committee to prepare a memorial to Congress on this matter.† He said:—

“We have a strong feeling of the injustice of any toleration of slavery.” But, “to permit it in a new country, what is it but to encourage that rapacity and fraud and violence, against which we have so long pointed the denunciations of our penal code? What is it but to tarnish the proud fame of our country? What is it but to throw suspicion on its good faith, and to render questionable all its professions of regard for the rights of humanity, and the liberties of mankind?” — p. 21.

At that time, such was the general opinion of the Northern men.‡ A writer in the leading journal of

* Account of a Meeting at the State House in Boston, Dec. 3, 1819, to consider the Extension of Slavery by the United States (in “Boston Daily Advertiser” for Dec. 4, 1819).

† “A Memorial to the Congress of the United States, on the Subject of Restraining the Increase of Slavery in the New States to be admitted into the Union,” etc. etc. Boston, 1819. pp. 22.

‡ See a valuable series of papers in the “Boston Daily Advertiser,” No. I. to VI., on this subject, from Nov. 20 to Dec. 28, 1819. Charge of Judge Story to the Grand Juries, etc.; *ibid.* Dec. 7 and 8, 1819. Article on the Missouri Compromise, in “North American Review,” Jan. 1820. Mr. King’s speech in Senate of United States, in “Columbian Centinel” for Jan. 19 and

Boston said: "Other calamities are trifles compared to this (slavery). War has alleviations; if it does much evil, it does some good: at least, it has an end. But negro-slavery is misery without mixture; it is Pandora's box, but no Hope at the bottom; it is evil, and only evil, and that continually."*

A meeting of the most respectable citizens of Worcester resolved against "any further extension of slavery," as "rendering our boasted Land of Liberty preëminent only as a mart for Human Flesh."

"Sad prospects," said the "Boston Daily Advertiser," "indeed for emancipators and colonizers, that, faster than the wit or the means of men can devise a method even for keeping stationary the frightful propagation of slavery, other men, members of the same community, sometimes colleagues of the same deliberative assembly will be compassing, with all their force, the widest possible extension of slavery."†

The South uttered its threat of "dissolving the Union," if slavery were not extended west of the Mississippi. "The threat," said a writer, "when we consider from whence it comes, raises at once won-

22, 1820. See also the comments of the "Daily Advertiser" on the treachery of Mr. Mason, the Boston representative, March 28 and 29, 1820.

* "L. M." in "Columbian Centinel" for Dec. 8, 1819.

† "Boston Daily Advertiser" for Nov. 20, 1819.

der and pity, but has never been thought worth a serious answer here. Even the academicians of Laputa never imagined such a nation as these seceding States would form." "We have lost much; our national honor has received a stain in the eyes of the world; we have enlarged the sphere of human misery and crime."* Only four New Englanders voted for the Missouri Compromise,—Hill and Holmes of Maine, Mason and Shaw of Massachusetts.

Mr. Webster held no public office in this State, until he was chosen a member of the Convention for amending the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

It appears that he had a large influence in the Massachusetts Convention. His speeches, however, do not show any remarkable depth of philosophy, or width of historic view; but they display the strength of a great mind not fully master of his theme. They are not always fair; they sometimes show the specious arguments of the advocate, and do not always indicate the soundness of the judge. He developed no new ideas; looked back more than forward. He stated his opinions with clearness and energy. His leaning was then, as it always was, towards the concentration of power; not to its diffu-

* "Boston Daily Advertiser" of March 16, 1820.

sion. It was the Federal leaning of New England at the time. He had no philosophical objection to a technical religious test as the qualification for office, but did not think it expedient to found a measure on that principle. He wanted property, and not population, as the basis of representation in the senate. It was "the true basis and measure of power." "Political power," said he, "naturally and necessarily goes into the hands which holds the property." The House might rest on men, the Senate on money. He said, "It would seem to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property;" yet he wished to have the property diffused as widely as possible. He was not singular in this preference of money to men. Others thought, that, to put the Senate on the basis of population, and not property, was a change of "an alarming character."

He had small confidence in the people; apparently little sympathy with the multitude of men. He was jealous of the Legislature; afraid of its encroachment on the Judiciary, — New Hampshire, had perhaps, shown him examples of legislative injustice, — but contended ably for the independence of Judges. He had great veneration for the existing Constitution, and thought there would "never be any occasion for great changes" in it, and that "no revision of its general principles would be necessary." Others of the same party thought also that the Constitution was "the most perfect system that human wisdom

had ever devised." To judge from the record, Mr. Webster found abler heads than his own in that Convention. Indeed it would have been surprising if a young man, only eight and thirty years of age, should surpass the "assembled wisdom of the State." *

On the 2d of December, 1823, Mr. Webster took his seat in the House of Representatives, as member for Boston. He defended the cause of the Greeks "with the power of a great mind applied to a great subject," denounced the "Holy Alliance," and recommended interference to prevent oppression. Public opinion set strongly in that direction.† "The

* Some valuable passages of Mr. Webster's speeches are omitted from the edition of his Works. (Compare vol. iii. pp. 15 and 17, with the "Journal of Debates and Proceedings in the Convention of Delegates," etc. Boston, 1821. pp. 143, 144, and 145, 146.) A reason for the omission will be obvious to any one who reads the original, and remembers the position and expectations of the author in 1851.

† Meetings had been held in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other important towns, and considerable sums of money raised on behalf of the Greeks. Even the educated men were filled with enthusiasm for the descendants of Anaereon and Pericles. The leading journals of England were on the same side. See the letters of John Q. Adams to Mr. Rich and Mr. Luriettis, Dec. 18, 1823; and of John Adams, Dec. 29, 1823. Mr. Clay was on the same side with Mr. Webster. But Mr. Randolph, in his speech in House of Representatives, Jan. 20, 1824, tartly asked, "Why have we never sent an envoy to our sister republic Hayti?"

policy of our Government," said he, "is on the side of liberal and enlightened sentiments;" "The civilized world has done with 'The enormous faith of many made for one.'"*

In 1816 he had opposed a tariff which levied a heavy duty on imports; in 1824 he opposed it again, with vigorous arguments. His speech at that time is a work of large labor, of some nice research, and still of value.† "Like a mighty giant," says Mr. Hayne, "he bore away upon his shoulders the pillars of the temple of error and delusion, escaping himself unhurt, and leaving his adversaries overwhelmed in its ruins." He thought, "the authority of Congress to exercise the revenue-power with direct reference to the protection of manufactures is a questionable authority."‡ He represented the opinion of New England, which "discountenanced the progress of this policy" of high duties. The Federalists of the North inclined to free trade; in 1807 Mr. Dexter thought it "an unalienable right,"§ and in 1820 Judge Story asked why should "the laboring classes be taxed for the necessaries of life?"||

* See the just and beautiful remarks of Mr. Webster in this speech. Works, vol. iii. pp. 77, 78, and 92 and 93. *Oh si sic semper!*

† Vol. iii. p. 94, *et seq.* See Speech in Faneuil Hall, Oct. 2, 1820.

‡ Speech in reply to Hayne, vol. iii. p. 305.

§ Argument in District Court of Massachusetts against the Embargo.

|| Memorial of the Citizens of Salem.

The tariff of 1824 got but one vote from Massachusetts. As the public judgment of Northern capitalists changed, it brought over the opinion of Mr. Webster, who seems to have had no serious and sober convictions on this subject. At one time, he declares the protective system is ruinous to the laboring man; but again "it is aimed point-blank at the protection of labor;" and the duty on coal must not be diminished, lest coal grow scarce and dear.* Non-impotation was "an American instinct." †

In 1828 he voted for "the bill of abominations," as that tariff was called, which levied "thirty-two millions of duties on sixty-four millions of imports," "not because he was in favor of the measure, but as the least of two evils."

In 1816 the South wanted a protective tariff: the commercial North hated it. It was Mr. Calhoun ‡ who introduced the measure first. Mr. Clay gave it the support of his large talents and immense personal influence, and built up the "American System." Pennsylvania and New York were on that side. General Jackson voted for the tariff of 1824. Mr. Clay was jealous of foreign commerce: it was "the great source of foreign wars;" "The predilec-

* Works, vol. iv. p. 309.

† Works, vol. ii. p. 352.

‡ See Mr. Calhoun's reason for this. *Life and Speeches*, p. 70, *et seq.* But see the articles of a "Friend to Truth" upon Mr. Calhoun and the Protective System, in the *Richmond Enquirer* for November, 1832.

tion of the school of the Essex junto," said he, "for foreign trade and British fabrics is unconquerable." Yet he correctly said, "New England will have the first and richest fruits of the tariff." *

After the system of protection got footing, the Northern capitalists set about manufacturing in good earnest, and then Mr. Webster became the advocate of a high tariff of protective duties. Here he has been blamed for his change of opinion; but to him it was an easy change. He was not a scientific legislator: he had no great and comprehensive ideas of that part of legislation which belongs to political economy. He looked only at the fleeting interest of his constituents, and took their transient opinions of the hour for his norm of conduct. As these altered, his own views also changed. Sometimes the change was a revolution. † It seems to me his first opinion was right, and his last a fatal mistake, that he never answered his first great speech of 1824: but it also appears that he was honest in the change; for he only looked at the pecuniary in-

* Speech in House of Representatives, April 26, 1820. Works, (New York, 1843,) vol. i. p. 159.

† Compare his speeches on the tariff in 1824 and 1828 (Works, vol. iii. p. 94, *et seq.*; and 228, *et seq.*) with his subsequent speeches thereon in 1837, 1846. Works, vol. iv. p. 304, *et seq.*; vol. v. p. 361, *et seq.*; and vol. ii. p. 130, *et seq.* and 349, *et seq.* Compare vol. iii. p. 118, *et seq.* and 124, *et seq.* with vol. ii. p. 357. See his reasons for the change of opinion in vol. v. p. 186 and 240. All of these speeches are marked by great ability of statement.

terest of his employers, and took their opinions for his guide. But he had other fluctuations on this matter of the tariff, which do not seem capable of so honorable an explanation.*

In the days of nullification, Mr. Webster denied the right of South Carolina to secede from the Union, or to give a final interpretation of the Constitution. She maintained that the Federal Government had violated the Constitution; that she, the aggrieved State of South Carolina, was the judge in that matter, and had a constitutional right to "nullify" the Constitution, and withdraw from the Union.

The question is a deep one. It is the old issue of Federal and Democrat,—the question between the constitutional power of the whole, and the power of the parts,—Federal power and State power. Mr. Webster was always in favor of a strong central government; honestly in favor of it, I doubt not. His speeches on that subject were most masterly speeches. I refer, in particular, to that in 1830 against Mr. Hayne, and the speech in 1833 against Mr. Calhoun.

The first of these is the great political speech of

* Compare his speech in Faneuil Hall, September, 30, 1842, with his tariff speeches in 1846. Works, vol. ii. p. 130, *et seq.* with vol. v. p. 161, *et seq.* and vol. ii. p. 349, *et seq.*

Daniel Webster. I do not mean to say that it is just in its political ethics, or deep in the metaphysics of politics, or far-sighted in its political providence. I only mean to say that it surpasses all his other political speeches in the massive intellectual power of statement. Mr. Webster was then eight and forty years old. He defended New England against Mr. Hayne; he defended the Constitution of the United States against South Carolina. His speech is full of splendid eloquence; he reached high, and put the capstone upon his fame, whose triple foundation he had laid at Plymouth, at Bunker Hill, and at Faneuil Hall. The "republican members of the Massachusetts Legislature" unanimously thanked him for his able vindication of their State. A Virginian, who heard the speech, declared he felt "as if looking at a mammoth treading his native cane-brake, and, without apparent consciousness, crushing obstacles which nature had never designed as impediments to him."

He loved concentrated power, and seems to have thought the American Government was exclusively national, and not Federal.* The Constitution was "not a compact." He was seldom averse to sacrificing the rights of the individual States to the claim of the central authority. He favored consolidation

* Last remarks on Foote's Resolution, and Speech in Senate, 13th Feb. 1833. Works, vol. iii. p. 343, *et seq.*; 448, *et seq.*

of power, while the South Carolinians and others preferred local self-government. It was no doctrine of his "that unconstitutional laws bind the people;" but it was his doctrine that such laws bind the people until the Supreme Court declares them unconstitutional; thus making, not the Constitution, but the discretion of the rulers, the measure of its powers!

It is customary at the North to think Mr. Webster wholly in the right, and South Carolina wholly in the wrong, on the question of nullification; but it should be remembered, that some of the ablest men whom the South ever sent to Washington thought otherwise. There was a good deal of truth in the speech of Mr. Hayne: he was alarmed at the increase of the central power, which seemed to invade the rights of the States. Mr. Calhoun defended the Carolinian idea;* and Calhoun was a man of great mind, a sagacious man, a man of unimpeachable integrity in private.† Mr. Clay was certainly a man of very large intellect, wise and subtle and far-sighted. But, in 1833, he introduced his "Compromise Meas-

* See Mr. Calhoun's Disquisition on Government, and his Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States, in his Works, vol. i. (Charleston, 1851); Life and Speeches (New York, 1843), No. iii.-vi. See, too, Life and Speeches, No. ix., xix., xxii.

† A more thorough acquaintance with the character and conduct of Mr. Calhoun, makes it doubtful to me that he deserves this threefold praise.

ure," to avoid the necessity of enforcing the opinions of Mr. Webster.

I must pass over many things in Mr. Webster's congressional career.

While Secretary of State, he performed the chief act of his public life,—the one deed on which his reputation as a political administrator seems now to settle down and rest. He negotiated the Treaty of Washington in 1842. The matter was difficult, the claims intricate; there were four parties to pacify,—England, the United States, Massachusetts, and Maine. The quarrel was almost sixty years old. Many political doctors had laid their hands on the immedicable wound, which only smarted sorer under their touch. The British Government sent over a minister to negotiate a treaty with the American Secretary. The two eminent statesmen settled the difficulty. It has been said that no other man in America could have done so well, and drawn the thunder out of the gathered cloud. Perhaps I am no judge of that; yet I do not see why any sensible and honest man could not have done the work. You all remember the anxiety of America and of England; the apprehension of war; and the delight when these two countries shook hands, as the work was done. Then we all felt that there was only one English nation,—the English Briton and the English American; that Webster and Ashburton were

fellow-citizens, yea, brothers of the same great Anglo-Saxon tribe.

His letters on the Right of Search, and the British claim to impress seamen from American ships, would have done honor to any statesman in the world.* He refused to England the right to visit and search our ships, on the plea of their being engaged in the slave-trade. Some of my anti-slavery brethren have censured him for this. I always thought he was right in the matter. But, on the other side, his celebrated letter to Lord Ashburton, in the Creole case, seems to me most eminently unjust, false in law, and wicked in morality.† It is the greatest stain on that negotiation; and it is wonderful to me, that, in 1846, Mr. Webster could himself declare he thought that letter was the “most triumphant production” from his pen in all the correspondence.

But let us pause a moment, and see how much praise is really due to Mr. Webster for negotiating the treaty. I limit my remarks to the north-eastern boundary. The main question was, Where is the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, mentioned in the treaty of 1783? for a line, drawn due north from the source of the river St. Croix to the summit of the highlands dividing the waters of the Atlantic from those of the St. Lawrence, was to terminate at that

* Works, vol. vi. p. 318, *et seq.*

† *Id.* p. 303, *et seq.*

point. The American claim was most abundantly substantiated; but it left the British Provinces, New Brunswick and Canada, in an embarrassed position. No military road could be maintained between them; and, besides, the American border came very near to Quebec. Accordingly, the British Government, on the flimsiest pretext, refused to draw the lines and erect the monuments contemplated by the treaty of 1794; perverted the language of the treaty of 1783, which was too plain to be misunderstood; and gradually extended its claim further and further to the west. By the treaty of Ghent (1814), it was provided that certain questions should be left out to a friendly power for arbitration. In 1827, this matter was referred to the King of the Netherlands: he was to determine where the line of the treaty ran. He did not determine that question, but, in 1831, proposed a new conventional line. His award ceded to the British about 4,119 square miles of land in Maine. The English assented to it; but the Americans refused to accept the award, Mr. Webster opposing it. He was entirely convinced that the American claim was just and sound, and the American interpretation of the treaty of 1783 the only correct one. On a memorable occasion, in the Senate of the United States, Mr. Webster declared — “that Great Britain ought forthwith to be told, that, unless she would agree to settle the question by the 4th of July next, according to the treaty of 1783,

we would then take possession of that line, and let her drive us off if she can!" *

The day before, and in all *soberness*, he declared that he "never entertained a doubt that the right to this disputed territory was in the United States." This was "perfectly clear,—so clear that the controversy never seemed to him hardly to reach to the dignity of a debatable question."

But, in 1842, the British minister came to negotiate a treaty. Maine and Massachusetts were asked to appoint commissioners to help in the matter; for it seemed determined on that those States were to relinquish some territory to which they had a lawful claim. Those States could not convey the territory to England, but might authorize the Federal Government to make the transfer. The treaty was made, and accepted by Maine and Massachusetts. But it ceded to Great Britain all the land which the award had given, and 893 square miles in addition. Thus the treaty conveyed to Great Britain more than five thousand square miles—upwards of three million acres—of American territory, to which, by the terms of the treaty, the American title was perfectly good. Rouse's Point was ceded to the United States; with a narrow strip of land on the north of Vermont and New Hampshire; but the king's award gave us

* *Evening Debate of Senate*, Feb. 27, 1839 (in "Boston Atlas" of March 1).

Rouse's Point at less cost. The rights which the Americans gained with the navigation of a part of the St. John's River were only a fair exchange for the similar right conceded to the British. As a compensation to Maine and Massachusetts for the loss of the land and the jurisdiction over it, the United States paid those two States \$300,000, and indemnified Maine for the expenses occasioned by the troubles which had grown out of the contested claims,—about \$300,000 more. Great Britain gained all that was essential to the welfare of her colonies. All her communications, civil and military, were forever placed beyond hostile reach; and all the military positions claimed by America, with the exception of Rouse's Point, were for ever secured to Great Britain! What did England concede? The British government still keeps (in secret) the identical map used by the English and American Commissioners who negotiated the treaty of 1783: the Boundary line is drawn on it, in red ink, with a pen, exactly where the Americans had always claimed that the Treaty required it to be!

It was fortunate that the controversy was settled; it was wise in America to be liberal. A tract of wild land, though half as large as Massachusetts, is nothing compared to a war. It is as well for mankind that the jurisdiction over that spot belongs to the Lion of England as to the Eagle of America. But I fear a man who makes such a bargain is not

entitled to any great glory among diplomatists. In 1832, Maine refused to accept the award of the king, even when the Federal Government offered her a million acres of good land in Michigan, of her own selection, valued at a million and a quarter of dollars. Had it been a question of the south-western boundary, and not the north-eastern, Mexico would have had an answer to her claim very different from that which England received. Mr. Webster was determined on negotiating the treaty at all hazards, and was not very courteous to those who expostulated and stood out for the just rights of Maine and Massachusetts; nay, he was indignant at the presumption of these States asking for compensation when their land was ceded away!*

* For the facts of this controversy, see, I. The Definitive Treaty of Peace, etc. 1783. Public Statutes of the United States of America (Boston, 1846), vol. viii. p. 80. Treaty of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, etc. 1794, *ibid.* p. 116. Treaty of Peace and Amity, 1814, *ibid.* p. 218. — II. Act of Twentieth Congress, stat. i. chap. xxx. *id.* vol. iv. p. 262. Act of Twenty-sixth Congress, stat. i. chap. lii. *ibid.* vol. v. p. 402; and stat. ii. chap. ii. p. 413. III. Statement, on the part of the United States, of the Case referred in pursuance of the Convention of 29th September, 1827, between the said States and Great Britain, to his Majesty the King of the Netherlands, for his decision thereon (Washington, 1829). North American Boundary, A.: Correspondence relating to the Boundary, etc. etc. (London, 1838). North American Boundary, part I.: Correspondence relating to the Boundary, etc. (London, 1840). The Right of the United States of America to the North-eastern Boundary claimed by them, etc. etc., by Albert Gallatin, etc. (New York, 1840). Documents of the Senate of Massachusetts, 1839, No. 45; 1841, No. 9. Documents

Was there any real danger of a war? If England had claimed clear down to the Connecticut, I think the Southern masters of the North would have given up Bunker Hill and Plymouth Rock, rather than risk to the chances of a British war the twelve hundred million dollars invested in slaves. Men who live in straw houses think twice before they scatter firebrands abroad. England knew well with whom she had to deal, and authorized her representative to treat only for a "*conventional line*," not to accept the line of the treaty! Mr. Webster succeeded in negotiating, because he gave up more American territory than any one would yield before, — more than the king of the Netherlands had proposed. Still, we may all rejoice in the settlement of the question; and if Great Britain had admitted our claim by the plain terms of the treaty, and then asked for the land so valuable and necessary to her, who in New England would have found fault? *

After the conclusion of the treaty, Mr. Webster came to Boston. You remember his speech in 1842, in Faneuil Hall. He was then sixty years old. He

of the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, 1842, No. 44. — IV. Congressional Globe, etc. (Washington, 1843), vol. xii. and Appendix. Mr. Webster's Defence of the Treaty; Works, vol. v. p. 18, *et seq.*

* The time has not yet come when the public can completely understand this negotiation, and I pass over some things which it is not now prudent to relate.

had done the great deed of his life. He still held a high station. He scorned, or affected to scorn, the littleness of party and its narrow platform, and claimed to represent the people of the United States. Everybody knew the importance of his speech. I counted sixteen reporters of the New England and Northern press at that meeting. It was a proud day for him, and also a stormy day. Other than friends were about him. It was thought that he had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation. But a sullen cloud still hung over his own expectations of the Presidency. He thundered his eloquence into that cloud, — the great ground-lightning of his Olympian power.

I come now to speak of his relation to Slavery. Up to 1850, with occasional fluctuations, much of his conduct had been just and honorable. As a private citizen, in 1819, he opposed the Missouri Compromise. At the meeting of the citizens of Boston to prevent that iniquity, he said, "We are acting for unborn millions, who lie along before us in the track of time."* The extension of slavery would demoralize the people, and endanger the welfare of the nation. "Nor can the laws derive support from the manners of the people, if the power of moral sentiment be weakened by enjoying, under the per-

* Reported in the "Columbian Centinel" for December 8, 1819, not contained in the edition of his Works!

mission of the government, great facilities to commit offences.”*

A few months after the deed was done, on Forefathers' Day in 1820, standing on Plymouth Rock, he could say :—

“I deem it my duty, on this occasion, to suggest, that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt,—I mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment nor the law has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade by subjects and citizens of Christian States, in whose hearts there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon; and, in the sight of Heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter page of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the Government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to cooperate with the laws of man and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer; I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I

* Memorial to Congress, *ut supra*; also omitted in Works.

see the visages of those who, by stealth and at midnight, labor in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world. Let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards; and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.*

In 1830, he praised Nathan Dane for the Ordinance which makes the difference between Ohio and Kentucky, and honorably vindicated that man who lived "too near the north star" for Southern eyes to see. "I regard domestic slavery," said Mr. Webster to Mr. Hayne, "as one of the greatest evils, both moral and political." †

In 1837, at Niblo's Garden, he avowed his entire unwillingness to do any thing which should extend the slavery of the African race on this continent. He said:—

"On the general question of slavery, a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The subject has not only attracted attention as a question of politics, but it has struck a far deeper-toned chord. It has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold on the consciences of men. He is a rash man, indeed, and little conversant with human nature,—and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country,—who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected. It may be reasoned with; it

* Works, vol. i. p. 45, *et seq.*

† *Id.*, vol. iii. p. 279; see also p. 263, *et seq.*

may be made willing—I believe it is entirely willing—to fulfil all existing engagements, and all existing duties; to uphold and defend the Constitution as it is established, with whatever regrets about some provisions which it does actually contain. But to coerce it into silence, to restrain its free expression, to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is, and more heated as such endeavors would inevitably render it,—should this be attempted, I know nothing, even in the Constitution or in the Union itself, which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow.”*

He always declared that slavery was a local matter of the South; sectional, not national. In 1830 he took the ground that the general government had nothing to do with it. In 1840, standing “beneath an October sun” at Richmond, he declared again that there was no power, direct or indirect, in Congress or the general government, to interfere in the smallest degree with the “institutions” of the South.†

At first he opposed the annexation of Texas; he warned men against it in 1837. He went so far as to declare:—

“I do say that the annexation of Texas would tend to prolong the duration and increase the extent of African slavery on this continent. I have long held that opinion, and I would not now suppress it for any consideration on earth! and because it does increase the evils of slavery, because it will increase the number of slaves and prolong the duration of their bondage,—because it

* Works, vol. i. p. 356-7.

† *Id.*, vol. ii. p. 93, *et seq.*

does all this, I oppose it without condition and without qualification, at this time *and all times, now and forever.*" *

He prepared some portions of the Address of the Massachusetts Anti-Texas Convention in 1845. But, as some of the leading Whigs of the North opposed that meeting and favored annexation, he did not appear at the Convention, but went off to New York! In 1845 he voted against annexation. He said that he had felt it to be his duty steadily, uniformly, and zealously to oppose it. He did not wish America to be possessed by the spirit of aggrandizement. He objected to annexation principally because Texas was a Slave State. † Here he stood with John Quincy Adams, but, alas! did too little to oppose that annexation. Against him were Mr. Calhoun, the South, almost all the Democratic party of the North,—Mr. Van Buren losing his nomination on account of his hostility to new slave-soil; and many of the capitalists of the North wished a thing that Mr. Webster wanted not.

He objected to the Constitution of Texas. Why? Because it tied up the hands of the Legislature against the abolition of slavery. He said so on Forefathers' Day, two hundred and twenty-five years after the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. Then he could not forget his own proud words, uttered a quarter of a century before. I thought

* Works, vol. 1, p. 270.

† *Id.*, vol. ii. p. 552, *et seq.*

him honest then; I think so still. But he said that New England might have prevented annexation; that Massachusetts might have prevented annexation, only "she could not be roused." If he had labored then for freedom with as much vigor and earnestness as he wrought for slavery in 1850 and 1851, Massachusetts would have been roused; New England would have risen as a single man; and annexation of new slave-soil have been put off till the Greek Kalends, a day beyond eternity. Yet he did some service in this work.

After the outbreak of the Mexican war, the northern men sought to pass a law prohibiting slavery in the new territory gained from Mexico. The celebrated "Wilmot Proviso" came up. Mr. Webster also wished to prohibit slavery in the new territory. In March, 1847, he presented to Congress the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature against the extension of slavery, — which had been passed unanimously, — and he "indorsed them all."

"I thank her for it, and am proud of her; for she has denounced the whole object for which our armies are now traversing the mountains of Mexico." "If any thing is certain, it is that the sentiment of the whole North is utterly opposed to the acquisition of territory to be formed into new Slave-holding States."*

At the Whig Convention at Springfield, in 1847,

* "Congressional Globe," March, 1847, p. 555.

he maintained that the Wilmot Proviso was his "thunder."

"Did I not commit myself in 1837 to the whole doctrine, fully, entirely?" "I cannot quite consent that more recent discoverers should claim the merit and take out a patent. We are to use the first and the last and every occasion which offers to oppose the extension of slave power." *

On the 10th of August, 1848, in the Senate of the United States, he said:—

"My opposition to the increase of slavery in this country, or to the increase of slave-representation, is general and universal. It has no reference to the lines of latitude or points of the compass. I shall oppose all such extension at all times and under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all supposed limitations of great interests, against all combinations, against all compromises."

He sought to gain the support of the Free-Soilers in Massachusetts, and encouraged their enterprise. Even when he denounced the nomination of General Taylor as "not fit to be made," he declared that he could stand on the Buffalo Platform; its Anti-Slavery planks were good sound Whig timber; he himself had had some agency in getting them out, and did not see the necessity of a new organization. He had never voted for the admission of a Slave State into the Union!

But, alas! all this was to pass away. Was he

* Remarks in Convention at Springfield, Sept. 10, 1847; reported in "Boston Daily Advertiser."

sincere in his opposition to the extension of slavery? I always thought so. I think so still.

Yet, after all, on the 7th of March, 1850, he could make that speech—you know it too well. He refused to exclude slavery by law from California and New Mexico. It would “irritate” the South, would “reënact the law of God.” He declared Congress was bound to make four new Slave States out of Texas; to allow all the territory below 36° 30' to become Slave States; he volunteered to give Texas fifty thousand square miles of land for slave-territory, and ten millions of dollars; would refund to Virginia two hundred millions of dollars derived from the sale of the public lands, to expatriate the free colored people from her soil; he would support the Fugitive Slave Bill, with all its amendments, “with all its provisions,” “to the fullest extent.”

You know the Fugitive Slave Bill too well. It is bad enough now; but when he first volunteered his support thereto, it was far worse, for then every one of the seventeen thousand postmasters of America might be a legal kidnapper by that Bill.* He pledged our own Massachusetts to support it, and that “with alacrity.”

My friends, you all know the speech of the 7th of March: you remember how men felt when the tele-

* See Speeches, Addresses, etc., of Theodore Parker, vol. ii. p. 160, *et seq.*

graph brought the first news, they thought there must be some mistake! They could not believe the lightning. You recollect how the Whig party, and the Democratic party, and the newspapers, treated the report. When the speech came in full, you know the effect. One of the most conspicuous men of the State, then in high office, declared that Mr. Webster "seemed inspired by the devil to the extent of his intellect." You know the indignation men felt, the sorrow and anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic understanding, that, eighteen days after his speech, nine hundred and eighty-seven men of Boston sent him a letter, telling him that he had pointed out "the path of duty, convinced the understanding and touched the conscience of a nation;" and they expressed to him their "entire concurrence in the sentiments of that speech," and their "heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation" of the Union.

You remember the return of Mr. Webster to Boston; the speech at the Revere House; his word that "discussion" on the subject of slavery must "in some way be suppressed;" you remember the "disagreeable duty;" the question if Massachusetts "will be just against temptation;" whether "she will conquer her prejudices" in favor of the trial by

jury, of the unalienable rights of man, in favor of the Christian religion, and

“Those thoughts which wander through eternity.”

You remember the agony of our colored men. The Son of Man came to Jerusalem to seek and to save that which was lost; but Daniel Webster came to Boston to crush the poorest and most lost of men into the ground with the hoof of American power.

At the moment of making that speech, Mr. Webster was a member of a French Abolition Society, which has for its object to protect, enlighten, and emancipate the African race!*

You all know what followed. The Fugitive Slave Bill passed. It was enforced. You remember the consternation of the colored people in Boston, New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia,—all over the land. You recollect the speeches of Mr. Webster at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany,—his industry never equalled before; his violence, his indignation, his denunciations. You remember the threat at Syracuse, that out of the bosom of the next Anti-slavery Convention should a fugitive slave be seized. You remember the scorn that he poured out on men who

* Institut d'Afrique pour l'Abolition de la Traite et de l'Esclavage. Art. ii. “Il a pour but également de protéger, d'éclairer et d'émanciper la race Africaine.”

pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," for the welfare of men.*

You remember the letters to Mr. Webster from Newburyport, Kennebec, Medford, and his "Neighbors in New Hampshire." You have not forgotten the "Union Meetings:" "Blue-light Federalists," and "Genuine Democrats dyed in the wool," united into one phalanx of Hunkerism and became his "retainers," lay and clerical,—the laymen maintaining that his political opinions were an "amendment to the Constitution;" and the clergymen, that his public and private practice was "one of the evidences of Christianity." You remember the sermons of Doctors of Divinity, proving that slavery was Christian, good Old Testament Christian, at the very least. You do not forget the offer of a man to deliver up his own mother. Andover went for kidnapping. The loftiest pulpits,—I mean those highest bottomed on the dollar,—they went also for kidnapping. There arose a shout against the fugitive from the metropolitan pulpits, "Away with such a fellow from the earth! — Kidnap him, kidnap him!" And when we said, mildly remonstrating, "Why, what evil has the poor black man done?" the answer was,— "We have a law, and by that law he ought to be a slave!"

* The speeches referred to have not all been collected in the "Works." See some of them in Mr. Webster's "Speeches at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany, May, 1851." Times Office, New York, [1851].

You remember the first kidnappers which came here to Boston. Hughes was one of them, an ugly-looking fellow, that went back to die in a street brawl in his own Georgia. He thirsted for the blood of Ellen Craft.*

You remember the seizure of Shadraeh, and his deliverance out of his fiery furnace. Of course it was an Angel who let him out; for that court, — the kidnappers' court, — thirsting for human blood, spite of the "enlargement of the testimony," after six trials, I think, has not found a man, who, at noonday and in the centre of the town, did the deed! So I suppose it was an Angel who did the deed, and miracles are not over yet. I hope you have not forgotten Caphart, the creature which "whips women," the great ally of the Boston kidnappers.

