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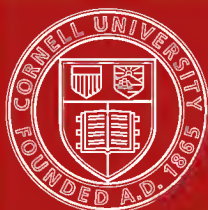
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Life and correspondence of Theodore Park



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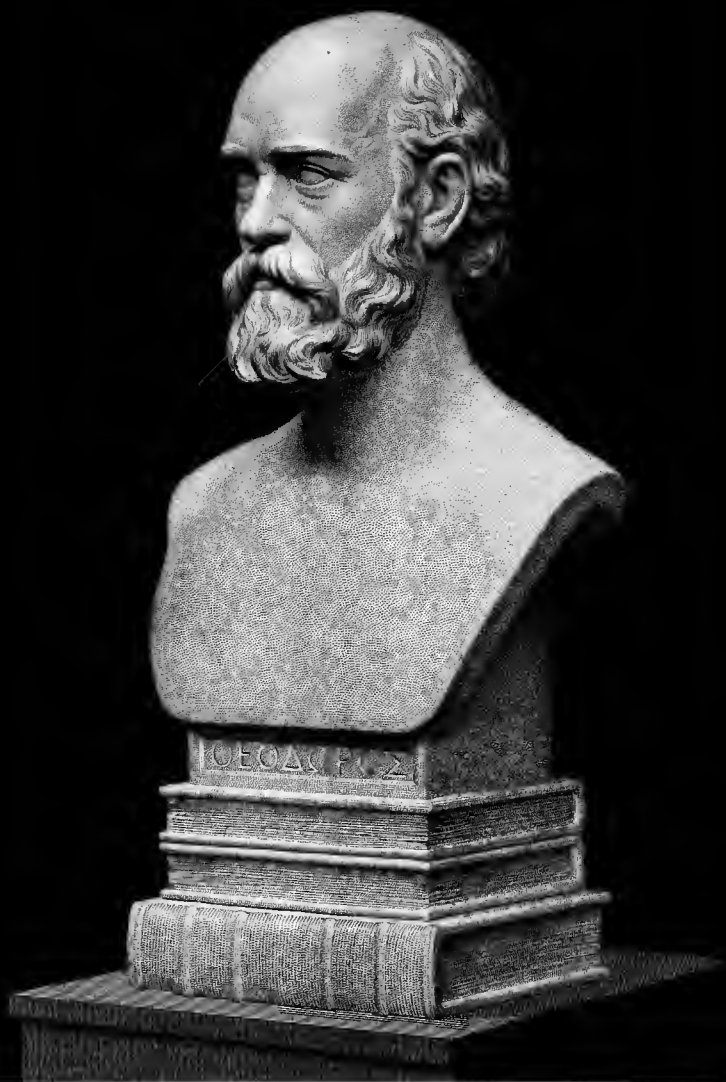


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LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THEODORE PARKER,

MINISTER OF THE
TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY, BOSTON.

BY

JOHN WEISS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK:
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1864.

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LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
THEODORE PARKER.



THE LIBRARY.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Library—Habits of Composition and Study—Articles—Greek Classics—Geethe—Sentences—Verses—Translations from Heine and others—Some original lines.

WHEN Mr. Parker went to Boston, he fitted up the fourth story of his house for a study, by lining the walls with shelves of

the simplest description, without mouldings or ornaments, so as to save every inch of space for books. These shelves gradually crept over the door, the windows, and the chimney-pieces, thence into little adjoining rooms, and finally stepped boldly down the stairs, one flight at a time, for three flights, colonizing every room by the way, including the large parlor in the second story, and finally paused only at the dining-room close to the front door. The bathing-room, the closets, the attic apartments, were inundated with books. Unbound magazines and pamphlets lay in chests of drawers above-stairs; miscellaneous matter was sorted in properly labelled boxes; cupboards and recesses were stuffed full. He had evoked this inundating demon, but did not know the laying spell. In the centre of the study floor rose two or three edifices of shelves to receive the surplus which could find no other bestowment. No house was ever so adorned from basement to attic. To his eye, who knew so well the contents of each volume of the twelve thousand, the walls were frescoed with the ages of human thought, and the solemn tragedies of all the great souls, who counted life a little thing to exchange for the liberties of truth. He traced, too, many a mediæval grotesque, while he recalled from those old chronicles of German cities, bishoprics, and monasteries, the slow emancipation of the power of thinking from the constraints of superstition, marked as it was with burlesque, satire, blood, and terror. In these ponderous folios some of that incongruous literature is collected,—license, that grins like the sly sculptures among saints and apostles in the old cathedrals; thoughts, like truncated spires arrested by the exigencies of the times; human aspiration, mounting and buttressed far above the blackened pediments, above the leaning shops, above the gargoyles of apes' heads and monks with lolling tongues, above the last thin curl of the incense and the mutter of the mass, above even the silvery accents of the chimes, where a purer zone begins, whence the last touches of man's chisel melt into the sky. What sights and voices of old history swept through his well-instructed mind, as he sat at his task amid this unrivalled collection of the sources of knowledge! In his despondent hours what shapes, that drained the hemlock, that blushed with the fagot's blaze, that were white with loss of blood, bent upon him, their eyes burning with triumph in peaceful faces, authoritative looks to bid him revert to a true demeanour! The wonderful companionship which intellect solicits

from past intellect, as it entreats each great book to become again a great man, to rise from his lettered tomb into the very room where a dear disciple sits, was his by night and by day. He toiled among these volumes with a will as long-breathed and persistent as any old scholar of them had; but in the dusk and quiet he could dream too, and fling on the walls of his dwelling the glorious colors of this great Past on which he fed.

He had a good deal of literary appreciation, but it was nothing to the living sympathy he had. He *knew* Socrates, and had been about with him to the braziers' and the leather-dressers' shops, to learn how to frame those fatal questions, which, whether answered by a yes or a no, took all the conceit out of the answerers.* He had been with him to the plane-tree on the banks of the Ilyssus, considering as he went that restraining Daimon, that voice of God in the soul of man. On such a walk he might have taugt, the great Athenian, who was as bad a cockney as Charles Lamb, and sneered at nature, to love the fields, and even to try his hand at botanizing.† But he loved men too, and better than Socrates, who only set their minds revólving in order to keep a finer edge upon his blade. Their distrust of mythologies and contempt of the tribe who strive to be both orthodox and rational, the accommodating tribe, was mutual: but Mr. Parker would destroy, in the interest of mankind, what Socrates was disposed to tolerate. Both loved truth better than Athens and Boston, and the glories of the fields and skies.

He knew Savonarola and peasant Luther; and the obscure men, whose names scholars seek for curiosity, he *knew*, and had suffered with them in their unblazoned martyrdoms. He sought through all his books the footsteps of men and women, and the drops of blood which betray wherever conscience stood, and the traces of long-forgotten tears upon the pages. He put every withered flower that he found between the leaves into the fresh

* See in particular "A Friendly Letter to the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, touching their new Unitarian creed, or General Proclamation of Unitarian Views." 1853.

† Socrates would have mockingly put such a passage as the following into the mouth of some speech-maker like Lysias:—

"In cities there is less to help us communicate with God than in the fields. These walls of brick and stone, this artificial ground we stand on, all remind us of man; even the city horse is a machine. But in the country it is God's ground beneath our feet—God's hills on every side—His heaven, broad, blue, and boundless, overhead. . . .

"These continually affect the soul, and cause us all to feel the Infinite Presence, and draw near to that; and earth seems less to rest in space than in the love of God."

full cup of his heart, and it bloomed like one he gathered yesterday His library was loved because it was a developing mankind ; he had few books in it that could not illustrate human thoughts and passions, or the Divine premeditations ; and to this living assemblage all races sent their representatives, for God hath made of one blood all nations to dwell on all the face of the earth.

It will be seen that, even in the indulgence of a taste for curious books and rare editions, he sought principally those which were once vitally connected with some human thought, with the ignorance, vice, and passion of an epoch, with the growth of law, or religion, or knowledge of the world. Whoever will look over this list, which includes some of the rarities of his library, will hardly find one book that gratifies merely a *dilettante* taste, or the mania for having what is difficult to procure. There is genuine intellectual or human interest in all of them.

There are nearly a hundred editions of the Bible, including "Biblia Germanica, Nuremberg, 1483 ;" another of the same, with coloured plates ; "Biblia Hebraica Lucensis, Antwerp, 1584 ;" "Biblia Sacrosancta Test. Vet. et Novi, 1550 ;" "B. Pentapla, Hamburg, 1711 ;" and a Dutch Bible with Hooge's engravings, 1702.

There is a beautiful folio Plutarch, Paris, 1624 ; a very rare Virgil, with engravings, Venice, 1544 ; another beautiful Virgil, printed at Paris in 1500 ; a Homer, Basel, 1558 ; a fine copy of Herodotus, London, 1679 ; a fine Horace, Venice, 1559 ; a folio Aristotle, Paris, 1629 ; and Athenæus, London, 1657.

Old geographies and books of travel attracted him ; such as "Umständliche und Eigentliche Beschreibung von Africa," with engravings, Amsterdam, 1670 ; two Dutch folios about Tartary, Amsterdam, 1705 ; "Claudii Ptolemæi Alexandrini Geographicæ Enarrationis, Libri Octo, Lugduni, 1535," with the imprint of Melchior and Gaspar Trechsel. In a note to this volume, Mr. Parker says : "I received this long-sought volume on the seventy-ninth anniversary of the Battle of Lexington. It is the edition of Michael Servetus, whereon see Mosheim, *Gesch. MS.*, s. xviii. p. 60, *et seq.*" Rauwolf's "Aigentliche Beschreibung der Raisz," Journey through the East, 1588, with the notes of old readers.

He bought the very curious book entitled "Chronicon Nurembergense," Hartmann Schedel, Nuremberg, 1493, printed by

Koberger, for 3 dollars 43 cents. It is a history of the Seven Day's Creation, six ages reaching down to the date of the book, with a seventh of Antichrist, and a last of Judgment. The woodcuts in this volume are by Wohlgemuth, the master of A. Dürer; the child-vignettes are as old as Wohlgemuth, and have a great deal of grace.

In mediæval history the library can show some books that are seldom to be met: here are J. D. Schoepflin's "Historia Zaringo-Badensis, Carolsruhæ, 1763-66," his "Vindiciæ Celticæ," and the rare "Alsatia illustrata Celtica Romana Franca; Colmar, 1751;" "Schannat's Annals of Fulda," "Thuringia Sacra;" "Antiquitates et Annales Trevirensium, 1670."

Here also are "Leonici de Varia Historia, libri tres, Venice, 1531, 16mo;" "Leti G. L'Italia regnante, Geneva, 1675;" 4 vols, 16mo, a rare book; "Jobi Ludolfi, alias Leut-holf dicti, Hist. Æthiopica," printed at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, 1681, being an account of Prester John's Kingdom; "Historia Generale de los Hechos de los Castellanos en las Islas i Tierra Firma, Herrera, 1601;" "Helvetiorum Respublica, 1627," by different authors.

To a copy of Alexander Murray's "History of the European Languages," Mr. Parker has the following note:—"I had long been looking for a copy of this curious book, which I borrowed years ago and studied, when I found it advertised in a newspaper published in Charlestown, S.C., and sent to me that I might profit by a violent and abusive article against me. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* I sent and bought the book. It came on my forty-fourth birthday."

He procured all the editions of Thomas More that he could find, of London, 1557; Basel, 1580 (the Epigrams); "The Life and Death, 1630," no place; the "Utopia, Cologne, 1629," and another, London, 1634; and the whole works, Frankfort, by Zeiss, 1689.

Here is the rare and costly "Monumenta Germanica Historica, Hanover, 1826" (continued); Cardinal Mai's "Classicorum Auctorum e Vaticanis Codicibus editorum;" the beautiful Bible of 1857, and ten volumes of "Script. Vet., nova collectio."

Here are ten volumes of Jerome Cardan, London, 1663; the Works of John Damascene, Basel, 1575; the "Historia Salisburgensis—hoc est Vita Episcoporum et Archiepiscoporum S. Salzburg, 1692;" old editions of Picus Mirandula, Campanella,

and Galen; the rare book of J. Grynæus, "Monumenta S. Patrum Orthodoxographica, Basel, 1569;" a rare volume, "Exercitationes Paradoxicæ adversus Aristoteleos, &c. ; Auctore Petro Gassendo," Canon of the Cathedral of Dinia (Dijon), an Elzevir, Amsterdam; the very rare book, "Gasparis Scioppi Franci, De Arte Criticâ et Priapeia, sive diversorum Poetarum in Priapum lusus;" the first part printed at Amsterdam, "*apud Judocum Pluymmer, Bibliopolam, sub signo Senecæ, 1662*;" the second part, "*Patavii, apud Gerhardum Nicolaum V. sub signo angeli aurati; comment. in rubro xantho et nigro.*"

In a copy of Jacobus de Voragine, "Lombardica Historia, de Sanctis" (lived at the end of 13th century), is this note: "*homo ut verè quidam judicabat, ferrei oris et plumbei cordis, alioqui via dignus qui inter Scriptores locum inveniat.*"

Of books excessively rare there are nine various works, illustrated by De Bry, as for instance: "Boissardi Theatrum Vitæ humanæ—Vita Davidis;" "Boissardi Emblemata, Vita Mahumetis; crudelitas Hispanorum in Indis;" "De Membris humani Corporis petrifactis;" "Historia Monstrorum"—320 plates by Theodore De Bry, Francfort, 1596 to 1609. This includes "Lithogenesis, sive de microcosmi membris petrefactis; et de calculis eidem microcosmo per varias matrices innatas;" "Pathologia historica, per Theoriam et Autopsiam demonstrata. Accessit Analogicum Argumentum ex Macrocosmo de calculis brutorum corporibus innatis. Auctori, Ioanne Georgio Schlenkio, à Grafenberg."

Another book of great rarity is, "Vincentius Bellovacensis, of Beauvais, or de Burgundia;" "Speculum quadruplex, naturale, doctrinale, morale et historiale, Argentorati, Johannes Mentelin, 1473-76;" this is a large folio, in seven volumes, when complete. The chain and staple by which the old books were fast anchored to the reading-desk are still affixed.

Mr. Parker's copy includes volumes of the original edition, which is very rare.* His copy is not complete, and not all of that edition; but out of all the volumes, there may be made a complete copy of the *Speculum Quadruplex*, except the third part of the *Morale* and a leaf or two at the beginning of Vol. III. of the *Historiale*.

* For information concerning this book of Vincent of Beauvais I am indebted to Mr. Jewett, the polite librarian of the Boston Free Public Library, whither the books of Mr. Parker were transported in the summer of 1862. Mr. Auerbach was also very kind while I was looking up the above-mentioned specimens of the library.

While Mr. Parker was carrying on his Saturday afternoon conversations with members of his parish, he drew from his copy of old Vincent specimens of well-attested miracles to offset those equally well (or badly) attested in the New Testament. There was not a book in the whole great collection which did not at some time or other serve his practical turn, to teach withal plain truths to the people.

He found very valuable such a book as "Io. Henr. Feustkingii, Gynacæum Hæretico Fanaticum," or history and description of false prophetesses, Quakeresses, enthusiasts, and other sectarian and inspired female persons, by whom the Church of God has been disturbed. This was printed at Frankfort, in 1704; and Mr. Parker's copy came from the library of Christian Frederic Eberhard. Also, "De suspectis de hæresi opus. Romæ, 1703."

So, too, all books concerning demoniacal possession and agency, in which he was very curious, such as "Johannis Nideri, de visionibus ac revelationibus," 1517: reprinted in 1692, an *opus rarissimum*; "Bodin, de la Demonomanie des Sorciers, 1580," and the "Dictionnaire Infernale," became valuable in his hands; and books like "Geschichte der Deutschen Geistlichkeit im Mittelalter;" "Die fliegenden Blätter des XVI. and XVII. Jahrhunderts;" "Das Kloster;" "Das Schaltjahr;" "Directorium Inquisitorum;"* "Die komische und humoristische Literatur der deutschen Prosaisten des 16ten. Jahrhunderts. Auswahl aus den Quellen und seltenen Ausgaben, von Ignaz Hub;" "Historia de la Vida y Excelencias de la Sacratissima Virgen M. Madrid, 1657;" a rare edition of "H. C. Agrippæ Operum, pars posterior;" and "Jacob Gretzer, de jure et more prohibendi, expurgandi et abolendi libros hæreticos et noxios," a book levelled at Francis Junius, the Calvinist, and John Pappus, and other Lutheran preachers, 1603, became endowed with life and immediate value in his hands.

There are many books of civil and canon law—codes of different countries: "Joachimi Potgiesseri," commentaries on the German law *de statu Servorum* (Lemgovizæ, 1736). Staats-Archiv., 1796; "Corpus Juris Germanici Publici ac Privati. Francofurti ad Mœnum, 1766;" the "Sachsenspiegel" (Leipzig, 1569); "Savigny's Zeitschrift;" "Rheinisches Museum," which includes Jurisprudence; Heineccius, Puffendorf, Mohl, Miruss,

* A rare and extraordinary book.

Spangenberg, Ahrens, books on *Jus Parochiale* of various places, Gesterding, Gägern, Pütter.

He had well cradled all such books, and melted down their gold.

If you were looking for didactic books, or writings which manipulate the ordinary religious proprieties, and vigorously enforce, with rhetoric more or less inflamed, a feeble sentiment, his shelves would at once disappoint you and instruct you what to seek. For they had selected from each province only the essential thoughts and characters.

But poetry and literature sent also their highest representatives. All the great names of Greece and Rome, Italy and Germany, France and England stood there, Burns as well as Dante, and Chaucer quite as well thumbed as Shakespeare, and many a Servian, Russian, Bohemian volume of provincial character, hardly known yet beyond their own firesides, but full of the ethnic peculiarities which he loved to trace. And the best hymns of all nations met their best songs upon these cosmopolitan shelves, which were tolerant of all the forms that strength, beauty, and religion can put on. But they had a pitiless discrimination against the mere fabricators of religious and literary cant which sneak well-dressed into a library's great society.

Some book always lay upon the desk, to fill up the pauses of writing or vacant moments in the day. There was generally more than one, as many as he had trains of thought or research collateral with the business of the week. The desk, the chair, the gas-light above, which could be adjusted at any height to suit the caprice of the moment, the slides for books,—all this environment was the perfection of a student's corner: its convenience betrayed him into the deep hours, and it would have been better for his head if one of Mrs. Broad's lamps had crustily offered the alternative of darkness or repose. He always waited for those starlit hours, after the great city has roared and vexed itself to sleep, and the quiet breathing of all things in the Father's house, like a slow pendulum, tells the soul in conspiracy with truth that its time has come.

His method of labour may be gathered from the traces of the composition of articles and sermons. Nothing was commenced until a brief or scheme of it lay complete upon his desk. When reading and meditation, taking copious notes meanwhile, had furnished him with a view of the whole subject, so that he saw

not only the end from the beginning, but the details and subdivisions of each head, he began to write. Or, if he intended, in the case of speeches and sermons, to address his audience extemporaneously, if the subject was not already, by frequent speaking and arranging, made familiar, every point was premeditated, and occasionally one or two leading sentences put down, just where he felt instinctively that he might need a stepping-stone. He was not obliged to recur to his brief during speaking, because he had assigned to each thing, the facts, the statistics, the allusions, the helping phrases, its post in the memory. The same system and comprehensiveness which insisted upon a perfect brief made it non-essential at the moment of speaking. But he never undertook to lay his track until he had made a most careful and methodical survey of the route which he must travel. He was all the time making statements and organizing thought. How many clergymen use their brains for bait, and wait in resignation for the nibble of a text!

In reviewing a book his conscientiousness would have been a matter of affright to Sidney Smith, who did not like to be prejudiced by reading the book. He not only actually read the book in question, but all the books he could command which furnish information upon the subject that was involved.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Sept. 20, 1839.—Finished Villemain. He has a strong, almost passionate love for the English orators of Burke's time, and gives long extracts from their speeches. He admires the thorough education of the younger Pitt, his skill in classic literature, and those austere studies so little known to the French wits of the 18th century, but which are the only foundation of real excellence.

If I had the requisite knowledge, I would criticize the work in the *North American* or *Christian Examiner*; but the habit, so common in America, of getting all your knowledge from the author you review, and then censuring him, is villainous and unworthy. Cattle drink, and then foul the water: so these critics. Mr. Somebody reviewed Cox's "Life of Melancthon," getting all his information from Cox, who had little himself!

We need and must have a new kind of criticism. It must be like the German in its depth, philosophy, all-sidedness, and geniality. It must have the life, wit, and sparkle of the French. What need it borrow from the English? Most of our critics are somewhat shallow men at the best, and they write often of what they understand but feebly and superficially, and so the result is as it is.

He did a great deal in obeying his own high standard, to excite a desire for a more thorough critical ability among us. His

papers on German Literature, Strauss, Prescott's Histories, are among the best furnished with knowledge upon the subjects which are discussed of any yet published in our reviews.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Sept. 1839.—Write a critique of Menzel's "History of German Literature,"* when it appears, and treat, 1, of the whole subject of German literature, its *sources*—classic, romantic, and nature now living—its *influence* at home and abroad—compared with the French of the 18th century. Speak of the proper histories of German literature. [Here follows a list of names]. 2, of the book itself, its merits and faults. One-sided, smart. Its author's position and character.

The aspects of German literature. 1. Literary, moral, philosophical, religious. 2. What we have to hope, to fear.

Let us see how he prepared himself for reviewing Strauss. First, of course, he read the original text of 1600 pages: then all the *Streitschriften*, or books and pamphlets defending or attacking Strauss, which had appeared up to the time of his article, by Tholuck, Ullmann, and others; then the notices in the foreign reviews. This, with his previous knowledge of the German theological field, made him competent to apply his own judgment to the book.

Before he undertook to review Mr. Prescott's popular histories, he spent all the leisure time which he could command during seven months, in reading the authorities. He read everything excepting some MSS. in the possession of Mr. Prescott himself, and thus he verified nearly every citation made in the eight volumes which were under review. The first article, published in the *Massachusetts Quarterly*, March, 1849, contains an admirable statement of the office and duty of an historian. This is derived from his own humane and philosophical spirit, criticizing in the interest of the future of the people all the best histories yet written of the past.

He had collected a great many notes for an article which was to be entitled "The Supernatural in Literature." Under this title he meant to treat, first, of violations of ordinary laws in composition, common-sense, common honesty, and recognition of a common intelligence; second, of theological and religious hypocrisies; third, cases of bombast in ancient and modern literature (his classical references here are curious); fourth, the

* Translated by President Felton for Mr. Ripley's "Specimens of Foreign Literature." 1840.

mistakes in newspapers, pamphlets, sermons, &c., which unconsciously assert a ridiculous impossibility, *e. g.* "both the obelisks are in a state of perfect preservation; the larger is about 82 English feet high, and the other about 336 feet shorter;" fifth, cases of American exaggeration, from reports of southern and western grandiloquence and congressional appeals. Under this head, probably, he would have cited American humor, which delights to "play at bowls with the sun and moon," and belittles the great and magnifies the small with irresistible audacity.

I have made these various heads from the illustrations which he had confusedly gathered; for, apparently, he had no time to subject them to his usual formal treatment. But such an article in his hands would have excited mirth and hatred without limits. How would religious sentimentalists have recoiled from their own offspring, stripped and turned loose in inclement prose! The Hollis Street Council would have sat again upon his translations of their diplomatic sentences into the vernacular, *e. g.* :—

"Circumstances that call for a liberal measure of that wisdom which cometh from above." This is the supernatural in form, and the plain English is, "Cunning enough to soften the doctrines of Christianity down to suit a rumseller's case."

The indiscriminate allusions to a Providence, which Americans indulge to profanity, and the popular conceit which interpolates the divine agency in all the chores of the house, form a tempting branch of his subject. But he made the following distinction to apply to all his illustrations :—

1. The supernatural in *substance*. 2. In *form*. Find no fault with what is *really* supernatural. Some things are written for the *subterranean* men: of these the terrestrial will not complain, but only neglect them. Others are written for the *terrestrial*, and of these the celestial will not find fault. And still others for the *celestial*: of these neither the subterranean nor the terrestrial have any right to complain. Many things *are* above our comprehension: we need not fash our heads about that matter. But the *formally* supernatural is fair game. "*Quid vetat dicere ridiculum verum?*"

"Hail, honest weapon, left for truth's defence,
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!"

Use it against all the things which are—

"Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne."

Part of the article was intended to be purely literary, as he has noted the false antitheses in Junius, the tragic degradations

in Seneca's plays, and the vices of Heine, Coleridge, Richter, Ariosto, Dryden, Cowley, and Carlyle. He was driven from such subjects which involve a careful literary treatment by greater claims.

There is also a curious collection of the miracles of all ages and nations, cases of resurrections, healings, miraculous conceptions, &c., each with its reference, so that the time, place, and amount of evidence could be found. He meant, of course, to use these to show the universal tendency towards the marvellous in men of all races and religions, and the ease with which extraordinary individuals gather a concrete of the supernatural. A portion of his book upon religious development would probably have included this catalogue, to prove that where there is so much (apparently) good evidence for so many alleged occurrences, they are either *all* genuine or *none*. On the basis of such a collection he might have composed an interesting chapter on the imperfection of all human testimony, save that of the trained and scientific observer. For to observe, and thus to create evidence, is as much a speciality as to invent, to compose, to discourse, to labor with the hands.

In like manner, he collected remarkable prophecies made by sagacious and far-seeing men, which received historical verification, in ancient and modern times. These would serve to show the true nature of the prophetic spirit, and what immutable laws control it.

All these researches were undertaken in the interest of mankind, to contribute something to that accumulation of exact knowledge which alone can pay real honors to religion, by driving ignorance and superstition out of the mind. The humane and courageous thinker swings such material with both arms, and meditates his blow; the timid shrink from the sparkling indignation of his eye, as it notes where the fetter clasps the flesh—for they, too, think they are serving man by maintaining his confinement—down comes the blow, the flesh is not mangled, only the fetter is hopelessly broken, and the man stands fast in liberty. There is no such nice calculator as knowledge.

In general, he saw it was necessary to be acquainted with the subject which he intended to use. This simple precaution is ludicrously neglected among us, and quite as often in the pulpit as elsewhere. He did not believe that excellent intentions, or

even the most generous impulses, sufficiently furnished forth the preacher for his work ; and he sighed to see the hasty preparations, the neglect of the classics, the contempt for laborious investigations, with which, and with youth, we step into the service of our brethren, under the conceit which all the habits of a new country foster and forgive—that good raw material just *extemporized* into a person, can take the pulpit, the chair of science, and the bar by storm. The very man, of all men born in America, who could have done this most successfully, preferred to set a better American fashion. One self-made man thus taught modesty and discipline to all the men self and conventionally made.

He had his own way of deliberately making the acquaintance of all subjects—the Homeric Question, Æschylus, the Greek Drama, Aristophanes, Goethe, Heine, Marriage, Woman, Socialism, &c. Many of these are yet unwritten upon ; the blocks are drawn to the site, and lie in various stages of preparation. So far as the necessary reading is concerned, let it suffice to say, that he read and carefully spread out in analyses, with his private estimate, every attainable book.

Here, it is perceived, are literary as well as philanthropic questions. How did he promise to discuss them? A few of the preparatory notes will show what ability he had in this direction, and what tastes he sacrificed to the claims of humanity and the pressure of the hour. Such notes have little novelty or intrinsic value, but they help to betray all his thought.

This, looking to an article upon Socialism, will introduce more scholarly themes :—

“Murphy’s Science of Consciousness.” This is a queer book, written by a Materialist, Socialist, Owenite. He says, “Life is a vortex or whirlpool of material motions.” He denies any immaterial spirit, and makes all depend on organization : there is neither free-will nor moral responsibility ; our character is made for us, not by us. God is the *collectivum* of the universe, all-knowing and ever-present. Of course, there can be no immortality. Such is the man’s philosophy—or want of it.

What is his aim? To make the world a more comfortable place. How is it to be done? By giving up property, *i. e.*, individual property. He wants to try the experiment of living in a great establishment, feeding at a common table, &c. In short, he wishes for a *family* like the Shakers, but with the prevalence of marriage. He seems to doubt whether man would be always faithful to one wife, or would move from one to another. He says that in countries where subsistence is very easy, divorce takes place without difficulty,

for the state feels no anxiety about the children coming to want, and being a burden upon the community. There is no eloquence, perhaps, in the book, but some passages of no little power.

This book is but a straw in the stream, but it shows which way the current sets, and God knows what will be the end of this awful movement. For my single self, I fear the result will be, as often before; the "rich" and "noble," becoming alarmed, will shed blood, and then the mob, getting scent thereof, will wash their hands in the hearts of the "rich" and "noble," and we shall have a worse tragedy in the end of the 19th century than in the end of the 18th. Heaven save us from an English Reign of Terror!

The same question must be passed on in America. Property must show why it shall not be abated. Labor must show why it should exempt so many from its burdens, and crush others therewith. It is, no doubt, a good thing that I should read the Greek Anthology, and cultivate myself in my leisure, as a musk-melon ripens in the sun; but why should I be the only one of the thousand who has this chance? True, I have won it dearly, laboriously, but others of better ability with less hardihood fail in the attempt, and serve me with the body. It makes me groan to look into the evils of society; when will there be an end? I thank God I am not born to set the matter right. I scarce dare attempt a reform of theology, but I shall be in for the whole, and must condemn the State and Society no less than the Church.

These property notions agree not with my own. Yet, certainly the present property scheme invokes awful evils upon society, rich no less than poor. The question, first, of inherited property, and next, of all private property, is to be handled in this century.

Can one man serve another for wages without being degraded? Yes, but not in *all relations*. I have no moral right to use the service of another, provided it degrades him in my sight, in that of his fellows, or himself.

In the meantime, let us see what some of his Greek studies were. They began very early, and did him great service. His constant recurrence to favorite Greek books amid his various reading tranquillized his mind, and helped to save his style from becoming barbarized with metaphysical terms and idioms. He was more indebted than he knew to the "tender, grave Hellenic speech."

Juno.—I take her for a type of the average woman. 1. She has no general ideas. 2. No conception of truth and justice—still less any love for them. 3. She is capricious to the last degree. 4. She has great preponderance of will—not over her passions, but over her better affections. 5. She thinks all must yield to her whim. 6. She is restless, rather than active. 7. She perpetually scolds at what is lofty and noble. 8. She teases her husband beyond measure. 9. She is jealous of all rivals, and watches them with the most curious eye. 10. Judgment precedes knowledge, I. 518–523. She thinks Troy must be destroyed, because she chanced to sweat, as well as her horses, in

getting up the war. She has no regard for justice, and asks Jove to send Minerva to make the Trojans violate the truce.

1840. *Batrachomyomachy*. *—'This poem cannot be Homer's. I wonder any one can fancy he wrote it, unless there is *strong* external evidence to that effect. It has very little merit, as I think. However, it teaches one thing, viz. how ridiculous human affairs would seem to a superior being, unless that being were perfect. The war of the mice and frogs, conducted with much valor on both sides, and attended with no little suffering, moves only *our* ridicule: what right had the Greek to conclude Jupiter did not laugh at the wars of Greeks and Trojans? Again: this is a picture in little of human affairs. The frog leaves his hazardous friend in danger, and because one had been slain by accident, many must be slaughtered by design. Again: the one who counsels war, does it because the cat and the trap have deprived him of two sons, and the mouse has taken the last.

Hymns attributed to Homer.—Some of these hymns are beautiful. I like especially the hymn to Venus: the affair with Anchises is most beautifully told. One to Bacchus also is pleasant. Taken together they disappoint me. I see no reason to refer them to Homer, or perhaps even to his age

Some of the *Epigrams* (Hermann's ed.), please me much. Here is one "On the Senate House":—

Children are the crown of men; of cities, towers;
Horses are ornaments in the field, and ships at sea;
Wealth builds the house, but precedent builds kings—
In council sitting, ornaments to be admired before all others—
And yet a house lit by a blazing fire is nobler still to see,
On a winter's day, when Saturn's son sheds down the snow."

After a long course of Homeric studies, he writes in 1840:—

Here close my present studies of Homer, and with this conclusion on the whole:—1. That the greater part of the *Iliad* was the work of one man, whom we may call Homer. 2. That he did not *write*, but only *sung*. 3. That he sung in detached pieces, which were repeated by others. 4. That they all became more or less corrupt. 5. That other pieces were reckoned as Homeric which are not so. 6. That the men who reduced the *Iliad* to writing did it gradually—now this, now that part, ballad, or story. 7. That when all were collected, the genuine and spurious were not separated sharply. 8. That interpolations were made by these men also to make the whole work fit together. 9. That the theology and morality, considering the age, are very high, though not so high as the theology and morality of the Old Testament.

Again: that the *Odyssey* belongs to another age, and is also the work of various hands, and that it is quite possible to separate the *Odyssey* into its constituent ballads at this day.

During his Greek studies he notices the variations of different editions, and discusses the merits of their text, entering into the minutiae of such criticism, showing why he supposes, for in-

* Battle of the Frogs and Mice.

stance, that some lines have slipped out of an elegy of Tyrtæus found in Stobæus, &c., &c., dwells with pleasure upon epithets and compounds, translates, though not in a finished way, but merely to mark in his memory, elegies and lyrics which he likes. These studies were not preliminary to any composition, but to gratify his scholarly inclinations.

SIMONIDES OF CEOS.—I cannot sum up the whole of Simonides, and all that marks him as a poet; for here are doubtless the works of numerous poets, carelessly thrown together; and one finds that the editor has no critical tact, I think. Certainly an air of sadness penetrates all of them. Many are religious. Leave all to the gods, is the perpetual lesson. Simonides and Mimnermus represent the sad side of life. They are the shades in the dazzling picture of young and flashing life among the Greeks. What a contrast between Simonides and the hymns of Homer or Orpheus! What exquisite sweetness and power of rhythm!

But I must consult Schneidewin's edition. He is the same who edited Ibycus some years before: that was censured, and he submits to the censure very quietly, and tells his critics he had learned "*mea non admirari*," and hopes to do better than before.

Simonides, it seems, was a miser, as well as a biting satirist. He quarrelled with the Corinthians, imitated the old wise men in their "sayings," had always a smart thing ready to say. Sweetness and subtlety are his characteristics, and he has a simple way of exciting the feelings, *e. g.*, Danae, Dysoris, Timarchus, and Gorgo. It was with him "*tot verba quot res*," so they called his poetry *ξωγραφία λαλῶνσα*, talking pictures.

PINDAR.—The ethical tendency of Pindar is beautiful and striking. He takes always a lofty tone. The unity of his pieces consists in the ethical virtue he has set forth—bravery, good fortune (which is always the meed of virtue), strength, and the like.

I should be glad to know the history of his love. One thinks at first it must have been sweeter and more celestial than is wont among the sons of men. But the fact always limps after the fancy. Perhaps his wife was prosy and cross; at best she was but the creature of his will, or the toy of his flesh, it may be.

ÆSCHYLUS—"Prometheus Bound." If I were fool enough to turn matters into allegories, and facts into fictions, I would get an improvement of this masterly drama as follows:—

Zeus represents a Conservative aristocrat who has lately got into power. He turns round and abuses his friends who helped him to the office, and wishes to govern the people *ad arbitrium*, caring nothing at all for their welfare. Nay, on one occasion (232), he would destroy them all. Then comes up one ancient as himself, and equally immortal, who rebukes the wickedness of the aristocratic *parvenu*, and seeks to make all things better. In a word, Prometheus is a gentleman of "property and standing," of a "very ancient descent," who is a thorough democratic reformer. He is a philanthropist in all senses; discovers fire and letters, metals and navigation, agriculture, astronomy, medicine, and the like, and, besides this, gives Father Jove some clever advice.

He recommends mild measures. He is the son of *Themis*, which shows that *right* is on the popular side. The aristocrat would disturb and destroy the people, and because Prometheus opposed, he is angry. Now the established powers, Strength, and Force, and Skill (symbolized in Vulcan), serve him. But Vulcan serves unwillingly; for he knows his kinship with the people, and remembers his familiarity. Both are immortal; so there will always be a quarrel between these two principles—the selfish-conservative and the disinterested-progressive. But the latter has Truth on its side—for *Themis* is its parent—and so will ultimately prevail, and knows the fact. Therefore it tells the other, “Thunder as loud as you may!” and mocks the heralds of the aristocrat to scorn. “You cannot kill me, and the day will come when you shall fall.” The ruin of conservatism is to come from itself. Zeus is to ally with a descendant of *Io* (*Thetis*), and she will produce one greater than its father, &c. Prometheus knows this, and whence the danger is to come; but Zeus cannot keep continent and cool, and so must know who the person is. Prometheus will not be specific until all his fetters are taken off. Then he helps Zeus out of his troubles. If I were a German Radical, I should call this the moral of the story.

It is evident that Zeus here is not the Supreme. There is no allusion to such an one here. So heaven is headless. Zeus is but a *parvenu*, &c. Still further, the timid friends of Prometheus, the Chorus and Oceanus, advise him to hush up the affair, and be a little more courieous to the one in power. They tell him, “You are mistaken, *ἠμάτερις*; you are saucy, too, but it avails nothing.”

Strength would have him leave off his benevolence, and asks, very properly, “Why don't you hate whom the gods (the upper classes) hate?”

There are many good hits in the piece, *e. g.* 221, where Prometheus says it is the curse of tyranny to distrust friends.

Is not the episode of *Io* a violation of the unity of the piece? She might appear, and the story of her descendants might have been told without bringing in the whole history of that maiden.

In this way he goes through all the plays of *Æschylus*, and hopes at some proper time to write an article on him; “but he cannot be understood without studying all of his contemporaries, especially the other tragedians and *Aristophanes*.”

Then he translates fragments of *Æschylus*.

On the whole, my estimation of him is very much raised by this new study. But a good edition of *Æschylus* is still to be sought. It would embrace, 1, an improved text, with copious various readings and critical notes. 2. Copious notes, historical, archæological, and æsthetic. 3. A good interpretation, philological notes, &c. 4. Dissertations after the manner of *Heyne* on the *Iliad*. *Hermann*, I think, could not do this work, but he might help to it. The religious significance of *Æschylus* I have never yet seen adequately treated.

June, 1840.—Read the “*Hero and Leander*” of *Musæus*. I can never sufficiently admire this beautiful poem. I read it four years ago, and ever since it has dwelt in my mind like remembered music, which comes up from time to time. This poem has the naked freshness of

olden time, and the delicate sensibility of later days.* Homer (or Orpheus, or Hesiod), would have despatched the matter of love in three words, and then would have told us how he fought during the day before he swam over the Hellespont. He would tell us nothing of Leander's feeling as he swam—only of the constellations over his head. He would describe to us the carving on Hero's lamp, never telling us how she felt or what she thought. His love is always stark naked, without a single fig-leaf to cover its shame. What would Homer make of lines 75-85, or of 101 *seq.*? Could Homer fancy Achilles swimming the Hellespont, or even the Scamander, for a lovely woman? Not so; he was too catholic in his taste, while Briseis was in his tent, or one of his father's maids in the kitchen chamber. Those *old* Greeks were brutes in their lust; for it was not always love. Yet there was something quite æsthetic and graceful in their love-adventures. Why cannot old Greek freedom and real, unconventional love be united with Christian morality, and woman stand in her true position? A—— S—— was right in saying she disliked my figure comparing woman to a *vine*, and man to an oak, she climbing his tough branches, giving verdant gracefulness to his trunk, and hanging his boughs with the purple clusters of love. She would have them two trees, which grow side by side, and intertwine their arms. How right that is! If woman were not deemed a *vine*, and so inferior to man, these present abominable abuses could not take place, nor could they have taken place in Greece. We should have had no Trojan war and no rape of the Sabine women.

He reads everything—Gnomic poets, Skolia, Hymns, Orphic fragments, pursues every trace of a philosopher, as well as the great footsteps of tragedy and comedy. All the prayers of the ancients are carefully examined, to discover their precise religiosity underneath the mythical names. His volumes of the classics have a good many notes on the margins and loose leaves.

After reading Meineke's "Fragments of Greek Comic Writers," Vol. I. :—

Feb. 1841.—Comedy has turned on the same points in all ages. The lower nature of man, it seems, loves to burst the bonds which confine it in general, and assume the sway. But there are passages of the most beautiful morality and poetry in the Greek comic writers. They charm me exceedingly. They indicate, as I think, a higher state of morals and decency than has been found in any comic writers since their time. It seems melancholy to say this, but it is true. However, the condition of woman seems the shady side of the picture. These fragments, it is likely, are the best pieces in all the plays, selected for their excellence. Of course, they are not to be taken as fair samples of the average morality of the times. I doubt not a larger collection might be made out of the comic writings of Shakspeare alone.

* It was written in the 5th century of the Christian era, and was the first attempt at making love the exclusive motive of a poem. It was translated by Marlowe.

ARISTOPHANES—"The Acharnians."—It is a most wonderful play. Such versatility of language, thought, and imagery is surprising. He tells truth boldly—witness the account of the war and its causes, 498-510. The scene with Euripides is masterly, 370; so is the return of the ambassadors. The mockery at *Theognis, cold as snow*, is exquisite.

He makes brief notes through the play, as above, and concludes:—

"I hate the obscenity of many passages. But vice is ridiculed—put down, it may be. A dreadful state of licentiousness is disclosed; but the play itself would not encourage it. In this respect it is better than Wycherley, Farquhar, and others, and the Parisian drama.

"The Knights."—It seems to me there is less poetry, and more good sense, in this than "The Acharnians." For boldness of satire nothing could surpass it. Here not only three of the most powerful men of the state, Nicias, Demosthenes, and Cleon, are satirized with unsparing severity; but the people of Athens, the Demos itself, is done to the life. It is one of the boldest pieces of political satire I have ever seen.

"The Clouds."—The philosophers are treated very much as the Transcendentalists are now. There is a devilish satire in the plot of making Justice and Injustice contend, and the latter conquer; and then throwing the blame upon Socrates. To the vulgar this must have been sufficient proof of the falseness of the philosopher, but to one who looks deeper there is a different moral, viz. if you follow virtue solely for the loaves and fishes, you ought to be cheated out of them; for it is loaves and fishes you seek. Then, again, Strepsiades is justly punished by the folly and sin of his son. He represents the vulgar fathers who do not ask a generous education for their children, but simply the skill that will get them a living out of a wicked world, by any means. The play is a sermon on that head.

Xenophon's "Memorabilia" is the answer to Aristophanes. This play shows that ridicule is no test of truth, as the foolish think; for the blame as often rests with the laugher as with the laughee.

"The Birds."—I like this piece amazingly. It shows us human relations in such a new point of view. It revolutionizes the gods. It was a capital idea to wall up heaven and shut out the smoke of sacrifice! So the question of inheritance raised between Hercules and Neptune, in the case of Jupiter's death, and the felicitous manner in which the Bird-Archon makes use of it to gain the vote of Hercules, is a fine hit. Then, see in how human a way the case of Bird-Archon is decided. The two real gods, Hercules and Neptune, are neck-and-neck; so the matter falls to the barbarian *Triballos*. Then see also the characters that come up to *Cloud-Cuckoo-Ville*, and their talk! The new fashion among men who took to imitating the birds. He proves very prettily that the birds are older than the gods, and so have a right to all, as waifs and strays belong to the lord of the manor. The beauty of language I think unrivalled. The choruses are sugar steeped in honey.

THE CLASSICS AND MODERNS.—The works of Æschylus were slowly formed. They grew piece by piece, till they became clear, large, massy, beautiful, perfect! Those of Voltaire, for example, are made at a few dashes, and are done. One is a huge crystal, without flaw, the work

of ages ; it will be admired, and never perish. The other is an ice-cream, made at an hour's warning, to serve one night. One grew slowly and silently, by the laws of nature, in a grave cavern which men never enter. The other is a little dirty shop, in a bye-lane, noisy, frequented, filled with chattering gossips.

Voltaire, with his erudition, wide though not deep, with style so clear and bright that it never wearies, with imagination ever on the wing, and flying in most strange, capricious circles—is a mocker, after all. The highest faculty of the soul he never conceives of ; religion, he knows nothing of it.

His reading of Goethe was no ordinary enjoyment. It was a deliberate exploration of his life and character. First he read through the whole edition, excepting the *Grand-Cophta*, on which "the reading faculty broke down ;" then the supplementary volumes ; then collections of letters, Jacobi, Nicolai, and others ; then lives of Goethe, by Döring, Schäfer, &c. His observation of Goethe is made with great equanimity, and his opinions do not reflect the conventional tone. They have, on the contrary, the air of being the first opinions ever formed on Goethe's life and works. He always held himself in this way superior to the books he read, and kept them off at a proper distance to be seen with clearness and convenience. Even in his earliest studies he had no rages for one author at a time, and never fell into fits of imitating favorite styles or tendencies of thought. He had great reserve in this respect ; in other words, he was strong and healthy, and felt competent to extend an impartial invitation to all the great names in letters and in thought. There was no want of susceptibility here. It was fortunate that a disposition so simple and enthusiastic as his could hold out a hand for so much unimpeachable good sense to seize.

A disciple of Goethe would not go far with a critic who should announce himself in this way :—

Thus far in reading Goethe (*Autobiography* and half a dozen plays), I find no indications of greatness, nothing, in short, but commonplace morality and an exceedingly graceful use of language. To him it is perfectly fluid. The richness, clearness, and beauty, are above all praise.

But here is something more promising :—

There must be a period in the life of a great and thoughtful man, when he passes from the fiery madness of youth, from the deep enthusiasm for particular good things, and a determination towards one special object, to a more passive state, when the enthusiasm has become

reverence for the good, and true, and lovely, and will has given place to resignation. We see this change well marked in most great characters, in Coleridge and Goethe. It is less marked in Schiller, because his was so eminently an ethical genius. Jean Paul never passed through the change, so he gains with the million, but loses with the cool admirers of real greatness. Emerson and Channing have passed this period.

Goethe is a beautiful instance of a man reaching this state. To many who themselves scarce dream there is such a condition, he seems indifferent, fish-blooded, feeding the world on snow-broth; but not so to the wise. The self-renunciation and intense diligence of Goethe are the secret of his success, of his long life, and permanent creativeness. Such were some of the great men of antiquity, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Cicero, and all the sages, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Anaxagoras, Pythagoras. One cause of the longevity of philosophers is doubtless to be found in the nature of their studies, which leads them to renounce the individual will, to forbear shrieking, and to acquiesce in God.

But that abstract consideration for the mood in which Goethe carried on his creations, does not restrain a very free criticism of the works themselves:—

Went on bravely in Hebrew, and likewise read much in Goethe. My admiration of the man rises more and more; but he was a selfish rogue.

After finishing the Autobiography:—

He was a great Pagan. His aim was to educate Herr Goethe. He leads one to labor, but not for the highest, not by any means for others. His theory was selfish, and the Christian was not in him. He would have been nobler had he struggled for education, or even for bread, like Herder, Schiller, Jean Paul, Heyne. Excess of good-fortune was his undoing.

The "Confessions of a Fair Saint" charm me much. What richness of piety, what faith, what a fine view of life! Now, could a man write this out of his own heart, and yet live a licentious life, without God in the world? The example of David, to look no nearer home, shows how easy it is for a wide space to exist between the pen and the heart. Goethe stood at arm's length from religion. But this he did not write out of his own heart. He confesses he drew from the conversations and letters of Frau von Klettenberg—and how much, he knew not. Probably his own youthful experience of religion gave him power to appropriate skilfully the divine ejaculations of that religious woman.

His untiring industry strikes me as the most remarkable feature of his character. Goethe was not born a great man. His indefatigable assiduity did the work. Nothing was beneath his notice, and no labor too great for him to undertake. He was curious in particulars, and, besides, went over things at large. Wherever he went, he studied all that could be seen and studied. He sought the principle that showed itself in the result.

EGMONT.—Clärchen is a complete woman. Certainly Goethe understood women, *i. e.* clever, loving women, exceedingly well. Clärchen is all over woman, from first to last. So is the mother. Like women universally, when cool, she judges of counsels by their consequences, not by their causes. Clärchen, excited by love, trusting to that beautiful instinct, cares nothing for the consequences.

Clärchen's end is precipitated, but this also is woman-like. A man would have reasoned himself into the belief that Alva would only humble him on the scaffold; but woman, by her natural divination, sees through it all, and is resolved to unite with him at last in death.

WILHELM MEISTER.—The women are well drawn. Goethe understood the psychological anatomy of woman to perfection. But what women! Philina has not a fig-leaf of modesty. Mignon is the creature of passion—all passion from crown to heel.

I don't like it. The effect is not moral, not pleasing upon me. The actors in the scenes are low, selfish, for the most part mean and lewd. Now and then an angel looks in upon the scene, like a small patch of clear sky and a moment's sunshine in a March storm; rather like a single star seen through a rent cloud in a night of storms. Now and then one of the Muses enters, but goes quickly away, shuddering as she runs. Wisdom, from time to time, is seen in the distance; nay, sometimes she comes near, but tarries not long.

Yet there are some fine pictures of life.

The multiplicity of Goethe's love-adventures is not a little remarkable. His life seems unworthy of such a genius. But his biographer smoothes it all over. Poor Friedrike! hers was the saddest fate, for she had a noble heart; and the cold-blooded "genius" plucked her as a flower from the garden, wore her on his bosom, then threw her away. Noble heart! Solicited by others, as Lenz, for example, she said, "Whoever has been loved by Goethe can belong to no other man."

To me Goethe was less of a man than Voltaire, on the whole. He was not such a scoffer as Voltaire, for he did not propose to himself such a work—to remove a dreadful obstruction from the path of mankind. But he was less earnest, less humane, less intellectual by far, and with less large influence on man. His range of subjects was narrower, his productiveness less. I think Voltaire had a larger influence for good on his own age, and will reach farther into posterity. Goethe has produced better poetry—and worse. Neither affords much help to lofty men in their lofty works; both are destitute of a religious poise of character, so essential to real greatness in literature.

He goes to bed on a surfeit of Hebrew and Goethe :—

Last night I had a queer dream. I thought I read Hebrew with Dr. Robinson for a long time in Michaelis' Halle Bible, and with great ease and pleasure. We talked familiarly about the language and its literature. Then Prof. Stuart came in, and Prof. Hackett, and we renewed the theme. Mr. Stuart examined Prof. Hackett in the Vulgate, making him translate it into English. Robinson laughed at H.'s being Professor of Hebrew, and said he used to be a very dull scholar. Then Robinson showed a collection of Hebrew antiquities, ancient alphabets, machines, clocks, and the like, all of which he seemed to understand perfectly.

I asked him about Goethe, and repeated the long passage in the Wisdom of Solomon, chap. ii., "Go to, now," &c., and dwelt with emphasis on this, "Let us leave tokens of our joyfulness in every place," asking if Goethe did not leave many such, to which he assented, with good-will and humor. But, alas! as in all dreams, he related no new facts, and spoke only in the most general way of his dissoluteness.

Then Stuart and I took a walk, and discoursed of the state of theology, which he thought was *mittelalterlich* (middle-aged)—as it is. He lamented the darkness that prevails. Next we came upon geology, for we found a strange ledge of basaltic rock, with queer paths winding up and down its sides. I scrambled up the steep rocks, and left him to plod along in the dusty and crooked road that wound at the foot of the rocks, and led to a shoemaker's shop and a tavern.

CORRESPONDENCE OF SCHILLER AND GOETHE, VOL. I.*—It is a pleasant volume, but does not make me impatient for the next. I think the impression it leaves does not elevate the character of either poet. Goethe is wide, wise, full of practical sagacity, always the man of generous views, with little heart, except for his artistic creations. He has a wide range rather than a lofty flight. I admire his activity, his cheerfulness, and his elegant self-reliance. Now and then he has a deep insight. But it seems to me he is over-conscious of the processes of his work; and so is Schiller.

I dislike Schiller heartily, and always did. He is proud, inflated, stiff, diseasedly self-conscious. He is little like the great, gushing genius of Goethe. Even in his letters there is the same oratorical pedantry which disgusts me in his poetry. In all this correspondence there is talk about little matters with pedantic solemnity. I like neither Goethe nor Schiller so well as before. There are some remarks on Goethe's appreciation of religion in Letters 57, 58, that confirm my own convictions of Goethe's character and his method of treating religious subjects.

In the background there stands always the German public. Envy, hate, and malice sometimes appear in the ranks of the public, but sometimes come within the Arcadian circle of Goethe and Schiller. The remarks made about Nicolai are neither manly nor temperate.

It is certainly a valuable book. But it will make silly maidens of both sexes all the sillier. They will fall in love with this solemn trifling, this use of vague, indefinite expressions, which look as if the men were always learning, but never coming to the truth.

SCHILLER'S *ÆSTHETIC PROSE*.—Hardly worth the oil, it seems to me. I have, when a boy, sometimes climbed up a high fence, and looked over, expecting tulips and violets at the least, and found—toadstools. So in books; after climbing over a palisade of tall words, I have found a great space covered with—nothing!

The following meditations belong to subjects which he never had opportunity fully to discuss:—

OF MARRIAGES.—A *whole* marriage is when each portion of each person finds its satisfaction in the other; a *partial* or functional marriage

* Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe, from 1794 to 1805. Translated by George H. Calvert, Vol. I., 1845.

when but a part is thus met. Hence there are whole marriages, half marriages, one-third marriages, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Sometimes the unmarried portion is infinitesimal, and neither party knows of the loss. Sometimes the married portion is infinitesimal, and none knows of the marriage.

Sometimes, by society, friends, good-breeding, &c., the parties are so welded together that they cannot easily be sundered, but are yet only *welded*, not *wedded*. Solitude is the trial of marriages; for, if the shoe does not fit, and you wear it but in going upstairs to bed, you think little of the pinch; but when it must be worn all day, for travel and for rest, with never a change, if it be not completely accommodated to the foot, it will in the end gall you sore.

Marriages are best of dissimilar material, as iron runs not so well upon iron as upon brass; only the dissimilarity must not be too great, else it is all wear and tear.

All marriages that I have ever known, or almost all, are fragmentary. If I read aright, a perfect and entire marriage can only take place between equals, or, at least, equivalents. I know a man whose wife has no *passion*—sentiment enough, but the passional part of marriage is hateful to her. In this point, then, the man is not married. I know many where in soul there is no equivalent, and in *soul* the man is not married. So with intellect, affection, benevolence, &c. A man not mated, or a woman not mated, seeks sorrowing the other half, and wanders up and down without rest. Most men are married only in their philoprogenitiveness or their acquisitiveness—perhaps in their amativeness. Marriage is mainly a discipline to most men, to few is it mainly an enjoyment. A man's courtship often begins after his marriage, and he tries to piece out a wife, a little here and a little there. With women the case is worse still. To a sluggish nature this is a slight thing. He wants to sleep, and sleeps. But to a great active soul it must be a terrible curse.

A man marries a wife far superior to himself. He cannot carry her. She wants sympathy in the unsupported part, and she must have it. Suppose she does not have it—that part of her nature perishes and corrupts the rest. If she does have it, then in that point her legal husband is not the true one. So it goes—the world is polygamous from necessity.

You can only marry your equal. A man may be tied to your soul, but it droops and hangs down awhile. Then it must have some one else to hold it up, or it will die. I have seen a foolish man so silly because he was to be wedded to a fine woman. Poor fellow! so he was; but he *married* only a fool. All the rest of his wife hangs down, and will die!

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.—From psychological considerations I should think that monogamy was the natural law of human nature. I find the same thing shown in the numerical equality of the sexes; and the same conclusion is confirmed by history. For example, among the negro slaves there is no *marriage-form*, the whole is voluntary, but separations almost never take place. The same is true of the North-American Indians; *e. g.* the Osages know nothing of divorce, though there is no law or custom to prevent it. If intercourse were more free in social life, I doubt not that marriage would be happier and divorces more

rare. What a deal of prudery is there about the matter here in New England!

Under this head come the following reflections after returning from a lecturing trip to Nantucket:—

A nice place that Nantucket. It contains the finest-looking set of girls that is to be met with in New England. The older women are not so good-looking, as the wind, and glare of the water and sun in a town without trees, spoil their complexion. But alas! they will always be girls—the greater part of them. There are 1600 men now absent from the island! Three-fourths of the audience at lecture were women. I think there is no town in New England where the whole body of women is so well educated. There are no balls, no theatres, no public amusements—even *courting* is the rarest of luxuries. I should have said *being courted*; so *they fall upon their heads*, the poor women, when they drop out of that other Eden, and make for the Tree of Knowledge when debarred from the Tree of Life. Literature thrives well in Nantucket. There is a deal of reading. But much as I prize intellectual culture in woman, it made me sad to think of the condition of the majority of these young girls, with generous affections which could never find the natural objects to cling to. There is something wrong in any state of society which compels so many women to celibacy. I do not speak of such as *choose*, only of those whose fate it is.

Yet, out of eight emigrants to America, five are of the *superior sex*! Hence I fear it is worse the other side of the sea. In this age, as in all preceding, woman is treated as the old men are with savages—left to perish when not needed for the purposes of the tribe. So shall it not always be.

Some other unappropriated sentences are worth preserving:—

WAYLAND'S LIFE OF JUDSON.—It contains less information about the Buddhists than one might look for, but the noble memoir of Mr. J. and Mrs. J. is beyond all praise. Yet they carried absurd dogmas to the Burman, who had a plentiful supply of their own. Had the same pains been taken *at home*, to remove poverty, ignorance of natural laws, to abolish slavery, drunkenness, prostitution, and teach piety and morality in general, what a good result would have come from it!

Bigotry must be expected in a missionary. He says to one he tried to convert, "A true disciple inquires not whether a fact is agreeable to his own reason, but whether *it is in the Book.*"

This is rather queer:—"We finally concluded that as such an order (a passport from the Government) would cost several hundred ticals, we would prefer trusting in the Lord to keep us and our poor disciples"

The "creed for his Burman Church" is a dreadful document.

Judson's character is truly noble. If the only result of missions were to raise up such men, it were enough. For one such man is worth more to mankind than a temple like the Parthenon.

COLERIDGE'S CONFESSIONS OF AN INQUIRING SPIRIT.—Seven poor letters on the inspiration of the Bible. The book is vitiated by the absence of a definition of inspiration. It seems to me unworthy of its great author, and indicative of the low state of theology in England.

Perhaps this is one of the best theological works of England (1840) in the present century! But what a disgrace to the island to say it! It seems to me their scholars are at dinner, and their divines gone a-hunting. What would the stout old fellows, with manly piety in their bosoms, and no lack of good sense in their heads, say if they could rise up—what would Taylor, and Chillingworth, and Hooker, and Law, and Butler say to these champions of modern times? Shame on the English—they do nothing, they say nothing, except on the commonest subjects!

There has been an age of *fine thinking*, which began with Henry VIII. and ended with the 17th century. Then an age of *fine writing*, which of course takes in the wits of Queen Anne's time, and is not quite ended yet. And now we have the age of *fine printing*, and can see the tombs of the prophets built up by Basil Montague, and the editors of new editions of all the old.

STUDY ON MAN.—One day the history of man will be written, as that of a single man—Dr. Franklin, for instance; as we say that Dr. F. learned Latin at seven, and began philosophy at twelve, and in such a year learned such and such a truth in science and religion. So will the progress of mankind be treated of; and it will be seen that we learned this from Plato, this from another, &c. So only shall we know what we gained by Christianity, the Reformation, &c.

SUSPICION AND OVER-TRUST.—Give a man an old dollar, which some boy has worn round his neck, and drabbled in the mud, and played with a half-score of years—he will take it, though it is dim, dingy, and light of weight. Give him a new dollar, fresh from the mint, every leaf sharply defined in the olive branch—ten to one but he will ring it before he takes it. I remember one Wheeler was once found to have some bank bills in his straw bed. They were counterfeit—the president of the bank said so. They were all new. But one man took one of them, rubbed it over his head, then on the floor, then with thumb and finger till it looked worn, and the president said *it was good*.

There is a worm, the *arenicola piscatorum*, which is found with its stomach full of sand, but the sand is full of little microscopic characters, foraminifera, diatomeæ, &c., and which in reality are the food of the *arenicola*; the sand is the vehicle, not the passenger.

So there are a good many Christians found with their stomachs full of awful doctrines, about eternal damnation, reprobation, the wrath of God, &c., and men think they live (spiritually) on this food, but you find some little goodness and piety behind these doctrines, and the doctrines serve only as a vehicle for the food.

I had rather die a sinner than live one.

On condition a great thought be true and revolutionary, it is hard to get it made a thing. Ideas go into a nunnery, not a family.

Let a party wrestle never so hard, it cannot throw the dollar.

How ridiculous the allegorical interpretation is of such books as Solomon's Song, Daniel, the Apocalypse, &c. Here is an example from a common nursery tale: "This is the house that Jack built." This bears a double meaning. "The house that Jack built" is the Christian Church, Jack is the Savior; Jack is the vulgar for John, which is the English for *Johannes*, the Latin of *IOANNES*, the Greek of

יְתָבָה: the etymology indicates this. יְתָבָה is θεοδωπος; Gottesgabe, God's gift. The "Malt" is the Doctrines of the Christian Church, as containing the spirit of Christianity, The "Rat who ate the malt" is the Catholic clergy, symbolized by the Pope. The "Cat who caught the rat" is Master Luther, symbol of the Reformation. The "Dog that worried the cat" is the opponents of the Reformation, especially the priests, of whom Loyola is the symbol. The "Cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog," is the French Government, which drove out the priests, and the crumpled horn denotes the Gallic cock, and thereby seems more clearly to denote the French Government than any other, for the crumpled horn is much like the crest of a cock. The "Maiden all forlorn" is Liberty. "The man all tattered and torn" is the French people, enamoured of liberty, and courting it (in a most *feline* fashion) in the Revolution. The "Priest all shaven and shorn" is Lafayette; *shaven* because divested of his dignity and wealth by the Revolution itself; *shorn* as despoiled of *his liberties* and shut up in an Austrian dungeon, &c.

GLIDDON'S MUMMY.—You take one of the popular saints, a man who has the vulgar piety in the vulgar form. You are told he is a great saint; that when you come to analyze him you will find proofs of his vocation. But you make the analysis and you find no such thing. So have I seen a huge sarcophagus of wood, containing a mummy. It was storied all over with great care, and bore an inscription setting forth that it was the relic of a priestess, herself the daughter of the great high priest of Thebes. Jewels, it was said, would be found on her, and a roll of papyrus; probably one jewel of great value—the roll of great extent. So the exhibitor removes the wooden case, and discloses the other, the case of linen. That also is sawn asunder and carefully removed. Then the bandages are unrolled, and after long looking you find, no jewels, but a scarabæus of common clay, a scrap of papyrus, no priest and priestess—not even the daughter of the priest of Thebes, but a common man of the vulgarest pattern, reduced to nothing but a mass of *pitch*, the eyes gone out, the features marred.

The author of the treatise, De Mirab. Sac. Scrip. says:—"Tota enim justitia hæc est, Virginitas, Sacerdotium, et Martyrium." How Christianity had degenerated, when all righteousness—the Law and the Prophets—was summed up in being an *old maid*, a *priest*, and a *martyr*!

1851.—For several days I have been studying the new edition of Hippocrates. (Paris, 1831-1851. E. Littré.) I was a little surprised to find how much he knew. This seems clear: he believed there was a law everywhere; a law of nature. All has a cause; so the *sacred disease* has a natural cause. He has no faith in *divine diseases* or divine remedies. He abhors quackery, and bears the same relation to the charlatans of medicine that Socrates bore to the charlatans of metaphysics. In some things he is a wider man than Socrates; more emancipated from the popular theology. He would not have believed that Helios and Selene were gods, and I think did not sacrifice a "cock to Æsculapius" when he died.

What a pretty piece of confusion it would lead to if the doctors

thought Hippocrates was "inspired," and treated the Hippocratic works as doctors of the soul treat the Bible! Nay, they once did worship *Aristotle* in the same way.

CRITICISMS ON ART.—I am astonished at the boldness of Americans in passing judgment on works of the fine arts. I once rode in a hack with an American, aged 21, through the *Via Condotti*; we passed a shop whose windows were full of cameos. My companion put his glass up to his eye, squinted at them, and said, "Poor things, by Jove!" Since then it has not astonished me to hear the most sweeping judgments from Americans—especially women—on painting, sculpture, &c. It is not at all necessary for the critic to know anything about art, or to have any feeling for nature, only to have insolence and a tongue.

Who has not seen some man of unbalanced mind, intellectual always, but spiritual never; heady but not hearty; roving from Church to Church; now Trinitarian, then unbeliever, then Universalist, Unitarian, Catholic—everything by turns but nothing long; seeking rest by turning perpetually over, and becoming at last a man having experienced many theologies, but never religion; not a Christian, but only a verbal index of Christianity—a commonplace-book of theology? Such a man runs from Church to Church; from Cambridge to Oxford, and from Oxford to Rome, in his belief, only as a stone runs down-hill, and for the same reason, because its centre of gravity is not supported. How different the progress of his life who leaves behind that which is outgrown, and never turns back, but with all his progress is never an apostate!*

Numerous verses of no great value are mixed with these scraps and sentences, for his pen ran readily to rhyme. It is a vice of his prose that it tends occasionally to hexameters, and the ground tilts beneath the reader. Sometimes there is almost half a page of consecutive sentences in his earlier compositions, which could be rendered metrical by knocking out a word or two. Prose parts with its dignity and gains no recompense when it leans upon this cunuch's arm.

But sometimes, when these verses alight on the paper, fresh from some personal association, or a moment of friendship gentler than usual, they are sweet and hearty. How quickly he would vibrate to a sound of home!

A GOLDEN WEDDING.†

1.

Should youthful courtship be forgot,
And never brought to min';
Should youthful courtship be forgot,
And the days lang syne?

* From a Sermon on Religious Rest, preached April 2, 1848.

† Of his friend, Deacon Samuel May, 1859.

2.

Those days of love we ne'er forget :
 How sweet your lips to mine !
 Your mother did not heed the theft
 In the days lang syne.

3.

A half a hundred years ago
 We stood at wedlock's shrine :
 We're fifty years the better for
 The days lang syne.

4.

Brown ringlets round your snowy brow,
 That seemed like light to shine ;
 Now, changed to gray, they're still more fair
 Than in auld lang syne.

5.

How fond we pray'd our lovers' prayer
 I' the moon's romantic shine !
 'Tis deeper now, and tranquillier
 Than in auld lang syne.

6.

We've tasted many a bitter cup
 Of mingled myrrh and wine ;
 But the draught has made us stronger far
 Than in auld lang syne.

7.

How vain they talk that age can mar
 The feelings most divine !
 Our hearts now beat with warmer love
 Than in days lang syne.

8.

A willing bride and eager swain
 We stood at wedlock's shrine ;
 But other hearts are with us now,
 Than of auld lang syne.

9.

Let youthful love be ne'er forgot
 Though a hundred years decline ;
 A household now rejoices in
 That day of auld lang syne.

10.

These labor on the blessed earth,
 Those heavenly flowers entwine ;
 And we are nearer heaven to-night
 Than of auld lang syne.

11.

And when beyond the grave we rest;
 Where saints in glory shine,
 We'll still look back and God will bless
 For the days lang syne.

Some of his translations of German poetry are well done, but many are left in an imperfect condition. There are specimens from "Hymns of the Mystics," of Paul Gerhardt, from the poetry of the "Boy's Wonder-horn," from Schwab, Simon Dach, "Popular Collections," Rückert, Körner, Geibel, and Heine. Here are two: the first from Rückert.

LANGUAGE OF THE EYES.

Oh, not in many languages
 My youthful love rejoices;
 But with her eyes she better speaks
 Than others with their voices!

Oh, what a copious stock of words
 In this open letter treasured!
 A single glance, a paragraph
 Of meaning all unmeasured.

Artists have painted Love as blind;
 Dumb were he better painted,
 The pains of silence done away
 By speech the eyes invented.

That is the only speech among
 The blessed stars in heaven;
 And flowers discourse it in the spring
 From morning until even.

That is the speech whose character,
 With rays of stars eternal,
 Is written by the pen of love,
 And shines through space supernal.

This language not by mind is known,
 But better by emotion;
 Therefore, Love only speaks in this
 On every land and ocean.

MOHNIKE, IN WILHELMI'S LYRIK. No. 567.

A light skiff swam on Danube's tide,
 Where sat a young man and his bride:
 He this side, she that side.

Quoth she, "Heart's dearest, tell to me
 What wedding gift I'll give to thee?"

Upward her little sleeve she strips,
And in the water briskly dips.

The bridegroom did the same straightway,
And played with her and laugh'd so gay.

“ Oh, give to me, Dame Danube fair,
Some pretty toy for my bride to wear.”

She drew therefrom a handsome blade,
For which the young man long had pray'd

The groom, what holds he in his hand?
Of milk-white pearls a costly band.

He turns it round her raven hair;
She looked like any princess there.

“ Dame Danube fair, to me impart
Some pretty toy for my sweetheart.”

A second time her arm dips in,
A glittering helm of steel to win.

The youth, o'er-joy'd the prize to view,
Brings her a golden comb thereto.

A third time she in the water dipp'd;
Ah, woe! from out the skiff she slipp'd.

He springs and grasps, alas, the day!
Dame Danube tears them both away.

The Dame to use her toys began,
Therefore, must perish maid and man.

The empty skiff floats down alone:
Behind the hills soon sinks the sun.

And when the moon stood overhead,
To land the two lovers floated, dead:
He this side, and she that side.

Some translations from Heine, which he made while he was meditating an article upon that poet, are well done. Here is a specimen:—

This is the old poetic wood;
The linden's breath comes stealing;
And glancing wondrously, the moon
Enchanteth every feeling.

I walked therein, and as I went
Above I heard a quiring;
It was the nightingale; she sang
Of love and love's desiring.

She sang of love and of love's woe,
 Of laughter and of weeping ;
 She joy'd so sadly, plain'd so gay,
 That dreams came back from sleeping.

I walked therein, and as I went,
 Before me saw, extending
 In ample space, a castle huge,
 Its gables high ascending,

Windows were closed, and everywhere
 A silence and a mourning,
 As if in those deserted walls
 Was quiet death sojourning.

Before the door a sphinx there lay,
 Part joy, part fear, half human ;
 Body and claws a lion's were,
 The breast and head, a woman,—

A woman fair ; her pallid face
 Spoke of most wild desiring ;
 The silent lips were arched with smiles,
 A tranquil trust inspiring.

The nightingale, too, sweetly sang.
 Could I resist her ? Never !
 But as I kiss'd the handsome face,
 My peace was gone for ever !

Living became the marble form,
 The stone began to shiver,
 She drank my kisses' fiery glow
 With thirsty lips that quiver.

She almost drank away my breath,
 And then, with passion bending,
 She coil'd me round, my mortal flesh
 With lion-talons rending.

Extatic torture, woeful bliss !
 Joy, anguish, without measure !
 And while the talons grimly tear,
 Her kisses give such pleasure !

The nightingale sang, " Handsome sphinx !
 O Love, what is intended—
 That all thy bless'd beatitudes
 With death-throes thou hast blended ?

Oh, handsome sphinx, come, solve for me
 The riddle, tell the wonder !
 For many a thousand years thereon
 Thought I, and still I ponder."

And here is an impromptu translation from memory of Heine's "Lörelei":—

I know not what's the meaning
That I'm so sad inclined ;
But from ancient times a story
Will not away from my mind.

The air is cool and it darkens ;
The Rhine flows tranquil on ;
The top of the mountain sparkles
In the rays of the evening sun.

A snow-white maiden sitteth
Above there, wondrous fair ;
Her golden garment glitters,
She combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
And sings a song thereby,
A song that has a wondrous
And graceful melody.

In his small bark the sailor
It takes with longing sigh ;
He looks not on the ripples,
He only looks on high.

At length the billows swallow
The sailor and his canoe ;
And this with only singing,
The Lörelei can do.

This, also, is musically rendered :—

Oh, knew but the blossoms, the wee things,
How deep I'm wounded at heart,
They'd mingle their tear with my weeping,
And blandish away my smart.

And did but the nightingales know, that
I'm gloomy and sick so long,
They would joyfully come and sing me
A life-awakening song.

If they, too, could know all my sorrows,
The dear gold starlets we see,
They would all come away from their glory,
And empty their love into me.

But all of them lack understanding,
One only, she knows of my smart,
For herself 'twas who rent asunder,
She rent asunder my heart.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

Moaning, moaning, through the oak wood,
 Clouds the field all overhanging,
 Her only son drives forth the mother :
 " Hence, thou son, out of my cottage,
 Thee may cruel Moslems capture !"
 " Oh, well remember me the Moslems,
 Offer me the dearest horses."

Moaning, moaning, through the oak wood,
 Clouds the field all overhanging,
 Her only son drives forth the mother ;
 " Hence, my son, out of my cottage,
 Thee may cruel Tartars capture ;"
 " Oh, well remember me the Tartars,
 Offer me most precious garments."

Moaning, moaning, through the oak wood,
 Clouds the field all overhanging,
 Soft her darling clasps the mother.
 " Come, my son, come to my cottage,
 Thy fair hairs let me comb over !"
 " Mother, oh, the rain will wash me,
 And the thickest thorn-bush comb me ;
 The sharp winds know how to dry me."

Brings his steed the oldest sister,
 And the second brings the weapons ;
 Of her brother asks the youngest,
 " When return'st thou from the battle ?"
 " Take thou up of sand a handful,
 Strew it then upon the ledges,
 And bedew it still with weeping,
 By the morning star just shining ;
 When the sand shall blossom, sister,
 Then shall I return from battle."

Some more from Heine follow :—

Thou hast diamonds and jewels,
 Hast all that mortals adore,
 And eyes thou hast most handsome ;
 My darling, what would'st thou more ?

Upon thine eyes so handsome
 I've written many a score
 Of poems, all immortal ;
 My darling, what would'st thou more ?

And with thine eyes so handsome
 Thou hast tortured me full sore,
 And hast me ruined utterly ;
 My darling, what would'st thou more ?

The lindens were blooming, the nightingale sung,
 The sun smiled on us with friendliest fire,
 You kissed me so, then, and your arms round me flung,
 And clasp'd to your bosom that throbb'd with desire.

The raven croak'd dull, the leaves they all fell,
 The sunlight salutes us gloomily now,
 We frostily said to each other, Farewell,
 And courtly you bow'd me the courtliest bow.

Many a form of days forgotten
 Arose from out its grave,
 Again to show me clearly
 What life thy presence gave.

By day I wander'd dreaming—
 Through all the streets I'd range ;
 Men looked astonish'd on me,
 I was so sad and strange.

At night it all went better,
 For then the streets were clear ;
 I and my ghost, together,
 We wander'd silent there.

On the bridge, with echoed footsteps,
 My rambling way I took ;
 The moon broke through the night-clouds,
 Greeting with serious look.

I stood before thy dwelling,
 And gazed upon the sky,
 And gazed upon thy window :
 My heart beat wild and high.

I know that oft the window
 Thou'st open'd with thy hand,
 And seen me in the moonlight,
 Like a marble statue stand.

Thou art a little flower,
 So pure, and fair, and gay,
 I look on thee, and sadness
 Steals to my heart straightway.

My hands I feel directed
 Upon thy head to lay,
 Praying that God may keep thee,
 So pure, and fair, and gay.

My child, when we were children,
 Two children small and gay,
 We crept into the hen-house,
 And hid us under the hay.

We crow'd, as do the cockerels,
 When people pass'd the wood,
 "Ki-ker-ki!" and they fancied
 It was the cock that crow'd.

The chests which lay in the court-yard,
 We paper'd them so fair,
 Making a house right famous,
 And dwelt together there.

The old cat of our neighbor
 Oft came to make a call;
 We made her bow and courtesy,
 And compliment us all.

We ask'd, with friendly question,
 How she was getting on;
 To many an ancient pussy
 The same we since have done.

In sensible discoursing
 We sat like aged men,
 And told how, in our young days,
 All things had better been.

That faith, love, and religion
 From earth are vanish'd quite;
 And told how dear is coffee,
 And money is so tight.

But gone are childish gambols,
 And all things fleeting prove;
 Money, the world, our young days,
 Religion, truth, and love.

Here is a fragment of Geibel's "Tannhäuser":—

Now is the night so joyous,
 Now blooms so rich the wold,
 And on all hill-tops whisper
 Such voices manifold!
 The streamlets twinkle and glisten,
 The flowers give fragrance and light;
 The marble statues listen
 In the dark-green of the night.

The nightingale singeth, "Beware, beware!"
 The boy looks forth, and forth will fare;
 Wild beats his heart—he heedeth not:
 What once he loved is all forgot.

A castle in the garden :
 With light the windows glance,
 At the door are pages waiting,
 Above resounds the dance.
 Up the stairway he is leaping,
 He enters in the hall ;
 There are silken garments sweeping,
 There gleams the gold pokal.

The nightingale singeth, " Beware, beware !"
 The boy looks forth, and forth will fare ;
 Wild beats his heart—he heedeth not :
 What once he loved is all forgot.

The fairest of the women
 Holds out to him the glass,
 While cool, delicious shudders
 Through soul and body pass.
 He drains the magic measure,
 The door-dwarf answers shrill,
 " Now, boy, thou art our pleasure :
 This is Dame Venus' hill."

The nightingale singeth, but from afar ;
 The boy is drawn by his evil star ;
 Wild beats his heart—he heedeth not :
 What once he loved is all forgot.

FROM MARTIN OPITZ.

Come, dearest, let us hasten
 While time is ours ;
 Delay is fast consuming
 All of our powers.

The noblest gifts of beauty
 Fly wing and wing ;
 And all that one possesses
 Is vanishing.

The rosy cheek is paling,
 The hair turns gray ;
 The eyes' bright fire is failing ;
 The breast is clay.

That dainty mouth of coral
 Will soon be cold,
 Those hands, like snow, hang heavy,
 And thou'lt be old.

Then, let us seize, in rapture,
 Youth's fruit of gold,
 Before we're called to follow
 Years that are told.

As thou thine own self lovest,
 Love me as true;
 Give me—what else thou givest,
 That love I, too.

Here is Hymn No. 1400 in Chevalier Bunsen's Collection:—

The gloomy night is gathering in,
 The day's sweet light is dead;
 Oh, then, my soul, sleep not in sin,
 Commune with God instead!

O God, the world's eternal Lord,
 Whom no one can perceive,
 Thou seest me daily in Thy tent;
 Wilt Thou my prayer receive?

The daylight, which is ended now,
 In chief belongs to Thee,
 And so ought I, from morn till night,
 Thy holy servant be.

Perhaps my duty is not done,
 For I am flesh and blood;
 And trespass ere the day is gone,
 Although the will be good.

Swedish, Servian, and Russian verses appear occasionally, just well enough translated to convey their popular and domestic feeling, but not metrically finished. He loved best the songs and hymns of the people, which are full of simple sentiments, and frankly wear the costume of their race and locality.

These are original lines:—

She never came to visit me
 When sickness laid me low,
 Nor ask'd, when pallid was my brow,
 "Dear child, what ails you so?"

And when 'mid whelming tides I strove,
 Struggling for mortal breath,
 She never reach'd me out her hand
 'To save my soul from death!

Ah, once I fancied otherwise!
 "When waters gird me round
 She'll come, an angel through the storm,
 And I shall not be drown'd."

Then wither'd be the flowers she gave,
 And perish every thought
 Wherewith she peopled once my heart,
 And be herself forgot!

Ah, no! forgot she cannot be—
 That hand will still remain ;
 For ever I shall dread that hand
 Whose touch empisons pain.

The following lines he introduced in a sermon, entitled "The Practical Effect of the Ecclesiastical Conception of God."

In darker days and nights of storm,
 Men knew Thee but to fear Thy form ;
 And in the reddest lightnings saw
 Thine arm avenge insulted law.

In brighter days, we read Thy love
 In flowers beneath, in stars above ;
 And in the track of every storm
 Behold Thy beauty's rainbow form.

And in the reddest lightnings' path
 We see no vestiges of wrath,
 But always wisdom—perfect love,
 From flowers beneath to stars above.

See, from on high sweet influence rains
 On palace, cottage, mountains, plains !
 No hour of wrath shall mortals fear,
 For their Almighty Love is here.

With this prayer let the chapter close :—

O Thou eternal One, may I commune
 With Thee, and for a moment bathe my soul
 In Thy infinity, Mother and Sire
 Of all that are? In all that is art Thou ;
 Being is but by Thee, of Thee, in Thee ;
 Yet, far Thou reachest forth beyond the scope
 Of space and time, or verge of human thought.
 Transcendant God! Yet, ever immanent
 In all that is, I flee to Thee, and seek
 Repose and soothing in my Mother's breast.
 O God, I cannot fear, for Thou art love,
 And wheresoe'er I grope I feel Thy breath !
 Yea, in the storm which wrecks an argosy,
 Or in the surges of the sea of men
 When empires perish, I behold Thy face,
 I hear Thy voice, which gives the law to all
 The furies of the storm, and Law proclaims,
 "Peace, troubled waves, serve ye the right—be still!"
 From all this dusty world Thou wilt not lose
 A molecule of earth, nor spark of light.
 I cannot fear a single flash of soul
 Shall ever fail, outcast from Thee, forgot.

Father and Mother of all things that are,
I flee to Thee, and in Thy arms find rest.
My God ! how shall I thank Thee for Thy love !
Tears must defile my sacramental words,
And daily prayer be daily penitence
For actions, feelings, thoughts which are amiss :
Yet will I not say, " God, forgive !" for Thou
Hast made the effect to follow cause, and bless
The erring, sinning man. Then, let my sin
Continual find me out, and make me clean
From all transgression, purified and bless'd !

CHAPTER XVII.

Correspondence—Knowledge of the People—Hand-writing—Projected Work on the Development of Christianity.

WHEN books and thoughts released him to the family below, straightway gentleness, humor, and all natural ways flowed forth. He never disdained a bit of fun, indeed his motions were sometimes demonstrative of a boy's bubbling heart, to the threatening of his cloth. Nor was a prized domestic ever left to feel that she was not a member of the family but a mere convenience; he was free, and kind, not without his quip, if it suited him; but he knew his place. Does not one faithful and cherished member of that loving household still recall those courtesies, which warmed the heart like a Christmas fire?

Sometimes he could snatch a pleasant hour in the evening, between nine and ten, when he descended to the parlor, and cut the leaves of a fresh book while pleasant talk went round the table. But he generally contrived to get the family off to bed by ten o'clock, that he might remount the stairs to those walls well lined with a great horizon.

After the morning Scripture had been gratefully read, he was eager to reach his books. But how tolerant he was of interruptions; especially if the children of his dear friends climbed the long flights to have a chat with "Parkie!" Then he would open the top of a secretary, in which he always kept a store of carts and jumping-jacks, and the floor became a playground. He was on the carpet with them, and the biggest child of all.

How he would pull his books about to show them to a friend, explain their uses, and glory in their strength! Pretty soon

your chair was entrenched with folios, and you sat within an enforced excuse not to escape too soon.

Sometimes people did not understand that fine art of rising to go. Then his fingers went tracking for his pen. Once, they were prepared to make a heave-offering of an eminent member of the old Whig party, who called for the purpose of chastising him in his study, for some violation of the creed of Hunkerism. A firm and sensible demeanor disarmed this man, and he went downstairs with new thoughts in his heart.

The hours of the day which calls and claims of every description did not embarrass, were apt to be laid waste by correspondents. Letters and visitors were continually making onsets upon those marshalled books. Few public men ever sustained such a wide and varied correspondence as he. It seemed as if his powerful mind set loose in every direction doubts, speculations, hopes which were never before betrayed, for want of some sympathetic listener. All the passions, too, posted to his study; bigotry, hatred, envy, gratitude, sleep now in those heaps of many-colored paper which are sorted on the shelves where the books lately stood. In that pile of sheets of all sizes, from long, thick, and dingy foolscap to bad commercial post, a parcel of anonymous attacks lie dead in their skulking paper, slaveholders threatening him with castigation and the bowie-knife, in sentences, or rather agglutinated masses, of extraordinary rhetoric and syntax; northern critics, liberal only in their epithets; feeble creatures, panic-stricken at his speech and afraid to subscribe their panic; pious and proper laymen, begging him not to use the words "dry-nurse" in the pulpit, and complaining that the audience laughed when he said that "in most churches people came for nothing, and got what they came for;" bitter atheists, charging him with being religious, and with suppressing in print things which he said in the pulpit; all kinds of malignity, startled into their proper shapes by the touch of his sincerity, coiled for one spring at him, but missed, and sunk away. He kept the sheets, as a naturalist puts abnormal specimens in spirits, to show the amount of divergence.

But thankful and cheering words also reached him; these have been already hinted at. They came "not single spies but in battalions,"—confessions of grateful hearts who had been saved from horrible distress, brought on by old theologies; noble souls born in a narrow place, and emancipated by his faith; tender and

mystic communications from women, alone in this world, but finding near approach to God through him, and clinging for guidance to his strong, kindly hand; confessions of critical moments of spiritual history, when his word came, like the belated column which turns the day; manly thanks from persons in England, Scotland, Germany, and the Far West of his own country, who learned from him to worship without superstition. Apparently, his words came always just in time. The punctuality was in the quality of the word.

It also went wherever it was wanted. Such a cosmopolitan collection of post-marks is seldom made. They have a conventional range, from Buckingham Palace and Osborne, through university towns, scholars' libraries, remote parishes in Scotland, the seats of power in British India, to places Down East, and towns at the West not yet gazetted; posted by Brahmins becoming Unitarian, Germans admiring his scholarship and freedom, scholars in confidential talk, Orthodox and Presbyterian clergymen acknowledging his worth, and sometimes, too, his doctrine; plain New-England farmers, Western "roughs," Kansas emigrants, Quakers, both mild and militant, maids of honor, politicians, divinity students, and all people inquisitive about their souls. Anthony Burns is taught writing, and sends his first specimen of bad grammar, but irreproachable gratitude, to the great scholar who never felt so accomplished as when standing in the dock with him. Charles Torrey sends him thanks from Baltimore Gaol. What exquisite revenge to lay such letters over the other impudent and cruel sheets! In reply, he must acknowledge, advise, encourage, defend, explain, thank, and make innumerable statements of his opinions and hopes in politics, his position in theology, his views of books, his estimates of public men. What wearisome and endless repetition! But, doubtless, each person was contented with his ration.

His publications greatly stimulated those people, so numerous in America, who are without cultivation, but robust and sensible, given to independent investigation of all possible problems, which are sometimes maltreated at their hands—people like that gray-headed Hoosier, who presented himself one day at the Patent Office with a model of the Archimedean screw, of which he had never heard. Their minds refuse to take anything for granted, prefer to rough it and to grow old in toil to making a hospital of a meeting-house. These persons would sometimes astonish, and

sometimes afflict, Mr. Parker with their lucubrations. They would dare everything, even to imparting to him instruction upon the Old Testament Canon, the dispersion of the Ten Tribes, and the epoch of Buddha. They had theories about the Miraculous Conception, and the Crucifixion, Pre-existence, and Immortality. Their views were very curiously and adroitly put. But he patiently replied, and humanely welcomed every word of an earnest inquirer.

How many there are in this country ! They do not sit in the pews of any of the churches. It is very doubtful if the "free" seats sanctified to the use of the colored brethren would hold all these white recusants and nonconformists. Mr. Parker's correspondence gave him the inestimable advantage of an introduction to the mind of the people. He learned their wants and difficulties, and gloried to know what hardihood and religiosity waited outside of all the creeds for some word of life, a recognition of the human heart itself, and a popular defence of it against superfluous doctrine. His works will always feed and comfort this unincorporated and invisible communion.

Thus, by means of a correspondence of astonishing extent, and by lecturing campaigns, which brought him face to face with the people through the East and West, he gradually established a relation with a great lay constituency, like that which prominent politicians achieve in their perpetual canvass, but more intimate and serene. For ten years his lectures would average more than forty during each winter ; their number varied from forty to eighty. Wherever he went he surrendered himself to popular intercourse ; it was his passion to know men, and the luxury of his laborious life to find human nature everywhere nobly justifying the confidence he placed in it. He felt, in the process of lecturing, that the people, though cautioned against his heresies, and taught by newspapers and sermons to suspect his disposition, were gradually overcoming this monstrous misrepresentation, which the political prejudices of the majority helped for some time to foster. That prejudice was the first to give way, as men saw more clearly that his words upon the state of the country and the horrible disease which was destroying it were just. Then the popular heart began to be with him ; a great parish was his before, it waited each winter for his steps as he bore his brave American heart, in neglect of physical weakness, through the chief

towns of the North, with a dispensation of humanity. The number of those who loved the freedom of his doctrine was beginning to increase by a large conversion from the parties which once detested his anti-slavery principles, and shrunk from his unsparing delineations. The more right he was found to be, the larger his constituency grew; the people were fast rallying to the call of their own instincts from his lips. Of all the things which he ever said, none was truer than his conviction penned to Mr. Sumner, "*The people are always true to a good man who truly trusts them.*" The day will come when Americans will remember him regretfully as the representative and prophet of the purer future which they shall live to enjoy.

FROM R. W. EMERSON.

Concord, Mass., March 19, 1853.

MY DEAR PARKER.—Before that book* came to me, though not until several weeks after it was sent, I read the inscription, if with more pride than was becoming, yet not without some terror. Lately I took the book in hand, and read the largest part of it with good heed. I find in it all the traits which are making your discourses material to the history of Massachusetts; the realism, the power of local and homely illustration, the courage and vigor of treatment, and the masterly sarcasm—now naked, now veiled—and I think with a marked growth in power and *coacervation*—shall I say?—of statement. To be sure, I am in this moment thinking also of speeches out of this book as well as those in it. Well, you will give the times to come the means of knowing how the lamp was fed, which they are to thank you that they find burning. And though I see you are too good-natured by half in your praise of your contemporaries, you will neither deceive us nor posterity, nor—forgive me—yourself, any more, in this graceful air of laying on others your own untransferable laurels.

We shall all thank the right soldier whom God gave strength and will to fight for Him the battle of the day.

Ever new strength and victory be to you!

R. W. EMERSON.

He received a good many letters from his friends devoted mainly to anathemas upon his handwriting. Sometimes after his manuscript had in turn baffled all the compositors in an office, it was returned to the editor of the magazine with an abject confession of ignorance of the language. It is indeed an extraordinary hand. In 1835 it was large, round, and deliberate, all the words were furnished with their lawful contingent of letters, and there were no cabalistic marks to make the reader suspect occasional quotations from the Sinaitic, or other

* Dedicated to Mr. Emerson by Mr. Parker.

absence of language. As his work increased, this honest hand became depraved. In the epoch of gradual deposition all the characters are distinctly preserved, but when disturbances commenced, and cataclysms interrupted his creative day, the marks became huddled and confused. The letters gave up their individuality, and suffered a kind of pantheistic absorption into the sense of the word, which was then to be intuitionally conceived. The abbreviations and symbols become more intelligible than the actual failures to depict a whole sound word. A facsimile, if such a thing were possible, of a page from the manuscript of the "Historical Development of Religion," would afflict the learned world like Dighton Rock. His enemies would generously demand the publication of the book.

His friend, Rev. J. F. Clarke, wrote to him that it was a great popular delusion that he was not afraid of saying what he believed, since he wrote it so that he could declare at any time that he had not said it. Mr. Parker had no feeling for his friends on this point; he probably thought, and with justice, that his handwriting was the only thing he could not reform.

DEAR FRIEND,—Find fault with my handwriting! Mine! Me Hercle! Was ever such fastidiousness dreamed of? Why, I write nearly as well as Dr. Parr. I will lay a wager that in three cases out of ten I can decipher (pretty accurately) my own handwriting, even a month after it has been laid aside. Shame on such fault-finding; study the Babylonian, the Cufic, the Chinese, the Bengalee, and then you will—

It was a terrible man who taught me to write, or made the attempt. He set me near fourscore copies before he suffered me to join any two letters. All that I had created before were natural *celibates*, unfit for wedlock.

It had become rather bad as early as 1841, if the following did not exaggerate:—"Your good letter gave me so much pleasure, that despite the hard work I had, assisted by my wife, in spelling out some parts of it, I felt truly grateful for it. I reflected that the gods give us no good thing without labor, and if, after digging through the hieroglyphics, I found a treasure, I had no right to complain." And here, too, is an amiable expostulation:—"Do you know," writes a friend, "that I am sometimes puzzled with your handwriting? Not but that I am willing to break any shell to get at such meat." But this note from an editorial chair is not so willing:—"Metcalf absolutely refuses to print from your handwriting; it must be copied, or he must be paid double." In this last case, however, there is

reason to suppose that the matter written was only too intelligible.


In giving the names of these books will you please to exert all your energies to make them legible, and do not hold it "a baseness to write fair." In this respect I think you sometimes abuse your privileges. A man so ready to avow his opinions in speech, ought not to conceal them so cunningly when he writes.

The facsimile of a letter which is inserted in a later part of this volume for the sake of its opinions, shows a specimen of his handwriting better than usual. But what would a reader make of this, for instance, which is faithfully copied from a manuscript sermon, save the disintegrated letters.



I wuld. hae. Rel. Inst. & fr. tht. I would not take a min. with a Book-Rel., bt. a P. of Ht. & Life, nt. a Pt. who thinks man a little weak Dl. by Nt. & God a gt. sg. one by will, bt. a Man who kn. th. Inf. Gd. by Ht.

Which may be thus translated :—

I would have religious instruction, and for that I would not take a minister with a book-religion, but a preacher of heart and life, not a priest who thinks man is a little weak devil by nature, and God a great strong one by will, but a man who knows the infinite God by heart.

Hh., *Hps.*, *Fids.*, stand for health, happiness, friends ; *Dts.* is daughters ; *Hty.* is history ; 12 H. T. is 1,200,000 ;  is a symbol meaning *more or less than* ; =ly is equally.

Occasionally in his love of realism his pen played with the text, and became pictorial.

Why, the road which reaches from the last  of Æ. to the newest log  in Oregon is called after 77 one-half the way, the other after J.

The travelling in ill-ventilated railroad-cars, with the sudden transition from them to all the chances of winter weather, and an hour's lecturing in large halls closely packed with people, exhausted him more than he was willing to confess. When he returned he was hardly fit for study ; yet the preparations for his elaborate work on the Development of Religion went on. The composition of lectures, sermons, and articles, the care of his correspondence, and the other taxes to his fame and notoriety

which he had to pay in loss of time, interfered sadly with his labor upon the book ; but, though thus constantly suspended, it was never abandoned or given up.

His purpose in setting about the composition of this book was to establish a historical and philosophical ground for pure theism, by marking the different epochs of religious development in the races of mankind, so that the divine premeditation might be discovered, following a definite plan and purpose parallel to that which appears in the history of the material world. He would trace the logical sequence which binds together, in the continuous creative act of God, all the successive types of the religious consciousness. These are to be studied in the ethnic strata of mankind, exhibiting the general conformity to a great plan amid specific differences, as the later forms absorb, correct, and amplify the earlier ones. Such a method would show the old roots of notions which still linger in the human consciousness, the gradual development of opinions still in their maturity or about to decline, and the striving to approach new and purer forms of belief, in strict obedience to the overruling thought. This would account for past phenomena, by laying open their laws. Nothing is found to be arbitrary or capricious, and the human investigation must tranquilly accept the divine method, just as it does, in the highest and most reverential manner, when scientific and historical facts are determined. There is nothing to exempt the growth of man's spiritual consciousness from an application of the great method which preserves its unity amid all varieties. Nothing stands in the way but the old superstitious methods themselves, which, like similar abortive methods in science, having failed to account for the facts, are to be quietly set aside, for the sake of truth and in the highest interests of mankind. If some points in the growth of the religious consciousness can be fixed beyond dispute, so much is contributed towards the true method and the deduction of a law of development ; and such a law, once clearly established, will lead men, between materialism and superstition on the one side and idealism on the other, towards a ground of certitude. The points which are essential for framing such a deduction are to be gathered from an examination of the leading races of the past, what they thought, did, and believed ; and also, from an examination of the races of the present day, what are the invariable facts of their mental and spiritual organization.

What purpose could be more religious than this, or pervaded with a truer deference for the welfare of man? Though his work remains unfinished, and might have been imperfectly prosecuted, it was beneficent, both religiously conceived and laboriously carried on, with all the instincts of a scholar and of a lover of men. The idea remains, bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the great theory of scientific development to which this epoch has obtained a clue. Many books and tentative speculations, much painstaking gathering of facts and cautious classification, must yet precede the deduction of a law that shall safely express in human language the invisible thought to which the golden links of life are hung. But the end is sure: knowledge will slowly set aside tradition, ignorance, and bigotry. The intellect and piety of man will engage in a continuous act of worship, learning to recognize everywhere the laws of God.

Astronomy destroys the doctrine of a local heaven, and restores the doctrine of the divine omnipresence to its proper place, and pronounces judgment on the *Jenseitigkeit** of the angels.

Geology destroys the whim of a six-days' creation and of a local hell.

Biology makes death natural, not penal.

Anthropology denies the descent of mankind from a single pair, or, at least, makes it doubtful, as well as the absolute perfection of the primitive state.

Biblical criticism shows that inspiration is not limited to the Old Testament and New Testament, and not infallible there.

Psychology explains visions, ecstasies, &c., as not miraculous

Comparative religion shows that Christianity is one among many forms; that inspiration, revelation, holy scriptures are not confined to any one religion. All reach their highest form in Christianity; and they are not, as some fancy, caricatures of religion.

The manuscript of Mr. Parker's work, so far as completed, is contained in about 270 pages of a blank book. Elsewhere, notes and lists of books, meant for use in different chapters, are scattered; but there is no formal treatment of the subject except in those pages. And it is plain that they have not assumed the final form which he intended should precede publication. A few selections are given here, just in their present condition; and, first, a careful premeditation of the whole ground of the work, which he calls a "provisional scheme." It is strictly followed by him as far as the composition extends:—

* *Yon-sidedness*; existence in a place distinct from and beyond the visible universe.

BOOK I.—Of Religion and the Evidence.**Chap. I. Nature of Religion and the Form of the Evidence thereof.**

1. Of Religion.
2. Of Theology.
3. Of Mythology.
4. Institutions.
5. Nature of the Evidence of Religion.

Chap. II. Of Assent and the various Forms thereof.

1. Of Possibility.
2. Of Credibility.
3. Of Probability.
4. Of Certainty.

Chap. III. Of Degrees of Assent demanded in different Departments of Thought.**Chap. IV. Of Ideas as distinguished according to their Modes of Acquisition.**

1. Ideas of Perception.
2. Ideas of Intuition.
3. Ideas of Demonstration.
4. Of Testimony.

Chap. V. Of Ideas distinguished as Necessary or Contingent.

1. Of Ideas of Necessity.
2. Of Ideas of Contingency.

Chap. VI. Of some important Facts of the Religious Consciousness.

1. Modes of Studying Religious Consciousness.
2. Periods of the Development thereof.
 - (1). Period of Vague Feeling, anterior to Fetichism
 - (2). Period of Definite Feeling, anterior to Fetichism.
 - (3). Period of Distinct Idea of God as Influent.
 - (4). Period of Distinct Idea of God as God.

Chap. VII. Of the Things to be Considered in the Evidence of Religion.

1. Of the Three Things to be Demonstrated.
2. Nature and Form of Proof.
 - (1). Of the Religious Consciousness in Man.
 - (2). Of the Existence and Character of God, and of His Relation to Mankind.
 - (3). Of the Religious Duties of Man.

Chap. VIII. Of the Function of Religion in Human Development.**BOOK II.—Of the Development of Religion in the Caucasian Race into various National Forms, to the Time of Christ.****Chap. I. Introductory Statement of the Question.****Chap. II. Development of Religion in Ægypt, or Ægyptian National Form of Religion.****Chap. III. National Form of Religion in India.****Chap. IV. National Form of Religion in Persia.****Chap. V. Of the Shemites in general.****Chap. VI. Heathen, or Non-Jacobite Semitic Nations.****Chap. VII. Heathen, or Non-Jacobite Hebrews.****Chap. VIII. Heathen or Non-Jacobite Greeks (Hellenes.)**

Chap. IX. Heathen or Non-Jacobite Romans.

Chap. X. The Union of Oriental and Greek Philosophy.

Chap. XI. Teutons and Kelts.

BOOK III.—The Moral and Religious Condition of Mankind at the Birth of Jesus Christ.

Chap. I. Effect of Rome in Gathering into a Unity the Diverse Nationalities.

Chap. II. Popular Consciousness of the Educated in Religion, and its Ideal Effect on Morals and the Public Life.

Chap. III. Relation of Woman to Man.

1. Hebrew; 2. Classic; 3. Barbarous, German, &c. (*Domestic.*)

Chap. IV. Relation of Rich and Poor, Slaves, &c. (*Social.*)

Chap. V. Relation of Government and People (*Political.*)

Chap. VI. Relation of State and Mankind (*Kosmic.*)

BOOK IV.—Chap. I. Generic Agreement of Christianity and other Forms of Religion. Christianity of Jesus Christ in the Gospel of Matthew. (Other New Testament Developments in Book V.)

Chap. II. Specific Difference between Christianity and other Forms of Religion.

1. Anthropological:—1. Internality (Sentiment)

2. Free Spirit (Individuality).

3. Ethical Character.

2. Theological—Character of God.

1. Relation to Nature.

2. Relation to Man (Devil, Hell).

3. Critical—Judgment applied to Ideas of Christianity.

BOOK V.—Historical Development of Christianity.

1. As a Religion, Speculative and Philosophical.

2. In Practice, Ethical, &c.

Part I. As a Religion. Four Periods: 1. Preponderance of the Hebrew Element: Ebionites, Matthew, Mark, and Apocalypse, Jewish Christians in general.

2. Preponderance of the Greek Element: Philosophy, Paul, the Subtleties, show the Value of the Dogmatic Disputes.

3. Preponderance of the Roman Element: Practice, Results in the Catholic Church.

4. Preponderance of the Germanic Element: Individualism, Protestantism.

Notice the two forces: one tending to *Unity of Action* (Orthodoxy), Monarchy, &c. The other to *Variety of Action* (Heresy), Episcopacy, which is Aristocratic; Presbyterian, which is Republican; Congregational, which is Democratic.

Notice also: 1. Piety, Personal Religion.

2. Theology.

3. Literature (Theologico-Religious).

Part II. As a Practice.

1. Individual Life and Character (the Individual).

2. Domestic Life and Character (the Family).

3. Civil Life and Character (the State).
(Effect on Law, Civil Law, Law of Nations.)
4. Mundane Life and Character (the World).

BOOK VI. Problems yet to be Solved in the Religion of Mankind.

Part I. Philosophical Desiderata.

Part II. Practical Desiderata.

1. In the Individual ; 2. Family ; 3. Society ; 4. State ;
5. Race. A Criticism : 1. Of the History of Mankind hitherto ;
2. Of its Condition now ; 3. Of its Ideas ; 4. Desiderata, under heads from 1 to 5.

After laying open the four kinds of proof or argument by which the existence of God is commonly shown—the cosmological, teleological, ontological, and psychological—he proceeds, assuming some conclusions previously made out :—

All these various arguments are attempts of mankind to legitimate by the intellect what is given as a fact of consciousness, and what seems to me is not attainable by any of the modes enumerated. Reasoning, I think, will never furnish us with the idea of God, which is a datum of spontaneous consciousness, any more than with the idea of cause in itself. But starting with the notion of God, distinguishing it from other notions, developing it by the *à priori* law of intuition, analysing the facts of intellectual, æsthetic, moral, affectional, and religious consciousness, till we separate the infinite element from all the finite, uniting all this together by an act of synthesis with the One Whole Being who is given spontaneously by our nature, we then find that philosophy and nature agree: we have an idea of God which fulfils the conditions of the mind, conscience, heart, soul, taken in their separate activity, and also the conditions of human nature taken in its whole action. Thus we have an idea of God clear and consistent, adequate to represent the first spiritual emotions of God with which we set out. But all that this process of thought, of analysis, of consciousness, and synthesis of ultimate facts thereof has done, is to legitimate before the mind the consciousness of God, which comes spontaneously, and is a part of nature. All this process of demonstration makes me no more certain of the existence of God than at first, as all the demonstration of my own existence, or of the existence of the world, would make me no more certain of either than I was at first. It only legitimates, by analysis and synthesis, what I knew before either. It only brings to a distinct consciousness what I held in solution therein.

Starting thus with the notion of God as a fact of consciousness intuitively known, examining it, and developing it to its proper conclusion, I then see that the existence of God is a fact of necessity, not merely actual, but uncontingent and necessary, as the *à priori* cause of all things, and the reason thereof not less. If any finite thing exists, say myself, then by the laws of my own nature I am forced to the infinite existence implied therein, and as certain of that as of my own existence. The only thing I take for granted in the matter is the validity of my own faculties.

Let us examine the nature of God, thus authenticated, more carefully. I lay off all that is limited and conditioned, and separate the idea of God from the conceptions added to it. Thus, I eliminate all that is idiosyncratic or peculiar to myself, all that is sectarian and of my own party, all that is national of my tribe, secular of my age. Thus removing the idols of my own den, of my family den, of the tribe, the age, there is left the idea of God the Infinite. It is not Jehovah, who is Hebrew; nor Baal, who is Tyrian; nor Odin, Zeus, or Jove, who have the generic peculiarities of the Caucasian race, the form of the successive ages which gave birth to such conceptions, and the national form and colouring of the Jew or the Canaanite, of Scandinavia, Greece, or Rome. It is not the Allah of the Mahomedan, nor the Triune Deity of the Christians, that I seek, but God Himself—God, blank and bare, unclothed by human conditions—the idea of God, a primitive fact of nature, separated from the dust of human consciousness. This is the *Infinite*, the *Absolute*, not conceived as a manifold, but a unit; and I call it *a* Being, the Absolute Being. Then I examine it in the light of all my several faculties, and I find God is the perfection of existence, self, being, the cause uncaused; the perfection of power, all-mightiness, of will, self-determining; the condition of all things, but conditioned by none; autonomic, with absolute freedom; with the perfection of mind, all-knowingness, not reasoning, inducing, deducing, imagining, remembering, &c., but knowing without process, regardless of our categories and modes of conception; but knowing in forms to me unknown; the perfection of conscience, all-righteousness, all-goodness, goodness unconditioned by motive, as hope, or fear, or self-love; the perfection of affection, infinite love, not limited by the character of the object, or with limited affection, which needs reciprocal influence, and is raised or let down by the character of the object of love, but loving, irrespective thereof, maid and man, saint and sinner; the perfection of soul, perfect holiness, fidelity to self; therefore as wise as powerful, as good as wise, as just as good, as lovely as just, as holy as beautiful. I call this the Supreme Being. Looked at from various points of view, and named from specialities of representation, it is now infinite power, now infinite mind, reason, and understanding, now infinite beauty, then infinite good, then infinite love, then infinite holiness. I unite all—being and the modes thereof—and name it God.

While I attribute these qualities, I of course conceive of God as immanent in all of the modes into which I divided existence—matter and spirit, but as infinite. I do not put a limit there. God is transcendent; and as there are qualities in a rose, which the slug who eats it knows not, but I know; so doubtless there are other qualities in God which far transcend all I can know thereof as yet. The dog that runs at my side, the fly that buzzes about my temples, know very little of me, of my nature, purposes, aims in life, notions and consciousness in general, but yet I doubt not comes nearer to an exhaustive knowledge of me than I of God. Suppose that fly to plan about me, as most men about God, then He must conceive of me with the enlarged attributes of a fly, and put His muscous limitations upon me; He may say there is a certain *musculity* in man—a *flyiness*. I dare not attribute personality to God, lest I invest the Deity with the limitations of my own, ending in anthropomorphism; nor impersonality,

lest I thus affix the limitations of mere matter, and abut in Hylism or in Pantheism. Yet infinite self-consciousness must belong to God, only I can have no adequate conception of any consciousness but my own; so I know thus that I cannot know the mode of the consciousness of God. The consciousness that I ascribe to God must be as alien and as unlike as the bear of the strolling bear-tamers is to the constellation called the Bear in heaven.*

In use, as symbol of the reverence of men, all nations speak of God in their highest forms of speech, and, considering the bi-sexual animals above the unisexual, and then the masculine as more dignified than the feminine, call God He, not It, nor She. It is not worth while to depart from common language while we know its use, though some of the attributes of God find a better symbol in woman than in man.

Follow out the idea of God this gives, and, thus distinguished and declared, let us see the relation He must sustain to the world. As the Infinite, He corresponds to infinite perfection in each of the forms we can understand. He is the infinite cause and reason, the infinite designer, making all things with his own aim and purpose; the infinite law-giver, cause, reason, and designer of the modes of action in the universe, of matter and of spirit; the infinite befriender, that loves all—the infinite father. He must be the infinite providence—a providence that is universal, so special and general both. He must be infinitely present everywhere, immanent in space; every Now also pervading, and eternal in time. Space and time—nay, immensity and eternity, may then poetically be called the temporal and local extension of God—the ultimate cause of all things, the ultimate condition of all, the law of all, the befriender and the provider of all.

In Book II. "Of the Ante-Christian Modes of Religion," let us take the introductory chapter, "Statement of the Question:—"

As religion has its ground in the imperishable nature of man, and its support in the continual activity of God, both directly in the Holy Spirit and mediately through nature, so religion is a fact of human consciousness, inseparable from human nature, and appearing at all periods of man's history. It is a constant force, with a variable quantity, in human history. But the phenomena of its development must depend on the general development of mankind. The actual manifestation of religion, therefore, is the result of all the culture of the people, and its index and test. Nothing is done *per saltum* in human history more than in material nature. Mount Washington does not rise sheer up from the sea, with perpendicular sides seven thousand feet high; there is an upward slope all the way, though irregular, from the sea to the mountain, else the ascent were impossible, except to the eagle. Poets like Milton and Goethe, men of science like Achard and Newton, do not spring up among the Mandans or the Lestrygonians. If we bring together two extremes of religion, the religion of the Bushmen and of a rational Christian or philosophical Deist, at this day, the two seem unlike and irreconcilable. All the difference of civilization appears in the religions thus wide asunder. But supply all the intermediate links, and the transition is not abrupt. The history slips all the way from the

* This illustration is Spinoza's.

rude natural representations of the Bushmen to the free spiritual religion of the Christian. The difference between the Bushmen and the Christian is not of nature, but of development. This will appear in the modes of religion.

From the beginning of human history there has been a gradual development of man's spirit, of his soul as well as mind; and, as the result, a gradual development of religion. This appears theoretically in his idea of God, of man, of their relations; and practically in the literature, ritual, art, manners, laws, institutions, government, ethics, and daily life. These are the moments which frame the religious history of mankind; all modes of religion agree in this, that they are religious; they differ *substantially* on account of the different degrees of culture of the nation, and so represent degrees of religion; and they differ *formally* in this that the peculiar genius of the nation, or of its great men, appears therein. To understand the religious history of mankind, we must study these various forms of religion, as to know the religion of a man we must know the phases which religion has assumed in his consciousness. No one must be neglected. To understand any one phase thereof, we must see it in its relation to the whole. Especially is this so with the later modes of religion, *e.g.* with Christianity. That cannot be understood except in its relation with other forms of religion before Christ. We must understand the religious history of mankind before that time, and the religious condition thereof at that time, the highest, as the result of all the natural thinking of the human race. Plato and Aristotle helped Kant and Hegel, and Thales of Miletus was the forerunner of Schelling of Berlin.

As the present inquiry must needs be brief, I shall neglect the nations which had little or no perceptible influence on the nations then ruling the world. Thus, the nations then savage or barbarous may be left out of the account.

Humana ante oculos pede quum vita jaceret
 In terris, obpressa gravi sub religione;
 Quæ caput a cœli regionibus obtendebat
 Horribili super adspectu mortalibus instans.*

Mankind was separated into various nations, divided by geographical obstructions from one another, and developing their idiosyncracies, separated also by governments, names, languages, &c. They thus developed their own peculiar national character in all directions. Each had its own peculiar mode of religion, which often purposely separated it from other nations. All of these religions had something general—of mankind (souls of religion), as well as special, of their nationality (forms thereof), and this was its contribution to the sum of the religion of the world. When the separation was removed by a transient war, or a lasting peace, and a form was found free enough, the several nationalities might all be moulded into one. There is no more that is arbitrary in the religious development of mankind, than in the scientific or political development thereof.

Each nation has a form of religion which accords with its genius and progress, and represents the sum-total of its actual ideas of right,

* Lucretius, I. 63.

good, the beautiful, &c. So all the forms of religion, like the classes with their lessons in a school, are to be taken as *momenta* in the religious progress of mankind. Idolatry is one form of religion, and as much belonging to the need of human history when it came, as rude attempts of a child to walk are indispensable. Each form of religion is to be tried by its relation to the nation at the time; and every form once grew out of the actual life of some one, even such doctrines as that of the depravity of man, and, of course, of God, and the form of human sacrifice; and also by its relation to the absolute religion. Each is an attempt to get towards it and to it. All these lines of human religion do tend to that central point, as the stumblings of the child to walking, as the abortive theories of Ptolemy and Copernicus to the true astronomy: a mistake in religion (doctrinal or practical) is not therefore capricious.

In science and religion much is done by a few great men, who give their names to discoveries or to systems, but they do little in comparison with what is done by the race of ordinary men, though the ordinary men are forgot in the *éclat* of the great men. Great originators of ideas in politics, like Jefferson, or great executive men like Cromwell and Napoleon, do much, yet very little compared to the work of the nation. So in science, how little did Newton and Leibnitz, compared with the work before them! The mere man of genius tells the work of his older and his younger brothers. Religious progress did not begin with Moses, and end with Jesus of Nazareth. There had been much done in religion before ever Moses was possible; and since Jesus of Nazareth, the development has gone on intrinsically and extrinsically with more rapidity than before. The advance since Jesus is greater than what he himself made. But now as the scientific achievements of mankind do not represent all the facts of the universe, no more does the religious thought of mankind represent all the religion which mankind has *in posse*. The beginnings of religion were small; we creep before we walk, we put out our hands and feet before we could crawl, and spread wide our fingers, and stared at the world with great eyes, not knowing what to make of it. In religion there was a good deal of creeping before there was any walking at all, and the creeping was as natural at first as the walking afterwards. What is once gained by mankind is gained forever; for there is this noticeable,—that man loves truth and the right, in all forms thereof—will be satisfied permanently with nothing else, but will discard all things for this, and, getting it once, will never let it go. Therefore, if any form of religion contain good and evil—as all do—it will not disappear and perish before any new form, until all the good of the old is taken up by the new.

Christianity is one form of religion amongst many. It was dependent on the Jewish forms of religion in many ways—much of the good and much of the evil now current under that name were mixed with forms of religion before Christ. It can only be understood when taken as one step in the religious history of mankind. But in a brief sketch like this I shall neglect the forms of religion which had little influence on the people of the world since become Christian, and which had no great influence in the development of Christianity itself. Thus, the religion of the savage may be left out of the account, also the religion of the Chinese.

All the nations of the earth at the time of Christ had their formal religion—they all agreed in several things: in a belief in the existence of a God, of a religious nature in man that had need of religion, and has communication with God. These are two great facts on which religion rests—deny either, and religion is not possible. They agreed in a third thing: the immortality of the human spirit. These are the three greatest facts in religious consciousness at this day. Individuals doubt or deny all these, but nations never. Such as deny the existence of the material world, are more numerous than these exceptional deniers. But these three are a part of the primal revelation made by the nature of man, and therefore to every man in the world; a spontaneous revelation, made of God and by God, but in the nature of man, and in conformity with the laws thereof.

These three things are taken for granted in all formal religion then, and are three points of agreement among all men. But they differed in the character they ascribed to God, and therefore in the idea of his relation to man, and accordingly in the doctrines which religion demanded, the hopes which it allowed. They differed as to the nature of God and of man, and the form of immortal life. The degree of their revelation, and so of religion, and the forms thereof, differed with the cultivated and with the natural genius of different people. Nations differed also in the prominence they gave to the religious nature of man, some making it of great account, and others of little, as they had much or little organic tendency to religion.

Let me look at the forms of religion, taking them in their chronological order, limiting myself to the Caucasian race.

THE FORM OF RELIGION IN ÆGYPT.—In the present state of inquiry relative to Ægypt, it is not easy, or possible, for one who has no access to the monuments, to make out or detail the religious facts of consciousness of the Ægyptians, from the time of Menes to that of the Ptolemies. It must take the labor of some centuries, perhaps, before this can be done. Still, the *chief* facts of religious consciousness in that time may be gleaned from what is known (from the monuments) to the learned world. Beyond that, all must be considered as provisional, and respecting what is *now* known, the works of Lepsius and Bunsen will furnish much information not now accessible to the public.

In regard to antiquity, Ægypt surpasses all known nations. Her civilization goes back beyond the rudest traditions of the nations of Europe and Western Asia. (Von Bohlen, in his "Alte Indien, mit Rücksicht auf Ægypten, 1830-31," thought Egyptian civilization derived from India, but retracted the opinion—Lepsius, "Die Chronologie der Ægyptier. Einleit. u. erster Theil. Kritik der Quellen," Berlin, 1849, 4to, p. 3.) Greek and Roman history furnishes us no facts before the seventh or eighth century B.C., while Ægyptian history furnishes us with rigorously historical facts, and Ægyptian chronology with accurate dates, years, months, and days—from the third and fourth thousand years B.C. (Lepsius, l. c. p. 1.) In the time of Menes, the first king of the whole of Ægypt (say 3500-4000 B.C., though Manetho's system would place him 5702 B.C., *apud* Müller, II. 600), hieroglyphic writings had been long devised, were established, and in extensive use. There was a library, fourteenth century B.C., established in a temple by

Osymandias (Ramses Miamun) ; we have still papyri from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries B.C. (Lepsius, p. 36-39.) The Ægyptians had a calendar of 365 days, established 3282 B.C., and reformed it in 2782 B.C. (Lepsius, p. 211 *sq.*, p. 220; 216 *sqq.*) Note: It is curious that the Asiatic and European nations agree so nearly in their early historic facts; the Chinese place their *Jao (yau)* about 2800 B.C.; the Chronicles of Cashmir, their first king, Govada, 2448; the Babylonians, the termination of their great cyclic period about 2400, and their Flood about 2500; and the Hebrews their Deluge at the same time; while Manetho, following authentic documents, places Menes about 1500 years earlier (4000 B.C.), and then makes him found a new kingdom by a division of an *older* one (Lepsius, p. 24). The Ægyptian claims to antiquity are supported by monumental evidence, while those of Asiatic and European nations are not. (Lepsius, p. 28.)

Ægypt seems to have been in a state of high civilization 1000 or 2000 years before the time of the Hebrew Flood. (Ægypt, "the young lion of the nations." See the chronological systems about Ægypt, viz. Manetho in Syncellus; also in Müllerus, "Fragmenta. Histor. Græcor., Parisiis, 1848," Tom. II., p. 510; Müller's "Frag. Chron.," appended to Herodotus, Didot's ed., Paris, 1844. Eusebius, "Aucher." I. p. 199, 8vo.; see, too, the older edition, Opp. Lat. (Fol.) Julius Afric. Chronicle, in Routh, Reliquiæ," Tom. II., pp. 124-192. His "Epistolæ," *ibid.* III. *sqq.* See, too, the remarks of Lepsius on all these and other subjects, pp. 405-547; and Bunsen, "Ægyptens Stelle in der Weltgeschichte" (Hamb. 1845), Buch I. pp. 25, 304; Pritchard, "Analysis of the Ægyptian Mythology;" Ideler, "Handbuch der Chronologie.")

Bunsen thinks the Ægyptian mythology old as Menes (4000 B.C.), and yet thinks "the religion of the Ægyptians, like the language, has its seat in Asia, in the Armenian Caucasian fatherland, and that the Ægyptians brought the civilization of their age with them in some migration, as the Norwegians carried that of Norway to Iceland"!

The chapter proceeds in this way, with a great accumulation of authorities, and a canvass of the merits of some to whom he thinks too much deference has been paid, *e. g.*—

Such writers as *Apuleius, Iamblichus, Porphyry, Philostratus*, are of scarcely any value here. See how they deceive Cudworth and Wilkinson. The Greeks were often mistaken on the Ægyptian religion. See, for instance, Sallustius de Diis Mundi (*apud* Gale) ch. iv.; Wilkinson's second series of the "Manners and Customs of the East" (London, 1841), Vol. I. pp. 205, 229, 290, 302, 369; 55, 236, 465, *et al.* Iamblichus was a philosophical gentleman of leisure, who derived his facts from his theories, and his theories from his lively fancies.

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It may seem a bold generalization to assume that the Egyptians did not believe in the freedom of their gods, though in their caprice; but absolute freedom could not be ascribed to any of the gods in that period. The figures of several of the gods indicate this in their maimed forms. (See what Eudoxus relates in Plutarch: Isis, § 62. Bunsen, I. 490.) Note how the restless life of animals and their certain instinct

attracts men, and so they worship. Some of the deities were represented with human forms, but the heads of animals. This indicates an advance upon Fetichism, for the human form is taken as the highest *type* of visible life; and to emphasize that, the special function of some animal is added, and symbolized by the appropriate animal. Still it is a rude step of religious development when an aggregate of animal functions, added to the human, is the mode of approximating man to the Divine. (See the plates in Wilkinson, or Montfaucon, Rosellini.) This is lower than the Indian mode, whereby this augmentation of powers is represented by multiplying human limbs—hands, heads, feet, &c.—for here is a unity in the quality of consciousness.

Still, the deities are artistically symbolized by the human form; the distinction between men and gods is completely preserved; and it was taught that no god had ever been a man, and no man a god. This is still below the Greek development.

All nations believe in some mode of revelation, by which the gods make themselves known to mortals; here it was by living on the earth with men, in the period before Menes, before the strictly historical age. The manner of this manifestation of the deities (of Osiris, *e.g.*) in a human form, without partaking of human nature, was probably not explained in a very philosophical style. (Wilkinson, I. 317, 338. Plut. Isis, § xi. 20.) It seems that the revelation had not entirely ceased; for though there was no need of the old revelation in the literature and the deities of the country, the *Oracles* supplied men with the new and living revelation—the gospel for the day.*

But if the deities were not connected with any inanimate thing, as in Fetichism, they were not a mere abstraction, as is the deity of Pantheism. They partook of human attributes, if not of human nature—had parents, passions, and marriages, and children. So difficult is it to rise above the form of human life after men escape from those of mere matter, the deities were confounded with time in its succession of events; the year, the month, and each day was consecrated to some deity. Perhaps the Egyptians were not the first who thus brought their gods into connection with time.

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Some one relates that Egypt is so full of creative vigor, that animals may be found in the process of becoming—half-lion, and the rest dirt, not yet formed. The fable (see how Cowley handles it) typifies the spiritual condition of the people: the spirit seemed half-born, and struggling to be free from the gross matter which still environed man. Man is not before *nature*—the individual not before his *kind*. Men can be divided into castes, and so their lot determined before they are born; for no man was allowed to follow any calling but that of his

* Notwithstanding these partial revelations, it appears the Egyptians considered the nature of God still a mystery, hidden from men. This appears from the name of a deity who must be placed at the head of their gods—*Ammon*. His name signifies *hidden*. (Bunsen, i. 437.) This deity seems originally to have been the sun (*Re*), and a fetich-god, and at length to have developed into the Unknown God, and to have been put before all forms of the known. (But see how dangerous it is to reason on names, in Schwenk, p. 50.) Plutarch was aware of this, and says they called their first God, who was *obscure*, and *the hidden*, Amun, and entreated him to become clear and manifest to them. Isis and Osiris. Christians do the same now.

father's. (Diod. lib. I. ch. 6. Herod. III.) The government was a despotism, in which the people were little cared for.