You remember the kidnapping of Thomas Sims; Faneuil Hall shut against the convention of the people; the court house in chains; the police drilled in the square; soldiers in arms; Faneuil Hall a barrack. You remember Fast Day, 1851, — at least I do.† You remember the "Acorn" and Boston on the 12th of April. You have not forgotten the dreadful scenes at New York, Philadelphia, and Buffalo; the tragedy at Christiana.

You have not forgotten Mr. Webster's definition of the object of government. In 1845, standing

* See above p. 53, of this volume.

† See Speeches, etc., vol. ii. p. 313, *et seq.*, and this volume, p. 70, *et seq.*

over the grave of Judge Story, he said, — “Justice is the great interest of mankind;” I think he thought so too! But at New York, on the 18th of November, 1850, he said, — “The great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad.”

He went to Annapolis, and made a speech complimenting a series of ultra resolutions in favor of slavery and slave-catching. One of the resolutions made the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law the sole bond of the Union. The orator of Bunker Hill replied: —

“Gentlemen, I concur in the sentiments expressed by you all — and I thank God they were expressed by you all — in the resolutions passed here on the 10th of December. And allow me to say, that any State, North or South, which departs *one iota* from the sentiment of that resolution, is disloyal to this Union.

“Further, — so far as any act of that sort has been committed, — SUCH A STATE HAS NO PORTION OF MY REGARD. *I do not sympathize with it.* I rebuke it wherever I speak, and on all occasions where it is proper for me to express my sentiments. If there are States — and I am afraid there are — which have sought, by ingenious contrivances of State legislation, to thwart the fair exercise and fulfilment of the laws of Congress passed to carry into effect the compacts of the Constitution, — THAT STATE, SO FAR, IS ENTITLED TO NO REGARD FROM ME. AT THE NORTH THERE HAVE BEEN CERTAINLY SOME INTIMATIONS IN CERTAIN STATES OF SUCH A POLICY.

“*I hold the importance of maintaining these measures to be of the highest character and nature, every one of them out and out, and through and through. I have no confidence in anybody who*

seeks the repeal, in anybody who wishes to alter or modify these constitutional provisions. There they are. Many of these great measures are ir repealable. The settlement with Texas is as ir repealable as the admission of California. Other important objects of legislation, if not in themselves in the nature of grants, and therefore not so ir repealable, are just as important; and we are to hear no parleying upon it. We are to listen to no modification or qualification. They were passed in conformity with the provisions of the Constitution; and they must be performed and abided by, IN WHATEVER EVENT, AND AT WHATEVER COST."

Surrounded by the Federalists of New England, when a young man, fresh in Congress, he stood out nobly for the right to discuss all matters. Every boy knows his brave words by heart:—

“Important as I deem it, sir, to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, *it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion in its full and just extent.* Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing popular, render it necessary to be explicit on this point. It is the ancient and constitutional right of this people to canvass public measures, and the merits of public men. It is a homebred right, a fireside privilege. It has ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage, and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air, and walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty which those whose representative I am shall find me to abandon. This high constitutional privilege I shall defend and exercise within this house and without this house, and in all places; in time of war, in time of peace, and at all times.

“Living, I will assert it; dying, I will assert it; and should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God

I will leave them the inheritance of *Free Principles*, and the example of a manly, independent, and constitutional defence of them."

Then, in 1850, when vast questions, so intimately affecting the welfare of millions of men, were before the country, he told us to suppress agitation!

"Neither you nor I shall see the legislation of the country proceed in the old harmonious way, until the discussions in Congress and out of Congress upon the subject [of slavery] shall be in some way suppressed. Take that truth home with you, and take it as truth."

"I shall support no agitations having their foundation in unreal and ghostly abstractions."*

The opponents of Mr. Webster, contending for the freedom of all Americans, of all men, appealed from the Fugitive Slave Bill to "the element of all laws, out of which they are derived, to the end of all laws, for which they are designed and in which they are perfected." How did he resist the appeal? You have not forgotten the speech at Capron Springs, on the 26th of June, 1851. "When nothing else will answer," he said, "they," the abolitionists, "invoke 'religion,' and speak of the 'higher law!'" He of the granite hills of New Hampshire, looking on the mountains of Virginia, blue with loftiness and distance, said, "Gentlemen,

* Speech at the Revere House in Boston, April 29, 1850, in "Daily Advertiser" of April 30.

this North Mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still, the Alleghanies higher than either, and yet this 'higher law' ranges further than an eagle's flight above the highest peaks of the Alleghanies! No common vision can discern it; no common and unsophisticated conscience can feel it; the hearing of common men never learns its high behests; and, therefore, one would think it is not a safe law to be acted upon in matters of the highest practical moment. It is the code, however, of the abolitionists of the North."

This speech was made at dinner. The next "sentiment" given after his was this:—

"The Fugitive Slave Law—Upon its faithful execution depends the perpetuity of the Union."

Mr. Webster made a speech in reply, and distinctly declared, —

"You of the South have as much right to secure your fugitive slaves, as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce."

Do you think he believed that? Daniel Webster knew better. In 1844, only seven years before, he had said, —

"What! when all the civilized world is opposed to slavery; when morality denounces it; when Christianity denounces it; when every thing respected, every thing good, bears one united witness against it, is it for America — America, the land of Wash-

ington, the model republic of the world—is it for America to come to its assistance, and to insist that the maintenance of slavery is necessary to the support of her institutions?”

How do you think the audience answered then? With six and twenty cheers. It was in Faneuil Hall. Mr. Webster said, “These are Whig principles;” and, with these, “Faneuil Hall may laugh a siege to scorn.” That speech is not printed in his collection! How could it stand side by side with the speech of the 7th of March?

In 1846, a Whig Convention voted to do its possible to “defeat all measures calculated to uphold slavery, and promote all constitutional measures for its overthrow;” to “oppose any further addition of Slave-holding States to this Union;” and to have “free institutions for all, chains and fetters for none.”

At that time Mr. Webster declared he had a heart which beat for every thing favorable to the progress of human liberty, either here or abroad; then, when in “the dark and troubled night” he saw only the Whig party as his Bethlehem Star, he rejoiced in “the hope of obtaining the power to resist whatever threatens to extend slavery.”* Yet after New York had kidnapped Christians, and with civic pomp sent her own sons into slavery, he could go to that city

* Speech at Faneuil Hall, September 23, 1846, reported in the “Daily Advertiser,” September 24.

and say, "It is an air which for the last few months I love to inhale. It is a patriotic atmosphere: constitutional breezes fan it every day."*

To accomplish a bad purpose, he resorted to mean artifice, to the low tricks of vulgar adventurers in politics. He used the same weapons once wielded against him, — misrepresentation, denunciation, invective.† Like his old enemy of New Hampshire, he carried his political quarrel into private life. He cast off the acquaintance of men intimate with him for twenty or thirty years. The malignity of his conduct, as it was once said of a great apostate, ‡ "was hugely aggravated by those rare abilities whereof God had given him the use." Time had not in America bred a man before bold enough to consummate such aims as his. In this New Hampshire Strafford, "despotism had at length obtained an instrument with mind to comprehend, and resolution to act upon, its principles in their length and breadth; and enough of his purposes were effected by him to enable mankind to see as from a tower the end of all."

What was the design of all this? It was to "save the Union." Such was the cry. Was the Union in danger? Here were a few non-resistants at the North, who said, We will have "no union with slave-

* Speech at New York, May 12, 1851, in "Boston Atlas" of May 14.

† See above p. 183-187.

‡ Lord Strafford.

holders." There was a party of seceders at the South, who periodically blustered about disunion. Could these men bring the Union into peril? Did Daniel Webster even think so? I shall never insult that giant intellect by the thought. He knew South Carolina, he knew Georgia, very well.* Mr. Benton knew of no "distress," even at the time when it was alleged that the nation was bleeding at "five gaping wounds," so that it would take the whole Omnibus full of compromises to stanch the blood: "All the political distress is among the politicians."† I think Mr. Webster knew there was no danger of a dissolution of the Union. But here is a proof that he knew it. In 1850, on the 22d of December, he declared, "There is no longer imminent danger of the dissolution of the United States. We shall live, and not die." But, soon after, he went about saving the Union again, and again, and again, — saved it at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, at Annapolis, and then at Capron Springs.

I say there was no real danger; but my opinion is a mere opinion, and nothing more. Look, however, at a fact. We have the most delicate test of public opinion, — the state of the public funds; the barometer which indicates any change in the political

* See his description in 1830 of the process and conclusion of nullification. Works, vol. iii. p. 337, *et seq.*

† Speech in Senate, Sept. 10, 1850.

weather. If the winds blow down the Tiber, Roman funds fall. Talk of war between France and England, the stocks go down at Paris and London. The foolish talk about the fisheries last summer lowered American stocks in the market, to the great gain of prudent and far-sighted brokers, who knew there was no danger. But all this time, when Mr. Webster was telling us the ship of State was going to pieces, and required undergirding by the Fugitive Slave Bill, and needed the kidnapper's hand at the helm; while he was advising Massachusetts to "conquer her prejudices" in favor of the unalienable rights of man; while he was denouncing the friends of freedom, and calling on us to throw over to Texas — that monster of the deep which threatened to devour the ship of State — fifty thousand square miles of territory, and ten millions of dollars; and to the other monster of secession to cast over the trial by jury, the dearest principles of the Constitution, of manhood, of justice, and of religion, "those thoughts that wander through eternity;" while he himself revoked the noblest words of his whole life, casting over his interpretation of the Constitution, his respect for State rights, for the common law, his own morality, his own religion, and his own God, — the funds of the United States did not go down one mill! You asked the capitalist, "Is the Union in danger?" He answered, "O yes! it is in the greatest peril." "Then will you sell me your stocks lower than

before?" "Not a mill; not one mill — not the ten hundredth part of a dollar in a hundred!" To ask men to make such a sacrifice, at such a time, from such a motive, is as if you should beg the captain of the steamer "Niagara," in Boston harbor, in fair weather, to throw over all his cargo, because a dandy in the cabin was blowing the fire with his breath! No, my friends, I shall not insult the majesty of that intellect with the thought that he believed there was danger to the Union. There was not any danger of a storm; not a single cat's-paw in the sky; not a capful of bad weather between Cape Sable and the Lake of the Woods!

But suppose the worst came to the worst, are there no other things as bad as disunion? The Constitution — does it "establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity," and "secure the blessings of liberty" to all the citizens? Nobody pretends it, — with every eighth man made merchandise, and not an inch of free soil covered by the Declaration of Independence, save the five thousand miles which Mr. Webster ceded away. Is disunion worse than slavery? Perhaps not even to commerce, which the Federalists thought "still more dear" than Union. But what if the South seceded next year, and the younger son took the portion of goods that falleth to him, when America divides her living? Imagine the condition of the new nation, — the United States South; a nation without schools, or the desire for them; with-

out commerce, without manufactures; with six million white men and three million slaves; working with that barbarous tool, slave-labor, an instrument as ill-suited to these times as a sickle of stone to cut grain with! How would that new "Democracy" appear in the eyes of the world, when the public opinion of the nations looks hard at tyranny? It would not be long before that younger son, having spent all with riotous living, and devoured his substance with slavery, brought down to the husks that the swine do eat, — would arise, and go to the Nation, and say, "Father, forgive me; I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants." The Southern men know well, that if the Union were dissolved, their riches would take to themselves legs, and run away, — or firebrands, and make a St. Domingo out of Carolina! They cast off the North! they set up for themselves!

"Tush! tush! Fear boys with bugs!"

Here is the reason. He wanted to be President. That was all of it. Before this he had intrigued, — always in a clumsy sort, for he was organized for honesty, and cunning never throve in his keeping, — had stormed and blustered and bullied. "Gen. Taylor the second choice of Massachusetts for the President," quoth he: "I tell you I am to be the first, and Massachusetts has no second choice." Mr. Clay

must not be nominated in '44; in '48 Gen. Taylor's was a "nomination not fit to be made." He wanted the office himself. This time he must storm the North, and conciliate the South. This was his bid for the Presidency,—fifty thousand square miles of territory and ten millions of dollars to Texas; four new Slave States; slavery in Utah and New Mexico; the Fugitive Slave Bill; and two hundred millions of dollars offered to Virginia to carry free men of color to Africa.

He never labored so before, and he had been a hard-working man. What speeches he made at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, Annapolis! What letters he wrote! His intellect was never so active, nor gave such proofs of Herculean power. The hottest headed Carolinian did not put his feet faster or further on in the support of slavery. He

"Stood up the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought 'gainst Heaven, now fiercer by despair."

Once he could say, —

"By general instruction, we seek as far as possible to purify the whole moral atmosphere; to keep good sentiments uppermost, and to turn the strong current of feeling and opinion, as well as the censures of the law, and the denunciations of religion, against immorality and crime. We hope for a security beyond the law, and above the law, in the prevalence of enlightened and well-principled moral sentiment."*

* Debate in the Mass. Convention, Dec. 5, 1820. "Journal," *ubi sup.* p. 145; erroneously printed 245.

In 1820 he could say, "All conscience ought to be respected;" in 1850 it is only a fanatic who heeds his conscience, and there is no higher law.* In scorn of the higher law, he far outwent his transatlantic prototype; for even Strafford, in his devotion to "*Thorough*," had some respect for the fundamental law of nature, and said, — "If I must be a traitor to man or perjured to God, I will be faithful to my Creator."

The fountains of his great deep were broken up — it rained forty days and forty nights, and brought a flood of slavery over this whole land; it covered the market, and the factory, and the court house, and the warehouse, and the college, and rose up high over the tops of the tallest steeples! But the Ark of Freedom went on the face of the waters, — above the market, above the factory, above the court house, above the college, high over the tops of the tallest steeples, it floated secure; for it bore the Religion that is to save the world, and the Lord God of Hosts had shut it in.

What flattery was there from Mr. Webster! What flattery to the South! what respect for Southern nullifiers! "The Secessionists of the South take a different course of remark;" they ap-

† See the Speeches at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany, in Pamphlet, (New York, 1851). Speech at Capron Springs, etc., etc., etc.

peal to no higher law! "They are learned and eloquent; they are animated and full of spirit; they are high-minded and chivalrous; they state their supposed injuries and causes of complaint in elegant phrases and exalted tones of speech."*

He derided the instructions of his adopted State.

"It has been said that I have, by the course that I have thought proper to pursue, displeased a portion of the people of Massachusetts. Well, suppose I did. Suppose I displeased all the people of that State, — what of that?"

"What had I to do with instructions from Massachusetts upon a question affecting the whole nation!" "I assure you, gentlemen, I cared no more for the instructions of Massachusetts than I did for those of any other State!" †

What scorn against the "fanatics" of the North, against the Higher Law, and the God thereof!

"New England, it is well known, is the chosen seat of the Abolition presses and the Abolition Societies. There it is principally that the former cheer the morning by full columns of lamentation over the fate of human beings free by nature and by a law above the Constitution, — but sent back, nevertheless, chained and manacled to slavery and to stripes; and the latter refresh themselves from daily toil by orgies of the night devoted to the same outpourings of philanthropy, mingling all the while their anathemas at what they call 'men-eatching' with the most horrid and profane abjuration of the Christian Sabbath, and indeed of the whole Divine Revelation: they sanctify their philanthropy by

* Speech at Capron Springs.

† Ibid.

irreligion and profanity ; they manifest their charity by contempt of God and his commandments.”

“Depend upon it, the law [the Fugitive Slave Bill] will be executed in its spirit and to its letter. It will be executed in all the great cities, — here in Syracuse, — in the midst of the next Anti-slavery Convention, if the occasion shall arise ; then we shall see what becomes of their ‘ lives and their sacred honor ! ’ ” *

How he mocked at the “ higher law,” “ that exists somewhere between us and the third heaven, I never knew exactly where ! ”

The anti-slavery men were “ insane persons,” “ some small bodies of fanatics,” “ not fit for a lunatic asylum.” †

To secure his purposes, he left no stone unturned ; he abandoned his old friends, treating them with rage and insolence. He revolutionized his own politics and his own religion. The strong advocate of liberty, of justice to all men, the opponent of slavery, turned round to the enemy and went square over ! But his old speeches did not follow him : a speech is a fact ; a printed word becomes immovable as the Alps. His former speeches, set all the way from Hanover to Washington, were a line of fortresses grim with cannon, each levelled at his new position.

How low he stooped to supplicate the South, to

* Speech at Syracuse (New York, 1851).

† See speech at Buffalo, 22d May, 1851. Works, vol. ii. p. 544, *et seq.*

cringe before the Catholics, to fawn upon the Methodists at Faneuil Hall! Oh, what a prostitution of what a kingly power of thought, of speech, of will!

The effect of Mr. Webster's speech on the 7th of March was amazing: at first Northern men abhorred it; next they accepted it. Why was this? He himself has perhaps helped us understand the mystery: —

“The enormity of some crimes so astonishes men as to subdue their minds, and they lose the desire for justice in a morbid admiration of the great criminal and the strangeness of the crime.”

Slavery, the most hideous snake which Southern regions breed, with fifteen unequal feet, came crawling North; fold on fold, and ring on ring, and coil on coil, the venomed monster came: then Avarice, the foulest worm which Northern cities gender in their heat, went crawling South; with many a wriggling curl, it wound along its way. At length they met, and, twisting up in their obscene embrace, the twain became one monster, Hunkerism; theme unattempted yet in prose or song: there was no North, no South; they were one poison! The dragon wormed its way along, — crawled into the church of Commerce, wherein the minister baptized the beast, “Salvation.” From the ten commandments the dragon's breath effaced those which forbid to kill and covet, with the three between; then, with malignant tooth, gnawed out the chief commandments

whereon the law and prophets hang. This amphibæna of the Western World then swallowed down the holiest words of Hebrew or of Christian speech, and in their place it left a hissing at the Higher Law of God. Northward and Southward wormed the thing along its track, leaving the stain of its breath in the people's face; and its hissing against the Lord rings yet in many a speech:—

“Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And, unawares, morality expires.”

Then what a shrinking was there of great consciences, and hearts, and minds! So Milton, fabling, sings of angels fallen from their first estate, seeking to enter Pandemonium:—

“They but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant-sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless,
. to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court.”

Mr. Webster stamped his foot, and broke through into the great hollow of practical atheism, which undergulfs the State and Church. Then what a caving in was there! The firm-set base of northern cities quaked and yawned with gaping rents. “Penn's sandy foundation” shook again, and black men fled from the city of brotherly love, as doves, with plain-

tive cry, flee from a farmer's barn when summer lightning stabs the roof. There was a twist in Faneuil Hall, and the doors could not open wide enough for Liberty to regain her ancient Cradle; only soldiers, greedy to steal a man, themselves stole out and in. Ecclesiastic quicksand ran down the hole amain. Metropolitan churches toppled, and pitched, and canted, and cracked, their bowing walls all out of plumb. Colleges, broken from the chain which held them in the stream of time, rushed towards the abysmal rent. Harvard led the way, "*Christo et Ecclesie*" in her hand. Down plunged Andover, "Conscience and the Constitution" clutched in its ancient, failing arm. New Haven began to cave in. Doctors of Divinity, orthodox, heterodox with only a doxy of doubt, "no settled opinion," had great alacrity in sinking, and went down quick, as live as ever, into the pit of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, the bottomless pit of lower law,—one with his mother, cloaked by a surplice, hid beneath his sinister arm, and an acknowledged brother grasped by his remaining limb. Fossils of theology, dead as Ezekiel's bones, took to their feet again, and stood up for most arrant wrong. "There is no higher law of God," quoth they, as they went down; "no golden rule, only the statutes of men." A man with mythologic ear might fancy that he heard a snickering laugh run round the world below, snorting, whinnying, and neighing, as it echoed from

the infernal spot pressed by the fallen monsters of ill-fame, who, thousands of years ago, on the same errand, had plunged down the self-same way. What tidings the echo bore, Dante nor Milton could not tell. Let us leave that to darkness, and to silence, and to death.

But spite of all this, in every city, in every town, in every college, and in each capsizing church, there were found Faithful Men, who feared not the monster, heeded not the stamping; — nay, some doctors of divinity were found living. In all their houses there was light, and the destroying angel shook them not. The word of the Lord came in open vision to their eye; they had their lamps trimmed and burning, their loins girt; they stood road-ready. Liberty and Religion turned in thither, and the slave found bread and wings. “When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will hold me up!”

After the 7th of March, Mr. Webster became the ally of the worst of men, the forefront of kidnapping. The orator of Plymouth Rock was the advocate of slavery; the hero of Bunker Hill put chains around Boston Court House; the applauder of Adams and Jefferson was a tool of the slave-holder, and a keeper of slavery's dogs, the associate of the kidnapper, and the mocker of men who loved the right. Two years he lived with that rabble rout for company, his name the boast of every vilest thing.

“Oh, how unlike the place from whence he fell!”

In early life, Mr. Hill, of New Hampshire, pursued him with unrelenting bitterness. Of late years Mr. Webster had complained of this, declaring that "Mr. Hill had done more than any other man to debauch the character of New Hampshire, bringing the bitterness of politics into private life." But after that day of St. Judas, Mr. Webster pursued the same course which Mr. Hill had followed forty years before, and the two enemies were reconciled.* The Herod of the Democrats and the Pilate of Federalism were made friends by the Fugitive Slave Bill, and rode in the same "Omnibus,"—"a blue-light Federalist" and "a genuine Democrat dyed in the wool."

Think of him!—the Daniel Webster of Plymouth Rock advocating the "Compromise Measures!" the Daniel Webster of Faneuil Hall, who once spoke with the inspiration of Samuel Adams and the tongue of James Otis, honoring the holy dead with his praise!—think of him at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, scoffing at modern men, who "perilled their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world!—think of him threatening with the gallows such as clothed the naked, fed the hungry, visited the prisoner, and

* See above pp. 181-192; and the Letter of Hon. Isaac Hill (April 17, 1850), and Mr. Webster's Reply.

gave a cup of cold water to him that was ready to perish! Think of Daniel Webster become the assassin of Liberty in the Capitol! Think of him, full of the Old Testament and dear Isaac Watts, scoffing at the Higher Law of God, while the mountains of Virginia looked him in the face!

But what was the recompense? Ask Massachusetts,—ask the North. Let the Baltimore Convention tell. He was the greatest candidate before it. General Scott is a little man when the feathers are gone. Fillmore, you know him. Both of these, for greatness of intellect, compared to Webster, were as a single magpie measured by an eagle. Look at his speeches; look at his forehead; look at his face! The two hundred and ninety-three delegates came together and voted. They gave him thirty-two votes! Where were the men of the “lower law,” who made a denial of God the first principle of their politics? Where were they who in Faneuil Hall scoffed and jeered at the “Higher Law;” or at Capron Springs, who “Laughed” when he mocked at the Law higher than the Virginia hills? Where were the kidnappers?

The “lower law” men and the kidnappers strained themselves to the utmost, and he had thirty-two votes!

Where was the South? Fifty-three times did the Convention ballot, and the South never gave him a vote,—not a vote; no, not one! Northern friends—

I honor their affection for the great man — went to the South, and begged for the poor and paltry pittance of a seeming vote, in order to break the bitterness of the fall! They went “with tears in their eyes,” and in mercy’s name, they asked that crumb from the Southern board. But the cruel South, treacherous to him whom she beguiled to treason against God, she answered, “Not a vote!” It was the old fate of men who betray. Southern politicians “did not dare dispense with the services thrust on him, but revenged themselves by withdrawing his well-merited reward.” It was the fate of Strafford; the fate of Wolsey. When Lathenes and Euthycrates betrayed Olynthus to Macedonian Philip, fighting against the liberties of Greece, they were distinguished — if Demosthenes be right — only by the cruelty of their fate. Mr. Webster himself had a forefeeling that it might be so; for, on the morning of his fatal speech, he told a brother Senator, “I have my doubts that the speech I am going to make will ruin me.” But he played the card with a heavy, a rash, a trembling, and not a skilful hand. It was only the playing of a card, — but his last card! Mr. Calhoun had said, “The furthest Southerner is nearer to us than the nearest Northern man.” They could trust him with their work, — not with its covenanted pay!

Oh! Cardinal Wolsey! there was never such a fall.

“He fell, like Lucifer, never to hope again!”

The telegraph which brought him tidings of his fate was a thunder-stroke out of the clear sky. No wonder that he wept, and said, "I am a disgraced man, a ruined man!" His early, his last, his fondest dream of ambition broke, and only ruin filled his hand! What a spectacle! to move pity in the stones of the street!

But it seemed as if nothing could be spared him. His cup of bitterness, already full, was made to run over; for joyous men, full of wine and the nomination, called him up at midnight out of his bed — the poor, disappointed old man! — to "congratulate him on the nomination of Scott!" And they forced the great man, falling back on his self-respect, to say that the next morning he should "rise with the lark, as jocund and as gay."

Was not that enough? Oh, there is no pity in the hearts of men! Even that was not enough! Northern friends went to him, and asked him to advise men to vote for General Scott!

General Scott is said to be an anti-slavery man; but soon as the political carpenters put the "planks" together at Baltimore, he scrambled upon the platform, and stands there on all-fours to this day, looking for "fellow-citizens, native and adopted," listening for "that rich brogue," and declaring that, after all, he is "only a common man." Did you ever read General Scott's speeches? Then think of asking Daniel Webster to recommend him for President, —

Scott in the chair, and Webster out! That was gall after the wormwood! They say that Mr. Webster did write a letter advocating the election of Scott, and afterwards said, "I still live." If he did so, attribute it to the wanderings of a great mind, shattered by sickness; and be assured he would have taken it back, if he had ever set his firm foot on the ground again!

Daniel Webster went down to Marshfield — to die! He died of his 7th of March speech! That word indorsed on Mason's Bill drove thousands of fugitives from America to Canada. It put chains round our court house; it led men to violate the majesty of law all over the North. I violated it, and so did you. It sent Thomas Sims in fetters to his jail and his scourging at Savannah; it caused practical atheism to be preached in many churches of New York, Philadelphia, Washington; and, worst of all, in Boston itself! and then, with its own recoil, it sent Daniel Webster to his grave, giving him such a reputation as a man would not wish for his utterest foe.

No event in the American Revolution was half so terrible as his speeches in defence of slavery and kidnapping, his abrogation of the right to discuss all measures of the government. We lost battles again and again, lost campaigns — our honor we never lost. The army was without powder at Cambridge, in '76; without shoes and blankets in '78; and the

bare feet of New England valor marked the ice with blood when they crossed the Delaware. But we were never without conscience ; never without morality. Powder might fail, and shoes drop, old and rotten, from soldiers' feet. But the love of God was in the American heart, and no American general said, "There is no law higher than the Blue Ridge!" Nay, they appealed to God's Higher Law, not thinking that in politics religion "makes men mad."

While the Philip of slavery was thundering at our gate, the American Demosthenes advised us to "conquer our prejudices" against letting him in ; to throw down the wall "with alacrity," and bid him come : it was a "constitutional" Philip. How silver dims the edge of steel ! When the tongue of freedom was cut out of the mouth of Europe by the sabres of tyrants, and only in the British Isles and in Saxon speech could liberty be said or sung, the greatest orator who ever spoke the language of Milton and Burke told us to suppress discussion ! In the dark and troubled night of American politics, our tallest Pharo on the shore hung out a false beacon.

Once Mr. Webster said, "There will always be some perverse minds who will vote the wrong way, let the justice of the case be ever so apparent." *

* "Columbian Centinel," March 11, 1820.

Did he know what he was doing? Too well. In the winter of 1850, he partially prepared a speech in defence of freedom. Was his own amendment to Mason's Bill designed to be its text? * Some say so. I know not. He wrote to an intimate and sagacious friend in Boston, asking, How far can I go in defence of freedom, and have Massachusetts sustain me? The friend repaid the confidence and said, Far as you like! Mr. Webster went as far as New Orleans, as far as Texas and the Del Norte, in support of slavery! When that speech came, — the rawest wind of March, — the friend declared: It seldom happens to any man to be able to disgrace the generation he is born in. But the opportunity has presented itself to Mr. Webster, and he has done the deed!

Cardinal Wolsey fell, and lost nothing but his place. Bacon fell; the "wisest, brightest," lived long enough to prove himself the "meanest of mankind." Strafford came down. But it was nothing to the fall of Webster. The Anglo-Saxon race never knew such a terrible and calamitous ruin. His downfall shook the continent. Truth fell prostrate in the street. Since then, the court house has a twist in its walls, and equity cannot enter its door; the stee-

* Works, vol. v. p. 373-4. See too, Speech at Buffalo (in Pamphlet), p. 17. He proposed to have "a summary trial by Jury!"

ples point awry, and the "Higher Law" is hurled down from the pulpit. One priest would enslave all the "posterity of Ham," and another would drive a fugitive from his own door; a third became certain that Paul was a kidnapper; and a fourth had the "assurance of consciousness that Christ Jesus would have sold and bought slaves!" Practical atheism became common in the pulpits of America; they forgot that there was a God. In the hard winter of 1780, if Fayette had copied Arnold, and Washington gone over to the enemy, the fall could not have been worse. Benedict Arnold fell, but fell through, — so low that no man quotes him for precedent. Aaron Burr is only a warning. Webster fell, and he lay there "not less than archangel ruined," and enticed the nation in his fall. Shame on us! — all those three are of New England blood! Webster, Arnold, Burr!

My friends, it is hard for me to say these things. My mother's love is warm in my own bosom still, and I hate to say such words. But God is just; and, in the presence of God, I stand here to tell the truth.

Did men honor Daniel Webster? So did I. I was a boy ten years old when he stood at Plymouth Rock, and never shall I forget how his clarion-words rang in my boyish heart. I was but a little boy when he spoke those brave words in behalf of

Greece. I was helpèd to hate slavery by the lips of that great intellect; and now that he takes back his words, and comes himself to be Slavery's slave, I hate it tenfold harder than before, because it made a bondman out of that proud, powerful nature.

Did men love him? So did I. Not blindly, but as I loved a great mind, as the defender of the Constitution and the Unalienable Rights of Man.

Sober and religious men of Boston yet mourn that their brothers were kidnapped in the city of Hancock and Adams — it was Daniel Webster who kidnapped them. Massachusetts has wept at the deep iniquity which was wrought in her capital — it was done by the man whom she welcomed to her bosom, and long had loved to honor. Let history, as

“ Sad as angels at the good man's sin,
Blush to record, and weep to give it in!”

Do men mourn for him? See how they mourn! The streets are hung with black. The newspapers are sad colored. The shops are put in mourning. The Mayor and Aldermen wear crape. Wherever his death is made known, the public business stops, and flags drop half-mast down. The courts adjourn. The courts of Massachusetts — at Boston, at Dedham, at Lowell, all adjourn; the courts of New Hampshire, of Maine, of New York; even at Baltimore and Washington, the courts adjourn; for the great lawyer is dead, and Justice must wait another

day. Only the United States Court, in Boston, trying a man for helping Shadrach out of the furnace of the kidnappers,—the court which executes the Fugitive Slave Bill,—that does not adjourn; that keeps on; its worm dies not, and the fire of its persecution is not quenched, when death puts out the lamp of life! Injustice is hungry for its prey, and must not be balked. It was very proper! Symbolical court of the Fugitive Slave Bill—it does not respect life, why should it death? and, scorning liberty, why should it heed decorum? Did the judges deem that Webster's spirit, on its way to God, would look at Plymouth Rock, then pause on the spots made more classic by his eloquence, and gaze at Bunker Hill, and tarry his hour in the august company of noble men at Faneuil Hall, and be glad to know that injustice was chanting his requiem in that court? They greatly misjudge the man. I know Daniel Webster better, and I appeal for him against his idly judging friends.*

Do men now mourn for him, the great man clo-

* I am told that there was some technical reason why that court continued its session. I know nothing of the motive; but I believe it was the fact that the only court in the United States which did not adjourn at the intelligence of the death of Mr. Webster, was the court which was seeking to punish a man for rescuing *Shadrach* from the fiery furnace made ready for him. Here is the *item*, from the Boston Atlas for Tuesday, Oct. 26, 1851, "Elizur Wright being on trial [for alleged aiding in the attempt to rescue *Shadrach*] the court continued its session!"

quent? I put on sackcloth long ago; I mourned for him when he wrote the Creole letter, which surprised Ashburton, Briton that he was. I mourned when he spoke the speech of the 7th of March. I mourned when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed Congress, and the same cannons which have just fired minute-guns for him fired also one hundred rounds of joy at the forging of a new fetter for the fugitive's foot. I mourned for him when the kidnappers first came to Boston, — hated then, now "respectable men," "the companions of princes," enlarging their testimony in the court. I mourned when my own parishioners fled from the "stripes" of New England to the "stars" of Old England. I mourned when Ellen Craft fled to my house for shelter and for succor, and for the first time in all my life I armed this hand. I mourned when I married William and Ellen Craft, and gave them a Bible for their soul, and a Sword to keep that soul living in a living frame. I mourned when the court house was hung in chains; when Thomas Sims, from his dungeon, sent out his petition for prayers, and the churches did not dare to pray. I mourned when that poor outcast in yonder dungeon sent for me to visit him, and when I took him by the hand which Daniel Webster was chaining in that hour. I mourned for Webster when we prayed our prayer and sang our psalm on Long Wharf in the morning's gray. I mourned then: I shall not cease to mourn. The flags will be removed

from the streets, the cannon will sound their other notes of joy; but, for me, I shall go mourning all my days; I shall refuse to be comforted; and at last I shall lay down my gray hairs with weeping and with sorrow in the grave. O Webster! Webster! would God that I had died for thee!

He was a powerful man physically, a man of a large mould, — a great body and a great brain: * he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massive huge, save the stormy features of Michael Angelo, —

“ The hand that rounded Peter’s dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome ;”

he who sculptured Day and Night into such majestic forms, — looked them in his face before he chiselled them in stone. The cubic capacity of his head surpassed nearly all former measurements of mind. Since Charlemagne, I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country, who knew him not, stared at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great

* See Dr. Jeffries’ account of the last illness of the late Daniel Webster, etc. (Phil., 1853), p. 17.

forces of the globe. They recognized a native king. In the Senate of the United States, he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common, compared with him. Clay looked vulgar, and Van Buren but a fox. His countenance, like Strafford's, was "manly black." His mind —

“ Was lodged in a fair and lofty room.

On his brow

Sat terror, mixed with wisdom ; and, at once,
Saturn and Hermes in his countenance.”

What a mouth he had ! It was a lion's mouth. Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's softness when he would. What a brow it was ! what eyes ! like charecoal fires in the bottom of a deep, dark well ! His face was rugged with volcanic flames, — great passions and great thoughts.

“ The front of Jove himself ;

An eye like Mars to threaten and command.”

Let me examine the elements of Mr. Webster's character in some detail. Divide the faculties, not bodily, into intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious, and see what he had of each, beginning with the highest.

I. His latter life shows that he had no large development of the Religious Powers, which join men consciously to the infinite God. He had little religion in the higher meaning of that word : much in the lower, — he had the conventional form of religion,

the formality of outward and visible prayer; reverence for the Bible and the name of Christ; attendance at meeting on Sundays and at the "ordinances of religion." He was a "devout man," in the ecclesiastic sense of the word. But it is easy to be devout, hard to be moral. Of the two men, in the parable, who "went up to the temple to pray," only the Pharisee was "devout" in the common sense. Devoutness took the Priest and the Levite to the temple: morality led the good Samaritan to the man fallen among thieves.

His reputation for religion seems to rest on these facts,—that he read the Bible, and knew more passages from it than most political editors, more than some clergymen; he thought Job "a great epic poem," and quoted Habakkuk by rote;—that he knew many hymns by heart; attended what is called "divine service;" agreed with a New Hampshire divine "in all the doctrines of a Christian life;" and, in the "Girard case," praised the popular theology, with the ministers thereof,—the latter as "appointed by the Author of the Christian religion himself."

He seems by nature to have had a religious turn of mind; was full of devout and reverential feelings; took a deep delight in religious emotions; was fond of religious books of a sentimental cast; loved Watts's tender and delicious hymns, with the devotional parts of the Bible; his memory was

stored with the poetry of hymn-books ; he was fond of attendance at meeting. He had no particle of religious bigotry ; joining an Orthodox Church at Boscawen, an Episcopal at Washington, a Unitarian at Boston, and attending religious services without much regard for the theology of the minister. He loved religious forms, and could not see a child baptized without dropping a tear. Psalms and hymns also brought the woman into those great eyes. He was never known to swear, or use any profanity of speech.* Considering the habits of his political company, that is a fact worth notice. But I do not find that his religious emotions had any influence on his latter life, either public or private. He read religion out of politics with haughty scorn, — “ It makes men mad ! ” It appeared neither to check him from ill, nor urge to good. Though he said he loved “ to have religion made a personal matter,” he forsook the church which made it personal in the form of temperance. His “ religious character ” was what the churches of Commerce tend to form, and love to praise.†

II. Of the Affections he was well provided by nature, though they were but little cultivated, — attachable to a few who knew him, and loved him

* So I preached and printed in 1852 and 1853. But the statement is also a mistake.

† I think no American had ever so many Eulogies in print.

tenderly; and, if he hated like a giant, he loved also like a king.

He had small respect for the mass of men, — a contempt for the judgment and the feelings of the millions who make up the people. Many women loved him; some from pure affection, others fascinated and overborne by the immense masculineness of the man. Some are still left who knew him in early life, before political ambition set its mark on his forehead, and drove him forth into the world: they love him with the tenderest of woman's affection. This is no small praise. In his earlier life he was fond of children, loved their prattle and their play. They, too, were fond of him, came to him as dust of iron to a loadstone, climbed on his back, or, when he lay down, lay on his limbs and also slept.

Of unimpassioned and unrelated love, there are two modes, — friendship for a few; philanthropy for all. Friendship he surely had, especially in earlier life. All along the shore, men loved him; men in Boston loved him to the last; Washington held loving hearts which worshipped him. But, of late years, he turned round to smite and crush his early friends who kept the Higher Law; ambition tore the friendship out of him, and he became unkind and cruel. The companions of his later years were chiefly low men, with large animal appetites, servants of his body's baser parts, or tide-waiters of his ambition, — vulgar men in Boston and New York,

who lurk in the habitations of cruelty, whereof the dark places of the earth are full, seeking to enslave their brother-men. These barnacles clove to the great man's unprotected parts, and hastened his decay. When kidnappers made their loathsome lair of his bosom, what was his friendship worth?

Of Philanthropy, I claim not much for him. The noble plea for Greece is the most I can put in for argument. He cared little for the poor; charity seldom invaded his open purse; he trod down the poorest and most friendless of perishing men. His name was never connected with the humanities of the age. Soon as the American Government seemed fixed on the side of cruelty, he marched all his dreadful artillery over, and levelled his breaching cannons against men ready to perish without his shot. In later years, his face was the visage of a tyrant.

III. Of Conscience it seemed to me he had little; in his later life, exceeding little: his moral sense seemed long besotted; almost, though not wholly, gone. Hence, though he was often generous, he was seldom just. Free to give as to grasp, he was lavish by instinct, not charitable on principle.

He had little courage, and rarely spoke a Northern word to a Southern audience, save his official words in Congress. In Charleston he was the "school-master that gives us no lessons." He quailed before the Southern men who would "dissolve the Union,"

when he stood before their eye. They were "high-minded and chivalrous:" it was only the non-resistants of the North he meant to ban!

He was indeed eminently selfish, joining the instinctive egotism of passion with the self-conscious, voluntary, deliberate, calculating egotism of ambition. He borrowed money of rich young men — ay, and of poor ones — in the generosity of their youth, and never repaid. He sought to make his colleagues in office the tools of his ambition, and that failing, pursued them with the intensest hate. Thus he sought to ruin the venerable John Quincy Adams, when the President became a Representative. By secret hands he scattered circulars in Mr. Adams's district to work his overthrow; got other men to oppose him. With different men he succeeded better. He used his party as he used his friends, — for tools. He coquetted with the Democrats in '42, with the Free-Soilers in '48; but, the suit miscarrying, turned to the Slave Power in '50, and negotiated an espousal which was cruelly broken off in '52. Men, parties, the law,* and the nation, he did not hesitate to sacrifice to the colossal selfishness of his egotistic ambition.

His strength lay not in the religious, nor in the affectional, nor in the moral part of man.

IV. But his Intellect was immense. His power

* *Leges invalidæ prius; imo nocere coactæ.*

of comprehension was vast. He methodized swiftly. If you look at the varieties of intellectual action, you may distribute them into three great modes; the Understanding, the Imagination, and the Reason; — the Understanding dealing with details and methods, the practical power; Imagination, with beauty, the power to create; Reason, with first principles and universal laws, the philosophic power.

We must deny to Mr. Webster the great Reason. He does not belong at all with the chief men of that department, — with Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, Leibnitz, Newton, Des Cartes, and the other mighties. Nay, he has no place with humbler men of reason, with common philosophers. He had no philosophical system of politics, few philosophical ideas of politics, whereof to make a system. He seldom grasps a universal law. His measures of expediency for to-day are seldom bottomed on universal principles of right, which last for ever.

I cannot assign to him large Imagination. He was not creative of new forms of thought or of beauty; so he lacks the poetic charm which gladdens in the loftiest eloquence.

But his Understanding was exceedingly great. He acquired readily and retained well; arranged with ease and skill, and fluently reproduced. As a scholar, he passed for learned in the American Senate, where scholars are few; for a universal man, with editors of political and commercial prints. But

his learning was narrow in its range, and not very nice in its accuracy. His reach in history and literature was very small for a man seventy years of age, always associating with able men. To science he seems to have paid scarce any attention at all. It is a short radius that measures the arc of his historic realm. A few Latin authors, whom he loved to quote, made up his meagre classic store. He was not a scholar, and it is idle to claim great or careful scholarship for him. Compare him with the prominent statesmen of Europe, or with the popular orators of England, you see continually the narrow range of his culture.

As a statesman, his lack of what I call the higher Reason and Imagination continually appears. He invented nothing. To the national stock he added no new idea, created out of new thought; no new maxim, formed by induction out of human history and old thought. The great ideas of the time were not borne in his bosom.

He organized nothing. There were great ideas of immense practical value seeking lodgement in a body: he aided them not. None of the great measures of our time were his — not one of them. His best bill was the Specie Bill of 1815, which caused payments to be made in national currency.

His lack of Conscience is painfully evident. As Secretary of State, he did not administer eminently well. When Secretary of State under Mr. Tyler,

he knew how to be unjust to poor, maltreated Mexico. His letters in reply to the just complaints of Mr. Bocanegra, the Mexican Secretary of State, are painful to read: it is the old story of the Wolf and the Lamb.*

The appointments made under his administration had better not be looked at too closely. The affairs of Cuba last year and this, the affairs of the Fisheries and the Lobos Islands, are little to his credit.

He was sometimes ignorant of the affairs he had to treat; he neglected the public business,—left grave matters all unattended to. Nay, he did worse. Early in August last, Mr. Lawrence had an interview with the British Foreign Secretary, in which explanations were made calculated to remove all anxiety as to the Fishery Question. He wrote a paper detailing the result of the interview. It was designed to be communicated to the American Senate. Mr. Lawrence sent it to Mr. Webster. It reached the Department at Washington on the 24th of August. But Mr. Webster did not communicate it to the Senate; even the President knew nothing of its existence till after the Secretary's death. Now, it is not "compatible with the public interest to publish it," as its production would reveal the negligence of

* See these letters—to Mr. Thompson, Works, vol. vi. p. 445, *et seq.*; and those of Mr. Bocanegra to Mr. Webster, p. 442, *et seq.* 457, *et seq.* How different is the tone of America to powerful England! Whom men wrong they hate.

the Department.* You remember the letter he published on his own account relating to the Fisheries! † No man, it was said, could get office under his administration, “unless bathed in negro’s blood:” support of the Fugitive Slave Bill, “like the path of righteous devotion, led to a blessed preferment.”

Lacking both moral principle and intellectual ideas, political ethics and political economy, it must needs be that his course in politics was crooked. He opposed the Mexican war, but invested a son in it, and praised the soldiers who fought therein, as surpassing our fathers who “stood *behind* bulwarks on Bunker Hill”! He called on the nation to uphold the stars of America on the fields of Mexico, though he knew it was the stripes that they held up. Now he is for free trade, then for protection; now for specie, then for bills; first for a bank, then it is “an obsolete idea;” now for freedom and against slavery, then for slavery and against freedom; now Justice is the object of government, now Money. Now what makes men Christians makes them good citizens; next, religion is good “everywhere but in politics,—there it makes men mad.” Now religion is

* The Letter was read in the secret session of the Senate, March 8, 1853, and published in Senate Doc., Special Sess., No. 4, p. 2. See also Lord Malmesbury’s letter to Mr. Crampton, (Aug. 10, 1852,) *Id.* p. 6–8; see too p. 9.

† July 20, 1852.

the only ground of government, and all conscience is to be respected; next, there is no Law higher than the "Omnibus," and he hoots at conscience, and would not reënact the Law of God.

He began his career as the friend of free trade and hard money; he would restrict the government to the strait line of the Constitution rigidly defined; he would resist the Bank, the protective tariff, the extension of slavery, they exceeded the limits of the Constitution: he became the pensioned advocate of restricted trade and of paper-money; he interpreted the Constitution to oppress the several States and the citizens; brought the force of the government against private right, and lent all his might to the extension of slavery. Once he stood out boldly for the right of all men "to canvass public measures and the merits of public men;" then he tells us that discussion "must be suppressed"! Several years ago, he called a private meeting of the principal manufacturers of Boston, and advised them to abandon the protective tariff; but they would not, and so he defended it as warmly as ever! His course was crooked as the Missouri. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel were, like him, without a philosophical scheme of political conduct, or any great ideas whereby to shape the future into fairer forms; but the principle of duty was the thread which joined all parts of their public ministration. Thereon each

strung his victories. But selfish egotism is the only continuous thread I find thus running through the crooked life of the famous American.

With such a lack of ideas and of honesty, with a dread of taking the responsibility in advance of public opinion, lacking confidence in the people, and confidence in himself, he did not readily understand the public opinion on which he depended. He thought himself "a favorite with the people," — "sure of election if nominated;" it was "only the politicians" who stood between him and the nation. He thought the Fugitive Slave Bill would be popular in the North; that it could be executed in Syracuse; and Massachusetts would conquer her prejudices with alacrity!

He had little value as a permanent guide: he changed often, but at the unlucky moment. He tacked and wore ship many a time in his life, always in bad weather, and never came round but he fell off from the popular wind. Perseverance makes the saints: he always forsook his idea just as that was about to make its fortune. In his voyaging for the Presidency, he was always too late for the tide; embarked on the ebb, and was left as the stream run dry. The Fugitive Slave Bill has done the South no good, save to reveal the secrets of her prison-house, the Cabin of Uncle Tom, and make the North hate slavery with a tenfold hate. So far has he

“Websterized” the Whig party, he has done so to its ruin.

He was a great advocate, a great orator: it is said, the greatest in the land,—and I do not doubt that this was true. Surely he was immensely great. When he spoke, he was a grand spectacle. His noble form, so dignified and masculine; his massive head; the mighty brow, Olympian in its majesty; the great, deep, dark eye, which, like a lion’s, seemed fixed on objects afar off, looking beyond what lay in easy range; the mouth so full of strength and determination,—these all became the instruments of such eloquence as few men ever hear. He magnetized men by his presence; he subdued them by his will more than by his argument. Many have surpassed him in written words; for he could not embody the sunshine in such flowers of thought as Burke, Milton, and Cicero wrought into mosaic oratory. But, since the great Athenians, Demosthenes and Pericles, who ever thundered out such spoken eloquence as he?

Yet he has left no perfect specimen of a great oration. He had not the instinctive genius which creates a beautiful whole by nature, as a mother bears a living son; nor the wide knowledge, the deep philosophy, the plastic industry, which forms a beautiful whole by art, as a sculptor chisels a marble boy.

So his greatest and most deliberate efforts of oratory will not bear comparison with the great eloquence of nature that is born, nor the great eloquence of art which is made. Compared therewith, his mighty works are as Hercules compared with Apollo. It is an old world, and excellence in oratory is difficult. Yet he has sentences and paragraphs that I think unsurpassed and unequalled, and I do not see how they can ever fade. He was not a Nile of eloquence, cascading into poetic beauty now, then watering whole provinces with the drainage of tropic mountains: he was a Niagara, pouring a world of clear waters adown a single ledge.

His style was simple, the business-style of a strong man. Now and then it swelled into beauty, though it was often dull. In later years, he seldom touched the conscience, the affections, or the soul, except, alas! to smite our sense of justice, our philanthropy, and trust in God. He always addressed the understanding, not the reason, — Calhoun did that the more, — not the imagination: in his speech there was little wit, little beauty, little poetry. He laid siege to the understanding. Here lay his strength — he could make a statement better than any man in America; had immense power of argumentation, building a causeway from his will to the hearer's mind. He was skilful in devising "middle terms," in making steps whereby to lead the audience to his

determination. No man managed the elements of his argument with more practical effect.

Perhaps he did this better when contending for a wrong, than when battling for the right. His most ingenious arguments are pleas for injustice.* Part of the effect came from the physical bulk of the man; part from the bulk of will, which marked all his speech, and writing too; but much from his power of statement. He gathered a great mass of material, bound it together, swung it about his head, fixed his eye on the mark, then let the ruin fly. If you want a word suddenly shot from Dover to Calais, you send it by lightning; if a ball of a ton weight, you get a steam-cannon to pitch it across. Webster was the steam-gun of eloquence. He hit the mark less by skill than strength. His shot seemed big as his target.†

There is a great difference in the weapons which speakers use. This orator brings down his quarry with a single subtle shot, of sixty to the pound. He

* See examples of this in the Creole letter, and that to Mr. Thompson (Works, vol. vi.), and in many a speech; — especially in defence of the Fugitive Slave Bill and Kidnapping.

†

“Tu quoque, Piso,

Judicis affectum, possessaque pectora ducis

Victor; sponte sua sequitur, quocunque vocasti:

Et te dante capit judex, quam non habet iram.”

Pseudo Lucanus ad Calpurnium Pisonem, Poemationum, v. 44, et seq.

carries death without weight in his gun, as sure as fate.

Here is another, the tin-peddler of American speech. He is a snake in the grass, slippery, shining, with a baleful crest on his head, cunning in his crazy eye, and the poison of the old serpent in his heart, and on his slimy jaw, and about the fang at the bottom of his smooth and forked and nimble tongue. He conquers by bewitching; he fascinates his game to death.

Commonly, Mr. Webster was open and honest in his oratory. He had no masked batteries, no Quaker guns. He had "that rapid and vehement declamation which fixes the hearer's attention on the subject, making the speaker forgotten, and leaving his art concealed." He wheeled his forces into line, column after column, with the quickness of Hannibal and the masterly arrangement of Cæsar, and, like Napoleon, broke the centre of his opponent's line by the superior weight of his own column and the sudden heaviness of his fire. Thus he laid siege to the understanding, and carried it by dint of cannonade. This was his strategy, in the court house, in the senate, and in the public hall. There were no ambuscades, no pitfalls, or treacherous Indian subtlety. It was the tactics of a great and naturally honest-minded man.

In his oratory there was but one trick,—that of self-depreciation. This came on him in his later

years, and it always failed. He was too big to make any one believe he thought himself little ; so obviously proud, we knew he valued his services high when he rated them so low. That comprehensive eye could not overlook so great an object as himself. He was not organized to cheat, to deceive ; and did not prosper when he tried. 'Tis ill the lion apes the fox.

He was ambitious. Cardinal Wolsey's "unbounded stomach" was also the stomach of Webster. Yet his ambition mostly failed. In forty years of public life, he rose no higher than Secretary of State ; and held that post but five years. He was continually outgeneralled by subtler men. He had little political foresight : for he had not the all-conquering religion which meekly executes the Law of God, fearless of its consequence ; nor yet the wide Philanthropy, the deep sympathy with all that is human, which gives a man the public heart, and so the control of the issues of life, which thence proceed ; nor the great Justice which sees the everlasting right, and journeys thitherward through good or ill ; nor the mighty Reason, which, reflecting, beholds the principles of human nature, the constant mode of operation of the forces of God in the forms of men ; nor the poetic Imagination, which in its political sphere creates great schemes of law : and hence he was not popular.

He longed for the Presidency ; but Harrison kept

him from the nomination in '40, Clay in '44, Taylor in '48, and Scott in '52. He never had a wide and original influence in the politics of the nation; for he had no elemental thunder of his own — the Tariff was Mr. Calhoun's at first; the Force Bill was from another hand; the Fugitive Slave Bill was Mr. Mason's; "the Omnibus" had many fathers, whereof Webster was not one. He was not a blood-relation to any of the great measures, — to free-trade or protection, to paper-money or hard coin, to freedom or slavery; he was of their kindred only by adoption. He has been on all sides of most questions, save on the winning side.

In the case of the Fugitive Slave Bill, he stood betwixt the living and the dead, and blessed the plague. But, even here, he faltered when he came North again, — "The South will get no concessions from me." Mr. Webster commended the first draught of the Fugitive Slave Bill, with Mr. Mason's amendments thereto, volunteering his support thereof "to the fullest extent." But he afterwards and repeatedly declared, "The Fugitive Slave Bill was not such a measure as I had prepared before I left the Senate, and which I should have supported if I had remained in the Senate."* "I was of opinion,"

* Mr. Webster's letter to the Union Committee. Works, vol. vi. p. 578; *et al.*

he said, "that a summary trial by jury might be had, which would satisfy the prejudices of the people, and produce no harm to those who claimed the services of fugitives." * Nay, he went so far as to introduce a bill to the Senate providing a trial by jury for all fugitives claiming a trial for their freedom.† He thought the whole business of delivering up such as owed service or labor, belonged to the State whither the fugitive fled, and not to the general government.‡ Of course he must have considered it constitutional and expedient to secure for the fugitive a trial before an impartial jury of "twelve good and lawful men," who should pass upon the whole matter at issue. But, with that conviction, and with that bill ready drafted, as he says, in his desk, he could volunteer his support to one which took away from the States all jurisdiction in the matter, and from the fugitive all "due process of law," all trial by jury, and left him in the hands of a creature of the court, who was to be paid twice as much for enslaving his victim as for acquitting a man! §

He had almost no self-reliant independence of

* Speech at Buffalo, (New York, 1851,) p. 17.

† See it in Works, vol. v. p. 373-4.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 354. But yet he affirmed the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Bill, which gave the business to the federal government. See Works, vol. vi. p. 551, *et seq.* Speeches at Buffalo, etc.

§ See Speech at Syracuse, p. 36.

character. It was his surroundings, not his will, that shaped his course, — “driven by the wind and tossed.”

Mr. Webster's political career began with generous promise. He contended for the rights of the people against the government, of the minority against the majority; he defended the right of each man to discuss all public measures, and the conduct of public men; he wished commerce to be unrestricted, payments to be made in hard coin. He spoke noble words against oppression, — the despotism of the “Holy Alliance” in Europe, the cruelty of the Slave-Trade in America. Generously and nobly he contended against the extension of slavery beyond the Mississippi. Not philanthropic by instinct or moral principle, averse to democratic institutions both by nature and conviction, he yet, by instinctive generosity, hated tyranny, hated injustice, hated despotism. He appealed to moral power against physical force. He sympathized with the republics of South America. His great powers taking such a direction certainly promised a brilliant future, large services for mankind. But, alas! he fell on evil times: who ever fell on any other? He was intensely ambitious; not ambitious to serve mankind, but to hold office, have power and fame. Is this the “last infirmity of noble mind?” It was not a very noble object he proposed as the end of his life; the means to it became successively more and

more unworthy. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

For some years, no large body of men has had much trust in him,—admiration, but not confidence. In Massachusetts, off the pavements, for the last three years, he has had but little power. After the speech of March 7th, he said, "I WILL be maintained in Massachusetts." Massachusetts said No! Only in the cities that bought him was he omnipotent. Even the South would not trust him. Gen. Jackson was the most popular man of our time; Calhoun was a favorite throughout the South; Clay, in all quarters of the land; and, at this day, Seward wields the forces of the Whigs. With all his talent, Webster never had the influence on America of the least of these.

Yet Daniel Webster had many popular qualities. He loved out-door and manly sports,—boating, fishing, fowling. He was fond of nature, loving New Hampshire's mountain scenery. He had started small and poor, had risen great and high, and honorably had fought his way alone. He rose early in the morning. He loved gardening, "the purest of human pleasures." He was a farmer, and took a countryman's delight in country things,—in loads of hay, in trees, in turnips, and the noble Indian corn, in monstrous swine. He had a patriarch's love of sheep,—choice breeds thereof he had. He took delight in cows,—short-horned Durhams, Hereford-

shires, Ayrshires, Alderneys. He tilled paternal acres with his own oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder. It was pleasant to hear his talk of oxen. And but three days before he left the earth; too ill to visit them, his cattle, lowing, came to see their sick lord; and, as he stood in his door, his great oxen were driven up, that he might smell their healthy breath, and look his last on those broad, generous faces, that were never false to him.

He loved birds, and would not have them shot on his premises; and so his farm twittered all over with their "sweet jargonings." Though in public his dress was more uniformly new than is common with acknowledged gentlemen, at home and on his estate he wore his old and homely clothes, and had kind words for all, and hospitality besides. He loved his father and brother with great tenderness, which easily broke into tears when he spoke of them. He was kind to his obscurer and poor relations. He had no money to bestow; they could not share his intellect, or the renown it brought. But he gave them his affection, and they loved him with veneration. He was a friendly man: all along the shore there were plain men that loved him,—whom he also loved. He was called "a good neighbor, a good townsman:"—

"Lofty and sour to those that loved him not;

But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer."

His influence on the development of America has not been great. He had large gifts, large opportunities also for their use,—the two greatest things which great men ask. Yet he has brought little to pass. No great ideas, no great organizations, will bind him to the coming age. His life has been a long vacillation. Ere long, men will ask for the historic proof to verify the reputation of his power. It will not appear. For the present, his career is a failure: he was balked of his aim. How will it be for the future? Posterity will vainly ask for proof of his intellectual power to invent, to organize, to administer. The historian must write that he aimed to increase the executive power, the central government, and to weaken the local power of the States; that he preferred the Federal authority to State rights, the judiciary to the legislature, the government to the people, the claims of money to the rights of man. Calhoun will stand as the representative of State rights and free trade; Clay, of the American system of protection; Benton, of payment in sound coin; some other, of the revenue tariff. And in the greatest question of the age, the question of Human Rights, as champions of mankind, there will appear Adams, Giddings, Chase, Palfrey, Mann, Hale, Seward, Rantoul, and Sumner; yes, one other name, which on the historian's page will shade all these,—the name of GARRISON. Men will recount the words of Webster at Plymouth Rock, at Bunker Hill, at

Faneuil Hall, at Niblo's Garden; they will also recollect that he declared "protection of property" to be the great domestic object of government; that he said, "Liberty first and Union afterwards was delusion and folly;" that he called on Massachusetts to conquer her "prejudices" in favor of unalienable rights, and with alacrity give up a man to be a slave; turned all the North into a hunting-field for the bloodhound; that he made the negation of God the first principle of government; that our New England elephant turned round, tore Freedom's standard down, and trod her armies under foot. They will see that he did not settle the greatest questions by Justice and the Law of God. His parallel lines of power are indeed long lines, — a nation reads his word: they are not far apart, you cannot get many centuries between; for there are no great ideas of Right, no mighty acts of Love, to keep them wide.

There are brave words which Mr. Webster has spoken that will last while English is a speech; yea, will journey with the Anglo-Saxon race, and one day be classic in either hemisphere, in every zone. But what will posterity say of his efforts to chain the fugitive, to extend the area of human bondage; of his haughty scorn of any Law higher than what trading politicians enact in the Capitol? "There is a Law above all the enactments of human codes, the same throughout the world, the same in all time;" "it is the law written by the

finger of God upon the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man."*

Calhoun, Clay, Webster, — they were all able men, — long in politics, all ambitious, grasping at the Presidency, all failing of what they sought. All three called themselves "Democrats," taking their stand on the unalienable rights of man. But all three conjoined to keep every eighth man in the nation a chattel slave; all three at last united in deadly war against the unalienable rights of men whom swarthy mothers bore. O democratic America!

Was Mr. Webster's private life good? There are many depraved things done without depravity of heart. I am here to chronicle, and not invent. I cannot praise a man for virtues which he did not have. This day, such praise sounds empty and impertinent as the chattering of a caged canary amid the sadness of a funeral prayer. Spite of womanly tenderness, it is not for me to renounce my manhood and my God. I shall —

"Naught extenuate and nothing add,
Nor set down aught in malice."

* Lord Brougham's speech on Negro Slavery, in the House of Commons, July 13, 1830.

Before he left New Hampshire, I find no stain upon his conduct there, save recklessness of expense. But in Boston, when he removed here, there were men in vogue, in some respects perhaps, worse than any since as conspicuous, — open debauchees. He fell in with them, and became over-fond of animal delights, of the joys of the body's baser parts; fond of sensual luxury, the victim of low appetites. He loved power, loved pleasure, loved wine. Let me turn off my face, and say no more of this sad theme: others were as bad as he.*

He was intensely proud. Careless of money, he was often in trouble on its account. He contracted debts, and did not settle; borrowed of rich and poor, and young and old, and rendered not again. Private money often clove to his hands; yet in his nature there was no taint of avarice. He lavished money on luxuries, while his washerwoman was left unpaid. Few Americans have squandered so much as he. Rapacious to get, he was prodigal of his own. I wish the charges brought against his public administration may be disproved, whereof the stain rests on him to this day. When he entered on a lawyer's life, Mr. Gore advised him, "Whatever bread you eat, let it be the bread of independence!" Oh that the

* Hoc sat viator: reliqua non sinit pudor;
Tu suspicare et ambula.

Sannazarius, Epig. II. 29.

great mind could have kept that counsel! But, even at Portsmouth, luxury brought debt, and many an evil on its back. He collected money, and did not pay! "Bread of independence," when did he eat it last? Rich men paid his debts of money when he came to Massachusetts; they took a dead-pledge on the man; only death redeemed that mortgage. In 1827 he solicited the Senatorship of Massachusetts; it "would put down the calumnies of Isaac Hill!" He obtained the office, not without management. Then he refused to take his seat until ten thousand dollars was raised for him. The money came clandestinely, and he went into the Senate—a pensioner! His reputation demanded a speech against the tariff of '28; his pension required his vote for that "bill of abominations." He spoke one way, and voted the opposite. Was that the first *dotation*? He was forestalled before he left New Hampshire. The next gift was twenty thousand, it is said. Then the sums increased. What great "gifts" have been privately raised for him by contributions, subscriptions, donations, and the like! Is it honest to buy up a man? honest for a man to sell himself? Is it just for a Judge who administers the law to take a secret bribe of a party at his court? Is it just for a party to offer such gifts? Answer Lord Bacon who tried it; answer Thomas More who tried it not. It is worse for a Maker of laws to be bought and sold. New England men, I hope not meaning wrong, bought the great senator

in '27, and long held him in their pay. They gave him all his services were worth, — gave more. His commercial and financial policy has been the bane of New England and the North. In 1850 the South bought him, but never paid!*

A Senator of the United States, he was pensioned by the capitalists of Boston. Their "gifts" in his hand, how could he dare be just! His later speeches smell of bribes. Could not Francis Bacon warn him, nor either Adams guide? Three or four hundred years ago, Thomas More, when "under Sheriff of London," would not accept a pension from the king, lest it might swerve him from his duty to the town; when Chancellor, he would not accept five thousand pounds which the English clergy publicly offered him, for public service done as chancellor. But Webster in private took — how much I cannot tell! Considering all things, his buyers' wealth and his unthriftiness, it was as dishonorable in them to bribe, as in him to take their gift!

To gain his point, alas! he sometimes treated facts, law, constitution, morality, and religion, as an

* "Sed lateri nullus comitem circumdare quærit,
 Quem dat purus amor, sed quem tulit impia merces,
 Nec quisquam vero pretium largitur amico,
 Quem regat ex æquo, vicibusque regatur ab illo:
 Sed miserum parva stipe munerat, ut pudibundos
 Exercere sales inter consilia possit."

Pseudo Lucanus, ubi sup. 100, et seq.

advocate treats matters at the bar. Was he certain South Carolina had no constitutional right to nullify? I make no doubt he felt so; but in his language he is just as strong when he declares the Fugitive Slave Bill is perfectly constitutional; that slavery cannot be in California and New Mexico; just as confident in his dreadful mock at conscience, and the dear God's unchanging Law. He heeded not "the delegated voice of God" which speaks in the conscience of the faithful man.