Man was not free *before his God* (Noack seems mistaken in Cyclop. p. 322. See, too, the phantasies of Hegel, "Phil. der Religion, Werke," Vol. XI. Berlin, 1840, pp. 435, 456); all was fixed for him beforehand, and compliance seems all that was allowed him. Thus to the social fate, represented by caste, was added a divine fate, indicated by the fixed and immovable character of religious rites. The priests were the controlling class—rich, powerful, and free from taxation. Even the king seems subject to their iron rule, but fought against it. (Hegel, XI. 447.)

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Religion appears as *ritual*. But it had some moral power, for there was taught a future retribution, which it is difficult to understand. The Egyptians believed the immortality of the soul. Osiris was the judge of the dead; all mortals appear before him. The forty-two assessors make examination of their actions; they are registered in the volume, and rewarded or punished. (For the reason of embalming, see Baur and Zeller, VIII. 285.) But still the human spirit is subordinate to matter, and must pass into the bodies of animals. (Herod. II. 23, says *all*, but this may be doubtful, see Pritchard, p. 195 *sqq.* Bunsen, I. 467, 501.) The importance they attached to the immortality of the soul may be measured by the magnificence of their tombs. (Hegel, XI. 436-7, 444.) Polygamy existed in all classes but the priests. ("Comptes Rendus," Jan. 1851, p. 79; Diod. Sic. I. 80, and references.)

In this form of religion there is a dim feeling of the immanence of the *Divine in nature*—not in all parts indifferently, as in Fetichism, nor as a whole in nature as a whole, as in material Pantheism—but without the sense of the transcendence of deity. Hence, there was no separation of *God from man*, and gods not wholly from the beasts: above mere Fetichism, but not attaining the point of deification of men, though approaching it. Hence, while Amun seems a mere *nature-god* (? Re=Sun), Osiris is much like one of the man-gods of Greece, subject to the accidents of human life—birth, marriage, death, &c. No *avatar*, or *descent of God* into the human form; no apotheosis, or ascent of man to the divine form. The deity is still mysterious—the sphinx a good symbol. (See thereon Hegel, XI. 455.) The power of religion was great. This is attested by the tombs and pyramids. Yet its aspect must have been that of awe and of fear more than of love. (Aspects severe and ugly, "so high that they were dreadful,"—a great activity—see all the architecture—an attempt to write out this consciousness.) The priesthood tended to make all immovable in religion, the castes in society, the government (despotism) in politics. (Yet a great life in this compared with India.) Mummy the type of man, so swathed about, his hands and feet still pinioned.

This is the way the Ægyptian chapter closes. The Chaldæan, Arabian, Phœnician, Shemite chapters show the great extent of his Oriental reading and scholarship, but they are hardly more than a series of annotations. The Hebrew chapter is more finished, so is that upon the Greeks. He traces the development

of their conception of God through the poets—the subordination of deity to the universe—what was borrowed from other nations—gives the representative principle of each philosophical school from Thales to Plato; has sections upon the Epicureans, Stoics, &c.; he covers, in short, completely the whole ground. The Greek chapter is the longest of all, but it is in an unequal condition of preparation.

PLATO'S CONCEPTION OF GOD.—In Plato we have a distincter statement of God, still it is difficult to reconstruct his notions. But God is one, though he uses the popular form "gods." (Brandes. II. 349, and the *Timæus*, where he thinks the world is "a blessed God.") He is spirit, and the universe depends on him and originates with him. God is self-existent and absolute, unconditioned, all-powerful, all-wise, all-just. He cannot alter or be changed for the better or the worse. Prayers move him not, he is incapable of wrong (Θεὸς οὐδαμῆ οὐδαμῶς ἄδικος, κ.τ.λ.). He is absolutely happy, and seeks to make the world like himself, the effective ultimate cause of all things. Accordingly he is perfect providence of the little and the great. (See his ingenious answers to the doubter, *Laws*. X. 903, B. and D. *Ast.* VIII. 282.) So justice will be done to each, here or hereafter. (Note his *Metempsychosis*, VII. 383-4.)

This is Plato's scheme of things.

I. There is matter—the elements—the raw material of which things are (subsequently) composed. This is eternal, necessary, with properties of its own, but inert and not susceptible of thought (intelligence, νοῦς). *Tim.* p. 30-6, 52-3, 68. E. 69.

II. A certain motive power, eternal, necessary, extended, divisible, incorporeal, not sensible, and only known by its effects, but susceptible of thought, intelligence. (*Laws*. X. 895. *Tim.* 37 C. 46, D. E. *Phædrus*, 245 C. D.)

III. God, eternal, necessary, &c. (as above). To organize bodies He makes intelligence penetrate the moving power, which becomes the soul of the world. This intelligence is also the good, and is the supreme God—the soul of the world participating in intelligence participates in God, and is a created God; but not wholly so, for the motive power is co-eternal with God, the first of created things. By it God forms the world, other gods inferior are also formed, their number no man can tell; among them are the souls of the stars. (*Tim.* 38-40. *Laws*. VII. p. 821, 822; X. p. 848, of the planets. See Martin, "Études sur le *Timée*," note, 24, 27, 31, 38, and his "Mémoire sur l'Opinion de Platon sur les Dieux," in "Mémoires de l'Académie Royale des Sciences Morales et Politiques," Tom. II. "Savans Etrangères," Paris, 1847.) These inferior gods are the cause of the irregularities of the world, God intervenes sometimes to set things right. Then there are demons (*genii*), of which each soul has one.

Plato is a monotheist; for he makes the chief god creator and monarch of the rest. Thus he makes a kosmos of gods out of the former chaos thereof. The subaltern gods no more interfere with the unity of the divine operations than the angels and saints of the more

modern mythology. The limitation of God comes chiefly from the co-eternal matter and motion.

This power of matter and of motion seems a dim remnant of that Fetichism which made all nature divine. We may trace a yet later form of it in the "plastic nature" of a later day. The dynamic property which modern science finds in matter is of a different origin in the mind of men.

About the punishments, &c., see the queer remarks of Nathanael Chumnitus in Creutzer's Ed. Plotinus (Oxon., 1835), II., 1428, *et al.* See, too, the remarks on the natural immortality of the soul, in the "Dialogus de Animâ" of Joannes Chumninus, *ibid.*, II., 1442, 399.

Still, God is not the Infinite in his conception. His consciousness is a disturbed one; He is not the absolute Creator. There is evil in the world; not annual evil—an accident of development, and no more a flaw in the world than the milk-teeth and tottering step of the child—but absolute evil, a constant for ever, though in variable quantity. "It is not possible that all evil should be abolished" (Theæt. 176, A.). God, in forming the world, "desired that, as far as possible, all things should be good, and nothing bad" (Tim. E. and 30, A.). But matter is eternal as God, and is not absolute good. It has certain evil properties which are constant, and God cannot overcome them. Therefore, if not limited in himself, God is *ab extra*. This duality of the universe affects all things; the flaw extends to God. The world is indeed a "blessed God," but it does not correspond to the perfect God. It is the prison of God; he cannot transcend it (hence hatred of matter).

Hostile to all sensualism, Plato demands a high and free ethics. Not the desire of the senses but soul is the Norm; not pleasure but virtue is the aim. The dualism appears here—the body is evil, and must be spurned as much as possible. The chief virtues of his ethics are wisdom, bravery, temperance, justice (?). The highest object is the absolute God—that is, likeness of God—*i.e.* to our highest idea. Justice (subjectively) is a harmonious disposition of the faculties—the balance of all; (objectively) is doing your work and giving each his own. He is the happiest man who most attains this—the wretchedest who least.

The result of right and wrong does not end with this life. The soul is immortal, even moral evil cannot destroy it. Conduct here determines condition hereafter; the bad are punished—some, it seems, eternally—the good rewarded and exalted. But there is a purgatory in the other life; from it some go up to higher states of bliss, and others down to lower of misery. He admits absolute evil in the primal matter of the world; this flaw affects the conduct if not the character of God, the character of man (the evil coming from the body), and his condition.

His moral ideas are not perfect. Intellectual qualities are before all others, hence they in whom these predominate are the masters of mankind. His idea of the good is thus metaphysical not moral—the good of the intellect, not of conscience (Rep. VII. 517, B. and C.).

Woman is only the handmaid of man—subordinate to him as a medium for posterity; her marriage is subordinate to the state. Not monogamy, but partigamy is the law in his ideal state. Man is subor-

dinate to the state—for it, not co-ordinate with it—the weak to the strong. There is no equality, no brotherhood. Slavery is eternal in his ideal state. The weak (slave) is an organ of the strong; woman of man; the individual of the state.

The same dualism appears in his ontology, psychology, theology, ethics, and politics. No sense of personal obligation to right. His morals are a medium between the Hedonism of the Cyrenaic school and the Cynism of the others. There is no complete subjective freedom—God is hampered by matter, the soul by the body, the individual by the state, woman by man, the weak by the strong; the part is sacrificed to the whole.

The Platonic theology and ethics were a great improvement over all that had preceded him. A great future was before them. We shall see great evils and much good from this school.

Next comes Aristotle, Pyrrhonism, Epicurus, the Stoics:—

THE STOICS.—The same causes which developed the Hebrew prophets—political downfall, moral corruption—produced also the Stoics. They were earnest persons, with a zeal for philosophy and for morals; but with the excessive subjectivity which makes so much of the Greek philosophy after Aristotle. Their philosophy is marked and individual. In a time that demanded the heroism of a Jeremiah, they were disgusted with the vice and sensuality which found its philosophy in Epicurus. They were tired of the dogmatism and empty generalities of the Platonic philosophy, which, beginning with an idea snatched out of the blue of subjectivity, ended in nothing but disappointment. They applied common sense more than inspiration to solve the problems of philosophy and ethics—not acutely analytic; not desperately subtle; less rash in generalizing than Plato and his school.

I shall treat Stoicism as a whole, neglecting the differentia from Zeno to Seneca; and shall take its truest or highest doctrines as the development of the whole school—in general describe the tree, gather the fruit, but not paint each crooked limb.

In regard to physical things, the mind of man is a *tabula rasa*—all knowledge thereof derived from sensation—so Zeno taught, and thus every cause is corporeal. But in other matters, it seems, they appealed to an innate sense as a ground of knowledge. (Cic. Nat. D. ii. 5, p. 49). The universe (*ἅλον*) consists of two principles (*ἀρχαί*; query, plural?)—one passive, which is matter; one active, which is God; both unborn and indestructible. The two are eternally and inseparably united. Matter has no properties which manifest themselves alone. God puts reason (*λόγος*) into it; forms it into the elements (*στοιχειῖα*), them (*i. e.*, the elements) into worlds (the differentia of the universe), and retakes them to himself, to reform them anew (Diog. Laert. VII., c. 134, 137). There is a solidarity of matter and God; they are one, as the body and soul are one. Looked at from the passive side, the universe is matter; from the active, God. He is the permanent constant of reason in the transient variable of matter. Thus formally they escape the dreadful dualism of Greek philosophy. Matter and God are declared one, but the twofoldness still remains: matter is distinct from God, who has a functional, not essential (?), union with it: is coeval, co-extensive,

co-equal, co-eternal with God; its properties, denied in form, but held in fact, continue still immutable and indestructible. (Ritter, 582 *et al.*, is mistaken in referring the organization of matter to God; and it is a *transitive act* in the history of God, not a *continual doing*. He is not the author of its Genesis, only of its Exodus and Deuteronomy—a *demiurgus*, not a *creator*.) The universe is not infinite, but only indefinite, and so is God. But in two great matters the Stoics improve the old idea of God; they teach—1. That there is now a unity of causal force in the universe; 2. That that cause is rational, self-conscious, good. (See the authorities in Ritter, 574.) He is the moving-power of the universe, the universal nature, without which not the smallest thing could be, the fatal force and necessity of future things, fate and foreknowledge both—alike the spermatic seed and the animating soul of things; the plastic fire that walks its way in the production of the world; the intellectual fire, like soul, that has no form but changes into all it will. God is immortal, rational, perfect; free from all evil of every sort, blessed; the providence of the whole and of the parts, not limited to the form of man; the Former of all things, and, as it were, the common Father of all—the universe his body, and he its soul. The variety of matter finds its unity in him.

The limitation of God comes from the dualism, the Greek philosophical stone of stumbling. The universe is not infinite, it is perfect as a whole, but of imperfect parts. Much of this seems evil that is not; they are perfect if taken in reference to the whole, not to themselves. *Magna Dii curant parva negligunt*. (Cic. Nat. D. II. 66.) Still there is a residual of real evil in the universe, to the individual sufferer an unmitigated and unmeasured (evil), but it is indispensable, necessary for the whole; so in well-ordered houses some chaff and even corn is lost. But whence comes this much and necessary evil that is mingled with the universe? From matter which the divine mechanic of the world could not change. God himself is subordinate to the law of matter (Plut. Stoic. 37; Seneca, De Prov. ch. v.) something he dislikes and neglects from his own imperfection; and instead of God, evil demons or wicked men have a sorry care over the good! God will destroy the world by fire, the self-moving element which most partakes of his nature. He is the plastic and destructive fire, and will draw back the universe to himself—to destroy it for ever? No, he had not the power; but to form it anew (Plut. Adv. Stoic. c. 17; Ritter, 586; Cic. Nat. D. II. 46, whereto Creuzer's Note, 2 Pet. Epist. iii. 7-10, and Wetstein), but the material necessary evil still remains. There is a dark back-ground of evil in the universe, which even God cannot overcome: immanent in matter, and not transcendent, he is subordinate to that.

The ethics of the Stoics were closely connected with their theology and physics. All things are subject to universal and unchanging laws, including man; God, the active part of the material world, gives it his reason for its law. In man there is the same distinction of the active and the passive. The law of nature demands the subjection of the passive to the active, the low to the high. Those who have the moral rule follow nature, live conformably to human nature, in its relation to the nature of the universe, conformably to right. There is an absolute

right of nature and not of man's appointment. Happiness consists not in repose, not in pleasure of the senses, but in activity of the reason, the flow of life. There is a dim sight of what is morally just, but the clearest (Preller, § 400; the good, bad, indifferent) yet sees the function of τὸ ἀγαθόν, τὸ ὠφέλιον (Diog. VII. § 103); but the moral element is not distinctly seen as separate from the intellectual. This defect in psychology comes out in morals, yet the sense of duty is severely felt, more than in any philosophy before. The consciousness of sin faintly appears; virtue is a permanent disposition of the soul harmonious with itself through its whole life. Stob. Eccl. II. 104 (note the distinction, Aristotle calls virtue ἕξις; Zeno, διαβίσις. *Simplic.* in Aristot. Cat. 61, B. and Scholia.) The Stoic must stand up firmly against an evil world; he must know the right, and separate it from the desirable, have moderation, fortitude, and justice; but there is no such thing as justice to himself; justice is for others. Himself must be of no value in his own eyes. In the theological notion of Providence, the part is sacrificed to the whole, men not seeing that thus the whole is no more whole; so in ethics the individual is sacrificed to the universal, and it is not the harmony of all the natural appetites of sense and soul which Stoicism aims to produce, but it annihilates passion after passion, and proclaims peace when it makes solitude. It is thought that nature aims at genera, not individuals; so the individual desire, appetite, and welfare are of small value. The object of an action is of no value, only its moral use. Virtue is its own reward, but rewards theoretically are indifferent; a man must not desire money, honors, and agreeable things in general for himself, but for his friends, not for satisfaction at all, but their moral use alone. All must depend upon the will of the individual man; he must not lean on circumstances, or the world, but stand erect, and out of his own subjectivity create his virtue.

There is no medium between vice and virtue. Plato and Aristotle exaggerated this; the Stoics, yet more, magnify this crisis. There is no holding-ground between the wise man and the fool (as in Christendom none between a saint and a sinner). Virtue is a certain round in the ladder of life, and all below it is vice. A sharp and narrow line is drawn below the true, and at a certain period of life the young Stoic "experienced" reason or virtue. But virtue was capable of no increase or diminution. He that broke the law in one point was guilty of all; a doctrine which has since had a great fortune. The ideal wise man is independent of circumstances, free from desire and ambition; he has no fear, follows his reason, and is truly free; but is proud also of his noble life,—for God needs the good man as much as *he* needs God. He is raised above every law. The Stoic Antinomian may violate all the common laws of human life, and lie, and cheat, and kill. (Ritter, p. 647).

With undeniable merits it yet lacks a sufficient and definite moral principle. There is no inborn rule of right. The Greek philosophy knew none without the law of the land. Stoicism knew none within. Its notion of the just is wholly from experience. They had nothing which transcends history. They had no conception of the moral sense of man. All is too intellectual; the good is of the mind,

not the conscience. There is no spontaneity of moral consciousness. Justice is not done to the spontaneity of the flesh; the body is undervalued. This is not wonderful—while so many placed the chief good solely in the sense, and Athens, Corinth, Rome, ran over with excess of riot. It takes all the philosophy of the time to represent the consciousness thereof. The Stoic tended to virtue's side. But virtue was obedient to the Categorical Imperative, and not spontaneous. The ideal Stoic would have been as unlevelly as loveless, heroic, and hateful.

Yet, for the first time in human history, all limits of nations fall away; we must, says Zeno, be not of one state or people, but we must reckon all men for clansmen and countrymen, for there is one life for all mankind, and the universe is the common pasture of the common herd of men. (Plut. De Alex. Mag. Virtute, l. c. vi.) Plutarch calls it a *dream or phantasy of the benevolent philosophers*. It was the first time the ideal appeared in human history. Under this philosophy Cicero sees the one law for all, the same at Corinth as at Rome.

[Note in its place how Christianity differed, and came to its conclusion from *love*].

But the Stoics despair of mankind. Homer looked on his contemporaries as degenerate men; Hesiod called his own age iron, Aristotle looked back for models, and Plato made all good the reminiscence of the soul now fallen from a higher state. The Stoics yet more looked back; they had an historical reason for it in the evil times they fell upon in Greece and Rome. But their philosophy makes virtue hard to be found and difficult to win, acceptable only to the few; the primal virtues, which shine aloft as stars, could only be seen by the telescope of the understanding, and what experience of being reveals Infinite Love, the absolute law, was not in the nature of man and of it, but from without.

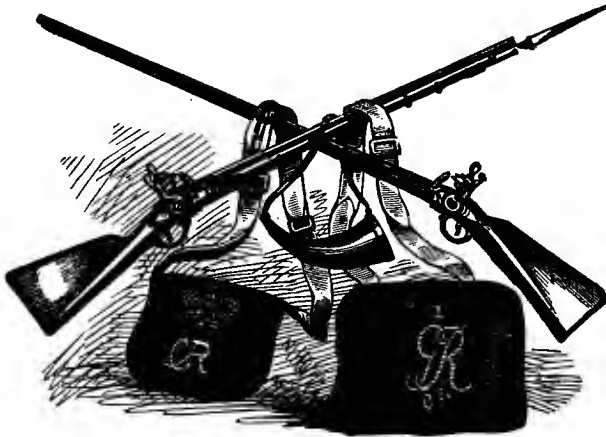
The soul of man was part of the soul of the world, and shared the federal immortality thereof. But is this all? Here the Stoics differed, and developed no peculiar view of Eschatology. Some thought at the incremation of the world all would be dissolved into the Indefinite; others that all souls would live forever, the bad for punishment; others that only the wise would survive death. The character of God gave them no certain ground of future bliss, at least none for the wicked. The doctrine on the whole was fitted for strong men in a rude time—fit to make martyrs, and it made them. It was much more manly than philosophical.

After the Stoics the Greek mind produced nothing more out of its own stock. It went eastward and came in contact with a *mystical* people, westward, and found a *practical* race from which it received new additions to its consciousness. Euripides and Aristotle show that the cultivated people of Athens had lost respect for the popular mythology and cultus; they indicate the decline of the national religion. Pyrrho and Epicurus show the decay of philosophy. In Pythagoras and in Plato the influence of a foreign spirit is visible, something of the dogmatic mysticism of the East. Aristotle and Zeno seem purely Greek. But Stoicism is the last production of Greek philosophy out of its own materials and on its own soil.

The manuscript comes to an end in the chapter upon the Keltic tribes, with the following paragraph:—

All this previous matter must be recast and put into three sections: 1. Of the Goths; 2. Of the Germans; 3. Of the Skandinavians (study Strinnholm again in Section Three; note the story of the Rigsmal, in Strin. II. p. 123; Use of Letters, II. p. 200; Favorable Condition of Women, II. p. 271).

Mr. Parker thought, in the early stages of this work, that he could complete it in ten years, by using all the time which he ordinarily had at his command for serious study. But that time diminished rapidly, and all literary and scientific pursuits were rudely thrust aside by the domination of slavery in the thoughts and affairs of the nation. A violated Conscience found her champion in that upper room, and called him from his books and favorite schemes. Her disfigured aspect filled him with pity and indignation; and as he turned his back upon the great companions of his peaceful thought, to resist the successive encroachments of statutes framed for wickedness, and laws passed to extend and perpetuate the wrongs of man, is it strange that a vision of Lexington, and hands of fathers and relatives reaching for the old muskets, received him at the door?



THE OLD MUSKETS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Anti-slavery—His Position and Tendency—Early Speeches—Letters from Slaveholders—Mexican War.

To trace the life of Mr. Parker through the great agitation for anti-slavery principles, which commenced nearly thirty years ago, would be almost equivalent to writing the history of the anti-slavery movement since 1845, when he first became connected with it. From the annexation of Texas to the last day of his intellectual and moral activity, he was identified with every critical movement in the national politics, and in the local troubles which they occasioned. His life is written in his speeches, lectures, and sermons; they form a body of anti-slavery literature of great value for clear statements, abundance of facts, and supremacy of conscience. The same industry to gather material, and skill in organizing it, which gave him such practical efficiency in handling other subjects, made him pre-eminent in this. Whether you desire a simple and perfectly intelligible narrative of the development of the Southern policy, from its original acquiescence in the evil of slavery to its present attitude, or a noble statement of the American idea which gives to the Constitution and the Union their value and glory, or a stern impeachment of the men who were betraying that idea, and with it their country's safety and prosperity; whether you seek the facts, the history, the patriotism, the religion, the bold invective, or the personal indignation, which are the body and soul of anti-slavery—say rather, the thought, passion, and threatening youth of Americanism, suddenly awake, righteously angry, and with the light of a glorious future upon its countenance—you will find what you seek in those speeches and dis-

courses, and that vigorous "Defence," into which Mr. Parker emptied the whole of his true New England nature. There is his memoir and the history of his time.

The care which he took in preparing for each of those grand popular indictments and prophecies, which perpetuate the disgrace and the hope of the last fifteen years, is evident enough. Documents, biographies, state papers, and newspapers of the South and North, correspondence with slaveholders and public men, conversations with men of information from every quarter of the country, contributed the pragmatic material. His power attracted the sources of information; people volunteered letters and sent him papers; public functionaries were accessible to his requests. Southern men who hated him would send him, in spite, just what he desired to see. If a man called upon him out of curiosity, he paid toll for the gratification, if he was solvent. Whoever came near him, complimented his sincerity with all the facts and prejudices which they had.

His acquaintance with so many of the prominent men engaged in politics was of great service. No thoroughly anti-slavery man had quite all his advantages. His wide knowledge and culture held men to him by various ties, and he knew how to sustain a genial intercourse which prevented any one idea from becoming oppressive or being suspected as an adventurer. Men admired his honesty, as well as his gifts; if they did not wish to be as honest themselves, they liked to contribute to him; perhaps they felt a secret pleasure, a kind of penumbra of open honesty in recognizing his mighty zeal and feeding it. A man who is so thoroughly hated by the ignorant always has the sympathy of the intelligent, even if they are not of his own party, provided his nature is not narrow and sectarian.

He represented no technical phase of the great anti-slavery sentiment. He believed in voting and in the Union as means for thwarting and eventually overcoming slavery. But he hastened to stand by the side of every sincere opposer of that iniquity. He was in intimate relations with some of the chiefs of the Republican party, and knew them all; it was his hope that at last a Northern sentiment would secure a Republican victory, as the first preliminary of emancipation, but he always said that his office was to preach, to enlighten, to help to frame the sentiment. So he would be identified with no man to the extent of every party exigency. He preferred the isolated position which he had

the power and conscience to occupy ; and he was sagacious enough to see that he thus preserved a chance of influencing friends and associates whom various motives drew and held around him.

I am responsible to nobody, and nobody to me. But it is not easy for Mr. Sumner, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Chase to say all of their thought, because they have a position to maintain, and they must keep in that position. The political reformer is hired to manage a mill owned by the people, turned by the popular stream ; to grind into anti-slavery meal such corn as the people bring him for that purpose, and other grain also into different meal. He is not principal and owner, only attorney and hired man. He must do his work so as to suit his employers, else they say, "Thou mayest be no longer miller." The non-political reformer owns his own mill, which is turned by the stream drawn from his own private pond ; he put up the dam, and may do what he will with his own ; run it all night, on Sunday, and the Fourth of July ; may grind just as he likes, for it is his own corn.

The anti-slavery non-political reformer is to excite the sentiment and give the idea ; he may tell his whole scheme all at once, if he will. But the political reformer, who, for immediate action, is to organize the sentiment and idea he finds ready for him, cannot do or propose all things at once ; he must do one thing at a time. He is to cleave slavery off from the Government, and so must put the thin part of his wedge in first, and that where it will go the easiest. If he takes a glut as thick as an anti-slavery platform, and puts it in anywhere, head foremost, let him strike never so hard, he will not rend off a splinter from the tough log ; nay, will only waste his strength, and split the head of his own beetle.

The business of political reformers is to haul in the slack, and see that what the windlass has raised up is held on to, and that the anchor does not drop back again to the bottom. The men at the windlass need not call out to the men at the capstan, "Haul in more slack!" when there is no more to haul in. This is the misfortune of the position of the men at the capstan ; they cannot turn any faster than the windlass gives them slack rope to wind up.*

How well men fought when they heard his undaunted voice far in the front ! It rolled with the very shock of the encounter ; but they comprehended that it was leading them to no impossible position. He wanted organization and a definite plan of a campaign. His object was to throw a million votes. The Constitution and the Union was the bridge to resound with the feet hastening over to deposit this great ballot of freedom. But his opposition to the Fugitive Slave Bill was personal and humane. He did not care what political issues it might have ; it did not deter him that the Bill nominally became a law, nor did he

* The Great Battle between Slavery and Freedom, considered in two speeches delivered before the American Anti-Slavery Society, at New York, May 7, 1856 ; pp. 31 32, B. pamphlet.

trouble himself much about its constitutionality. He hastened in a moment of peril and dire distress to save such as were ready to perish—to plant his person and his intellect in the way of the kidnapper, to be sudden, instant, imperious, for the supreme necessity of liberty and the things dearest to the soul.

Mr. Parker had occasionally preached against slavery at West Roxbury, but he did not become prominently active in this field till 1845, the year of the annexation of Texas. A sermon "Of Slavery" was preached January 31, 1841, repeated by request January 4, 1843, and then published. In 1845, he was very busy preparing material for a History of Slavery among the Romans, its causes, its effects, and its extinction. This was never written, but the material did not lie unused.

The speeches which are not yet published in any edition of his works are quite numerous. Here is a brief account of the most important of them. He delivered one at Faneuil Hall, December 28, 1847, for which he had framed comparative tables, showing the growth of Northern and Southern States, in railroads, their length, their known and estimated cost, the valuation of the principal States, and their gain for a series of years, the free whites, &c. Another was delivered at Worcester, August 4, 1849, on occasion of a special fast for the cholera, the point of which is that repentance from the sin of slavery is a practical observance, to which the country must be called. Before the Anti-Slavery Convention, May 28, 1851, he discussed the action of the Government in the matter of slavery, weighed the threats of secession uttered by South Carolina, followed the political track of Mr. Webster, and quoted generously from anti-slavery sermons. This is a grand speech, lucidly arranged, and full of meat. At Framingham, on the anniversary of West-Indian Emancipation, 1852, he analyzed the two great forces of slavery and anti-slavery. In Boston, at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, January 28, 1853, he made a fine speech, full of life and humor. He criticized the tone of the Northern pulpit on occasion of the death of Daniel Webster, and that of the press on the Duchess of Sutherland's letter respecting American Slavery. He noted the hopeful signs which the Church gave, and spoke some generous praise of Mr. Beecher. He examined the criticisms of the abolitionists upon Mr. Sumner. Another considerable speech was made before the New England Convention, May 26, 1853.

This speech repeats his vindication of the Duchess, and then proceeds to state the American idea—1. That men were created free. 2. That they have natural rights. 3. That these are inalienable. 4. That all men are equal in respect to the first three. 5. That the function of government is to organize these. Then he states the despotic idea in the same country, and here he describes the “irrepressible conflict” clearly. A criticism of parties follows, and the influence of slavery on courts, on trade, on the clergy; but he gives the clerical exceptions. Then he makes a point of the fact that Thomas Sims reached Savannah on the 19th of April. He shows the advantages of the North in being based on free labor. The peroration of this speech is fine; it is a description of the right kind of rebuke to administer to the Duchess and all foreign critics by inaugurating anti-slavery policy.

In Fanueil Hall, at an Anti-Nebraska meeting, which was held February 16, 1854, he made a speech, which was extensively noticed by the Southern papers. It traced the consecutive steps of the slave power. The *Charleston (S.C.) Courier* for May 2 says of it:—“There are frequent passages in this strange exhibition of the mad parson which, in the main, truthfully as well as strongly detail and depict the various occasions on which Southern interests have obtained the mastery in Congress, or, at least, important advantages, which are well worthy the consideration of all who erroneously suppose that the action of the general Government has been, on the whole, adverse to slavery.” A passage from the *New York Times* for February 23, commenting upon a speech delivered in that city six days after the Fanueil Hall Meeting, upon the “Aggressions of Slavery,” shows the condition of public opinion at that time, when the people still hated his prophesying, and were loth to find it true:—“But patriotic, Union-loving, faith-keeping Southerners ought to be apprised of the fact, that people of all classes and of all parties at the North, are beginning to say to one another that, after all, there is a great deal of truth in what Theodore Parker says.”

Against an article from the *Charleston Courier*, which ridiculed him and the anti-slavery idea, Mr. Parker placed no other comment than advertisements, extracted from the same number of the paper, of sales at auction, “sound and healthy, likely and smart negroes,” “valuable negroes,” “children, nine years, four years, *six months*, old,” and an “intelligent brown woman.”

The satire is sufficient. In the same sheet are advertisements of "oxen and stallions;" underneath "a buggy and harness for sale" is a "good man cook, in the prime of life."

He made another speech at New York, on the 12th of May of the same year, which is crammed with information to exhibit the actual condition of the country relative to slavery. On the 9th of May, 1855, he delivered a very racy speech before the American Anti-Slavery Society, describing the different political parties and the way they ignored the only political fact which the country then could furnish.

A speech at New York, on the 7th of May, 1856, "The Great Battle between Slavery and Freedom," is valuable. It gave a history of the Kansas troubles, very full comparative statistics of North and South, and described a true democracy.

But many of the lectures which he delivered before lyceums were filled with the same sentiments in a less technical form. The spirit of the American idea pervaded them all; and at length his audience were disappointed if, in the course of the evening, he did not encourage and instruct the awakening conscience. His subjects were always so related to the culture and elevation of man, that the one great theme stepped with ease into them, and proved their strongest illustration. With this ceaseless reiteration he went everywhere, moulding the public opinion and insinuating the morals of politics into the minds of men of various parties.

Whoever would understand the deep complicity of his life with the great Northern movement for freedom, must look for it in his best moments, in those discourses inspired by all the critical events and measures of his time. Through him the anti-slavery idea seemed to be passing over from the earliest periods of its awakening into the popular consciousness, to assume a practical republican form. He represents this second phase of the great agitation. The first, commenced by Mr. Garrison, and supported by the men who are distinctively called Abolitionists, had performed the greater part of its glorious work. Patiently bearing obloquy and persecution for many years, and fighting with a mere handful and on an extreme position purely moral campaigns, it had effected a lodgment in reflecting minds. They were converted by the faith and suffering of these noble men. Thus the idea entered upon its second stage with increased numbers, but removed from its first ground, and seeking, through various in-

consistencies, to gain a working political position. Then the original Abolitionists became the critics of their own idea as it strove to organize a great party of the North. Many were the fallacies of men who undertook, through all the forms of an immoral Government, to conduct a moral idea to a constitutional triumph. The Abolitionists preserved the consistency which had arrested popular attention; the people, in turn, undertook to write the history of the last ten years, with a divided North and a united South. Mr. Parker's conscience was as thoroughly anti-slavery as his understanding was thoroughly practical. He detested the Government, which was then a Southern domination, but he believed in using the forms of the Government against the spirit which was then pervading it. His conscience prevented him from being a politician, but his common-sense was on the side of the people in their efforts to reconstruct the Republic. He was one of the first to see that such an effort was but the final stage of the first American Revolution, and that it might be driven by Southern opposition and Northern subservience into blood. The facts and the history were with him, as all men can now plainly see.

His letters and private meditations will help to show the position which he held, and the manifold influence that was exerted by him upon the political developments of the time. We thus also get some idea of his personal activity in the excitements which followed the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill.

TO G. ADAMS

West Roxbury, Dec. 5, 1842.

But to come to the Latimer petition.* Perhaps you feel a stronger interest than I do in the welfare of Latimer, and of the slaves in general. It must be a very strong one if it is so; but I will not boast of my zeal. When Mr. Cabot, a noble young man of our village, asked me to read the petition, I said "Yes, I will." As I thought more upon it, I doubted that I should serve the special purpose by reading it, at that time, so well as by omitting to read it, and by leaving the sermon to produce what effect it might in that special direction. I sat down and read the last dozen pages of the sermon, to see if reading any petition would accord with my own spirit then. I thought it would not. I revolved the matter in my mind many times, and asked myself, "Shall I do the slaves a service by presenting the petition at this time? I thought I should not. I think so now. I con-

* Concerning the case of a fugitive slave, who afterwards escaped while his examination was pending.

sulted a friend, an Abolitionist, a thorough-going one, who is often called fanatical on account of his abolition; he thought it would do more harm than good to read the petition then. Monday afternoon I went to the chapel twice to see if I could find any of the Abolitionists there, to tell them I could not read it conscientiously at that time. I could find no one. When in the chapel Mr. Cabot brought me the petition. I don't know what I told him. I was in a state of great anxiety, as I always am for half an hour before I begin to preach on such an occasion. I do remember this, that, as he looked surprised, I said, "Do not think my zeal for the slave is cooling off," or words to that effect. After preaching the sermon I could not, in the state of feeling it left me, have read the petition at that moment, even if I had promised to do so. Now, my dear sir, you may condemn me if you please; but my own conscience acquits me of anything but the best motives. I may have erred in judgment, certainly not in motive. I thought I should offend some of the Abolitionists by refusing; but fear of man never stopped me yet when conscience said "Go." Perhaps it will in time to come. Then I beg you to rebuke me severely as you will. Do you think I was afraid to read the petition, and thought I should hurt my popularity? Then either you know me very little, or I know myself very little. Perhaps I am not zealous enough in the cause of humanity. No man can be over-zealous therein. Let my life speak; if that tells one tale and my tongue another, you shall be welcome to call me "Talker" forever and ever. I don't come up to my own ideal, of course; but I trust I do not shrink from performing what I consider my duty. If I had read the petition with the feelings I then entertained, I should have been false to myself, though all the men in the Hall had said "Amen," and signed it at once. But I have said already more than I meant to say on this theme, and will only add, that I think God is to be served by loving man, and that I think the only "ordinances of religion" that are of real value, and intrinsic value, are being good and doing good.

May 12, 1845.—I went to the meeting of the Unitarian Association; a stupid meeting it was, too. The brethren looked on me much as the *Beni Elohim* looked on Satan, as he came last of all. However, they shook hands all the more tenderly, because the heart was not in it, and then turned the cold shoulder. It was a queer meeting. I went as a demonstration of my existence as a member of the Association.

Anniversary Week, May 26.—Went in the afternoon to the meeting of the Clerical Anti-Slavery Convention. Found the brethren organized. The hall was full of laymen and women also. Stetson spoke well. Then an attempt was made to vote the lay-folk out of the room; but this would not go, so they continued to listen. Then — spoke. He thought that anti-slavery was in its last stage, when it seeks to destroy existing institutions. The leaders of anti-slavery wanted to pull down Church and State, to build up an institution and put themselves therein. They cared less for the advancement of the slave than for their own advancement. The clergy had done more than any other class—all that could be expected.

John L. Russell replied, speaking of the evils of slavery, the great

efforts made by the Anti-slavery Society, the dilatoriness of the Churches, the beauty of Christianity, and its power to heal all these woes. Then G. W. Briggs spoke, and beautifully; begging men to let the anti-slavery party alone, and apply themselves to the work before them. The clergy had done little, the Churches little: witness the character of the Southern Churches, colleges, &c. Stetson spoke with great beauty, and Pierpont with force I never shall forget. The audience cheered him with tremendous applause. He turned John the Baptist round upon the first speaker (who had said that John the Baptist represented the first stage of reform—that of simple exhortation). After that I came away, and wended my course homeward.

27.—Meeting of the Unitarian Association at Berry Street, to alter some arrangements. They discussed trivial matters involving no principle, with such technical skill, that I came away, leaving one party milking the ram and the other holding the sieve.

Went to the Anti-Slavery Convention—nothing great. McClure, of Scotland, spoke, in a bad spirit and with a bad face. I liked not the spirit of the man. Heard others, but nothing great. I intended myself to have spoken, and defined the position of the Churches in relation to reform, but could not.

28.—The Berry Street Conference met this year in Phillip's Chapel. The "*concio ad clerum*" told well on the audience; but I felt, as I listened to it, that the Unitarian sect was gone—gone past redemption.

I know not where they will go nor what will become of them. I fear that I shall feel myself obliged to leave the ministry, but not the calling to preach Christianity. I see so much of the falseness of the clergy, that I have little respect for them or their calling.

William H. Channing spoke well in favour of freedom; so did Bulfinch. I said my say, but it met no response. I looked down, but into indignant eyes.

The settlement of Texas, by exciting the internal slave-trade of the United States, which was sufficiently great before, stimulated slave prices and slave-breeding in Virginia, and destroyed the small party for emancipation which had existed there. The idea of Southern domination and unlimited slave territory began then to make slavery the corner-stone of our Republic. Both branches of the Texan Congress passed the laws of annexation to the United States, and the measure, which had been long maturing, was consummated in 1845 by the enactment of similar and corresponding laws in the American Congress. Mr. Parker had frequently lectured against it.

July 26.—I wonder if some good result will not follow the constant preaching of truth! It must tell at length; not in my day, but it will tell at last. At this early age of the country, a few good men of great ideas can do a great work, that will make a mark on the nation

forever. It needs not *many* to do this, but *much*. I am resolved to spend what little strength I have in this way. What happens to me I care little for; but the welfare of men I think may be advanced by my humble efforts.

In 1846, the *Ottoman*, a vessel owned in Boston, and manned by New England men, arrived in the harbor. A slave was found secreted in the hold, lying naked upon the cargo, almost suffocated and half dead with fear. The owner of the vessel had him carried back to New Orleans, to preserve the integrity of his connection with a Southern market. Men in Boston were indignant at this who have long since forgotten that their hearts once throbbed. It was the occasion of a great meeting at Faneuil Hall, over which John Quincy Adams presided. Mr. Parker was very active in getting up this popular protest, and he made his first speech in Faneuil Hall.

TORREY'S FUNERAL.—May 17th, 1846.—I went to Boston in the afternoon, though I was ill and the weather raining, to attend the funeral of the Rev. Charles T. Torrey, who has just fallen a martyr to the State of Maryland and its infamous "patriarchal institution." However, he set free over 200 slaves before he fell, the first martyr of Maryland.* I honor the man, and place him high in my list of martyrs. When I first came home I wrote him a letter, and have his reply now.

The funeral was advertised to be in Park Street Church, but it was not allowed, so it took place in the Tremont Temple. Colver made the prayer; a most manly and able one it was too—a real old Puritan prayer—calm, deep, forgiving, full of charity and nobleness, but full of religion too. Then came a hymn read by Mr. Coolidge. I honor him for it.

Lovejoy delivered the sermon. It was not equal to the occasion. But the occasion spoke for itself, and the most meditative needed not any words to stir their hearts. But nothing will come of it; we are too dead—so sold to money that it takes a terrible blow to cut through the golden skin that covers the sins of our age. Where are the Churches who honor the martyr? Did the Church of the Pharisees at Jerusalem honor the first Christian martyr, just as this Church at Boston honors this?

His first sermon on the war with Mexico, which resulted from the annexation of Texas, was preached June 7, 1846. This is published. Afterward, when President Polk was raising volunteers by proclamation, he attended an anti-war meeting in Faneuil Hall, at which a good many soldiers were present, who

* Imprisoned after conviction under a State law against enticing slaves from their masters; and died in prison of consumption.

undertook to interrupt his speech. But he had all the courage and good-humor which pilots an obnoxious speaker safely through the most threatening demonstrations of a mob.

If God please, we will die a thousand times, but never draw blade in this wicked war. (Cries of "Throw him over!" &c.) What would you do next, after you have thrown him over? ("Drag you out of the Hall!") What good would that do? It would not wipe off the infamy of this war—would not make it less wicked!

He proceeded leisurely to review the facts connected with the war, and said a good many things to make the volunteers ashamed of themselves.

"Did not Mr. Webster, in the streets of Philadelphia, bid the volunteers—misguided young men—go and uphold the stars of their country? (Voice, "He did right!") No, he should have said the *stripes* of his country; for every volunteer to this wicked war is a stripe on the nation's back! Did not he declare this war unconstitutional, and threaten to impeach the President who made it, and afterward go and invest a son in it? Has it not been said here, "Our country, howsoever bounded!"—bounded by robbery, or bounded by right lines? Has it not been said, all round, "Our country, right or wrong"?

I say I blame not so much the volunteers as the famous men who deceive the nation. (Cries of "Throw him over! Kill him, kill him!" and a flourish of bayonets.) Throw him over! You will not throw him over. Kill him! I shall walk home unarmed and unattended, and not a man of you will hurt one hair of my head.

And he finished his speech. Did any of those volunteers for slavery belong to a Webster regiment? We have lately sent a Webster regiment *against* slavery, and the men marched down Broadway, in New York City, on their way to the war, singing the refrain of "John Brown"! How the revision of history corrects the bad logic of men!

His next undertaking is a letter to the American people touching the matter of slavery, which at first he intended to publish anonymously, because, he said, he had a bad name. But it appeared in 1847, over his proper signature.

"I am amazed," he wrote to Mr. May, while meditating this letter, "at the way good men and politicians look at the matter; amazed at their silence."

It fell into the hands of a Southern slave-holder, who commenced a correspondence with Mr. Parker, which, for the sake of his replies, and also for some characteristic marks of Southern cultivation which it bears, is worthy to be published. From it the reader may infer the nature of many of the communications

received by Mr. Parker from the South, in which there is a fine, chivalric disdain of the syntax submitted to by the North, and even the spelling is patriarchal, the letters being separated and sold off, while a few have *drapetomania*, and entirely disappear.

TO MR. PARKER.

Wellington, near Athens, Ga., January, 1848.

T. PARKER,—SIR,—A lengthy and measureably incoherent and bombastic letter from you in a book form has been sent me from Boston, purporting to be for the People of the United States.

You Negrophilists may write and publish for ever in your style and with your matter, without striking the Southern heart or enlisting its sympathies. *Until and only until* you prove by the Bible collectively—for it is a collection of theologic truths in its own stability, unchismatic—that God *did not* allow slaves through Moses' prophetic writings to the Israelites, and that Jesus Christ, instead of being *silent*, and St. Paul *coherent*, had been of your own conclusion, that "it was a sin without an excuse." This is the great point you have evaded. In all your work on slavery, not a syllable is remarked from the Scriptures on the proof directly in favor of or against the slavery of the children of Ham, who are veritably the negro race, and until this be treated on in full, and the conviction sent the slaveholders, that God never once countenanced slavery, it is utterly futile for you and your brother Abolitionists to attempt successfully to gain the Southern ear!!!

We cannot think the God of Moses less the true, pure Deity than Jesus Christ; nor that He in one age *permitted* and *regulated* a domestic servitude only to be found to have altered his *fixed Providence* in another! God (you infidel!) is always stable in his purposes. The Old and New Testaments are one, and Jehovah never gave laws of such weight as that forbidding to "covet a neighbour's manservant," &c., only to revoke them under a newer name and a new dispensation! Prove first from the Bible alone, and not by your egregious statistics and inuendoes, that slavery is wrong, without also making God wrong or inconsistent, and then the whole structure of bondage would fall to the ground. Otherwise for ever hold your peace!

The Old Testament forbade you to covet my property. The New, as see Paul's letter to Titus or Timothy, discountenanced your "man-stealing" of my servants from me! The Bible is either inconsistent—the Almighty a changeling—or you are a horrid monster of infidelity or blasphemy in your execrable spirit of Yankee conceitedness against the South.

No, *Sir*, till you inform us better than I have ever been yet by your long printed letter, and by J. P. Blanchard's letters, that in God's and Christ's eye we are doing wrong—we cannot free the slaves without looking on Moses as an old fool, and Jehovah with no better reverence than you and he.

Against all your rhapsodies the thing still remains this: that either Ham's progeny's slavery is wrong, or it is right. If wrong, as God has not informed us this in His oracles of light and life, we can

only be so informed by such infinitesimal atoms of vanity and mental rascality as you Negrophilists.

Indeed, the whole controversy between slave-holders and anti-slavites hinge on the proofs from God's book—God's will—for either side! Till then, Heaven forbid we should arrogate to condemn Moses, and to sneeze, as you, at the Creator!

To tell you plainly—representative of Beelzebub's heart!—my own private opinion, the negroes ought to be colonized back into Africa, whence came their ancestry, and we shall thus return measureably civilized men for the savages that left their native "country for that country's good," and ultimately, if they would be of any service to God, Christianize that benighted continent.

While they remain here, it would have been better had your abolition heart been pregnant with ways and means for their domestic amelioration, education, and marriage rights, without attempting only their freedom. Can you do nothing for the blacks and swarths but give them liberty? Can you never find food for your philanthropy in bettering their condition in slavery, instead of forever harping on the liberty of those Noah, with plenitude of authority from on high, *irrevocably* doomed to servitude, and for the best of reasons. It was not intrinsically Noah, but *God*, who made Ham's progeny in the mysteries of a Providence, punishing his faults that deserved death, death, death! with a life of deserved slavery and inferiority to the rest of mankind, having to do with such a family! Ham's fault at a naked sire, saved from such a destruction, was intense, and proved himself and family unworthy constitutionally. Jehovah, without executing a miracle to cleanse a voluntary pollution, sanctioned Noah's curse, and you are but censuring the Eternal Word at every progress of a nefarious attempt to assimilate negroes to white men.

Again and again, I say that your reaching the conscience of the Southern people must come by the *Bible alone*. All else is in our eyes detestable blasphemy and treasonable evocations of fetid abomination. Take my warning. Never again open your mouth southwardly, unless you can come backed by the Bible; and, at the same time, never also prove the Father of Jesus Christ inconsistent. If men were to presume to overjudge Moses and the prophets, and to twist the New Testament to hallow a race of constitutionally unworthy Africans, and cast a stigma on your brethren, the injury done to religion, aye, to Christianity itself, by thus indirectly disproving the authority of Scripture, would synonymise with the effects of the infernal Jacobinism of the French Reign of Terror. Pause, or else speak to us by reading the Bible only. *Negro Slavery is just!* The only alternative is colonization.

The bottom, perhaps, of all your errors is the ignorant persuasion that Ham's progeny are not negroes. In this, perhaps, you agree, at least, those from whom you take your *cue* do, with Faber and some other antiquarians, that the white races of Europe are the children of Cush—of Ham. But Bryant and other archiologists of deeper note have proved that the Africans are the literal descendants of Cush—of Ham. And the Bible itself sustains Bryant. Faber's researches are superfluous, and mostly Hindostanic; Bryant's the profound and

laborious investigation of accumulated years, and more precise, since dating from Assyria, Phœnicia, Egypt, the Caucasus, and Greece. The fact, then, is that Africa is Ham's lot.

Have you seen Este's work on slavery? I wish he could review yours and you his; or else, that you and himself could controvert by writing, and print your respective letters in one volume. In this way we may have the reasoning of both sides.

Yours for peace.

Mr. Parker replies to the above:—

Boston, Feb. 2, 1848.

SIR,—Your letter of January last has just come to hand, and I hasten to reply. I thank you for your frankness, and will reply as plainly and openly as you write to me. You need not suppose that I have any spite against the slaveholders; I wish them well not less than their slaves. I think they are doing a great wrong to themselves; to their slaves, and to mankind. I think slave-holding is a wrong in itself, and, therefore, a sin; but I cannot say that this or that particular slave-holder is a sinner because he holds slaves. I know what sin is—God only knows who is a sinner. I hope I have not said anything harsh in my letter, or anything not true. I certainly wrote with no ill-feeling towards any one.

You seem to think that the Old Testament and New Testament are just alike, that Christianity and Judaism are, therefore, the same. So, as a Christian, you appeal to the Old Testament for your authority to hold slaves. Now, look a little at the matter, and see the difference between the Old Testament and New Testament. The Old Testament *demand*s circumcision, a peculiar priesthood, the sacrifice of certain animals, the observance of certain fast-days, full-moon days, new-moon days, the seventh day, and the like. It *demand*s them all in the *name of a Lord*. Yet you do not observe any of them. Now, you say, I suppose, that the ritual laws of the Old Testament came from God, but were repealed by Christ, who also spoke by the command of God. If that were so, then it would appear that God had repealed His own commands. You say, God could not change. So I say. I do not think God ever makes laws and then changes them; but if the Bible, as a whole, as you say, is the Word of God, then it is plain that in the New Testament He takes back what He commanded in the Old Testament. In the Old Testament a man is allowed to put away his wife for any cause, or none at all; but you know that Christ said *Moses* gave that command on account of the hardness of men's hearts. In Exodus xxxv. 2, 3, it is forbidden to kindle a fire on Saturday—Sabbath—on pain of death. In Numbers xv. 32–36, it is said, the Lord commanded a man to be *stoned to death* because he picked up sticks on Saturday; yet, I suppose you have a fire in your house Saturday and Sunday, too, and, perhaps would not think it wicked to bring in an armful of wood to make a fire on either of those days. Now, I do not think God changes; therefore, I don't believe He ever uttered those dreadful commands in the Old Testament. I believe that God has the attributes of universal justice and universal love. Doubtless, you will call me an

"Infidel," but that makes no odds; I try to be a Christian, but do not begin by discarding conscience, reason, and common-sense. I think Saint Paul was a Christian, and you know what he says about the law, that is, the *Law of Moses*, as recorded in the Old Testament.

Now, let us look at the case of the negroes. You think the children of Ham are under a perpetual curse, and that the negroes are the children of Ham. The tenth chapter of Genesis treats of the descendants of Ham, but it does not mention among them a single tribe of negroes. I don't think the writer of that account knew even of the existence of the peculiar race of men that we call negroes. He mentions the *Egyptians*, it is true, and other *North African people*, but it is well known that they were not negroes. But even if some of the descendants of Ham were negroes, though it is plain from Genesis x. they were not, still, that does not bring them under the curse of Noah, for Noah does not curse *Ham and all his children*, but only *Canaan*. Now, the descendants of Canaan are mentioned in Gen. x. 15-19; not one of them was ever an *African people*; they all dwelt in the *western part of Asia*, and are the nations with whom the Hebrews were often at war. The Hebrews conquered many of these tribes, seized their country, and often their persons. Many of them fled, and I think, settled in *North Africa*; the Berbers, and, in part, the Moors are of that race, *perhaps*, but none of them are negroes.

But even if the negroes were the children of Canaan, as it is plain they were not, what title could you make out to hold them by? It would be this:—4000 years ago Noah cursed Canaan, and, therefore, you hold one of Canaan's children as a slave. Now, do you think a *man* has power to curse so far off as that? But you will say, God gave the curse; well, the Bible does not say so. You say, Canaan and his posterity were "constitutionally unworthy," but you don't know that. On the contrary, the Sidonians, who were the descendants of Canaan, were a very illustrious people of antiquity—a good deal like the English and Americans at this day—and actually held great quantities of the Jews in slavery. Before you can hold a single negro under that clause in Gen. ix. 25, you must make out—1. That the negro is descended from Canaan; 2. That the curse was actually uttered as related; 3. That it announces personal slavery for more than 4000 years; 4. That the curse was authorized by God Himself. Now, there is not one of these four propositions which ever has been made out or ever can be. My dear sir, I am really surprised that an intelligent man, in the nineteenth century, a *Christian man—a Republican of Georgia*—could seriously rely a moment on such an argument as that. Fie on such solemn trifling about matters so important as the life of two or three millions of men! For my own part, I don't believe the story of Noah cursing his grandson for his father's fault. I think it all a foolish story got up to satisfy the hatred which the Jews felt against the Canaanites. I know Bryant's book and Faber's, but never use either now-a-days. B. had more fancy than philosophy, it always seemed to me. I may be as "confident" as you think me, but don't call myself a learned man, though I have read about all the valuable works ever written on that matter of Noah's curse.

You ask if I could not propose some good to be done to the slaves now. Certainly; their marriage and family rights might be made

secure, their work easier, their food and clothing better, they might not be beaten. Pains might be taken to educate them. But all that is very little, so long as you keep the man from his natural liberty. You would not be happy if a slave, would not think it right for a Christian man to hold you in bondage, even if one of your ancestors but fifty years ago, had cursed you, still less if 4000 years ago. If I were a slave-holder I would do this—I would say, “Come, now, you are free, go to work and I will pay you what you can earn.” I think, in ten years’ time, you would be a richer man, and in two hours’ time, a far happier one, a more Christian one.

Dear sir, Christianity does not consist in believing stories in the Old Testament, about Noah’s curse and all that, but in loving your brother as yourself, and God with your whole heart. Do not think that I *covet* your slaves. No consideration would induce me to become a slave-holder. I should be a *sinner*, though God grant that you are not one for that act! Let me ask you, *while you take from a man his liberty, his person, do you not violate that command*, “Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbour’s”? *Do you not break that golden rule*, “Whatever you would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them”?

I do not think you feel easy about this matter. What you say about colonization convinces me that you do not believe slavery is a Christian institution; that you are not very angry with me, after all. Do not think that I assume any airs of superiority over you because I am not a slave-holder. I have never had that temptation; perhaps if born in Georgia, I should not have seen the evil and the sin of slavery. I may be blind to a thousand evils and sins at home which I commit myself. If so, I will thank you to point them out. I hope you will write me again as frankly as before. I wish I could see Este’s book. I will look for it, and study it, for I am working for the truth and the right. I have nothing to gain personally by the abolition of slavery, and have, by opposing that institution, got nothing but a bad name. I shall not count you my enemy, but am

Truly your friend.

In reply to this, Mr. Parker received a very lengthy epistle, making points out of almost every line he wrote. But space cannot be afforded to quote it entire. Here is a specimen:—

February 25, 1848.

You Abolitionists are children—you utter strings of nonsense for wisdom, and have the audacity to elevate your heads, as if your reasonings were admired at the North or favoured at the South!

To ameliorate the slave would be to go to expense for him, and to render the profits of his slavery, as now existing, narrower. Thus,—1. ’Tis to school him, and endure the probable tricks of his intelligence, if he be *innately* a scoundrel. 2. To secure his marriage inseparable from his wife and children, and thus to render him less valuable by not being able to sell him alone, and wife and children separately, at so high a price as they altogether would bring in a family. For many *cannot*

buy a whole family, and can a single slave at a high price. 3. To ameliorate his condition by giving him better food, clothes, and less work, and hence find less profit from his labor or keeping! Ameliorate slavery—render it valuable! Surely a cabbage has a head, and so has William L. Garrison or Theodore Parker!

In conclusion, friend Theodore Parker, let me admonish you not to be for serving God's Holy Prophet of Prophets, Moses, as the Abolitionists, in their infernal conceits, are "after doing," as you see other prophets which I hinted at also spoke like him, or "*worse*." And if you could fling away Moses, you must the prophecies also; and if you can these, by diminishing the credit or authority of *anything they say*, you would knock the buttments of Christianity also away, and reduce Jesus' Gospel to a skeleton; or rather to so much flesh without bones. This I have tried, almost in agony, to show to Mr. Blanchard's mind, for he said, "There may have been a black Adam as well as a white," thus insinuating the want of fulness in Moses, or supposing his Genesis subject to speculations; and as I could not, my horror and distrust of Abolitionists has become so greatly increased, that I now pronounce them American infidels and Jacobins, and Boston as the Paris of this phrenzied sect. The scenes of its Revolution only is wanted to finish the revolting picture.

Farewell, sir! write back, if you can, and if I see any solid reason in your reply deserving another from me, I will not withhold my pen. I think it much better to let off a deaf man like me, and to attend to Matthew Este, whose book on slavery I will send, if one be in Athens. Este, like yourself, and Blanchard, and Drew, I feel to be inferior as writers to myself. I feel among you as a Samson among a certain host, or a Titan, even, among your giants. To attempt to prolong the contest with me would only sink you in the Serbonian bog. Deaf though I be, yet I am mighty in spirit. As Abner said to a young man pursuing him, "I say to thee, turn thou aside upon 'Este,' and take thou his armour," for why should I use thee up?

Mr. Parker rejoins:—

Boston, March 4, 1848.

SIR,—Your favour of February 12th was received in due time and carefully read; but I have hitherto been unable to reply to it, on account of absence from the city and various duties while in it. I see it is altogether useless for me to undertake to dispute with you on the matter of slavery. I should prefer, certainly, a different antagonist. Your first letter led me to think you were a very extraordinary man; your last more than confirmed the opinion. I confess my inability to reason with you. I see it is of no use for one with weapons like *mine* to prolong the contest. I will take your advice and select an opponent more suitable.

Allow me, however, in parting, to thank you for your long letter—such as I have seldom read.

Learned sir, I remain,
Your obedient servant.

These letters also, though of a later date, find their natural connection here; unfortunately I am not able to furnish the replies. But the letters are characteristic of an epoch that is passing away. These and the preceding ones have been made to correspond somewhat to the vulgar exigencies of printing.

FROM ———, NEAR CHARLOTTE, N. CAROLINA.

February 11, 1855.

DEAR SIR,—It has been on my mind for some time to address you; to urge that more mild methods and phrases should be employed in judging and discussing the differences which prevail North and South, in manners or opinions.

In order to show the necessity for care and caution, I will detail for your consideration two scenes in Eastern States which fell under my notice, and I think are entitled to reproof and amendment.

Being in Boston on a Sunday, I was astonished to find that respectable-looking housemaids were required to take, *that morning*, very early, to scour and wash the extensive necessary houses of one of the most prominent hotels in your city.

I felt so much dissatisfied at this discovery, I could not avoid asking an intelligent, decent-looking white woman if it was the custom of the house. She assured me it was so regularly! The women were all Irish Catholics. They seemed gratefully surprised at my notice and intervention, but vexed and indignant at the selection of time for such service.

One of them calmly and modestly observed, "It was the time she had been allowed to go to mass elsewhere." I could but regret some other day was not substituted for such employment. The women looked inquiringly, as if they supposed I had some authority.

I told them, "I was a stranger from the South, who owned slaves, and would certainly not allow my servants to be thus employed on a day which *demand*ed general rest, specially for servants."

The next morning an Irish waiter ran a long distance after me to the cars, expressly to bring me a lunch, as he had observed I usually ate no breakfast.

Going on board a steamer at Burlington, in Vermont, I found a number of Irish emigrants on their way from Canada, taking the route by Lake Champlain from Quebec, to seek their friends, or employment in the United States.

The noise of the escape steam, and the tumult in the trans-shipment of passengers, baggage, and goods, induced me to take a stand on the upper deck.

Women and children formed a principal portion of the crowd.

With the abstracted devotion which appears peculiar to Catholic instruction or habits, several were on their knees upon deck, their lips and hearts uttering prayers as they passed beads of rosaries through their fingers.

It seemed impossible to avoid a feeling of pity for the poor creatures, however we might differ about forms.

There were a number of horses in the bow of the boat, to be landed at Burlington. Those who had charge led them with the greatest indifference and brutality among and over the kneeling women and children.

In the foreground, an aged widow, with seven children surrounding her, never moved amidst all the disorder. The noises, the tumult, the dangers, the rude countenances of boisterous strangers, did not distract her attention from her prayers, although she was evidently sensible of the hazard to her infants.

Her faith was strong, and though expressed with manners and devotion differing from those I have been taught to confide in, I trust were as acceptable before God as mine own.

A number of gentlemen on the upper deck looked at this scene, and also said that the clerk of the boat, aided by a negro steward, made exchanges of foreign monies with the male emigrants, much to the disadvantage of some of the poorest and most ignorant of the strangers.

I felt excessively angry, and turning round, said to those about me, "Gentlemen, I am a slave-owner from the South, but, by God! no one should treat my negroes as you stand here and see these poor Irish treated."

I was immediately followed to the lower deck, and we requested an officer to have the transfers made with more regard to the kneeling women and children.

The kindly look I received from the patient widow's eye was grateful to me. It is difficult to know the secret hearts of men, yet, from what judgment I could exercise, the formal mode employed by these poor people, *to aid remembrance*, by their beads, while asking the protection of the General Parent, seemed offensive to the rude and reckless men who did not comprehend it.

I could not avoid an impression that if the sympathies of Northern hearts were sincere and honest for the improvement of our slaves, they would be shown in a prompt manner towards these poor "strangers."

Believe me, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant.

FROM THE SAME.

Near Charlotte, N. Carolina, March 5, 1855.

TO THE REV. THEODORE PARKER, — I have read with satisfaction your appeal on account of the perishing classes in Boston, August, 1846. But that sermon, entitled by you, "The New Crime against Humanity," I cannot conceive to be in the right spirit to effect any moral good. As you do not show objection to honest frankness, I will be very plain to be better understood.