No living man has done so much to debauch the conscience of the nation; to debauch the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the bar! There is no Higher Law, quoth he; and how much of the pulpit, the press, the forum, and the bar, denies its God! Read the journals of the last week for proof of what I say; and read our history since March of '50. He poisoned the moral wells of society with his lower law, and men's consciences died of the murrain of beasts, which came because they drank thereat.

In an age which prizes money as the greatest good and counts the understanding as the highest human faculty, the man who is to lead and bless the world must indeed be great in intellect, but also great in conscience, greater in affection, and greatest of all things in his soul. In his later years, Webster was intellect, and little more. If he did not regard the eternal Right, how could he guide a nation to what is useful for to-day? If he scorned the Law of

God, how could he bless the world of men? It was by this fault he fell. "Those who murdered Banquo, what did they win by it?"

———"A barren sceptre in their gripe,
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
No son of theirs succeeding."

He knew the cause of his defeat, and in the last weeks of his life confessed that he was deceived; that, before his fatal speech, he had assurance from the North and South, that, if he supported slavery, it would lead him into place and power; but now he saw the mistake, and that a few of the "fanatics" had more influence in America than he and all the South! He sinned against his own conscience, and so he fell!

He made him wings of slavery to gain a lofty eminence. Those wings unfeathered in his flight. For one and thirty months he fell, until at last he reached the tomb. There, on the sullen shore, a mighty wreck, great Webster lies.

"Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved,
The man so great, so honored, so beloved?
Where is the heartfelt worth and weight of soul,
Which labor could not stoop, nor fear control?
Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which, half abashed, the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause? —
Where the delightful taste of just applause?"

Oh, lost alike to action and repose,
 Unwept, unpitied in the worst of woes ;
 With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
 Sold to the insults of a foe defied ;
 With all that habit of familiar fame,
 Doomed to exhaust the dregs of life in shame !”

Oh, what a warning was his fall !

“ To dash corruption in her proud career,
 And teach her slaves that vice was born to fear.”

“ Oh dumb be passion’s stormy rage,
 When he who might
 Have lighted up and led his age
 Falls back in night.”

Had he been faithful to his own best words, so oft repeated, how he would have stood ! How different would have been the aspect of the North and the South ; of the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the court !

Had he died after the treaty of 1842, how different would have been his fame !

Since the Revolution, no American has had so noble an opportunity as Mr. Webster to speak a word for the advancement of mankind. There was a great occasion : slavery was clamorous for new power, new territory ; was invading the State Rights of the North. Earnest men in the North, getting aroused and hostile to slavery, were looking round for some able man to take the political guidance of

the anti-slavery feeling, to check the great national crime, and help end it; they were asking —

“ Who is the honest man, —
 He that doth still and strongly good pursue,
 To God, his neighbor, and himself, most true ;
 Whom neither fear nor fawning can
 Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due ? ”

Some circumstances seemed to point to Mr. Webster as the man; his immense oratorical abilities, his long acquaintance with public affairs, his conspicuous position, his noble words in behalf of freedom, beginning with his college days and extending over many a year, — all these were powerful arguments in his behalf. The people had always been indulgent to his faults, allowing him a wide margin of public and private oscillation; the North was ready to sustain him in all generous efforts for the unalienable rights of man. But he threw away the great moment of his life, used all his abilities to destroy those rights of man, and builded the materials of honorable fame into a monument of infamy for the warning of mankind. Declaring that “the protection of property” was “the great object of government,” he sought to unite the Money power of the North and the Slave power of the South into one great instrument to stifle discussion, and withstand religion, and the Higher Law of God.

Had he lived and labored for freedom as for

slavery, — nay, with half the diligence and half the power, — to-morrow, all the North would rise to make him their President, and put on that Olympian brow the wreath of honor from a people's hand. Then he would have left a name like Adams, Jefferson, and Washington; and the tears of every good man would have dropped upon his tomb! Had he served his God with half the zeal that he served the South, He would not, in his age, have left him naked to his enemies! If Mr. Webster had cultivated the moral, the affectional, the religious part of his nature with the same diligence he nursed his power of speech, what a man there would have been! With his great ability as an advocate, with his eloquence, his magnetic power, in his position, — a Senator for twenty years, — if he could have attained the justice, the philanthropy, the religion of Channing or of Follen, or of many a modest woman in all the Christian sects, what a noble spectacle should we have seen! Then the nation would long since have made him President, and he also would have revolutionized men's ideas of political greatness; “the bigot would have ceased to persecute, the despot to vex, the desolate poor to suffer, the slave to groan and tremble, the ignorant to commit crimes, and the ill-contrived law to engender criminality.”

But he did not fall all at once. No man ever does. Apostasy is not a sudden sin. Little by little

he came to the ground. Long leaning, he leaned over and fell down. This was his great error—he sold himself to the money power to do service against mankind. The form of service became continually worse. Was he conscious of this corruption?—at first? But shall he bear the blame alone? Oh, no! Part of it belongs to this city, which corrupted him, tempted him with a price, bought him with its gold! Daniel Webster had not thrift. “Poor Richard” was no saint of his. He loved luxury, and was careless of wealth. Boston caught him by the purse; by that she led him to his mortal doom. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield; with the flattery of her lips she deceived him. Boston was the Delilah that allured him; but oft he broke the withes of gold, until at last, with a pension, she shore off the seven locks of his head, his strength went from him, and the Philistines took him and put out his eyes, brought him down to Washington, and bound him with fetters of brass. And he did grind in their prison-house; and they said, “Our God, which is slavery, hath delivered into our hands our enemy, the destroyer of our institutions, who slew many of us.” Then, having used him for their need, they thrust the man away, deceived and broken-hearted!

No man can resist infinite temptation. There came a peril greater than he could bear. Condemn the sin—pity the offending man. The tone of po-

litical morality is pitiably low. It lowered him, and then he debased the morals of politics.

Part of the blame belongs to the New England church, which honors "devoutness," and sneers at every noble, manly life, calling men saints who only pray, all careless of the dead men's bones which glut the whited sepulchre. The churches of New England were waiting to proclaim slavery, and renounce the law of God. The disgrace is not his alone. But we must blame Mr. Webster as we blame few men. Society takes swift vengeance on the petty thief, the small swindler, and rogues in rags: the gallows kills the murderer, while for men in high office, with great abilities, who enact iniquity into law; who enslave thousands, and sow a continent with thralldom, to bear want and shame and misery and sin; who teach as political ethics the theory of crime, — for them there is often no earthly outward punishment, save the indignation with which mankind scourges the memory of the oppressor. From the judgment of men, the appeal lies to the judgment of God: He only knows who sins, and how much. How much Mr. Webster is to be pitied, we know right well.

Had he been a clergyman, as once he wished, he might have passed through life with none of the outward blemishes which now deform his memory; famed for his gifts and graces too, for eloquence, and "soundness in the faith," "his praise in all the

churches." Had he been a politician in a better age, — when it is not thought just for capitalists to buy up statesmen in secret, for politicians clandestinely to sell their services for private gold, or for clergymen, in the name of God, to sanctify all popular crimes, — he might have lifted up that noble voice continually for Truth and Right. Who could not in such a time? The straw blows with the wind. But, alas! he was not firm enough for his place; too weak in conscience to be the champion of Justice while she needs a champion. Let us be just against the wrong he wrought, charitable to the man who wrought the wrong. Conscience compels our formidable blame; the affections weep their pity too.

Like Bacon, whom Mr. Webster resembles in many things, save industry and the philosophic mind, he had "no moral courage, no power of self-sacrifice or self-denial;" with strong passions, with love of luxury in all its forms, with much pride, great fondness of applause, and the intensest love of power; coming to Boston poor, a lawyer, without thrift, embarking in politics with such companions for his private and his public life, with such public opinion in the State, — that honesty is to serve the present purposes of your party, or the wealthy men who control it; in the Church, — that religion consists in belief without evidence, in ritual sacraments, in verbal prayer, — is it wonderful that this great intellect went astray? See how corrupt the churches are, —

the leading clergy of America are the anointed defenders of man-stealing; see how corrupt is the State, betraying the red men, enslaving the black, pillaging Mexico; see how corrupt is trade, which rules the State and Church, dealing in men. Connecticut makes whips for the negro-driver. New Hampshire rears the negro-drivers themselves. Ships of Maine and Rhode-Island are in the domestic slave-trade. The millionaires of Massachusetts own men in Virginia, Alabama, Missouri! The leading men in Trade, in Church and State, think Justice is not much more needed in a statesman than it is needed in an ox, or in the steel which shoes his hoof! Remember these things, and pity Daniel Webster, ambitious, passionate, unthrifty; and see the circumstances which weighed him down. We judge the deeds: God only can judge the man. If you and I have not met the temptation which can overmaster us, let us have mercy on such as come bleeding from that battle.

His calling as a lawyer was somewhat dangerous, leading him "to make the worse appear the better reason;" to seek "not verity, but verisimilitude;" to look at the expedient end, not to inquire if his means be also just; to look too much at measures, not enough at principles. Yet his own brother Ezekiel went safely through that peril,—no smell of that fire on his garment.

His intercourse with politicians was full of moral

peril. How few touch politics, and are thenceforward clean!

Boston now mourns for him! She is too late in her weeping. She should have wept her warning when her capitalists filled his right hand with bribes. She ought to have put on sackcloth when the speech of March 7th first came here. She should have hung her flags at half-mast when the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law; then she only fired cannons, and thanked her representative. Webster fell prostrate, but was Boston more innocent than he? Remember the nine hundred and eighty-seven men that thanked him for the speech which touched their "conscience," and pointed out the path of "duty"! It was she that ruined him.

She bribed him in 1827, and often since. He regarded the sums thus paid as a retaining fee, and at the last maintained that the Boston manufacturers were still in his debt; for the services he had rendered them by defending the tariff in his place as Senator were to them worth more than all the money he received! Could a man be honest in such a position? Alas that the great orator had not the conscience to remember at first that man shall not live by bread alone!

What a sad life was his! His wife died,—a loving woman, beautiful, and tenderly beloved! Of

several children, all save one have gone before him to the tomb. Sad man, he lived to build his children's monument! Do you remember the melancholy spectacle in the street, when Major Webster, a victim of the Mexican war, was by his father laid down in yonder tomb? — a daughter, too, but recently laid low! How poor seemed then the ghastly pageant in the street, empty and hollow as the muffled drum!

What a sad face he wore, — furrowed by passion, by ambition, that noble brow scarred all over with the records of a hard, sad life. Look at the prints and pictures of him in the street. I do not wonder his early friends abhor the sight. It is a face of sorrows, — private, public, secret woes. But there are pictures of that face in earlier years, full of power, but full of tenderness; the mouth feminine, and innocent as a girl's. What a life of passion, of dark sorrow, rolled betwixt the two! In that ambition-stricken face his mother would not have known her child!

For years to me, he has seemed like one of the tragic heroes of the Grecian tale, pursued by fate; and latterly, the saddest sight in all the Western World, — widowed of so much he loved, and grasping at what was not only vanity, but the saddest vexation of the heart. I have long mourned for him, as for no living or departed man. He blasted the friends of man with scornful lightning: him, if

I could, I would not blast, but only bless continually and evermore.

You remember the last time he spoke in Boston ; the procession, last summer, you remember it well. What a sad and care-worn countenance was that of the old man, welcomed with the mockery of applause ! You remember, when the orator, wise-headed and friendly-hearted, came to thank him for his services, he said not a word of "saving the Union ;" of the "compromise measures," not a word. That farce was played out — it was only the tragic facts which were left ; but for his great services he thanked him.

And when Webster replied, he said, "Here in Boston I am not disowned ; at least, here I am not disowned." No, Daniel Webster, you are not disowned in Boston. So long as I have a tongue to teach, a heart to feel, you shall never be disowned. I must be just. I shall be tender too !

It was partly by Boston's sin that the great man fell ! I pity his victims ; you pity them, too. But I pity him more, oh, far more ! Pity the oppressed, will you ? Will you not also pity the oppressor in his sin ? Look there ! See that face, so manly strong, so maiden meek ! Hear that voice ! "Neither do I condemn thee ! Go, and sin no more !" Listen to the last words of the Crucified : "Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do."

The last time he was in Faneuil Hall, — it was

“Faneuil Hall open;” once it had been shut;—it was last May—the sick old man—you remember the feeble look and the sad face, the tremulous voice. He came to solicit the vote of the Methodists,—a vain errand. I felt then that it was his last time, and forbore to look upon that saddened countenance.

The last time he was in the Senate, it was to hear his successor speak. He stayed an hour, and heard Charles Sumner demonstrate that the Fugitive Slave Bill was not good religion, nor good Constitution, nor good law. The old and the new stood face to face,—the Fugitive Slave Bill and Justice. What an hour! What a sight! What thoughts ran through the great man’s mind, mingled with what regrets! For slavery never set well on him. It was a Nessus’ shirt on our Hercules, and the poison of his own arrows rankled now in his own bones. Had Mr. Webster been true to his history, true to his heart, true to his intention and his promises, he would himself have occupied that ground two years before. Then there would have been no Fugitive Slave Bill, no chain round the court house, no man-stealing in Boston; but the “Defender of the Constitution,” become the “Defender of the unalienable rights of man,” would have been the President of the United States! But he had not the courage to deliver the speech he made. No man can serve two masters,—Justice

and Ambition. The mill of God grinds slow but dreadful fine!

He came home to Boston, and went down to Marshfield to die. An old man, broken with the storms of State, went home — to die! His neighbors came to ease the fall, to look upon the disappointment, and give him what cheer they could. To him, to die was gain; life was the only loss. Yet he did not wish to die: he surrendered, — he did not yield.

At the last end, his friends were about him; his dear ones — his wife, his son (the last of six children he had loved). Name by name he bade them all farewell, and all his friends, man by man. Two colored servants of his were there, — whom, it is said, he had helped purchase out of slavery, and bless with freedom's life. They watched over the bedside of the dying man. The kindly doctor sought to sweeten the bitterness of death with medicated skill; and, when that failed, he gave the great man a little manna which fell down from heaven three thousand years ago, and shepherd David gathered up and kept it in a psalm: "The Lord is my Shepherd: though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

And the great man faltered out his last words, "That is what I want — thy rod, thy rod; thy staff, thy staff." That heart had never wholly renounced

its God. Oh, no! it had scoffed at His "Higher Law;" but, in the heart of hearts, there was religious feeling still!

Just four years after his great speech, on the 24th of October, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster went down to the dust, and the soul to the motherly bosom of God! Men mourn for him: he heeds it not. The great man has gone where the servant is free from his master, where the weary are at rest, where the wicked cease from troubling.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
The bosom of his Father and his God!"

Massachusetts has lost her great adopted son. Has lost? Oh, no! "I still live" is truer than the sick man knew:—

"He lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging God."

His memory will long live with us, still dear to many a loving heart. What honor shall we pay? Let the State go out mindful of his noblest services, yet tearful for his fall; sad that he would fain have filled him with the husks the swine do eat, and no man gave to him. Sad and tearful, let her remember the force of circumstances, and dark temptation's secret power. Let her remember that while we know what he

yielded to, and what is sin, God knows what also is resisted, and HE alone knows who the sinner is. Massachusetts, the dear old mother of us all! let her warn her children to fling away ambition, and let her charge them, every one, that there is a God who must indeed be worshipped, and a Higher Law which must be kept, though Gold and Union fail. Then let her say to them, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain; turn ye, and take your journey into the land of FREEDOM, which the Lord your God giveth you!"

Then let her lift her eyes to Heaven, and pray:—

"Sweet Mercy! to the gates of heaven
This statesman lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
 With vain endeavor,
And memory of earth's bitter leaven,
 Effaced for ever!"

But

— "why to him confine the prayer,
While kindred thoughts and yearnings bear,
On the frail heart, the purest share
 With all that live?
The best of what we do and are,
 Great God, forgive!"

THE NEBRASKA QUESTION.

SOME THOUGHTS

ON THE

NEW ASSAULT UPON FREEDOM IN AMERICA,

AND THE

GENERAL STATE OF THE COUNTRY

IN RELATION THEREUNTO,

SET FORTH IN A DISCOURSE PREACHED AT THE MUSIC HALL,
IN BOSTON, ON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1854.

DISCOURSE.

THE DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH ARE FULL OF THE HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY. — Psalm lxxiv. 20.

BEFORE next Sunday it will be nine years, since I first spoke to you in this city, coming at your request. In the first discourse I spoke of the Necessity of Religion for the Conduct of the Individual and the State. Since that time several crises have occurred in our national affairs which have led me to endeavor to apply the great principles of Religion to the political measures of this nation. It is something more than a year since any such event has called for such treatment in this place. But now another assault has been made upon the liberty of man, in America, and so to-day I ask your attention to some Thoughts on the new Assault upon Freedom in America, and the general State of the Country in Relation thereunto.

To comprehend the matter clearly, and the cause and the consequences of this special iniquity now contemplated, we must begin far off and study the general course of human conduct in America, — the last new continent left as a stage for the development of mankind.

The transfer of the Anglo-Saxon tribe to this Western continent is one of the most important events which has taken place in the last thousand years. Since the Protestant Reformation, which helped forward the ideas that were the banner of the march, nothing has proved so significant as the Westward movement of this swarm of men, not so much coming as driven out from the old close-pent European hive, and then settling down on the new continent.

A few Romano-Celtic Frenchmen had already moored their venturous shallops in the American water, and pitched their military tents in what was else only the great wilderness of North America, roamed over by wild beasts and wild men, also the children of the woods.

The Spanish tribe had come before either, and with military greediness were eating up the wealthy South. But Spain could set only a poor and perishing scion in the new world. That was always an evil tree to graft from, not producing good fruit. Besides, an old nation, in a state of decay, founds no healthy colonies. The children of a decomposing

State, time-worn and debauched, though with a whole continent before them — what could they accomplish for mankind? They inherited the idleness, the ferocity, the military avarice, the superstition and heinous cruelty of a people never remarkable for any high traits of character. Two thousand years ago, the Celto-Iberic tribe mingled with the Roman; then with the Visi-Goth, the Moor, the Jew — war proclaiming the savage nuptials, — and modern Spain is the issue of this six-fold juncture. This composite tribe of men had once some martial vigor; nay, some commercial enterprise, but it has done little to advance mankind by the invention of new ideas, the organization thereof, or the administration of what others devised and organized; the meanest and most cruel of the Christian nations, to-day she seems made but of the leavings of the world. To Columbus, adventurous Italy's most venturesome son, she gave, grudgingly, three miserable ships, wherewith that daring genius sailed through the classic and mediæval darkness which covered the great Atlantic deep, opening to mankind a new world, and new destination therein. No Queen wore ever a diadem so precious as those pearls which Isabella dropped into the Western sea, a bridal gift whereby the Old World, well endowed with Art and Science, and the hoarded wealth of experience, wed America, rich only in her gifts from Nature and her hopes in time. The three most valuable contributions Spain has

made to mankind are the *Consolato del mare*, the Barcelonian bud whence modern mercantile law has slowly blossomed forth; the Three Scant Ships a wealthy nation furnished to the Genoese navigator whom the world's instinct pushed Westward in quest of continents; and *Don Quixote*, a masterly satire on a form of folly then old-fashioned and fast getting extinct. These are the chief contributions Spain has dropped into the almsbox of the world. Coarse olives, huge onions, strong red wine — these are the offerings of the Spanish mind in the world's fair of modern times. Since the days of Seneca and Lucan, perhaps Servetus is her foremost man, fantastic minded yet rich in germs of fertile thought. Moorish and Hebrew greatness has indeed been cradled on her soil, but thereof Spain was not the mother.

Long before the Anglo-Saxons, the Spaniard came to America; greedy of money, hungering for reputation — the glory of the Gascon stock. He brought the proud but thin and sickly blood of a decaying tribe; the traditionary institutions of the past — Theocracy, Monarchy, Aristocracy, Despotocracy, the dominion of the master over the exploited slave. He brought the mass-book and legends of unnatural saints, — the symbols of superstition and ecclesiastic tyranny; the sword, — the last argument of Spanish kings, the symbol of military despotism; fetters and the bloodhound. He brought no great ideas, new trees started in the old

nursery of the past; no noble sentiments, the seed-corn of ideal harvests yet to be. He shared only the material momentum of the human race which dashed his Eastern body on the Western world. He butchered the Indians who disbelieved "the Immaculate conception of our blessed Lady" as taught by men of most Titanic, all-devouring lust. He set up the Inquisition, and soon had monks and nuns believing what heathen Guatemozin would have found bitterer than fire. The Spaniard attempted to found no institution which was an improvement on what he left behind—he reproduced only the Church, the State, the Community, and Family, of the middle ages. He hated arts, letters, liberty; even the mass of the people seemed to care nothing for freedom of body or of mind.

The Spaniard settled in the fairest parts of the new found land, amongst tribes already far advanced toward civilization—the world's foremost barbarians. He slew them with merciless rapacity; took their stone-built cities; occupied their land better tilled than the gardens of Castile; he seized their abundant gold; stole their wives and their maidens. At home the people were wonted to bull-fights, wherein the valiant *Matador* risks his own worthless body, and to *Autos da Fe* where the cowardly priests burn their freethinking sister without hazarding their own nuisance of a life; in America the Spaniard rioted in the murder of men.

The pictured horrors of De Bry report only a drop of the blood so torturously shed; yet two hundred and fifty years ago they terrified all Europe — Latin, German, French, English, Dutch.

To America, Spain transferred the superstition and tyranny of mediæval Europe, its four-fold despotism, — ecclesiastical, political, social, domestic. She reinvented Negro Slavery. Six thousand years ago, before the “flood,” yea before mythological Cain had been conceived by a Hebrew head, Egypt, it seems, was guilty of this crime. In the middle ages Negro Slavery was an art wellnigh lost. Spain, first of the Christian nations, enforced religion with the knife, and beheaded men for heresy; she rolled the Inquisition as a sweet morsel under her tongue; her sovereigns, who extinguished the brand which smoked on the national hearth yet warm with Gothic liberty, who butchered the Moors and banished the plundered Jews, were for such services styled “the Catholic!” Spain reannexed Negro Slavery to herself, and therewith stained the soil of America. Therein she broke not the continuity of her history, the succession of rapine, piracy, cruel outpouring of blood. Not Italian Columbus, but Iberian Cortes and Pizarro, were the types of Spain; not Las Casas, but Torquemada.

Behold now the condition of Spanish America. Its most flourishing part is an empire, with the house of Braganza at its head — an imitation of

the old world, a despotism throned on bayonets. There are two empires in Tropic America — Hayti and Brazil; the foremost tradition of Africa, the hindmost of Europe set down on American soil. The Negro empire appears the most successful, the most promising. There alone is no hereditary slavery. Over Cuba, France and England still hold up the feeble hands of Spain — whence at last freedom seems dropping into the Slave's expectant lap. The rest of Spanish America has the form of a republic — a republic whose only permanent constitution is a Cartridge-box, which blows up once a year. Look at Mexico — I am glad she is going swiftly back to the form of despotism; she is capable of no other reality. How the Western vultures fly thitherward! Where the carcass of a nation rots there will the fillibusters be gathered together. Every raven in the hungry flock of American politicians looks that way, wipes his greedy beak, prunes his wings, and screams "Manifest Destiny!"

In South America there are ten "Republics." They cover three and a half millions of square miles, and contain twelve million men. But they do less for mankind than Holland; nay, Basil and Zurich do more for the human race than these "Republics," which only blot the continent. No Idea is cradled in Spanish America; no books are written there; none read but books of "Devotion," which Ignorance long since wrote. Old Spain imports from

France the filthiest novels of the age; new Spain only the yet more deadly books of Catholic "Devotion." The "laws" of the Chilian "Republic" are printed in Spain, where no Chilian ship ever sailed. The Amazon has eighty thousand miles of navigable water,—near a hundred thousand, say some, the survey is conjectural,—and drains into the lap of America, a tropic basin, the largest, the richest on the globe, with more good land than all Europe owns; therein streams larger than the Danube discharge their freight. But only a single steamer disturbs the alligator on its mighty breast—that steamer built and owned at New York. Parà at its mouth is more than three hundred years old, yet has not twenty thousand souls. If the South American "Republics" were to perish this day, the world would hardly lose a valuable experiment in Spanish political or social life, hardly a visible promise of future prosperity; so badly flourish the Spanish scions set in the green soil of America, and surrounded by the old institutions of the middle ages. Slavery is the one idea of the Spanish tribes—here African, there Indian or Caucasian.

One hundred and thirty years after Genoese Columbus had planted the Spanish Cross in the new world—"sword in hand and splendidly arrayed,"—from a little vessel, leaky, and with a "wrack in the main beam amidships," the Anglo-Saxons

dropped their anchor in Massachusetts bay, circled then with savage woods; they drew up a "compact," chose their "Governor" for one year; rested and worshipped on Sunday; the next day landed at "New Plymouth," thanking God. They came, a slip from a young tree full of hardy life. Four stout roots — Angle, Saxon, Danish, Norman, — united their old fantastic twists and joined in this one tough and rugged stem, then quadruply buttressed below, now how widely branched abroad in every climate of the world! Fresh blood was in those Anglo-Saxon veins; strong, red, heathen blood, not long before inoculated with Christianity which yet took most kindly in all Teutonic veins.

These Pilgrims had in them the ethnologic idiosyncrasy of the Anglo-Saxon — his restless disposition to invade and conquer other lands; his haughty contempt of humbler tribes, which leads him to subvert, enslave, kill, and exterminate; his fondness for material things, preferring use to beauty; his love of personal liberty, yet coupled with most profound respect for peaceful and established law; his inborn skill to organize things to a mill, men to a company, a community, tribes to a federated State; and his slow, solemn, inflexible, industrious, and unconquerable will.

They brought with them much of the tradition of the human race, the guidings and warnings of experience; a great deal of superstition, of tyranny not

a little, — ecclesiastical, political, social, domestic. They brought the sword, — that symbol of military despotism must yet fight on freedom's side; but they loved better the axe, the wooden shovel — the best they had, — the plough, the swine, the ox, tools of productive industrial civilization, types of toil and coöperative freedom. For the Mass-Book they had the Bible: it was a free Bible; let him read that listeth. No doubt the Bible contained the imperfection of the men and ages concerned in writing it. The hay tastes of the meadow where it grew, of the weather when it was made, and smells of the barn wherein it has been kept; nay the breath of the oxen housed underneath comes down to market in every load. But in its many-colored leaves, the Bible likewise holds the words of great men, free and making free; it was full of the old blossoms of piety, and rich in buds for new and glorious life, aye, and beauty too. The cup of prophets mainly, not of priests, it ran over with water of life from the mythologic well in the wilderness and Bethesda's pool which angels stirred to healing power; — it gave men vigorous strength and hardy life. Instead of the bloodhound, the Pilgrims sent the schoolmaster to his work; — they put their fetters on the little streams that run among the hills, and those river-gods must saw, and grind, and spin for mortal men; not the Inquisition, but the Printing Press, was the type and symbol of this Northern work.

They had the traditions of the human race, but also its momentum acquired in the movement of many a thousand years. They brought the best political institutions the world had then known. They had the English Common Law, — which had slowly got erected in the practice of this liberty-loving people, its Cyclopean Walls built up by the Lesbian rule, — with its forms and precedents, its methodical schemes of procedure, itself a popular *judicium rusticum*; they had the habit of local self-government; the right — though then not well understood — of popular legislation, also founded in immemorial usage; dim notions and the certain practice of representative government — the Democracy of Law-making; the trial by Jury — the Democracy of Law-administration. They brought Congregational Protestantism — the Democracy of Christianity, involving, what they neither granted nor knew, the universal right of search for truth and justice, the natural right to take or reject, as a man's own spirit should require.

Besides the organized institutions — visible as tools of industry or politics, or invisible in literature, science, settled and admitted principles of private morality or of public law, — which represent the history and achievements of mankind, they brought also Ideas not organized in either form of institution, and sentiments not then translated into conscious thought. These represented man's natural instinct of progress and the momentum he had gained in

history; they were to become institutions and facts in future time.

When the Puritan founded his colonies in New England, there were other Anglo-Saxon settlements on the Atlantic Coast. Jamestown was founded in 1607. Other settlements followed. The same Anglo-Saxon blood flowed South as well as North; the same traditions and institutions were with both. But the Anglo-Saxons North brought institutions, ideas, and feelings quite unlike those of their Southern fellows. The motive for immigrating was altogether unlike. New England was a religious colony, — mainly composed of persecuted men who fled Westward because they had ideas which could not be set up in the Eastern world. Thrice the Mayflower crossed the sea, coming to Plymouth, to Salem, to Boston; each time bringing veritable Pilgrims who came from a religious motive, and sought religious ends. This was likewise the case with the primitive settlers of Pennsylvania. The South was not settled by religious colonies. The primitive difference in the seed has continually appeared in the growth thence accruing; in the policy and the character of the South and North. The same year which brought the Puritan Pilgrims to New England bore a quite different freight to Virginia. In 1620, a Dutch captain carried thither some twenty Africans who were sold as slaves into perpetual

bondage — themselves and their children. Thus the old sin of Egypt, half omitted and half forgotten in classic and mediæval times, rediscovered by the Spaniards, and fixed by despots, — a loathly plague-spot — on the tropic regions of America, was brought North, adopted by the Anglo-Saxons of the South, and set a going at Jamestown. It excited no astonishment. All the “Christian” world then sold prisoners of war for slaves. Thus early did Negro Slavery become an “institution” of the South.

But all things are double: in the Anglo-Saxon North there were two contending elements. One represented old institutions, and wished to stop therewith. It loved despotocracy in the family, aristocracy in the community, monarchy in the state, and theocracy in the church: it opposed the natural human rights of the servant in the family, of the laborer in the community, of the people in the State, of the layman in the church; it favored the rule of the master, the lord, the king, the priest. This element was old, ancestral, stationary if not retrogressive; it was also powerful. In this the Anglo-Saxon and the Spaniard were alike.

The other element was the instinct for progressive development; the Sentiments not idealized into conscious thoughts; the Ideas not organized into institutions. There was a feeling of the equality of all men in the substance of their human nature, and

consequently in all natural rights, howsoever diverse in natural powers, in transmitted distinction and riches, or in acquired culture, money, and station. Now and then this feeling had broken out in a "Jack Cade's insurrection," or a "Peasant's war." But in the seventeenth century it found no distinct expression as a thought. Perhaps it was not an idea with any man a hundred and fifty years ago; it was the stuff ideas are made of. What other feelings are there, one day to become ideas, then acts, the world's victorious life! Lay down your ear to the great ocean of humanity, and as the spirit of God moves on the face of this deep, listen to the low tone of the great ground swell, and interpret the ripple at the bottom of the sea while, all above, the surface is calm as a maiden's dreamless sleep. In these days, what is it that we hear at the bottom of the world as the eternal tide of human history meets with the sand bars cast down in many an ancient storm! Thereof will I speak not now.

This feeling came slowly to an idea. With many stumblings and wanderings it went forth, blindfold as are all the instinctive feelings — whereunto only God not man is Eye, — not knowing whither it went or even intended to go. See what has been done, or at least commenced.

I. They protested against Theocracy in the church.
"Let us have a church without an altar or a Bishop;

a service with no mass-book, no organ, no surplice, each congregation subject only to the Lord, not to man," said the Puritan — and he had it: "Yea," answered the Quaker, "and with no hireling minister, no outward sacrament, no formal prayer of words; the church is they that love the Lord; it takes all the church to preach all the gospel, and without that cannot all mankind be saved!" "No vicarious sprinkling of babies, but the voluntary plunging of men," cried the Anabaptist. Thereat the theocratic Puritan lifted his hands and scourged the Baptist and smote the Quaker stone dead. But the palm-tree of toleration sprang out of Mary Dyer's grave. The theocracy got routed in many a well-contested fight; in this city of the Puritans, the Catholic, the Quaker, the Anabaptist, the Jew, and the Unitarian may worship or worship not, just as they will. But this fight is not over; yet it is plain how the battle is going. The Theocracy is doomed to the cave of Pope and Pagan. Let us give it our blessing — as it goes. The Puritan fled from Episcopal England to tolerant Holland, to the wilderness of America. But he brought more than Puritanism along with him, — Humanity came in the same ship. The great warfare for the right of man's nature to transcend all the accidents of his history, began in the name of religion — the instinct whereunto is the deepest in us, the innermost kernel and germinal dot in the human spirit; Luther's hammer

shook the world. During mid-winter, in Switzerland, when the snow overhangs heavily from every cliff, if the traveller but clap his hands and shout aloud, the mountains answer with an avalanche. When Martin lifted up his voice amid the mediæval snows of Europe, half Christendom came down in that great land-slip of churches. Other snows have since fallen; other voices will be lifted up; other church-slides will follow — for every mountain shall be levelled, and the valleys filled. The Bible took the place of the Mass-book, the minister of the priest, the independent society of the Papal church. The glorious liberty of the children of God is to be the final result for all.

II. Next came the protest against Monarchy. The Anglo-Saxons never loved single-headed, absolute despotism. How the Barons fought against it! But it was left for “His Majesty’s faithful Commons” to do the work. The dreadful axe of Puritanic Oliver Cromwell shore off the divine right of kings, making a clean cut between the vicarious government of the middle ages, and the personal self-rule of modern times. On the 30th of January, 1648, the executioner held up the head of Charles I. with a “Behold the Head of a Traitor,” and “Royalty disappeared in front of Whitehall:” a ghastly, dreadful sight. Peasant Luther pushed the Latin Mass-book aside with his German Bible, say-

ing, "Thus I break the succession of the Priests." With his sword Cromwell, the brewer, pushed aside the Crown of England, "Thus I break the succession of Kings."

New England loved Cromwell; and while dwelling in the wilderness exercised the rights of sovereignty many times before it was known what she did, both destroying and building, — as likewise do all of us, — greater and wiser than she knew. Luther's hammer broke also the neck of kings, who disappear, and in their place came up governors and presidents not born to adverse rule, but voted in for official service.

III. Then came the protest against Aristocracy. God made men not in classes but as individuals — each man a person with all the substantive rights of humanity: the same law must serve for all; all must be equal before it and the social institutions of the community. That was the dim utterance of many a man who grumbled in his beard: —

"When Adam delved and Eve span
Where was then the gentleman?"

How idly they dreamed — looking back for the Paradise that lay before them! But between it and them Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and a fourth stream, nameless as yet, rolled torrents of blood; and a fiery sword of selfishness turned every way to keep men

from the Tree of Life, whose very leaves are for the healing of the nations — could they but get to it. Could they — aye! Can they not?

Little by little, man's nature prevailed over Aristocracy, one accident of his development. The Anglo-Saxon Briton had restricted the Nobility he brought with him from the Continent; — only the eldest son inherits his father's land, title, and rank, the later-born all commoners. The Anglo-Saxon American broke up Primogeniture: the children are equal in blood and rank; the first son has no more of his father in him than the last; all must share equally in his goods. Rank is not heritable. If a coward, the Captain's son is no Captain; by human substance, eminent manhood, bravery, skill, is the new man made Captain; not by the historic accident of legitimate descent from an old Captain. To be born well is to be well born; tall men are of a high family. The corporal's child, yea, the sons of Rank and File, are also men. In the woods of Nature, new humanity takes precedence of all the artificial distinctions of old time. The crime of the father must work no attainder in the baby's blood; by the sour grapes of his own eating only shall a man's teeth be set on edge. Estates must not be entailed in perpetuity. Land must be held in fee-simple, with no quitrents, or other servitudes of vassalage; on terms which all can understand. The vicarious land-tenures of the Middle Ages are for ever broken. All men may hold

land; and cheaply convey it to whom they will. For the first time the majority have a stake in the public hedge; the mediæval "Noble," the conventional "Gentleman" gradually withdraws and moves out from New England. "It is not a good place for Gentlemen," so a governor wrote two hundred years ago. Everybody is "Mr.;" then "Esquire." The born magistrate vanishes, the "Select Men" are annually voted in. Still the social aristocracy, bot-tomed on accident, is far from being ended. But it rests no longer on the immovable accident of birth, but on the changeable block of money, and like that can be struggled for and acquired by all. It rests on golden sands or fickle votes.

IV. There yet remains the protest against Despot-ocracy — the adverse rule of the master over the ser-vant, the hostile subordination of the weak to the strong in the family. In a military despotism, war confers dignity: "it is the part of a man to fight," says Homer, "of a slave to work;" and they "who exercise lordship are called Benefactors." In a The-ocracy, the priest is a sacred person: his work is "di-vine service," he enters the temple; but the people are profane, and must stand without; their work is menial! In a Theocracy, Monarchy, Aristocracy — founded and maintained by violence or cunning — labor is thought degrading; the laborer is for the State, not it also for him. This exploiting of

the weak by the strong belongs to the essence of those three institutions. Domestic Slavery coheres therewith, and in dark ages this adverse rule of the strong over the weak appears in all the collective action of men — ecclesiastical, political, social, domestic; the God, the King, the Noble, the Master, the Husband, the Father, — all are tyrants; all rule is despotism — the strong for his interest coercing the weak against theirs. In such a soil, Slavery is at home, and grows rank and strong.

But in an industrial community, with a printed Bible bought by the Parish and belonging thereunto; with a minister chosen by the laymen's votes, ordained by their hands, paid by their free-will offerings, nay, educated, perhaps, by their charity, criticized by their judgment, removable at their will; with a creed voted in by the congregation — and voted out when they change their mind; with no monarch ruling by divine right, but only a Governor chosen by the people at their annual meeting; with no "Nobles," no "Gentlemen," but an elected assembly, a general court, — sworn on a constitution made by the people, — democratically making laws; with magistrates chosen by the people, or responsible thereto; with democratic trial by jury for all men; with the idea that a man's nature is before all the accidents of his ancestry or estate — the old domestic Despotocracy must gradually become impossible. Labor will be thought honorable — idleness a disgrace. Productive activity

will be deemed a glory, and riches its result, the greatest of all mere outside and personal distinctions. The tools must be for whoso can handle them. So the threefold movement, destroying the triple tyranny already mentioned, must presently achieve the emancipation of man from all personal servitude and domestic subordination: the substance of man must be inaugurated above the accidents of his history. This must be done not only in the Church, the State, the Community, but also in the Family. It must set the bondman free. If the Church, State, and Community rest on natural Law, so likewise must the Family as well.

To accomplish this, two things were needful. This was the first.

1. To affirm as a principle and establish in measures the idea that all men, rich and poor, strong and weak, are equal in all their natural rights; that as the accident of birth makes no man Priest, King, or Noble, with a right, thence derived, to rule over men against their will in the Church, State, or Community; so the accident of superior power gives no man a right in the Family to hold others in bondage and subordination, for his advantage and against theirs. It is only to admit that all are MEN, for manhood carries all human rights with it, as land the crops, and the substance its primary qualities. It seems a small thing to do;—especially for men

able, to dispense and make way with the other mediæval forms of vicarious rule — theocracy, monarchy, and aristocracy. How easy it seemed to inaugurate personality and individualism in the family! But as matters were, this was the most difficult thing of all. For the Priests, the Kings, the Nobles did not come over — only the tradition thereof, and the habit of subordination thereto, with a few feeble scions of the sacerdotal, royal, and noble stocks — and preaching against these always was popular, — while the Masters came over in large numbers, bringing their slaves. They brought the substance of Despotocracy along with them, not merely its tradition. To preach against that was always a “sin” to the American Church. But Man wants unity of consciousness. Accordingly, in New England good men began early to feel that absolute and perpetual Slavery was a wicked thing. Had not the letter of the Old Testament and of certain passages in the New blinded their eyes, I think the Puritan would have seen more clearly than he did see. Still, with so much of the spirit of the Old Testament in him, he could not but see it was wrong to steal men for the purpose of making them Slaves and their children after them. So Slavery was always a contradiction in the consciousness of New England. The white Slaves became free on expiration of their term of service, or were set free before. There were many such. The red men would not work — and were let

alone, or quietly shot down. The Indians killed the white man and scalped him; the Puritan omitted the scalping—it was not worth his while; the scalp was of no use.

The Slavery of the Blacks never prevailed extensively in New England. It was not found very profitable. True it prevailed: it had the laws and the tradition of the elders on its side. But it was yet felt, known, and confessed to be at variance with the ecclesiastical, political, and social ideas of the people. There was always a good deal of conscience in New England. The religious origin of the first colonies is not yet a forgotten fact. The Puritan still looked up to a Higher Law. Did he keep his powder dry? He also trusted in God. Coveting the end, he looked for the means thereto. The gain from the compulsory labor of the African Slave was not motive enough to keep up the contradiction in the New England consciousness. So before the Revolution this institution was much weakened, and with that disappeared from New England; and soon after vanished out of all the States which she bore or taught.

2. The other thing was to affirm as a principle and establish as a measure the natural equality of Men and Women in all that pertained to human rights. It was only to affirm that Woman is human, and has the same quality of human substance with man. If difference in condition, as rich and poor, or ability,

as strong or weak, does not affect the substance of manhood, and the rights thence accruing, no more does difference of sex, masculine or feminine, make one master and the other slave. Not only the proletariat, the servant, the slave, but exploited woman also must rise as Despotocracy goes down.

In the Southern part of the North American Continent other Anglo-Saxon colonies got planted and grew up. None of them was a religious settlement; the immigrants came not for the sake of an idea too new or too great for toleration at home. They came as Adventurers, seeking their fortune; not as Pilgrims, to found the "Kingdom of Heaven on Earth." The Southern Settlers had not the New England hostility to mediæval institutions. Theocracy, Monarchy, Aristocracy, were not so unwelcome further South. In 1671, the Governor of Virginia said that she "had no free schools nor printing-press. Learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best governments. God keep us from both!" Despotocracy had its home in the Southern States. African Slavery came to Virginia in the same year which brought the Pilgrims to Plymouth. It suited the idleness of the self-indulgent master, and became an institution fixed and beloved in the Southern colonies, so diverse in their ideas from the stern but bigoted North. Still the ideas of the age

found their way to these colonies — and led to acts. There also was a protest against theocracy, monarchy, aristocracy, and even against despotocracy. Mutuality of origin, community of position — that is all the Northern and Southern colonies at first had in common. Sentiments, ideas, institutions, were quite diverse. By and by a little trade helped unite the two. The South wanted Slaves. The North — especially Rhode Island — overcame its scruples, and, spite of the Old Testament, stole men in Africa to sell them at enormous profit in the colonies of the South.

This great human protest against that four-fold despotism continually went on — no man understanding the great battle between the substance of man's progressive nature and the stationary institutions which were the accidents of his history. At length, things came to such a pass that connection between new America and old England could not be borne. Between the Old and the New there had ceased to be that mutuality of Sentiment and Idea which makes unity of institutions and unity of action possible. The Daughter was too strong to bear patiently the dictation and the yoke of her parent; the Mother was too distant and too feeble to enforce her selfish commands.

America published to the world a part of the new ideas which lay in her mind. The Declaration of Independence contained the American Programme

of Political Principles. The motive thereto is to be found in the general human instinct for progress, but more especially in the old Teutonic spirit, the love of individual liberty, which has marked the ancient Germans, and still more eminently their Anglo-Saxon descendants, as well in Christian as in Heathen times. The form of speech — self-evident maxims, universal truths resting on the consciousness of mankind — seems derived from European writers on Natural Law; the influence of continental free-thinkers is obvious therein. But the first express declaration, that there are natural, unalienable Rights in man, seems to have been made a few years before, in New England, in Boston. Is it here thought an honor to the town? — Nay, perhaps a disgrace!

Here is the American Programme of Political Principles: All men are endowed by their Creator with certain natural Rights; these Rights can be alienated only by the possessor thereof; in respect thereto all men are equal; amongst them are the Right to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness; it is the function of government to preserve all these natural, unalienable, and equal Rights for each man; government is amenable to the people, deriving its sanction from the consent of the governed.

In time of peace the thirteen distinct colonies could not have united in that Declaration of Principles. The political ideal was a severe criticism on

the actual legislation of the Americans. Talk of natural law and equal rights when every colony held Slaves in perpetual bondage! When the North stole men in Africa to sell them in Carolina! But America was then in her agony and bloody sweat. European Despotism was the Angel which strengthened her. External violence pressed the colonies together into a Confederation of States; that alone gave unity of action when there was no unity of humane sentiment or political idea. The union was only military — for defence.

The New conquered; but the Old did not die. Not every Tory went over to the British side. After the war was over, the nation must organize itself on that new Platform of Principles. But, alas, much of the old selfishness remained — theocratic, monarchic, aristocratic, and still more despotic; it would appear in the new government. There was no real unity of Idea between the extreme South and the North, between Carolina and Connecticut. Nothing is done by leaps. In organizing the Independence won in battle, the People proclaimed their Programme of Political Purpose. It is the Preamble to the Constitution: "To form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common Defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty." The Purpose was as noble as the Principles. But the means to that end, the Constitution itself, is by

no means unitary; it is a provisional compromise between the ideal political Principles of the Declaration, and the actual selfishness of the people North and South; it is a measure which did not so much suit the ideal Right, as it favored one great actual tyranny. National theocracy was given up. How could the Americans allow a "national religion?" Monarchy went also to the ground; the Puritan bosom that bore Cromwell—

" Would have brooked
Th' eternal Devil to keep his state
As easily as King."

Aristocracy found more favor, but likewise perished; "no title of nobility shall be granted;" honors are not devisable. Despotocracy, the worst institution of the middle ages — the leprosy of society — came over the water: the Slave survived the Priest, the Noble, the King. Must the axe of a more terrible Cromwell shear that also away? Shall it be a black Cromwell? History points to St. Domingo. The Future also has much to teach us. The Declaration of Principles and of Purposes would annihilate Slavery; the Constitution nowhere forbids it, but broods over that egg which savage selfishness once laid. How could the liberty-loving North join with Carolina, which rejoiced to fetter men? The unity of action was no longer military — it was commercial, union for trade. Thus the Idea of America became an Act!

The truths of the Declaration went abroad to do their work. The French Revolution followed with its wide-reaching consequences, so beneficial to mankind; it still goes on. The ground-swell has come near the surface, and all the European sea now foams with tumult. Foreign opposition withdrew; America was left to herself, the sole republic of the world, with the wilderness for her stage and scene, and her great ideas for plot. The two antagonistic elements, the old selfishness which loves those four traditions of the past, the new benevolent instinct of progress which seeks the development of all man's nobler powers, were to fight their battle, while with hope and fear the world looks on. The New World has now broken with the old — once and for ever.

The peculiar characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon appear now more prominent in the American than in the Britons; yet he is not altered, only developed. The love of individual liberty triumphs continually; the white man becomes more democratic — in Church, State, Community, and Family. The invasive character appears in the individual and national thirst for land, and our rapid geographic spread. Materialism shows itself in the swift growth of covetousness, in the concentration of the talent and genius of the nation upon the acquisition of riches. The power to organize things and men comes out in the machines, ships, and mills, in little and great confederations, from a lyceum to the

Federal Union of thirty-one States. The natural exclusiveness appears in the extermination of the red man, in the enslavement of the black man, in the contempt with which he is treated — turned out of the tavern, the church, and the graveyard. The lack of high qualities of mind is shown in the poverty of American literature, the meanness of American religion, in the neglect and continual violation of the idea set forth in our national programme of Principles and Purpose. Since the Revolution, the immediate aim of America appears to have changed.

At first, during the period of America's colonization and her controversy with England, and her affirmation and establishment of her programme of political principles, — the great national work of the disunited provinces was a struggle for local self-government against despotic centralization beyond the sea. It was an effort against the vicarious rule of the middle ages, which allowed the people no power in the State, the laity none in the Church, the servant none in the family. It was a great effort — mainly unconscious — in favor of the direct government of each State by itself, of the whole people by the whole people; a national protest against Theocracy, — the subordination of man in religious affairs to the accident of his history; Monarchy, the subordination of the mass of men to a single man; Aristocracy, the subordination of the many to the few, of the weak to the strong; yes, in part also against

Despotocracy, the subordination of the slave who toils to the master that enjoys, — in their rights they were equal. This forced men to look inward at the natural rights of man; outward at the general development thereof in history. It led to the attempt to establish a Democracy, which, so far as Measures are concerned, is the government of all, for all, by all; so far as moral Principle is concerned, it is the enactment of God's Justice into human laws. There was a struggle of the many against the few; of man's nature, with its instinct of progressive and perpetual development, against the accidents of man's history. It was an effort to establish the Eternal Law of God against the provisional caprice of tyrants. I do not mean to say that these great purposes and ideas existed consciously in the minds of men. They were in men's character, not in their convictions; they came out in their life more than in their speech. They were in men as botany is in this plant, as chemistry in this drop of water, as gravitation which rounds it to a globe and brings it to the ground. But the camelia knows not the botany it lives; the drop of water knows nothing of the chemistry which has formed it, arranging its particles "by number and measure and weight;" it knows not the gravitation which brings it to the ground. So it was the great soul of humanity that stirred in our fathers' heart; it was the Providence of God working by the men who formed the State.

From 1620 to 1788 there was a rapid development of ideas. But since that time the outward pressure has been withdrawn. The nation is no longer called to protest against a foreign foe; no despot forces us to fall back on the great principles of human nature, and declare great universal truths. Even the Anglo-Saxon people are always metaphysical in revolution. We have ceased to be such, and have become material. We have let the programme of political principles and purposes slip out of the nation's consciousness, and have betaken ourselves, body and soul to the creation of riches. Wealth is the great object of American desire. Covetousness is the American passion. This is so — nationally in the political affairs of the country; ecclesiastically, socially, domestically, individually. Our national character, political institutions, geographic situation, — all favor the accumulation of riches. I thank God that we are thus rich!

No country was ever so rich before, nor got rich so fast; in none had wealth ever such power, or was so esteemed. It is counted as the end of life, not as the material basis to higher forms thereof. It has no conventional check in the institutions of the land, and only two natural checks in the heart of the people. One is the talent and genius — intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious — that is born in rare men; and the other is the desire, the caprice, the opinion, of the great majority of men, who oppose

their collective human will against the material glitter of mere accumulated money. But money can buy intellectual talent and intellectual genius; at least it can buy American talent and American genius. Money, and the men of cultivated minds whom it buys, can deceive the people, so that the majority shall follow the dollar wherever it rolls. The clink of the dollar,—that is the *reveille*, the morning drum-beat, for the American people. In America, money is inaugurated as a power to control all other powers. It has itself become an “Institution”—master of all the rest.

Three of those bad institutions that I named, whereof our fathers brought the traditions from the old world, have mainly perished. The mediæval Theocracy has gone out from the Protestant Church; Monarchy has wholly faded from the consciousness of the people; Aristocracy, sitting unmovable on her cradle, has had her heart pierced through and through by the gigantic spear of American Industry horsed on a steam-engine. Money has taken the place of all three. It has got inaugurated into the Church,—it is a Church of commerce; in the State—it is a State of commerce; in the Community not less,—it is a society of commerce; and money wields the triple power of those three old masters, Theocracy, Monarchy, Aristocracy. It is the Almighty Dollar.

In the American Church, money is God. The

peculiar sins of money, and of the rich, they are never preached against; it is a Church of commerce, wealth its heaven and the millionaire its saint; its ministers should be ordained, not "by the imposition of hands," but of bank-bills — of small denomination. In the American State, money is the Constitution: officers ought to be sworn on the federal currency; they should make the sign of the dollar, (\$) as their official symbolic cross; it is a State of commerce. In the community, money is Nobility; it is transmissible social power; it is Aristocracy, it makes a man who has got it a vulgar "gentleman;" it is a Society of commerce. Nay, in the family, money is thought better than love, and the daughter who fascinates and coaxes and courts and weds a bag of gold, gets the approbation of her mother and her father's benediction, "Many daughters have done *virtuously*, but thou excellest them all."

"None but the *rich* deserve the fair."

The fourth bad institution whose tradition our fathers brought, Despotocracy, the rule of the master over the slave whom he exploits, — that has not yet shared the fate of Theocracy, Monarchy, and Aristocracy. It is still preserved; it leagues itself with money, and builds up anew in America the old corrupt family of the middle ages. In New York, it clothes the white flunkeys of the Hon. Dives Gotrich with an imitated livery; in New Orleans, and in

more than half the land, it takes those whom Nature has clothed in a sable livery, and makes them its slaves. Despotocracy alone could not accomplish this. The wickedness is foreign to the American Idea of a State, a community, or a church. But leaguings with money, which has taken the place of all those old institutions, it is this day the strongest power in the nation.

Money having taken the place of these three institutions, it must be politically represented in the nation by a party; for a party is the provisional organization of a tendency. So there is a party organized about the Dollar as its central nucleus and idea. The dollar is the germinal dot of the Whig party; its motive is pecuniary; its motto should be, to state it in Latin, *pecunia pecuniata*, money moneyed, money made. It sneers at the poor; at the many; has a contempt for the people. It legislates against the poor, and for the rich; that is, for men pecuniarily strong; the few who are born with the desire, the talent, and the conventional position to become rich. "Take care of the rich, and they will take care of the poor," is its secret maxim. Every thing must yield to money: that is to have universal right of way. Down with Mankind! the Dollar is coming! The great domestic object of Government, said the greatest Expounder of this party, "is the protection of property;" — that is to say, the protection of money

moneyed, money got. With this party there is no Absolute Right, no Absolute Wrong. Instead thereof, there is Expediency and Inexpediency. There is no law higher than the power to wield money just as you will. Accordingly a millionaire is reckoned by this party as the highest production of society. He is the Whig ideal; he alone has attained "the measure of the stature of a perfect man."

Singular to say, most of the great public charities of America have been founded by men of this party; most of the institutions of learning, the hospitals and asylums of all kinds. Drive out Nature with a dollar, still she comes back.

But man is man, can a dollar stop him? For ever? The instinct of development is as inextinguishable in man as the instinct of perpetuation in blackbirds and thrushes, who build their procreant nests under all administrations, theocratic or democratic. So there is another party which represents the Majority of the people; that majority who have not money which is coveted, only the covetous desire thereof. This represents the acquisitive instinct of the people; not acquired wealth; not money moneyed, but money moneying, — *pecunia pecunians*, to state it Latin-wise. This is the Democratic party. It loves money as well as the Whig party, but has got less of it. However, with all its love of money, it has something of the momentum of the nation, something also of the instinct of mankind.

To the Whig party belong the rich, the educated, the decorous; the established,—those who look back, and count the money got. To the other party belong the young, the poor, the bold, the adventurous, everybody that is in want, everybody that is in debt, everybody who complains. The audacious are its rulers;—often men destitute of lofty character, of great ideas, of Justice, of Love, of Religion—bold, smart, saucy men. This party sneers at the rich, and hates them; of course it envies them, and lusts for their gold. It talks loudly against oppression in all corners of the world, except our own. The other party talks favorably of oppression, and shows its good side.

The Democratic party appeals to the brute will of the majority, right or wrong; it knows no Higher Law. Its statesmanship is the power to enact into permanent institutions the transient will of the majority: that is the ultimate standard. Popular and unpopular, take the place of right and wrong—*vox populi, vox Dei*; the vote settles what is true, what right. It regards money made and hoarded as the foe of human progress, and so is hostile to the millionaire. The Whig calls on his lord, “Money, help us!” To get money, the Democrat can do all things through the majority strengthening him.

The Catholic does homage to the wafer which a baker made, and a celibate priest addressed in Latin; it is to him the body of the Catholic God. The Protestant worships the Bible, a book written with

ink, in Hebrew and Greek, "translated out of the original tongues, appointed to be read in churches." To him it is the word of God, the Protestant God. In the same way the Whig party worships money: it is the body of the Whig God; there is no Higher Law above it. The Democratic party worships the opinion of the majority: it is the voice of the Democrat's God: there is no Higher Law. To the Whig party, — no matter how the money is got, by smuggling opium or selling slaves, — it is *pecunia pecuniata*, — money moneyed. To the Democratic party it is of no consequence what the majority wishes, or whom it chooses: Polk is as strong as Jackson, — when voted in; and Pierce as great as Jefferson, — for office makes all men equally tall. Once the Democracy manfully protested against England's oppressing American sailors — but refused to protect a colored seaman; — and now it basely protests against America making any black man free. Once it went to war — righteously, perhaps, for aught I know — in order to take a Marblehead fisherman out of a British ship, where he had been wickedly impressed. Now the same Democracy covets Cuba and Mexico, and seeks to make slaves out of millions of men, and spread slavery everywhere. If the majority wants to violate the Constitution of America and the Declaration of Independence, or the Constitution of the Universe and the Declaration of God, why! the cry is — "there is no higher law!"

“the greatest good of the greatest number!” — What shall become of the greatest good of the smaller number?

There is, therefore, no vital difference between the Whig party and the Democratic party; no difference in moral principle. The Whig inaugurates the Money got; the Democrat inaugurates the Desire to get the money. That is all the odds. So in the times that try the passions, which are the souls of these parties, the Democrat and the Whig meet on the same Baltimore platform. One is not higher and the other lower; they are just alike. There is only a hand rail between the two, which breaks down if you lean on it, and the parties mix. In common times, it becomes plain that a Democrat is but a Whig on time; a Whig is a Democrat arrived at maturity; his time has come. A Democrat is a young Whig who will legislate for money as soon as he has got it; the Whig is an old Democrat who once hurrahed for the majority — “Down with money! that is a despot! and up with the desire for it! Down with the rich, and up with the poor!” The young man, poor, obscure, and covetous, in 1812 was a Democrat, went a-privateering against England; rich, and accordingly “one of our eminent citizens,” in 1851 he was a Whig, and went a-kidnapping against Ellen Craft and Thomas Sims.

Bedini’s hand is “thicker than itself with brother’s blood.” Young Democrats very properly burnt him

in effigy. Old Democrats, wanting to be President, took him to their hearts. The young ones will also grow up in time to honor such future Nuncios of the Pope. I once knew a crafty family which had two sons; both men of ability, and of remarkable unity of "principle." The family invested one in each party, and as it had a *head* on either side of the political penny thrown into the air, the family was sure to win. A New England Family, wise in its generation!

Now, I do not mean to say that all Democrats or all Whigs are of this way of thinking. Quite the contrary. There is not a Whig or Democrat who would confess it. The majority, so far as they have convictions, are very different from this; but the Whig would say in his convention, that I told the truth of the Democratic party; the Democrat, in his convention, would say, I told the truth of the Whigs. These ideas,—they reside in the two parties, as botany in this camelia, as chemistry in the water, as in the drop the gravitation which brings it to the ground: not a conviction, but a fact. Each of these parties has great good to accomplish. Both seem indispensable. Money must be looked after. It is a valuable thing; the human race could not do without property. It is the ladder whereby we scale the heavens of manhood. But property alone is good for nothing. The will of the majority must be respected. I honor the ideas of the Democratic

party, and of the Whig party, so far as they are just. But man is not made merely for money; the majority are the standard of power, not of Right. There is a law of God which directs the chink of every dollar; it cannot roll except by the laws of the Eternal Father of Earth and Heaven. What if the majority enact iniquity into a statute! Can millions make Wrong right? Justice is the greatest good of all.

With little geographical check or interference from other nations, we are going on solving our problem of "manifest destiny." Since the establishment of Independence, America has made a rapid development. Her population has increased with unexampled rapidity; her territory has enlarged to receive her ever greatening family; riches have been multiplied faster even than their possessors. But some of the least lovely qualities of the Anglo-Saxon tribe have become dreadfully apparent. We have exterminated the Indians; we keep no treaties made with the red men; they keep all. The national materialism and indifference to great universal principles of Right shows itself clearer and clearer. Submission to Money or the Majority is the one idea that pervades the nation. There are few great voices in the American churches which dare utter the Eternal Justice of the Infinite God and rebuke the wickedness of the nation, or talk as with a trumpet, COME

UP HIGHER. We have taken a feeble tribe of men and made them Slaves; we kidnap the baby newly born; tear him from his mother's arms, sell him like swine in the market; the children of Jefferson and Madison are Slaves in the Christian Republic. The American treats his African victims with the intensest scorn. Even in Boston, spite of Constitution and Statute Law, they are ignominiously thrust out of the common school. The Clergy are the anointed defenders of Slavery. The Whig party loves Slavery as a tool for making money; the Democratic party, however, has the strongest antipathy to the African, and uses him for the same purpose. How many great American politicians care for him?

To obtain any considerable office in America, a man must conciliate one of these two—the Money power or the Majority power. But the particular body which sways the destinies of the nation, or its politics, is an army of Slaveholders, some three hundred thousand strong. They direct the money; they sway the majority; and are the controlling force in America. They have been so for more than sixty years. I cannot now stop and weary you with showing how they acquired the power, and how they administer it.

In the history of mankind, this is the first attempt to found a State on the natural rights of man. It is not to be supposed that there should be national unity of action on so high a platform as that which

the genius of Adams and Jefferson presented for the people then militant against oppression. There is a contradiction in the consciousness of the nation. In our industrial civilization, under the stimulus of love of wealth, and its consequent social and political power, we have made such a rapid advance in population and riches as no nation ever made. The lower powers of the understanding have also had a great development. We can plan, organize, and administer material means for material ends, as no nation has ever done. But it is not to be supposed that any people could pass all at once from the military civilization, with its fourfold despotism, to an industrial civilization with democracy in its Church, State, Community, and Family. How slowly we learn; with what mistakes do we come to the true Idea, and how painfully enact it into a deed! But see what results have come to pass.

In 1776, there were about 784,093 miles of territory; now there are 3,347,451. Then there were about two and a half millions of people; now there are four and twenty. In 1790, the annual revenue of America was less than four millions of dollars. Last year it was more than sixty-one. Then we had less than 698,000 Slaves; now we have more than 3,204,000. In 1776, Slavery was exceptional; the nation was ashamed of it. In 1774, Mr. Jefferson had more democratic and Christian ideas than all

Virginia has now. He said, "The abolition of domestic Slavery is the greatest desire of the American people." In the first draft of the Declaration of Independence, he condemned England for fastening Slavery upon us, forbidding us to abolish the Slave-trade. He trembled when he remembered that "God is just." The leading men of the nation disliked Slavery on principle. Some excused themselves for it,—"England forced it on us;" some thought it "expedient as a measure;" all thought it wrong as a principle.

During the Revolution, the white Slaves who had been soldiers, became free; there has not been any white Slavery—of the old kind—since '76. I know some families in this city whose parents came to America as Slaves—white Slaves, I mean. They were bought in England; they were sold in America—sold under cruel laws. I should not like to mention their names; but in 1850, they were the most desperate Hunkers that could be found. Born of Slaves, the iron had entered their contaminated souls, and they sought to enslave your brethren and my parishioners. These were the children of white Slaves. The Indians were set free by laws. In most of the States, attempts were made to free the blacks. All the New England States set them free;—partly by the programme of principles in their Constitutions; partly by the decisions of Courts; partly by statute law, enacted by the Legislature. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, soon followed.

In twelve years after the Declaration of Independence, seven of the thirteen States had begun efforts to abolish Slavery forever. The truths of the Declaration, carried forward New England and other Northern States; nay, the momentum of the Revolution carried the whole of Congress forward, and ere long, America performed two great acts, restricting Despotocracy — establishing Freedom and not Bondage. Here they are.

I. In 1787, the General government had jurisdiction over the North-Western territory, and decreed that therein Slavery should never exist, to all time, save as a punishment for crime “duly convicted.” On that spot, there have since grown up five great States; Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Five great States, with four and a half millions of men, and not a Slave. Near a million children went to the Schools of those States last year, and there is not a Slave. Out of 239,345 square miles, there is not an inch of Slave soil, except what stands in the shoes of Senator Douglas and his coadjutors. That is the first thing.

II. In 1808, America abolished the Slave-trade. Before that it was carried on from the harbors of New England; Boston, Bristol, Newport, New York, added to their wealth by enslaving men. These were the great ports whence men cleared for

Africa, to take in a cargo of Slaves. It is still carried on from New York and Boston — but secretly; then it was openly done. Some of you, whose hoary heads dignify and give a benediction to this audience, may perhaps remember the Great Rhode Island Slave-trader, who occasionally visited this city, and if your eyes ever saw him, I know that your hearts — then hot with youth — recoiled with indignation at such a sight — a stealer of men! He seemed to be born for a Slave-trader; he had a kidnapper's name on him at his birth. He was called *Wolf!*

These are the two acts of the Federal government against Slavery since the Declaration of Independence. That is all that America has done against Slavery, in eight and seventy years. She has multiplied her population tenfold, her revenue fifteen fold, and has abolished the Slave-trade, and prohibited Slavery in the North-Western territory. Now see what has been done in favor of Slavery.

I. This is the first step: in 1787, America inaugurated Slavery into the Constitution.

1. She left it in the Slave States, as part of the "Republican" Institutions.

2. Next, she provided that the owners of Slaves should have their property represented in Congress, five Slaves counting the same as three Freemen; and, at this day, in consequence of this Iniquitous

Act, for the 3,204,000 Slaves which she has stolen and unjustly holds, the South has delegates in Congress equal to the representation of almost two millions of Freemen in New England.