By what you term "higher law," I presume you mean "moral law," as we read it in the Scriptures. By looking back to *its principles*, we who reclaim stolen or secreted property, are *not* man-stealers. The

moral law permits servitude; some of the earliest precepts teach how servants should be treated by their masters, and while it places them under the great law of mercy, recognizes them distinctly as *property*. In the same manner, your fathers, while engaged in the slave trade, did not believe they did an unlawful act unless *they stole* the negroes from the coast.

They purchased from those who did steal or capture them, and sold them to our fathers in the South, who paid an honest equivalent for them. By secreting, detaining, or coveting our slave property, *you* show a disregard for the higher law you claim to be ruled by, which was given to an ancient people as their constitution of government. Our constitution was formed upon similar principles, and we are as much bound in faith to it as the Hebrews to theirs. In my opinion, by resisting the constitution, you disregard *both* moral and civil obligations. Abraham had "servants bought with his money, at home in his house." We call *such* servants, "slaves." The Egyptians and Assyrians knew such property. At the time of the Exodus, why was not slavery denounced like idolatry, hypocrisy, deceit, violence, and false witness? Instead of being denounced, it was modified in accordance with other similar improvements, in a very special manner. The Hebrew was not allowed to enslave one of his own people. He was permitted to purchase servants from neighbouring savage people, who would otherwise have tortured and put them to death, as savages now do. The Hebrew was not allowed to steal men *for himself*, but was told not to covet his neighbour's servants. If a Hebrew master maimed his own servant in hasty passion, or revenge, he was obliged to compensate the slave with his liberty. All such facts prove the lawfulness of slavery under the higher law system among the Hebrews. But your people say that law directs that the runaway slave should not be returned to his master. This injunction could not have had reference to a runaway from one tribe or state of the Hebrews to another; but must have been intended to protect the runaway from neighbouring wandering tribes, not under the same constitution of government as the Hebrews, whose common law gave special directions for humane treatment and forbearance, abundant supplies of food, clothing, and instruction. If we in the South have not accepted all the laws of the moral code, as binding upon our slave property, encourage us to put them in force, in order to benefit that property and the common welfare of our country, North and South.

The higher law gives *no* sanction to the master to retain, or delay, or conceal, or to covet our slaves. Give them up, and let us be induced to review our enactments and modify our customs in correspondence with the principles of faith, justice, and mercy those moral laws are founded upon, and which clearly maintain our right to such property, under modifications of humanity your conduct at the North prevents or deranges. Those who have known this system to the South, understand it differently from you; with you, slavery is an abstraction, and your imaginations are too actively employed upon it, to your own injury and ours.

I once asked a sensible preacher of the Society of Friends, in Penn., who was about to visit a business meeting in the South for the first

time, to tell me on his return which were most slaves, the servants or their masters.

His inquiries and examinations showed him difficulties and defences he knew not of before. I have seen your Northern senators struck with surprise at the demeanor of our slaves in the South, who, from savage barbarians, as they were when your friends brought them here, now exhibit as gentle, courteous, and honorable demeanor as servants anywhere.

Your powers of reproof are very great, and your independence of expression corresponds; but do not lose sight of the original truth, that the institution of slavery in higher law stands side by side with laws which object to covetousness, false witness and false devotion, violence, enmity, and every injustice. No such condition exists South as you explain in Boston. All the crimes, and weaknesses, and faults, and enormities, which now exist in society, *also* prevailed *before* the days of Moses. The great deliverer of high law was a reformer: with the sanction usually conceded to him we may claim, at the South, to regard that law as closely as you at the North, and in a spirit quite as much in accordance with the liberality of that honorable code.

I wish the condition of the negro to be improved by his servitude among us. Your violent expressions interfere with his advancement as with ours. I write before day, and in haste.

Sincerely and respectfully.

No doubt he wrote before day; but the day now breaketh. Let one more of such letters suffice to indicate the nature of Mr. Parker's correspondence with slave-holders. It also reveals the nature of his replies:—

FROM THE SAME.

March 7, 1855.

The ancient moral law appears to yield to the ordinary prejudice of our nature in its first gloom, and to *confine* attention to "our neighbours." Yet, afterwards we are cautioned to regard the interests "of the stranger" as well. The honorable liberality of moral law directs the true *principles* of justice and mercy to be exercised towards all colors, classes, and conditions; but, in my opinion, plainly indicates *varieties* in the races of man. We distinguish occasionally apparent contradictions in those Scriptures which solely arise from *extreme simplicity* in the language employed by the Hebrew writers. The original Hebrew designs to denominate a *different* race of people *consistent* with the family of Adam, among whom Cain obtained "a wife," had "a son," and "built a city."

Adam is described as a civilized man at the beginning, stationary and industrious in his habits, employed in agriculture, or gardening, according to our literal translation.

I am instructed by a Hebrew scholar that the word "Nod" left untranslated in our English Bibles, as a noun-substantive, exists a Hebrew *adjective*, signifying "The wandering." Quite an important interpretation!

“The mark set upon Cain lest any finding him should kill him” alludes to these wanderers, others than his own father’s family, and to some law or custom then existing to punish murder with death, as men, both wild and civilized, have continued to do. We cannot discover the absolute *origin* of slavery among men, for the most remote records indicate such an institution as prevailing. Biblical history informs us it existed in the days of Abraham without apparent objection. It most probably commenced among the civilized nations of antiquity from a desire to save human life from the relentless vengeance and retaliations in kind of savage and wandering wild men.

The subsequent improvements in moral law which regulate the conduct of masters and mistresses to their own servants or slaves, among the earliest precepts of the Hebrews, have been strangely misconstrued. In order to prompt and enforce humane treatment to that condition of persons known long anterior to the promulgation of the Hebrew Decalogue, and to check hasty impulses of passion or revenge in masters, a compensation for the slightest personal injuries to servants was ordered in a style of language we cannot believe intended to authorize vindictive retaliation *in kind*.

The expressions, “eye for eye,” “tooth for tooth,” “hand for hand,” “foot for foot,” had reference to previous customs and manner of speech among bordering savages who credited advantages from acts of unequivocal retaliation. This appears in the decided command which follows the inventory of damages, “If a man smite the eye of his man-servant, or the eye of his maid-servant, that it perish, he shall let him or her go free, for the eye’s sake.”

Liberty was thus conceded as the appropriate compensation or payment for violence to any of these members of a purchased servant or slave, and was surely designed to repress cruelty and inhumanity towards this description of legalized property, as it is plainly called and treated of in Hebrew moral law, in correspondence with preceding usages, yet obviously to modify and humanize them by generous restraints. The more I study it, the more I am persuaded this ancient code of practice is based upon a permanent foundation of exact science not to be overruled by alterations in customs or instructions. If those of our country who do not own slaves, but largely aided to introduce them among us in the South, would more carefully examine the discreet provisions of the moral code on this subject, they would do more to benefit “their neighbours” in the South, and “the strangers,” our slaves, than by general denunciation of an abstract principle in which they do oppose the plainest wording of these writings, and the feelings of truth, justice, and mercy offered by the Scripture as the measures or exact rule of proportion, by which we should regulate our own conduct, opinions, and actions towards each other for the advancement and progress of society, and the benefit of every diversity of the human family, both bond and free.

None are disregarded in the honorable system of the Hebrew Reformer, who includes cattle, slaves, children, strangers, neighbours, and enemies! This noble moral code is the base of every modern improvement in humanity. It forms the principles of our constitution of civil government, probably somewhat distorted by false or feeble

interpretations. It ruled the minds and the characters of the men of our Revolution, and its precepts were intended to influence our common law. Let not differences of opinion lead us to any violence in argument or in action, for as surely as the principles of this code are comprehended, so surely will our peace, security, and happiness increase!

Believe me, sincerely and respectfully, &c.

P.S.—I think I noticed, in a letter sent you a few days ago, an objection to the ordinary construction of language with regard to “a runaway servant.” I cannot credit, from the general and generous tenor of moral law, that the order designed to interfere with the rights or title of property so unequivocally countenanced among the Hebrew tribes, but had reference *solely* to fugitives *from without*; the servants of wild, barbarous masters on the borders of Syria, whose servants were ordered to be treated with humanity, and not given up to savages. The common law of the Hebrew made it obligatory upon all masters and mistresses to be kind and attentive to the feelings and wants of servants; such a law with regard to runaways, as you understand from the English text, would not be required if the moral precepts of the Hebrews were obeyed. Aid us to have them attended to everywhere.

His second sermon upon the Mexican War was preached June 25, 1848, after the announcement of its conclusion by the treaty of peace, negotiated by Mr. Trist.

Well: we have got a new territory, enough to make one hundred States of the size of Massachusetts. That is not all. We have beaten the armies of Mexico, destroyed the little strength she had left, the little self-respect, else she would not so have yielded and given up half her soil for a few miserable dollars. Soon we shall take the rest of her possessions. How can Mexico hold them now—weakened, humiliated, divided worse than ever within herself? Before many years, all of this Northern Continent will doubtless be in the hands of the Anglo-Saxon race. That of itself is not a thing to mourn at. Could we have extended our empire there by trade, by the Christian arts of peace, it would be a blessing to us and to Mexico; a blessing to the world. But we have done it in the worst way, by fraud and blood; for the worst purpose, to steal and convert the cities of men into the shambles for human flesh; have done it at the bidding of men whose counsels long have been a scourge and a curse—at the bidding of slave-holders. They it is that rule the land, fill the offices, buy up the North with the crumbs that fall from their political table, make the laws, declare hostilities, and leave the North to pay the bill. Shall we ever waken out of our sleep? Shall we ever remember the duties we owe to the world and to God, who put us here on this new continent? Let us not despair.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Fugitive Slave Bill—Vigilance Committees—William and Ellen Craft.

MR. WEBSTER made his speech in Congress in favor of the Fugitive Slave Bill, on March 7, 1850, and another speech in Boston the next month, in which, countenanced by the political sympathy of the city merchants, he attempted to instruct the State to surrender its anti-slavery convictions. But the country population of the State could not recover from its astonishment at the abjectness of his speech so quickly as Boston did; the conscience of the city is kept sinuous by the crooked streets where interest walks; the conscience of the State has all the open fields to move in, and sees the shortest line between two points. Mr. Parker spoke for the country and the people.

The Fugitive Slave Bill was enacted on September 18, 1850. There was a faint hope that it might be vetoed upon the ground of the unconstitutionality of some of its provisions; but, as soon as the Attorney-General Crittenden, a citizen of a slave-holding state, informed President Fillmore that the Bill was constitutional, it received his signature. He signed the warrant of misery of thousands of innocent and unfortunate beings, for it was not unconstitutional to do so. They have been the black pawns in the great Southern games of politics, capable only to tempt or to restrain a move, and to be sacrificed with equanimity.

Who can describe the distress and anguish of this persecuted class in Boston, Worcester, New Bedford, and the other principal towns, where large numbers of them were gathered for the sake of employment! They were afraid to remain even in places where a formidable anti-slavery sentiment existed, for no man could guarantee to them protection against the well-framed

wickedness of the law. They might stay, and take their chance of a popular manifestation which, in case of arrest, might paralyze the arm that held them, or they might sacrifice everything, and fly, dreading the unreliable temper of the people. Some of the boldest chose to remain, and armed themselves to defend their freedom, instinctively calculating that the sight of such an exigency would make the Northern heart beat too rapidly for prudence. Sometimes it did so: but it was nothing for this race of men who had hitherto been uniformly betrayed to depend upon. More than forty fled from Boston alone, within three days from the signing of the Bill from the President. The anti-slavery men of the State had to sustain the double affliction of the Bill itself, and the misery of its victims; but it brought upon the negroes expatriation, the sacrifice of little properties, the loss of employment, the sudden disruption of family ties, and an uncertain and melancholy future. The humble annals of these sufferers from that base political expedient, would compose the vital history of Massachusetts for many long and gloomy days. For as these hunted men fled they drew the secret tenderness of the people along with them, and left behind only slave-commissioners and marshals, men in Southern trade, and their political sympathizers.

But were not the officers created by the law, or clothed in new disgraceful functions by it, sworn to support it against humanity itself? Yes: and they did not hasten to resign the godless position, so that by letting it drop to the natural level of men, without gentleness, scholarship, culture, and various merit, its naked brutality might terribly shock indifferent spectators, and work a peremptory cure. For, when evil is driven out of respectability into the herd of its own, it rushes down a steep place, and disappears. Society is protected by careful professional services, and is betrayed when professional excellence lends its *prestige* to inhumanity.

The people held indignant meetings, and organized Committees of Vigilance, whose duty was to prevent a fugitive from being arrested, if possible, or to furnish legal aid and raise every obstacle to his rendition. The constant activity of these committees in the principal towns was a serious check to the activity of pursuing committees sent on by slave-holding masters. It became a rather difficult thing to run a fugitive to earth, and get him before the commissioners. The Vigilance members made

it everywhere appear such a troublesome and expensive, as well as uncertain operation, to slave-holders, that the attempts were very few ; but spies were often commissioned to the North with the errand of discovering the chances of success. And, if success had been more probable and less costly, many a slave-hunt would have been undertaken by Southern disunionists for political effect. But policy could afford little till the time came when the plundered nation itself furnished the means by which its life is threatened.

With all the difficulties, however, more than two hundred arrests of persons claimed as fugitives were made from the time of the passage of the Bill to the middle of 1856. About a dozen of these were free persons, who succeeded in establishing the claim that they never had been slaves ; other persons, equally free, were carried off. Half a dozen rescues were made, and the rest of these cases were delivered to their owners. These arrests took place more frequently in Pennsylvania than in any other Northern State. Many fugitives were caught and carried back, of whom we have no accounts, save that they were seen on the deck of some river steamboat, in the custody of their owners, without even passing through the formality of appearing before a commissioner. About two-thirds of the persons arrested as above, had trials. When arrests to the number of two hundred, at least, can be traced, and their dates fixed, during six years, we may suppose that the Bill was not, as some politicians averred, practically of little consequence.

The Vigilance Committees were also the *employés* of the "*Underground Railroad*," and effectively disposed of many a *casus belli* by transferring the disputed chattel to Canada. Money, time, wariness, devotedness for months and years, that cannot be computed and will never be recorded, except, perhaps, in connection with cases whose details had peculiar interest, was nobly rendered by the true anti-slavery men. Their recollections now rejoice in every such practical defeat of the inhuman law. The judges, commissioners, and marshals are in debt to the anti-slavery men, who so many times interposed thus to save them from the disgrace which would have attended each new discharge of their unchristian function. Shall we not hear of their presenting some testimonial to the Vigilance Committees ?

In those dreadful days Mr. Parker hastened from his study,

and forgot all calm delights, that he might rescue the noblest of the humanities from the barbarism and ignorance of men. Of all his knowledge he remembered best the golden rule.

Here are the resolutions drawn up by Mr. Parker, upon which the future action of the anti-slavery men were rested :—

RESOLUTIONS.

1. That we disapprove of the new Fugitive Slave Law, considering it UNCONSTITUTIONAL—in general, because it does not tend to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, or secure the blessings of liberty to the people ; and in special, because it takes away from men the privilege of the writ of *Habeas Corpus*, and the right of trial by jury, because it violates the right of the people to be secure in their persons against unreasonable seizures, and takes away their liberty without due form of law ; and also UNJUST—in general, because it violates the golden rule of doing to others as we would have them do unto us ; and in special, because it offers a bribe to the magistrate to decide against liberty, and leaves men with no protection for their freedom but the opinion of the people.

2. That we will not entertain the opinion that any man can be found in this city or its vicinity, so destitute of love for his country, and so lost to a sense of justice as to endeavour to return a fugitive slave under this law.

3. That we advise the fugitive slaves and colored inhabitants of Boston and the neighborhood to remain with us, for we have not the smallest fear that any one of them will be taken from us and carried off to bondage ; and we trust that such as have fled in fear will return to their business and homes.

4. That we will appoint persons from each ward in this city, as a Committee of Safety and Vigilance, with power to add to their number such as they shall see fit, and it shall be their duty to endeavor by all just means to secure the fugitives and colored inhabitants of Boston and vicinity from any invasion of their rights by persons acting under this law.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Oct. 23, 1850.—At work on book ; continually interrupted by company ; continual stream of people till night.

At night second meeting of Vigilance Committee, this time at No. 46, Washington Street. This is the same number where the Anti-Slavery Society met, when the mob broke them up in 1835. That is a good sign.

Filled up our numbers to about eighty. Chose all the lawyers for a Legal Committee. The function of the committee is this :—To be on the watch, and warn when an attempt is making to procure a warrant to arrest a fugitive ; to see that he has knowledge of it ; if brought

before an officer, that he has counsel, and that all legal delays are made use of, and if he be adjudged a slave, then to alarm the town.

Francis Jackson proposes that an agent shall be appointed to look after the fugitives, help find them places, help them to flee. The first business of the anti-slavery men is to help the fugitives; we, like Christ, are to seek and save that which is lost.

The Boston Vigilance Committee soon numbered 250 members. Out of that number there was raised, besides the Legal Committee, an Executive Committee of eight or ten members, who could be relied upon for any probable emergency. Mr. Parker was its chairman.

Returning home from Plymouth late in the afternoon of the 25th, found Howe * had been at our house, to warn me of slave-hunters in town; found the Legal Committee had been in attendance most of the day. A slave-hunter is here in Boston, named Hughes, and warrants are out for the arrest of Ellen Craft and her husband!

Saw J. B. Smith, who says that writes are out also for the arrest of two other men working at Parker's *restaurant*, in Court Square; that five or six fellows came there at dinner-time, stood on the steps, looked in, but didn't enter. After dinner they went in and inquired for their fugitives. No such persons there—looked round and went off.

Smith says Craft is armed, and Ellen secreted. Informal meeting of Vigilance Committee at the office of *New Englander*. Craft has consented to be hid to-night, at the south end of Boston. Mr. — took him up in a coach. Ellen is to-night at —, in — Street. So all is safe for this night.

The blank spaces for names of places and persons are left blank in the manuscript. This precaution is taken on many pages, in the interest of the fugitive; for there were times when devoted anti-slavery men felt that the future could not be trusted. Warrants and indictments let loose upon their traces with blood-hound scent, might yet, and how soon none could know, run down both the slave and his protectors.

26th.—It seems a miserable fellow by the name of Knight came here to Boston from Macon, Georgia, sent out by the former owner of the Crafts. He used to work in the cabinet-shop with William, but was dull and imbecile; so that his chief function was to wait upon the rest. There came with him a Mr. Hughes, who is the gaoler at Macon.

Last Tuesday, Knight called on Craft at his shop, expressed pleasure to see him, &c.; Craft asked him if he came on alone? "Yes, there was nobody with him." But he wanted William to go round with him, to show him the streets and the curiosities of Boston. No! William

* Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston, always the champion of oppressed people, the good physician, true leader of the blind.

was on his guard, was "busy," "had work to attend to," and could not go."

The next day he came again, wanted William to go round the Common with him! No, he could not go. Then he told William, "Perhaps you would like to come to the United States Hotel, and see me; your wife would like to come also and talk about her mother. If you will write, I will take the letter home."

Finding that Craft rejoiced in a very appropriate name, and was even too much for one who had drawn his vital nourishment of stealth and treachery from slavery's breast, he returned to his hotel and laid the following little lucid trap. Spelling is of small consequence, when the heart swells with generous intentions:—

WILLIAM CRAFT—SIR,—I have to leave so eirley in the moring, that I cold not call according to promis, so if you want me to carry a letter home with me, you must bring it to the united states Hotel tomorrow, and leave it in box 44, or come yourself to morro eavening after tea and bring it. Let me no if you come yourself by sending a note to box 44 U.S. hotel, so that I may no whether to wate after tea or not by the bearer. If your wif wants to see me you cold bring her with you if you come yourself.

JOHN KNIGHT.

PS.—I shall leave for home eirley a Thursday moring. J. K.

The journal proceeds:—

The man who brought the letter informed Craft of the other person (the fraternal gaoler) who came with him, told his name, &c.

Finding this failed, Hughes applied to the Court and got a warrant. I have not yet ascertained who granted it.

I saw William this morning. He seemed cool and resolute. I told him I thought it was no use to put the matter off and cut off the dog's tail by inches. If he were to take the bull by the horns, he had better do it to-day, rather than to-morrow. So he thought. I inspected his arms—a good revolver, with six caps on, a large pistol, and small ones, a large dirk and a short one. All was right.

The next day the Legal Sub-committee of the Vigilance Committee had Knight and Hughes arrested for slander against Craft, they having called him a thief, for leaving Georgia with his clothes on when he left with himself. But they were immediately bailed out. Hughes declared his determination to have William and Ellen at all hazards. "It isn't the niggers I care about, *but it's the principle of the thing.*"

Monday, 28th.— —, a broker and treasurer of U.S. Hotel, told Francis Jackson, "he would carry out the law if it was to apply to his own daughter!" No doubt; but suppose it came to his dividends?

There was by this time a good deal of excitement in Boston, and the committee decided to run off the slave-hunters themselves.

30.—I was at the U.S. Hotel. None of the committee there. Inquired of the landlord if Hughes and Knight were in. "I don't know, sir. No, sir: they are out, Mr. Parker."

I walked about awhile, then asked one of the clerks for Hughes and Knight. "If you will send up your name, you can see." Sent up a card; the servant came back with a little bit of paper, and this on it:—"Mr. Hughes is inuague." The others had assembled by this time, ten or twenty of them. Dr. Kraitser inquired if he was in the breakfast room. "No, not there." Fearing that they might escape us again, I went up to the room, No. 44, and walked back and forth in front of it. By-and-bye Knight came in. Channing guarded one of the stairways, Brown another. Ellis came to me. About three-quarters of an hour thus spent. The landlord came and requested me, not very politely, to walk downstairs, promising to meet me very soon. I went, and soon Mr. Silsbee came and politely informed me that Spooner would introduce me to the slave-hunters. I went up and was introduced.

I told them I came to keep them safe from harm; that I was a minister, and came as a friend to them. Some were disposed to violence, I not. Hughes said he knew I had called before, that I was a minister, and he had understood that I was "a great moralist"—meaning philanthropist—"but this don't look much like it." "What does not look like it?" "Mobs and violence." "But I came to prevent that." "But we came here to execute the law." "Yes: but you must be satisfied that you cannot arrest William and Ellen Craft, and if you do that, you cannot carry them out of the city." Hughes said he was satisfied of that.

They both complained that they were ill-treated; that they could not step into the street but that they were surrounded and followed by men who called out, "Slave-hunters, slave-hunters! there goes the slave-hunters!" Knight said it was too bad; he was not a slave-hunter, he had nothing to do with it, but was treated as badly as the other. Hughes said he had the assurance of sufficient help in Boston; that he did not fear violence—was prepared for it, &c. I told him they were not safe in Boston another night. They said they had determined to go in the train at half-past seven (and indeed they had put their names in the call-book to be called at six), but they saw a crowd at the door, "and," said Knight, "there would have been forty or fifty fellows hurrahing, and swinging their caps, and calling out, 'Slave-hunters! there goes the slave-hunters!'" I told them we (the committee) came to give them a safe conduct, and allow no one to hurt them. Said Hughes, "We don't want a safe conduct; we can take care of ourselves."

I told them that I had stood between them and violence once—I would not promise to do it again: that I should not have been successful had it not been thought that they had promised to depart that morning at half-past seven. He said they had never made any promise, nor should they make any. I told them that I could not gua-

rantee their safety another night. We bid one another good morning, and I came away. They were considerably frightened.

At half-past 2 P.M. they took the New York train at Newton Corner.

Nov. 1.—Reading the diary of John Adams. How much the old times were like the present times! Most of the men of property were on the side of tyranny. Adams was made of good stuff, but vain, irritable, and intensely ambitious; still, he could not be driven from the right by violence, by intimidation, by fear of poverty and disgrace. Nobody could buy him, or flatter him into a continuous course of wrong.

It is amusing to see how trifles affect a man. He was much elated at his election as select-man of Braintree, when he was thirty years old. Nay, his election to be one of the select-men seemed a great affair.

As representative of Boston he contended manfully for the right. It is curious to find how defective collegiate education was then. He had to study "Horace" and "Cicero in Catalinam" after he was a practising lawyer! But it is pleasant to see his literary taste, which struggled against poverty, sleepiness, and want of books.

It is painful to find that the "men of property and standing" who at first inclined to freedom almost all fluctuated, and how many of them went over to the other side. Note the character of the clergy, and how the greater part of them sided with Power.*

Many interruptions all this week, and little done; almost nothing on the book. I make no doubt I shall have to go to gaol this winter, and then I shall be as well off as Carlyle's "Notability No. 2," free from taxes and botheration, when I clutch my MSS. as if in a conflagration! Well: I am ready.

The allusion is to "Model Prisons"—visit to a prison of the exemplary or model kind. Mr. Carlyle says:—"Next neighbor to him was Notability Second, a philosophic or literary chartist; walking rapidly to and fro in his private court, a clean high-walled place; the world and its cares quite excluded, for some months to come; master of his own time and spiritual resources to, as I supposed, a really enviable extent. What 'literary man' to an equal extent? I fancied I, for my own part, so left with paper and ink, and all taxes and botheration shut out from me, could have written such a book as no reader will here ever get of me. Never, O reader, never here in a mere house with taxes and botherations. Here, alas! one has to snatch one's poor book bit by bit, as from a conflagration," &c.

* Where John Adams alludes to "Reverend Tories," he means to designate chiefly the Episcopal clergy of his time, who sneered at the Calvinistic "preachers of politics," and made it a point of boasting and special laudation that *they* never touched on politics in the pulpit, except of course to decry from it the republican politics which they detested.

The Journal proceeds:—

Ellen Craft has been here all the week since Monday; went off at a quarter past six to-night. That is a pretty state of things, that I am liable to be fined 1000 dollars and gaoled for six months for sheltering one of my own parishioners, who has violated no law of God, and only took possession of herself!

Talk in the newspapers about the President sending on 600 or 700 soldiers to dragoon us into keeping the Fugitive Slave Law! The Bostonians remember how that business of quartering soldiers on us in time of peace worked in the last century! It is worth while to read Hutchinson and Adams.

Dr. Osgood* came to see about the Crafts. All must be secretly done, so nothing here at present. Nell came to say they wish to be married, I advise to-morrow, so it is agreed, to-morrow at eleven, at No. — Street. I never married such a couple and under such circumstances.

Nov. 7.—Married William and Ellen Craft. They have long been married, but their marriage lacks the solemnity of law, so yesterday they got a certificate, and this day I married them.

A note from an old parishioner named Webster, asking if the account in the newspapers of this marriage was to be depended on, brought out a reply which contains Mr. Parker's own description of that ceremony:—

I have known them ever since their flight from slavery. After the two slave-hunters had gone, they wished to go to England, and requested me to marry them after the legal and usual form. I told them how to get the certificate of publication according to the new law of Massachusetts. It was done, and at the time appointed I went to the place appointed, a boarding-house for colored people. Before the marriage ceremony I always advise the young couple of the duties of matrimony, making such remarks as suit the peculiar circumstances and character of the parties. I told them what I usually tell all bridegrooms and brides. Then I told Mr. Craft that their position demanded peculiar duties of him. He was an outlaw; there was no law which protected his liberty in the United States; for that, he must depend on the public opinion of Boston, and on himself. If a man attacked him, intending to return him to slavery, he had a right, a natural right, to resist the man unto death; but he might refuse to exercise that right for *himself*, if he saw fit, and suffer himself to be reduced to slavery rather than kill or even hurt the slave-hunter who should attack him. But his *wife* was dependent on him for protection; it was his duty to protect her, a duty which it seemed to me he could not decline. So I charged him, if the worst came to the worst, to defend the life and the liberty of his wife against any slave-hunter at all hazards, though in doing so he dug his own grave and the grave of a thousand men.

Then came the marriage ceremony; then a prayer such as the occasion inspired. Then I noticed a *Bible* lying on one table and a sword

* A Boston physician.

on the other; I saw them when I first came into the house, and determined what use to make of them. I took the Bible, put it into William's right hand, and told him the use of it. It contained the noblest truths in the possession of the human race, &c., it was an instrument he was to use to help save his own soul, and his wife's soul, and charged him to use it for its purpose, &c. I then took the *sword* (it was a "Californian knife;" I never saw such an one before, and am not well skilled in such things); I put that in his right hand, and told him if the worst came to the worst to use that to save his wife's liberty, or her life, if he could effect it in no other way. I told him that I hated violence, that I revered the sacredness of human life, and thought there was seldom a case in which it was justifiable to take it; that if he could save his wife's liberty in no other way, then this would be one of the cases, and as a *minister of religion* I put into his hands these two dissimilar instruments, one for the body, if need were—one for his soul at all events. Then I charged him not to use it except at the last extremity, to bear no harsh and revengeful feelings against those who once held him in bondage, or such as sought to make him and his wife slaves even now. "Nay," I said, "if you cannot use the sword in defence of your wife's liberty without hating the man you strike, then your action will not be without sin."

I gave the same advice I should have given to white men under the like circumstances—as, escaping from slavery in Algiers.

The following letter to Millard Fillmore, then President of the United States, shows how deep his feeling was at this time, and what a resolution ruled his heart to resist to the utmost the hateful statute. Yet it has all the calmness and dignity of a man who disobeys the law because he worships God.

TO PRESIDENT FILLMORE.

Nov. 21.

HONORED SIR,—This letter is one which requires only time to read. I cannot expect you to reply to it. I am myself a clergyman in this city; not one of those, unfortunately, who are much respected, but, on the contrary, I have an ill name and am one of the most odious men in this State. No man out of the political arena is so much hated in Massachusetts as myself. I think this hatred is chargeable only to certain opinions which I entertain relative to theology and to morals. Still, I think I have never been accused of wanting reverence for God, or love for man, of disregard to truth and to justice. I say all this by way of preface, for I need not suppose you know anything of me.

I have a large religious society in this town, composed of "all sorts and conditions of men," fugitive slaves who do not legally own the nails on their fingers and cannot read the Lord's Prayer, and also men and women of wealth and fine cultivation. I wish to inform you of the difficulty in which we (the church and myself) are placed by the new Fugitive Slave Law. There are several fugitive slaves in the society; they have committed no wrong; they have the same "unalien-

able right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" that you have; they naturally look to me for advice in their affliction. They are strangers, and ask me to take them in; hungry, and beg me to feed them; thirsty, and would have me give them drink; they are naked, and look to me for clothing; sick, and wish me to visit them. Yes: they are ready to perish, and ask their life at my hands. Even the letter of the most Jewish of the Gospels makes Christ say, "Inasmuch as ye have not done it unto one of the least of these, ye have not done it unto me!" They come to me as to their Christian minister, and ask me to do to them only what Christianity evidently requires.

But *your* law will punish me with fine of 1000 dollars and imprisonment for six months if I take in one of these strangers, feed and clothe these naked and hungry children of want; nay, if I visit them when they are sick, come unto them when they are in prison, or help them, "directly or indirectly," when they are ready to perish! Suppose I should refuse to do for them what Christianity demands. I will not say what I should think of myself, but what you would say. You would say I was a *scoundrel*, that I was *really* an infidel (my theological brethren call me so); that I deserved a gaol for six years! You would say right. But if I do as you must know that I ought, then your law strips me of my property, tears me from my wife, and shuts me in a gaol. Perhaps I do not value the obligations of religion so much as my opponents, of another faith; but I must say I would rather lie all my life in a gaol, and starve there, than refuse to protect one of these parishioners of mine. Do not call me a fanatic; I am a cool and sober man, *but I must reverence the laws of God, come of that what will come. I must be true to my religion.* . . .

I send you a little sermon of mine; you will find the story of a fugitive slave whom I have known. He is now in Quebec, in the service of one of the most eminent citizens of that city. He is a descendant of one of our revolutionary generals, and members of my society aided him in his flight; others concealed him, helped him to freedom. Can *you* think they did wrong? Can you think of the Declaration of Independence—of its self-evident truths; can you think of Christianity, and then blame these men? The Hungarians found much natural sympathy all over the United States, though some men in Boston took sides with Austria; the nation is ready to receive Kossuth; but what is Austrian tyranny to slavery in America? The Sultan of Turkey has the thanks of all the liberal governments of Europe for hiding the outcasts of Hungary, and can you blame us for starting "Joseph" and helping him to Canada? I know it is not possible.

William Craft and Ellen were parishioners of mine: they have been at my house. I married them a fortnight ago this day; after the ceremony I put a Bible and then a sword into William's hands, and told him the use of each. When the slave-hunters were here, suppose I had helped the man to escape out of their hands: suppose I had taken the woman to my own house, and sheltered her there till the storm had passed by; should *you* think I did a thing worthy of fine and imprisonment? If I took all *peaceful* measures to thwart the kidnappers (legal kidnappers) of their prey, would that be a thing for punishment? You cannot think that I am to stand by and see my

own church carried off to slavery and do nothing to hinder such a wrong.

There hangs beside me in my library, as I write, the gun my grandfather fought with at the battle of Lexington—he was a captain on that occasion—and also the musket he captured from a British soldier on that day, the first taken in the war for Independence. If I would not peril my property, my liberty, nay, my life, to keep my own parishioners out of slavery, then I would throw away those trophies, and should think I was the son of some coward, and not a brave man's child. There are many who think as I do: many that say it—most of the men I preach to are of this way of thinking. (Yet one of these bailed Hughes, the slave-hunter from Georgia, out of prison!)

There is a minister who preaches to the richest church in Boston. He is a New Hampshire man, and writes as any New Hampshire politician; but even he says "he would conceal a fugitive, of course." Not five of the eighty Protestant ministers of Boston would refuse. I only write to you to remind you of the difficulties in our way; if need is, we will suffer any penalties you may put upon us, **BUT WE MUST KEEP THE LAW OF GOD.**

This extract also shows the temper of his mind:—

I am not a man who loves violence; I respect the sacredness of human life, but this I say, solemnly, that I will do all in my power to rescue any fugitive slave from the hands of any officer who attempts to return him to bondage. I will resist him as gently as I know how, but with such strength as I can command; I will ring the bells and alarm the town; I will serve as head, as foot, or as hand to any body of serious and earnest men, who will go with me, with no weapons but their hands, in this work. I will do it as readily as I would lift a man out of the water, or pluck him from the teeth of a wolf, or snatch him from the hands of a murderer. What is a fine of a thousand dollars, and gaoling for six months, to the liberty of a man? My money perish with me if it stand between me and the eternal law of God!

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Nov. 18, 1850.—It is plain now there will soon be two great parties; 1, a slavery-protection party; 2, an anti-slavery party. Protective tariff parties and free-trade parties will soon be swallowed up in the vortex of these two. Then the fate of slavery is sealed.

Feb., 1851.—To-night a meeting was held at the Tremont Temple, to consider the case of General Chaplin. I opened the meeting with prayer, and introduced Mr. Chaplin to the audience. Mr. Sewall was in the chair. I think it a disgrace to Boston that there were no more present. I saw *no minister*. It is not to be supposed that many such would attend, for the meeting was called for a purpose wholly Christian, *to seek and to save that which was lost.*

If General Chaplin had done in Algiers what he did in Washington, all the snobs in Boston would have turned out to welcome him! But Wisdom is justified by her own children!

Feb. 28.—To-night a meeting of a few members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society was held at our house, to see what we could do for General Chaplin. It was thought by some that 1000 dollars might be got. I thought 500 dollars would be more than we ought to expect. A little more than 200 dollars was paid down by those present.

I have had within three months at my house a fugitive slave, whom I had to conceal from the Marshal of this district, a woman and a wife—I mean Ellen Craft. I have been to visit a slave-hunter, who came here to catch her. I have had a man here—General Chaplin—under bonds of 25,000 dollars, for helping two slaves of members of Congress escape from the capital of the United States! I believe this will seem a little strange one of these years.

“ Oh, how ridiculous
Appears the Senate’s brainless diligence,
Who think they can, with present power, extinguish
The memory of all succeeding times!
They purchase to themselves rebuke and shame.”

THE CASE OF SHADRACH.

Shadrach was arrested on Feb. 15, 1851, and confined in the United States Court-room. The case was adjourned by the commissioner soon after it was opened; and while the crowd was retiring a body of colored men boldly entered the room, told Shadrach to follow, which he did, and was outside before the officers in waiting clearly saw it was a rescue.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Feb. 16, 1851.—The fugitive slave, Shadrach, put up a “note,” asking the prayers of this church and of all Christian people for aid in seeking his liberty! But this Shadrach is delivered, out of his burning, fiery furnace without the smell of fire on his garments. Of course I refer to the rescue of the man yesterday. I think it the most noble deed done in Boston since the destruction of the tea in 1773. I thank God for it. I went down to Court Square as soon as I heard of the arrest, understanding that the slave was still in the Court-house, in the custody of the Marshal, intending to make a rescue, if possible. But it was better done before I heard of the arrest.

The next day, after taking leave of some friends who embarked for Europe, he adds,—

I know not what may take place in times like these, and in such a city as this. But I doubt that they ever see me again; for I must not let a fugitive slave be taken from Boston, cost what it may justly cost. I will not (so I think now) use weapons to rescue a man with. But I will go unarmed, when there is a reasonable chance of success, and make the rescue.

This placard, issued about this time by the Vigilance Committee, and posted at all corners, must be preserved as a characteristic of the period:—

PROCLAMATION!!

TO ALL

THE GOOD PEOPLE OF MASSACHUSETTS!

Be it known that there are now

THREE SLAVE-HUNTERS OR KIDNAPPERS

IN BOSTON

Looking for their prey. One of them is called

“D A V I S.”

He is an unusually ill-looking fellow, about five feet eight inches high, wide-shouldered. He has a big mouth, black hair, and a good deal of dirty bushy hair on the lower part of his face. He has a Roman nose; one of his eyes has been knocked out. He looks like a Pirate, and knows how to be a Stealer of Men.

The next is called

EDWARD BARRETT.

He is about five feet six inches high, thin and lank, is apparently about thirty years old. His nose turns up a little. He has a long mouth, long thin ears, and dark eyes. His hair is dark, and he has a bunch of fur on his chin. He had on a blue frock-coat, with a velvet collar, mixed pants, and a figured vest. He wears his shirt collar turned down, and has a black string—not of hemp—about his neck.

The third ruffian is named

ROBERT M. BACON, *alias* JOHN D. BACON.

He is about fifty years old, five feet and a half high. He has a red, intemperate-looking face, and a retreating forehead. His hair is dark, and a little gray. He wears a black coat, mixed pants, and a purplish vest. He looks sleepy, and yet malicious.

Given at Boston, this 4th day of April, in the year of our Lord, 1851, and of the Independence of the United States the fifty-fourth.

God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!

When, after repeated attempts to convict the Shadrach rescuers, a jury acquitted the principal one in November, 1851, we find the following entry :—

Hon. John P. Hale came in, all radiant and flushed with delight, to say that the jury had acquitted Morris.* “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.” This is more than I expected. All that Boston influence and the money of the United States could do—all that shameless impudence could do—has been done, and the jury acquit! Well, the jury is not yet to be despaired of, spite of the judicial tyranny which seeks to unman them!

Feb. 21.—These are sad times to live in, but I should be sorry not to have lived in them. It will seem a little strange one or two hundred years hence, that a plain, humble scholar of Boston was continually interrupted in his studies, and could not write his book for stopping to look after fugitive slaves—his own parishioners!

Feb. 22.—Washington’s birthday! Very busy with fugitive slave matters.

Feb. 24.—Not well. Writing report on fugitive slave petitions, &c.

Feb. 25.—At home—about anti-slavery business. P.M. at the State-house with Anti-Slavery Committee. Phillips, Sewall, and Ellis spoke. Vigilance Committee sat at night.

Feb. 26.—Much time in fugitive slave matters.

And on a later page, undated,—

I am getting sad now-a-days; for the one great earthly joy, which for years has idealized and beautified my internal life, is with me no more. I suppose I must bear it with what philosophy I can. The great joy of my life cannot be *intellectual action*, neither *practical work*. Though I joy in both, it is the affections which open the spring of mortal delight. But the object of my affections, dearest of all, is not at hand. How strange that I should have no children, and only get a little sad sort of happiness, not of the affectional quality. I am only an *old maid in life*, after all my betting about in literature and philanthropy.

These thoughts come to me in some hours, and I am deeply sad. But anon there comes the thought of the infinite goodness of God; and I cheer up and soon regain my habitual cheerfulness. But the sight of all the suffering of these poor fugitives is with me continually, and I cannot be very happy now-a-days.

Feb. 28.—Mem.: The story of James Martin, this day delivered out of the jaws of the merciless. I will leave this page blank to write the story on when it shall be safe.

* Robert Morris, Elizur Wright, Lewis Hayden, Charles G. Davis, and others, were arrested, and all but Mr. Davis bound over for trial. But the juries refused to convict, though, there is little doubt that they were constructed with reference to pliability. Hon. John P. Hale and R. H. Dana, Jun., defended Robert Morris, a coloured student who had been admitted to practice at the Suffolk Bar.

James Martin's story is not written.

Continual alarms about the poor fugitive slaves. A reported arrest of a new one; but this turned out to be a false alarm.

Mem.: The case of —, who concealed — in his cellar until night. Also —, who came and gave information about an attempt to be made upon —; and he escaped.

Mem.: The confession which — made to — about the intentions of the —, and the provisions he made.

The strategy of Mr. — in getting information, and how he does it.

The entry of ill and sad feelings continues through the week. On Wednesday he re-writes his will, which he drew up when the fugitive slave troubles commenced, and has it executed. In the evening he attends a meeting of the Vigilance Committee. His meditations reflect the sorrow which he had to witness; and the mood lasts a long while.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

I am sad in the midst of great religious delight. Ah, me! one thing cannot take the place of a different thing. The eye cannot listen for the ear, nor the ear look for the eye. Even religion will not fill the void left by the absence of certain other things which I have not. Alas! it helps me to *still* the aching part, not to fill its void. The poor St. Therasas and St. Brigittas felt Jesus, as they thought, come to their sole and joyless couch. But with all their pious joy it was not the particular satisfaction they wanted that the phantom brought! Religion cannot supply the demand of the finite affections, more than a plough can take the place of a flute. It can assure us of a *recompense*—that it is all right!

28.—Ill all day. Mrs. Russell came and cheered me greatly with a daguerreotype of *Mites o' Teants*.

The next fugitive slave case in Boston was that of Thomas Sims. He was seized in the night of the 3rd of April, 1851, in the street. The bystanders interfered; the police officers pretended that they were arresting him for disturbing the peace, for he drew a knife upon them. He was illegally arrested, and the "great writ of right" was denied to him. An observance took place before the commissioner,* which was called a trial, and the decision, remanding him to slavery, was applauded by the crowd in the Court-room! He was put on board a vessel by night, and reached Savannah on the 19th of April.

* George Ticknor Curtis.

FROM HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Court Street, Boston, April 19, 1851.

May you live a thousand years, always preaching the truth of Fast Day! That sermon is a noble effort. It stirred me to the bottom of my heart, at times softening me almost to tears, and then again filling me with rage. I wish it could be read everywhere throughout the land.

You have placed the commissioner in an immortal pillory, to receive the hootings and rotten eggs of the advancing generations.

I have had no confidence from the beginning, as I believe you know, in our courts. I was persuaded that with solemn form they would sanction the great enormity, therefore I am not disappointed. My appeal is to the people, and my hope is to create in Massachusetts such a public opinion as will render the law a dead letter. It is in vain to expect its repeal by Congress till the slave-power is overthrown.

It is, however, with a rare *dementia* that this power has staked itself on a position which is so offensive, and which cannot for any length of time be tenable. In enacting that law, it has given to the Free States a sphere of discussion which they would otherwise have missed. No other form of the slavery question, not even the Wilmot Proviso, would have afforded equal advantages.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES SUMNER.

TO HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

April 19, 1851.

DEAR SUMNER,—I wish it was the 19th of April, 1775, on which I was writing, and the times would not so bad for Boston. What a disgrace has the city brought on herself! Oh, Boston, Boston, thou that kidnappest men!—might one say now.

I never had any confidence in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in case the Fugitive Slave Law came before it. But think of old stiff-necked Lemuel visibly going under the chains!* That was a spectacle. But it all works well.

Thank you for your kind words, and kind judgments of,
Truly your friend,
T. P.

No slave had been sent back by Massachusetts since the Revolution. This first case of Boston kidnapping was duly commemorated the next year by the Committee of Vigilance. Mr. Parker preached the discourse, and also furnished at the last moment, in the failure of various men of poetic fame, who had

* Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw, who was holding court in the same building; it was surrounded by a chain, behind which a strong police force were patrolling.

been desired to write, an ode, which he composed in the railroad-cars, on one of his lecturing excursions. The discourse is published, and is known by all.

This is a copy of the poster which announced the commemoration of this first case of rendition:—

FIRST ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
KIDNAPPING OF THOMAS SIMS,
BY THE
CITY OF BOSTON!

Our Fathers commemorated the Massacre of the Fifth of March, 1770, till that dark hour was lost in the blaze of the Fourth Day of July, 1776, and the events which followed it. It is for us, likewise, to keep before the people of the Commonwealth the late infamous deed of the City Government, until it be atoned for and forgotten in the joy of a

GENERAL EMANCIPATION!

All the lovers of justice and liberty are therefore invited to assemble,

ON MONDAY NEXT, THE 12TH DAY OF APRIL,

at the

M E L O D E O N,

At 10 o'Clock, A.M.,

To commemorate the First Anniversary of the Surrender of Thomas Sims, arrested on false pretences, by a lying and disguised Police; subjected to the farce of a seeming trial before a Commissioner sitting behind bayonets and chains; carried off, at night, by armed men; all under the direction of a City Government confessing that they knew they were violating the Laws of the State, and intended to do so—such was their “Alacrity” in the discharge of this infamous “Duty.” The Morning Session of the Convention will be devoted to an Address by

REV THEODORE PARKER,

with appropriate religious exercises; the Afternoon and Evening Sessions to Addresses from many of the most Eloquent Friends of the Slave.

Boston, April 9, 1852.

And here is Mr. Parker's ode:—

Sons of men who dared be free
For truth and right, who cross'd the sea,
Hide the trembling poor that flee
From the land of slaves!

Men that love your fathers' name,
Ye who prize your country's fame,
Wipe away the public shame
From your native land!

Men that know the mightiest Might,
Ye who serve the eternal Right,
Change the darkness into light—
Let it shine for all!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of thralldom lower,
See advance the Southern power,
Chains and slavery!

See! the kidnappers have come!
Southern chains surround your home;
Will you wait for harsher doom?
Will you wear the chain?

By yon sea that freely waves,
By your fathers' honored graves,
Swear you never will be slaves,
Nor steal your fellow-man!

By the heaven whose breath you draw,
By the God whose higher law
Fills the heaven of heavens with awe;
Swear for freedom now!

Men whose hearts with pity move,
Men that trust in God above,
Who stoutly follow Christ in love,
Save your brother men!

FROM THE JOURNAL.

April 24.—To-day Charles Sumner was chosen to the United States Senate for six years. This is the great triumph of the season. Dear old Massachusetts! Money has not quite eaten the heart out of thee, only out of Boston and its vassal towns!

But it is a little curious to see the odd things which happen. Within a week Sumner has been sent to the Senate for six years for obeying the

higher law, and Simmons * has been sent out of his parish for ever for the same thing.

TO DR. FRANCIS.

1851.

Now tell me about various matters: have you ever seen Jo. Luzac's "Lectures Atticæ?" I should like much to see them. Jacobs often quotes them, so do the other writers on Greek philosophy. It ought to be in the College Library. I have got some nice books (old ones) coming across the water. But, alas me! such is the state of the poor fugitive slaves, that I must attend to living men, and not to dead books, and all this winter my time has been occupied with these poor souls. The Vigilance Committee appointed me "spiritual counsellor of all fugitive slaves in Massachusetts while in peril." So, you see, I am to save that which is lost. The Fugitive Slave Law has cost me some months of time already. I have refused about sixty invitations to lecture, and delayed the printing of my book—for that! Truly, the land of the pilgrims is in great disgrace!

Yours truly.

TO REV. J. H. ALLEN.

Boston, April 23, 1851.

DEAR ALLEN,—I have not time for a letter, or you should have one "as long as the moral law," but now only a word; I did not reply to your last but one, for I had not time, fugitive slave matters pressing, and the books you wanted are otherwise occupied.

Let me answer what you ask about. I think if the slave power continue to press their demand as they have for a few years past, that there will be a civil war, which will either decide the "Union," or else extirpate slavery; that is what I refer to. The time is not come for fighting. How soon it will come nobody knows; it may not come at all. God grant it do not. But this is *αεχλη ωδίνων και ούπω ιστιν το τέλος*.

It is rather a queer state of things. Some of Gannett's parishioners attempt to kidnap some of my parishioners. I hide them in my house, and guard the doors night and day, to keep them safe. Gannett preaches sermons which justify his church members in kidnapping. But Gannett is a "Christian," and calls me an "Infidel." His doctrine is "Christianity," and mine "Infidelity." I have heard some things of you "in this connection," which I hope are not true. God bless you!

Yours heartily but hastily,

T. P.

* Rev. Geo. F. Simmons, a Unitarian clergyman, gentle, pious, and devoted, who lives no longer. He alone, among Unitarian clergymen settled at the South, dared to utter his testimony against slavery. This was in Mobile, where of course his stay was short. He was turned out of his parish in Springfield, Mass., for rebuking, in a manly and not extravagant sermon, the spirit which had just mobbed Geo. Thompson, the English Abolitionist, in that town. Parishioners of property and standing, sympathizing with the mob, and secretly rejoicing at a blow given to free speech on that topic, could not sit under the rebuke.

TO HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Boston, April 26, 1851.

DEAR SUMNER,—I have not been able to come and offer you my congratulations on your election. I was almost at your office this morning, when I met some one who told me you were not there, so you will accept my written congratulations instead of the spoken, and let me read you a little bit of a sermon. Perhaps you had better lay this away till Sunday, for I am going to preach. You told me once that you were in morals, not in politics. Now I hope you will show that you are still in morals although in politics. I hope you will be the senator *with a conscience*. The capital error of all our politicians is this: with understanding and practical sagacity, with cunning and power to manage men in the heroic degree, in moral power, in desire of the true and the right, "first good, first perfect, and first fair," they are behind the carpenters and blacksmiths. Look at Cass, Woodbury, Webster, Clay, Calhoun—nay, even at J. Q. Adams. The majority of the shoemakers in Norfolk County had a love of justice which bore a greater proportion to their whole being than Adams's to his. He never *led* in any moral movement.

Now, I look to you to be a leader in this matter; to represent justice, "*quæ semper et ubique eadem est.*" If you do not do this, you will woefully disappoint the expectations of the people in the country. It is a strange sight to find men as much inferior in moral power as they are superior in intellectual power; as much inferior in willingness to make a sacrifice for their country, as they are superior in station! I expect you to make mistakes, blunders; I hope they will be intellectual and not moral; that you will never miss the Right, however you may miss the Expedient.

Then, you told me once that you should never find it more difficult to make a personal sacrifice for the True or the Right than in 1845. It seems to me that just as you take a high office in the State, you are bound more and more to perfect yourself for the sake of the State; to deny yourself for the sake of the State. I consider that Massachusetts has put you where you have no right to consult for the ease or the reputation of yourself, but for the eternal Right. All of our statesmen build, on the opinion of to-day, a house that is to be admired to-morrow, and the next day to be torn down with hootings. I hope you will build on the Rock of Ages, and look to eternity for your justification.

You see, my dear Sumner, that I expect much of you, that I expect heroism of the most heroic kind. The moral and manly excellence of all our prominent men is greatly over-rated by the mass of men. I hope you will never be over-rated by the people, but will overshoot their estimate of you. Yours is a place of great honor, of great trust, but of prodigious peril, and of that there will be few to warn you, as I do now; few to encourage you as I gladly would. You see I try you by a difficult standard, and that I am not easily pleased. I hope some years hence to say, "You have done better than I advised!" I hope you will believe me what I am, sincerely your friend.

FROM MR. SUMNER.

Court Street, July 9, 1851.

Your last speech in the *Liberator* I have read with the interest and instruction with which I read all that you say; but pardon me if I criticize one point.

You speak of me as having "an early reward for good deeds." This language reminds me of the *Atlas*,* which did not see what I had done "to be thus rewarded."

Now, I am not conscious of doing anything to deserve "reward," nor am I conscious of receiving any "reward." The office recently conferred upon me, and to which you probably refer, I regard as anything but a reward. In my view it is an imposition of new duties and labors, in a field which I never selected, and to which I do not, in the least, incline. But enough of this. It seems to me that you accidentally fall into the language of the world.

Let me again express a hope that you will collect your speeches and sermons into volumes with hard covers. In that form they will be permanently accessible, and will be a source of power to you.

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO HON. CHARLES SUMNER, BOSTON.

Brookline, July 11, 1851.

DEAR SUMNER,—I spoke of your receiving a reward in no invidious sense. I think your election as senator came in consequence of your honest, powerful, and noble efforts in the cause of humanity. I agree with you that it imposes great and very difficult duties upon you. I know you never sought the office. Still, I think it both an honor and a reward—an honor, because it puts you in the highest office which the people of Massachusetts have at command, and so is the highest mark of appreciation they can bestow; a reward, for it is (1) given you in consequence of your actual deservings, and (2) while it brings difficult duties, it yet gives you a higher and wider field for the same activity you have previously displayed. I don't think money a mere name; an opportunity for ease is an honorable reward for honorable toil; an opportunity for greater usefulness is the appropriate return, though it bring with it greater trials and harder duties.

I am glad of the kind estimation in which you hold my speech in the *Liberator*, and, indeed, all that I have ever done. As to collecting my occasional publications into volumes, I will think of it, and see. But you must remember that I am probably the most unpopular man in the land, certainly the most hated of any one in it. There are enough to buy a pamphlet that I print for a shilling, but few would care to buy a costly volume. It is not with me as with you. There is no party in the

* A paper representing Massachusetts Whiggery of that date: that is, the country, right or wrong, and "however bounded" by the extensions of the area of slavery: in general terms, the constitutionality and nationality of slavery.

State, no sect in the Church, that has any respect for me or mine. I don't complain of this, nor ever did. I only say it, and the fact, of course, enters into all my calculations of printing or preaching.

Truly and faithfully yours,
T. P.

A subject of debate in the Berry Street Unitarian Conference for May, 1851, was the duty of ministers under the Fugitive Slave Law. The occasion exposed the bias of some prominent clergymen, and drew a speech from Mr. Parker. The subject was introduced by Mr. May, of Syracuse, on Tuesday, but did not reach debate till Thursday forenoon, a great deal of the interim being wasted judiciously on trifles, which, like a parcel of fussy beadles, succeeded in keeping the "colored brother" standing on the steps. A report of the doings preliminary to Mr. Parker's speech may be found in the volume of his works entitled "Additional Speeches," Vol. I.

When Mr. May's resolution finally reached debate, a good deal of excited talk ensued, and members, as usual, misunderstood each other, and made desperate efforts to set each other right. But as the majority were wrong, the attempt might have been abandoned. In those days peculiar difficulties beset the discussion of slavery by religious bodies. Never was a plain question of right and wrong approached under such disadvantages by men of ethical cultivation. Climatic influences have, doubtless, much to do with this occasional debility of men who are understood to be ordained upon the basis of the golden rule, and of that rule even miraculously attested; having thus, were it not for climate, an advantage over men who take it plain. But no advantages, unless, indeed, it be that of simple-mindedness, which Mr. Parker possessed (though he was badly off for miracles), can overcome the influence of locality and causes which are endemic. Clergymen from abroad were seized as soon as they came into strong Union-saving regions. They instantly began to "save the Union," which never otherwise would have been endangered, and lost in that business some inestimable things.

Religious bodies made the duty of obeying the Fugitive Slave Law to rest upon two points. First, the disobedience of one law would lead to the disobedience 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

begin by disobeying *any* law, we shall come to violating all laws." The second point which was strongly urged then, and always, as a reason for overcoming our disgust and yielding support to that infamous law, was "that our obedience would preserve the Union!" What critics events are upon both these favorite arguments of politicians and clergymen! The Union has just almost gone, in consequence of *too much* Northern obedience! If, at the time when politicians were prescribing subservience, and clergymen were showing the people how to swallow the poisonous draught, the pulpit and the parties had prescribed resistance, while it was yet in season, and before the conspiracy which fed upon our obedience had grown to its opportunity, it would not now be necessary for clergymen to bless the Stars and Stripes, spread it over their pulpits, and rhetorically bid it take the field. The present could not then have been foreseen, but obedience to righteousness secures the only safe future, and does the best man can to anticipate the sword. What good theology and what undefiled religion Mr. Parker uttered when he lifted up his generous voice in that Conference, and said:—

Oh, 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."

That might have saved the country; but clergymen and politicians were doing all they could to save it by disobeying God. They called it "being constitutional." Politicians, at least, have made a merit of it in the midst of a war which is partly due to their subservience. "Yes," they say, "it has come to this, *notwithstanding* our alacrity!"—the men who deserted the patriot minister of Boston when he offered his body, and his mind, and his estate, to his country every time he denounced the wicked measures and lifted up the fugitive! A voice from that distant grave penetrates the battle-cloud that covers the country, to correct the false interpretation: "It is *in consequence* of your alacrity."

For though the weakness of men is the opportunity of history, it is no less a disgrace to the men; and we cannot wipe it out

by thanking God for His ability to make the weakness serve His turn.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

August 24, 1851.—Here is something to be done:—1. Finish and publish my book before August 24, 1852; 2. Lecture some forty or fifty times (1851–2); 3. Do better at preaching than ever before 4. Work with more industry.

But who knows that I shall be able to do this? Last year I laid out much, and how little of it I did! The wicked Fugitive Slave Law came and hindered all my work. It may be so again.

I intend, for the future, to devote myself more exclusively to the great work of my life, to theology (speculatively) and religion (practically); less to politics. Indeed, I would never preach on a political matter again, if it were consistent with duty to avoid it. If I am to live twenty years more, and devote my life to religion and the science thereof, with health and no outward impediment, I may do something to serve my God by blessing mankind. Surely I will try. But I have not so much confidence in my own judgment as to slight the demands of the day and the hour. Suppose I could have given all the attention to theology, &c., that I have been forced to pay to politics, slavery, &c., how much I might have done! I was meant for a philosopher, and the times call for a *stump orator*.

When, in 1851, a member of a publishing firm, to whom he had offered two volumes of speeches, asked him if they would contain any discourses and speeches relative to slavery, he replied, "By all means; they are the principal things. I wish to go down to posterity, as far as I shall go at all, with the anti-slavery sermons and speeches in my right hand."

This was the publisher who had among his Southern customers a bookseller from Charleston. One day, while this patron of a literature that, knowing no North and no South, could not be suspected of any latitude, was ordering a quantity of Northern books, the publisher said to him, "You don't find us so bad as we are represented." "I have looked over your list of publications," was the reply, "and so long as you *conduct properly* I will trade with you."

Mr. Parker's volumes were not added to that list. After preaching a fast-day sermon, "The Chief Sins of the People," he wrote to a friend:—

Men in the street look *long-favored* at me as I go by. Nevertheless, the good God lets the skies rain on me, and the sun shine (I saw my shadow to-day), and I am allowed to ride in the cars and walk on the side-walk.

And he finished his letter with telling about the Boston clergyman who, when requested to put up a petition for Thomas Sims, then under arrest, replied, "I never pray for anybody but my own parishioners."

Sept. 14, 1851.—Sunday, went to hear James F. Clarke preach. He is here only for a few days. In the beginning of the sermon, Mr. Emery B. Fay came and touched me on the shoulder, and I went out. More anti-slavery matter. So the rest of the Vigilance Committee came out and went to the *Liberator* office, consulted, and acted according to our consultation.

Dec. 31.—Soon the year will be at an end, and what a year it has been to Boston, what a year to me! How little could I have foretold the public or the private events. The next year—how uncertain it is! But the same Father—yes, Mother! that has blessed me hitherto, and all mankind, will yet bless all.

Father in earth and heaven! Father and Mother, too! help me to know thy truth, to will thy justice, to feel and share thy love, to trust thine infinite holiness, and to live blameless and beautiful from year to year. I know not the mysteries of time; help me to learn the lessons of eternity, live full of truth and justice, full of holiness, and love and faith in Thee!

When the slave Jerry was arrested in Syracuse, New York, the bells of the churches were tolled, and a great crowd gathered. While the commissioner adjourned for dinner, Jerry was seized and carried off. The officers recovered him, the military was ordered out to assist in holding him, under the pretext of preserving the peace. But though a few companies armed, they refused to act. At seven in the evening, when the commissioner adjourned again, the officers were obliged to entrench themselves in the police-office, and to fire upon the crowd; but the place was carried by assault, and no one was seriously hurt except the Deputy-marshal, who broke his arm in jumping from a window.* Jerry was forwarded to Canada.

Mr. Parker rejoiced in every rescue of a fugitive, and in every successful resistance to slave-holders or their Northern officials. He would not bear arms, nor would he premeditate violence. Yet he was never a non-resistant, and there is no doubt that, if at the call of humanity he had ever personally engaged in a rescue, he would not have shrunk from its contingencies. The people of Syracuse celebrated the first anniversary of the rescue

* See, in Chapter XII., Mr. Parker's letter to Rev. S. J. May, upon his reputed share in this transaction. Vol. I. p. 321.

of Jerry, on which occasion Mr. Parker sent a letter to be read, containing sentiments like this :—

I say, well done ; do it again, if need be. Do it continually, till the American Government understands that, though they make wicked statutes in the name of " Union," and though the clergy in the name of religion call on all men to obey them, yet the people, in the name of man and the name of God, will violate any such wicked device and bring it to nought. Then the Church will pipe a different tune, and the State dance after a quite other fashion.

His letter, upon the second anniversary of the same rescue, which reached Syracuse too late to be read, and has not yet been published, here follows :—

TO REV. S. J. MAY.