3. It was agreed, also, that Slaves escaping from the service of their masters into a Free State, should not thereby recover their freedom, but should be "delivered up."

Here were three concessions made to Slavery at first. They were at variance with the programme of principles in the Declaration; the programme of purpose in the Constitution's Preamble. They were known to be at variance with the religion of Jesus in the New Testament; at variance with the laws of Nature and of God. The Convention was ashamed of the whole thing, and added hypocrisy to its crime: it did not dare mention the word Slave. That was the first great step against Freedom. It has cost us millions of people. We should have had a population counting millions more. It has cost us hundreds of millions of money. The Whig is poorer, the Democrat has a smaller majority. Aye, it has cost us what is worth more than both money and human life—it has cost manhood; it has caused us crime, falseness to our nature and our God. Just now the "Christian Republic" commits a greater offence against the fundamental principles of all morality, all religion, than the Russian

or the Turk, or any Pagan despotism in the wide World!

How came it? The North wanted a special privilege of Navigation; and it let Slavery into the Constitution for that pitiful price. Mr. Gorham, a representative from Massachusetts, a Boston man, in the Convention, declared that Massachusetts wanted Union, not to defend herself, she could do so, and had done so, and had defended others along with her; but she wanted a special privilege to trade. I am ashamed to confess it,—that was the Massachusetts which had just come out of the Revolutionary war. Here was a “compromise” between the covetousness of the North, wanting a special privilege of navigation, and the idleness of the South wishing to eat but not to earn. Between these two mill-stones the African man was crushed into a Slave—a mere chattel “to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.” That was the first step.

II. In 1792, America admitted Kentucky as a new State, made out of old soil, and established Slavery therein. That was the first act of Congress establishing new Slavery so far as she had power. Since then, America has thrice repeated the experiment;—in 1796, establishing Slavery in Tennessee; in 1817, in Mississippi; and in 1819, in Alabama—

three new States made afresh out of old Slave soil. That was the second step.

III. In 1793, America adopted Slavery as a Federal Institution; undertook herself, the Federal government, to seize and deliver up the Fugitive Slave. She took no such charge of other fugitive "property." She was not Field-driver for horses and mules, only the Hog-reeve for fugitive men, "endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights," "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." That was the third step; and the great "Expounder of the Constitution" declared it was "wholly unconstitutional;" every free man, who thinks with a free mind, I am confident will say the same.

IV. In 1803, Louisiana was purchased from France and organized into a territory, with Slavery in it. This was the first attempt of America to carry the hateful institution upon new soil, acquired since the Declaration of Independence. In 1812, Louisiana was admitted as a State with Slavery in it; the first Slave State made out of new soil, acquired after the Declaration. Hitherto Slavery had been confined to the Atlantic slope of the continent; in 1792 the Federal government established it in the valley of the Mississippi; in 1803, for the first time, she carried it West of the great river. That was the fourth step.

V. In 1819-20, Missouri was organized as a State; in 1821, admitted with Slavery in it. Before this time, Slavery had receded from the North. On the Atlantic, it did not reach up to the fortieth parallel of latitude; on the Mississippi, it sunk below the thirty-seventh. But by admitting Missouri, it all at once rose to the fortieth parallel of latitude. Here, however, there was a great battle. The South wanted Slavery to extend all the way from the Gulf of Mexico to the British line. The North wanted to restrict Slavery by the Mississippi river, and not carry it West. A few Northern men were bought up; nothing is more marketable than Northern politicians, Whig or Democrat, it makes no odds, both are lieges of the Almighty Dollar. Wickedness prevailed; Missouri came in with her slaves. However, there was a "Compromise;" — the celebrated Missouri Compromise, by which Slavery was restricted in the Louisiana territory North of $36^{\circ} 30'$. Then, all the territory South thereof was made over to that institution. In 1836, Arkansas was organized as a territory, and came in as a State with Slavery. In the territory of Louisiana, bought in 1803, there are now 423,172 Slaves. That was the fifth step.

VI. In 1845, Florida was admitted as a Slave State, with a Constitution providing that the "General Assembly shall have no power to pass laws emancipating Slaves," or to forbid emigrants to bring

their Slaves with them. Here, Slavery was extended over territory acquired for that purpose from Spain in 1819-21; made perpetual therein. It went down to the Gulf of Mexico, reaching far in. That was the sixth step.

VII. In 1845, Texas was "reannexed" and admitted as a State. This was territory whence the Mexicans had banished Slavery. Slavery was in the Constitution of Texas; was carried West of the territory purchased of France, and spread over 325,520 square miles. It was established in a territory forty-three times greater than Massachusetts, by and by to be carved into more Slave States. This was the first time that America had ever established Slavery in a land whence any government had positively driven it out. That was the seventh step.

VIII. In 1848, at the conclusion of the war for plundering Mexico, by conquest and treaty, we acquired California, Utah, and New Mexico — a territory of more than 596,000 square miles. This was coveted as new ground for the extension of Slavery. The Mexican war was begun and continued for Slavery; the land was to be Slave soil. This was the first time we had conquered new land in battle for the sake of putting Slavery on it. That was the eighth step.

IX. In 1850, you remember the cry, "The Union is in danger!" — How lustily men roared: "The Union is in danger!" — How the politicians talked, and the ministers! The "pedlars of oratory" took the stump. You remember the "Boston eloquence" that screamed, and tottered and stood a tiptoe, and spread its fingers, and tore its hair, and invaded the very heavens with its scary speech; — "The Union is in danger — this hour!" The celebrated Compromise measures were passed. So far as it concerns this question, they consisted of the Fugitive Slave Bill — of which I do not think you wish *me*, at least, to speak again; of the establishment of a territorial government in New Mexico and Utah, extending Slavery over 407,667 square miles, — a territory larger than fifty-three States of the size of Massachusetts; it paid Texas ten millions of money as a gift to Slavery.

That was the greatest step of all since Slavery was inaugurated in the Constitution. It was the most insulting to the North; it was most revolting to our political ideas and the principles of our professed religion. You remember the stir, and tumult, and storm. You have not forgotten the promise that "agitation was to cease." In 1852, the Whigs decided to "discountenance" agitation; and the Democrats, being stronger and more audacious, declared that they would resist all attempts to renew the agitation on the question of Slavery, in Congress or out,

in whatsoever shape. That was the ninth great step.

In 1776, African Slavery existed in all the thirteen States. In a few years it shrunk Southward. In 1790, the end of Delaware in 40° was its Northern Atlantic limit; on the Mississippi, it fell away to less than 37°. Below the snaky line which separates Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and Kentucky, on the South, from New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, on the North, East of the "Father of Waters," on the Atlantic slopes of the continent—the monster had scope and verge enough. North and West of these limits he dared not show his head. But in that year, America bought of Maryland and Virginia a field "ten miles square," as Capital of the United States; in 1800, the seat of government was transferred from Philadelphia to the District of Columbia; in 1802, Congress reenacted the Slave codes of Virginia and Maryland, extending them over the Capital of the nation. Behold the Federal government of the sole Christian Republic of the world has its head-quarters on Slave soil! Congress had gone South—ominous change! Since that day, no State has abolished Slavery. It still exists in the six old States: Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. It has spread into Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, four new States, in twenty years made out of

the territory of the old States. It has been put anew into Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Florida, Texas,—five new States made out of territory acquired for extending the area of Slavery. It has been carried to Utah and New Mexico,—land plundered from Mexico for this purpose. The white polygamy of Joe Smith, and the black polygamy of men yet more shameless, there flourish side by side. It has spread over 1,051,523 square miles, where there was no legal Slavery at all in 1788. It has blotted the Mississippi Valley with more than 1,580,000 Slaves. It has put Slavery in a population of 3,250,303 white persons, which else would never have had an entailment of this curse upon their property, their education, and their morality and their religion!

Why was all this? Has the South the most money, and so can buy up the North? the most votes, and so can scare us by overwhelming numbers? Not at all; the South is poor in money; in numbers she is weak. The North is strong in both. The South wanted Slavery, the North did not want Freedom for the African. Before 1808, Northern clergymen occasionally ventured their little savings in the Slave-trade: since 1808, they obey with alacrity all attempts of the Slave power to blaspheme the Higher Law of God! At each step, the South becomes more imperious, more insulting. She has served us right! Nine times she has de-

manded a sacrifice — nine times the North has granted the demand. In some twenty-four millions of men, every seventh man is a Slave; the children of Jefferson and Madison are sold at public vendue. Senator Foote roared in the Capitol; his father's sons were Slaves in the same street! It is "a great country;" a "Union" worth saving!

But who is to blame for all this? The North has had the majority in the Federal councils from the beginning. It is the North who is to blame for these nine steps — for establishing, spreading, fostering, and perpetuating the worst institution where-with the Spaniard has dared to blot the Western continent. Who put Slavery in the Constitution; made it Federal? who put it in the new States? who got new soil to plant it in? who carried it across the Mississippi — into Louisiana, Florida, Texas, Utah, New Mexico? who established it in the Capital of the United States? who adopted Slavery and volunteered to catch a runaway, in 1793, and repeated the act in 1850, — in defiance of all law, all precedent, all right? Why, it was the North. "Spain armed herself with bloodhounds," said Mr. Pitt, "to extirpate the wretched natives of America." In 1850, the Christian Democracy set worse bloodhounds afoot to pursue Ellen Craft; offered them five dollars for the run, if they did not take her; ten if they did! The price of blood was Northern money; the bloodhounds — they were

Kidnappers born at the North, bred there, kennelled in her church, fed on her sacraments, blessed by her priests! In 1778, Mr. Pitt had a yet harsher name for the beasts wherewith despotic Spain hunted the red man in the woods — he called them “*Hell Hounds.*” But they only hunted “savages, heathens, men born in barbarous lands.” What would he say of the pack which in 1851 hunted American Christians, in the “Athens of America,” and stole a man on the grave of Hancock and Adams — all Boston looking on, and its priests blessing the dead!

The Slave Power is now ready to take the tenth step. It wants these things: the acquisition of Cuba, the Mesilla Valley, the enslavement of Nebraska. Of the first and second, I shall not now say any thing. The third is a most important matter. It is an attempt to establish Slavery in a new country. First, in a country where it never existed to any extent. There is only one American in the territory known to have ever held a Slave. That is a missionary who went thither from Boston, and, for a thousand dollars, bought a man in Missouri, to serve as help for his sick wife, — the only Slave ever held by an American in Nebraska, so far as Senator Douglas is informed; and of all men the most, he ought to know.

Next, it is an attempt by the Federal government to establish it in a territory where it has been pro-

hibited by the Federal government itself, by the solemn enactment of Congress, made thirty-three years ago, at a time when all the North swore solemnly that it would not suffer Slavery to come North another inch.

Do you know what is the population of Nebraska? There are not one thousand Americans in it. There is a delegate from Nebraska at Washington. He had *seventy* votes, out of this vast territory! There were two competitors, and I suppose there could not have been more than two hundred votes east; I doubt if there were one hundred.

It is an immense territory, 485,000 square miles; larger than sixty-two States of the size of Massachusetts. It contains as much land as all the Thirteen States that fought the Revolution, and more than 121,000 square miles besides. Draw a line from Trieste to Amsterdam,—Nebraska is larger than the part of Western Europe thus cut off. It contains more than all the Fourteen Free States East of the Mississippi:—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin—and 83,393 square miles over and above. It reaches from the Western boundary of Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. It extends from 37° North latitude to 49°—twelve degrees of latitude; and from 94° longitude to 114°—twenty degrees of longitude. Its waters

run to the Gulf of Mexico, to the Pacific Ocean, and to Hudson's Bay. The blood of the Slave will reach "Greenland's icy mountains," and stain the waters at the mouth of Baffin's Bay; the Saskatchewan, its great Northern river, will drain the Slave soil into Lake Winnepeg, and the keel of Captain Kane's ship, returning from his adventurous quest in the Arctic sea, will pass through waters that are darkened by the last great crime of America!

The Slave power has long been seeking to extend its jurisdiction. It has eminently succeeded. It fills all the chief offices of the nation; the Presidents are Slave Presidents; the Supreme Court is of Slave Judges, every one; the District Judges, — you all know Judge Sprague, Judge Grier, Judge Kane. In all that depends on the political action of America, the Slave power carries the day. In what depends on industry, population, education, it is the North. The Slave power seeks to extend its institutions at the expense of humanity. The North works with it. In this century, the South has been foiled in only two efforts: to extend Slavery to California and Oregon: nine times it has succeeded.

Now see why the South wishes to establish Slavery in Nebraska.

1. She wishes to gain a direct power in Congress. So she wants new Slave States, that she may have new Slave Senators to give her the uttermost power in the Senate of the United States.

2. Next, she wishes indirectly to gain power by directly checking the rapid growth of the free States of the North. If Nebraska is free, the tide of immigration will set thither, as once to Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, as now to Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota. There will be a rapid increase of free men, with their consequent wealth, education, ideas, democratic institutions, free States, with consequent political power.

All this the South wishes to avoid; for the South — I must say it — is the enemy of the North. She is the foe to Northern industry — to our mines, our manufactures, and our commerce. Thrice, in my day, has she sought to ruin all three. She is the foe to our institutions — to our Democratic politics in the State, our Democratic culture in the school, our Democratic work in the community, our Democratic equality in the family, and our Democratic religion in the Church. Hear what a great Slave organ says of religion: — “The Bible has been vouchsafed to mankind for the purpose of keeping us out of hell-fire and getting us into Heaven by the mysteries of faith and the inner life — not to teach us ethnology, government,” etc. It is the Editor of the Richmond Examiner who says that; the American Chargé at Turin.

I say the South is the enemy of the North. England is the *rival* of the North, a powerful rival, often dangerous; sometimes a mean and dishonorable

rival. But the South is our *foe*, — far more dangerous, meaner, and more dishonorable. England keeps treaties; the South breaks faith. She broke faith individually, and Webster lies there a wreck on the shore of his own estate; breaks it nationally, “and renews the agitation!” I always knew she would; I never trusted her lying breath; I warned my brothers and sisters against it: now she fulfils the expectation. She is the enemy of our material welfare and our spiritual development. Her success is our ruin. Our welfare shames her institutions, her ideas, and is the destruction to her “peculiar institution.” She has been beaten in her effort to blot the Territory of Oregon with Slavery; but she never surrenders. This I honor in the South, — she is always true to her own institution, and her own idea. I honor the man who, on Plymouth Rock, when the sons of the Puritans crouched and shrunk down, and scarce one brave word could get spoken for humanity and the great rights of man which our fathers brought across the sea, — I honor the Southern man who stood up and claimed that Slavery should be protected, on Plymouth Rock, and told one Northern candidate for the Presidency that he also had once offered and volunteered to shoulder his musket, “the old Middlesex musket,” and march South to put down an insurrection of Slaves. I say, I honor a man’s fidelity to his own principle, even if it is a base one.

Such are the two general reasons why the South wishes Slavery in this new territory. But here is a third reason, quite special.

3. There must be communication with the West. Three railroads are possible; one lies through Mexican territory, but we have not got it, for the Gadsden treaty is not yet a fact accomplished:—two others lie through Nebraska territory. One or the other of them must be built. If Nebraska is free soil, the Slave master cannot take his slave across, for the law of the free soil makes the black man free. But if Nebraska is a Slave State, then the master can go there and carry his “chattels personal,”—coffles of men, droves of women, herds of children, attended by the “missionary from Boston,” and the bloodhounds of the kidnapper. She wants right of way for her institution; a slave railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific. Such are the reasons why she wants to establish Slavery there.

See what encourages the South to make new encroachments. She has been eminently successful in her former demands, especially with the last. The authors of the Fugitive Slave Bill did not think that enormity could be got through Congress: it was too atrocious in itself, too insulting to the North. But Northern men sprang forward to defend it—powerful politicians supported it to the fullest extent. The worse it was, the better they liked it. Northern merchants were in favor of it—it “would conciliate

the South." Northern ministers in all the churches of commerce baptized it, defended it out of the Old Testament, or the New Testament. The Senator of Boston gave it his mighty aid, — he went through the land a huckster of Slavery, peddling Atheism: the Representative of Boston gave it his vote. Their constituents sustained both! All the great cities of the North executed the bill. The leading Journals of Boston advised the merchants to withhold all commercial intercourse from Towns which opposed Kidnapping. There was a "Union Meeting" at Faneuil Hall. You remember the men on the platform: the speeches are not forgotten. The doctrine that there is a Law of God above the passions of the multitude and the ambition of their leaders, was treated with scorn and hooting: a loud guffaw of vulgar ribaldry went up against the Justice of the Infinite God! All the great cities did the same. Atheism was inaugurated as the first principle of Republican government; in politics, religion makes men mad! Mr. Clay declared that "no Northern gentleman will ever help return a fugitive Slave!" What took place at Philadelphia? New York? Cincinnati? — nay, at Boston? The Northern churches of commerce thought Slavery was a blessing, Kidnapping a "grace." The Democrats and Whigs vie with each other in devotion to the Fugitive Slave Bill. The "Compromises" are the golden rule. The North conquered her prejudices. The South sees this, and

makes another demand. Why not? I am glad of it. She serves us right.

There is one thing more which helps her. The South, weak in numbers, weak in money, has yet a certain unity of idea, — that of Slavery. She has the political skill to control the money and the numbers of the North. She always makes the Presidents. As the Catholic priest takes a bit of baker's bread, and says, "Bread thou art, become a God!" and the dough is God, — so the South takes any man and transubstantiates him, — "Thou art a man! become a President!" And by political transubstantiation Polk and Pierce are Presidents, to be "lifted up," to be "exhibited," set on high, and worshipped accordingly. Now the Northern lump covets exceedingly this presidential transubstantiation; but to attain thereunto, it must be of the right leaven for the South. A new President is presently to be kneaded together, to be baked to the requisite hardness, transubstantiated, and then set up in 1856. Several old *Ephraims*, alas! cakes "not turned," begin to swell, and bubble, and crack, and break, hoping presently to be in condition to be transubstantiated. Some Northern dough is leavening itself to suit the Southern taste. Alas! "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Many are leavened, but few *rise*. A Northern man, a bold adventurer, a bar-room politician of Illinois, born in Vermont, they say, has long

coveted Presidential transubstantiation. He has tempered his measures of meal with Southern leaven: he is a Slaveholder — not born so; he courted Slavery and “married on;” he has stirred into his character a great amount of appropriate leaven, — the “emptyings” of Southern firkins, the leavings of Southern feasts, the yeasty scum and froth of the Southern consciousness where Slavery heats and swelters and keeps up a perpetual fermentation. In 1852, all his leaven was of no avail; even the heat of the Baltimore Convention could not make him rise to the requisite degree. Now he adds more potent leaven, and drugs his Northern dough, hoping the lump will rise a Presidential loaf!

Mr. Douglas has made his bid for the Presidency. He claims that the Missouri Compromise was abolished in 1850. Nobody knew it then; not he himself: it is his last discovery. Then he claims that Congress has no right to say that Slavery shall not be in the territory.

So the question is, shall we let Slavery into the two great territories of Kansas and Nebraska? That is a question of political Economy. Here it is. Shall men work with poor industrial tools, or with good ones? Shall they have the varied industry of New England and the North, or the Slave labor of Virginia and Carolina? Shall their land be worth five dollars and eight cents an acre, as in

South Carolina, or thirty dollars and a half as in Connecticut? Shall the people all be comfortable, engaged in honest work, which enriches while it elevates; or shall a part be the poorest of the world that a few may be idle and rich?

It is a question of political Morality. Shall the Government be a commonwealth where all are citizens, or an aristocracy where man owns his brother man? Shall there be the schools of Ohio, or the ignorance of Tennessee? Shall it be a virtue and a dignity to teach, as it is in the public schools of Boston; a great charity, as some of you are administering in private schools for the ignorant and poor; or shall it be a crime, as in Virginia, where Mrs. Douglas, by sentence of Court, is now serving out her time in the House of Correction, for teaching a black child its letters? Shall there be the public libraries, newspapers, lectures, lyceums, of Massachusetts; or the ignorance, the ignoble sloth of Mississippi and Alabama? Aye! it is a question of domestic morality. Shall a man have a right to his own limbs, his liberty, his life? Shall the mother own the babe that is born from her bosom? Shall she be a maid, and keep her innocence and her honor? Shall she be a wife, faithful to him that she loves, or shall she be the instrument of a master's lust, who has the law to enforce rape and violence? That is the question.

It is a great religious question. Shall the pas-

sions and ambition of base men have rule in Nebraska, or the natural law of the most High God? The Unitarian Autumnal Convention at Worcester, debated the great question, whether men should have a Litany in the Churches. The American Tract Society, the American Missionary Society, have questions of similar magnitude, which come before them. *This* is not thought a religious question. It is only one which concerns the welfare of millions of men, in hundreds of years yet to come; aye! thousands! The prayer of the Puritan, his self-denial, his trust in God, and love of the right, — they are the best inheritance New England ever got — shall we extend the best institutions of New England to Nebraska; or shall we send there the Slave-driver with his whip, with his bloodhound, with his politician and his ——! shall I say the next word? I pass it by. That question must be answered in a month; in one short month; aye! perhaps, in a week.

In sixty years, Virginia has not doubled her population, while New York has ten times the population of 1790. The most valuable export of Virginia, is her Slaves, enriched by the “best blood of the old dominion;” the “Mother of Presidents” is also the great Slave Breeder of America. Since she ceased to import bondmen from Africa, her Slaves become continually paler in the face; it is the “effect of the climate” — and Democratic Institutions. One

quarter of her Slaves have but one-fourth African blood in their veins; half of her Slaves are half white. The Ethiopian is changing his skin. Beneficent "effect of the climate" — and Democratic Institutions! By the laws of Virginia, it is a crime punishable by imprisonment, to deny the master's right to hold his Slave; it was lately proposed in her Legislature, to exclude from the jury-box all persons guilty of this opinion. Her present law provides that men of three fourths white descent shall be free — it is now proposed to enslave all who have less than nine tenths Caucasian blood; so the blood of "Jefferson and Sally," uncontaminated by any new African admixture, must pass through yet four other Slave-breeding Presidents before it is entitled to freedom! New York has 862,507 children at her Public Schools. Virginia makes it a crime to teach writing and reading to Slaves. Her highest literature is partisan newspapers and speeches; her noblest men are nothing but party politicians; her chief manufacture is Slaves — children of her own Caucasian loins, begotten for exportation. She stocks the plantations of Alabama and the bagnios of New Orleans. Shall we establish in Nebraska the institutions of Virginia? Let the North answer.

I know Northern politicians say, "Slavery will never go there!" Do they believe their own word? They believe it! In 1820, they said it could not go to Missouri; then, there were but 10,222 therein;

now, 87,422! more than a quarter of all the Slaves in the United States are North of $36^{\circ} 30'$. Desperate men from the Slave States of the Atlantic and the Mississippi, too miserable to reach California, will find their El Dorado in Nebraska, take Slaves there and work their lives out! It will be a better breeding State than Virginia herself.

Congress, it is said, has no right to legislate for the people of the territory against Slavery. It must be left to the inhabitants thereof. There are 485,000 square miles,—not 1,000 men, not two hundred voters. Shall two hundred squatters entail Slavery on a country as large as all Germany, Switzerland, France, Belgium, and Holland? Is it “democratic” for Congress to allow two hundred stragglers in the wilderness, cheating the Indians, swearing, violent, half of them unable to write or read,—is it democratic in Congress to allow these vagabonds of the wilderness to establish the worst institution which Spain brought out of the middle ages; which Western Europe casts off with scorn; which Russia treads under her feet; which Turkey rejects with indignation,—and spread this over a country larger than the whole Roman Empire, when Julius Cæsar was cradled in his mother’s arms? If it is so, let me go back and, O, most Imperial Nicholas! let me learn political justice from thee, thou last great tyrant of the Western world!

Suppose we grant this,—will that be the end? Suppose Slavery flows into Nebraska,—is that all? This is the tenth time that Slavery has demanded a great wrong, and the North has said, “Yes, I will do it.” Each time it has been a greater and worsen wrong. Our great enemy demands sacrifices, not of interests but of principle; the sacred principle of natural right, allegiance to the Eternal God. “Grant it,” say they, “or we will dissolve the Union.” Presently that cry will be raised again, “Save the Union! Oh! save the Union.” “The Union is in danger—this hour!” will be rung again in our deceived ears. Suppose it is granted. Only once in seventy years has the Southern demand been rejected,—when she asked to put Slavery into Oregon. But the conscience of the North,—there is not much of it,—not enough to act, only to grumble, or perchance to swear. The conscience of the North complains. “Stop that agitation, or I will dissolve the Union at once,” says the South. Then the North says again, “Hush! Save the Union!” and there will not be a whisper from Whig or Democrat. The Church has got its mean mouth sewed up with an iron thread.

Then the South will demand again, “Grant us this demand, or we will dissolve the Union!”—and the same thing goes over and over again. Do you think the North fears a dissolution of the Union? As much as I fear that this handful of flowers shall

rise and strike the life out of my soul. *No! No!* Think not of that. Is it love of Country which prompts the Northern sacrifice of conscience? *No!* never! Never, no! It is love of the dollar. It is love of the power of the majority, of the Slaveholder's power, not love of man, but love of money. While the North can make money by the Union, there is no danger of dissolution!

Grant this, and see what follows. I omit the probable acts of individual States, over which Congress has no direct control.

I. The South will claim that the master has a right to take his Slaves into a free State — spite of its laws to the contrary — and hold them there — first, for a definite time, say seven years; next, for an indefinite period in perpetuity. That will restore Slavery to the North and enable the sons of New England to return to their native land with their “chattels personal.” Perhaps it will require no Act of Congress to do this — and “supersede” the Ordinance of 1787, or declare it “inoperative and void.” The whole may be done any day by the Supreme Court of the United States; any day when the President shall say, “Down with you, Judges. Do as you are bid.” Whigs and Democrats can do all things through money, which strengtheneth them! will the North consent? Why not, nothing is so supple as the Northern neck.

II. Then the South will seek more Slave territory. Here is what is wanted:— a part of Mexico, — the Gadsden treaty stipulates for about 39,000,000 acres, eight States as large as Massachusetts; Cuba, which the Slave power has long coveted; Porto Rico; Hayti, which the Democratic Christians hate with such bitterness; Jamaica and the other West Indies; the Sandwich Islands; other parts of the Northern and Southern continent. Slavery must be put in all these places. Will the North consent? Why not? habit makes all things easy. What an excellent “field for religious enterprise” Hayti would be, if this Republic should restore Slavery to St. Domingo! Conquer your prejudices!

III. Then she will seek to restore the African Slave-trade. Here are the steps. 1, to authorize any State to import Slaves; 2, to authorize any individual to do so in spite of the adverse laws of any State which will be declared “inoperative and void,” or “superseded.” I can foresee the arguments for the measure — Whig and Democratic — Yes, the theological arguments, drawn from the Bible, from “conscience and the Constitution.” Some future Unitarian Doctor of Divinity, I suppose, for a “consideration” will be afraid of a “dissolution of the Union” and solve the problem of human destination by offering to sacrifice his own brother, sister, wife, daughter, mother! Will the North consent?

Why stop at the thirteenth demand and not at the first, at the ninth? Is it worse to steal Northern men in Africa, than Christian babies in Virginia? Worse to steal the son of Pumbo Jumbo than the daughters of Jefferson! Why should not the North consent — all the Slaves are to be voluntary “Missionaries for civilization and Christianity!” What is there which the North will not consent to?

Some of you may live long enough to see all this. The Union has been in danger five times, and five times saved by sacrifice of those principles which lie at the basis of the nation, and are its glory. Is that too sad a prophecy, even to be spoken? It is not worse for the fifty years to come, than for the fifty years past; it is only the history of the last fifty years.

In 1775, what if it had been told the men all red with battle at Lexington and Bunker Hill, — “your sons will gird the Court House with chains to kidnap a man; Boston will vote for a Bill which puts the liberty of any man in the hands of a Commissioner, to be paid twice as much for making a Slave as for declaring a freeman; and Boston will call out its soldiers to hunt a man through its streets!” What if on the 19th of April, 1775, when Samuel Adams said, “Oh! what a glorious morning is this!” as he heard the tidings of war in the little village where he passed the night, — what if it had been told him, — “that on the 19th of April, seventy-

six years from this day, will your City of Boston land a poor youth at Savannah, having violated her own laws, and stained her Magistrates' hands, in order to put an innocent man in a Slave-master's jail?" What if it had been told him that Ellen Craft must fly out of Democratic Boston, to Monarchic, Theocratic, Aristocratic England, to find shelter for her limbs, her connubial innocence, and the virtue of her woman's heart? I think Samuel would have cursed the day in which it was said a man-child was born, and America was free! What if it had been told Mayhew and Belknap, that in the pulpits of Boston, to defend kidnapping should be counted to a man as righteousness? They could not have believed it. They did not know what baseness could suck the Northern breast, and still be base.

Who is to blame? The South? Well, look and see! In the House of Representatives there are eighty-eight Southern men; there are one hundred and forty-four from the North. In the Senate, the South has thirty, the North thirty-two. But out of the two and thirty Northern Senators, not twelve men can be found to protest against this wicked Bill. The President is a Northern man; the Cabinet has a majority from the North; the Committee of Senators who reported this Bill has a majority of Northern men; its Chairman is a Northern man.

The very men who enacted the Fugitive Slave

Law turn pale; but what do they do? They do nothing! Where is the North? Where has it been these fifty years back—at the feet of the South. Where are the Northern ideas—where is the Northern conscience, the Northern right! O, tell me, where? Is it in your Legislature? Listen! See if you can hear any faint breathings of the great Northern heart, that fought the war of Independence. At least, it is in the Cities. Listen! In Boston, the “great men” who control Church and State—they have called Conventions, have they; prepared resolutions—got them ready—had preliminary meetings—have they? Nothing of it. There is not a mouse stirring amongst them. It is all right, I suppose, in the little towns? There is the Northern heart—a great conscience, that says, “Give me Liberty or give me Death!”—“Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God!” Listen to Massachusetts! Can you hear any thing? Well, I am a Minister. It is in the pulpits of the North, perhaps. Hark! The Bible rustles, as that Southern wind, heavy with Slavery, turns over its leaves rich in benedictions; and I hear the old breath come up again—“Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself”—“Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have not done it unto me.” Is that the voice of the pulpit? O, no! That is the voice of a Hebrew peasant; a poor woman’s son. In his own time, they said “He hath

a devil." They hung him as a "blasphemer," an "infidel." That is not the Pulpit's voice. Listen again. Here it is: "I would send back my own mother." That is the answer of the American Pulpit. Eight and twenty thousand Protestant Ministers! The foremost sect of them all debated, a little while ago, whether it should have a Litany, and on what terms it should admit young men to the communion table—allow them to drink "grocers' wine," and eat "bakers' bread," on the "Lord's day," in the "Lord's house;" and never dared to lift that palsied hand, in which was once the fire and blood of Channing, against the world's mightiest sin. Eight and twenty thousand Protestant ministers, and not a sect that is opposed to Slavery! O, the Church! the Church of America! False to the great prophets of the Old Testament, the great world's Prophet of the New; false to the fathers whose bloody knees once kissed the Rock of Plymouth!

The Northern conscience, the Northern religion, the Northern faith in God—where is it? Is it in the midst of the people—the young men and the young women; in your hearts and in my heart? Let us see. Let our actions speak. Now is the time; a month hence may be too late; aye, a week, and the deed may be done. Let us, at least, be manly, and do our part.

Well let us contend bravely against this wicked device of men who are the enemies alike of America

and Mankind. I call on all men who love man and love God, to oppose this extension of Slavery. Talk against it, preach against it, print against it — by all means, act against it. Call meetings of the Towns to oppose it, of the Congressional districts, of the State, yea, of all the Free States. Make a fire in the rear of your timid servants in Congress. Let us fight manfully, contesting the ground inch by inch, till at last we are driven back to the Rock of Plymouth. There let us gather up the wreck of the Old Ship which brought over the three churches of Plymouth, Salem, Boston, — whose children have so often proved false, — therewith let us build anew our Mayflower, make Plymouth our Delft-haven, launch again upon the sea, sailing to Greenland or to Africa, by prayer to lay other deep foundations, and in the wilderness to build up the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

But we shall not toil in vain. Slavery is nothing. It exists only by a whim. Theocracy is nothing. Monarchy is nothing, Aristocracy nothing. America has no "Pope," no "King," no "Noble;" a breath unmakes them as a breath once made. Slavery is no more if we say it; the monster dies. In one day the North could annihilate all the Slavery which depends on the Federal Government — abolish it on the Federal soil, the Capital, and the Territories; abolish the American Slave-Trade, declare it piracy, or other felony. That would be only common legislation.

The next day we could abolish it in the Slave States. That would be Revolution.

America has one great enemy — Slavery, our deadliest foe. Do you believe it is always to last? I tell you no! O, young America! are you sure there is no law higher than love of money and power? sure there is no Justice? no God? Quite sure of that? Men have sometimes been mistaken who reckoned without that Host.

Political economy is against Slavery; it is a poor tool to work with. Compare Kentucky and Ohio, Virginia with Pennsylvania and New York! Do you believe that shifty Americans will always use the poor, rude instrument of the savage! They love riches too well. How weak Slavery makes a nation! In time of war how easy it would be for the enemy to raise up the 385,000 Slaves of South Carolina against the 283,000 whites! Where would then be the "chivalry" of that mediæval State?

Slavery hinders the education and the industry of the people; it is fatal to their piety. Think of a religious kidnapper! a Christian Slave-breeder! a Slave-trader loving his neighbor as himself, receiving the "sacraments" in some Protestant Church from the hand of a Christian Apostle, then the next day selling babies by the dozen, and tearing young women from the arms of their husbands, to feed the lust of lecherous New Orleans! Imagine a religious man selling his own children into eternal bondage!

Think of a Christian defending slavery out of the Bible, and declaring there is no Higher Law, but Atheism is the first principle of Republican government!

“Slavery is the sum of all villainies;” what can save it? Things refuse to be mismanaged for ever. All the world is against us. It is only in America that Slave-trading, Slave-breeding is thought Christian and Democratic. Mr. Slatter, who had become rich by trading in the souls of men, and famous for preserving the Union, in his Slave-pen at the Capital of the Christian Republic, once entertained the President of the United States at his costly house in Baltimore;—I forget whether it was Southern Mr. Polk, or Northern Mr. Fillmore; Slavery has thrown down the partition wall between Whig and Democrat. What European Despot would have eaten salt with a man whose business was to sell misery by the wholesale, and to retail the agony of women? Even the mediæval Pope, the slave of stronger despots, who appropriately sends us his red-handed Bedini, to be lauded by aspirants for the Presidency — would shrink from this. No Russian despot has his sons as slaves to wait on him at table. You must come to America to find a Cossack President who could boast that honor! Do you believe this wickedness is always to continue? Can the Anglo-Saxon become Spanish? New England like Bolivia, Peru, Lagaira, Mexico? The wheels of time turn

not back. We cannot break the continuity of human history. See how mankind marches towards freedom, each step a Revolution. See what has been done in four hundred years, for the freedom of man in Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, or even in Spain! Lay down your ear to the great deep of Humanity, and hearken to the ground-swell which goes on therein. That roar of mighty waters, does it whisper security to the tyrant? The next four hundred years what shall it do against Theocracy, Monarchy, Aristocracy, Despotocracy?

See what the Anglo-Saxon in Europe has done for freedom since the first James! Compare the England of 1854, with the England of 1604. What a growth of liberal institutions; of freedom in the people! England loving liberty, loving law, goes on still building up the Cyclopæan walls of Humanity, the Bulwark of Freedom for mankind. See what the same Anglo-Saxon has done in America. Compare the Colonies of 1754, with the States of 1854. What a progress! Are we to stop here?

See what Massachusetts has done. Slavery was always a contradiction in the consciousness of New England. So in 1641, Massachusetts enacted that "there shall never be any bond Slavery, villanage, or captivity amongst us, unless it be lawful captives taken in just wars," etc. In 1646, the Colony bore "witness against the heinous and crying sin of man-stealing," and restored to Guinea some captives

wickedly taken thence. But yet Slavery existed, and cruel laws afflicted its victims. Listen to the following. In 1636, "it is ordered that no servant shall be set free — until he have served out the time covenanted:" that "when any servants shall run away from their masters . . . it shall be lawful for the next magistrate, or the constable and two of the chief inhabitants where no magistrate is, to press men and boats or pinnaces at the public charge, to pursue such persons by sea or land, and bring them back by force of arms." In 1703, a law forbade negro, mulatto, or Indian servants or Slaves "to be found abroad in the night time after nine o'clock." They were "to be openly whipped by the constable." If a negro or mulatto should strike any person of the English, — he was to be "severely whipped at the discretion of the Justices." In 1705, a duty of four pounds was levied on each Slave imported, and a drawback allowed in case he was "exported within the space of twelve months." Marriage between white and black was illegal; a fine of fifty pounds punished the officer who joined the parties. It is not a hundred years since Slaves were sold in Massachusetts, children were torn from their parents. The charms of young women were advertised in the public print. In less than a hundred years, two Slaves were burned alive on Boston Neck for poisoning their master. Now Massachusetts has torn these wicked laws from her Statute-book. It is only Bos-

ton which turns a black boy out of her Public School. Do you think the Northern men love Slavery, the people love it? In all the parties there are noble men who hate American Slavery. They know it is a wicked thing; they despise their politicians who seek to perpetuate it, and loathe the purchased Priests who justify the iniquity in the name of God! Each of the nine sacrifices to Slavery has been unpopular at the North. Only the politicians approved them. The Constitution was adopted with difficulty. New England hated its inauguration of Slavery as a power in the Republic. The Fugitive Slave Bill of 1793 — why, even Washington did not venture to pursue his Slave by its authority and seize her. She was safe even in the native State of Webster and of Pierce! The Mexican War was unpopular. It was not “with alacrity” that the North obeyed the wicked act of 1850. Boston saw her saddest day when she kidnapped Thomas Sims. It could not be done but with chains round the Court House, Judges crawling under, and a regiment of flunkeys billeted in Faneuil Hall. If the question of the enslavement of Nebraska were this day put to the vote of the people, in nineteen twentieths of all the towns of the North, nineteen twentieths of the voters would say No. The people are right, though, alas, not very earnest. There are a few politicians, also, who hate Slavery. There are noble ministers of all sects save the Catholic, true to their high calling, honoring the

great Philanthropist they worship, who hate American Slavery, and preach against it in spite of the Pharisee, the Sadducee, and the Hypocrite, who thereupon tighten against the minister the strings of the Parish purse. I have no words to tell how much I honor such men! True ministers of Christ, they put the churches of commerce to continual shame. I never knew of a Catholic Priest who favored freedom in America; a Slave himself, the mediæval theocracy eats the heart out from the celibate Monk!

Slavery is one great enemy of America, but there is one other foe — corrupt politicians fillibustering for the Presidency, defending Slavery out of the New Testament, volunteering to shoulder their musket and shoot down men claiming their unalienable rights; politicians who deny God's Higher Law, who call upon us to conquer our prejudices against wickedness, inaugurating Atheism as the first principle of Government. In 1788, they put Slavery into the Constitution; in 1850, they enacted iniquity into Law; and in 1854, they are about their old work "saving the Union." Shall such men always prevail! the mediæval Catholic against the free minister of piety! The corrupt politician fillibustering for office against the people — the American idea in their heads, and Humanity in their hearts! Even the Catholic shall learn.

Slavery must die. See how Monarchy withdrew in front of White Hall in 1648! How Slavery dis-

appeared from Saint Domingo in 1790! Shall American Slavery end after that sort, or as it ended in New England; as Old England put it down in Jamaica? Down it must. God does not forget. His Justice is wrought into the world's great heart. See what changes perplex the monarchs of the world — with what strides Mankind goes forward! The fourth tyrant must follow to the same tomb with the rest. It is for you and me to slay him!

Half a million immigrants annually find a shelter on our shores. “Westward the star of empire takes way.” Aye, it will come Eastward — and Asia already begins to send us her children. What a noble destination is before us if we are but faithful. Shall politicians come between the people and the eternal Right — between America and her history! When you remember what our fathers have done; what we have done — substituted a new industrial for a military state, the self-rule of this day for the vicarious government of the middle ages; when you remember what a momentum the human race has got during its long run — it is plain that Slavery is on the way to end.

As soon as the North awakes to its ideas, and uses its vast strength of money, its vast strength of numbers, and its still more gigantic strength of educated intellect, we shall tread this monster underneath our feet. See how Spain has fallen — how poor and

miserable is Spanish America. She stands there a perpetual warning to us. One day the North will rise in her majesty, and put Slavery under our feet, and then we shall extend the area of freedom. The blessing of Almighty God will come down upon the noblest people the world ever saw — who have triumphed over Theocracy, Monarchy, Aristocracy, Despotocracy, and have got a Democracy — a government of all, for all, and by all — a Church without a Bishop, a State without a King, a Community without a Lord, and a Family without a Slave.

AN ADDRESS
ON THE
CONDITION OF AMERICA,
BEFORE THE
NEW YORK CITY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
AT ITS
FIRST ANNIVERSARY,
HELD AT THE BROADWAY TABERNACLE,
MAY 12, 1854.

ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:— I shall ask your attention, this evening, to some few thoughts on the present condition of the United States in respect to Slavery. After all that has been said by wise, powerful, and eloquent men in this city, this week, perhaps I shall have scarce any thing to present that is new.

As you look on the general aspect of America to-day, its main features are not less than sublime, while they are likewise beautiful exceedingly. The full breadth of the continent is ours, from sea to sea, from the great lakes to the great gulf. There are three million square miles, with every variety of climate, and soil, and mineral; great rivers, a static force, inclined planes for travel reaching from New Orleans to the Falls of St. Anthony, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Chicago; smaller rivers, a dynamic force, turning the many thousand mills of

the industrious North. There is a coast most richly indented, to aid the spread of civilization. The United States has more than twelve thousand miles of shore line on the continent; more than nine thousand on its islands; more than twenty-four thousand miles of river navigation. Here is the Material Groundwork for a great State — not an empire, but a Commonwealth. The world has not such another.

There are twenty-four millions of men; fifteen and a half millions with Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins — strong, real Anglo-Saxon blood; eight millions and a half more of other families and races, just enough to temper the Anglo-Saxon blood, to furnish a new composite tribe, far better, I trust, than the old. What a Human Basis for a State to be erected on this material groundwork!

On the Eastern Slopes of the continent, where the high lands which reach from the Katahdin mountains in Maine to the end of the Appalachians in Georgia — on the Atlantic slopes, where the land pitches down to the sea from the 48th to the 28th parallel, there are fifteen States, a million square miles, communicating with the ocean. In the South, rivers bear to the sea rice, cotton, tobacco, and the products of half-tropic agriculture; in the North, smaller streams toil all day, and sometimes all night, working wood, iron, cotton, and wool into forms of use and beauty, while iron roads carry to the sea the

productions of temperate agriculture, mining, and manufactures.

On the Western slope, where the rivers flow down to the Pacific Ocean from the 49th to the 32d parallel, is a great country, almost eight hundred thousand square miles in extent. There, too, the Anglo-Saxon has gone; in the south, the gold-hunter gathers the precious metals, while the farmer, the miner, and the woodman collect far more precious products in the north.

In the Great Basin between the Cordilleras of the West and the Alleghanies, where the Mississippi drains half the continent to the Mediterranean of the New World, there also the Anglo-Saxon has occupied the ground — twelve hundred thousand square miles; in the south to rear cotton, rice, and sugar; in the north to raise cattle and cereal grasses, for beast and for man.

What a spectacle it is! A nation not eighty years old, still in its cradle, and yet grown so great. Two hundred and fifty years ago, there was not an Anglo-Saxon on all this continent. Now there is an Anglo-Saxon commonwealth twenty-four millions strong. Rich as it is in numbers, there are not yet eight men to the square mile.

All this is a Republic; it is a Democracy. There is no born priest to stand betwixt the nation and its God; no Pope to entail his "nephews" on the Church; no bishop claiming divine right to rule over

the people and stand betwixt them and the Infinite. There is no king, no born king, to ride on the nation's neck. There are noble-men, but none Noble-born to usurp the land, to monopolize the government and keep the community from the bosom of the earth. The people is Priest and makes its own religion out of God's revelation in man's nature and history. The people is its own King to rule itself; its own Noble to occupy the earth. The people make the laws and choose their own magistrates. Industry is free; travel is free; religion is free; speech is free; there are no shackles on the press. The nation rests on industry, not on war. It is formed of agriculturists, traders, sailors, miners — not a nation of soldiers. The army numbers ten thousand — one soldier for every twenty-four thousand men. The people are at peace; no nation invades us. The government is firmly fixed and popular. A nation loving liberty, loves likewise law; and when it sets a plant of liberty, it fences it all round with law as high up as the hands can reach. We annually welcome four hundred thousand immigrants who flee from the despotism of the Old World.

The country is rich — after England, the richest on earth in cultivated lands, roads, houses, mills. Four million tons of shipping sail under the American flag. This year we shall build half a million tons more, which, at forty dollars a ton, is worth

twenty millions of dollars. That is the ship crop. Then, the corn crop is seven hundred millions of bushels of Indian corn. What a harvest of coal, copper, iron, lead, of wheat, cotton, sugar, rice, is produced!

Over all and above all these there rises the great American Political Idea, a "self-evident truth" — which cannot be proved — it needs no proof; it is anterior to demonstration; namely, that every man is endowed by his Creator with certain unalienable rights, and in these rights all men are equal; and on these the government is to rest, deriving its sole sanction from the governed's consent.

Higher yet above this material groundwork, this human foundation, this accumulation of numbers, of riches, of industry — as the cross on the top of a tall, wide dome, whose lantern is the great American political idea — as the cross that surmounts it rises the American Religious Idea — one God; Christianity the true religion; and the worship of God by Love; inwardly it is Piety, love to God, — outwardly love to man — morality, benevolence, philanthropy.

What a spectacle to the eyes of the Scandinavian, the German, the Dutchman, the Irishman, as they view America from afar! What a contrast it seems to Europe. There liberty is ideal; it is a dream; here it is organic, an institution; one of the Establishments of the land.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is the aspect which America presents to the oppressed victims of European despotism in Church and in State. Far off on the other side of the Atlantic, among the Apennines, on the plains of Germany, and in the Slavonian lands, I have met men to whom America seemed as this fair-proportioned edifice that I have thus sketched out before your eyes. But when they come nearer, behold half the land is black with Slavery. In 1850, out of more than two hundred and forty hundred thousand Americans, thirty-two hundred thousand were slaves — more than an eighth of the population counted as cattle; not as citizens at all. They are only human material, not yet wrought into citizens:— nay, not counted *human*. They are cattle, property; not counted men, but animals and no more. Manhood must not be extended to them. Listen while I read to you from a Southern print. It was recommended by the Governor of Alabama that the Legislature should pass a law prohibiting the separation of families; whereupon the *Richmond Enquirer* discourses thus: “This recommendation strikes us as being most unwise and impolitic. If slaves are property, then should they be at the absolute disposal of the master, or be subject only to such legal provisions as are designed for the protection of life and limb. If the relation of master and slave be infringed for one purpose, it would be difficult to fix any limit to the

encroachment." They are property, no more, and must be treated as such, and not as men.

Slavery is on the Atlantic slopes of the continent. There are one million six hundred thousand slaves between the Alleghany range and the Atlantic coast. Slavery is in the central basin. There are a million and a half of slaves on the land drained by the Mississippi. Spite of law and constitution, Slavery has gone to the Pacific slopes, travelling with the gold-hunter into California. The State whose capital county "in three years committed over twelve hundred murders" has very appropriately legalized Slavery for a limited time. I suppose it is only preliminary to legalizing it for a time limited only by the Eternal God. In the very capital of the Christian Democracy there are four thousand purchased men. In the Senate-house, a few years ago, a Mississippi Senator belched out his imprecations against that one New Hampshire Senator who has never yet been found false to humanity. Mr. Foote was a freeman, a citizen, and a "democrat"; and while, in the halls of Congress, he was threatening to hang John P. Hale on the tallest pine tree in Mississippi, there toiled in a stable, whose loft he slept in by night, one of that Senator's own brothers. The son of Mr. Foote's father was a slave in the capital of the United States, while his half-brother — by the father's side — threatened to hang on the tallest pine in Mississippi the only Senator

that New Hampshire sent to Washington who dared be true to truth and free for freedom.

But a few years ago, Mr. Hope H. Slatter had his negro market in the capital of the United States ; one of the greatest slave-dealers in America. He was a member also, it is said, of a " Christian church." The slave-pen is a singular institution for a democratic metropolis, and the slave-trader a peculiar ornament for the Christian church in the capital of a democracy. He grew rich, went to Baltimore, had a fine house, and once entertained a " President of the United States " in his mansion. The slave-trader and the democratic President met together — Slatter and Polk ! fit guest and fitting host !

In all the three million square miles of American land there is no inch of free soil, from the St. Johns to the Rio Gila, from Madawasca to San Diego. The star-spangled banner floats from Vancouver's Island by Nootka Sound to Key West on the south of Florida, and all the way the flag of our Union is the standard of Slavery. In all the soil that our fathers fought to make free from English tyranny, there is not an inch where the black man is free, save the five thousand miles which Daniel Webster surrendered to Lord Ashburton by the treaty of 1842. The symbol of the Union is a fetter. The President should be sworn on the auction-block of a slave-trader. The New Hampshire President, in his Inaugural, declared, publicly, his

allegiance to the slave power — not to the power of northern mechanics, free farmers, free manufacturers, free men; but allegiance to the slave power; he swears special protection to no property but “property” in slaves; specific allegiance to no law but the Fugitive Slave Bill; devotion to no right but the slaveholder’s “right” to his property in man.

The Supreme Court of the United States is a slave court; a majority of the Senate and of the House of Representatives the same. It has been so this forty years. The majority of the House of Representatives are obedient to the lords of the lash; a majority of Northern politicians, especially of that denomination which is called “dough-faces,” are only overseers for the owner of the slave. Mr. Douglas is a great overseer; Mr. Everett is a little overseer.

The nation offers a homestead out of its public land; it is only to the white man. What would you say if the Emperor of Russia offered land only to nobles; the Pope only to priests; Queen Victoria only to lords? Each male settler in Utah, it seems, is to have four hundred and eighty acres of land, if he is not married, and a hundred and sixty more, I believe, according to one proposition, for every wife that he has got. But if he have the complexion of the only children that Madison left behind him, he can have no land at all.

Even a Boston school-house is shut against the

black man's children. The arm of the city government slams the door in every colored boy's face. His father helps pay for the public school; the son and daughter must not come in.

In the slave States, it is a crime to teach the slave to read and write. Out of four millions of children of America at school in 1850, there were twenty-six thousand that were colored. There were more than four hundred thousand free colored persons, and there were more than two hundred and fourteen thousand thereof under the age of twenty; of these, there were at school only twenty-six thousand — one child in nine! Out of three and a quarter millions of slaves, there was not one at school. It is a crime by the statute in every slave State to teach a slave to spell "God." He may be a Christian; he must not write "Christ." He must worship the Bible; he must not read it! It is a crime even in a Sunday school to teach a child the great letters which spell out "Holy Bible." I knew a minister, he was a Connecticut man, too, who went off from New Orleans because he did not dare to stay; and he did not dare to stay because he tried to teach the slave to read in his Sunday school. He went back to Connecticut, whence he will, perhaps, go as missionary to China or Turkey, and find none to hinder his Christian work.

At the North, the black man is shut out of the

meeting-house. In Heaven, according to the theology of America, he may sit down with the just made perfect, his sins washed white "in the blood of the Lamb;" but when he comes to a certain Baptist church in Boston, he cannot own a pew. And there are few churches where he can sit in a pew. The rich and the poor are there; the one Lord is the Maker of them all; but the Church thinks He did not make the black as well as the white. Nay; he is turned out of the omnibus, out of the burial-ground. There is a burial-ground in this State, and in the deed which conveys the land it is stipulated that "no colored person or convict" can ever be buried there. He is turned out of the graveyard, where the great mother of our bodies gathers our dust when the sods of the valley are sweet to the soul. Nowhere but in the jail and on the gallows has the black man equal rights with the white in our American legislation!

The American Press — it is generally the foe of the slave, the advocate of bondage.

In Virginia, it is felony to deny the master's right to own his slaves. There is an old law reenacted in the revision of the Virginia statutes, which inflicts a punishment of not more than one year's confinement on any one guilty of that offence. It was proposed in the Virginia Legislature, last winter, that if a man had conscientious objections to holding slaves, he should not be allowed to sit on any jury where

the matter of a man's freedom was in question. Nor is that all. There is a law in Virginia, it is said, that when a man has three quarters white blood in his veins, he may recover his freedom in virtue of that fact. It is well known that at least half the slaves in Virginia are half white and one quarter of them three quarters white. Accordingly, it was proposed in one of their newspapers that this old law should be repealed, and another substituted providing that no man should recover his freedom in consequence of his complexion, unless he had more than nine tenths white blood in his veins.

The slave has no rights; the ideas of the Declaration of Independence are repudiated; he is not "endowed by his Creator" with "certain unalienable rights" to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Listen to what a Southern editor says. I am quoting now from one of the most powerful Southern journals, printed at the capital of Virginia, the Richmond Examiner, and the words which I read were written by the American Chargé d'Affaires at Turin. He says: "The foundation and right of negro Slavery is in its utility and the fitness of things; it is the same right by which we hold property in domestic animals." The negro is "the connecting link between the human and brute creation." "The negro is not the white man. Not with more safety do we assert that a horse is not a hog. Hay

is good for horses—but not for hogs; liberty is good for white men, but not for negroes.” “A law rendering perpetual the relation between a negro and his master is no wrong, but a right.”

Then in reply to some writer in the *Tribune*, who had asked, “Have they no souls,” he says, “They may have souls, for ought we know to the contrary; so may horses and hogs.” Then, when somebody quotes the Bible in behalf of the rights of men, he answers: “The Bible has been vouchsafed to mankind for the purpose of keeping us out of hell-fire and getting us into heaven by the mysteries of faith and the inner life; not to teach us government, political economy,” etc.

The American Church repudiates the Christian religion when it comes to speak about the African. It does not apply the golden rule to the slave. The “servants” of the New Testament, in the Greek language, were “slaves,” and the American Church commands them to be obedient to their masters. There must be no marriage—the affectional and passional union of one man and one woman for life—only transient concubinage. Marriage is inconsistent with Slavery, and the slave wedlock in the American Church is not a Sacrament. “Manifest destiny” is the cry of politicians, and that demands Slavery: “The will of God” is the cry of the priests, and it demands the same thing. I am not speaking of ministers of Christianity; they are

a very different sort of men, and preach a very different creed from that—only of the ministers in the Churches of Commerce. According to the popular theology of all Christendom, Jesus Christ came on earth to seek and to save that which is lost. The Good Physician does not go among the whole, but among the sick. If he were to come here to seek to relieve the slave, the leading men in the American denominations would tell him he came before he was called; he ran before he was sent—that it was no mission from God to break a single American fetter, nor to let the oppressed go free. Is not the “Constitution” above “Conscience,” and the Fugitive Slave Bill more holy than the Bible; the commissioner of more authority than Christ?

“ Oh, Faith of Christians, hast thou wandered there
 To waft us home the message of despair,
 Then bind the palm *thy sage's brow to suit*
Of blasted leaf and death-distilling fruit.”

Such is the aspect of America when the immigrant comes near and looks the nation in the face. What a spectacle that is to put along-side of the other! Europe repudiates bondage—Scandinavia, Holland, France, England. Since Britain emancipated her slaves, the present Emperor of Russia has set free over seven millions of slaves that belonged to his own private domain, and established more than four thousand schools, free for those seven millions of emancipated slaves; and did he not fear

an outbreak in a country where "revolution is endemic," he would set free the other five and thirty millions that occupy his soil to-day. And when he enlarges his territory, he never extends the area of bondage, only the area of what in Russia is freedom.

What a spectacle! A country reaching from sea to sea, from the Gulf of tropic heat to Lake Superior's arctic cold, and not an inch of free soil all the way! Three millions of square miles, and not a foot where a fugitive from Slavery can be safe! A democracy, and every eighth man bought and sold!

It is the richest nation in the world, after England; yet, we are so poor that every eighth man is unable to say that he owns the smallest finger on his feeblest hand. So poor are we amid our riches, that every eighth woman is to such an extent a pauper that she does not own the baby she has borne; nor even the baby that she bears. Maternity is put up at public vendue, and the auctioneer says, "So much for the mother and so much for the hopes and expectations of another life that is to be born!"

America calls herself "the best educated nation in the world," and yet, in fifteen Democratic States, it is a felony by statute to teach a child to know the three letters which spell "God." What a spectacle is that!

Nor is this all; but able men, well educated and well endowed, come forward to teach us that Slavery

is not only no evil, but is "right as a principle," and is "divine"—is a "part of the divine revelation" which the great God miraculously made to man. What a spectacle!

Four hundred thousand immigrants come here openly every year, and a thousand fugitives flee off by night, escaping from American despotism. They go by the Underground Railroad, shut up in boxes smaller than a coffin, or, as lately happened, riding through the storms of Ocean in the fore-chains of a packet-ship, wet by every dash of the sea, and frozen by the winter's wind. Far off in the South the spirit of freedom came in the Northern blast to the poor man, and said to him, "It is better to enter into freedom halt and maimed rather than, having two hands and two feet, to continue in bondage forever;" and he puts himself in the fore-chains of a packet-ship, and, half frozen, with the loss of two of his limbs, he reaches the North, and thanks God that he has still one hand and one foot to enter into freedom with. Alas, he is carried back, halt and maimed, to die; then he goes from bondage to that other Commonwealth, where even the American slave is free from his master, and Democrats "cease from troubling."

America translates the Bible—I am glad of it, and would give my mite thereto—into a hundred and forty-seven different tongues, and sends missionaries all over the world; and here at home are three

and a quarter millions of American men who have no Bible, whose only missionary is the overseer.

In the Hall of Independence, Judge Kane and Judge Grier hold their court. Two great official kidnappers of the middle States hold their slave-court in the very building where the Declaration of Independence was decreed, was signed, and thence published to the world. What a spectacle, it is! We thought, a little while ago, that Judge Jeffries was a historical fiction; that Scroggs was impossible; we did not think such a thing could exist. Jeffries is repeated in Philadelphia; Scroggs is brought back to life in New York and Boston and various Northern towns. What a spectacle is that for the Swiss, the German, and the Scandinavian who come here!

Do these immigrants love American Slavery? The German, the Swiss, the Scandinavian hate it. I am sorry to say there is one class of men that come here who love it; it is the class most of all sinned against at home. When the Irishman reaches America, he takes ground against the African. I know there are exceptions, and I would go far to honor them; but the Irish, as a body, oppose the emancipation of the blacks as a body. Every sect that comes from abroad numbers friends of freedom — except the Catholic. Those who call themselves infidels from Germany do not range on the slaveholder's side. I have known some men who take

the ghastly and dreadful name of Atheist; but they said "there is a Law higher than the slaveholder's statute." But do you know a Catholic priest who is opposed to Slavery? I wish I did. There are good things in the Catholic faith—the Protestants have not wholly outgrown it yet. But I wish I could hear of a single Catholic priest of any eminence who ever cared any thing for the freedom of the most oppressed men in America. I have heard of none.

Look a little closer. The great interests prized most in America are Commerce and Politics. The great cities are the head-quarters of these. Agriculture and the mechanic arts are spread abroad all over the country. Commerce and politics predominate in the cities. New York is the metropolis of Commerce; Washington of Politics.

What have been the views of American Commerce in respect to freedom? It has been against it; I am sorry to say so. In Europe commerce is the ally of freedom, and has been so far back that the memory of man runs not to the contrary. In America, the great commercial centres, ever since the Revolution, have been hostile to freedom. In Massachusetts we have a few rich men friendly to freedom—they are very few; the greater part of even Massachusetts capital goes towards bondage—not towards freedom. In general, the chief men of

commerce are hostile to it. They want first money, next money, and money last of all; fairly if they can get it—if not, unfairly. Hence, the commercial cities are the head-quarters of Slavery; all the mercantile capitals execute the Fugitive Slave Bill—Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati;—only small towns repudiate man-stealing. The Northern capitalists lend money and take slaves as collateral; they are good security; you can realize on it any day. The Northern merchant takes slaves into his ships as merchandise. It pays very well. If you take them on a foreign voyage, it is “piracy;” but taken coastwise, the domestic slave-trade is a legal traffic. In 1852, a ship called the “Edward Everett” made two voyages from Baltimore to New Orleans, and each time it carried slaves, once twelve, and once twenty.

A sea captain in Massachusetts told a story to the commissioners sent to look after the Indians, which I will repeat. He commanded a small brig, which plied between Carolina and the Gulf States. “One day, at Charleston,” said he, “a man came and brought to me an old negro slave. He was very old, and had fought in the Revolution, and had been much distinguished for bravery and other soldierly qualities. If he had not been a negro, he would have become a Captain at least, perhaps a Colonel. But, in his old age, his master found no use for him, and said he could not afford to keep him. He asked me

to take the revolutionary soldier and carry him South and sell him. I carried him," said the man, "to Mobile, and I tried to get as good and kind a master for him as I could, for I didn't like to sell a man who had fought for his country. I sold the old revolutionary soldier for a hundred dollars to a citizen of Mobile, who raised poultry, and he set him to tend a hen-coop." I suppose the South Carolina master, "a true gentleman," drew the pension till the soldier died. "How could you do such a thing?" said my friend, who was an Anti-Slavery man. "If I didn't do it," he replied, "I never could get another bale of cotton, nor a box of sugar, nor any thing to carry from or to any Southern port."

In Politics, almost all the leading men have been servants of Slavery. Three "major prophets" of the American Republic have gone home to render their account, where "the servant is free from his master and the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Clay, Calhoun, Webster; they were all Prophets of Slavery, all against freedom. No men of high political standing and influence have ever lived in this country who were fallen so low in the mire of Slavery as they during the last twenty years. No political footprints have sunk so deep into the soil — all their tracks run towards bondage. Where they marched, Slavery followed.

Our Presidents must all be pro-slavery men. John Quincy Adams even, the only American politician,

thus far, who inherited a great name and left it greater, as President did nothing against Slavery that has yet come to light; said nothing against it which has yet come to light. The brave old man, in his latter days, stirred up the nobler nature in him, and amply repaid for the sins of omission. But the other Presidents, a long line of them — Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, — they are growing smaller and smaller, — Tyler, Polk, Taylor, who was a brave, earnest man, and had a great deal of good in him — and now they begin rapidly to grow very small, — Fillmore, Pierce — can you find a single breath of freedom in these men? Not one. The last slave President, though his cradle was rocked in New Hampshire, is Texan in his latitude. He swears allegiance to Slavery in his inaugural address.

Is there a breath of freedom in the great federal officers — secretaries, judges? Ask the Cabinet; ask the Supreme Court; the federal officers. They are, almost without exception, servants of slavery. Out of forty thousand government officers to-day, I think thirty-seven thousand are strongly pro-slavery; and of the three thousand who are at heart anti-slavery, we have yet to listen long before we shall hear the first anti-slavery lisp. I have been listening ever since the fourth of March, 1853, and have not heard a word yet. In the English Cabinet there are various opinions on important matters; here the administration is a unit, a unit of bondage. In Russia,

a revolutionary man sometimes holds a high post and does great service ; in America, none but the servant of Slavery is fit for the political functions of Democracy. I believe, in the United States there is not a single editor holding a government office who says any thing against the Nebraska bill. They do not dare. Did a Whig office-holder oppose the Fugitive Slave Bill or its enforcement ? I never heard of one. The day of office, like the day of bondage, "takes off half a man's manhood," and the other half it hides! A little while ago, an Anti-Slavery man in Massachusetts carried a remonstrance against the Nebraska bill, signed by almost every voter in his town, to the postmaster, and asked him, "Will you sign it?" "No, I shan't," said he. "Why not?" Before he answered, one of his neighbors said, "Well, I would not sign it if I was he." "Why not?" said the man. "Because if he did, he would be turned out of office in twenty-four hours; the next telegraph would do the business for him." "Well," said my friend, "if I held an office on that condition, I would get the biggest brass dog-collar I could find and put it round my neck, and have my owner's name on it, in great, large letters, so that everybody might see whose dog I was."

In the individual States, I think there is not a single Anti-Slavery governor. I believe Vermont is the only State with an Anti-Slavery Supreme Court; and that is the only State which has not

much concern in commerce or manufactures. It is a State of farmers.