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry that other duties render it impossible for me to attend the meeting at Syracuse, to celebrate the second anniversary of the rescue of Jerry from the hands of the official kidnappers, on the 1st of October, 1851. Since the battle of Lexington and the Declaration of Independence, few events have taken place in America which better deserve commemoration. There are certain outward acts which represent a great principle of eternal right. It is well to pause on each anniversary thereof, and use the historical occasion to deepen in our minds respect for justice, and the disposition to be faithful thereunto, even in the midst of peril. I rejoice in these sacramental days of America—thinly dotting the calendar of this young nation. If I were with you, doubtless I should make a long speech ; as it is, I will say but a few words, which you can read to the audience.

We call our Government a Democracy, and profess to found it on the essential and unalienable rights of human nature, which are equal in all men at birth. We declare that the only function of Government is to preserve these natural, essential, unalienable, and equal rights for each and all the persons under its jurisdiction. We go on to specify some of these rights, and mention the right to life, the right to liberty, the right to the pursuit of happiness, as things of the uttermost importance for the Government to preserve and secure to each person in the country, until he has alienated the right by some positive action which has in a formal and solemn manner been by the people declared unlawful. What just indignation is felt all over America when a tyrant of Europe deprives his subjects, or any one of them, of their rights ! Not only America, but all Protestant Europe was indignant at the outrage committed by the despotic Government of Tuscany upon the Madiai family. The honorable interposition of the British authorities found gratitude in the generous democracy of the United States. When an Austrian officer, with the crew of a man-of-war's boat, arrests a Hungarian claiming the protection of our flag, and the American naval officer clears ship for action, and runs out his guns, to protect the alleged rights of the victim of tyranny—what applause do the people bestow on the officer who uses his power on the side of justice ! But

yet, in defiance of our first principles of government, so often affirmed, so perpetually boasted, the nation deprives one-seventh part of its population of the dearest of all natural rights. Despotic Tuscany and Austria have never a slave. Republican America has three millions and three hundred thousand!

We admit no hereditary claim to political or ecclesiastical honor: we will not tolerate the idea that a man can be born a *noble*, or a king, and in virtue of the accident of birth be entitled to rank and power irrespective of his merits and the consent of the people.

If a new State should be formed, with an order of hereditary nobility, an immovable aristocracy bottomed on birth, that State would be hustled out of the Continent when she applied for admission into the Union. "The Constitution," Congress would say, "requires a republican form of government." In this particular we stand alone in all Christendom. It is a most honorable solitude. But alone of all Christendom do we admit the idea that one man may be born a slave, and other men may have irresponsible power over his time, his limbs, and his life. "No king," says America, "has any right to rule against the citizens' consent; but a white man may steal at birth the black man's children, and hold them as his absolute property all their life; may scourge, and maim, and mutilate, and sell them when he will." A noble would destroy the Republic—a slave is the necessary trial-ground of democracy. To heathen and aristocratic Seneca in Rome, eighteen hundred years ago, slavery seemed monstrous. To "democratic Christians" in America, to-day, it is a "most beneficent institution," "established by God Himself," "approved of by the Savior," and "supported by the chief Apostle"!

Just now, slavery is the favorite institution of the American Government; it yields to nothing; all gives way to that. The Constitution gives Congress no authority to establish slavery, more than to establish Buddhism, or an empire; yet by the authority of Congress it exists in the capital of the Republic, in its territorial districts, and has been spread over nine new States. It thus lives, and thus spreads, in defiance of the Constitution. Laws of the "Sovereign States" are no protection to their soil. Federal slavery, horsed on a statute, rides over all the constitutions, all the laws, all the customs of the Northern freeman. "Legally" the kidnapper sets his hoof on the very spots of Boston earth which were made classic and sacred by the noble deeds and the outpoured blood of our fathers. The American Pulpit is the sworn ally of slavery, the negro's deadliest foe. I know there are exceptional pulpits. I congratulate you that one of them is in Syracuse; one which I trust no winds will ever silence, howsoever often they may blow it down. But how few they are!—little lamps hung out from windows, here and there, on a country road at night, they only show how deep the darkness is, and what long miles of space are all unlit. The character of the American Church is one of the saddest signs of the times. What is preached as "religion," and called "Christianity," demands slavery as one of its institutions. If a man publicly doubts that God commanded Abraham to commit human sacrifice, he is set down as a "dangerous man;" even Unitarians and Universalists denounce him as an "infidel." But a man may preach in favor of kid-

napping men, in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston; he may offer to send his own mother into slavery to "save the Union," and it shall not damage a hair of his ecclesiastical reputation. The American Pulpit dares not rebuke the public sin. Nay, it is thought indecorous in a New England minister to hide his own parishioners from the official stealers of men. *Bewray him that wandereth* is the clerical text.

In consequence of the existence of slavery, some strange phenomena occur in the commercial morals of our land. If a ruffian, at the instigation of another, should steal a water-melon from the shop of a certain colored citizen of Boston, he would be properly punished by fine or gaoling; but if, at the instigation of another ruffian, he should steal the body of that colored citizen, tear him from his wife and children, and doom him to slavery for ever, he would be paid ten dollars for that work by the Government of the United States, and have the praise of the commercial newspapers, and the blessings of the metropolitan churches. I cannot forget that I live in a city where a wealthy merchant stole a man, where Boston mechanics publicly boasted that they assisted in the theft, and showed the money, the price of blood, in their hands. I shall not forget that the authorities of this city trampled on the laws of Massachusetts and the rights of man, to kidnap a miserable boy; that they hung the Court-house in chains, and the judges of this commonwealth crouched down and crawled under them: nor that the clergy publicly thanked God for their success in stealing a man; and that one of the most prominent ministers of Boston declared that if a slave asked of him shelter, "*I would drive him away from my own door.*" Yet if an Irishman steals a yellow pumpkin, he is locked up in gaol!

Well: are you and I to stand still and see these things done? Am I as a minister to witness the public denial of all the great principles of practical religion, and hold my peace? To see my parishioners stolen by the vilest of men, and never stir? We must make continual aggressions against slavery; resent its attacks; nay, invade slavery on any suitable occasion, and with any weapons that it is just, manly, and effectual to use. All human enactments are amenable to the justice of God.

Injustice mounted on a statute is not the less unjust; only the more formidable. There are some statutes so wicked, that it is every man's duty to violate them. In the days of the Bloody Mary, the Government made laws forbidding our fathers to worship God: our fathers broke the laws. The fire which burned their bodies, lit a pathway across the sea; faggots and the gallows did not make such laws dear or welcome. The atrocious laws of the Jameses and Charleses, you know what obedience they got from Puritans and Covenanters. We are the children of those Puritans and Covenanters. Have we forgotten the blood in our veins? The American Republic is the child of "Rebellion;" the national lullaby was "Treason." Hancock and Adams slept with a price on their heads. Now it is an heirloom of glory for all their kinsfolk. Is not America proud of her rejection of the Stamp Act, and her treatment of the "Stamp Commissioners"?

The Fugitive Slave Bill is one of the most iniquitous statutes enacted in our time; it is only fit to be broken. In the name of justice, I call upon all men who love law, to violate and break this Fugitive Slave Bill; to do it "peaceably if they can; forcibly if they

must." We can make it like the Stamp Act of the last century, which all Britain could not enforce against disobedient Americans. I do not suppose this can, in all cases, be done without individual suffering; loss of money, imprisonment, that must be expected. Freedom is not bought with dust. I think Christianity cost something once. I mean the Christianity of Christ; there is another sort of "Christianity" which costs nothing—and is dear even at that price.

I congratulate the men and women of Syracuse on having resisted this Bill, successfully, openly, at noonday. In her youth the city of Syracuse has done a noble deed which your children's children will be proud of; and, when this anniversary comes round, they will, each of them, say, "*My father was one of those who, in 1851, rescued a man from the purchased stealers of men.*" That is an honor to be coveted. In the towns round Boston, we have monuments which tell us of men who dared be faithful, and obey a law higher than the mere caprice of governments—they stand at Lexington, and Concord, and West Cambridge, and Danvers, and Charlestown, to tell of famous deeds of old. None of them records a nobler act than what you are about to celebrate. But great virtue gets many a rub in the straight and narrow path, and cannot go through the world with a whole skin. We build monuments of dead men's bones. We must expect to suffer—"inconvenience" at least.

The Government for the time being is the servant of the slave power; the past administration was no more so; the present is of the same stripe. I suppose, that whatever uniform the future President may put on his flunkeys and footmen, he himself will be striped all over with its livery of slavery for some years to come. He must not forget "the hand that feeds him." It is to be expected that the Federal Government will do its utmost to delight and fatten the slave power; will seek to make slavery national and freedom non-existent. The higher North the President comes from, the lower South must he go to. General Taylor could afford to be more anti-slavery than Mr. Fillmore or Mr. Pierce. Of course, we are to expect that the President will allow South Carolina—the Old-Fogy State—to violate the Constitution, and imprison all free colored citizens of the North, who venture into her dominion; and that he will endeavor to enforce the Fugitive Slave Bill at the North, and to punish all who violate it. How can the South let him off with less. Is he not bound to perform that function? Do the two Baltimore platforms* mean nothing?

The Federal courts, with the "commissions" which they create, are the tool wherewith this work is to be done; a tool more suitable could not easily be devised. The value of a good and noble judge can hardly be overrated—a man who uses law and the judicial modes of procedure as an instrument for promoting justice and preventing wrong; who now resists the prejudice and fury of the people; then the prejudice, the crafty ambition, and relentless hate of the Government; who always stands up for the eternal right; whom no statute, nor constitution, nor ruler, nor people can ever force to do official wrong. Such a man

* Declarations of democratic want of principle in two successive Presidential campaigns. The American who called himself a Democrat has, until this war, always protected Slavery.

deserves high admiration while living, and the hearts of the public when dead.

But it is difficult to estimate the amount of iniquity which a base judge may do; a man with no love of right, no conception thereof; now following the rage of the public clamoring for injustice, now shaken by the tyrant, thirsty for innocent blood; a man who abuses law as a tool for doing wickedness, himself appointed to his post because he is mean and base—he can debauch the higher morals of the nation beyond what most men conceive possible.

You know how the Federal judges are appointed in America; for what qualities possessed; for what services rendered already, or yet to be performed. You know what bias they commonly have. A short memory is enough to furnish us a long lesson; yes, to create perpetual distrust of the United States courts in all matters where the freedom of a colored man is brought in peril. I believe no judge of any United States court has been found at all averse to execute the Fugitive Slave Bill “with alacrity,” and “to the fullest extent.” This need surprise no one. Does the whipping-master in the public flogging-house at Charleston or New Orleans, refuse to lay the lash on any bondman or bondwoman, whom their masters send to be tormented under his hand? Does he ask any questions about the justice of the torture? He is paid to strike, not to listen to humanity. Injustice, in these matters, is his vocation. He is to retail cruelty. This is one of the functions of the Federal courts—to peddle injustice, with the Fugitive Slave Bill as their measuring pot. From these courts and their officers we are to expect the most strenuous efforts to enforce the most odious provisions of this Bill. I shall honor fairness in these cases when I see it, but it is what I do not hope for; we are to expect injustice, and only injustice, and injustice continually. I hope nothing from the court, only from the jury.

But here there are two difficulties in our way. One is the traditional respect for the courts of America. This is founded partly on the excellent character of some great men who have honored the Federal Bench. I speak with pride and gratitude of the really noble men who have administered justice in these courts. But they have given that institution a respectability and venerableness which it is now fast losing. Still, the mass of men, who long overrate the worst of rulers, look with confidence to these courts, and allow their own conscience to be overridden by men whom venality has raised to a high place.

The other is the claim of the court to determine for the jury what is law. Here is an evil which assumes two forms:—I. The judge charges the grand jury whom to indict; he assumes to be the norm of law for the grand jury; they must indict all persons who have done the deeds which *he* chooses to denominate a crime.

II. The judge charges the trial-jury whom to convict; he assumes to be the norm of law for the trial-jury; they must convict all persons who have done the deeds which *he* chooses to denominate a crime. Thus, the jury is only a two-edged sword with which the judge lays at any man whom the Government wishes to ruin. If he is the norm of law, then he may instruct both these juries that it is a violation of the Fugitive Slave Bill to read aloud these words out of the Old Testa-

ment:—"Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler" (Isa. xvi. 3, 4); or this, out of the New Testament:—"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me" (Matt. xxv. 45), and tell them they are bound by their oath to indict and convict any man who has read these words aloud. Nay, he may try and swear the jurors to accept his private and purchased opinion for national law and against the universal and unbought justice of the Eternal God. If the jurors cannot so accept and take the opinion of a judicial mind of the slave power for national law and against universal justice, then what safety is there for any man whom the Government wishes to destroy?

This is not theory alone: the evil is actual, is imminent, it hangs over many heads this day, and over some of the best heads in America. In the purlieus of the Court-house there are always men like Empson and Dudley in the time of Henry VII. We found some of that family in Boston in 1851, greedy for notoriety (which they certainly got), and lusting for the price of blood. When a cabinet of successful politicians elevates such an one to office, and we have Empsons and Dudleys holding a "court," with the Fugitive Slave Bill as weapon, and obedient jurors as servants, what safety is there for any man whom the cabinet, or its court, wishes to strike? In Charles II.'s time, a "lawyer of profligate habits and inferior acquirements," "the sordid tool" of other men, was made a criminal judge. He once instructed the grand jury "that a petition from the Lord Mayor and citizens of London to the King, for calling a Parliament, was *high treason*." Chief Justice Scroggs defiled the soil of Britain: it is just as easy to make Scroggs a judge in America—the material is always at hand. George Jefferies was not only Chief Justice but Lord Chancellor. Who knows how soon the noxious heat of slavery may swell some appropriate *fungi* of the American Bar into such judges as Jefferies and Scroggs, those poison toad-stools of the British bench! All that is lacking is a submissive jury; and, thank God! we have not yet found that even in Boston. No judicial "packing" has hitherto crowded twelve jurors of that sort into one jury-box. How soon it may, I know not. "Threats are powerful and money seductive!"

I take it in criminal trials the function of the jury comprises these three things; they are to ask—1. Did the man complained of do the deed he is charged with? 2. If so, is this deed, thus done, a crime according to the formal and constitutional law? 3. If so, then shall this man, who has done the deed, be punished? If they answer yes to all these questions, then the grand jury is to indict and the trial-jury to convict him; if not, not. It seems to me that if the jury allow the judge to determine for them what is the law, that they betray their trust, and throw down the great safeguard of our civil liberty, the breakwater which fends us from the sea of despotism, whose waters cannot rest, but cast up mire and dirt. All true democrats have a righteous horror of what is called *judge law*, *i. e.* law manufactured by the judge to suit his whim, or the caprice of Government. It is as bad as *king law*, or *mob law*, and in this country yet more dangerous.

I take it, it belongs to the function of the judge to tell the jury what *he thinks* the law is and the constitution is, then the jury are to take his opinion for what *they think* it worth. His opinion is one element, often a very important element, which they are to consider. Still, the jury are not a *subordinate* but a *co-ordinate* branch of the court, and are not to shift the responsibility of this function to the shoulders of one who is probably only a creature of the party in power, put in office as a reward for his venality, and as an instrument to execute the unjust and unconstitutional purposes of the Government. They are to answer the three questions just named on their responsibility, not on that of a judge. If he rules wrong and unfitly, they are to decide right, for they are not a tool to do what the Government bids, but men to do justice before God.

Surely, it does not stand to reason that the opinion of a drunken judge is to pass for law with sober jurors; that the opinion of a partial, prejudiced, unjust, and purchased judge is to outweigh the reason, the conscience, the heart, and the soul of twelve impartial, unprejudiced, just, and free men. Shall a Scroggs and Jeffries overawe twelve honest men, contrary to their own convictions and justice, and so punish a man for keeping the golden rule, and obeying the holiest commands of the Christian religion? They could hardly do it when England was ruled by a despotic king. Can it be done now in America—in New York? Then let us go and learn justice of the Oneidas and Onondagas; for the welfare of future generations is in our hands.

Faithfully yours.

Here is a specimen of numerous letters which Mr. Parker received about this time, asking counsel or giving information:—

Manchester, N.H.

FRIEND PARKER,—At 2 o'clock Sunday morning, two colored men arrived here from Lowell, informing us that the kidnappers would be here on Monday morning to steal from us and God a colored MAN who escaped from slavery in Norfolk, Virginia, some eleven years since, by name Edwin Moore.

They stated a letter was received by yourself from a Mr. Simmons, of Virginia, stating that five Virginians were about to start, or had started, for Boston and vicinity in search of fugitives.

They say that you ascertained that these men were at the Revere House in Boston on Saturday, and that they were to visit Lowell in search of prey.

They state that you wrote to friend Grant, who ascertained that they were coming to Manchester, after Moore, on Monday morning, with the United States Marshal from Portsmouth.

We, of course, sent Moore, on his earnest request, to Canada, although we should much have preferred to have had him remained, and tested the strength of the Fugitive Slave Bill (accursed Bill!) in Manchester.

There is great excitement with us this morning. Will you state to me by the return mail this evening, if the statements made by the colored gentlemen are, so far as you are concerned, true. Will you state any other facts which you may know regarding the case, which you may deem proper to communicate?

Yours, for God and humanity,
A. T. FOSS.

TO MR. ELLIS.

Boston, Feb. 12, 1854.

I have long been trying to write you a letter, but am either so busy, or else so weary with the business, that I have found no time since those two little grandchildren went to the kingdom of heaven. It was a very sad thing for them to lose the little ones—both their “pretty ones at one fell swoop.” But “it is well with the child.” By-and-bye it will also be well with the father and mother, with you also, and with me. I do not know how they will comport in their first great sorrow. I have not been able to see them since the burial of the last, but hope to be there to-morrow. They try to be calm, but

“’Tis the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the mind is competent to gain.”

I wish you and Mrs. E. could have been with them, for your sakes and theirs. But it could not be. So all alone they had to look the great sorrow in the face. It is not a fortunate thing when affliction does not come till we are old and grey-headed. I can't speak for others, but I am afraid I have not learned so much from success as from defeat. One day I trust man will outgrow both this kind of sorrow and the need for it. Now, it is a necessity—we can't avoid it—and also a part of our education. But the parents will not always bury their children, and with such bitter weeping.

I will send you a sermon before long. I have three getting ready for print. One, “Of Old Age,” goes to press to-morrow; one, “The Jesus of Fact and the Christ of Fancy,” will be soon ready; the third I have just preached: “Some Thoughts on the General Condition of the Country, and the New Attack on the Freedom of Mankind in America.” I meant to preach only one hour, so put under the desk about half of what I had written, and skipped a third of the rest, and held on an hour and a half. Now, as I write, my words are ringing in my own ears. What a wicked business is the Nebraska-Kansas matter! But here there is no enthusiasm. Men “hate it, but know it will pass;” the prominent men do nothing, not even call a convention; the Free-Soil State Central Committee have called a meeting of Free-Soilers at Fanueil Hall next Thursday. I passed Thursday night at Governor Davis's, in Worcester. He is indignant enough—bold enough; headed a petition to Congress; Lincoln a similar one; Knowlton a third. But that is all in Massachusetts! Not a Whig stirs. The *Advertiser* is against the Bill, but opposes it feebly and respectably. Evil times! Evil times!

CHAPTER XX.

Anthony Burns—Fanueil Hall—The Placards—The Rendition—The Indictment—The Defence.

SOON after the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, to be mentioned hereafter more particularly, another attempt was made to test the devotion of the North to constitutional freedom.

Anthony Burns was arrested on the 24th of May, 1854, upon a false charge of robbery, and taken to a room in the Court-house, where he was kept under guard and heavily ironed. His master, Col. Suttle, belonged to Alexandria, Virginia. On the morning of the 25th he was brought before the commissioner, still in irons, though he was guilty of nothing, and not even yet adjudged to have been a slave. The Marshal was determined that this time the preservation of the Union should be substantial and complete ; if Anthony Burns escaped for want of handcuffs, distinguished men would be mortified. But the officers knew that their tyranny had commenced before the commissioner had time to countenance it ; and the fact of the irons was afterwards denied. It is a small matter now, except that it brings Mr. Parker near to the unfortunate man. He says, at a later date, when the ironing was denied :—

The first day of the " trial " he *was* in irons, for I was with him, and saw the irons with my mortal bodily eyes. The next day of " trial " I was not allowed to speak with him ; but came near enough to see that he held his hands as if handcuffed. (I was rudely thrust away by one of the officials). I brought the fact of his being in irons to the knowledge of his counsel, who made complaint to the court. The slave-hunter's counsel made some remarks. Commissioner Loring asked Mr. Burns to stand up. He did so, and had no irons on ; but the officers had taken the irons off while the discussion was going on. This I knew at the time, or was satisfied of, for one whispered to the

two who sat with Burns between them, and I saw them busy with his hands; and after his subsequent return to Boston, Mr. Burns told a gentleman of this city that such was the fact. Mr. B. also stated that on every day of the "trial" he was brought into the court-room in irons, which were kept on till the court came in, and were replaced when the court adjourned.

No risk must be run this time of missing the dark link which was to bind the North and South in new fraternal bonds. Notwithstanding these precautions, the dreaded catastrophe almost occurred.

The best account which I can find of these transactions is contained in the Annual Report of the American Anti-Slavery Society, for 1855:—

He was arrested on the usual lying pretext of a charge of robbery, by the United States Deputy Marshal, who held a warrant against him as a slave, in order to avoid the danger of a desperate self-defence on the part of his prey. At the Court-house he was suddenly introduced into the presence of the man who claimed him as his property. Ignorant of his rights, cowed by the presence of a slaveholder, surrounded only by the infamous tools of his natural enemy, with no friend near him, he was betrayed, as they alleged, into admissions which his judge afterwards seized upon as the pretext of consigning him again to slavery.

It was probably the expectation of the claimant of Burns, and of the creatures he hired to help him, Seth J. Thomas and Edward G. Parker, that the business could be despatched in a truly summary manner, and without any general knowledge of the villainy in hand until it was done, and its object beyond the reach of pity or succor. If such were their wish, they had selected their tool well in Commissioner Loring, who, before hearing the case, on the mere *ex parte* statements of the master and his counsel, advised Mr. Phillips to attempt no defence, as the case was so clear that the man must go back. Fortunately for the cause, if not for the individual, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Theodore Parker, accidentally hearing of the case, procured admittance, though with no little difficulty, to the slave-pen in the Court-house. Messrs. R. H. Dana, Junr., and Charles M. Ellis, volunteered their services as counsel of the alleged slave. Encouraged by friendly voices, poor Burns expressed his wish to have a hearing, which the commissioner had regard enough, to appearances at least, not to deny. The hearing was adjourned over, at the request of his counsel, though strongly opposed by those of his master, until Monday from Friday.

Time having thus been gained, no pains were spared to put it to the best use. A public meeting was demanded, to be held in Fanueil Hall, to consider what the crisis required. The request was acceded to by the mayor and aldermen with cheerful readiness. The rules were suspended, and the necessary permission granted unanimously. The mayor even expressed his regret that another engagement for the

evening should prevent him from presiding at the meeting. But he assured the gentleman who waited on him that no police officer or public servant of the city should take any part in the reduction of the wretch claimed to slavery again.

The meeting in Fanueil Hall was truly an immense one. It filled the entire room, the staircases, and stretched out into the street. George R. Russell, Esq.,* a gentleman of eminent character and high social position, but not "a technical Abolitionist," presided. Speeches were made by the President, Messrs. Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, John L. Swift, Francis W. Bird, and others. The meeting seemed perfectly unanimous in its sense of the character of the crime impending, and desirous of knowing what was best to be done. The speeches were of a high and stirring order of eloquence; but any attack upon the Court-house or the kidnappers was strongly deprecated as unwise, and likely to be of mischievous consequences. The Court-house was known to be garrisoned by armed men, who had control of the gas and every opportunity of defending themselves, or of smuggling away their prisoner to safer quarters, in case of a serious alarm. The meeting seemed to acquiesce in the opinions of the platform, and it adjourned, to meet the next morning at the Court-house, to watch, if they could not guide, the event.

But the zeal of a portion of those who had a keen sense of the wrong and indignity of which the city was at once the scene and the object, could not be restrained. A small body of men, about nine o'clock, made an attack upon the Court-house. By means of a piece of timber they succeeded in bursting in the outer door. The garrison made a stand in the breach. One of the Marshal's assistants, James Batchelder, was killed, but whether by the assault of those without, or the awkwardness of those within, has never been clearly ascertained. The time which it took to break in the door, and the noise which necessarily attended the operation, drew the police of the city to the scene. The attacking party were not strong enough to follow up their first success, or at least, had good reason to think so. And the accident of a volunteer company marching into the square, on their return from target practice in the country, helped to discourage the attempt, through the belief that it was a company of marines, detailed to strengthen the force inside. So the rescue had to be abandoned. It was a gallant and generous attempt, but ill-advised and injudicious, under the circumstances. It should not have been made without a larger co-operation, and a more general understanding. Its failure complicated very materially the possibilities of subsequent operations, and gave the slave-catcher's minions the occasion they desired, of calling in the aid of the military.

That very night the Marshal despatched a request for aid to the Navy Yard, at Charlestown, and a force of marines were marched over before morning. The next morning a demand was made, and answered, for the help of the regular United States troops at Fort Independence. The mayor, also, was eager to signalise his loyalty to the slave-catcher, and to make amends for the incautious weaknesses of the day before; on pretence of

* Friend and neighbor of Mr. Parker when he lived at West Roxbury.

danger to the public property, a danger which the regular police of the city were amply sufficient to guard against, he called for the aid of the volunteer companies, which was joyfully granted. An opportunity for a holiday; a chance of showing their uniforms; a share of the good cheer and good liquor provided for them at the public expense,—any one of these inducements was enough, but all together they were irresistible. The Independent Cadets, or Governor's Guard, were proud to add the title of the Slave-catcher's Guard to their other honorary distinctions.* For nearly an entire week the city was, virtually, under martial law, in order that Suttle might make a slave of a man who had had the address and courage to make himself a freeman.

For the distinctions which were attempted to be made between keeping the peace and keeping the man were too transparently absurd to deceive any one of sense and reflection, had they not soon afterwards stopped their own mouths by greedily taking the blood-money proffered by the President. There was no apprehension or possibility of a breach of the peace except for the purpose of the rescue of the slave. To prevent such a breach of the peace, the United States soldiers held the Court-house, and for the same purpose the militia held the streets. Their purpose was one and the same, and they accomplished it in common, the only difference being that the United States troops, composed chiefly of Irishmen, and officered, probably, by slave-holders, were in the discharge of their regular business, and, it is said, had the grace to be ashamed of it, while the service of the militia was strictly voluntary, any pretence of military necessity being a transparent show.

The President of the United States was eager in the interest with which he looked on, and prompt in the services he could afford, at this critical moment. The despatches which passed between him and his minions in Boston are worthy of preservation, as showing the natural relation of the Chief Magistrate of the nation to the lesser kidnappers under him.

Boston, May 27, 1854.

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,—In consequence of an attack upon the Court-house last night, for the purpose of rescuing a fugitive slave, under arrest, and in which one of my own guards was killed, I have availed myself of the resources of the United States, placed under my control by letter from the War and Navy Departments, in 1851, and now have two companies of troops from Fort Independence stationed in the Court-house. Everything is now quiet. The attack was repulsed by my own guard.

WATSON FREEMAN,
United States Marshal, Boston, Mass.

Washington, May 27, 1854.

TO WATSON FREEMAN, UNITED STATES MARSHAL, BOSTON, MASS.—Your conduct is approved. The law must be executed.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

* Since then, what veins have been nobly emptied to obliterate these distinctions of the past together with Slavery, their cause !

On Tuesday last the following despatch was sent to Boston by direction of the President :—

Washington, May 30, 1854.

To HON. B. F. HALLETT, BOSTON, MASS.,—What is the state of the case of Burns?

SIDNEY WEBSTER.

Boston, May 30, 1854.

To SIDNEY WEBSTER,—The case is progressing, and not likely to close till Thursday. Then armed resistance is indicated. But two city companies on duty. The Marshal has all the armed force he can muster. More will be needed to execute the extradition, if ordered. Can the necessary expenses of the city military be paid, if called out by the Mayor, at the Marshal's request? This alone will prevent a case arising, under second section of Act of 1795, when it will be too late to act.

B. F. HALLETT.

Washington, May 31, 1854.

To B. F. HALLETT, UNITED STATES ATTORNEY, BOSTON, MASS.,—Incur any expense deemed necessary by the Marshal and yourself for city, military, or otherwise, to insure the execution of the law.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

On the same day the President ordered Colonel Cooper, Adjutant-General of the Army, to repair to Boston, empowered to order to the assistance of the United States Marshal, as part of the *posse comitatus*, in case the Marshal deemed it necessary, the two companies of United States troops stationed at New York, and which had been under arms for the forty-eight preceding hours, ready to proceed at any moment.

Boston, May 31, 1854.

To SIDNEY WEBSTER,—Despatch received. The Mayor will preserve the peace with all the military and police of the city. The force will be sufficient. Decision will be made day after to-morrow of the case. Court adjourned.

B. F. HALLETT.

Yesterday morning the following despatch was received :—

Boston, June 2, 1854.

To SIDNEY WEBSTER,—The Commissioner has granted the certificate. Fugitive will be removed to-day. Ample military and police force to protect it peacefully. All quiet. Law reigns. Col. Cooper's arrival opportune.

B. F. HALLETT.

In the meantime the examination proceeded. The defence was conducted with great zeal and ability by Messrs. Dana and Ellis. A much stronger case than had been supposed possible was made out on the side of the prisoner. It was incontestably proved that Burns had been in Boston before the time at which it was sworn by Suttle and his

witness that he was in Alexandria. The case of the claimant was broken down to all intents and purposes on the facts. For two or three days earnest hopes were entertained that the decision would be favorable to the prisoner. During this time attempts had been made to purchase Burns of the man that claimed him. More than once he had agreed to do so, and the papers were actually drawn by the very Commissioner who sat on the trial, who thus made but too manifest the foregone conclusion at which he had arrived. But the slave-holder was too good a representative of his class to regard himself bound by any promises to a slave or to his friends. It is believed that instructions came on from Washington to the District Attorney, Hallett, to prevent any such termination of so promising a case. There is no doubt, we believe, that Suttle was threatened with chastisement, if not with death, by his fellow slave-holders of Alexandria, if he dared to let this opportunity of triumph and vengeance escape him. At any rate, he showed that he was a liar, and the truth was not in him, for he paid no regard to his engagements, and finally refused to part with his claim, even when it was hoped that it was most desperate. But he, doubtless, had a well-founded belief that he would not be sent empty away.

It was a great meeting at Fanueil Hall on the evening of May 26. A thoroughly aroused and indignant crowd was there, not needing the eloquent speeches which were made, to be convinced that Massachusetts was about to be disgraced again in the name of law, and that the people were expected to be silent, if not sympathizing, witnesses of the destruction of a man's liberty. The feeling ran very high through the whole of Mr. Parker's speech, which was continually interrupted by fiery assent or disclaimer as he played upon the passion of the hour. Judge whether he was not in earnest :—

"There is no North," said Mr. Webster. There is none. The South goes clear up to the Canada line. No, gentlemen: there is no Boston, to-day. There *was* a Boston, once. Now, there is a North suburb to the city of Alexandria,—that is what Boston is. And you and I, fellow subjects of the State of Virginia,—(Cries of "No, no!" "Take that back again!") I will take it back when you show me the fact is not so. Men and brothers, I am not a young man; I have heard hurrahs and cheers for liberty many times; I have not seen a great many deeds done for liberty. I ask you, are we to have deeds as well as words?

Then he told them that the sympathies of the police and the Mayor were with the slave, and could not be depended on to support the Federal officers, who, however, depended on themselves :—

I say, so confident are the slave-agents now that they can carry off their slave in the day-time, that they do not put chains round the

Court-house; they have got no soldiers billeted in Fanueil Hall, as in 1851. They think they can carry this man off to-morrow morning in a cab. (Voices: "They can't do it!" "Let's see them try!")

Then he recalled the pre-revolutionary opinion of Boston, when its citizens resisted the Stamp Act, and threw overboard the tea.

Well, gentlemen: I say there is one law—slave law; it is everywhere. There is another law, which also is a finality; and that law, it is in your hands and your arms, and you can put it in execution just when you see fit.

Gentlemen: I am a clergyman and a man of peace. I love peace. But there is a means, and there is an end; liberty is the end, and sometimes peace is not the means towards it. Now, I want to ask you what you are going to do? (A voice: "Shoot, shoot!") There are ways of managing this matter without shooting anybody. Be sure that these men who have kidnapped a man in Boston are cowards—every mother's son of them; and if we stand up there resolutely, and declare that this man shall not go out of the City of Boston, *without shooting a gun*—(Cries of "That's it!" and great applause)—then he won't go back. Now, I am going to propose that when you adjourn, it be to meet at *Court Square, to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock*. (A large number of hands were raised, but many voices cried out, "Let's go to-night!" "Let's pay a visit to the slave-catchers at the Revere House; put that question.") Do you propose to go to the Revere House to-night? then show your hands! (Some hands were held up.) It is not a vote. We shall meet at Court Square, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning.

This was certainly a direct appeal to the people to attempt a rescue, but Mr. Parker's idea was that a demonstration could be made so formidable, in point of numbers and cool purpose, as to overawe the armed guard and sweep the slave away. The democratic papers preferred to represent the speech as advocating violence under thin disclaimers.

- "Freemen, keep cool!" he said, with reason;
 * To rip the bowels of State were treason.
 I warn ye not to rescue Burns
 Before the morning sun returns;
 For then a band of bloodhound troops
 May sharp defend the Court-house loops.
 Let no friend seize a goodly timber
 For battering ram—the door stands limber;
 Nor think to mob the negro's master.
 This said he to restrain them faster.
 * Doth he not lodge in tavern yonder?
 Yet ere ye go your pistols ponder,
 Arm not yourselves with stones of paving,
 Nor otherwise be misbehaving;

But now adjourn like citizens good,
 Don't rescue Burns—oh, no ! who would ?'
 As when a roguish boy sees high
 A nest of hornets, passes by,
 Yet hurls a missile 'mong the pack,
 And draws them on his comrade's back ;
 So the soft spokesman of this crew
 Drew on the war, and then—*withdrew !*"

The people did not wait till the next morning. While Mr. Parker was finishing his speech, news was brought that an attack was meditated that evening—was even then begun. The confusion was great, and many persons left the hall while he was putting the question to the vote. He declared it to be negatived ; for he anticipated failure, unless with daylight and an imposing front of the people from the suburbs and the country. The attack was precipitated by a small body, not well organized. The door was broken in, and in the melée one of the Marshal's guard was shot. The guard was frightened, and fired in the dark at random ; and the attacking party was also seized with a panic when it was known that a man had been killed, and withdrew. If they had pressed on with determination, the rescue might have been effected. But Mr. Parker's plan was better, though it did not preclude the chance of violence.

The opportunity was lost. Then followed the gloomy days during which the hearing before the commissioner lasted ; troops held the Court-house and commanded all the avenues.

I will put on record here the famous placards of this period. It is not difficult to see from whose manly pen some of them at least were issued :—

No. I.

KIDNAPPING AGAIN!!

A Man was Stolen last night by the Fugitive Slave Bill Commissioner !

HE WILL HAVE HIS

M O C K T R I A L

On Saturday, May 27, at 9 o'clock, in the Kidnappers' " Court,"
 before the Honorable Slave Bill Commissioner,

AT THE COURT HOUSE, IN COURT SQUARE.

SHALL BOSTON STEAL ANOTHER MAN?

Thursday, May 25, 1854.

No. II.

CITIZENS OF BOSTON!

A Free Citizen of Massachusetts—Free by Massachusetts Laws until his liberty is declared to be forfeited by a Massachusetts Jury—is

NOW IMPRISONED

IN A

MASSACHUSETTS TEMPLE OF JUSTICE!

The Compromises, trampled upon by the Slave Power when in the path of Slavery, are to be crammed down the Throat of the North.

THE KIDNAPPERS ARE HERE!

MEN OF BOSTON! SONS OF OTIS, AND HANCOCK, AND THE "BRACE OF ADAMSES"!

See to it that Massachusetts Laws are not outraged with your consent.
See to it that no Free Citizen of Massachusetts is dragged into Slavery,

WITHOUT TRIAL BY JURY! '76!

No. III.

Boston, May 27, 1854.

TO THE YEOMANRY OF NEW ENGLAND.

COUNTRYMEN AND BROTHERS,

The Vigilance Committee of Boston inform you that the Mock Trial of the poor Fugitive Slave has been further postponed to Monday next, at 11 o'clock A.M.

You are requested, therefore, to come down and lend the moral weight of your presence and the aid of your counsel to the friends of justice and humanity in the City.

Come down, then, Sons of the Puritans! for even if the poor victim is to be carried off by the brute force of arms and delivered over to Slavery, you should at least be present to witness the sacrifice, and you should follow him in sad procession with your tears and prayers, and then go home and take such action as your manhood and your patriotism may suggest.

Come, then, by the early trains on Monday, and rally in Court Square! Come with courage and resolution in your hearts; but, this time, with only such arms as God gave you!

No. IV.

MURDERERS, THIEVES, AND BLACKLEGS

EMPLOYED BY

MARSHAL FREEMAN!!!

MARSHAL FREEMAN has been able to stoop low enough to insult even the United States Marines, by employing Murderers, Prize-fighters, Thieves, Three-card-monte men, and Gambling-house Keepers to aid him in the rendition of Burns.

Let the people understand that United States Marshal Freeman has not confidence in the courage of his Deputies, nor the valor, powder, and ball of the United States Marines, to assist him in disgracing Massachusetts, and, therefore, has engaged the services of ——, who fought Jack Smith, who was arrested, charged with murdering his own mistress! by throwing her overboard, and who now keeps a brothel in this city; of ——, and his brother, two three-card-monte robbers; of ——, known to the police as "Thievy ——," who is "kept" by a prostitute, and escaped from Leverett Street Gaol about two years since, where he was incarcerated for robbery; of ——, and his brothers, who are engaged in keeping gambling saloons, and houses of prostitution; and of some fifty other similar characters, all of whom are known as villains in the criminal records of Massachusetts!!

These are the characters with whom the officers of the United States Marines are called upon to act. Let the people mark them! They are in the Court-house. They are petted by Hunker Democrats. They are supplied with money and rum by the United States, by order of Marshal Freeman. Such scoundrels, Freeman of Massachusetts, are employed to trample upon our laws, and insult you, and are supplied with arms and ammunition to shoot you down if you dare to assert your just rights.

Will you submit quietly to such insults?

No. V.

NEW DANGER!

It is now rumored that the Slave-holder intends to carry off Burns by the aid of hired ruffians after the Commissioner shall have set him at liberty.

CITIZENS, STAND GUARD!

No. VI.

THE MAN IS NOT BOUGHT!

HE IS STILL IN THE SLAVE-PEN, IN THE COURT-HOUSE!

The Kidnapper agreed, both publicly and in writing, to sell him for 1200 dollars. The sum was raised by eminent Boston Citizens and offered him. He then claimed more. The bargain was broken. The Kidnapper breaks his agreement, though the United States Commissioner advised him to keep it.

BE ON YOUR GUARD AGAINST ALL LIES!
 WATCH THE SLAVE-PEN!
 LET EVERY MAN ATTEND THE TRIAL!

No. VII.

AMERICANS!—FREEMEN!

It has been established out of the mouths of many witnesses, that the poor Prisoner now in the Slave-pen, Court Square, is not the Slave of the Kidnapper Suttle!! Commissioner Loring will doubtless so decide to-day! The spirit of our laws and the hearts within us declare that a Man must not be tried twice for the same offence.

But will the Victim then be set free? Believe it not, until you see it!! The Fugitive Slave Bill was framed with a devilish cunning to meet such cases. It allows that a Man may be tried again. It allows that if one Commissioner refuses to deliver up a Man claimed as a SLAVE to his Pursuer, he may be taken before a Second Commissioner, and a third, until some one is found base enough to do the work.

HALLETT IS AT WORK!

Burns will be seized again, have another Mock Trial, and be forced away. SEE YOU TO IT!! Let there be no armed resistance; but let the whole People turn out, and line the Streets, and look upon the Shame and Disgrace of Boston, and then go away and take measures to elect Men to office who will better guard the honor of the State and Capital!

Per order of the
 VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

Boston, May 31, 1854.

The testimony which was offered in favor of Burns was set aside by the Commissioner, who would not, in the discharge of what he deemed his legal duty, give the prisoner the advantage of a single legal doubt. If he occupied merely a technical position, with which humanity had nothing to do, he might have consistently admitted a technical difficulty. But no, Commissioner Loring did not occupy the passionless official position that was claimed for him. He hastened to discharge the more positive function of "preserving the Union" by ignoring every flaw through which his brother man might creep. Many a distinguished lawyer said, after that day, that the testimony was defective enough to have saved Massachusetts from this crime.

The pro-slavery pressure from within upon the bench was quite as great as the anti-slavery pressure from without. Thus Anthony Burns "had the misfortune to escape from servitude and to be returned to his owner."* The volunteer militia of Massachusetts made a day in State Street more woeful than the day of the Massacre, as they assisted to overawe an immense crowd of indignant men, through whom the slave was escorted in a square of hired ruffians to the wharf. Free bayonets protected ruffians in carrying out the superfluous decision of a slave commissioner! What a day was that, when the merchants of State Street were compelled to stand silent upon the porticoes of their banks and offices, and see the idea of liberty trampled on all the way down that grand historic street!† Those were different days through which we have just lived, when merchants and people of all ranks clustered on those porticoes, filled those windows and balconies, and clung to every shelf of granite, to welcome, with thundering cheers and eyes moistened by patriotic emotion, the successive regiments that bore the flag of civilization and freedom along to Alexandria, over the pavements trodden by the slave's reluctant feet! It was the North retracing her pro-slavery steps. Not fully seeing whither the thinking bayonets must go, not yet abandoning the flag with deliberate consciousness to a great, just war against slavery itself, but marching that way, with the popular countenance lowering in the direction whence all our ills proceed.

On the Sunday after the attempted rescue, a great crowd of

* Letter from Mr. T. B. Curtis, in the *Daily Advertiser*, Feb. 7, 1855.

† State Street was called King Street before the revolution of '76. It was the scene of the Boston Massacre.

earnest people gathered in the Music Hall, to look in the face of the man who had the counsel for the hour. Their hearts reposed upon his brave and magnanimous heart in confidence. He had no pretexts for betraying men. He believed more than all the Supernaturalists in Boston, and believed it more deeply, with life more implicated in the doctrines which exalt and protect human nature. Out of that manly bosom flowed prophecy, scorn, indignation, and encouragement fit for the hour. As he looked over the little desk into that gathering of expectant eyes, he felt more profoundly than ever the truths of this dear country which create her dignity, protect and bless her children, and take her mighty hand to lead into a great future. He stood that day a prophet of freedom, if ever this earth bore a prophet, to frame an indictment of tyranny, and to announce the undying resistance of moral truth to legal exigency. The theme lowered in his speech and in his face. The frank blue eyes caught a steely gleam, as of bayonets levelled to clear the hall, to sweep the great iniquity out by the doors. An undeniable glitter as of steel, seen in that hall more than once, menacing in the name of the real commonwealth of the people, the Massachusetts of freedom. How little seemed the Fugitive Slave Bill that day! "Take away that bauble!" was the virtual speech, with steel in the eyes of the speaker, now at length become steel in the hands of the doers. Those eyes were never levelled with that threatening expression save to clear the way for human right; never to assault the breast of the people; never in the interest of wrong. Clear, wrathful, patriot eyes, now sunk to sleep, their glances all gone forth into the hearts of many people, their bold looks now marshalled from Washington to New Orleans; how much we need the faith and high purpose out of which they looked on that gloomy Sunday of our sorrow!

FROM THE JOURNAL.

May 29, 1854.—The city is now asleep; but the kidnapper is awake. His victim lies in the same room where Boston retained Mr. Sims. To share the same fate! Well, there is a day of retribution for all this!

All the house is asleep. I have listened at the doors, and heard the low, heavy breathing of them all. How quiet they are! The "higher law" of the Infinite One keeps up the functions of life while we sleep. In Thee we live, and move, and have our being. Thou livest, and movest, and hast Thy being in us; yet far transcendest space, and time, and sense, and soul.

On the 4th of June, two days after the rendition, he preached his sermon of "The New Crime against Humanity." It gave a statement of the movements of Southern domination against the liberties of the country, of the pusillanimity of politicians and clergymen, and of the crime just committed, in which the history of the past legitimately found its climax. Nothing in the old Revolution was ever so stoutly, so intelligently spoken, with more fervid abandonment to a patriotic impulse, or with more reverence for the great God who makes nations through their faith and suffering.

I know well the responsibility of the place I occupy this morning. To-morrow's sun shall carry my words to all America. They will be read on both sides of the Continent. They will cross the ocean. It may astonish the minds of men in Europe to hear of the iniquity committed in the midst of us. Let us be calm and cool, and look the thing fairly in the face.

His words did reach to every quarter, carried by their own power, but also by the event which they denounced, a sullen demon summoned to do unwilling work for truth.

You have not forgotten Webster's speeches at Albany, at Syracuse, at Buffalo, nor his denial of the higher law of God at Capron Springs, in Virginia. "The North Mountain is very high; the Blue Ridge higher still; the Alleghanies higher than either; yet the 'higher law' ranges an eagle's flight above the highest peak of the Alleghanies." What was the answer from the crowd? Laughter! The multitude laughed at the Higher Law. There is no law above the North Mountain; above the Blue Ridge; above the peaks of the Alleghanies; is there? The Fugitive Slave Bill reaches up where there is *no God!*

"Laughter" from North and South to greet the higher law in those days! Weeping for laughter now, because a law of God was laughed at; and the lips of cannon to enforce at Capron Springs itself the doctrines which were there flouted in the fine October sun! A truth cannot be turned backward. The more violently it is resisted, the more bloody is its course.

Thus, on the 2nd of June, 1854, Boston sent into bondage her second victim. It ought to have been fifteen days later—the Seventeenth of June. What a spectacle it was! The day was brilliant; there was not a cloud; all about Boston there was a ring of happy summer loveliness: the green beauty of June—the grass, the trees, the heaven, the light; and Boston itself was the theatre of incipient civil war!

Why did Commissioner Loring do all this? He knew the consequences that must follow. He knew what Boston was. We have no

monument to Hancock and Adams, but still we keep their graves; and Boston, the dear old mother that bore them, yet in her bosom hides the honored bones of men whom armies could not terrify, nor England bribe. Their spirit only sleeps. Tread roughly—tread roughly on the spot—their spirit rises from the ground! He knew that here were men who never will be silent when wrong is done. He knew Massachusetts; he knew Boston; he knew that the Fugitive Slave Bill had only raked the ashes over fires which were burning still, and that a breath might scatter those ashes to the winds of heaven, and bid the slumbering embers flame.

Listen, O reader, in camps, in cottages, in counting-rooms. The little Lexington belfry rocks again in the morning air.

This circular was issued from his pen on the day that cannon from Bunker's Hill seemed sullenly to emphasize a more glorious past:—

Boston, June 17, 1854.

DEAR SIR,—The Vigilance Committee of Boston have directed us to address you on the subject of forming a Vigilance Committee in your town and neighbourhood, for the purpose of aiding persons claimed as Fugitive Slaves.

If you will form such a Committee in your town, we think you may serve the cause of Freedom and Humanity in several ways.

1. You may help such alleged Fugitives to escape from actual danger, by aiding them in their flight to Canada, or some other place of safety, where they will be out of the kidnapper's reach. Thus you may help the individual.

2. You may arouse the sense of justice in the people of your town and neighborhood, and so prepare the way for checking and terminating the wicked institution of Slavery, which is so perilous to the liberties of America. Thus you can aid the Idea of Justice, for each Committee will be a little centre of organized action, where discussion can be carried on, and whence information may be spread abroad.

3. Perhaps you may also, in case of need, furnish pecuniary aid to the alleged Fugitives in other places.

We therefore invite you to organize a Vigilance Committee in your town, and inform us of the names of your Officers whom we may correspond with in case of need. Communications may be addressed to

Yours truly,

THEODORE PARKER,

Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Boston Vigilance Committee.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THEODORE PARKER,
JOSHUA B. SMITH,
LEWIS HAYDEN,
SAMUEL G. HOWE,

WENDELL PHILLIPS,
EDMUND JACKSON,
FRANCIS JACKSON,
CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

FROM HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Washington, June 7, 1851.

I had just read and admired your great New York effort, as reported in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, when the *Commonwealth* came this morning with that other fulmination from Boston. Such efforts will deeply plough the public heart. Other ages will bless you, even if we do not all live down the clamor which now besets us.

At last I see daylight. Slavery will be discussed with us *as never before*, and that Fugitive Bill must be nullified. Peaceful legislation by our commonwealth will do it all. At once should be commenced an organization to secure petitions, 1, to Congress; 2, to our own Legislature. Get people committed to the absolute refusal of the whole wickedness.

The curtain will soon lift here. Cuba—Hayti—Mexico. You know the plot. And yet the people sleep.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

June, 1854.—*What I shall do if I am sent to gaol?*

1. Write one sermon a-week, and have it read at Music Hall, and printed the next morning. Who can read it? Write also a prayer, &c. (Prayer, Saturday night).
2. Prepare a volume of sermons from old MSS.
3. Write Memoirs of Life, &c.
4. Vol. I. of "Historical Development of Religion," *i. e.*, the Metaphysics of Religion.
5. Pursue the Russian studies.

The grand jury which was sitting at the time of these events, was not specially summoned to notice them, and therefore, though charged explicitly enough to find a bill against the prominent actors of the night of May 26, separated without doing so. A new grand jury was impanelled in October, but instead of being charged afresh by the judge upon the statute of 1790, in relation to resisting officers serving a process, or upon the statute of 1850, it was referred to the United States Attorney for the instruction contained in the previous charge; and an indictment was found against Mr. Parker, for knowingly and wilfully obstructing, with force and arms, the Marshal of the district, who was attempting to serve and execute the warrant and legal process under which Burns was taken and held; also for making an assault upon said Marshal, who was in the due and lawful discharge of his duties as an officer. Similar indictments were found against Wendell Phillips, who also spoke at the Fanueil Hall meeting, and against Martin Stowell, Rev. T. W.

Higginson, John Morrison, Samuel T. Proudman, and John C. Cluer, who were engaged in the assault.

By laws of the United States, both Grand and Petit Juries may be selected in Courts of the United States by a combination between the U.S. District Attorney and the U.S. Marshal.

TO PROFESSOR EDWARD DESOR.

Nov. 19, 1854.

I shall not be indicted. "Judge Ben," the Honorable Benjamin R. Curtis, with his coadjutors, Ben Hallett and others like him, made the attempt in June, and again in October. But the grand jury found no bill. So Phillips and I escape this time. I should be sorry if a Massachusetts jury should disgrace the State by such meanness; but I should have liked the occasion for a speech. I chalked out the line of defence, and was ready for trial the day the grand jury sat. I think nobody will be punished for the "riot" in June. Now would be a good time for another slave-hunt in Boston. Sumner gave an admirable address before the Mercantile Association last night. He never did a better thing.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Nov. 29, 1854.—Day before Thanksgiving. This morning, a few minutes after eight, as I sat writing, a rap came on my door. I said, "Come in." A man entered, and stood looking a little awkward. I took him by the hand, bidding him good morning.

"Is this the Rev. Mr. Parker?" he asked.

"So-called," I said; "sit down, if you please."

"I want to speak with you on business," he said. So Miss Stevenson withdrew, and as she shut the door, he said, "Mr. Parker, I have rather a disagreeable business to do. I am come to arrest you."

"Very well—is that all?" said I; "in the United States Circuit Court, I suppose."

"Yes."

"Let me see the warrant?" He presented it. I read it over, about half of it aloud, and a few words to myself—enough to catch the drift of it, and handed it back to him. "Well: what do you want me to do—shall I go down to the Court-house?"

"No. Will you come down to the Marshal's office at ten o'clock?"

"Certainly, where is it?"

"No. 1 in the Court-house."

"First floor?"

"Yes, sir—first floor. I suppose you will have your surety."

"Certainly—four or five of them. I will go and see them."

"One is enough, if he is a real-estate holder."

"Yes; but there are several persons who have asked the privilege of being my bail. For you must not suppose that I did not expect this."

"Very well. I won't stay any longer." I attended him down the stairs. "This is a disagreeable business, Mr. Parker?"

"I make no doubt of it. But I am much obliged to you for the gentlemanly manner in which you have performed your official function."

"Oh—thank you—we don't expect to get into low places."

"Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

At ten, I went to the office, attended by C. M. Ellis, Esq., as my attorney. Miss Stevenson and L. had previously been to inform the bail of what was going on. Mr. Manley was in the office already. We went to the Supreme Court-room, to wait with Mr. E. till the officer was ready. He soon returned, and we went to the Circuit Court-room, when I recognized in 1500 dollars for my appearance in that Court at 10 A.M. on the first Monday in March (*i. e.* the 85th anniversary of the Boston Massacre.)

Judge Ben Curtis and Judge Peleg Sprague were on the Bench.

His bondsmen were three parishioners, Samuel May, Francis Jackson, and John R. Manley.

Here is a specimen of the letters which came to him from the people at this time. He prized the badly spelled but correct and noble thought:—

Pembroke, December the 21 day, 1854.

DEAR SIR,—I gave notice of A meeting to see if we would form A vigilance committee in this town. The evening was stormy, but theor was A small number of us who came together, and we resolved our-selves into A vigilance committee, and they chose L. McLauthlin, Job H. Beal, and Otis P. Josselyn, as the Executive Committee, and they designated me as thear Chairman, and we shall be reddey to ade the cause of humane liberty when it is in our power so to do. And now, Sir, I must say that I am veary sorry that any man should be arested and brought before A couart for speakeing against making slaves in our State, to send out to Verginner, or any whear elles; but, sence it is so, I am glad that they have taken such men as yaur Self and Mr. Phillips, our very Captains of the liberty of speech, and men, too, who can defend thear and our rights, and bring up A host of liberty loving men and women to sustain you in your just Cause.

Yours, with respect.

Concord, July 10, 1854.

REV. AND DEAR MR. PARKER,—I received, on the 30th of June last, a circular from you, sir, and the other gentlemen comprising the Executive Committee of the Boston Vigilance Committee. I owe you an appology for not acting sooner up your excellent suggestion; but, the fact is, your circular was received by me at the Post-office, and finding it to be a printed circular, and not looking at the signer, supposed it to be something such as I am receiving almost every day,

about some quack medicine, or about some newly invented machine for sale, or some such thing, and did not stop to read it at the time, and put it into my pocket, and forgot to look at it untill about *Independence Day*—*what a farce to call it so!*!

Well, sir, last evening we had a small Anti-Slavery gathering in Concord, and I asked the following questions to those present, viz.:—If a slave, who was making his escape, should come to your house, would you aid him by giving him shelter, &c.? There were present Ralph W. Emerson, Mrs. Mary Brooks, Charles Bowers, John Thoreau, Mary Rice, Nathan B. Stow, Nathan Henry Warren, James Weir, Joshua R. Brown, Stearns Wheeler, Mrs. John Thoreau, Mrs. R. W. Emerson, and William Whiting. We were unanimous in our agreement to aid and assist all in our power to help the fleeing bondman to obtain his God-given rights.

I am, dear sir, your obedient and humble servant,

WILLIAM WHITING.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Last night of the year.—It is almost twelve: a new year close at hand.

O Thou Spirit who rulest the universe, seeing the end from the beginning, I thank Thee for the opportunities of usefulness which the last year afforded, for all the manifold delights which have clustered round my consciousness. But how little have I done, how little grown! Inspire me to do more, and become nobler, in purpose, motive, method of my life. Help me to resist new temptations, and do the new duties which the year brings with it. I know not what a day shall bring forth—honor or shame, perhaps a gaol. Help me everywhere to be faithful to Thee. So may I live and serve my brethren more. Yet still may I love my enemies, even as Thou sendest rain on the just and the unjust!

FROM HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Dec. 12, 1854.

I am glad you have been indicted—pardon me—for the sake of our cause, and for your own fame. Of course you will defend yourself, and answer the whilom speaker at Faneuil Hall face to face.* Don't fail to recount that incident in your speech, where you will naturally review Boston tyranny, not only in courts, but also abroad, at public meetings, and in the world.

I can tell you nothing of history. You know well Campbell's Chancellors and Chief Justices. In reviewing these you will meet the great instances, and will discern the base character of judges—a sad list!

The cases of Scroggs and Jefferies have a barefaced outrageousness

* Alludes to Judge Curtis, who at a Union-saving meeting demanded to know how a minister of the Gospel could recommend a juror to break his oath, and clear a fugitive against the law and the facts. Mr. Parker, who was in the gallery, said, "Do you want an answer now?" The Judge was embarrassed, and the crowd made noise enough to prevent an explanation.

which makes them less applicable than the case of ship-money; the case of Sir Edward Hill, in 1687; the trial of Horne Tooke, in 1796; and at a later day, the trials which killed Lord Ellenborough. Do not fail to master his life and character. Therein you will find more which will be in point than in earlier cases.

Upon the whole, I regard your indictment as a "call" to a new parish, with B. R. Curtis and B. F. Hallett as "deacons," and a pulpit higher than the Strasburg steeple.

TO MR. SUMNER.

Boston, Dec. 15, 1854.

Phillips was arrested to-day, and gave bail with six securities. John Hancock was also once arrested by the British authorities in October, 1768. Great attempts were made to indict Sam Adams, and Edes and Gill, patriotic printers; but no grand jury *then* would find a bill.

Hale gave an admirable lecture on the Trial by Jury last Thursday. It was a happy hit, and every word told on his vast and most responsive audience. It came at the right time.

Thank you for your note which came yesterday. I will work on that hint, and make a sermon which will keep the new "deacons" awake.

In 1845, my friends passed a resolution, "that Theodore Parker should have a *chance to be heard* in Boston." The two brothers-in-law, Ben. C. and Ben H. now second the resolution. "A chance to be heard!"

TO MR. ELLIS.

Dec. 19, 1854.

DEAR CHARLES,—I am much obliged to Mr. Hallett for his readiness to accommodate me in the matter referred to; but I did not ask that or any other favor. I simply wish to know the time when the court will proceed to try the matter between it and me. I will accommodate myself to that. I understood from Mr. Phillips that Mr. Hallett said the trials would not take place in March; if so, I need not disappoint some fifteen towns by refusing to lecture there. Excuse me for troubling you,

TO THE SAME.

Boston, Feb. 8, 1855.

These are the points I should make against Commissioner Loring:—

1. He kidnapped a man in Boston who was accused of no offence against any law, divine or human, but who, by the laws of God written in nature, and the constitution and statutes of Massachusetts, and the principles of the Declaration of Independence, was as much entitled to freedom as Mr. Loring himself, or any man in the commonwealth.

2. He was not forced to this, but did it voluntarily. (a). His office did not compel such a wicked service, for Mr. Hallett, in 1850, declined it, and in 1854, Mr. George T. Curtis, who was first applied to for the kidnaping of Mr. Burns, refused the office; in 1851 (in the Sims time) no sheriff or constable of Boston could be found willing to serve the writ of

personal reprieve, though a fee of five hundred dollars was allowed, and a bond of indemnity to the extent of three thousand dollars more. (b.) But if the office, in his opinion, required this, then he ought to have resigned his office, either at once or on the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, which "required" such a service of him, or, at least, when called on to steal a man. He cannot plead that the office is any extenuation of so heinous an offence as making a citizen of Massachusetts, accused of no fault, a slave of Virginia.

3. He did not do this hastily, but deliberately, after a week for reflection and consultation with his friends and fellow-citizens.

4. He is not now sorry for the offence, but so justifies it on principle that the act is legal and constitutional, and so professes to understand the tenure of his office of commissioner that he would do the same again if called on; and Massachusetts will, again and again, present to the world the spectacle of a commonwealth, democratic and Christian, which keeps in office, as guardian of widows and orphans, a man who is a professional kidnapper. Is she ready to do that?

5. The manner of the kidnapping was as bad as the matter. I will not refer to the mode of arrest, which he is not responsible for, but, (a.) he advised Mr. Phillips, Burns's attorney, "Not to throw obstacles in the way of his being sent back, as he probably will be"! (b.) He confined him in a Court-house of Massachusetts, contrary to the express words of the statute, and the well-known form of law of his own State. (c.) He decided against the evidence in the case, which proved that the man on trial as a slave in Virginia on a certain time, *was actually at work in Boston at that very time.* (d.) The evidence he relied on for the identity of Burns, the only thing to be proved, as he declared, was the words alleged to be uttered by Mr. Burns, spoken, if at all, under *duress*, and subsequently denied by him. (e.) He communicated his decision to parties having an interest adverse to Mr. Burns, twenty-four hours, at least, before it was given in open court.

6. He knows the stealing of a man is wrong. This is not merely matter of inference from his education and position, but from the fact that he declined the fee, ten dollars, his "legal" and "official" recompense for stealing a brother man. This he does, it is supposed, not from general charity towards men-stealers, or from special friendship for Mr. Suttle in this case; but because the money is the price of blood paid for treachery to the Constitution of Massachusetts, and to the natural, essential, and unalienable rights of man.

7. He is the first judicial officer of Massachusetts since 1776 who has kidnapped a man. Had he stolen Mr. Dana or Mr. Ellis, counsel for Mr. Burns, charged with no crime, and delivered them up to the Algerines or Carolinians, he would not more have violated the principles of natural justice and the precepts of the Christian religion. Nay, the offence is worse when committed against a poor man, an unprotected and a friendless man of a despised race, than if committed against rich, educated, and powerful gentlemen, who have material and personal means of defence. Now, the Legislature of Massachusetts is the guardian of the lives and the character of her citizens. If she detains a kidnapper in her high office of Judge of Probate, in her own capital city, she says to the world, "I acknowledge that it is a glory to steal

a man, and so will make the kidnapper also guardian of widows and orphans, giving him a better opportunity to crush those who are ready to perish without his oppression!" Is that the lesson for the guardians of public morals to teach to the youth and maidens of Massachusetts—to teach in the hearing of Fanueil Hall, in sight of Bunker Hill, over the graves of Hancock and Adams?