For a long time the American Government has been controlled by Slavery. There is an old story told by the Hebrew rabbis, that before the flood there was an enormous giant, called Gog. After the flood had got into the full tide of successful experiment, and every man was drowned except those taken into the ark, Gog came striding along after Noah, feeling his way with a cane as long as a mast of the "Great Republic." The water had only come up to his girdle. It was then over the hill tops and was still rising — raining night and day. The giant hailed the Patriarch. Noah put his head out of the window, and said, "Who is there?" "It is I," said Gog. "Take us in; it is wet outside!" "No," said Noah, "You're too big; no room. Besides, you're a bad character. You would be a very dangerous passenger, and would make trouble in the ark; I shall not take you in. You may get on top if you like;" and he clapped to the window. "Go to thunder," said Gog; "I will ride, after all." And he strode after him, wading through the waters; and mounting on the top of the ark, with one leg over the larboard and the other over the starboard side, steered it just as he pleased and made it rough weather inside. Now, in making the Constitution, we did not care to take in Slavery in express terms.

It looked ugly. We allowed it to get on the top astride, and now steers us just where it pleases.

The Slave Power controls the President, and fills all the offices. Out of the twelve elected Presidents, four have been from the North, and the last of them might just as well have been taken by lot at the South anywhere. Mr. Pierce, I just now said, was Texan in his latitude. His conscience is Texan; only his cradle was of New Hampshire. Of the nine Judges of the Supreme Court, five are from the slave States; the Chief-Justice is from the slave States; all slave Judges. A part of the Cabinet are from the North—I forget how many; it makes no difference; they are all of the same Southern complexion; and the man who was taken from the furthest north, I think is most southern in his Slavery proclivities.

The nation fluctuates in its policy. Now it is for internal improvements; then it is against them. Now it is for a bank; then a bank is “unconstitutional.” Now it is for free trade; then for protection; then for free trade again—“protection is altogether unconstitutional.” Mr. Calhoun turned clear round.—When the North went for free trade and grew rich by that, Calhoun did not like it, and wanted protection: he thought the South would grow rich by it. But when the North grew rich under protection, he turned round to free trade again. Now the nation is for

giving away the public lands. Sixteen millions of acres of "swamp lands" are given, within seven years, to States. Twenty-five millions of the public lands are given away gratuitously to soldiers — six millions in a single year. Forty-seven millions of the public lands to seventeen States for schools, colleges, etc. Forty-seven thousand acres for deaf and dumb asylums. And look; just now it changes its policy, and Mr. Pierce is opposed to granting any land — "it is not constitutional" — to Miss Dix, to make the insane sober and bring them to their right minds. He may have a private reason for keeping the people in a state of craziness, for aught I know.

The public policy changes in these matters. It never changes in respect to Slavery. Be the Whigs in power, Slavery is Whig; be the Democrats, it is Democratic. At first, Slavery was an exceptional measure, and men tried to apologize for it and excuse it. Now it is a Normal Principle, and the institution must be defended and enlarged.

Commercial men must be moved, I suppose, by commercial arguments. Look, then, at this statement of facts.

Slavery is unprofitable for the people. America is poorer for Slavery. I am speaking in the great focus of American commerce — the third city for popula-

tion and riches in the Christian world. Let me, therefore, talk about Dollars. America, I say, is poorer for Slavery. If the three and a quarter millions of slaves were freemen, how much richer would she be? There is no State in the Union but it is poorer for Slavery. It is a bad tool to work with. The educated freeman is the best working power in the world.

Compare the North with the South, and see what a difference in riches, comfort, education. See the superiority of the North. But the South started with every advantage of nature — soil, climate, every thing. To make the case plainer, let me take two great States, Virginia and New York. Compare them together.

In geographical position, Virginia has every advantage over New York. Almost every thing that will grow in the Union will grow somewhere in Virginia, save sugar. The largest ships can sail up the Potomac a hundred miles, as far as Alexandria. The Rappahannock, York, James, are all navigable rivers. The Ohio flanks Virginia more than three hundred miles. There are sixty miles of navigation on the Kanawha. New York has a single navigable stream with not a hundred and fifty miles of navigation, from Troy to the ocean. Virginia has the best harbor on the Atlantic coast, and several smaller ones. Your State has but a single maritime port. Virginia abounds in water power for mills. I stood once on

the steps of the Capitol at Washington and within six miles of me, under my eyes, there was a water power greater than that which turns the mills of Lawrence, Lowell, and Manchester, all put together. In 1836, it did not turn a wheel; now, I am told, it drives a grist-mill. No State is so rich in water power. The Alleghanies are a great water-shed, and at the eaves the streams rush forward as if impatient to turn mills. Virginia is full of minerals — coal, iron, lead, copper, salt. Her agricultural resources are immense. What timber clothes her mountains! what a soil for Indian corn, wheat, tobacco, rice! even cotton grows in the southern part. Washington said the central counties of Virginia were the best land in the United States. Daniel Webster, reporting to Virginians of his European tour, said, he saw “no lands in Europe so good as the valley of the Shenandoah.” Virginia is rich in mountain pastures favorable to sheep and horned cattle. Nature gives Virginia all that can be asked of Nature. What a position for agriculture, manufactures, mining, commerce! Norfolk is a hundred miles nearer Chicago than New York is, but she has no intercourse with Chicago. It is three hundred miles nearer the mouth of the Ohio; but if a Norfolk man wants to go to St. Louis, I believe his quickest way lies through New York. It is not a day’s sail further from Liverpool; it is nearer to the Mediterranean and South American ports. But what is Norfolk, with her

23,000 tons of shipping and her fourteen thousand population? What is Richmond, with her twenty-seven thousand men—ten thousand of them slaves? Nay, what is Virginia herself, the very oldest State? Let me cypher out some numerical details.

In 1790, she had 748,000 inhabitants; now she has 1,421,000. She has not doubled in sixty years. In 1790, New York had 340,000; now she has 3,048,000. She has multiplied her population almost ten times. In Virginia, in 1850, there were only 452,000 more freemen than sixty years before; in New York, there were 2,724,000 more freemen than there were in 1790. There are only 165,000 dwellings in Virginia; 463,000 in New York. Then the Virginia farms were worth \$216,000,000; yours, \$554,000,000; Virginia is wholly agricultural, while you are also manufacturing and commercial. Her farm tools were worth \$7,000,000; yours, \$22,000,000. Her cattle, \$33,000,000; yours, \$73,000,000. The orchard products of Virginia were worth \$177,000; of New York, \$1,762,000. Virginia had 478 miles of railroad; you had 1,826 miles. She had 74,000 tons of shipping; you had 942,000. The value of her cotton factories was not two millions; the value of yours was four and a quarter millions. She produced \$841,000 worth of woollen goods; you produced \$7,030,000. Her furnaces produced two millions and a half; yours produced eight millions: her tanneries \$894,000; yours, \$9,804,000.

All of her manufactures together were not worth \$9,000,000; those of the city of New York alone, have an annual value of \$105,000,000. Her attendance at school was 109,000; yours, 693,000.

But there is one thing in which Virginia is far in advance of you. Of native Virginians, over twenty years old, who could not read the name of "Christ" nor the word "God" — free white people who cannot spell "Democrat" — there were 87,383. That is, out of every five hundred free white persons, there were one hundred and five that could not spell PIERCE. In New York there are 30,670 — no more; so that out of five hundred persons, there are six that cannot read and write. Virginia is advancing rapidly upon you in this respect. In 1840 she had only 58,787 adults who could not read and write; now 28,596 more. So you see she is advancing!

Virginia has 87 newspapers; New York, 428. The Virginia newspaper circulation is 89,000; the New York newspaper circulation is 1,622,000. The Tribune — and I think it is the best paper there is in the world — has an aggregate circulation of 110,000; 20,000 more than all the newspapers of Virginia. Virginia prints every year 9,000,000 copies of newspapers, all told. New York prints 115,000,000. The New York Tribune prints 15,000,000 — more than the whole State of Virginia put together. Such is the state of things counted in the gross, but I think the New York quality is as much better as the quantity is more.

Virginia has 88,000 books in libraries not private; New York 1,760,000, — more than twenty times as much. Virginia exports \$3,500,000 worth each year; New York \$53,000,000. Virginia imports \$426,000; New York, \$111,000,000. But in one article of export she is in advance of you — she sends to the man-markets of the South about \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000 worth of her children every year; exports slaves! The estimated value of all the property real and personal in the State of Virginia, including slaves, is \$430,701,882; of New York \$1,080,000,000, without estimating the value of the men who own it. Virginia has got 472,528 slaves. I will estimate them at less than the market value — at \$400 each; they come to \$189,000,000. I subtract the value of the working people of Virginia, and she is worth not quite \$242,000,000. Now, the State of New York might buy up all the property of Virginia, including the slaves, and still have \$649,000,000 left; might buy up all the real and personal property of Virginia, except the working-men, and have \$838,000,000 left. The North appropriates the rivers, the mines, the harbors, the forests, fire and water — the South kidnaps men. Behold the commercial result.

Virginia is a great State — very great! You do not know how great she is. I will read it to you presently. Things are great and small by comparison. I am quoting again from the Richmond Examiner (March

24, 1854). "Virginia in this confederacy is the impersonation of the well-born, well-educated, well-bred aristocrat" [well born, while the children of Jefferson and the only children of Madison are a "connecting link between the human and brute creation;"] well educated, with twenty-one per cent. of her white adults unable to read the vote they cast against the unalienable rights of man; well bred, when her great product for exportation is — the children of her own loins! Slavery is a "patriarchal institution;" the democratic Abrahams of Virginia do not offer up their Isaacs to the Lord; that would be a "sacrifice," they only sell them. So]; "she looks down from her elevated pedestal upon her *parvenue*, ignorant, mendacious Yankee vilifiers, as coldly and calmly as a marble statue; occasionally, she condescends to recognize the existence of her adversaries at the very moment when she crushes them. But she does it without anger, and with no more hatred of them than the gardener feels towards the insects which he finds it necessary occasionally to destroy." "She feels that she is the sword and buckler of the South — that it is her influence which has so frequently defeated and driven back in dismay the Abolition party when flushed by temporary victory. Brave, calm, and determined, wise in times of excitement, always true to the Slave Power, never rash or indiscreet, the waves of Northern fanaticism burst harmless at her feet; the contempt for her Northern

revilers is the result of her consciousness of her influence in the political world. She makes and un-makes Presidents; she dictates her terms to the Northern Democracy and they obey her. She selects from among the faithful of the North a man upon whom she can rely, and she makes him President." This latter is true! The opinion of Richmond is of more weight than the opinion of New York. Slavery, the political Gog on the outside, steers the ark of commercial Noah, and makes it rough or smooth weather inside, just as he likes.

"In the early days of the Republic, the superior sagacity of her statesmen enabled them to rivet so firmly the shackles of the slave, that the Abolitionists will never be able to unloose them."

"A wide and impassable gulf separates the noble, proud, glorious Old Dominion from her Northern traducers; the mastiff dare not willingly assail the skunk!" "When Virginia takes the field, she crushes the whole Abolition party; her slaughter is wholesale, and a hundred thousand Abolitionists are cut down when she issues her commands!"

Again, (April 4th, 1854,) "A hundred Southern gentlemen, armed with riding-whips, could chase an army of invading Abolitionists into the Atlantic."

In reference to the project at the North of sending Northern Abolitionists along with the Northern Slave-breeders to Nebraska, to put freedom into the soil before Slavery gets there, the Examiner says:

“Why, a hundred wild, lank, half-horse, half-alligator Missouri and Arkansas emigrants would, if so disposed, chase out of Nebraska and Kansas all the Abolitionists who have figured for the last twenty years at Anti-Slavery meetings.”

I say Slavery is not profitable for the Nation nor for a State, but it is profitable for Slave-owners. You will see why. If the Northern capitalist owned the weavers and spinners at Lowell and Lawrence, New England would be poorer; and the working-men would not be so well off, or so well-educated; but Undershot and Overshot, Turbine Brothers, Spindle & Co., would be richer and would get larger dividends. Land monopoly in England enfeebles the island, but enriches the aristocracy. How poor, ill-fed and ill-clad were the French peasants before the revolution; how costly was the *chateau* of the noble. Monopoly was bad for the people; profitable for the rich men. How poor are the peasants in Italy; how wealthy the Cardinals and the Pope. Oppression enriches the oppressor; it makes poorer the downtrodden. Piracy is very costly to the merchant and to mankind; but it feeds the pirate. Slavery impoverishes Virginia, but it enriches the master. It gives him money — commercial power, — office — political power. The slaveholder is drawn in his triumphal chariot by two chattels; one, the poor black man, whom he “owns

legally;" the other, is the poor white man, whom he "owns morally" and harnesses to his chariot. Hence these American lords of the lash, cleave to this institution — they love it. To the slaveholders, Slavery is money and power!

Now the South, weak in numbers, feeble in respect to money, has continually directed the politics of America, just as she would. Her ignorance and poverty were more efficacious than the northern riches and education. She is in earnest for Slavery; the North not in earnest for freedom! only earnest for money. So long as the Federal Government grinds the axes of the northern merchant, he cares little whether the stone is turned by the free man's labor or the slave's. Hence, the great centres of northern commerce and manufactures are also the great centres of pro-slavery politics. Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, they all liked the Fugitive Slave Bill; all took pains to seize the fugitive who fled to a Northern altar for freedom; nay, the most conspicuous clergymen in those cities became apostles of Kidnapping; their churches were of Commerce, not Christianity. The North yielded to that last most insolent demand. Under the influence of that excitement she chose the present Administration, the present Congress. Now see the result! Whig and Democrat meet on the same platform at Baltimore. It was the platform of

Slavery. Both candidates — Scott and Pierce — gave in their allegiance to the same measure; it was the measure which nullifies the first principles of American Independence — they were sworn on the Fugitive Slave Bill. Whig and Democrat knew no “Higher Law,” only the statute of slaveholders. Conscience bent down before the Constitution. What sort of a government can you expect from such conduct! What Representatives! Just what you have got. Sow the wind, will you? then reap the whirlwind. Mr. Pierce said in his Inaugural, “I believe that involuntary servitude is recognized by the Constitution;” “that it stands like any other admitted right. I hold that the Compromise measures, [that is, the Fugitive Slave Bill,] are strictly Constitutional and to be unhesitatingly carried into effect.” The laws to secure the master’s right to capture a man in the free States “should be respected and obeyed, not with a reluctance encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of Society, but cheerfully and according to the decision of the tribunal to which their exposition belongs.” These words were historical, — reminiscences of the time when “no Higher Law” was the watchword of the American State and the American Church; they were prophetic — ominous of what we see to-day.

I. Here is the Gadsden Treaty which has just been

negotiated. How bad it is I cannot say; only this: If I am rightly informed, a tract of 39,000,000 acres, larger than all Virginia, is "reannexed" to the slave soil which the "flag of our Union" already waves over. The whole thing, when it is fairly understood by the public, I think will be seen to be a more iniquitous matter than this Nebraska wickedness.

II. Then comes the Nebraska bill, yet to be consummated. While we are sitting here in cold debate, it may be the measure has passed. From the beginning I have never had any doubts that it would pass. If it could not be put through this session — as I thought it would — I felt sure that before this Congress goes out of office, Nebraska would be slave soil. You see what a majority there was in the Senate; you see what a majority there is in the House. I know there is an opposition — and most brilliantly conducted, too, by the few faithful men; but see this: The Administration has yet three years to run. There is an annual income of sixty millions of dollars. There are forty thousand offices to be disposed of — four thousand very valuable. And do you think that a Democratic Administration, with that amount of offices, of money and time, cannot buy up northern doughfaces enough to carry any measure it pleases? I know better. Once I thought that Texas could not be annexed. It was done. I learned wisdom from that. I have taken counsel

of my fears. I have not seen any barrier on which the North would rally that we have come to yet. There are some things behind us. John Randolph said, years ago, "We will drive you from pillar to post, back, back, back." He has been as good as his word. We have been driven "back, back, back." But we cannot be driven much further. There is a spot where we shall stop. I am afraid we have not come to it yet. I will say no more about it just now — because not many weeks ago I stood here and said a great deal.* You have listened to me when I was feeble and hollow-voiced; I will not tax your patience now, for in this, as in a celebrated feast of old, they have "kept the good wine until now!" (alluding to Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips who were to follow).

If the Nebraska bill is defeated, I shall rejoice that iniquity is foiled once more. But if it become a law — there are some things which seem probable.

1. On the Fourth of March, 1857, the "Democrats" will have "leave to withdraw" from office.

2. Every Northern man who has taken a prominent stand in behalf of Slavery will be politically ruined. You know what befell the Northern politicians who voted for the Missouri Compromise; a similar fate hangs over such as enslave Nebraska. Already, Mr. Everett is, theologically speaking,

* See above p. 295, *et seq.*

among the "lost;" and of all the three thousand New England ministers whose petition he dared not present, not one will ever pray for his political salvation.

Pause with me and drop a tear over the ruin of Edward Everett, a man of large talents and commensurate industry, very learned, the most scholarly man, perhaps, in the country, with a persuasive beauty of speech only equalled by this American [Mr. PHILLIPS], who therein surpasses him; he has had a long career of public service, public honor—Clergyman, Professor, Editor, Representative, Governor, Ambassador, President of Harvard College, Senator, alike the Ornament and the Auxiliary of many a learned Society—he yet comes to such an end.

“ This is the state of man ; to-day, he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow, blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, *Nebraska's* frost ;
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely,
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls —————.

“ O how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on public favors !
There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of voters, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again ! ”

Mr. Douglas also is finished; the success of his measure is his own defeat. Mr. Pierce has three short years to serve; then there will be one more Ex-President — ranking with Tyler and Fillmore. Mr. Seward need not agitate,

——— “Let it work
For 't is the sport to have the engineer
Hoise with his own petar.”

III. The next thing is the enslavement of Cuba. That is a very serious matter. It has been desired a long time. Lopez, a Spanish fillibuster, undertook it and was legally put to death. I am not an advocate for the garroté, but I think, all things taken into consideration, that he did not meet with a very inadequate mode of death, and I believe such is the general opinion, not only in Cuba, but in the United States. But Young America is not content with that. Mr. Dean, a little while ago, in the House, proposed to repeal the neutrality laws — to set fillibusterism on its legs again. You remember the President's message about the “Black Warrior” — how black-warrior-like it was; and then comes the “unanimous resolution” of the Louisiana legislature asking the United States to interfere and declare war, in case Cuba should undertake to emancipate her slaves. Senator Slidell's speech is still tingling in our ears, asking the government to repeal the neu-

trality laws and allow every pirate who pleases to land in Cuba and burn and destroy. You know Mr. Soulé's conduct in Madrid. It is rumored that he has been authorized to offer \$250,000,000 for Cuba. The sum is enormous; but when you consider the character of this administration and the Inaugural of President Pierce, the unscrupulous abuse made of public money, I do not think it is a very extraordinary supposition.

But this matter of getting possession of Cuba is something dangerous as well as difficult. There are three conceivable ways of acquiring it.

One is by buying, and that I take it is wholly out of the question. If I am rightly informed, there is a certain Spanish debt owing to Englishmen, and that Cuba is somehow pledged as a sort of collateral security for the Spanish Bonds. I take it for granted that Cuba is not to be bought for many years without the interference of England, and depend upon it England will not allow it to be sold for the establishment of Slavery; for I think it is pretty well understood by politicians that there is a regular agreement entered into between Spain on the one side and England on the other, that at a certain period within twenty five years every slave in Cuba shall be set free. I believe this is known to men somewhat versed in the secret history of the two Cabinets of England and of Spain. England has the same wish for land which fires our Anglo-Saxon blood. She

has islands in the West Indies; the Moro in Cuba is only a hundred miles from Jamaica. If we get Cuba for Slavery, we shall next want the British West Indies for the same institution. Cuba filled with fillibusters would be a dangerous neighbor to Jamaica.

The second way is by fillibustering; and that Mr. Slidell and Mr. Dean want to try. The third is by open war. Now, fillibusterism will lead to open war, so I will consider only this issue.

I know that Americans will fight more desperately, perhaps, on land or sea, than any other people. But fighting is an ugly business, especially with such antagonists as we shall have in this case. It is a matter well understood that the Captain-General of Cuba has a paper in his possession authorizing him discretionally to free the slaves and put arms in their hands whenever it is thought necessary. It is rather difficult to get at the exact statistics of Cuba. There has been no census since 1842, when the population was estimated at a million. I will reckon it now at 1,300,000 — 700,000 blacks, and 600,000 whites. Of the 700,000 blacks, half a million are slaves and two hundred thousand free men. Now, a black free man in Cuba is a very different person from the black free man in the United States. He has rights. He is not turned out of the omnibus, nor the meeting-house, nor the graveyard. He is respected by the law; he respects himself, and is a formidable person;

let the blacks be furnished with arms, they are dangerous foes. And remember there are mountain fastnesses in the centre of the island; that it is as defensible as St. Domingo; and has a very unhealthy climate for Northern men. The Spaniard would have great allies: the vomito is there; typhoid, dysentery, yellow fever, the worst of all, is there. A Northern army even of fillibusters would fight against the most dreadful odds. "The Lord from on high," as the old Hebrews say, would fight against the Northern men; the pestilence that swept off Sennacharib's host would not respect the fillibuster.

That is not all. What sort of a navy has Spain? One hundred and seventy-nine ships of war! They are small mostly, but they carry over 1,400 cannon, and 24,000 men—15,000 marines and 9,000 sailors. The United States has seventy-five ships of war; 2,200 cannon, 14,000 men—large ships, heavy cannon. That is not all. Spaniards fight desperately. A Spanish Armada I should not be very much afraid of; but Spain will issue letters of marque, and a Portuguese or Spanish pirate is rather an uncomfortable being to meet. Our commerce is spread over all the seas; there is no mercantile marine so unprotected. Our ships do not carry muskets, still less cannon, since pirates have been swept off the sea. Let Spain issue letters of marque, England winking at it, and Algerine pirates from out the Barbary

States of Africa, and other pirates from the Brazilian, Mexican, and the West Indian ports, would prowl about the coast of the Mediterranean and over all the bosom of the Atlantic ; and then where would be our commerce ? The South has nothing to fear from that. She has no shipping. Yes, Norfolk has 23,000 tons. The South is not afraid. The North has four million tons of shipping. Touch the commerce of a Northern man, and you touch his heart.

England has conceded to us as a measure just what we asked. We have always declared, "free ships make free goods." England said "Enemies' goods make enemies' ships." Now she has not affirmed our Principle ; she has assented to our Measure. That is all you can expect her to do. But if we repeal our neutrality laws and seek to get Cuba in order to establish Slavery there, endangering the interests of England and the freedom of her colored citizens, depend upon it, England will not suffer this to be done without herself interfering. If she is so deeply immersed in European wars that she cannot interfere directly, she will indirectly. But I have not thought that England and France are to be much engaged in a European war. I suppose the intention of the American Cabinet is to seize Cuba as soon as the British and Russians are fairly fighting, thinking that England will not interfere. But in "this war of elder sons" which now goes on for the

dismemberment of Turkey, it is not clear that England will be so deeply engaged that she cannot attend to her domestic affairs, or the interest of her West Indies. I think these powers are going to divide Turkey between them, but I do not believe they are going to do much fighting there. If we are bent on seizing Cuba, a long and ruinous fight is a thing that ought to enter into men's calculations. Now, let such a naval warfare take place, and how will your insurance stock look in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston? How will your merchants look when reports come one after another that your ships are carried in as prizes by Spain, or sunk on the ocean after they have been plundered? I speak in the great commercial metropolis of America. I wish these things to be seriously considered by mercantile men. Let the Northern men look out for their own ships.

But here is a matter which the South may think of. In case of foreign war, the North will not be the battle field. An invading army would attack the South. Who would defend it—the local militia, the “Chivalry” of South Carolina, the “gentlemen” of Virginia, who are to slaughter a hundred thousand Abolitionists in a day? Let an army set foot on Southern soil, with a few black regiments; let the commander offer freedom to all the Slaves, and put arms in their hands; let him ask them to burn houses and butcher men; and there would be a state

of things not quite so pleasant for "gentlemen" of the South to look at. "They that laughed at the grovelling worm and trod on him, may cry and howl when they see the stoop of the flying and fiery-mouthed dragon!" Now, there is only one opinion about the valor of President Pierce. Like the sword of Hudibras, it cut into itself,

"——— for lack
Of other stuff to hew and hack."

But would he like to stand with such a fire in his rear? Set a house on fire by hot shot, and you do not know how much of it will burn down.

IV. Well, if Nebraska is made a slave territory, as I suppose it will be, the next thing is the possession of Cuba. Then the war against Spain will come, as I think, inevitably. But even if we do not get Cuba, Slavery must be extended to other parts of the Union. This may be done judicially, by the Supreme Court — one of the most powerful agents to destroy local self-government and legalize centralization; or legislatively by Congress. Already Slavery is established in California. An attempt, you know, was made to establish it in Illinois. Senator Toombs, the other day, boasted to Mr. John P. Hale, that it would "not be long before the slaveholder would sit down at the foot of Bunker Hill monument with his slaves." You and I may live to see it — at

least to see the attempt made. A writer in a prominent Southern journal, the Charleston Courier (of March 16, 1854), declares "that domestic Slavery is a constitutional institution and cannot be prohibited in a territory by either territorial or congressional legislation. It is recognized by the Constitution as an existing and lawful institution . . . and by the recognition and establishment of Slavery *eo nomine* in the District of Columbia, under the constitutional provision for the acquisition of and exclusive legislation over such a capitoline district; and by that clause also which declares that the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States." "The citizens of any State . . . cannot be constitutionally denied the equal right . . . of sojourning or settling . . . with their man-servants and maid-servants . . . in any portion of the wide spread Canaan which the Lord their God hath given them, there to dwell unmolested in person or property." Admirable exposition of the Constitution! The free black man must be shut up in jail if he goes from Boston in a ship to Charleston, but the slaveholder may bring his slaves to Massachusetts and dwell there, unmolested with his property in men. South Carolina has a white population of 274,567 persons, considerably less than half the population of this city. But if South Carolina says to the State of New York, with three million men in it, Let us bring

our slaves to New York, what will the "Hards" and the "Softs" and the "Silver Greys" answer? Gentlemen, we shall hear what we shall hear. I fear that not an office-holder of any note would oppose the measure. It might be carried with the present Supreme Court, or Congress, I make no doubt.

But this is not the end. After the Gadsden Treaty, the enslavement of Nebraska, the extension of Slavery to the free States, the seizure of Cuba, with other Islands — San Domingo, etc., — there is one step more — THE RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF THE AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

A recent number of the *Southern Standard* thus develops the thought: "With firmness and judgment we can open up the African slave emigration again to people the whole region of the tropics. We can boldly defend this upon the most enlarged system of philanthropy. It is far better for the wild races of Africa themselves." "The good old Las Casas, in 1519, was the first to advise Spain to import Africans to her colonies. . . . Experience has shown his scheme was founded in wise and Christian philanthropy. . . . The time is coming when we will boldly defend this emigration [kidnapping men in Africa and selling them in the 'Christian Republic'] before the world. The hypocritical cant and whining morality of the latter-day saints will die away before the majesty of commerce. . . .

We have too long been governed by psalm-singing schoolmasters from the North. . . . The folly commenced in our own government uniting with Great Britain to declare slave-importing piracy." . . . "A general rupture in Europe would force upon us the undisputed sway of the Gulf of Mexico and the West Indies. . . . With Cuba and St. Domingo, we could control the . . . power of the world. Our true policy is to look to Brazil as the next great slave power. . . . A treaty of commerce and alliance with Brazil will give us the control over the Gulf of Mexico and its border countries, together with the islands; and the consequence of this will place African Slavery beyond the reach of fanaticism at home or abroad. These two great slave powers . . . ought to guard and strengthen their mutual interests. . . . We can not only preserve domestic servitude, but we can defy the power of the world." . . . "The time will come that all the islands and regions suited to African Slavery, between us and Brazil, will fall under the control of these two powers. . . . In a few years there will be no investment for the \$200,000,000 . . . so profitable . . . as the development . . . of the tropical regions" [that is as the African slave-trade.] . . . "If the slave-holding race in these States are but true to themselves, they have a great destiny before them."

Now, gentlemen and ladies, who is to blame that things have come to such a pass as this? The South and the North; but the North much more than the South, very much more. Gentlemen, we let Gog get upon the Ark; we took pay for his passage. Our most prominent men in Church and State have sworn allegiance to Gog. But this is not always to last; there is a day after to-day — a FOREVER behind each to-day.

The North should to have fought Slavery at the adoption of the Constitution, and at every step since; after the battle was lost then, we should have resisted each successive step of the Slave Power. But we have yielded — yielded continually. We made no fight over the annexation of slave territory, the admission of slave States. We ought to have rent the Union into the primitive townships sooner than consent to the Fugitive Slave Bill. But as we failed to fight manfully then, I never thought the North would rally on the Missouri Compromise line. I rejoice at the display of indignation I witness here and elsewhere. For once New York appears more moral than Boston. I thank you for it. A meeting is called in the Park tomorrow. It is high time; though I doubt that the North will yet rally and defend even the line drawn in 1820. But there are two lines of defence where the Nation will pause, I think — the seizure and occupation of Cuba, with its war so destructive to

Northern ships; and the restoration of the African slave-trade. The slave-breeding States, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, will oppose the last; for if the Gulf States and the future tropical territories can import Africans at one hundred dollars a head, depend upon it, that will spoil the market for the slave-breeders of America. And, gentlemen, if Virginia cannot sell her own children, how will this "well-born, well-educated, well-bred aristocrat" look down on the poor and ignorant Yankee, when the "gentlemen" of the Old Dominion do not bring a high price in the flesh-market. No, this iniquity is not to last forever! A certain amount of force will compress a cubic foot of water into nine tenths of its natural size; but beyond that, the weight of the whole earth cannot make it any smaller. Even the North is not infinitely compressible. When atom touches atom, you may take off the screws.

Things cannot continue long in this condition. Every triumph of Slavery is a day's march towards its ruin. There is no Higher Law, is there? "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness." "The council of the wicked is carried," — aye, but it is carried headlong.

Only see what a change has come over our spirit just now. Three years ago, Isaiah Rynders and Hiram Ketchum domineered over New York. Those gentlemen who are to follow me, and whom you are

impatient to hear, were mobbed down in this city, two years ago; they could not find a hall which would be leased to them for money or love, and had to adjourn to Syracuse to hold their convention. Look at this assembly now.

A little while ago all the leading clergymen were in favor of the Fugitive Slave Bill; now three thousand of New England's ministers remonstrate against Nebraska. They know there is a fire in their rear, and, in theological language, it is a fire that "is not quenched;" it goeth not out by day; and there is no night there. The clergymen stand between eternal torment on one side, and the "little giant of Slavery" on the other. They do not turn back! Two thousand English clergymen once became non-conformists in a single day. Three thousand New England ministers remonstrated against the enslavement of Nebraska. When the "gentlemen of the Old Dominion" find their sons and daughters do not bring a high price in the flesh-markets of the South, they will doubt the "divinity of Slavery."

Now is the time to push and be active, call meetings, bring out men of all parties, all forms of religion; agitate, agitate, agitate. Make a fire in the rear of the Government and the representatives. The South is weak — only united. The North is strong in money, in men, in education, in the justice of our great cause — only not united for freedom.

Be faithful to ourselves and Slavery will come down, not slowly, as I thought once, but when the people of the North say so, it shall come down with a great crash!

Then when we are free from this plague-spot of Slavery — the curse to our industry, our education, our politics, and our religion — we shall increase more rapidly in numbers and still more abundantly be rich. The South will be as the North — active, intelligent — Virginia rich as New York, the Carolinas as active as Massachusetts. Then, by peaceful purchase, the Anglo-Saxon may acquire the rest of this North American Continent, — for the Spaniards will make nothing of it. Nay, we may honorably go further South, and possess the Atlantic and Pacific slopes of the Southern continent, extending the area of Freedom at every step. We may carry thither the Anglo-Saxon vigor and enterprise, the old love of liberty, the love also of law; the best institutions of the present age — ecclesiastical, political, social, domestic.

Then what a nation we shall one day become. America, the mother of a thousand Anglo-Saxon States, tropic and temperate, on both sides the Equator, may behold the Mississippi and the Amazon uniting their waters, the drainage of two vast continents in the Mediterranean of the Western World; may count her children at last by hundreds of millions — and among them all behold no tyrant

and no slave! What a spectacle — the Anglo-Saxon Family occupying a whole hemisphere, with industry, freedom, religion! It is our function to fulfil this vision; we are the voluntary instruments of God. Shall America scorn the mission He sends her on? Then let us all perish, and may Russia teach justice to mankind!

END OF VOL. I.

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