8. There are 2038 colored persons in the county of Suffolk; they must do public business at his office. Is it fair for Massachusetts to force them, in their affliction, to come before a judge who is the official enemy of their race—who kidnaps men of this nation? It adds new terrors to the bitterness of death.

9. If there were no law of God, no conscience in man declaring what is right, no golden rule of religion, bidding "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them," then it might be enough to plead the law of the United States allows him to steal a man. But as there is a law of God, a conscience, a golden rule, recognized guides of conduct amongst men, Massachusetts cannot detain in such an office a man who on principle will send his innocent brothers into eternal bondage.

The trials commenced upon the 3rd of April, 1855, with the arraignment of Martin Stowell. Hon. John P. Hale, the senior counsel for the defendant, moved that the indictment be quashed. The Court decided to hear the motion, whereupon the jurors were excused for the day, and William L. Burt, the junior counsel, addressed the Court upon some of the specifications of the motion. These were six in number, being substantially (1,) that the warrant was not properly directed and served; (2,) that the jury in the case was not an impartial jury of the district, as required by law; (3,) that the acts specified in the indictment did not constitute a crime under the statutes under which the indictment was framed; (4,) that the indictment did not sufficiently set forth the proceedings wherein the said warrant was based; (5,) that said indictment and the several counts thereof, was bad on the face of them, for several technical reasons; (6,) and because the warrant issued from and ran into a jurisdiction not authorized by law, &c.

Mr. Ellis, counsel for Mr. Parker, took up the first two reasons for quashing the indictment, and continued on the second day of the trial. Mr. Durant filed the same motion for Mr. Higginson, and pointed out that the warrant itself did not justify the arrest of Anthony Burns, and argued that the Marshal had no right to hold Burns under the warrant, but that his authority ceased with the seizure. Mr. John A. Andrew (now Governor of the State of Massachusetts), counsel for Wendell Phillips, followed, in an argument based upon the sixth objection specified in the motion,

and also made the point that the indictment did not sufficiently particularize the offence with which defendant was charged.

On the third day the United States attorney, B. F. Hallett, was ill, and unable to attend; the Court postponed the case to the tenth of April. On that day Mr. Andrew completed his argument, and Mr. E. W. Merwin, assistant counsel for the prosecution, replied to some of the objections, prefacing the remark that the Government *had no object in the prosecutions* except to maintain the law as a terror to evil-doers, and a protection to those who do well! The United States attorney, Hallett, then followed in a defence of the indictment, which occupied the fifth day.

On the next day Judge Curtis delivered his opinion, "that the process alleged to have been obstructed was not a legal process in the meaning of the Act of 1790, because there was no averment in the indictment to show that the warrant had been issued by such a Commissioner as the Act of 1850 specifies, and that, as neither of the counts in the indictment describes, by sufficient averments, any offence under the Act of 1790, under which alone the Government claims that the indictment can be supported, it must be quashed."

Whereupon the Court ordered the clerk to enter on the record that the indictment against Martin Stowell is quashed, and the United States attorney, Hallett, then moved the Court to discontinue the cases against the other persons indicted.

C. M. Ellis, Esq., one of the counsel at this trial, says:—

Mr. Parker was at once glad to meet the Government and fight them, and vexed and annoyed at the groundless and disgraceful assault on him. As he said, he would "give them their bellyful." He was untiring alike in doing all he could to urge the trial on and to defy and taunt them to meet him, and in exploring every ground, the grandest and the least, upon which to defeat them.

You know there were indictments against several persons, Wendell Phillips, Higginson, &c. A meeting of the counsel of all was held in my office. We then settled on the plan, which was to make the attack. We were, first, to move to quash for defects on the face of the indictment, as we did, and we parcelled out the branches of this amongst us. After that we proposed to follow up (if, as we expected, the Court would overrule us), by showing the jury that found the indictment was not indifferent, and so on. (You see a note of testimony as to Greenough).

Well, we did *put them on trial* for several days. It was in the old sitting rooms of the old wooden house, then used (and good enough) for such cases, on Bowdoin Square.

The judge showed *himself* out, and the temper of those he stood with. They sneaked off through the smallest place possible, but showed temper; needlessly declared that the jury was well drawn, and slurred at the counsel. You may see Mr. Parker's judgment of it in the leaf of the State Trials he sent me.

He was, I thought, glad of the result. Of course, any defence in such a place, and before such men, must have been very different from the one he wrote, and must have reached the world very differently.

He preferred to be fairly rid of all trouble, to see the "curs sneak off with their tails between their legs," and then to show without (certain) interruption of the judge, or boggle of reporting, what sort of a lash they ought to have had applied to them.

He worked through the summer, and at Dublin (N. H.), on the defence. It is less a defence than an able review of the assaults and defences made in the course of our history by the little garrison manning the fortress of the English Jury. He saw clearly how the central power, in serving slavery, was making inroads on our institutions. Curtis had already declared the jury mere tools, in a way an English judge would have been ashamed of. Mr. Parker then anticipated a long struggle to undermine our institutions one by one,* and he threw himself into the breach upon this one. War has anticipated all of them. But he was right as things were going; that "Defence" and like things, instead of Sumter and Bull Run, would have been the steps of our march to freedom.

FROM MR. ELLIS TO MR. PARKER.

Sept. 8, 1855.

DEAR SIR,—This (more than I thought) is necessary to show the exact case in the briefest form, with nothing collateral, and with no comment. *

How far anything else is worth while, either to interest or inform people, now or hereafter, depends on what you have woven into your argument. I suppose you will have most of the things embodied in it. And there they will be preserved best.

Let me, however, hastily note these matters that occur.

1. The leading, active part you and Phillips took (as you had always taken in others) in Burns' trial. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

2. The Court and the Government avoided the only charge for which there was any pretext, viz., "of rescue or attempt to rescue under the Bill of 1850, such as was made in the former cases, in order to avoid the issue, slave or not.

3. No pretence that you did anything save the speech.

4. The wrong of trying a new jury; or the same charge with a second.

5. The illegal construction of the juries, *from a fraction* of the district, and by the Marshal himself, the party concerned.

6. The unsoundness of the charge to the first jury, in law.

* At that very time the Lemmon case was on its way to the Supreme Court from New York; and from the West the infamous Dred Scott case was taking shape.

7. The wrong of omitting to charge the second, and turning it over to Hallett. It was the judge's duty, not to be delegated. This I count highly improper and very dangerous, not only in the instance, but as a precedent; for, without charge or complaint before a coroner, or presentment, or formal information aliunde, to allow the Government to thus originate the bill, is giving it the power of bending the law to meet the facts in its possession. Tyrants want no more.

8. Greenough, Merwin; singular coincidences of doubtful delicacy, but perhaps nothing.

9. Executive interference.

10. The purpose of the prosecution.

Some of these are slightly legal. One is settled; but no judge is infallible. I believe our views to be the sound ones.

Yours truly,
C. M. ELLIS.

Mr. Parker's defence, a portion of which he had prepared with the purpose of addressing the jury himself, was not disposed of so easily as the indictment. It appeared during the next August, most carefully elaborated, with valuable historical matter upon the development of the jury, the corruptions of the judiciary, and a variety of interesting cases of trial for political offences and liberty of speech. He has written nothing that is so vigorous and effective. The cases from English political and ecclesiastical history can nowhere else be found so dramatically and sympathetically presented. It is a wonder that this "Defence" is so little known. The style of it is better than that of any of his writings, except the last three of the "Sermons of Theism," and some of the "Occasional Discourses." It is sinewy, clear, thoroughly American, and more sustained and flowing than his usual composition. He seldom took the trouble, and never had the time, to regard his style as a matter for anxiety. But here, a favorite historical subject, a most engrossing national question, the right of free speech, and all his own keen personal interest, conspired to make one of the most fascinating books of this epoch. It will be read in fifty years and after more eagerly than at present, and is *the* book which the future historian of these times will hunt for with eagerness and rejoice in when found.

It contains too frequently repeated allusions to persons known as supporters of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and strenuous advocates for his indictment. The iteration is damaging to the moral effect which he desired to produce. He is not merely unsparing and righteously indignant, but his personal implication led him to

call up some points against his opponents too often ; they impede the general movement of the work. This will make the book more valuable to the coming historian of the present generation, who will feel less these faults of taste while he follows his vigorous presentation of the facts. It is the best account extant of judicial and legal tyranny from the reign of James I. to the period of his own indictment.

It is not an objection to his "Defence" that it designates so palpably individuals who were prominent in the service of the bad statute, but that it is so solicitous to do so. That makes his own personality too prominent. But he was right in arraigning men. Of course he hurt their feelings, and the feelings of their relatives. It was right that he should do so, in the interest of all men. It is very extraordinary that persons who complain that his language hurt their feelings, should never once have considered *the feelings of the fugitive and of his family*. They wanted the luxuries of self-respect, consideration, and fidelity to the Constitution, all at the expense of the poor trembling fugitive's necessities of life and freedom.

May there ever be a plain-speaking champion of the weaker side ! If a man in this country undertakes to wring his little luxuries out of the oppressed and suffering, he need not be surprised if some one depicts his arrogant meanness in a stern and unpolite vernacular.

But his sincerity was not all reserved for his opponents. His letters to public men who were his friends, or who were friendly to the ideas which he made paramount, show the same inflexible judgment. He addressed them with a frankness which they could ill sustain, unless they were at heart devoted to the same law of right and the real welfare of the country. The boldness of his requisitions upon friendship, in the name of the righteousness which he was willing to serve to the uttermost, alienated some who could not stand the test. Men like to be flattered for their past service, and entreated to persevere. He was too patriotic, too solemnly penetrated with the dangers of the country, to do either. On this point the dearest friend could never lead him astray. Conscience set aside the susceptible disposition at the first summons of a great political or moral truth ; and he was incapable of making any allowance for the difficulty some men have to be simple-minded. Some noble men, whose services to the commonwealth cannot be too highly rated, sometimes thought

that he was intolerant. It was because they were not yet his equals in courage, determination, and straightness. He could dare more, resolve more, and walk more plainly than any of his friends.

It was Dante who used to throw stones at women and children whom he overheard reviling his party ; and, in a heated discussion, he once said, "Such infamous talk is to be answered, not with arguments, but with the knife."

"Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving."

Anthony Burns was carried back to the South in vindication of a Republican form of government, and as a symbol in ebony of the constitutional alacrity of the North. No doubt his master, from the time that Anthony held the hands of Parker and Phillips, and felt their love of freedom, considered him a bad piece of property, for he was virtually manumitted when he was remanded. Anthony might take to preaching, for which it seems he had an inborn taste, and the plantation hands would listen, mute as the fishes, but quite as heedful, which his namesake once addressed. So the money which was raised to purchase him in Boston, but which was refused there, by advice of counsel, on great constitutional grounds, became acceptable in Georgia, where a bird in the hand was better than one who might take to the bush, with a whole flock behind him.

Anthony's understanding had not been minutely cultivated at the South, so he passed at first for a rather dull person when he was received into the college at Oberlin, Ohio. The teachers had yet to loosen the clog of stupidity which slavery had fastened to his mind. Their words, in the attempt to discover his capacity for learning something, fell into the calloused marks which bondage made in entering his soul. But it is reported by one who knew him, that, "The change that came over him in a short time was one of the most wonderful things I ever witnessed. When it fairly dawned upon him that he *could* learn to read, his zeal to improve was unbounded. He was at his books the whole time, and his capacity for learning developed more and more. The whole manner of the man was altered ; and the expression of his countenance changed so much that, in less than a year, nobody would have recognized in him the half-stultified wretch,

for whose re-enslavement the enlightened City of Boston raised a chivalrous army."

One of the earliest proofs of his new accomplishments was a letter to Mr. Parker; the handwriting may have astonished the illegible scholar, but the love might be expected. Here it is, a little helped in spelling:

Oberlin, Ohio, Jan. 13, 1856.

DEAR MR. PARKER,—SIR,—It is with much pleasure that I am now called upon to take my pen in hand to write you a few lines, which, I truly hope will find you and family at this time enjoying the blessing and happiness of the Lord, and all other brethren and friends. Sir, I suppose that you think that I hath forgotten you and your love and kindness towards me in the time of trouble, but, thanks be to the Lord, I hath not, and shall I, until my latest breath. I still continue to praise thee in the name of the Lord our God.

Dear Mr. Parker, I would have written you a letter long before this, but as you know that my learning or education was very bad, it is for this cause that I did not, but I hope you will not think hard of this; but having made some progress in this my studies, I now avail myself of the opportunity of writing you a few lines, hoping that they will be accepted of by you.

I am here in Oberlin, trying to do the best I can, hoping that, through Christ my Lord, and the assistance of you all, my friends, I shall be able to obtain an education for the purpose of preaching gospel. Oh, that I had that manner and power of speech which you now obtain: methinks that much good might be done in the name of the Lord. When I look at that number of heathen nations where I might, some day, do a great deal of good, it makes me beg for help, when I would not; therefore, for this cause I ask your aid, and the aid of all my friends, in the name of God our Father.

Very respectfully yours,
ANTHONY BURNS.

It seems, then, that his ambition was to fit himself for missionary work among the men of his own race abroad. Mr. Parker inspired him with a more practical conception, as we gather from Anthony's second and last letter of February, 1856.

DEAR MR. PARKER,—It is with much pleasure that I take the opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter, which was highly gratifying to me. I was glad to read the words fallen from your mouth; it put me much in mind of the time when I was in the Court-house, in the time of great trouble.

I know that the field is large in the South, where many fear to go, but who knows but that the Lord is a-going to make of me a Moses, in leading His people out of bondage? I believe He hath a greater work for me than many may think, and it is for this cause I beg your prayers. You add that the sooner I get into the field the better, for

the harvest is truly ripe, and the laborers, as you say, are few in the South fields.

Please give my best respects to Mr. Phillips, and to all of my friends. The people here want greatly to know who are my friends, but I know of no others greater than you two, therefore I look to you as my friends.

Will you please to pray for me, that I may hold out faithfully to the end?

We doubt if he undertook any Southern expedition to point his sluggish countrymen towards the North Star, or to create among them a legitimate discontent with their condition. But we next find him the pastor of a colored society at St. Catherine's, C.W., to whom he was very devoted. The exposure which he suffered last winter (1861-2) in his unremitting efforts to serve them, and to clear them from debt, planted consumption within him. He freed them from debt, but paid the great one himself not long ago.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Kansas and Nebraska Bill—Capt. John Brown—The Fremont Presidential Campaign—Fac-Simile Letter to Hon. J. P. Hale—Mr. Yeadon—Hon. Charles Sumner—Letters.

DURING the Congressional Session of 1853-54, a Bill to establish a territorial government in Nebraska passed the House of Representatives; but its passage was unexpectedly resisted in the Senate, principally by members from slave States, on the ground that the Missouri Compromise would have the effect of securing a vast territory for free-labor, to be eventually divided into two or three free States, whose senators and representatives in Congress would fatally preponderate over the interests of slavery. A repeal of the Missouri Compromise was not immediately pressed by the South, but the defeat of the Bill to organize the territory was a preliminary question.

This is the text of the Compromise in the Missouri Bill:—

And be it further enacted, that in all that territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana, which lies north of 36° 30' north latitude, not included within the limits of the State contemplated by this Act, slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than in the punishment of crime, whereof the parties shall have been duly convicted, shall be, and hereby is, prohibited for ever.

Early in 1854, Mr. Douglass, of Illinois, proposed to repeal that clause, by the introduction of the following provision in the Bill for the territorial organization of Nebraska:—

And when admitted as a State or States, the said territory, or any portion of the same, shall be received into the Union, with or without slavery, as their constitutions may prescribe at the time of their admission.

The pretext was that this provision maintained the great principle of popular sovereignty, by which the will of the people of a territory, deliberately expressed by their majority, should decide the character of their local institutions, and not the passage by Congress of a Bill which might eventually be found detrimental to the interests of a State and repugnant to the feelings of its majority. At the same time, the secret motive of this provision which repealed the Missouri Compromise, was betrayed by an amendment to the Territorial Bill, introduced by the Committee on Territories, of which Mr. Douglass was the chairman, to the effect that two territories were to be created out of that part of the national domain called Nebraska, one of which was to preserve the old name, and the other was to be called Kansas. In other words, the South wanted two slave States instead of one. Hence the subsequent title of "Kansas-Nebraska Bill."

Notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of Senators Chase, Sumner, and Seward, and Representatives Wade, Giddings, Gerritt Smith, and others, including one or two from Southern States, the amended Bill passed the Senate on the 4th of March, and the House on the 15th of May.

This abolition of a time-honored compromise stirred all parties at the North with indignation: the old Whig who had hitherto supported every pro-slavery measure of every Administration, in the name of the Constitution, and to preserve the Union, now met his anti-slavery foe of the new Republican party on the same platform. Distinguished men were heard to say, that here at length was a real outrage perpetrated by the South. The violation of the most sacred feelings of the heart by the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill had not touched them; the violation of a contract almost converted them to anti-slavery opinions; so great, in a commercial circle, is the regard for a written promise to do or to pay, so little is the reverence for the unwritten prescription of humanity and equity.

Notwithstanding this inconsistency, a powerful stimulus was given to emigration into the new territories, principally into the more southerly one of Kansas, which promised to become a great agricultural region. For the new converts to a temporary disgust for slavery were monied men, and they helped to frame and feed companies and societies, which sent settlers into the new field, at the same time that the men of Missouri were

flocking over the border with their slaves, and Southern bands were organizing to invade the territory and secure it for slavery.

The history of the next few years is that of bloody outrage in Kansas, of intrigue in Congress; in both places the friends of freedom achieved a noble resistance. The crime against Kansas was met in all the measures behind which the convenient doctrine of popular sovereignty was hiding—the famous Lecompton Bill, for instance, which a temporary pro-slavery majority in the territory, with the aid of executive patronage, succeeded in getting before Congress.

But these details are beyond my limits.

TO PROFESSOR EDWARD DESOR.

Boston, May 24, 1854.

DEAR DESOR,—I thank you for your kind note which yesterday came to hand, and write forthwith, as the steamer goes to-day. The Nebraska Bill passed the House, Monday at 11 P.M., by a vote of 100 nays to 113 yeas. It is a most infamous thing. I had no doubt it would pass from the beginning. It is a Government measure; not an office-holder in the United States has said a public word against it, not one who holds a Government office, and there are 40,000 such in the nation! I am getting up a convention from all the Free States for the 4th of July, to meet at some central place—Pittsburgh or Buffalo—and organize for efficient action.

I make no doubt that the American Government will take sides with Russia in the coming contest. See why.

1. It is impossible to sustain 2,000,000 Turks, with an empire in a state of decadence, against a population of 11,000,000 Christians who are capable of progress.

2. England and France and Austria do not wish to preserve the Turkish Empire, England wants Candia and Ægypt; France, Tunis and Tripoli; Austria, Croatia, Bosnia, Servia, Montenegro, &c., as much as Russia wants Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bulgaria. I think each will have what it wants; the quarrel is not about the protection, but the partition of Turkey.

3. In this quarrel the United States hope to seize Cuba and perhaps Hayti. Russia will favor this; (1.) out of hostility to Spain, with whom there appears to be some alienation; (2.) out of hatred to England, whom of course she wishes to molest. And the American Government I think will not openly favor Russia, but secretly, and yet will continue to make money out of both parties.

4. Little is known about the privateers—but I make no doubt there will be plenty of them. There is only one difficulty; there is no port in Europe for them to take their prizes to.

The North takes little interest in the European struggle, except so

far as it raises the price of American produce, and cares not who conquers or who is conquered so long as we can make money by it. Everything is dear, everybody making money; what do we care for besides? The South takes sides with Russia. Alone of all Europe she never found fault with American slavery; she sympathizes with us. This is what the Southern journals have said openly, all winter long. We must have a dreadful chastisement one day. I suppose it will come from our own towns, from civil war.

TO HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Sunday Night, January, 1855.

DEAR SUMNER,—I have seen only the briefest report of your sayings in Senate, but must needs thank you for it, before I go to bed. Every Session raises you higher and higher. Not that you display more mind than men looked for; but because you stand up in Congress as the man with a conscience which reflects the natural law of God written in the human heart. Here you and Chase stand side by side. Send me the Bill which passed: I want it "summarily."

Yours,
T. P.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, January 14, 1856.

MY DEAR SUMNER,—Many thanks for your two last letters and the various documents. If you could let me have a copy of the "Two Quartos" for Desor, I would send it soon. It is a highly valuable book admirably printed.

I am glad you found — is in so good humor; he has a large quantity of a low kind of conscientiousness which bears the same relation to morality, that church-going and litany-repeating bears to religion. And as he goes to Peabody's church of the Hunkers, and after him repeats, "Have mercy on us miserable offenders," and calls it "Christianity," so he abstains from voting, now he is judge, and thinks thereby to be fair and just. But the man has no more moral intuitions than an ox. In place of conscience he has attorney logic, powers of deduction. I think him an exceedingly dangerous man to be on the bench of the Supreme Court. If I were the people of the United States I would reconstruct the judicial district, and his should be limited to Nix's Mate in Boston Harbor, or to the Thirteenth Ward of Boston.* "Fœnum habet in cornu, tu Romane, Caveto!" We will look after the impeachments. I think we had better limit our efforts to Kane † at first; but yet I would have the petition so general as to cover any case of attack upon the rights of man. We will have one in motion at the Anti-slavery Convention in Boston, week after next; some are already in progress (Wendell Phillips says) in the country.

* A ward, namely, on the same footing as the Greek Kalends—nowhere at all.

† Petitions for the impeachment of judges, like Kane of Philadelphia, who ruled to convict men for a violation of the Fugitive Slave Bill.

You see what is done against the Personal Liberty Law* in the General Court. If there is any danger we will have a remonstrance, and Wendell, and various others (T. P. amongst them) will appear before the committee. I fear nothing. For just now there is some indignation against the President's message, and much against the Border ruffians, and I think Massachusetts will not take her tail between her legs at the command of the Pavement (State Street), of Hunkers. But even if this should be done, and the law repealed, it will be no ultimate harm, for it will only have the effect of an ambuscado, and will bring the enemy into a tight place. But I go for victory in every skirmish.

I hope you will not be diverted from your course by anything which the Hunkers say (or do) against the Liberty Law (don't call it Bill—leave that term for the Fugitive Slave Bill). Now is the time for you to strike a great blow. The North is ready, and if you are at all, let it be on the side of going too fast and too far, not the other. It will turn out to your own advantage, as well as the success of the right. For,—

1. The North feels insulted and outraged, though not yet brought into peril—I wish she did feel that as I feel it—and will heartily respond to a trumpet-note from a man who loves liberty. She is tired of the gong which the Whigs and others have been beating as a call to dinner so long.

2. Gardner † is after your place. He has set one eye on the Presidency or Vice-Presidency at least—the other on the *Senatorship*. His chances are not contemptible, especially if all the Know-Nothing lodges continue in full blast as now. If there is only a quantitative difference between him and you, I fear the result. If there be a qualitative difference as between light and darkness—and there really is that unlikeness in your aims and schemes—then I think Gardner goes into private life, and you continue to serve the cause of justice in the Senate of United States. The more decided your course is against slavery, and the further you depart from the Hunkers, the more secure is your position. So it seems to me.

I take *this* ground in my lectures and talks:—

1. Each State must practically interpret the Constitution for itself in making its own laws.

2. The rendition clause must be interpreted to include only such as justly owe service or labor, *i. e.* owe it on contract for a good and sufficient consideration; and accordingly slaves do not come under that clause at all, for no man can justly owe slave service, &c.

3. Each free State must make a law declaring all persons who enter their borders free, and punish with imprisonment, in State's prison, not less than five nor more than ten years, all who attempt to curtail them;

* Bill introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature to protect her citizens against the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law, by emphasizing the State laws and opinions against slave-catching. It must be understood, that the original clause in the Constitution of the United States, from which the Fugitive Slave Bill purported to derive its authority, simply declared that persons escaping from service were to be given up, but left each State to prescribe the method; and, of course, implicitly, in the interest of liberty, to make it as difficult as possible. Massachusetts refused the use of her prisons.

† A governor of Massachusetts, elected by Know-Nothing (Anti-Catholic) votes.

must forbid all dealing in men on our soil, all engagement in the American slave-trade.

4. The Const. guarantees to each State a "republican form of Government;" this clause puts slavery in the Southern States as completely in the power of Congress as it puts Papism, Czarism, hereditary nobility, or hereditary monarchy. If South Carolina were to establish a Government, exactly like that of Rome, to-day, Congress would be bound to interfere and establish a republican form of Government. Slavery is as much anti-republican as Papism. Therefore, &c.

That is part of my card.

Now a word about the speakership.*

The open war between slavery and freedom is begun in two places,—

1. In Congress. (1.) In the Senate the slave power has taken the committees, and fortified itself in that Sebastopol of despotism. (2.) In the House the fight goes on, the slave power aiming to carry the committees as in the Senate already.

Here we must fight to the bitter end.

2. In Kansas. There the war is not by *ballots* but *bullets*.† Just now the Border ruffians are driven back. It is only for a moment. They will return. But it is sad to think that the only actual victory over slavery attained in our time has been with Sharp's rifles. My dear Sumner, that looks ominous of the means by which we are to resist our enemy. Thank God, I can buy a sword without selling my shirt!

Now, I should as soon think of letting the Border ruffians into Kansas, with their slaves, to organize the slave power in that territory and take possession of the new soil, as I should of letting the Hunkers into the speakership, with their ideas of despotism, to organize the slave power in the committees of that body. I would not yield if I sat till the 4th of March, 1857, in permanent session.‡

I take it, Kansas cannot this session come in as a free State. It might pass the House, not the Senate; or, if that, not the Cabinet; so it goes over to the next Administration. If that is pro-slavery, see what follows. All the power of the new Cabinet will be directed to put slavery into Kansas; and it may be successful—unless the thermometer stays at 17° below 0 a good while. If slavery goes to Kansas, it goes to all the territories, and then see what a fix we are in.

Now it seems to me possible, with the greatest skill and adroitness, to carry the Presidency for the North. For, there will be—(1.) conscience Whigs;§ (2.) revolting Democrats; (3.) Northern Know-

* Alluding to the struggle for the election of Speaker of the House of Representatives, who has great influence in the appointment of committees, &c.

† Alludes to a toast once given at a public dinner by Hon. R. C. Winthrop, a member of the old Whig party,—the substance of which was that ballots and bullets were the only currency of a free people; a sentiment that is not realized in a way that the old Whig party had anticipated. But if the ballots of that party had been consistently and sternly anti-slavery, the bullets might possibly have been dispensed with.

‡ This struggle for the speakership resulted in the election of Mr. (now Major-General) Banks, a Republican.

§ A term which arose during the war with Mexico, when a few Whigs refused to vote for a resolution that war existed by the act of Mexico, simply because war existed by the act of the United States, made upon Mexico by a Pro-slavery Administration, with a view to the future extension of slavery. It was not easy to vote against a war in which the country was already engaged, and thus to refuse supplies for it. A few Whigs did this.

Nothings; (4,) Republicans; (5,) the old anti-slavery organization, Liberty-party men, Garrisonians, &c. All these will want a man who favors the right. On the other side will be—(1,) the straight Whigs;* (2,) the Democrats (I mean the Satanic democracy); they will want a strong slavery man of any stripe.

Can't we find a man thoroughly faithful to humanity, of large powers, who can be elected?

Everything seems to favor us. There is a practical question in Kansas and the territories; the South is arrogant, and the North inclined to be mad. God bless you!

THEODORE PARKER.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

April 2, 1856.—Saw the Kansas party go off, Dr. Charles K. Sanborn at their head, about forty, nearly half of them women and children. There were twenty copies of "Sharp's Rights of the People"† in their hands, of the new and improved edition, and divers Colt's six-shooters also. As the bell rung for the train to move, they were singing, "When I can read my title clear." One of the verses would have some meaning:—

"Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
A face a frowning world."

But what a comment were the weapons of that company on the boasted democracy of America! These rifles and pistols were to defend their soil from the American Government, which wishes to plant slavery in Kansas!

Capt. John Brown, of North Elba, a township in the Adirondack Mountains of New York, went to Kansas with his sons, not so much to help develop the embryo State's material as its moral resources, and to do what he could to secure there a preponderance for freedom. At Black Jack and Osawatomie he fired the first shots of the new revolution; they gave a practical voice to the teachings of the Music Hall; for the prayers of the old Presbyterian captain and the anti-supernatural preacher were identical in substance and prophecy, and heard to advantage by the same Father of both, who hates iniquity. They were both Democrats of the New America, whose tread we hear above the graves of these two dear and noble sons; their lives well sepa-

* These, namely, who would vote for anything that the dominant interest conceived to be essential for the preservation of the Union and the "constitutional guarantees."—their motto was, "Our country, right or wrong"—whatever its boundaries might be. The straight Whigs are responsible for a deal of crookedness.

† Sharp's Rifles

rated religion from theology, their deaths in different ways have made the same essential truths illustrious.

After Capt. Brown left Kansas, he devoted himself to the organization of an attempt to weaken slavery by making raids upon the Border States, whose effect would be, he supposed, to create panic and distrust in the slave-holders, and to excite gradually such a desire for liberty in the blacks that, not content with escaping, they would conspire and form bands in the mountains, centres of disaffection, and ultimately of revolution. What his precise plans were was never known, with any thoroughness of detail, to his friends. They were acquainted with his general object, and thought that the time was good enough, in the failure of political expedients, to try all possible methods of injuring the great enemy of the country and of the rights of man.

Mr. Parker was one of five persons who constituted themselves a committee to aid John Brown in whatsoever attempts he might choose to make to impair the institution of slavery. He had established in Kansas a great reputation for coolness, sagacity, and all manly traits; he hated the slave-holder and loved his victim. He had uniformly defeated the open or secret efforts of men who had sworn to hunt him down and take his life; and his success in taking a large body of negroes safe to Canada, out of the very midst of the ruffians in the territory, showed that he possessed ability for the kind of enterprise that he premeditated.

The committee trusted him implicitly, and helped him as far as they could. Mr. Parker never missed a meeting; he contributed from his own funds and raised money from others. "I have friends," he often said, "who will give me money, without asking any questions, trusting that I will see it properly applied. I can get limited supplies in this way." He believed in John Brown, but not in the success of any particular plan of his. When a member of the committee called upon him to confer as to the possibility of raising a sufficient sum of money to carry on Brown's general work, he said, "I doubt whether things of the kind will succeed. But we shall make a great many failures before we discover the right way of getting at it. This may as well be one of them."

Capt. Brown would not pledge himself to carry out any special plan. He wanted to be left free to make his own plan, at the time and in the direction which might seem to him most

promising. Consequently, when the affair at Harper's Ferry took place, the committee knew that it was John Brown's blow, though he had not confided it to them. Neither Mr. Parker nor any other member of the committee endeavored to understand his movements in advance.

Before John Brown's last journey into Kansas, he left a document with Mr. Parker, which history has considerably improved with her annotations and *excursus*. It is written upon a half sheet of paper; the letters tremble slightly in their downward stroke, as if the fore-finger were conscious that it must not pull a pen like a trigger:—

Old Brown's farewell to the Plymouth Rocks, Bunker Hill Monuments, Charter Oaks, and Uncle Thom's Cabins.

He has left for Kansas; was trying since he came out of the territory to secure an outfit, or, in other words, the *means of arming and thoroughly equipping* his regular minut men who are mixed up with the people of Kansas; and he leaves the States with a feeling of deepest sadness; that after having exhausted his own small means, and with his family and his brave men suffered hunger, cold, nakedness, and some of them sickness, wounds, imprisonment, cruel treatment, and others death; that after lying on the ground for months in the most sickly, unwholesome, and uncomfortable places, with sick and wounded, destitute of any shelter, and hunted like wolves; sustained and cared for in part by Indians; that after all this, in order to sustain a cause (which every citizen of this "*glorious Republic*" is under equal moral obligation to do; and for the neglect of which he will be held accountable to God) in which every man, woman, and child of the entire human family has a deep and awful interest; that when *no wages are asked or expected*, he cannot secure (amidst all the wealth, luxury, and extravagance of this "Heaven exalted" people) even the necessary supplies of the common soldier.

JOHN BROWN.

Boston, April, A.D. 1857.

Here are letters from John Brown to Mr. Parker. He writes first from Tabor, where the rifles and revolvers were deposited, which were subsequently removed to his hired house in Maryland:—

TO REV. THEODORE PARKER, BOSTON, MASS.

Tabor, Fremont Co., Iowa, Sept. 11, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—Please find on other side first number of a series of tracts lately gotten up here. I need not say I did not prepare it, but I would be glad to know what you think of it, and much obliged for any suggestions you see proper to make.

My particular object in writing is to say that I am in immediate want of some 500 or 1000 dollars, for secret service, and no questions asked. I want the friends of freedom to "prove me now herewith." Will you bring this matter before your congregation, or exert your influence in some way, to have it or some part of it raised, and placed in the hands of Geo. L. Stearns, Esq., Boston, subject to my order? I should highly prize a letter from you, directed on the *envelope* to Jonas Jones, Esq., Tabor, Fremont Co., Iowa.

Have no news to send *by letter*.

Very respectfully your friend,

JOHN BROWN.

TO THE SAME.

American House, Boston, March 4, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I shall be most happy to see you at my room (126) in this house, at any and at all hours that may suit your own convenience, or that of friends. Mr. Sanborn asked me to be here by Friday evening or before, and as I was anxious to have all the time I could get, I came on at once. Please call by yourself and with friends as you can. Please inquire for Mr. (not Capt.) Brown, of New York.

Your friend,

JOHN BROWN.

TO THE SAME.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 2, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am again out of Kansas, and am at this time concealing my whereabouts, but for very different reasons, however, than those I had for doing so at Boston last spring. I have nearly perfected arrangements for carrying out an important measure, in which the world has a deep interest, as well as Kansas, and only lack from 500 to 800 dollars to enable me to do so. The same object for which I asked for secret-service money last Fall. It is my only errand here, and I have written some of our mutual friends in regard to it, but none of them understand my views so well as you do; and I cannot explain without their first committing themselves more than I know of their doing. I have heard that Parker Pillsbury, and some others in your quarter, hold out ideas similar to those on which I act, but I have no personal acquaintance with them, and know nothing of their influence or means. Cannot you either by direct or indirect action do something to further me? Do you not know of some parties whom you could induce to give their abolition theories a thorough practical shape? I hope this will prove to be the last time I shall be driven to harass a friend in such a way. Do you think any of my Garrisonian friends either at Boston, Worcester, or in any other place, can be induced to supply a little "straw," if I will absolutely make "bricks"?

I have written George L. Stearns, Esq., of Medford, and Mr. F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, but I am not informed as to how deeply dyed

Abolitionists those friends are, and must beg of you to consider this communication strictly confidential, unless you know of parties who will feel, and act, and hold their peace. I want to bring the thing about during the next sixty days. Please write, N. Hawkins, care William J. Watkins, Esq., Rochester, New York.

Very respectfully your friend,

JOHN BROWN.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, Mass., March 7, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since you know that I have an almost countless brood of poor hungry chickens to “scratch for,” you will not reproach me for scratching even on the Sabbath. At any rate I trust God will not. I want you to undertake to provide a substitute for an address you saw last season, directed to the officers and soldiers of the United States army. The ideas contained in that address I, of course, like, for I furnished the skeleton. I never had the ability to clothe those ideas in language at all to satisfy myself, and I was by no means satisfied with the style of that address, and do not know as I can give any correct idea of what I want. I will, however, “try.” In the first place, it must be short, or it will not be generally read. It must be in the simplest or plainest language; without the least affectation of the scholar about it; and yet be worded with great clearness and power: The anonymous writer must (in the language of the Paddy) be “after others,” and not “after himself, at all, at all.” If the spirit that “communicated” Franklin’s Poor Richard (or some other good spirit) would dictate, I think it would be quite as well employed as the “dear sister spirits” have been for some years past. The address should be appropriate, and particularly adapted to the peculiar circumstances we anticipate, and should look to the actual change of service from that of Satan to the service of God. It should be, in short, a most earnest and powerful appeal to man’s sense of right, and to their feelings of humanity. Soldiers are men, and no man can certainly calculate the value and importance of getting a single “nail into old Captain Kidd’s chest.” It should be provided beforehand, and be ready in advance to distribute, by all persons, male and female, who may be disposed to favor the right.

I also want a similar short address, appropriate to the peculiar circumstances, intended for all persons, old and young, male and female, slave-holding and non-slave-holding, to be sent out broadcast over the entire nation. So by every male and female prisoner on being set at liberty, and to be read by them during confinement. I know that men will listen, and reflect too, under such circumstances. Persons will hear your anti-slavery lectures, or abolition lectures, when they have become virtually slaves themselves. The impressions made on prisoners by kindness and plain dealing, instead of barbarous and cruel treatment, such as they might give, and instead of being slaughtered like vile reptiles, as they might very naturally expect, are not only powerful, but lasting. Females are susceptible of being carried away entirely by the kindness of an intrepid and magnanimous

soldier, even when his bare name was a terror but the day previous. Now, dear sir, I have told you about as well as I know how to, what I am anxious at once to secure. Will you write the tracts, or get them written, so that I may commence "colporteur"?

Very respectfully your friend,

JOHN BROWN.

P.S.—If I should never see you again, please drop me a line (enclosed to Stephen Smith, Esq., Lombard Street, Philadelphia) at once, saying what you will encourage me to expect. You are at liberty to make every prudent use of this to stir up any friend. Yours for the right,
J. B.

The attempt at Harper's Ferry was not made till the autumn of 1859, more than a year and a half after the date of this letter. In the meantime Mr. Parker had left the country.

John Brown's final plan was betrayed to the Government by this anonymous letter, which was addressed to the Secretary of War:—

Cincinnati, Aug. 20, 1859.

SIR,—I have lately received information of a movement of so great importance, that I feel it to be my duty to impart it to you without delay. I have discovered the existence of a secret association, having for its object the liberation of the slaves at the South by a general insurrection. The leader of the movement is old John Brown, late of Kansas. He has been in Canada during the winter, drilling the negroes there, and they are only waiting his word to start for the South to assist the slaves. They have one of the leading men, a white man, in an armory in Maryland; where it is situated I have not been able to learn. As soon as everything is ready, those of their number, who are in the Northern States and Canada, are to come in small companies to their rendezvous, which is in the mountains in Virginia. They will pass down through Pennsylvania and Maryland, and enter Virginia at Harper's Ferry. Brown left the North about three or four weeks ago, and will arm the negroes and strike the blow in a few weeks, and so that whatever is done must be done at once. They have a large quantity of arms at their rendezvous, and probably distributing them already. As I am not fully in their confidence this is all the information I can give you. I dare not sign my name to this, but I trust you will not disregard the warning on that account.

But the Secretary took no notice of this warning, either deeming the enterprise preposterous, or desiring that just such an attempt as that might be made, to confirm the disunion feeling of the South; for Southern politicians were meditating the conspiracy in whose interest this very Secretary (John B. Floyd) was at that time removing arms of the United States from Northern to Southern arsenals.

In the night of Sunday, October 16, John Brown took possession of the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. A few details * of his demeanor subsequent to his surrender, will fitly introduce the letter which Mr. Parker wrote from Rome, when he heard of the trial and sentence of his friend.

While the dead and wounded yet lay on the lawn before the engine-house, Brown was assailed with questions by the bystanders, "which," the *Baltimore American* says, "he answered clearly and freely. He talked calmly to those about him, defending his course, and avowing that he had only done what was right." The modesty of genuine worth speaks out in his characteristic answers to two of the questions put to him.

"Are you Captain Brown, of Kansas?"

"I am sometimes called so."

"He never assumed the title of Captain," says Redpath,† "even in Kansas, where titles were as common as proper names."

"Are you Osawatomie Brown?"

"I tried to do my duty there."

In the words of Redpath, "This sentence was a key to his whole life. Neither honor nor glory moved him; the voice of duty was the only one he heard."

When asked if he expected to kill people, in order to carry his point, he answered, "I did not wish to do so, but you forced us to it." He reminded the questioners that he had the town at his mercy; that he could have burnt it, and murdered the inhabitants, but did not; he had treated the prisoners with courtesy. "His conversation," says the *American*, "bore the impression of the conviction that whatever he had done to free slaves, was right, and that in the warfare in which he was engaged, he was entitled to be treated with all the respect of a prisoner of war."

To some of Mason's ‡ questions Brown replied, "I could easily have saved myself had I exercised my own better judgment rather than yielded to my feelings. I had the means to make myself secure without any escape, but I allowed myself to be surrounded by being too tardy. I should have gone away, but I had thirty odd prisoners, whose wives and daughters were in tears for their safety; and I felt for them. Besides, I wanted to allay the fears of those who believed we came here to burn and kill. For this reason, I allowed the train to cross the bridge, and gave them full liberty to pass on. I did it only to spare the feelings of those passengers and their families, and to allay the apprehensions that you had got here, in your vicinity, a band of men who had no regard for life and property, nor any feelings of humanity."

When asked his object in coming there, he answered, "We came to

* "The Anti-Slavery History of the John Brown Year; being the Twenty-seventh Annual Report of the American Anti-Slavery Society."

† Author of a Life of Capt. John Brown.

‡ Senator Mason, of Virginia, the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and now (1863) agent of the Southern Rebellion in London.

free the slaves, and only that." "How do you justify your acts?" "I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you, at any time and at all times. I hold that the golden rule—'Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you'—applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty." To a bystander who put, in substance, the same question, some time after, he replied, "Upon the golden rule—I pity the poor in bondage, that have none to help them; that is why I am here, not to gratify any personal animosity, revenge, or vindictive spirit. It is my sympathy with the oppressed and the wronged, that are as good as you, and as precious in the sight of God." To another question, he said (telling the reporter, "You may report that"), "I want you to understand that I respect the rights of the poorest and weakest of colored people, oppressed by the slave system, just as much as I do those of the most wealthy and powerful. That is the idea that has moved me, and that alone. We expected no reward, except the satisfaction of endeavoring to do for those in distress and greatly oppressed as we would be done by. The cry of distress of the oppressed is my reason, and the only thing that prompted me to come here." "Why did you do it secretly?" "Because I thought that necessary to success; for no other reason." When asked if he had seen Gerritt Smith's letter, which, according to the *New York Herald* of the day before, "speaks of the folly of attempting to strike the shackles off the slaves by the force of moral suasion or legal agitation, and predicts that the next movement made, in the direction of negro emancipation would be an insurrection in the South," he said, "I have not seen the *New York Herald* for some days past; but I presume from your remark about the gist of the letter that I should concur with it. I agree with Mr. Smith that moral suasion is hopeless. I don't think the people of the Slave States will ever consider the subject of slavery in its true light, till some other argument is resorted to than moral suasion." Vallandigham* asked, "Did you expect a general rising of the slaves in case of your success?" "No, sir, nor did I wish it. I expected to gather them up from time to time, and set them free." "Did you expect to hold possession here till then?" "Well, probably, I had quite a different idea. I do not know that I ought to reveal my plans. I am here a prisoner, and wounded, because I foolishly allowed myself to be so. You overrate your strength in supposing I could have been taken if I had not allowed it. I was too tardy after commencing the open attack,—in delaying my movements through Monday night, and up to the time I was attacked by the Government troops. It was all occasioned by my desire to spare the feelings of my prisoners, and their families, and the community at large." The reporter having offered to report anything further he would like to say, he answered, "I have nothing to say, only that I claim to be here in carrying out a measure I believe perfectly justifiable, and not to act the part of an incendiary or ruffian; but to aid those suffering great wrong. I wish to say, furthermore, that you had better, all you people at the South, prepare yourselves

* At that time a member of the House of Representatives; at present (1863) the candidate of the Southern Rebellion for the gubernatorial chair of Ohio.

for a settlement of this question, that must come up for settlement, sooner than you are prepared for it. The sooner you are prepared, the better. You may dispose of me very easily. I am nearly disposed of now; but this question is still to be settled—this negro question, I mean: the end of that is not yet. These wounds were inflicted upon me—both sabre cuts on my head, and bayonet stabs in different parts of my body—some minutes after I had ceased fighting, and had consented to surrender, for the benefit of others, not for my own” [this statement was vehemently denied by all around]. “I believe the Major” [meaning Lieut. Stuart, of the United States Cavalry] “would not have been alive but for that; I could have killed him just as easy as a mosquito, when he came in; but I supposed he only came to receive our surrender. There had been loud and long calls of ‘Surrender’ from us, as loud as men could yell; but in the confusion and excitement, I suppose we were not heard. I do not think the Major, or any one, meant to butcher us after we had surrendered.” An officer here stated that the Marines had fired only when fired upon; but Brown insisted that they fired first. He was asked why he did not surrender before the attack. “I did not think it was my duty or interest to do so. We assured the prisoners that we did not wish to harm them, and they should be set at liberty. I exercised my best judgment, not believing the people would wantonly sacrifice their own fellow-citizens, when we offered to let them go, on condition of being allowed to change our position about a quarter of a mile. The prisoners agreed, by vote among themselves, to pass across the bridge with us. We wanted them only as a sort of guarantee of our own safety; that we should not be fired into. We took them, in the first place, as hostages, and to keep them from doing any harm. We did kill some men in defending ourselves: but I saw no one fire except directly in self-defence. Our orders were strict, not to harm any one not in arms against us.” “Suppose you had every nigger in the United States, what would you do with them?” With emphasis, “Set them free!” “Your intention was to carry them off and free them?” “Not at all.” “Was it your only object to free the negroes?” “Absolutely, our only object.” “But you demanded and took Col. Washington’s silver and watch.” “Yes: we intended freely to appropriate the property of slave-holders to carry out our object. It was that, and only that, and with no desire to enrich ourselves with any plunder whatever.”

Vallandigham, in these words, gives the impression made on him by his contact with the unvanquished captive:—“Captain John Brown is as brave and resolute a man as ever headed an insurrection, and, in a good cause and with a sufficient force, would have been a consummate partisan commander. He has coolness, daring, persistency, the Stoic faith and patience, and a firmness of will and purpose unconquerable. He is the farthest possible remove from the ordinary ruffian, fauatic, or madman.”

When asked by Colonel Smith, who paid him a visit in company with a son of Governor Wise, “If he desired a clergyman to administer to him the consolations of religion,” he answered that “he recognized no slave-holder, lay or clerical, nor any sympathizer with alavery, as a Christian.” He gave the same reason afterwards for his refusal to

accept the services of some clergymen who called upon him. He said he would as soon be attended to the scaffold by blacklegs or robbers of the worst kind, as by slave-holding ministers, or ministers sympathizing with slavery; and that, if he had his choice, he would rather be followed to the scaffold by barefooted, barelegged, ragged negro children, and their old grey-headed slave mothers, than by clergymen of this character. He would feel, he said, much prouder of such an escort, and wished he could have it. He told clergymen who called upon him, that they, and all slave-holders and sympathizers with slavery, had far more need of prayers themselves than he had, and he accordingly advised them to pray for themselves, and exhibit no concern about him. While making these remarks, he requested that he might not be understood as designing to offer any insult. In a letter to an anti-slavery minister, in Ohio, he said, "There are no ministers of Christ here. These ministers who profess to be Christian and hold slaves or advocate slavery, I cannot abide them. My knees will not bend in prayer with them, while their hands are stained with the blood of souls."

His minister was in a foreign land, also soon to offer himself up a sacrifice and testimony to the convictions of a lifetime.

As he was about leaving the gaol, a black woman with her little child in her arms, stood near his way. He stopped for a moment in his course, stooped over, and, with the tenderness of one whose love is as broad as the brotherhood of man, kissed it affectionately. "That mother," says the *Tribune's* correspondent, in relating the incident, "will be proud of that mark of distinction for her offspring; and some day, when over the ashes of John Brown the temple of Virginian liberty is reared, she may join in the joyful song of praise which, on that soil, will do justice to his memory." The same writer says, "On leaving the gaol, John Brown had on his face an expression of calmness and serenity characteristic of the patriot who is about to die with a living consciousness that he is laying down his life for the good of his fellow-creatures. His face was even joyous, and a forgiving smile rested upon his lips. His was the lightest heart, among friends or foes, in the whole of Charlestown that day, and not a word was spoken that was not an intuitive appreciation of his manly courage. Firmly, and with elastic step, he moved forward. He mounted the waggon which was to convey him to the scaffold, and took his seat with Captain Avis, the gaoler—whose admiration of his prisoner is of the profoundest nature. Mr. Sadler, the undertaker, rode with them. He, too, was one of Brown's staunchest friends in his confinement, and pays a noble tribute to his manly qualities. I was very near the old man, and scrutinized him closely. He seemed to take in the whole scene at a glance, and he straightened himself up proudly, as if to set to the soldiers an example of a soldier's courage. He remarked on the beauty of the country, "the more beautiful" to him, because he had "so long been shut from it." "You are more cheerful than I am, Captain Brown," said Mr. Sadler. "Yes," said the Captain, "I ought to be."

TO FRANCIS JACKSON.

Rome, Nov. 24, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I see by a recent telegraph which the steamer of Nov. 2nd brought from Boston, that the Court found Capt. Brown guilty, and passed sentence upon him. It is said Friday, Dec. 2nd, is fixed as the day for hanging him. So, long before this reaches you, my friend will have passed on to the reward of his magnanimous public services, and his pure, upright private life. I am not well enough to be the minister to any congregation, least of all to one like that which, for so many years, helped my soul while it listened to my words. Surely, the 28th Congregational Society in Boston needs a minister, not half dead, but alive all over; and yet, while reading the accounts of the affair at Harper's Ferry, and of the sayings of certain men at Boston, whom you and I know only too well, I could not help wishing I was at home again *to use what poor remnant of power is left to me in defence of the True and the Right.*

America is rich in able men, in skilful writers, in ready and accomplished speakers. But few men dare treat public affairs with reference to the great principles of justice and the American Democracy; nay, few with reference to any remote future, or even with a comprehensive survey of the present. Our public writers ask what effect will this opinion have on the Democratic party, or the Republican party? how will it affect the Presidential election? what will the great State of Pennsylvania, or Ohio, or New York say to it? This is very unfortunate for us all, especially when the people have to deal practically, and that speedily, with a question concerning the very existence of Democratic institutions in America; for it is not to be denied that we must give up DEMOCRACY if we keep SLAVERY, or give up SLAVERY if we keep DEMOCRACY.

I greatly deplore this state of things. Our able men fail to perform their natural function, to give valuable instruction and advice to the people; and at the same time they debase and degrade themselves. The hurrahs and the offices they get are poor compensation for falsehood to their own consciences.

In my best estate, I do not pretend to much political wisdom, and still less now while sick; but I wish yet to set down a few thoughts for your private eye, and, it may be, for the ear of the Fraternity. They are, at least, the result of long meditation on the subject; besides, they are not at all new nor peculiar to me, but are a part of the public knowledge of all enlightened men.

1. A MAN HELD AGAINST HIS WILL AS A SLAVE HAS A NATURAL RIGHT TO KILL EVERY ONE WHO SEEKS TO PREVENT HIS ENJOYMENT OF LIBERTY. This has long been recognized as a self-evident proposition, coming so directly from the primitive instincts of human nature, that it neither required proofs nor admitted them.

2. IT MAY BE A NATURAL DUTY OF THE SLAVE TO DEVELOPE THIS NATURAL RIGHT IN A PRACTICAL MANNER, AND ACTUALLY KILL ALL THOSE WHO SEEK TO PREVENT HIS ENJOYMENT OF LIBERTY. For if he continue patiently in bondage—First, he entails the foulest of

curses on his children; and, second, he encourages other men to commit the crime against nature which he allows his own master to commit. It is my duty to preserve my own body from starvation. If I fail thereof through sloth, I not only die, but incur the contempt and loathing of my acquaintances while I live. It is not less my duty to do all that is in my power to preserve my body and soul from slavery; and if I submit to that through cowardice, I not only become a bondman and suffer what thralldom inflicts, but I incur also the contempt and loathing of my acquaintance. Why do freemen scorn and despise a slave? Because they think his condition is a sign of his cowardice, and believe that he ought to prefer death to bondage. The Southerners hold the Africans in great contempt, though mothers of their children. Why? Simply because the Africans are slaves; that is, because the Africans fail to perform the natural duty of securing freedom by killing their oppressors.

3. THE FREEMAN HAS A NATURAL RIGHT TO HELP THE SLAVES RECOVER THEIR LIBERTY, AND IN THAT ENTERPRISE TO DO FOR THEM ALL WHICH THEY HAVE A RIGHT TO DO FOR THEMSELVES.

This statement, I think, requires no argument or illustration.

4. IT MAY BE A NATURAL DUTY FOR THE FREEMAN TO HELP THE SLAVES TO THE ENJOYMENT OF THEIR LIBERTY, AND AS MEANS TO THAT END, TO AID THEM IN KILLING ALL SUCH AS OPPOSE THEIR NATURAL FREEDOM.

If you were attacked by a wolf, I should not only have a *right* to aid you in getting rid of that enemy, but it would be my *duty* to help you in proportion to my power. If it were a *MURDERER*, and not a wolf, who attacked you, the duty would be still the same. Suppose it is not a murderer who would kill you, but a *KIDNAPPER* who would enslave, does that make it less my duty to help you out of the hands of your enemy? Suppose he is not a kidnapper who would make you a bondman, but a *SLAVEHOLDER* who would keep you one, does that remove my obligation to help you?

5. THE PERFORMANCE OF THIS DUTY IS TO BE CONTROLLED BY THE FREEMAN'S POWER AND OPPORTUNITY TO HELP THE SLAVES. (The impossible is never the obligatory). I cannot help the slaves in Dahomey or Bornou, and am not bound to try. I can help those who escape to my own neighborhood, and I ought to do so. My duty is commensurate with my power; and as my power increases my duty enlarges along with it. If I *could* help the bondmen in Virginia to their freedom as easy and effectually as I can aid the runaway at my own door, then I *ought* to do so.

These five maxims have a direct application to America at this day, and the people of the Free States have a certain dim perception thereof, which, fortunately, is becoming clearer every year.

Thus, the people of Massachusetts *feel* that they ought to protect the fugitive slaves who come into our State. Hence come first, the irregular attempts to secure their liberty, and the declarations of noble men, like Timothy Gilbert, George W. Carnes, and others, that they will do so even at great personal risk; and, secondly, the statute laws made by the Legislature to accomplish that end.

Now, if Massachusetts had the power to do as much for the slaves

in Virginia as for the runaways in her own territory, we should soon see those two sets of measures at work in *that* direction also.

I find it is said in the Democratic newspapers that "Capt. Brown had many friends at the North, who sympathized with him in general, and in special approved of this particular scheme of his; they furnished him with some twelve or twenty thousand dollars, it would seem." I think much more than that is true of us. If he *had* succeeded in running off one or two thousand slaves to Canada, even at the expense of a little violence and bloodshed, *the majority of men in New England would have rejoiced, not only in the end, but also in the means.* The first successful attempt of a considerable number of slaves to secure their freedom by violence will clearly show how deep is the sympathy of the people for them, and how strongly they embrace the five principles I mentioned above. A little success of that sort will serve as *priming* for the popular cannon; it is already *loaded*.

Of course, I was not astonished to hear that an attempt had been made to free the slaves in a certain part of Virginia, nor should I be astonished if another "insurrection" or "rebellion" took place in the State of —, or a third in —, or a fourth in —. Such things are to be expected; for they do not depend merely on the private will of men like Capt. Brown and his associates, but on the great general causes which move all human kind to hate Wrong and love Right. Such "insurrections" will continue as long as Slavery lasts, and will increase, both in frequency and in power just as the people become intelligent and moral. Virginia may hang John Brown and all that family, but she cannot hang the HUMAN RACE; and until that is done noble men will rejoice in the motto of that once magnanimous State— "*Sic semper Tyrannis!*" "Let such be the end of every oppressor."

It is a good Anti-Slavery picture on the Virginia shield—a man standing on a tyrant and chopping his head off with a sword; only I would paint the sword-holder *black* and the tyrant *white*, to show the *immediate application* of the principle. The American people will have to march to rather severe music, I think, and it is better for them to face it in season. A few years ago it did not seem difficult first to check Slavery, and then to end it without any bloodshed. I think this cannot be done now, nor ever in the future. All the great charters of HUMANITY have been writ in blood. I once hoped that of American Democracy would be engrossed in less costly ink; but it is plain, now, that our pilgrimage must lead through a Red Sea, wherein many a Pharaoh will go under and perish. Alas! that we are not wise enough to be just, or just enough to be wise, and so gain much at small cost!

Look, now, at a few notorious facts:

I. There are four million slaves in the United States violently withheld from their natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Now, they are our fellow-countrymen—yours and mine, just as much as any four million *white* men. Of course, you and I owe them the duty which one man owes another of his own nation,—the duty of instruction, advice, and protection of natural rights. If they are starving, we ought to help feed them. The color of their skins, their degraded social condition, their ignorance, abates nothing from their natural claim on us, or from our natural duty toward them.

There are men in all the Northern States who feel the obligation which citizenship imposes on them—the duty to help those slaves. Hence arose the ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, which seeks simply to excite the white people to perform their natural duty to their dark fellow-countrymen. Hence comes CAPT. BROWN'S EXPEDITION—an attempt to help his countrymen enjoy their natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

He sought by violence what the Anti-Slavery Society works for with other weapons. The two agree in the end, and differ only in the means. Men like Capt. Brown will be continually rising up among the white people of the Free States, attempting to do their *natural duty* to their black countrymen—that is, help them to freedom. Some of these efforts will be successful. Thus, last winter Capt. Brown himself escorted eleven of his countrymen from bondage in Missouri to freedom in Canada. He did not snap a gun, I think, although then, as more recently, he had his fighting tools at hand, and would have used them, if necessary. Even now, the Underground Railroad is in constant and beneficent operation. By-and-bye, it will be an Over-ground Railroad from Mason and Dixon's line clear to Canada: the only *tunneling* will be in the Slave States. Northern men applaud the brave conductors of that Locomotive of Liberty.

When Thomas Garrett was introduced to a meeting of political Free-Soilers in Boston, as "the man who had helped 1800 slaves to their natural liberty," even that meeting gave the righteous Quaker *three times three*. All honest Northern hearts beat with admiration of such men; nay, with love for them. Young lads say, "I wish that Heaven would make me such a man." The wish will now and then be father to the fact. You and I have had opportunity enough, in twenty years, to see that this philanthropic patriotism is on the increase at the North, and the special direction it takes is toward the liberation of their countrymen in bondage.

Not many years ago, Boston sent money to help the Greeks in their struggle for *political freedom* (they never quite lost their *personal liberty*), but with the money she sent what was more valuable and far more precious, one of her most valiant and heroic sons, who stayed in Greece to fight the great battle of Humanity. Did your friend, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, lose the esteem of New England men by that act? He won the admiration of Europe, and holds it still.

Nay, still later, the same dear old Boston—Hunkers have never been more than rats and mice in her house, which she suffers for a time, and then drives out twelve hundred of them at once on a certain day of March, 1776,—that same dear old Boston sent the same Dr. Howe to carry aid and comfort to the Poles, then in deadly struggle for their political existence. Was he disgraced because he lay seven-and-forty days in a Prussian gaol in Berlin? Not even in the eyes of the Prussian King, who afterwards sent him a gold medal, whose metal was worth as many dollars as that philanthropist lay days in the despot's gaol. It is said, "Charity should begin at home." The American began a good ways off, but has been working homeward ever since. The Dr. Howe of to-day would and ought to be more ready to help an American to *personal liberty*, than a Pole or a Greek to mere

political freedom, and would find more men to furnish aid and comfort to our own countrymen, even if they were black. It would not surprise me if there were other and well-planned attempts in other States to do what Captain Brown heroically, if not successfully, tried in Virginia. Nine out of ten may fail—the tenth will succeed. The victory over Gen. Burgoyne more than made up for all the losses in many a previous defeat; it was the beginning of the end. Slavery will not die a dry death, it may have as many lives as a cat; at last, it will die like a mad dog in a village, with only the enemies of the human kind to lament its fate, and they too cowardly to appear as mourners.

II. But it is not merely white men who will fight for the liberty of Americans; the negroes will take their defence into their own hands, especially if they can find white men to lead them. No doubt, the African race is greatly inferior to the Caucasian in general intellectual power, and also in that instinct for Liberty which is so strong in the Teutonic family, and just now obvious in the Anglo-Saxons of Britain and America; besides, the African race have but little desire for vengeance—the lowest form of the love of justice. Here is one example out of many: In Santa Cruz, the old slave laws were the most horrible, I think, I ever read of in modern times, unless those of the Carolinas be an exception. If a slave excited others to run away, for the first offence his right leg was to be cut off; for the second offence, his other leg. This mutilation was not to be done by a surgeon's hand; the poor wretch was laid down on a log, and his legs chopped off with a plantation axe, and the stumps plunged into boiling pitch to stanch the blood, and to save the *property* from entire destruction; for the live *Torso* of a slave might serve as a warning. No action of a Court was requisite to inflict this punishment; any master could thus mutilate his bondman. Even from 1830 to 1846, it was common for owners to beat their offending victims with "tamarind rods" six feet long and an inch in thickness at the bigger end—rods thick set with ugly thorns. When that process was over, the lacerated back was washed with a decoction of the Manchineel, a poison tree, which made the wounds fester, and long remain open.

In 1846, the negroes were in "rebellion," and took possession of the island; they were 25,000, the whites 3000. But the blacks did not hurt the hair of a white man's head; they got their freedom, but they took no revenge! Suppose 25,000 Americans, held in bondage by 3000 Algerines on a little island, should get their masters into their hands, how many of the 3000 would see the next sun go down?

No doubt, it is through the absence of this desire of natural vengeance, that the Africans have been reduced to bondage, and kept in it.

But *there is a limit even to the negro's forbearance*. San Domingo is not a great way off. The revolution which changed its black inhabitants from tame slaves into wild men, took place after you had ceased to call yourself a boy.

It shows what may be in America, with no white man to help. In the Slave States, there is many a possible San Domingo, which may become actual any day; and, if not in 1860, then in some other "year of our

Lord." Besides, America offers more than any other country to excite the slave to love of Liberty, and the effort for it. We are always talking about "Liberty," boasting that we are "the freest people in the world," declaring that "a man would die, rather than be a slave." We continually praise our Fathers "who fought the Revolution." We build monuments to commemorate even the humblest beginning of that great national work. Once a year, we stop all ordinary work, and give up a whole day to the noisiest kind of rejoicing for the War of Independence. How we praise the "champions of Liberty"! How we point out the "infamy of the British oppressors"! "They would make our Fathers slaves," say we, "and we slew the oppressor—SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS!"

Do you suppose this will fail to produce its effect on the black man, one day? The South must either give up keeping "Independence Day," or else keep it in a little more thorough fashion. Nor is this all: the Southerners are continually taunting the negroes with their miserable nature. "You are only half human," say they, "not capable of freedom." "Hay is good for horses, not for hogs," said the *philosophic* American who now "represents the great Democracy" at the Court of Turin. *So, liberty is good for white men, not for negroes.* Have they souls? I don't know that—*non mi recordo.* "Contempt," says the proverb, "will cut through the shell of the tortoise." And, one day, even the sluggish African will wake up under the three-fold stimulus of the Fourth of July cannon, the whip of the slaveholder, and the sting of his heartless mockery. Then, if "oppression maketh wise men mad," what do you think it will do to African slaves, who are familiar with scenes of violence, and all manner of cruelty? Still more: if the negroes have not general power of mind, or instinctive love of liberty, equal to the whites, they are much our superiors in *power of cunning*, and in *contempt for death*—rather formidable qualities in a servile war. There already have been several risings of slaves in this century; they spread fear and consternation. The future will be more terrible. Now, in case of an insurrection, not only is there, as Jefferson said, "no attribute of the Almighty" which can take sides with the master, but *there will be many white men who will take part with the slave.* Men, like the Lafayettes of the last century, and the Dr. Howes of this, may give the insurgent negro as effectual aid as that once rendered to America and Greece; and the public opinion of an enlightened world will rank them among its heroes of noblest mark.

If I remember rightly, some of your fathers were in the battle of Lexington, and that at Bunker Hill. I believe, in the course of the war which followed, every able-bodied man in your town (Newton) was in actual service. Now-a-days, their descendants are proud of the fact. One day, it will be thought not less heroic for a negro to fight for his personal liberty, than for a white man to fight for political independence, and against a tax of threepence a pound on tea. Wait a little, and things will come round.

III. The existence of Slavery endangers all our Democratic institutions. It does this if only tolerated as an exceptional measure—a matter of present convenience, and still more when proclaimed as an instantial principle, a rule of political conduct for all time and every

place. Look at this: In 1790, there were (say) 300,000 slaves; soon they make their first doubling, and are 600,000; then their second, 1,200,000; then their third, 2,400,000. They are now in the process of doubling the fourth time, and will soon be 4,800,000; then comes the fifth double, 9,600,000; then the sixth, 19,200,000. Before the year of our Lord nineteen hundred, there will be twenty million slaves!

An Anglo-Saxon with common sense does not like this Africanization of America; he wishes the superior race to multiply rather than the inferior. Besides, it is plain to a one-eyed man that Slavery is an irreconcilable enemy of the progressive development of Democracy; that, if allowed to exist, it must be allowed to spread, to gain political, social, and ecclesiastical power; and all that it gains for the slaveholders is just so much taken from the freemen.

Look at this—there are twenty Southern Representatives who represent nothing but property in man, and yet their vote counts as much in Congress as the twenty Northerners who stand for the will of 1,800,000 freemen. Slavery gives the South the same advantage in the choice of President; consequently the slaveholding South has long controlled the Federal Power of the nation.

Look at the recent acts of the Slave Power! The Fugitive Slave Bill, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the Dred Scott decision, the filibustering against Cuba (till found too strong), and now against Mexico and other feeble neighbors, and, to crown all, the actual re-opening of the African slave-trade!

The South has kidnapped men in Boston, and made the Judges of Massachusetts go under her symbolic chain to enter the courts of justice (!). She has burned houses and butchered innocent men in Kansas, and the perpetrators of that wickedness were rewarded by the Federal Government with high office and great pay! Those things are notorious; they have stirred up some little indignation at the North, and freemen begin to think of defending their liberty. Hence came the Free-Soil party, and hence the Republican party—it contemplates no direct benefit to the slave, only the defence of the white man in his national rights, or his conventional privileges. It will grow stronger every year, and also bolder. It must lay down principles as a platform to work its measures on; the principles will be found to require much more than what was at first proposed, and even from this platform Republicans will promptly see that *they cannot defend the natural rights of freemen without destroying that Slavery which takes away the natural rights of a negro*. So, first, the wise and just men of the party will sympathize with such as seek to liberate the slaves, either peacefully or by violence; next, they will declare their opinions in public; and, finally, the whole body of the party will come to the same sympathy and the same opinion. Then, of course, they will encourage men like Captain Brown, give him money and all manner of help, and also encourage the slaves whenever they shall rise to take their liberty, at all hazards. When called to help put down an insurrection of the slaves, they will go readily enough and do the work by removing the cause of insurrection—that is—*by destroying Slavery itself*.

An Anti-Slavery party, under one name or another, will before long

control the Federal Government, and will exercise its Constitutional Rights, and perform its Constitutional Duty, and "guarantee a Republican form of Government to every State in the Union." That is a work of time and peaceful legislation. But the short work of violence will be often tried, and each attempt will gain something for the cause of Humanity, even by its dreadful process of blood.

IV. But there is yet another agency that will act against Slavery. There are many mischievous persons who are ready for any wicked work of violence. They abound in the city of New York (a sort of sink where the villainy of both hemispheres settles down, and genders that moral pestilence which steams up along the columns of the *New York Herald* and the *New York Observer*, the great escape-pipes of secular and ecclesiastical wickedness), they commit the great crimes of violence and robbery at home, plunder emigrants, and engage in the slave-trade, or venture on filibustering expeditions. This class of persons is common in all the South. One of the legitimate products of her "peculiar institution," they are familiar with violence, ready and able for murder. Public opinion sustains such men. Bully Brooks was but one of their representatives in Congress. Now-a-days they are fond of Slavery, defend it, and seek to spread it. But the time must come one day—it may come any time—when the lovers of mischief will do a little filibustering at home, and rouse up the slaves to rob, burn, and kill. Prudent carpenters sweep up all the shavings in their shops at night, and remove this food of conflagration to a safe place, lest the spark of a candle, the end of a cigar, or a friction-match should swiftly end their wealth, slowly gathered together. The South takes pains to strew her carpenter's shop with shavings, and fill it full thereof. She encourages men to walk abroad with naked candles in their hands and lighted cigars in their mouths; then they scatter friction-matches on the floor, and dance a filibustering jig thereon. She cries, "Well done! Hurrah for Walker!" "Hurrah for Brooks!" "Hurrah for the barque *Wanderer* and its cargo of slaves! Up with the bowie-knife! Down with justice and humanity!" The South must reap as she sows; where she scatters the wind, the whirlwind will come up. It will be a pretty crop for her to reap. Within a few years the South has BURNED ALIVE eight or ten negroes. Other black men looked on, and learned how to fasten the chain, how to pile the green wood, how to set this Hell-fire of Slavery agoing. The apprentice may be slow to learn, but he has had teaching enough by this time to know the art and mystery of torture; and, depend upon it, the negro will one day apply it to his old tormentors. The Fire of Vengeance may be waked up even in an African's heart, especially when it is fanned by the wickedness of a white man: then it runs from man to man, from town to town. What shall put it out? *The white man's blood!*

Now, Slavery is a wickedness so vast and so old, so rich and so respectable, supported by the State, the Press, the Market, and the Church, that all those agencies are needed to oppose it with—those, and many more which I cannot speak of now. You and I prefer the peaceful method; but I, at least, shall welcome the violent if no other accomplish the end. So will the great mass of thoughtful and good men at the North; else why do we honor the Heroes of the Revolution,

and build them monuments all over our blessed New England? I think you gave money for that of Bunker Hill: I once thought it a folly; now I recognize it as a great sermon in stone, which is worth not only all the money it cost to build it, but all the blood it took to lay its corner-stones. Trust me, its lesson will not be in vain—at the North, I mean, for the LOGIC OF SLAVERY will keep the South on its lower course, and drive it on more swiftly than before. “Capt. Brown’s expedition was a failure,” I hear it said. I am not quite sure of that. True, it kills fifteen men by sword and shot, and four or five men by the gallows. But it shows the weakness of the greatest Slave State in America, the worthlessness of her soldiery, and the utter fear which Slavery genders in the bosoms of the masters. Think of the condition of the City of Washington while Brown was at work!

Brown will die, I think, like a martyr, and also like a saint. His noble demeanor, his unflinching bravery, his gentleness, his calm, religious trust in God, and his words of truth and soberness, cannot fail to make a profound impression on the hearts of Northern men; yes, and on Southern men. For “every human heart is human,” &c. I do not think the money wasted, nor the lives thrown away. Many acorns must be sown to have one come up; even then, the plant grows slow; but it is an oak at last. None of the Christian martyrs died in vain; and from Stephen, who was stoned at Jerusalem, to Mary Dyer, whom our fathers hanged on a bough of “the great tree” on Boston Common, I think there have been few spirits more pure and devoted than John Brown’s, and none that gave up their breath in a nobler cause. Let the American State hang his body, and the American Church damn his soul; still, the blessing of such as are ready to perish will fall on him, and the universal justice of the Infinitely Perfect God will take him welcome home. The road to heaven is as short from the gallows as from the throne; perhaps, also, as easy.

I suppose you would like to know something about myself. Rome has treated me to bad weather, which tells its story in my health, and certainly does not mend me. But I look for brighter days and happier nights. The sad tidings from America—my friends in peril, in exile, in jail, killed, or to be hung—have filled me with grief, and so I fall back a little, but hope to get forward again. God bless you and yours, and comfort you!

Ever affectionately yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

FROM HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Senate Chamber, March 26, 1856.

I am glad you are to open on Kansas. Let me suggest to press the admission of Kansas *at once* with her present Constitution. *This is the policy we have adopted*, and it will crowd Douglas and Cass infinitely. This proposition is something practical: and on this we must fight the Presidential election.

Let public meetings and petitions now call; *at once*, for the admission of Kansas as a State. Cannot our Legislature be induced to pass resolutions making this demand?

Seward will make a grand speech. I shall follow as soon as possible and use plain words.

Oh! this enormity is not really understood! The more I think of it the more its wickedness glares.

Ever yours.

FROM THE SAME.

Washington, May 17, 1856.

I have read and admired your speech in the *Post*. It is a whole sheaf of spears against slavery. Alas! alas! the Tyranny over us is complete. Will the people submit? When you read this I shall be saying—in the Senate—they will not! Would that I had your strength. But I shall pronounce the most thorough Philippic ever uttered in a legislative body.

Ever yours.

The following letter alludes to the speech of Mr. Sumner, entitled "The Crime against Kansas," delivered on May 19 and 20, and which the South replied to on the next day by a characteristic argument in the hand of Mr. Brooks.

Burlington, Vt., May 21, 1856.

MY DEAR SUMNER,—God bless you for the brave words you spoke the other day, and have always spoken, of which I hear report in the papers. Send it to me in full as soon as you can.

I have been ill (in head,) and scarce able to do anything for a month, else I should have written you before now. I am a little better just now, but still my head feels like an apple which has been frozen all winter, and is now thawed out. I am in Vermont, lecturing on the condition of the country. Pierce is in open rebellion against the people; he has committed the highest treason against the people, the worst form of *lese majesté*.

I have long wanted to thank you for your services in that matter of the Danish Sound affair. It is quite clear that you are right, that the twofold Executive, Presidential and Senatorial, have no more right to annul a treaty than to annul the Tariff Law, the Law against Piracy, or any other statute. Why did nobody ever think of this before?

There are three wicked things now going on in the United States:

1. Exterminating the Indians in Oregon, &c.
2. Filibustering against Central America, and "the rest of mankind."
3. Extending Slavery into Kansas and everywhere else. Here, I take it, the Free State men will be immediately put down unless Congress comes to their aid. What can they do—a handful of them, with no arms, no officers, against the border ruffians, 8000 or 10,000 strong, armed by the United States, and officered by the soldiers of our wicked army? Can nothing be done at Washington? Will

nothing arouse the *People* at the North? Tell me what you think of the Candidates for Republican Nomination. Here is my list of preferences if I could *make* the President:—

1. Seward.
2. Chase.
3. Hale.

But I take it none of these could be elected in the present state of affairs. If we come to actual war, Seward could be chosen, I think: but not now, in the present state of things.

Do tell me how far is Fremont reliable.

God bless you!

Ever yours.

TO HON. J. P. HALE.

Boston, May 23, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. HALE,—Do write and tell me how Sumner is getting on. How much is the noble fellow wounded? Give him my most sympathizing regards and love. I wish I could have taken the blows on my head, and not he, at least half of them. Will the Senate do nothing about it? Think of the scoundrel Brooks let off on bail of 500 dollars! I shall go to the State House as soon as the house meets, to see if I can stir up that body to any action on the matter.

Yours truly and heartily,

T. P.

Another thorough sermon came of this, which went deep into the indignant heart of the North. For now the cities, as well as the country, were touched, and votes made rapidly in that electric season for Mr. Fremont and for the party of the North. Mr. Parker called his sermon "A New Lesson for the Day." It shows how every measure and outrage is but a logical effect of slavery:—

Be not surprised at this attack on Mr. Sumner; it is no strange thing. It is the result of a long series of acts, each the child of its predecessor, and father of what followed; not exceptional, but instansial, in our history. Look with a little patience after the cause of those outrages at Kansas and at Washington. You will not agree with me to-day; I cannot convince four thousand men, and carry them quite so far all at once. Think of my words when you go home.

The causes of the outrage are then derived from the national and local subservience to the encroachments of Slavery. The brute force in the arm of Preston Brooks sprang no more from wine and Southern hate than it did from Northern apologies and local hate of Mr. Sumner.

Corrupt men at the North, in New England, in Boston, have betrayed the people. They struck at freedom before South Carolina dared lift an arm. The slave-holders know these things, that as often as they have demanded wickedness, Boston has answered the demand; they piece out their small bit of lion's skin with the pelt of many a Northern fox. They are in earnest for slavery: they think New England is not in earnest for freedom. Do you blame them for their inference? A few years ago Mr. Sumner spoke in Boston on the "True Grandeur of Nations," a lofty word before the City Fathers, on the 4th of July, 1845; an argument against war, a plea for peace. As two of our most distinguished citizens came from listening, one said to the other, "Well, if that young man is going to talk in that way, he cannot expect Boston to hold him up." Since then that young man has spoken even nobler words; Boston has not held him up; nay, the controlling part of it has sought to strike him down; counted him one of a "nest of vipers;" done nothing to support, all to overthrow him. Why? Because he was the continual defender of the unalienable rights of man. Slave-holders are not fools; they knew all this. The South never struck a Northern advocate of a tariff, or a defender of the Union. She knew the North would "hold up" the champions of the Union and the tariff. It attacks only the soldiers of freedom, knowing that the controlling power of the North also hates them.

Blame me as much as you please for what I say; ten years hence you will say that I am right. But, ere I go further on, let me do an act of gratitude and justice. In all those dark days behind us, there have been found faithful men who risked their political prospects, the desires of honourable ambition, their social standing, the esteem of their nearest relatives, and were faithful to truth and justice. What treatment have they met with in the parlor, in the forum, in the market, in the church? One day their history must be writ; and some names now hated will appear like those which were the watch-words of the revolution, and are now the heavenly sounds that cheer the young patriot in this night of storms. In such men no city is so rich as this. Daughter of nobleness, she is its mother too. I hope to live long enough to do public honor to their high worth.

Now do you know the seed whence came the bludgeon which struck that handsome and noble head? It was the "ACORN,"* in whose shell Boston carried back Thomas Sims in 1851; and on the 19th of April, on the seventy-sixth anniversary of the battle of Lexington, she took him out of that shell and put him in a gaol at Savannah, where he was scourged till a doctor said, "You will kill him if you strike him again!" And the master said, "Let him die." That was the acorn whence grew the bludgeon which struck Charles Sumner.

Mr. Sumner, in carrying out his intention expressed to Mr. Parker, told nothing but the unadorned and modest truth. But how outraged did many exquisite Northern consciences feel because Mr. Sumner said that Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, was

* Name of the brig, owned in Boston, and chartered by the Government to take away Sims.

in love with a harlot—meaning slavery! There never was a stricter truth declared. This harlot, after maintaining her connection with the North long enough to sap the marrow of its bones, and strike its nerves with the premonitions of paralysis, hastens to betray it when no more pleasure and profit can be derived from the intercourse, and robs the house of its keeper to furnish its precipitate escape. The very deed and spirit of a harlot. It has played the game of harlotry with all its great Northern embracers, using them to feed its extravagances, and dropping them one by one as their fortunes are played out; grown more and more shameless with every success, wheedling and bullying as its beauty faded, caressing with one hand and pilfering with another, all its veins poisoned by lust and avarice, and breaking out at last into assault and “cursing like a very drab”—what Hogarth shall arise to depict the stages of this harlot’s brazen course?

In the country I expect great good from this wickedness. New England farmers cover the corn they plant with a prayer for God’s blessing; this year they will stamp it also with a curse on slavery. The matter will be talked over by the shoemakers, and in every carpenter’s and trader’s shop. The blacksmith, holding the horse’s hoof between his legs, will pause over the inserted nail, and his brow grow darker while the human fire burns within.

There is a war before us worse than Russian. It has already begun: when shall it end? “Not till slavery has put freedom down,” say your masters at the South; “Not till freedom has driven slavery from the continent,” let us say and determine.

Having now determined that, the blood we spill sinks fruitfully into the ground.

The original motto of the *Lynchbury Virginian* was “The Rights of the States and the Union of the States,” which placed the State Rights in the van and allowed to follow all the Union that might be consistent with that preference. But now the motto is changed by secession to “The Rights of the South and the Union of the South.” And the editor justifies the change by saying, among other things, “When the future historian shall connect all the threads of his narrative, and trace to their parent source the bitter streams that are now sweeping over the land, he will find that the poison is exhaled from the ‘MAYFLOWER.’”

History has a better memory than that, and though not botanist by profession, can tell mushrooms from toadstools, and

will not be likely in the future to trace our political diseases to the wrong plant. Let history "connect all the threads" of her narrative, and trace the bitter stream to its real source.

"In 1620 the pilgrims came to Plymouth, bringing freedom, asking freedom. The *Mayflower*, symbol of earliest spring, has been followed by a whole April and May of civil beauty, white-ening and fragrant all round the land. The same year, at Jamestown, a slave-trader from Africa unloaded his freight of bondsmen—whose descendants boast the best blood of Virginia in their veins," a state-right, we presume, "but it is slave-blood, bought, sold, always in the market."

History takes another reminiscence from her immortal urn, and gives it in charge to the armed descendants of the pilgrims, who are marching South with seeds of the *Mayflower* for the Virginia woods.

"In 1607 the Virginia Company had a seal with the device of St. George and the Dragon," and the legend, "*Fas alium superare Draconem*," "It is worth while to kill one dragon more." To do that is the task of the North and of America. "It is kill or be killed; freedom for all, or slavery for the greater part; man, or the accidents of man." *Justum est bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes.*

How grand a spectacle is the migration hitherward. But there is a migration out, as well as migration in. The route of the American Exodus is not yet open. Its exiles now travel on the Underground Railroad. A box half as large as a coffin is the *Mayflower* to another pilgrim. Under the British flag they find shelter, and a New Plymouth in Canada.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Sunday, Sept. 7, 1856.—There is the most ghastly state of things in Kansas. I can think of nothing else. Petitions are on foot for calling an extra Session of the Legislature. If I were the people I would raise a million of dollars at once for this, and send out a committee with power to spend it as they should see fit. Of course, I touched on this Kansas matter in my sermon,* introductory to this new course. How glad I am to be back again. Vacation was just one week (Sunday) more than I wanted.

Sept. 9.—America is now in a state of revolution. There is no

* "Of the Unlikeness of Circumstance and Condition, the Unity of Human Duty, and its Final Reward." The course was practical, industrial, political; upon the Art of Life: one sermon was upon Franklin.

legal government, but only one which pretends to legality, and has the show and form of law and the substance of power. There are two parties.

1. The Party of Slavery. This has a great majority of the Senate, the Senatorial Executive, the President with his Cabinet, and all his departments, the Presidential Executive, with all the chief people of all the Slave States, all the army, navy, and 40,000 office-holders. This party holds possession of the national power, but rules in the *principles* of a party, for the *purposes* of a party, and in the *manner* of a party; for example, Kansas. Not a pro-slavery man has been arrested for any enormity committed there. Now another army of Missouri men attacked and destroyed Osawatomie,* and nothing is done. Men are murdered, and nothing done. But while Lane has committed no offence and nothing is charged on him, fourteen companies of United States soldiers are ordered out to take him. Jefferson Davis, the famous disunion nullifier, is Secretary of War!!

On the side of this party are the prominent men of the North, Everett, Choate, and the Know-Nothing Party.

2. The Party of Freedom. The battle is in the *centre of the Continent*. And this is the question, Shall slavery or freedom have the heart of America, and then its limbs!

Sept. 14, 1856.—Mr. Yeadon, Editor of the *Charleston Courier*, came to our house by his appointment. He is the person who complimented Mr. Everett at Plymouth, for his speech in defence of slavery, &c. Mr. Garrison, J. Z. Goodrich, Hamilton Willis, and others, came there. Mr. Y. had a long discussion with Garrison about slavery, in which he (Y.) set forth the South Carolina doctrines as usual, and a couple of days later sent me a slip from the *Boston Daily Times*, entitled "Interesting Incident." The incident was the receipt of an affectionate letter from a slave, Joe, to his master at the North, accompanied with a fine daguerreotype portrait of "that image of God carved in ebony." Joe can neither write nor read. So the letter was written for him. Mr. Y. sent me a letter in a feigned hand, signed "A South Carolinian," which was handed to me as I was about to enter the Music-hall. I only read the first paragraph. He told a gentleman that he (Y.) wrote it to induce me to abuse the South!

Joe had the following sentiment manufactured for him, and for a Northern market:—

The servants' (!) crops are also doing splendidly (for you know each servant has his own separate crop, which he finds time to work after he has finished his task, which he generally does pretty early in the day). Old Scrub, a man of fourscore years, will make upwards of forty bushels of rice by himself. Massa Gendroon left here on the 5th of last month for Kansas, in fine spirits, hoping to have a fight with the Abolitionists there, and I bid him good-bye on the cars

* The name of a little settlement of Anti-slavery men in Kansas, whence Capt. Brown derived his *nom de guerre* of Osawatomie, for a successful skirmish with a band of Southerners and Missouri men.

myself, the morning he started. God grant that he may return safe to his family and friends!

Upon the envelope of Mr. Yeadon's letter, Mr. Parker has written: "Within is an anonymous letter from Mr. Yeadon, editor of *Charleston Courier*, S. C., handed to me just before meeting, Sunday, Sept. 14, 1856, while I was waiting in the ante-room. I read the first paragraph—no more. Mr. Y. told Mr. Kendall that he had sent me a letter signed 'A South Carolinian.'"

The author of the letter, to ensure its being read in time to add a perfume to the morning service, wrote underneath the address, "To be read, if possible, before declamation on this morning."

The subject of the sermon for that Sunday was "Religion Considered as the Art of Life." Here are a few sentences from the high-minded editor:—

TO MR. THEODORE PARKER.

SIR,—I would feel it my duty to address you by the title of "Reverend," did I or could I regard you as a Christian minister, preaching the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; but as I hold you to be anything but a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus, who came to preach peace on earth and good-will to men—and, indeed, to be one of the most irreverent of men, who would, if he could, the

"Pulpit-drum ecclesiastic,
Beat and pound with both fist and stick,"*

I cannot conscientiously do more than address you by the ordinary title of respect to unclerical persons.

Thus opened the disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus, whose paper at home was filled with advertisements of women and children for sale, and rewards for men inclining to be free.

Having carefully selected by what handle he shall take up the preacher for the day, he proceeds:—

My purpose is to inform you that a party of Southerners will be present this morning, to see and hear you desecrate the Lord's Day by your usual *quantum* and outpouring of pulpit politics and fanatic declamation and extravagance against slavery and the South. It is, therefore, to be hoped that, stimulated by the provocation of their presence, and for their especial edification, you will pile up the agony

* Probably from a States-righted edition of *Hudibras*.

as high as Mount Olympus, for Mount Zion is, doubtless, too lowly for your purposes and aspirations.

And, pray, why should the religious editor care to mount higher than the auction-block? An agony is piled up there that is more edifying to his views of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Are you aware, Sir, that, in your crazy opposition to, and warfare against, slavery, you are arrogating to yourself a wisdom and a righteousness which not only exceed those of the Scribes and Pharisees, but which are superior to those of God and patriarch, and of Christ and apostle? God himself *ordained* slavery among the Jews, when he declared, &c.

Then the usual dreary array of scriptural authorities, from Genesis to Onesimus, follows, containing nothing original, unless it be the remark that "Jehovah *himself* returned the first runaway slave to her owner, even the fugitive Hagar to her jealous and persecuting mistress," having, doubtless, conquered his prejudices on the score of humanity, mindful of the promises. Four or five pages of closely-written textual quotations conclude thus:—

Answer these texts, if you can, this day, or for ever hereafter hold your peace.

Yours, as you shall conform yourself to the Gospel model,
A SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

—by construction, leaving the reader in a pleased surmise that the South Carolinian is the Gospel model.

The conversation between Messrs. Yeadon and Garrison and Parker was quite fairly reported by the former in his paper, the *Charleston Courier*, but it is not of sufficient interest to be inserted here.

On the opposite page is a facsimile letter of Mr. Parker to Hon. J. P. Hale, followed by a copy. It is selected for the clearness of its anticipations, which a journey to the West, made by him before the date of this letter, had considerably modified. His letters to Hon. Horace Mann, Prof. Desor, and others, of an earlier date, betray his hopes of the election of Mr. Fremont.

Galesburg 21 Oct. 1856,

My dear Hale,

I'm glad I am not co-
 senator this year. You win your "Hon"
 pretty dear this season, & stamping is
 no joke. I heard your opponent this
 afternoon - Doubtless, he * * *
 * * * * made one of the most
 sophisticated & deceitful speeches I ever
 listened to. It was mere brutality in
 respect of morals, & sophistry for logic,
 in the style & manner of a low black-
 guard. His enemies said he seldom
 or never did so ill. But there is a
 good deal of rough honon in his
 evil face. I never saw him before.
 I don't know how you think

the election will turn at, but I look
for defeat. I hope other men, who still
think so. The battle is not won
by our carrying the Electoral tickets
by regular vote. If Buch. gets 148
Electors; - \$1000,000 I think might
be raised to buy the 149th. I think
there are 30 men in Boston who would
give \$5,000 apiece to see it done. It is
the most important crisis in our
national history - no Presidential Elec-
tion ever turned on such great
questions. It is Disruption or Demo-
cracy which the People vote for. I
wish the true issue was represented
by the Banners & Motions. Buch's
friends would bear this in front of
all: "No unalienable Rights to Life

Liberty & the Pursuit of Happiness." "The
Declaration of Independence & Co."

"No Higher Law." There might
follow in historical order, "Slavery in
Kansas." "Slavery in Cuba." "Slavery in
all the Territories." "Slavery in all
the Free States." "Pondage for
Niggers." "Pondage for Pur Whites." "
Slavery for Greasy Mechanics." "No
Free Schools." "no Free Press." "no
Free Pulpit." "no Free Speech." "no,
"Free men."

If Buckle is Presdt, I think
the Union does not hold it
his own years - it must end in

civil war which I have been preparing
for then six months past. I buy
no Books except for pressing need.
Last year I bought \$1500 worth.
This year I shall not order \$200.
worth - I may want the money
for Cannon.

How you any Man in
case we are defeated? Of course
the Principles & Measures of the
Administration will remain un-
-changed, the only excitation
will be our interests & hopes,
God save the U. S. A.

Yours faithfully
Thos. Parker

[Copy.]

TO HON. J. P. HALE.

Galesburg, Ill., Oct. 21, 1856.

I am glad I am not a senator this year. You win your "Hon." pretty dear this season. Stumping is no joke. I heard your opponent, Douglas, this afternoon. He made one of the most sophisticated and deceitful speeches I ever listened to. It was mere brutality in respect of morals, and sophistry for logic, in the style and manner of a low blackguard. His enemies said he seldom or never did so ill. But there is a good deal of rough power in his evil face. I never saw him before.

I don't know how you *think* the election will turn out; but I look for defeat. I *hope* otherwise, but still *think* so. The battle is not won by our carrying the electoral tickets by popular vote. If Buchanan gets 148 electors, one million dollars, I think, might be raised to buy the 149th. I think there are thirty men in Boston who would give five thousand dollars apiece to see it done. It is the most important crisis in our national history. No Presidential election ever turned on such great questions. It is despotism or democracy which the people vote for. I wish the true issue was represented by the banners and mottoes. Buchanan's friends would bear this in front of all, "No unalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," "The Declaration of Independence a Lie," "No higher law." Then might follow, in historical order, "Slavery in Kansas," "Slavery in Cuba," "Slavery in all the Territories," "Slavery in all the Free States," "Bondage for niggers," "Bondage for poor whites," "Slavery for greasy mechanics," "No free schools," "No free press," "No free pulpit," "No free speech," "No free men."

If Buchanan is President, I think the Union does not hold out his four years. It must end in civil war, which I have been preparing for these six months past. I buy no books, except for pressing need. Last year I bought fifteen hundred dollars' worth. This year I shall not order two hundred dollars' worth. I may want the money for cannons.

Have you any plan, in case we are defeated? Of course the principles and measures of the administration will remain unchanged, and the mode of execution will be more intense and rapid.

God save the United States of America!

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO HON. HORACE MANN.*

Boston, June 27, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. MANN,—Don't think that your labors are obscure or likely to be forgotten in this generation, or for many that are to come. Your works are written all over the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and are in no danger of being forgotten. I know how arduous your position is, also how unpleasant much of the work must be. I fancy you now and then feel a little longing after the well-cultured men and women whom you left behind at the East, and find none to supply in Ohio. But the fresh presence of young people is a compensation.

What a state of things we have now in politics! The beginning of the end! I take it we can elect Fremont; if so, the battle is fought and the worst part of the contest is over. If Buchanan is chosen, see what follows. The principles of the Administration will be the same as now; the measures the same; the mode of applying the principles and executing the measures will be slightly altered—no more. It is plain that another such Administration would ruin the country for men like those of Middlesex County, Massachusetts. I don't think the people will see themselves conquered by 350,000 slaveholders, headed by an old bachelor! If Buchanan is elected, I don't believe the Union holds out three years. I shall go for dissolution.

I wish I could go to the Lakes with you; but a family of most intimate friends will sail for Europe the 23rd of August, to be absent for three years. I want to see them all I can this summer; so we shall all go to Newton Corner, and live near by. Else I should do up my "unpretending luggage," and be off to Lake Superior with you.

I sent you a little sermon for the Sunday after Mr. Brooks struck Sumner, and have another pamphlet in press, containing two speeches made at New York a month ago, which please accept. On the 6th of July I shall preach on "The Prospect before us," and perhaps print.

July 8th, I go to "New York Central University." Such is the "high-phaluting" style and title of a college at Macgrawville, somewhere in New York, and deliver an address on the "Function of the Scholar in a Democracy."

I wish I was where I could see you often, but am glad to know that you are well.

Truly yours,
T. P.

TO PROFESSOR EDWARD DESOR.

Newton Corner, near Boston, 1856.

Mailed Aug. 9th.

— Now a word about myself. I am busy as can be with all sorts of ecclesiastical, philosophical, and, I am sorry to say, political affairs; have lectured more than 110 times since October, 1855, besides preaching at home, and publishing the various little volumes sent to you, and which, I hope, *reached you at last*. For the future, I shall not lecture much, for I am getting old—forty-six next 24th August, you know!

* At this time President of Antioch College, Ohio.

You don't know how bald my head is ; my beard is almost white. I am often taken for sixty, or more ! The political condition of the country is *bad, BAD, BAD*. But it looks hopeful for the future. I think this is the last Presidential election under the constitution. Yet I do not desire the dissolution until we have freed 4,000,000 slaves, though I should vastly prefer a dissolution to the present state of things. But I do not believe that any permanent union is possible between the North and the South. In ideas, aims, and habits of life, there is more unity between the Neapolitans and the Swiss about the *Vierwaldstätter See*, than between the South and the North. Now, a despotic Government, like Austria, can unite nations as unlike as the Hungarians and Venetians, into one autocracy, for military violence is the stiff iron hoop which holds these different staves together. But in a republic a union must be moral—of principle ; or economical—of interest,—at any rate, internal and automatic. None of these conditions seem likely to exist long. Besides, just now there is a fierce hostility between the South and the North : the South hates the North worse than the Lombards hate *i dannati Tedeschi*, worse than the French hated *l'Albion perfide* in 1800-1815. The question is now plainly put in the Presidential election : " Will you have slavery spread over all the land, or will you give freedom an opportunity ? There is no other question before us, and this comes in its *naked form*. Buchanan and Fillmore are the two candidates of the slave power—*Fremont* is the one candidate on the other side. The choice lies between Buchanan and Fremont. Fillmore's chance seems good for nothing. Now, I think that Fremont will be chosen on the 4th of November, and then that the South will prepare to break up the union, for, if he succeeds, then slavery is checked, and with it that wicked fillibustering policy which has disgraced the nation, and gladdened the South so long. All this the South knows : the present administration continues in power till March 4th, 1857, and it is quite friendly to the worst designs of the South. So it will allow the slave power to take all the steps preliminary to a dissolution when Fremont comes into office.

But if Fremont is not elected, then I look forward to what is worse than civil war in the other form, viz. a long series of usurpations on the part of the slave power, and of concessions by the North, until we are forced to take the initiative of revolution at the North. That will be the worst form of the case, for then the worst fighting will be among the Northern men—between the friends of freedom and the Hunkers. I expect civil war, and make my calculations accordingly.

You may judge of the strength of my convictions when I tell you that I order no more books from Germany, but send the antiquarian catalogues to the Athenæum unopened ! Some pleasant things take place ; all the Rabbis of Cambridge go for progress, for humanity, and anti-slavery. Felton is President of the Fremont Club ! This will have great influence on the snobs of Boston.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Nov. 3, 1856.—Sumner comes home to-day. The people receive him in the streets. Old noble Quincy meets him at Roxbury line, and

welcomes him as he did Lafayette in 1825. It is worth while to live so long to be so noble as he is. One day he will be my text for a sermon,—if I live, and he does not.

On the next day occurred the Presidential election. The result was foredoomed to slavery; but the Republicans cast a million and a quarter of votes for Col. Fremont, of which Mr. Parker could fairly claim great numbers as his own. They were shapen and tempered at his forge of freedom, where a stalwart arm had hammered, while a noble passion had fused, many a conscience into those protests. They were ballots; though he was already expecting bullets, as we see:—

FROM THE JOURNAL.

This day is not less critical in our history for the Future than 4th July, '76, was for the Past. At sunrise there were three alternatives:—

1. Freedom may put down slavery peacefully by due course of law.
2. Slavery may put down freedom in the same way.
3. The friends of freedom and its foes may draw swords and fight.

At sunset the people had repudiated the first alternative. Now America may choose between Nos. 2 and 3. *Of course we shall fight.* I have expected civil war for months; now I buy *no more books* for the present. Nay, I think affairs may come to such a pass, that my own property may be confiscated; for who knows that we shall beat at the beginning—and I hung as a traitor! So I invest property accordingly. Wife's will be safe. I don't pay the mortgage till 1862.

TO MISS HUNT, IN EUROPE.

Nov. 17, 1856.

Yesterday was the 80th anniversary of the most terrible defeat of the Americans in the revolutionary war; for Nov. 16, 1776, you remember, Fort Washington fell into the hands of the enemy—2,800 soldiers (the flower of the army), provisions for all winter, ammunition, &c., and more than half the cannons of the nation, if I remember right.

You may guess how the Tories of New York rejoiced in Nov. 17, 1776—how they fired cannons! Well, while I write, the Boston Tories are firing cannons over the defeat of Fremont—fifty-eight at East Boston; fifty-eight more at South Boston—a pretty anniversary, truly, for such a festival!

But they do not know it—"Nemesis is never asleep." I heard the cannons fired for the proclamation of war against Mexico; for the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill.

If the Curtises had dared, they would have touched off the same guns in honour of the rendition of Thomas Sims and Anthony Burns. Well, American liberty has just had a terrible defeat; apparently worse than the fall of Fort Washington in 1776. But that was no misfortune in the end. Had we gained our independence at less cost, we had valued liberty cheaper even than now.

I don't know but it would have been more fatal if power had fallen into the hands of the Fremonters. I have my doubts of such men as — and —. They are not quite solid enough for my taste.

It was they who gave us Gardner for Governor.

At New York and elsewhere, Banks said the election of Fremont would settle the slavery question, and stop agitation for thirty years!

I opened my eyes when I went out West, and saw that the hands of the republicans are not yet quite clean enough to be trusted with power. There has a deal of bad stuff come over to the republican party. I am more than ever of opinion that we must settle this question in the old Anglo-Saxon way—with the *sword*.

There are two constitutions for America—one writ on parchment, and laid up at Washington; the other also on parchment, but on the *head of a drum*. It is to this we must appeal, and before long. I make all my pecuniary arrangements with the expectation of civil war. I buy no books; have not orders out for 50 dollars, and commonly have at least 500 dollars on orders in all parts of the world.

I saw Sumner to-day. He talked an hour or more quite well. He walks with his hand on his loins, but looks well; drinks tea—French wine. Howe says he will get well.

Last Sunday I preached of "The Need of Religious Consciousness, and the Joy thereof; next, of "The Need that this subjective Religious Consciousness should become an Outward Life of noble and various Manhood." Thanksgiving-day — of the "Prospects of Freedom in America." Then will follow one of the "False and True Idea of Education;" then one of "Inheritance"—what we receive of good and ill, and what we bequeath; then of the "Education of Children," of which I know so much! Thanksgiving text—"The harvest is past, the summer is ended"—a sad text for such a day. But Hope is at the bottom of Pandora's box.

Now good bye, for I have little time,

Ever yours,

T.

Soon after the defeat of Colonel Fremont, the following call was issued for a Convention of the citizens of Massachusetts.

We, the undersigned citizens of Worcester, believing the result of the recent Presidential Election to involve four years more of Pro-Slavery Government, and a rapid increase in the hostility between the two sections of the Union:

Believing this hostility to be the offspring, not of party excitement, but of a fundamental difference in education, habits, and laws:

Believing the existing Union to be a failure, as being a hopeless attempt to unite under one government two antagonistic systems of society, which diverge more widely every year:

And believing it to be the duty of intelligent and conscientious men to meet these facts with wisdom and firmness:

Respectfully invite our fellow-citizens of Massachusetts to meet in Convention at Worcester, on Thursday, January 15, to consider the practicability, probability, and expediency, of a separation between the

free and slave states, and to take such other measures as the condition of the times may require.

Thos. W. Higginson, Thos. Earle, Henry H. Chamberlin, Seth Rogers, and others.

MR. PARKER'S REPLY.

Railroad cars from New Haven to Boston, Jan. 18, 1857.

MY DEAR HIGGINSON,—I have no time but car time, and no space but the railroad, so you will excuse me if my letter be writ with a pencil, and dated between nowhere and everywhere.

I cannot attend your Convention to-morrow, as other business takes me elsewhere. Yet I am glad you have called it. For the South has so long cried "Wolf! Wolf!" and frightened every sheepish politician at the North, that it is time somebody should let those creatures have a glimpse of the real animal, and see how the South will like his looks. I once heard of a very honest, sober, and Christian sort of man, who was unequally yoked to one of the most shrewish mates that ever cursed soul or body. She was thriftless, idle, drunken, dirty, lewd, shrill-voiced, with a tongue which went night and day; and was, besides, feeble-bodied, and ugly to look upon. Moreover, she beat the children, starved them, and would not allow them even to attend school, or go to meeting, but brought up the girls in loose ways. Whenever the good man ventured to remonstrate a little, and took the part of one of his own children, the termagant, who came of no good stock herself, but had an "equivocal generation," called him "a beggar," "greasy mechanic," an "Abolitionist," and with ghastly oaths, told him he was "not fit company for a lady of her standing;" and if he found fault with her standing and character, she would leave his bed and board forever, and let his old house fall about his ears for him. She justified her conduct by quoting odd-ends of Scripture. She had "divine authority" for all she was doing. "Wasn't there Jezebel, in the Old Testament, and the strange woman that turned the heart of Solomon, and his head too? Did not the Book of Proverbs speak of just such a woman as she was? And was there not another great creature in scarlet, spoken of in the New Testament? The Book of Revelation was on her side." So the shrew raised her broomstick, and beat the poor hen-pecked husband till he apologized as humbly as any Republican Member of Congress in 1856 or 1857. He did not intend to interfere with her beating his sons or prostituting his girls; he thought her interpretation of the Bible was right; there were probably just such women as she in Sodom and Gomorrah; he begged she "would not leave his house." She "might beat him—he was a non-resistant; but he hoped she would not strike too hard, for it really hurt his feelings."

So it went on till the house became a nuisance to the neighborhood, and the submissive husband was everywhere looked upon as a cowardly sneak. But one day he made up his mind to make a spoon or spoil a horn, and, with his ox-whip in his hand, thus addressed the shrew:—"Madam, I shall treat you gently, for your wickedness is partly my

fault; but I turn over a new leaf to-day. Either you become a good wife, or else you leave my house, and that forever, with the little bundle of property you brought into it. I shall take the children. Take five minutes to make up your mind. Go, or stay, just as you like."

To the amazement of the man, she fell down at his feet, weeping bitterly, promised all manner of things, and after he had lifted her up, actually began to put the house in order. She treated him with respect, and her children with considerable tenderness, and for many years they lived together with about as much welfare as man and wife commonly enjoy.

I am glad to see any sign of manhood in the North, and I think a fire in the rear of some of our Republicau members of Congress will do them no harm. But I do not myself desire a dissolution of the Union just now. Here is the reason. The North is seventeen millions strong; and the South contains eleven millions, whereof four millions are slaves, and four millions are "poor whites." Now, I don't think it quite right for the powerful North to back out of the Union, and leave the four millions "poor whites," and the four millions slaves, to their present condition, with the ghastly consequences which are sure to follow. Men talk a great deal about the compromises of the Constitution, but forget the GUARANTEES of the Constitution. The very article which contains the ambiguous "rendition clause," has also these plain words: "The United States shall guarantee a republican form of Government to every State in the Union." Article IV. sec. 4. (I quote from memory. You can look at the passage.) Now, I would perform that obligation before I dissolved the Union. I don't think it would have been quite fair for strong-minded Moses to stay in Midian keeping his sheep and junketing with his neighbors. No. So the Lord said unto him, Down into Egypt with you; meet Pharaoh face to face, and bring up all Israel into the land I shall give you. It is not enough to save all your souls alive, but your brethren also, with their wives and little ones. Why, even that hen-pecked husband in the story, had too much stuff to desert his sons and daughters, and run away from their ugly dam. No, sir; the North must do well by those four millions of slaves and those four millions of "poor whites"; we must bring the mixed multitude even out of the inner house of bondage, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must.

But if you insist on separation, and will make dissolution the basis of agitation, why, I think much good will come of it. Let me give a hint as to the line of demarkation between the two nations. I would say—Freedom shall take and keep—1. The land east of the Chesapeake Bay. 2. All that is north of the Potomac and the Ohio; all that is west of the Mississippi—i.e. all the actual territory with the right of reversion in Mexico, Nicaragua, and the "rest of mankind"; the entire State of Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas, with the part of Louisiana west of the Mississippi.

I think the North will not be content with less than this. Nay, I am not sure that, in case of actual separation, Virginia and Kentucky would not beg us to let the amputating knife go clear down to North Carolina and Tennessee, and cut there; for I think there is too much freedom yet in the northernmost Slave States to consent to be left to perish with the general rot of the slave limbs.

I used to think this terrible question of freedom or slavery in America would be settled without bloodshed. I believe it now no longer. The South does not seem likely to give way—the termagant has had her will so long. I am sure the North will not much longer bear or forbear. I think we shall not consent to have democracy turned out of the American house, and allow despotism to sit and occupy therein. If the North and the South ever do lock horns and push for it, there is no doubt which goes into the ditch. One weighs seventeen millions, the other eleven millions; but, besides, the Southern animal is exceedingly weak in the whole hind-quarters, four millions in weight; not strong in the fore-quarters, of the same bulk; and stiff only in the neck and head, of which Bully Brooks is a fair sample; while the Northern creature is weak only in the neck and horns, which would become stiff enough in a little time.

Yours for the right, anyhow,

THEODORE PARKER.

Mr. Parker's next important speech was delivered in the hall of the State House, before the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Convention, January 29, 1858. He proposed to discuss the relation of American slavery to foreign politics, to Russia, France, Germany, and England. Under the latter head, he denied that there had been been any change in the popular feeling of England against slavery.

There may have been a change in the British Government, though I doubt it much; there has been in the *London Times*. In the cotton lords, I take it, there is no alteration of doctrine, only an utterance of what they have long thought. The opinion of the British people, I think, has only changed to a yet greater hatred against Slavery.

Next, he discussed the Dred Scott decision, Walker's Nicaraguan expedition, and the two measures then impending in Congress—the Lecompton constitution and the increase of the army. Passing from these, he laid down the probable programme of the slave power for the future, in its reliance upon a continuance of Northern apathy. He did not fail to notice the municipal and social subservience which had not long ago been manifested on occasion of a visit of the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill to Boston. Then he made a calculation of the amount and character of Northern aid which could be depended on for the next political struggle against the South. But all the distinguished Northern politicians are subject to a peculiar disease, which renders them wholly unreliable for patriotic work, viz. "the Presidential fever."

I will try to describe the specific variety which is endemic in the Northern States, the only place where I have studied the disease. At first the patient is filled with a vague longing after things too high for him. He gazes at them with a fixed stare; the pupils expand. But he cannot see distinctly; crooked ways seem straight—the shortest curve he thinks is a *right* angle; dirty things look clean, and he lays hold of them without perceiving their condition. Some things he sees doubled, especially the number of his friends; others with a semi-vision, and it is always the lower half he sees. All the time he hears a confused noise, like that of men declaring votes, State after State. This noise obscures all other sounds, so that he cannot hear the still, small voice which yet moves the world of men. He can bear no “agitation”; the word “Slavery” disturbs him much; he fears discussion thereof, as a hydrophobic dreads water. His organ of locality is crazed and erratic in its action; the thermometer may stand at 20 degrees below zero, even lower, if long enough; the Mississippi may be frozen over clear down to Natchez, Hellgate be impassable for ice, and the wind of Labrador blow for months across the Continent to the Gulf of Mexico; still he can't believe there is any North.

The great change in the public sentiment of the North is not underrated in this speech.

FROM HON. CHARLES SUMNER TO MR. PARKER.

Paris, 27 June, 1858.

I have read the first half of your masterly speech, and long for the last.

You have read everything, and probably “*Lettres familières écrites d'Italie à quelques amis, en 1739 and 1740, par Charles de Brosses.*”

But my special object was to call your attention to a passage in *Lettre II.*, where a remark is made about the Cardinals, which has its application to our country:—“*Car il n'y a presque point de cardinal qui n'espère parvenir à son tour (à la papauté), et qui ne soit possédé de la maladie qu'on appelle ici 'la rabbia papale.'*” So you will find here the prototype of our Presidential Fever.

On my voyage I read your review of Buckle: most able and clear.

Another speech, entitled “The Relation of Slavery to a Republican Form of Government,” was delivered before an Anti-Slavery Convention, May 26, of the same year. It is an admirable specimen of a campaigning speech, carefully divided and simply worded, occupied mainly with a grave discussion of the political points which were before the country.

The last occasion on which he made Slavery the subject of his discourse was on the 4th of July, 1858, which was a Sunday. He preached in the Music Hall, upon “The Effect of Slavery on the American People.” It is one of his most tranquil and medi-

tative discourses, with scarcely an allusion to the dreadful disgraces of the past, or to the chief actors in the humiliation of Massachusetts and the North.

You and I, American men and women, must end slavery soon, or it ruins our democracy; the sooner the better, and at the smaller cost. And if we are faithful, as our patriot fathers and our pilgrim fathers, then when you and your children shall assemble eighteen years hence (1876) to keep the one-hundredth birthday of the land, there shall not be a slave in all America!

Then what a prospect, what a history is there for the American people, with their industrial democracy! For all men, freedom in the market, freedom in the school, freedom in the Church, freedom in the State! Remove this monstrous evil, what a glorious future shall be ours! The whole mighty Continent will come within the bounds of liberty, and the very islands of the Gulf rejoice.

And henceforth there shall be no chain,
 Save underneath the sea;
 The wires shall murmur through the main
 Sweet songs of liberty!
 The conscious stars accord above,
 The waters wild below;
 And under, through the cable wove,
 Her fiery errands go.
 For He who worketh high and wise,
 Nor pauses in His plan,
 Will take the sun out of the skies
 Ere freedom out of man.*

Thus the preacher of a true democracy, and the defender of the American idea, finished his last sermon of liberty, on the last anniversary of her birth which his patriotic heart welcomed in America. It is his last defence of the people, who will yet learn gratitude for his integrity in some future epoch of a peace purchased, as he would have it, only with glory; when, as they fondly recall the causes of their happiness, and linger over the names of men who suffered to save a Republic and to transmit the record of Lexington unblemished to them and to their children, they shall hasten to add another Parker to the list of village boys who wrought their health and faith into America.

He represented and proclaimed a revolution, and devoted all his powers of conscience and understanding to organize the great change by means of timely justice, that he might, if possible, prevent Freedom from stepping to her place through blood. He

* From an Ode, by R. W. Emerson, written for a Fourth of July Breakfast and Floral Exhibition, at the Town Hall, Concord, for the benefit of Sleepy Hollow Cemetery.

foresaw and forewarned, but presidential candidates held the ear of the people during those gloomy seasons, and taught them there was peace in acquiescence and war in agitation, till acquiescence furnished the opportunity for war. Every concession was a lease to conspiracy, which occupied the seats of power for the sole purpose of betraying and humiliating, at some favorable moment, the very parties who conceded. How timely righteousness would have been, seeking not to be made President, but to consolidate a great opinion, and peacefully to reclaim the country before the power which encroached was able to be the power in possession. To anticipate that bitter end Mr. Parker left his books, and engaged in agitation.

A few people at the North still amuse themselves with the paradox that the indignant attacks upon the crimes of Slavery originated its criminality. The partial resistance made by the Northern moral sense to its successive encroachments are humorously conceived to have been the cause of its encroaching spirit. The outcry raised against the evils which are organic in Slavery, and essential to its productive maintenance, such as ignorance in the slave and hardness in the master, absence of home and marriages, breeding and the auction-block, cruelty held in check only by self-interest, is still assumed by an ironical minority of our fellow-citizens to have retarded the cause of emancipation in the Border States. They were conscious of these evils, and longing to be rid of them for ever, but upon being vigorously told of their existence, preferred to give them a farther trial. The sober truth is, that the Abolitionists, by fanatically insisting upon the annexation of Texas, and dragooning Southern politicians into the support of a measure obnoxious to them, opened fresh markets to Virginia, and crushed out the beautiful spirit of self-sacrifice with which that mother of States was just then gravid; all for the sake of an abstract principle! How many times during the last thirty years have our Southern brethren been tyrannically forced to postpone their darling project of extending some human recognition to the bondmen within their borders, of securing free-schools and the sanctity of home, and a system of paid labor, and even a gradual introduction to civic rights, to these people providentially enslaved in order to be Christianized! We of the North have much to answer for in selfishly thwarting these patriarchal instincts!

But people who understand that the policy of slavery was

changed gradually, by pecuniary and political advantage, till at last it developed, from a struggle for bare existence to an ambition to rule and possess this country, so intense and persistent that Northern agitation could not have aggravated it, yet find fault with the methods and spirit of the agitation. They think they would have been sooner converted, or some other people would, if only mild language had been used by anti-slavery men. It is the old story again; they wish to amend the fact, and to tone down a revolutionary epoch, with its faithful and indignant men, to the amenity of a shallow age, that has nothing worth believing in and no great right at stake. They would fain alter one of the most decided facts in the providential growth of countries and nations. They are the people of an irreproachable taste but feeble intuition; too feeble to overhear the distant drum whose rolling infects the disposition of the keen-eared men, and becomes their presageful and peremptory speech.

It was made, however, a special charge against Mr. Parker, that he brought up too frequently the persons themselves who had betrayed the American principle from fear, or feebleness, or prejudice—teachers and leaders who ought to have been bold and strong, and partial only for the truth that is above forms and statutes.

It was said of him, "He keeps all his scalps in the desk at the Music Hall. While you are listening to him he suddenly draws one forth, shakes it at the audience, and puts it up again. It was the scalp of a clergyman. You recollect the sin for which he was slain, and grimly recognize and approve. Pretty soon forth comes another, and another; scalps of marshals, eminent lawyers, democratic office-holders, and South-side clergymen. Your moral sense is rather satisfied to find there on exhibition these trophies of retributive justice; but it becomes more than satiated to see them shaken aloft a number of Sundays. To see a scalp once is impressive."

It has been said by another critic of the apologetic order, that these repetitions of indictments were made necessary by the character of the audience, which was never the same for a succession of Sundays; that men from all parts of the country coming to Boston, lingered an hour before his great tribunal, whence the counts of violation of the higher law must be proclaimed to them.

In truth, he was unconscious of any such adaptation to his shifting audience. He did often repeat the famous points he

had against individuals. It was the fault of an inflamed and indignant moral sense. It was the impersonal gratification of a wounded conscience. Not a base touch of the animal man, no savageness, as men sometimes imputed, nor malignancy, as his enemies in particular delighted to proclaim, nor vulgar ill-temper, as many amiable women were heard to insist, ever made this custom immoral. He never could forget for a moment the sin of his country, and the crime of those who upheld it. *They* were the real appealers to public vulgarity and coarseness, with their cold and grave propriety: they were violators of the tender laws of the highest propriety, a love for God's oppressed ones.

He had the rights and temper of a prophet, and his sorrows also. The ugly slave-holding fury that was harrying his countrymen, pursued him by night and by day; her lashes sank startling and rankling into his moral sense; for in him she found a conscience that could faithfully keep the score of her wickedness. A voice, quivering with indignation, swelling with alarm, concentrated by a sense of suffering, spoke, reiterated, emphasized, insisted on the injuries which the country's demon was inflicting on the law of God in the soul of man. Apathetic people were repelled by the sight of this internal combat; amiable people, of average convictions, hurt themselves in stretching up against this stalwart conscience. Indifferent people of every description could not understand that every moment was critical: they resented being drummed into a revolution, when they did not care to urge even a faint objection. Clergymen, spitted by traditional pulpit propriety, and precariously held in place by the cushions, were blown over when this Pentecostal wind smote the house; as they gathered themselves together and strove to resume a clerical attitude, they naturally exaggerated the force of the blast, because they did not justly appreciate how feebly they stood. But when they undertook to pronounce it a blast from hell, they confirmed the doubt of their spiritual insight which the common people shared. It was not a withering and debilitating sirocco, which lays human nature in the dust, but it was the cool weather coming out of the North, spreading a deep and stainless sky, awful with the rustling spears of the Aurora. Sons of the North woke from their sleep to hail it, and did not shudder at the keen flitting under the blood-red. There was solemn presage and not a ghastly omen in the vivid show.

When he summons the notorious names of history from their base graves to pass before the commissioners under the Fugitive Slave Law ; when, calling up each repulsive shade, from Cain to Jefferies, and briefly designating their title to infamy, he dismisses them from the presence of his audience as not abandoned enough yet to take service with the men who felt an obligation to fulfil the requisitions of that law ; from what point of view are we to study his language ? From no point of view that is claimed by conventional art ; from no smooth platform where the rhetoricians gather to carve and whittle platitudes into small ware for the people ; from no desk whence the periods of a liturgy roll hollowly in ruts of pews, whose hearts echo the dull refrain ; but from the side of the fugitive himself ! Close to him, as soon as possible after his arrival, while he is fresh from his freight-box at the station, or haled forth out of a schooner's hold ; while the panic is yet unmanning the brawny limbs that professed to own their toil ; when he sees in each sharp look an officer, before he is reassured that a single man will take his hand except by fraud to capture him ; while it is still uncertain whether he can stay a single night in the City of the Pilgrims, where a law, and learning, and legal duty, and a Southern market are in full conspiracy to seize him, if possible, before the Union falls to pieces ; close to the red heart fluttering under that black skin with recollections of atrocities not yet escaped from while a commissioner can be found to serve ; close, as Christ stands on the other side of him,—with indignation that a man should be condemned without crime to such misery ; with horror that men could dare to approach with evil purpose his holy liberty ; with unmeasured hatred of the constitutional prettexts of too subservient men,—there stand to take your artistic and comprehensive view. And if you really have transferred yourself to that woeful position, so that *you have become* the man in whose behalf your imagination is all a-flame with pity, anger, abhorrence ; so that *you*, thirsting to be free, must yet wilt with terror at a footstep ; so that it is *yourself*, the hunted slave, hoping only for concealment, having braved all perils and agonies for a thousand miles, but not brave enough to stay in the same city with your polished kidnapper,—oh, then the rhetoric of the preacher will be the language of your common-sense !

There stood Theodore Parker through the whole of his career—

close as he could place his noble, gifted soul to the grimy body of the fugitive. As he looked into that black face, he saw shine down the starry truths of the bold humanity he preached. He had a point of view that artists might envy. A part of genius is its infallible instinct for the place whence men and nature are seen, not as crowds and masses, but as living symbols of the Divine intent. And was any country ever yet furnished with such symbol of the Divine humanity, of all the faith and fraternity of Jesus, as our own dear country with its fugitives? Never! Not Greece and Rome, not Judæa itself, furnished such solicitations to the highest genius of their children!

But sometimes, not content with the stern indictment which he brought against an imperfect moral sense, he would impute an additional motive. Here he may be fairly criticized. One man serves the infamous law with alacrity, having conquered what little prejudice a prevailing legality of disposition leaves him, because he wanted to preserve his respectable standing and political availability. If an appointment to an office or a nomination followed, this was the object of the subservience. Another man was moved by dread of losing his place in State or Church. Another hastened to save the Union, which was equivalent to saving his salary. There are two objections to this imputation of rapacious motives: they can seldom be verified like a fact which is attested upon oath, and they are not essential to account for the phenomena. The most subservient man may be one who hankers for nothing in the gift of the people or the Government. His subservience is the inevitable result of a conscience all run to statutes. He is ready, by original or acquired inferiority of moral sense, to support the most infamous enactment that ever shocked the undepraved mind under the pretence of law. You need not suspect that he is influenced by a single after-thought or selfish consideration. You will expect to find rapacity and meanness among such men, and it is sometimes notorious; but you are not obliged to presume it. If a man has consented all his life to subsist upon such a slender stock of conscience that the highest thing which he can see, in a critical moment, is a legal and technical thing, then no amiability of disposition, no ordinary domestic instincts, no gentlemanly culture, no nice habits—nothing, neither cleanliness nor conventional godliness, will restrain him in such a moment from violating the great creed of Christian humanity. His motive is but the necessity

of his moral state. The men who have most thwarted anti-slavery principles, and have postponed Northern resistance till it has to take the shape of war, have been a huge mob of nice family-men without a spark of moral indignation, except when some custom of trade is infringed, or some great constitutional compromise is violated in the interest which first established it. The technical violation, and not the immoral acquiescence, is the only thing which strikes and alarms this intense legality. See how events condemn this wicked substitution of the lower for the higher law ! Southern ambition has fattened on a Northern constitutional conscience ; and the men who are guilty of this civil war are the men who have consistently countenanced the South in its technical rights. They are still capable of justifying their folly by the astonishing paradox that they strove to avert bloodshed by a course which has led us directly to it.

Mr. Parker early denounced this fatal proclivity, and prophesied in sombre strains its sure results. For doing this, for indignantly attacking the demoralization which trade and law effected, for eagerly pressing on the public conscience the imminent necessity of righteousness and humanity, to save Union, and the country's great idea, and our children's happiness, by saving God's law and letting man's law go, he was honored by a hatred so hearty, that it will dazzle posterity with confirmation of his true renown.

And how will those abortive sacrifices to the Constitution and the Union appear, when the generation which made them is remembered chiefly by them ?

As the legal atrocities of all the world have seemed when the legal exigencies have passed away. History will have to borrow the most incisive pens of the present, to record upon her bronze the immoral technicalities which they arraigned. Mr. Parker's own colors will not be found too deep and glaring for any future painter who may seek in tranquillity to restore the fading picture of our times. The healthiest and highest sense in a man always anticipates the verdict of posterity, as the mountain which never stirs from its firm base lifts remote zones into the air at once, and telegraphs what is far below the horizon.

CHAPTER XXII.

Letters upon Anti-Slavery Politics : to Hon. N. P. Banks—Hon. W. H. Seward—Hon. S. P. Chase—To and from Hon. Charles Sumner—To and from Hon. Henry Wilson—To and from Hon. J. P. Hale—To William H. Herndon—To Hon. Horace Mann—To Gov. Fletcher, Vermont, and others.

THESE are the names of men of high significance for any history of the formation of republican sentiment. They admired the position which Mr. Parker had achieved, and generously acknowledged the importance of his influence. With most of them he was upon friendly terms of giving and receiving counsel ; and they would not be backward to say, that they have often felt indebted to his enthusiasm, common-sense, and frankness. They watched his battle with exultation, hastened to organize and hold every moral advantage which he gained, and bade him a right hearty God speed.

Most of the letters which are here presented require no explanations. They show clearly enough the method and value of his thoughts upon political affairs, his high and salutary spirit.

TO GOVERNOR FLETCHER, VERMONT.

Boston, Nov. 27, 1856.

HON. MR. FLETCHER, GOVERNOR OF VERMONT, &c.,—DEAR SIR,—I have no personal acquaintance with you, but your official position and conduct make me familiar with your opinions and character, and, after preaching a Thanksgiving Sermon, "Of the Prospects of Democratic Institutions in America," I wish to express my profound gratitude to you, and your State, for the recent appropriation of money in aid of "the suffering poor in Kansas."

I know the steps which led to the measure: your letters to Judge Conway are before me; I conferred with Mr. Sumner before he wrote his note. I fear General Wilson does not quite understand the significance of this movement—the most important step lately taken by the friends of freedom. A great principle rides behind that measure. The vote of 20,000 dollars is like building one new defence for individual liberty. Hitherto Liberal Governments have been ruined in this manner:—

1. All individuality of classes is made way with, and the men reduced to one homogeneous mass—the people. They do not have intelligence enough to see their unity of interest, and still less sufficient virtue to feel their unity of duty; so they cannot act in concert against a foe who seeks to conquer and command them.

2. Some ambitious man divides them into fictitious parties—one of which so checks the other that he easily masters both, overturns their democratic institutions, and founds a despotism in their place. Old Rome, in Cæsar's time, furnishes an ancient example, and modern France within sixty years has twice afforded a recent instance. After the theocratic oligarchy of Rome had mainly perished, the uniform surface of citizenship, diversified only by the differences of personal character and condition, formed an excellent field for Cæsar to march over, and ascend his autocratic throne. After France in her first revolution had abolished all orders of nobility, all provincial and municipal privileges, there was left an open plain for Napoleon the Great; at once he found little opposition, and conquered the people. And, again, after the war in her late revolution had destroyed the constitutional monarchy, it was not difficult for Napoleon the Little to move on the level surface of democracy, and establish one of the meanest despotisms in the world. There were no great obstacles to impede him, no eminences to surmount.

So it has always been. The nation levels all the eminences; then the country becomes one vast plain, and, behold! there is no defence against the tyrant; and as all level countries are easily traversed by a large army, which is yet checked by a little opposition in a mountainous region, so do all democracies easily fall before a demagogue. The Anglo-Saxon alone has hitherto known how to found and keep a Government with national unity of action for the whole, and a high degree of individual variety of action, personal freedom, for the citizen. This success comes from what seems at first a defect in the ethnological character of this tribe; for while the Anglo-Saxon loves liberty he hates equality—each wanting to be first, and to enjoy a privilege. The Celt, on the contrary, cares little for liberty, but loves equality, and clamors for it, as in France to-day.

The great Anglo-Saxon battle for a Liberal Government took place in England in the seventeenth century (1643–1689); the strife was between the despotic King (the James and Charles) and the people. The King did not find the mass of people the great obstacle to his march; but he was checked, 1, by the privileged classes, the nobles, the clergy, the gentry; and, 2, by the privileged bodies, the great corporations, especially the City of London, whose charter secured its "vested rights." The corporations had unity of interest, which

gave them unity of action. So had the privileged class; though the King could buy over individual nobles, priests, and gentlemen, yet he could not make the whole class consent to his despotism—for that would ruin the class itself.

Now, we have got so far on, that in America we have established a democracy with no privileged class, no privileged body, admitting that all persons have an equal right to life, liberty, &c. This is as it should be; it is time to try the experiment of a Liberal Government on the most extended scheme of individual equality of rights. Even if the attempt fail, as I think it will not, it was worth while to try the experiment. But we have not made the continent of people a smooth surface for the cannon of a centralizing tyrant to sweep over—we have roughened it with territorial inequalities; the individual States are to us the same defence that privileged classes and privileged bodies were to our fathers in England in the seventeenth century. These local self-governments are the great barriers against a centralizing despotism—an artificial mountain region where a few men can defend the narrow pass against a great army. The despot must go through this Thermopylæ, where three hundred Spartans can stop an army of Border ruffians.

Franklin, Jefferson, Hancock, and, more than all, Samuel Adams, disliked the Federal Constitution because it limited State rights too much. Seventy years of experience has shown the wisdom of their instinctive democratic distrust. The slave-holders and their vassals at the North have, or fancy they have, a certain unity of interest, and so have always a unity of action. They are the SLAVE POWER. Every ambitious and unscrupulous political adventurer pays court to that slave power, and employs its weapons to fight his own battles, while it employs him to achieve its victories—pays him with office, money, and “honor.” The individual States are the great obstacles in the way of this power; these Alpine mountains impede the march of its columns, and enable a few men to defend the liberties of great masses of men who would else have no unity of action.

Hence, the slave power continually attacks the State-rights of the North (and always carries the day); witness the two Fugitive Slave Bills of 1793 and 1850; witness Kane’s decision, in 1855, that a slave-holder could take his bondmen to any Northern State, spite of its laws. The Supreme Court is the weapon with which the slave power attacks these bulwarks of freedom and democracy, The people register its most wicked decrees.

Vermont made the earliest Personal Liberty Law, after the Fugitive Slave Bill passed in 1850. She promised to protect all who came within her fortress. Now she sends out a company to erect a little breastwork to strengthen the principal fort. Her conduct is like that of the Corporation of London in the seventeenth century; like that of Connecticut and Massachusetts in the eighteenth, which fell back on their Charters, as fortresses of their inalienable rights.

God bless you and keep you!

Respectfully yours,

T. P.

TO HON. W. H. SEWARD.

May 19, 1854.

DEAR SIR,—It seems to me that the country has now got to such a pass that the people must interfere, and take things out of the hands of the politicians who now control them, or else the American State will be lost. Allow me to show *in extenso* what I mean. Here are two distinct elements in the nation, viz. Freedom and Slavery. The two are hostile in nature, and therefore mutually invasive; both are organized in the institutions of the land. These two are not equilibrious; so the nation is not a figure of equilibrium. It is plain (to me) that these two antagonistic forms cannot long continue in this condition. There are three possible modes of adjusting the balance; all conceivable:—

1. There may be a separation of the two elements. Then each may form a whole, equilibrious, and so without that cause of dissolution in itself, and have a national unity of action, which is indispensable. Or,—

2. Freedom may destroy Slavery; then the whole nation continues as an harmonious whole, with national unity of action, the result of national unity of place. Or,—

3. Slavery may destroy Freedom, and then the nation become an integer—only a unit of despotism. This, of course, involves a complete revolution of all the national ideas and national institutions. It must be an industrial despotism; a strange anomaly. Local self-government must give place to centralization of national power; the State Courts be sucked up by that enormous sponge, the Supreme Court of the United States, and individual liberty be lost in the monstrous mass of democratic tyranny. Then America goes down to utter ruin, covered with worse shame than is heaped on Sodom and Gomorrah. For we also, with horrid indecency, shall have committed the crime against nature, in our Titanic lust of wealth and power.

1. Now I see no likelihood of the first condition being fulfilled. Two classes rule the nation; 1, the mercantile men, who want money, and 2, the political men, who want power. There is a strange unanimity between these two classes. The mercantile men want money as a means of power; the political men want power as a means of money. Well, while the Union affords money to the one and power to the other, both will be agreed, will work together to "save the Union." And as neither of the two has any great political ideas, or reverence for the higher law of God, both will unite in what serves the apparent interest of these two—that will be in favor of Slavery, and of centralized power. Every inroad which the Federal Government makes on the nation will be acceptable to these two classes.

2. Then, considering dissolution as out of the question, is Freedom likely to terminate Slavery? It was thought so by the founders of the Federal institutions, and by the people at large. Few steps were taken in that direction. The Ordinance of 1787, the Abolition of the African Slave-Trade; that is all. For forty-six years not a step!

3. The third condition is the one now most promising to end the matter. See the steps consummated, or only planned. 1, the

Gadsden Treaty; 2, the extension of Slavery into Nebraska; 3, the restoration of slavery to the Free States, either by "decision" of the Supreme Court, or legislation of Congress; 4, acquisition of Cuba, Hayti, &c., as a new arena for Slavery; 5, the re-establishment of the African Slave-Trade; 6, the occupancy of other parts of North America and South America. When all this is done there will be unity of action, unity of idea! "*Auferre, trucidare, rapire falsis nominibus imperium; atque ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant.*"

Now this must not be—it *must not be*. The nation must rouse itself. I have been waiting a long time for some event to occur which would blow so loud a horn that it should waken the North, startling the farmer at his plough, and the mechanic in his shop. I believe the time is coming; so I want to have a convention of all the Free States of Buffalo, on Tuesday, the 4th of July next, to consider the state of the Union, and to take measures, 1, to check, 2, to terminate, the enslavement of men in America.

I wish you would advise me in this matter; for I confess I look to you with a great deal of confidence in these times of such peril to freedom.

Believe me, respectfully and truly yours,
T. P.

TO GOV. N. P. BANKS, MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, October 23, 1855.

HON. MR. BANKS,—DEAR SIR,—A political party represents an idea which is advancing or receding in the people; so it is the provisional organization of that idea, preparatory to its ultimate organization in the stable institutions of the people. Just now there are two great ideas in the consciousness of the people, that of Slavery and that of Freedom. One represents the retrograde tendency, the other that of advancing civilization; the first party is well organized, rich, in official position, educated, and far-sighted, but it is cut off from the generous intuitions which will construct the future. The second party, resident in particular spots, exists in the young woods and mills on the rivers of Kansas, hardly more; it is ill-organized, has little political experience, with no official position save in exceptional and quite recent cases, but it is exceedingly powerful through the ideas and the seeds which spring up in the members, and which are so welcome to mankind. All the genius of America is on that side, all the womanly women. It will triumph.

Now you want to enable this party to obtain political power immediately, so that it may triumph forthwith, and, having the government in its hand, at once carry out its ideas, and restrict and destroy the great obstacle in the way of our national development. How shall we do it? that is the question.

Here are two things to consider:—1. What is the maximum of the new ideas which the people will accept in the next presidential election? And, 2. What is the minimum thereof with which you can obtain their confidence, and so their delegated trust?

Look at the last first.

1. Here is the minimum. (1.) A man whose general character and public life is of so noble and humane and faithful a stamp, that it shall be itself a programme of principles, and a guarantee that he will develop them into such measures as the new idea requires. The people believe in the continuity of personal character and personal conduct. They are right. It is easy to find a man who will support the programme with his promise, but unless his general life is a guarantee to that promise I would give nothing for it in him.

(2.) You next want a declaration of ideas, a platform which will sustain your man and your contemplated measures; that platform should contain the principle, the fundamental idea, out of which the action of the new party is to grow. There should be nothing hostile to this principle in the programme, and itself should be stated as clear as the leaders can conceive it, and the people accept and bear it. The amount of this will depend on the characters of these two, the leaders who prepare, and the people who are to accept. I think Mr. Chase has made a fatal error in declaring that Slavery in the States is sacred; it is hostile to the fundamental idea of the movement. Sumner has also erred in his watchword, *Freedom national and Slavery sectional*. I recognize the finality of no *sectional* Slavery even.

3. Now what is the maximum? The Declaration of Independence contains the programme of political principles for the conduct of the whole nation, expressed as clearly as the leaders could make their statement; there was no concealment. Now *my* way of dealing with the nation is this:—I lay down the principle as clearly as I can, demonstrating it ideally by the intuitions of human nature, and experimentally by the facts of human history, and then show what measures follow from it, and what consequences will attend them, as far as *I* can see. I do this because I aim at the general development of the people, and not at the immediate success of any special measure. So I always ask the people to know—(1) the point they start from; (2) the road they go by; (3) the point they aim at. But politicians act often on a different plan, and withhold some of those things from the people. My *maximum of communication* is my own *maximum of attainment*. If I were to lay the platform of the new party, I should fall back on the national declaration of self-evident and unalienable rights, and affirm the universal proposition that man cannot hold property in man. I should expect to fail in the great issue, but to secure such a vote that the fact would modify the opinions, at least the conduct, of the old party which conquered: and besides, by that announcement of the idea, and the consequent discussion, the whole people would be so educated, that before long there would be an intelligent acceptance thereof by the people, and a desirable victory would be obtained. I think the people would *now* bear and justify this idea—The abolition of Slavery wherever the Federal Government has the power. I doubt that the North will be content with less. On that proposition I think you can unite all the anti-slavery action of the nation, but on nothing less.

You know better than I whether Mr. Fremont reaches to the maximum and minimum as above. But a man like Van Buren or like Gardner will only harm us, and that for a long time.

Truly yours.

TO HON. HENRY WILSON.

Boston, Feb. 15, 1855.

DEAR MR. WILSON,—Ever since your election I have been trying to write you a long letter, but found no minute till now. Let me tell you frankly just how I feel about your election and your future prospects. If I had the power to put whom I would in the Senate, my first choice would have been C. F. Adams or S. C. Phillips—though for either I have not half the personal friendship I feel for you. After them you would have been my man before all others in the State. Besides, there is one reason why I wanted you before even either of them, viz. I wanted to see a shoemaker get right up off his bench and go to the Senate, and that from Massachusetts. I wish you had never been to any but a common school, for I want the nation to see what men we can train up in the public institutions of education which stand open for all.

You have done more than any political man in Massachusetts or New England—in the last ten years perhaps, certainly in the last seven—to liberalize and harmonize the actions of the political parties. We must thank you for much of the organization of the Free-Soil * party; for the revolution of the fogism of Harvard College; for the election of Charles Sumner, and for the Constitutional Convention, which was worth all the time, and toil, and money which it cost. There is only one thing which made me prefer C. F. A. or S. C. P. to you—here it is. You have been seeking for office with all your might. What makes it appear worse is, you have no mean thing or secretiveness, and so your efforts for office are obvious to all men. Now I don't like this hunting for office in foes; and yet less in my friends. But for this, you would always have been my first choice for the senatorship. As it is—I have seen many men friendly and hostile in all parts of the State, and done what I could to promote your election—for I know the others are out of the question. No man rejoices more in your success. Now let me tell you what I think are the dangers of your position, and also what noble things I expect of you.

1. Your success has been rapid and brilliant. If you do not become a little giddy and conceited, a little overbearing and disposed to swagger, then you resist the temptation which so mars almost all men who have a similar history. Look at almost all the rich men in Boston who started poor or obscure and became famous!

2. You are to live by politics—a costly life with little direct or honest pay, but with manifold opportunities to gain by fraud—private gifts, &c., &c. I think the peril of such a position is very great. See how Webster went to the ground in that way! “A gift perverteth judgment.” “Constructive mileage,” and such things, are tempting and ruinous.

3. You are popular and successful. You will perhaps look for office above office—for the highest: for nothing American is beyond American hope. Then come the dangers of compromise with your own

* The original designation of the Republican party—derived from the question of Freedom and Slavery in the Territories.

sense of right, and of all the evils which follow from that, crouching to the meanness of a party, or the whim of the moment.

It seems to me these are real dangers—and as a real friend I wish to point them out to you at the risk even of hurting your feelings. But it is better that I should tell you, than that you should not heed the peril till too late. Remember, besides, that I am a minister and must be allowed to *preach*.

Now for the noble things which I expect of you. By nature you are a very generous man, sympathizing with mankind in all lofty aspirations—a man of the people—with the popular instincts warm and powerful in you. I look to you as a champion of justice to all men; especially to the feeblest and most oppressed. I know you cannot fail to be faithful to this great question of Slavery. But your connection with the Know-Nothings makes me fear for other forms of justice. The Catholics are also men, the foreigners are men, and the world of America is wide and waste enough for them all. I hope you will never “give up to Know-Nothings what was meant for mankind.” What a noble stand Sumner has taken and kept in the Senate! He is one of the few who have grown morally as well as intellectually by his position in Congress. But his example shows that politics do not necessarily debase a man in two years. I hope the office may do as much for you as for your noble and generous colleague.

I hope, my dear Mr. Wilson, you will take this long sermon in the same friendly spirit it has been written in, and believe me now and ever,

Respectfully and truly yours.

TO REV. T. PARKER.

Senate Chamber, Feb. 28, 1855.

REV. THEO. PARKER,—DEAR SIR,—Some days ago I received two sermons from you, for which I am very thankful. I have not yet had time to read them, but I shall do so on my return home. I have read your kind letter, and you may be assured that I sincerely thank you for it. I shall keep it and often read it as the plain and frank views of a true friend. I have not time to write you now in regard to my intentions, but when I return I shall do so. I will say, however, that I shall give no votes here which will infringe upon the rights of any man, black or white, native or foreign.

Yours truly,
HENRY WILSON.

TO HON. HENRY WILSON.

Boston, July 7, 1855.

MY DEAR WILSON,—I cannot let another day pass by without sending you a line—all I have time for—to thank you for the noble service you have done for the cause of Freedom. You stand up most manfully and heroically, and do battle for the right. I do not know

how to thank you enough. You do nobly at all places, all times. If the rest of your senatorial term be like this part, we shall see times such as we only wished for but dared not hope as yet. There is a North, a real North, quite visible now.

God bless you for your services, and keep you ready for more!

Heartily yours,

T. P.

TO REV. T. PARKER.

Natick, July 23, 1855.

REV. THEODORE PARKER,—DEAR SIR,—On my return from a trip to the West I found your very kind note of July 7, and I need not tell you that I read it with grateful emotions. Your approbation—the approbation of men like yourself, whose lives are devoted to the rights of human nature, cannot but be dear to me. I only regret that I have been able to do so little for the advancement of the cause our hearts love and our judgments approve, that I have not ability to do all that my heart prompts. I hope, however, my dear sir, to do my duty in every position in which I may be placed, if not with the ability which the occasion demands, at least with a stout heart that shrinks not from any danger.

I sometimes read over the letter you were so kind as to send to me when I first took my seat in the Senate. You dealt frankly with me in that letter, and I thank you for it, and I hope to be better and wiser for it. I shall endeavor while in the Senate to act up to my convictions of duty, to do what I feel to be right. If I can so labor as to advance the cause of universal and impartial liberty in the country, I shall be content, whether my action meets the approbation of the politicians or not. I never have, and I never will, sacrifice that cause to secure the interests of any party or body of men on earth. The applause of political friends is grateful to the feelings of every man in public life, especially if he is bitterly assailed by political enemies, but the approbation of his own conscience is far dearer to him.

Last year, after the attempt was made to repeal the prohibition of Slavery in Kansas and Nebraska, the people of the North began to move, and from March to November the friends of freedom won a series of victories. The moment the elections were over in the North, I saw that an effort was to be made by the American organization to arrest the anti-slavery movement. When I arrived at Washington, I was courted and flattered by the politicians. I was even told that I might look to any position if I would aid in forming a national party. I saw that men who had been elected to Congress by the friends of freedom were ready to go into such a movement. I was alarmed. I saw that one of three things must happen—that the anti-slavery men must ignore their principles to make a national party; or they must fight for the supremacy of those principles, and impose them upon the organization, which would drive off the Southern men; or they must break up the party. I came home with the determination to carry the convention if I could; to have it take a moderate but positive anti-slavery position. If not, I determined that it should be broken at the June Council, so that the

friends of freedom might have time to rally the people. Since my return in March, I have travelled more than nine thousand miles, written hundreds of letters, and done all I could to bring about what has taken place. But the work is hardly begun. Our anti-slavery friends have a mighty conflict on hand for the next sixteen months. It will demand unwavering resolution, dauntless courage, and ceaseless labor, joined with kindness, moderation, and patience. The next Congress will be the most violent one in our history; it will try our firmness. I hope our friends will meet the issues bravely, and if violence and bloodshed come, let us not falter, but do our duty, even if we fall upon the floors of Congress.

At Philadelphia, for eight days, I met the armed, drunken bullies of the Black Power, without shrinking, and I hope to do so at the next session of Congress, if it shall be necessary. We must let the South understand that threats of dissolving the Union, of civil war, or personal violence, will not deter us from doing our whole duty.

I want to see you some day when you can give me an hour or two, for the purpose of consultation in regard to affairs.

Yours truly,

HENRY WILSON.

FROM MR. SUMNER TO MR. PARKER.

Senate Chamber, Feb. 6, 1852.

* * * * *

Read my speech on Lands.* The Whig press is aroused, but I challenge it. I have the satisfaction of knowing that my argument has been received as original and unanswerable. The attack of the *Advertiser* attests its importance.

I shall always be glad to hear from you, and shall value your counsels.
Ever yours.

TO MR. SUMNER.

Boston, Feb. 9, 1852.

I thank you for your vote on the Office Limitation Bill.† It was eminently just. I like the leading ideas of your speech on the Public Lands also very much. Some of the details of your scheme I am not sure about, because I am not familiar enough with the facts of the case to judge. But the main idea I thank you for with all my heart.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, Feb. 21, 1852.

This is a queer world, and Boston is one of the queerest places in it. Well, here is something that you ought to know, just to remind you of

* In favor of appropriating public lands to the building of railroads in the States where they lie.—*Congress Globe*, 1st Session, 32nd Congress. Appendix, p. 134.

† Proposing to limit commissions in the Navy of the United States hereafter to the term of ten years.—*Congress Globe*, Vol. XXIV., Part I. p. 448.

the *religious* character of this goodly and godly city. —, D.D., &c., &c., said of your Land speech, “it betrays the instinct of the demagogue, and is evidently designed to gain popularity at the West.”

He that condemns after that sort enables one to see the motives which animate him.

* * * * *

By the way, here is a good *mot* of Samuel J. May. The wardens of King’s Chapel sent him their new edition of the Litany, and May replies: “You have made great improvements in the paper, printing, and binding—all that is beautiful. But I don’t see the same progress in the matter of the book, or indication of progress in the prayers. You still confess yourselves “miserable sinners.” Now, it is not a good plan to be always *saying* this; if you are so, confess it once, and mend the matter, and be done with it. I don’t think, however, that all of you are “miserable sinners.” But I think some of you are, *e. g.* the man who voted for the Fugitive Slave Bill, I think, *is* a “miserable sinner.”

Yours faithfully,
THEODORE PARKER.

The following note to Dr. S. G. Howe, expresses a temporary dissatisfaction with Mr. Sumner, which was shared by some members of the Free-Soil party, and by many anti-slavery men in 1852, because he seemed to shrink from speaking. At that time an anti-slavery senator was without influence or significance in Washington; his presence was barely tolerated since he brought credentials of a legal election. And if he undertook to arraign in speech the institution which was governing the country, indifference was changed to contempt and hatred.

Mr. Sumner’s scholarly reserve saved him from a premature and incompetent assumption of the great part which he has played; but he was only studying the ground, and watching for an opportunity.

TO DR. S. G. HOWE.

DEAR CHEV.,*—Do you see what imminent deadly peril poor Sumner is in? If he does not speak, then he is *dead—dead—dead!* His course is only justifiable by success, and just now the success seems doubtful, and is certainly far more difficult than months ago. Think of the scorn with which —, and —, and their crew, will treat him, if he returns without having done his duty! Think of the indignation of the Free-Soilers!

T. P.

* *Chevalier*, for such a friend, was a fortunate designation.

FROM MR. SUMNER TO MR. PARKER.

Senate Chamber, Aug. 11, 1852.

I must at least acknowledge your letter of friendship and admonition.

I will not argue the question of past delay. To all that can be said on that head there is this explicit answer. With a heart full of devotion to our cause, in the exercise of my best discretion, and on the advice or with the concurrence of friends, I have waited. It may be that this was unwise, but it was honestly and sincerely adopted, with a view to serve the cause. Let this pass.

You cannot desire a speech from me more than I desire to make one. I came to the Senate, on my late motion,* prepared for the work, hoping to be allowed to go on, with the promise of leaders from all sides that I should have a hearing. I was cut off. No chance for courtesy. I must rely upon my rights.

You tell me not to wait for the Civil Appropriation Bill. I know, dear Parker, that it is hardly within the range of possibilities that any other Bill should come forward before this Bill to which my Amendment can be attached. For ten days we have been on the Indian Appropriation Bill. With this the Fugitive Slave Bill is not germane.

The Civil Appropriation Bill will probably pass the House to-day. It will come at once to the Senate—be referred to the Committee on Finance, be reported back by them with amendments. After the consideration of these amendments of the committee, *and not before*, my chance will come. For this I am prepared, with a determination equal to your own. All this delay is to me a source of grief and disappointment. But I know my heart; and I know that sincerely, singly, I have striven for the cause.

You remember the picture in the "Ancient Mariner" of the ship in the terrible calm? In such a calm is my ship at this moment; I cannot move it. But I claim the confidence of friends, for I know that I deserve it.

* * * * *

Mason said to me this morning, "I see my friend Theodore Parker

* On the 27th of July, Mr. Sumner moved that the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to consider the expediency of reporting a Bill for the immediate repeal of the Fugitive Slave Bill. But the Whig and Democratic parties at their recent Presidential conventions had declared the finality of the compromises, and, in the spirit of these resolutions, Mr. Sumner was refused an opportunity to discuss his proposition. At a later day he seized an occasion which offered, when, by a timely motion, he was able to secure a hearing. At the beginning of his speech, he thus alluded to the earlier obstructions:—

"And now at last, among these final crowded days of our duties here, but at this earliest opportunity, I am to be heard; not as a favor but as a right. The graceful usages of this body may be abandoned, but the established privileges of debate cannot be abridged. Parliamentary courtesy may be forgotten, but parliamentary law must prevail. The subject is broadly before the Senate. By the blessing of God it shall be discussed."—*Congress Globe*, 1st Session, 32nd Congress, Appendix, p. 1102. It has been discussed.

is after you. The *Liberator* also calls Butler an *overseer*.* How gross the interpretation by the *Liberator* of the little *sotto voce* between Butler and myself. He stood in front of my desk when he spoke. I had no purpose of discussing the South Carolina laws, and promptly said so. There is a time for all things.

TO THE SAME.

Washington, Saturday Evening.

* * * * *

In my course I have thought little what people would say, whether Hunkers or Free-Soilers, but how I could most serve the cause. This consciousness sustains me now while I hear reports of distrust, and note the gibes of the press.

Nothing but death, or deadly injustice, overthrowing all rule, can prevent me from speaking. In waiting till I did, I was right.

Ever yours.

TO MR. SUMNER.

West Newton, Sept. 6, 1852.

MY DEAR SUMNER,—You have made a grand speech, well researched, well arranged, well written, and, I doubt not, as well delivered. It was worth while to go to Congress and make such a speech in the Senate. I think you never did anything better as a work of art, never anything more timely. This, so far as you are concerned, will elevate you in the esteem of good men (American as well as European) as a man, an orator, and statesman.

You have now done what I all along said you would do, though I lamented you did not do it long ago.

Now, I look for some brave speeches from you in the State of Massachusetts; not one or two only, but many. Of course you are expected to speak at the convention at Lowell, and the ratification meeting at Boston. But there is a deal to do in Massachusetts this autumn. I thought you did not quite do your duty in 1850-1. If Rantoul and Mann had not been elected, we should have stood in a sad predicament in Congress. If Mann, and some others had relaxed their efforts, the State would have gone very differently, and all its strongholds would have been in the hands of the Hunkers.

Who shall take the place of Rantoul, and (now) of Fowler, who was a brave, good man? It seems to me there was never so much to be done as now.

There is one thing that I think may be brought about. I think we may elect Mann for Governor, and such a Governor no State ever had. I want to talk with you about that and many other things.

While I thank you so heartily for all that you have done, I hope you will remember that you have enlisted for the whole war, and fight new battles, and gain new triumphs to yourself and your cause. I had

* Referring to a remark of Mr. Butler, addressed to Mr. Sumner, which crept into the papers.

not seen a copy of your speech in full till to-day, and did not know when you will be anywhere, or I should have written you before.

Thanks for the documents. I hope to get the President's Message, and the report on Utah by-and-by. I shall come to see you soon, as you are in town.

Good bye.

T. P.

FROM MR. SUMNER.

Washington, Dec. 17, 1852.

I await the corrected edition of your sermon,* which has produced everywhere a profound impression. The writers for the Washington Union have all read it, and Pryor,† the young Virginian, who has been placed in this establishment as the representative of Mason, Hunter, and Meade, read it through twice, and then announced to his friends that there was but one course for them, viz., "to maintain that Slavery is an unmixed good."

I hope some good friend in Boston will feel able to send a copy of the corrected edition to every member of Congress.

Ever yours.

The next letter alludes to the hostility of the slave-holding majority in the Senate, who controlled the organization through the sympathy of the presiding officer, who is the Vice-President of the United States. He had habitually left the Republican Senators off from the important committees.

TO HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Boston, Dec. 20, 1852.

I am not at all sorry that Hale and the rest of you are left off from the committees. I am glad of it. It is one of the most foolish measures they could adopt. It is proclaiming this fact to the world:—In the Senate of the United States there is but one party; that it is the party of Slavery; it has two divisions—the *côté droit* and the *côté gauche*, the Democrat and the Whig. If a man is hostile to Slavery, seeks to hinder it from becoming federal, and national, and universal, he is not fit to serve on a committee of the Senate of "the freest and most enlightened nation of the earth"; he is to be cut off as an "unhealthy member"! It is always a good thing to drive a man to a declaration of his principles, and to an exhibition of them in act: I love to see a pirate gibbet himself at his own cost.

What Lord Carlisle says of you, on the one side, and what the United States Senate does with you on the other, will look nicely side by side on the pages of some future Bancroft or Hallam.

The Devil is said to be very old, but he must have been a sad child to

* On Mr. Webster.

† Afterwards representative in Congress and General in the Rebel Army.

have got no wiser after such experience. He is still an ass. Justice is the Ass's Bridge at which the poor Devil halts, and cannot budge an inch to get over.

TO MR. SUMNER.

March 5, 1854.

It is Sunday afternoon—yes, evening. I am waiting for a company of philanthropists to come and devise means to help the poor girls in the streets of Boston who are on the way to the brothel. I am sick, too, and have been tormented with rheumatism—on my sofa all the week; but I can't wait longer before thanking you for your brave and noble speech. It was Sumner all over. God bless you! I hope you will always keep the integrity of your own consciousness. We shall be beaten, *beaten*, BEATEN!—I take it, but must fight still.

I will send you a sermon of mine in a day or two.* If the Nebraska Bill passes, I have a scheme on foot which I will tell you of in time

Good bye.

TO SIDNEY HOMER.

April, 24, 1854.

I think we shall not disagree about the matter of Slavery. I feel no ill-will against the slave-holders. I have townsmen there who are slave-holders, nay, *relations*, who have been slave-holders ever since this century came in.† I hate the *institution* only. But we must end it; the two, Slavery and Freedom, cannot exist together in America, more than hawks and hens in the same coop. But so long as we send men like Everett to Congress, why, the South will drive us to the wall, and despise us—not unjustly. When the painted Jezebels of the North, male, not less than female, political, ecclesiastical, ceremonial, literary, will support Slavery, why, the South must despise us!

I have taken the *Richmond Examiner* ‡ for a year and more, to see what the South has to say on Slavery. I read all the Southern hooks on that theme, even the sermons. I am now writing a little book on the Commercial, &c., Effects of Slavery in the United States, from 1840 to 1850. It will be cyphering—political economy in the main.

* "Some Thoughts on the New Assault upon Freedom in America." Feb. 12, 1854.

† An Isaac Parker, seaman, was the witness whom Clarkson found, by accident, after extraordinary exertions to get hold of somebody who could testify to the point of armed boats going up the African river, to kidnap men.—"Hist. Slave Trade, II., 177." Was he too a relative?

‡ Edited then by John M. Daniel, since Chargé des Affaires at Turin, and now again (1861) editor of the same paper, one of the ablest upon the side of Secession. Mr. Daniel was the only Southern editor, we believe, who published in full Mr. Parker's Discourse on Daniel Webster, not without animadversions from Southern quarters. But he is understood to have thought it worth publishing on account of its prevailing truthfulness, which indeed, many other Southern politicians acknowledged.

The next letter was written on occasion of Mr. Sumner's first attempt to resume his seat in the Senate after the assault made upon him by Mr. Brooks:—

TO MR. SUMNER.

R.R. Cars, Conn. River, February 27, 1857.

MY DEAR SUMNER,—God be thanked you are in your place once more! There has not been an anti-slavery speech made in Congress, unless by Giddings, since you were carried out of it; not one. Now that you bear yourself back again, I hope to hear a blast on that old war-trumpet which shall make the North ring again and the South tremble. How mean the Republicans look now-a-days! Think of Wilson wanting to have "these negro discussions stop." What worse did Webster ever say in his drunkenness and wrath? I wish I could inspire into you a little of my bodily strength just now, for a day or two. Now is the time for a blow, and such a blow!

God bless you!

THEODORE PARKER.

TO MR. PARKER.

March 1, 1857.

I have sat in my seat only on one day. After a short time the torment to my system became great, and the cloud began to gather over my brain. I tottered out, and took to my bed. I long to speak, but I cannot. Sorrowfully I resign myself to my condition.

* * * * *

Had I an internal consciousness of strength, I might brave these professional menaces; but my own daily experience, while it satisfies me of my improvement, shows the subtle and complete overthrow of my powers organically, from which I can hope to recover only most slowly, *per intervalla ac spiramenta temporis*.

What I can say must stand adjourned to another day. Nobody can regret this so much as myself, and my unhappiness will be increased if I have not your sympathy in this delay.

I may die; but if I live, a word shall be spoken in the Senate which shall tear Slavery open from its chops to its heel—from its bully chops down to its coward heel!

Till then, patience.

Ever yours.

I fear that you are too harsh upon Wilson, and I fear that you and others will help undermine him by furnishing arguments to the lukewarm and to Hunkers. Bear this in mind, and be gentle.

TO THE SAME.

New York, Brevoort Hotel, March 5, 1858.

Your speech is beautiful, exhaustive, forcible, great; but why did you have that tail-piece, *desinit in piscem*?

What is doing in Massachusetts? Is everybody asleep? No resolutions *vs.* Lecompton! No persistent daily pushing of the requisition for the discharge of Loring! No inquiry why Massachusetts money and hospitality went to welcome a slave-hunter at Bunker Hill! *

I range daily in the alcoves of Astor, more charming than the gardens of Boccaccio, and each hour a Decameron. Thus I try for comfort in my enforced quietude. But my time is fast coming. I am almost at the end—surely, surely!

TO MR. SUMNER.

March 15, 1858.

Many thanks for your kind letter. It always does me good to see your handwriting even, if nothing more. I know my speech *desinit in piscem*, but I meant it should do so, for the caudal termination is for the slave-holder. By that termination I meant to express my utter contempt for their threat of disunion. I should like to stand in the Senate, and *there* reply to some of their stuff. What a noble opportunity Foster (of Conn.) let slip the other day, when he was catechized on the "Republican Form of Government" of Slave States. I would have given sixpence for the opportunity he had. Men say slavery was consistent with a republican form of government in Athens and Rome. No doubt of it, with the meaning of *republican* at that time. So Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac was "imputed to him for righteousness."

TO REV. W. R. ALGER.

Boston, Newton Corner, July 7, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. ALGER,—I shall not go to bed to-night without a line to you. I see by the newspapers which I have just read what the aldermen have done. They don't wish the people to face any kind of music, not even on Independence Day. Let me thank you for the brave, independent, timely, and wise discourse which you gave us on the Fourth.

You will long have the thanks of honest men for your words then spoken, and welcomed by the better and, I judge, the larger, part of the audience. If it is worth while to observe the day at all, except with fireworks, and spectacles, and dinners, *panem ac circenses!* then let the ideas of the Declaration be set forth, and the facts of our condition be compared therewith. In my day there have been four other addresses worthy of the day, one by Sprague, Mann, Sumner, and Whipple. Mann's and Sumner's were works which made a mark.

* Alludes to the municipal deference paid to the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill. See below, a letter to Rev. Mr. Alger.

Now, in a time of extreme peril, you have looked the facts of our condition fairly in the face, and told the people there were two changes to be met: the *despotic Church* of the Irish, the *despotic State* of the slaveholders. A little clique of men, haberdashers in trade and haberdashers in politics, had just advertised their wares and their principles, on the 17th June, by inviting the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill to come and "call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker's Hill monument." You did right in speaking of the act as "complimentary flunkeyism." I thank you for it. It was a brave, true word.

I know it is not quite pleasant to find such virulent assaults made on you—attacks by the newspapers, attacks by the aldermen. But there is no help for it. You must take hard licks if you would do manly service. I hope you are ready to endure what comes. Hitherto your course has been all prosperous.

If the ministers follow the instinct of their tribe and their individual habit, pray don't be discouraged. There is a To-morrow after To-day, and an Infinite God, to whom belongs truth, justice, and eternity.

Yours faithfully,

THEO. PARKER.

TO HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Boston, March 28, 1858.

MY DEAR SUMNER,—The session of the General Court is over; it has done good and ill. But, on the whole, so far as Slavery is concerned, it has left us worse than it found us. Banks removed Loring; he could do no less; he dared do no less when the alternative was to remove him directly, or directly refuse to do so.

There was the fixed determination of the people in the State; there were his own words, uttered in private, but intended to affect and control the public vote. He could not avoid removing him when the question came. But look at this:—

1. He tried to dodge the question by speaking of Loring in a general way with all the other probate judges. He and his party, represented by Duncan of Haverhill, Vose of Springfield, Charles Hale, &c., thought they could play that game. But (1) the Anti-Slavery Convention, and (2) the Democrats, showed the folly of that attempt, and drew the eyes of the people upon the Governor. It was said, "He and his party don't dare do it!" But, finding he must do it,—

2. He deprived the act of all moral significance whatever by the manner he did it in. He might have removed Loring without giving any reasons, and that would have been "*safe*," or by giving the two which were really cogent:—(1.) That Loring held an office in violation of the statute of the State made to meet such cases; and (2) that he had done an inhuman and wicked act, which outraged the sense of the people, and which went to the overthrow of all which it is the business of legislation to uphold and support—that he declared a man to be a piece of property. This had been noble.

Now, Banks did neither the one nor the other; he expressly disclaims all reference to the act of Loring, which had thus outraged the moral sense of the people, and led to the passage of the very law which

removed him, and then recommends the destruction of the Act that forbids kidnapping in Massachusetts!

The animus of Banks is plain enough; but, depend upon it, he will "take nothing by that motion." All the Hunkers hate him for removing Loring; they also despise him for the cowardly way in which he made the removal. Of course they see the hollowness of the act.

Banks' message is poor in substance and shabby in form. It does him no honor now, and will damage him much hereafter. Nobody can foresee what the course of events will be between now and next October and November. But I think he came in with a smaller majority this last autumn.

Of course he looks for some Federal office in 1860, 1864, or 1868. But if the anti-slavery tide is not high enough by that time to float a craft of respectable tonnage, then there is no hope for him at all, and if it be high enough, then it is a great thing for a man to have his ship ballasted with anti-slavery Acts, the flag of liberty long flying at his masthead. Banks don't see this. Does Chase? Does Seward? Why not? It takes conscience to see the right; intellect won't do it. The best ears in the world never perceive a rainbow, nor even the sun rise; but the eyes of any little girl see both.

God bless you and your eyes!

THEODORE PARKER.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, May 6, 1853.

MY DEAR SUMNER,—I have not anything special to say, but as you are most of the time in my thoughts I shall let a little note slip from under my pen. So the Administration has carried its point in the House of Representatives. I thought it would be so. Will it be as successful in Kansas? A territory is normally with the Administration which has the power for a considerable time. I mean, in the general way, by the *norm of time*, not the norm of justice, the Administration controls all the offices, buys up the able men who are in the market, has lots of money in its diffusive hands. All Danaës whom this Jupiter Nebulosus rains gold upon, will bear children like their sire. See how it is in Oregon; the slave-holder whistles and all the Territory runs at once. But when Oregon is a State we shall see quite other things. From the point of view of mere vulgar statecraft, Seward is correct in his vote to let her in. But from the grand standpoint of Eternal Right, which is universal expediency for all time in all place, Wilson and Hale were right. I should have voted as they; so would you also. There are two courses for the Kansas men to pursue or choose between:—

1. The pure moral course, *i. e.* to put their new Leavenworth constitution through by their votes, organize under it, and set up their State. If need be, let them cast their bullets and shoulder their guns, make ready, and take aim; it won't be necessary to fire. They can't come in as a State this Congress; but in 1858 we choose a new House of Representatives. The Northern men who voted for Lecompton will go where their predecessors went after voting for Douglas's Kansas-Nebraska

Bill. The new House of Representatives will make better terms to the Free States than the present House offers to the Slave States. In 1859-60, the outgoing, defeated, and despised Administration of Buchanan won't have the power of bribery, which now enables him to buy up so many Northern men. The Senate will be glad to have Kansas in the Union, and so out of the presidential campaign; and she will come in free and glorious.

2. The pure politic way. Repudiate their own new constitution now, accept the Lecompton constitution with the bribe, come in at once, then repudiate Lecompton, put up the Leavenworth constitution, and be a Free State.

The first is immensely the better way; it is honest, clear, and straightforward. I have not much confidence in the Northern Free-State men in Kansas. Robinson is a humbug, Pomeroy is ditto, and Jim Lane is Jim Lane; Conway is a noble fellow, about as faithful as Phillips and Garrison. But the *auri sacra fames* misleads the most of them. The Land Fever is more contagious than the Presidential Fever, and equally fatal to the moral powers.

Banks behaves pretty well as Governor, and will be of much service to us. I think how admirably Wilson has borne himself all winter and all the spring.

Yours ever,

T. P.

TO THE HON. HORACE MANN.

Boston, October 19, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send you the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, only one I have. It may not be the one I borrowed of you. My head has been so ill lately, and I so busy with matters not to be deferred, that I have not been able to do much in reference to the libel matter. There are some of the things which have occurred to me as worth thinking of—the language of Cicero, in the old Roman Republic, against Verres. You will see the passages pointed out in the well-studied article of Smith's Classical Dict., Art. "Verres." There are some nice points of resemblance between that hog and Mr. —; and also Cicero's oration against Piso (see his article in Smith, Vol. III. p. 372 *et seq.*), and against Antony. The last is not so applicable perhaps; but it shows what license of speech was deemed proper in "the last great man whom Rome never feared." I should not want to make any comparison of — with Antonius, but with Verres it is proper to compare him.

I am sorry that I am so little read in controversies; but, though I have the reputation, I believe, of washing down my dinner with nice old sulphuric acid, and delighting to spear down men with a jest, and to quarrel with all sorts of people, I never read two theological controversies through in my life. Things of a truculent sort may be found in Milton—I will look them up—in Horsley's Tracts, in controversy with Priestley; in Whitman's controversy with Stuart. The papers

relating to Stuart I have not found as yet. Have you a copy of the *Anti-Jacobin*, in which Canning and the others wrote?

Junius, of course, presents a rich reaping for any one; so do Brougham's speeches; so the *London Quarterly Review*—say in the time when Gifford was the editor. Then the political writings of America, in the time just before the Revolution, and still more before and at the beginning of "the late war."

The trial of John Philip Zenger for libel, at New York, in 1735, is one that offers some nice points. I have not read it since 1836; but it is in the State Trials, and is remarkable for many reasons. I am sorry that I am just now so pressed with work that I have little time at command, but am not less

Truly yours,

THEO. PARKER.

TO HON. J. P. HALE.

Boston, December 19, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. HALE,—Thank you for the good words the telegraph tells of your saying. Send me a *Globe* now and then which contains the words themselves. I am sorry to notice the timidity of the Republican men, not discussing "the relation of master and slave," declaring it is not their intention ever to interfere with Slavery in the States! It is my intention as soon as I can get the power. I will remember the guarantees of the Constitution as well as the compromises! But I write only to ask you to write me what you twice told of the talk with Toombs, when he said the slave-holder would call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill.

God bless you!

THEO. PARKER.

FROM HON. J. P. HALE.

Washington, December 23, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,—As you have requested me to furnish you with an account of the conversation which I had with Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, in relation to the appearance of the slave-holder and his slaves on Bunker Hill, I shall do it. When I first heard the remark, and when I first mentioned it to you, I had no idea of meeting it again, but since it has been made public, and various versions of it have been made, I will give you the conversation as nearly as I can from memory. I do not like to be put in the ungracious attitude of retailing for political purposes, the private conversations I may have had with gentlemen, whether members of the Senate or not. The conversation with Mr. Toombs was not such as to be considered of a confidential character, nor are my relations with Mr. Toombs such as to warrant the assumption of such a conversation between us.

With this preface I will give you, as nearly as I can recollect, the remarks of Mr. Toombs.

He said that the discussions at the North on the subject of Slavery, instead of having weakened or shaken the institution, had had a directly

contrary effect on the public mind, both North and South. That the examination of the institution which has been induced by this anti-slavery agitation had had the effect to strengthen the rightfulness and propriety of the institution in the minds of Southerners, and that the same, he had no doubt, was true of the North; and it was in connection with this growth of public opinion at the North favorable to the institution of slavery, that he made the remark that I should see the slave-holder and his slaves on Bunker Hill. This is the substance of the conversation. The precise phraseology, of course, I do not pretend to recollect, but that I have given you the substance I am entirely certain.

With much respect, very truly your friend,

JOHN P. HALE.

TO MR. HALE.

Boston, April 24, 1858.

MY DEAR HALE,—Thank you for writing me so. I have often wanted thus to address you, and sometimes have done it. But I am a little afraid of the "Hon. Gentleman from New Hampshire," the "Hon. Senator." Did not I vote for him once for President?

It is Saturday night now. I have done my sermon, and girded up my loins for to-morrow. Last Sunday I preached on the Infinite Power of God; to-morrow I try the Infinite Wisdom of God, then the Infinite Justice, and at length the Infinite Love. I delight in writing and preaching. No poet has more joy in his song than I in my sermons. I wish I could preach at the House of Representatives. But (1) the House of Representatives would not let me. (2.) I could not come this year. May 31, I go to the Progressive Friends in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and I do not like to be away more than once in a season. I did think of a trip to Washington, and attending the Scientific Association at Baltimore, but I give it up for the Friends.

I am glad you like my revival sermons. They sold 10,000 in ten days, and the demand still continues. They were stereotyped in forty-eight hours after they were preached; but they struck off 5000 copies before they stopped the press to stereotype the matter. I have another I will send you in a day or two, preached two months ago.

I want an Executive Document on the Mexican Boundary, a great quarto volume.

I wish you could magnetize Banks with your great generous honesty; why cannot you? He appointed Parker, the kidnapper's counsel in the Burns case, as his aid. Turned out Loring and appointed the kidnapper's counsel! I do not believe he has ever repented that crime,—I mean Parker! He changed his measures, not his principles I fear. Besides, Banks turns men out of office for mere party motives, and puts worse men in. He is too much of a man to lose. I feel great interest in his welfare and wish somebody would help him. I wonder who are his cronies?

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE PARKER.

What can we do for poor noble Sumner?

TO THE SAME.

Boston, May 12, 1858.

Now a word about Kansas. There are two modes of action for Kansas independence. I. The political course: to accept the Lecompton Constitution, with its bribes; organize under it, but with free State men for its officers. They are in the Union. Next, repudiate that constitution, and make a new one. I find that recommended, but I object to it. 1. It is fraudulent. 2. It can't succeed, as there are seven chances against it to three in its favor (the Government will declare the slavery men elected, &c.). 3. It is false to the friends of Kansas, who have reported her as a virtuous young lady in love with a nice young man, and hostile to the miserable old curmudgeon, her guardian has tried to coax, and then to drive, and finally to bully her into marrying. Now, if both suitors come with her into the meeting-house, and then she chooses the old rich miser, consummates the marriage, gets the settlements fixed as her absolute and exclusive property as *femme sole*, and then runs off with her "nice young man," and squats on the estate conveyed to her by the defrauded husband, I think her reputation is gone, and won't come back "till the kye come home," and her family will be blown upon.

II. The moral course: to accept the new Leavenworth Constitution; organize under it, repudiate the Lecompton and all its works; drill their soldiers, cast their bullets, shoot at targets with "Lecompton" on them, painted either as Old Nick, or Old Buck, and be ready. There will be no fighting, or need of it; only need to be ready to fight, though Kansas will not come into the Union in 1858, or in the winter of 1859. But next autumn a new House of Representatives must be chosen. The Lecompton men of the North will go where the Kansas-Nebraska men went in 1854 and 1856. The defeated and outgoing Administration will not have the means to bribe as in 1857-8. The House will let in Kansas, with yet more generous grants than the Democrats have offered her as bribe for slavery. The Presidential and Senatorial Executive will be glad to get rid of the mischief, and have a clear field for the election battle in the autumn of 1860. So Kansas may be in the Union before Christmas, 1859. She must say "No" to the old lecher who wants to add her to his harem; "Yes" to the young man whom she loves (and he loves her); she will have fortune enough by-and-bye. I meant to have said that in a speech at New York, but rheumatism hindered. I will let it off at Boston in the Anti-Slavery Convention.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE PARKER.

TO HON. S. P. CHASE.

Boston, March 16, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you heartily for your kind letter of the 12th. It was more welcome for the *admonition* than even for the com-

mendation it contained. I thank you *heartily* for the admonition.* But, (1), the introduction of my peculiar views in this matter will do no harm to the special matter in hand. It will only, as I think, prejudice men against *me*, not in favor of the general wickedness, *slavery*, or the special sin, the enslavement of Nebraska. It is of small consequence to me whether I am unpopular or not. I have nothing to hope from popular favors, and, thank God, I fear nothing from popular frowns.

2. I have studied this matter of the Divine origin of the Bible and the Divine Nature of Jesus of Nazareth all my life. If I understand anything it is that. I say there is no evidence—external or internal—to show that the Bible or Jesus had anything miraculous in their origin or nature, or anything divine in the sense that word is commonly used. The common notion on this matter I regard as an error—one, too, most *fatal to the development of mankind*. Now, in all my labors I look to the general development of mankind, as well as to the removal of every such special sin as *American Slavery*, as *war*, *drunkenness*, &c., therefore I introduce my *general principle* along with my *special measures*. I become personally unpopular, *hated* even; but the *special measures* go forward obviously; the *general principle* enters into the public ear, the public mind, and what is true of it will go into the heart of mankind, and do its work. I think I work prudently—I know I do not *rashly*, and without consideration.

Here let me say that the thing I value most in a man is *fidelity to his own nature*, to his mind and conscience, heart and soul. The integrity of consciousness is to me above all outside agreements or disagreements. So I can esteem a man as much for disagreeing with me as agreeing.

Allow me also to mention the admiration and esteem I feel for you. Your whole career, so far as I know it, is most honorable—eminently manly—religious. Sumner told me your argument in the *Van Zandt case* was the ablest forensic paper ever prepared in America. My judgment in such matters is not worth much; but it is the ablest I ever saw; not inferior to the *great* English arguments. I know not why the *Times* omitted all I also said of you at Fanueil Hall. It was clumsily said, with no premeditation—the whole speech was *impromptu*. But this was part of it, that the outer man showed as much intellect as Webster (his picture was behind me), and his (Mr. Chase's) whole aspect and history proved that his heart was even better than his head.

I think you and I take the same view of the Independent Democratic party. I assent to all in your letters thereon. I often, at public meetings, have set forth the same opinion. But I confine myself more to disseminating the *ideas* of political morality, &c., than to organizing men into political parties. When the idea has hold of the public mind, I hope to help organize men about the principle for the sake of some measures thence derived.

I thought of making my statement of the encroachments of the slave spirit more minute, by enumerating numerous other advances, but I feared

* Mr. Chase had deprecated the introduction of Mr. Parker's theological views in connection with the purely moral points of Anti-slavery.

to weaken the faggot by putting too many sticks in it for the withe to hold. I wish some one would make a special history of the whole thing—like Mr. Newman's "Crimes of the House of Hapsburg."

As soon as I get the census of 1850, I mean to write a book on the "General Influences and Special Effects of Slavery in the United States from 1840 to 1850." If you can send me any *documents*, State or National, or *hints* thereto, I shall be much obliged to you.

Believe me ever, gratefully and truly yours,

THEO. PARKER.

TO THE SAME.

Newton Corner, near Boston, July 25th, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,—I believe I think more highly of you than you of yourself; for I *do* consider you a great man and a great statesman. I have always expected great things and noble things of you; always shall, and such only. If you are not a great statesman, then who is? and what is the standard to measure men by? I have rejoiced in your many manly and noble deeds—done in times of trial, too—and in the well-deserved honors you have won. I am a minister, and so may easily be supposed to have that sort of *stupid blindness* which so often belongs to the profession. But I am not so stupid as to believe that great offices can be filled, in such times as these, without occasional mistakes and errors, even in great men; and I am glad you wrote me the letter which came a day or two since, for it gives me an opportunity to mention two things which I complained of in the speech at New York, which lay heavy on me.

1. Of the letter in which you accepted the nomination to the Governorship of Ohio.

2. Of the fact that you let the United States kidnappers take off Margaret Garner, after she had broken the laws of your State by killing her own child.

When the letter was first written we all talked it over—I mean your friends in N. E. I spoke with the most suspicious of them; some had been *Whigs*, some *Democrats*, some Know-Nothings. They all thought it was a "backing down;" that it weakened the usual effect of your noble course. Some thought, however, it was made for "buncombe," and that you "could not be elected without it." I have not the papers now at hand—out here in the country—but remember that it seemed to me to foreclose all Federal action against slavery in the Slave States. Now, my notion of the matter is this: the Constitution (I think in section iv. art. 4) provides that the general Government shall guarantee to every State in this *Union a Republican form of Government*. Certainly that is not a Republican form of government where 280,000 white men own 384,000 black men, as in South Carolina. Or if it be, then the Czar or the Pope might claim a Republican form of government for Russia and Rome. Now, if I were the whole people of the North, I should say to South Carolina, "You may establish a Republican form of government for yourself, or we will do it for you; peaceably, if we can, but forcibly, if we must. We shall attend to the

guarantees of the constitution, and not allow the majority of the South Carolinians to be bought and sold like cattle." When the anti-slavery spirit is strong enough in the North, we shall do that, if need be. But we may be forced to interfere with slavery in the Slave States by one of two ways: 1, there may be an insurrection, and the only way to put it down may be by *declaring the slaves free*; or, 2, the slaveholders may proceed violently to enslave the poor whites; in which latter case, I take it, the present public opinion in the North would demand the interference of the Federal authorities—notwithstanding the fact that *white* slavery is as constitutional as *black* slavery. Now, it seemed to me that your letter held out a promise that you would not use the Federal authority against slavery, and this would embarrass your future action. I don't object to doing one thing at a time, and insist that each step should be taken in the most cautious and deliberate manner; but would not promise *not to take other steps*. I may easily be wrong, but I thought you did so, if not directly, at least by implication.

2. In the Garner case, I thought the anti-slavery Governor of Ohio would get possession of that noble woman, either by the *hocus pocus* of some legal technicality, which would save appearances, or else by the *red right arm of Ohio*, and I confess I was terribly chagrined that it did not turn out so. If a mechanic had pursued his *fugitive apprentice* to Ohio, and that apprentice had set a barn on fire, or stolen a white hat, I think the apprentice would have been held for trial.

Now, I have made a *clean breast* of the whole matter, which has tormented me a good deal. For I look with anxious eyes on the few men of great ability and noble character, and am much concerned at any mistakes they commit. I know you will honor the motive which leads me to write as I have. I look to you for great services to be done to your country, and shall try all your actions by the justice of the Infinite God.

So, with hearty wishes for your prosperity, believe me

Sincerely your friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO THE SAME.

St. Albans, Vt., Feb. 16, 1856.

DEAR SIR,—I write to thank you for your excellent message relating to the Kansas matter, and to ask two favors:—

1. That you would send me a copy of that message, and of your inaugural speech, if in a pamphlet form; and

2. That you would collect your various speeches, &c., into a volume, as Mr. Seward has done.

I hope you received a copy of my "Defence," which I sent you months ago.

Yours respectfully,

THEO. PARKER.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, March 29, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I had been intending to write you a letter, thanking you for the pamphlet copy of your message, which came to me a few days ago, but I had not time to say all I wished until this day, when your welcome note of 25th inst. came to hand.

I think your last message comes nearer to the ideal of what a Governor's message should be than any one I ever saw. I like much the statistics of the industry, and of the wealth you mention (pp. 4 and 5, *et passim*). Think of it! You have 270,000 landholders—not including town-lots—out of a population of 2,400,000! England has 18,000,000 people, and not more than 30,000 to 35,000 landholders, including the owners of town-lots! There the plough is never in the hands of the owners of the soil; the normal condition of a Briton is that of a tenant, not a freeholder. I hope Ohio will never thus go down.

I am glad to see how rich you are—849,000,000 dollars to 1,000,000,000 dollars (p. 4), all won out of the earth in fifty or sixty years! Compare that with the Slave States. South Carolina in 1855 was valued at a little less than 169,000,000 dollars, excepting the slaves; that is the value of all the land and things in the State, with its 30,000 square miles of land, and 700,000 people! In 1857 Boston was appraised at 258,000,000 dollars—90,000,000 dollars more than the entire State of South Carolina. What an odds betwixt the results of slave labor and free labor! The property of Massachusetts in 1799 was 97,000,000 dollars; in 1849 it was 597,000,000 dollars; now we guess it at 1,000,000,000 dollars. Yet we have but 7500 square miles of land, one-third of that not being fit for the plough; and our natural products are only trees, stones, and ice—if we except the *cranberries*, which a Southerner thrusts into the mouth of one of our Northern representatives.

I am glad you mention the debt as a bad feature. This is a great blot, and I think your remarks are admirable on it.

But of course the great matter is slavery. If we don't settle the matter right, we go down, just as the other republics have done; and if we do presently annihilate this terrible curse, then, I think, there is such a course open for the American people as the most sanguine poet never dared to dream—an industrial democracy, with the whole continent at our command—the Anglo-Saxon blood in our veins—why, what is too much to expect of such a people? I think slavery is doomed to perish soon. Banks, a not sanguine man, told me a month ago, that he did not know a Southern politician who thought it would last forty years in any Southern State! As you say, the Devil is in great wrath because he knoweth that his *time is short*.

You say well; we want a public opinion, which political men may thence shape into form. But we want one thing more—a man who can wisely and bravely embody what public opinion there is already. Such a man is one of the forces that *make* public opinion; for while the thinkers can only persuade and convince men one by one, and act

on thoughtful men, the magistrate, in a high place, moves men by his position and the authority thereof, and moves such as do not think much. In 1860 we shall want a man for the Presidency who has never yielded to the South; we don't want a fanatic, a dreamer, an enthusiast, but we don't want a coward or a trimmer. If such an one had been nominated in 1856, he would have carried the nation, I think. Instead of that we took a Johnny Raw, of whom we knew no evil, but the nation knew of no statesmanlike qualities in him. How could the people trust *him*?

Governor Banks has just now removed Judge Loring. He did not dare to do otherwise. The people demanded the act. But he has damaged himself greatly by the *manner* of the removal. He expressly disclaims *all moral motives for the act*, and then turns round to destroy the personal liberty law, so that he may atone for the removal! He has injured the republican party more than Gardner ever did, and has left us in a worse condition than he found us. He lacked moral courage. God has given us special faculties for special functions; and as the most delicate ear can never see a rainbow, which yet fills the eye of every boy or girl, so the nicest and ablest mind fails to notice the *right*, which is God's idea of expediency, while the humblest man who keeps his conscience clear and active, sees it at once and without much ado. I wonder that able men do not see the immense force of justice in the affairs of men, and the power that a just and fearless statesman is always sure of at length. I should rather *deserve* the Presidency for my great qualities, than have it for twenty years without deserving.

But I did not mean to write a busy man a long letter. May God bless you in your high office and higher talents.

Yours truly,
THEODORE PARKER.

I send you a pamphlet speech.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, August 30, 1858.

MY DEAR MR. CHASE,—It gave me great pleasure to see your face at meeting the last Sunday in July; and I took all possible pains to get near you; but the crowd of friends who wished to bid me good-bye kept me from you. I was forced to go out of town the moment I left the meeting-house, so could not seek you at the hotel. The next morning I took the earliest cars for the West and went to Schenectady, where I had an academical address to deliver before the graduates of Union College. A queer college it is too, where they train up young *politicians*, not young *scholars*! I hoped to find you somewhere on your route, and have a word of talk about the state of the nation, but I must wait another opportunity.

I have just returned from a wagon journey, with a friend, of 700 miles through Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, and a part of New York, the Adirondac Mountains and the Hudson River region, and the whole length of Connecticut, from New York line to Massachusetts. The weather was delightful, not a bad hour in twenty-one days. We

saw such signs of wealth, comfort, temperance, intelligence, and virtue as were exceedingly grateful. I saw but one American with patched trousers, but one American at all drunk, and he had lived at the West, and returned fat and rich to his native village in Vermont, and was making merry over his good fortune. We slept but one night in a great town (Albany), but kept in the little villages, and travelled in the by-roads, resting in little towns. I wish you could pass over the same route to gladden your humane eyes with sights of the welfare which comes from the industrial democracy of the North. You would see the practical superiority of the puritan New-Englander over all the other peoples on the Continent, I think. In parts of Vermont he has been damaged by the Canadian French, who take down the tone of many villages, and even of such towns as St. Albans and Burlington itself. In the border towns of Massachusetts and Connecticut you see the influence of the Dutch, who have *dirtied* the land a little, and given a shiftless look to the people. But elsewhere the sight of the towns and farms, with the schools and meeting-houses, and happy people, was a continual delight. What a change since 1758; but what a yet greater change will another hundred years of peaceful industrial development make. With thanks for your noble services, and hopes for a yet greater future,

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE PARKER.

P.S.—What wonders will 100 years do for Ohio!

TO THE SAME.

Newton Corner (near Boston), July 9, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I sent you a little speech I made the other day at the Anti-Slavery Meeting, which I think quite important, not for any special merit of mine therein, but for the *direction* of it. I hope you will look at the argument.

I send you also a copy of the *Christian Examiner* for July, (it is the Unitarian periodical), which contains an article on the "material condition of the people of Massachusetts." It is not to be known that I wrote it. I want you to see the facts of our condition in this little State, with its 7800 square miles of land, and its niggardly soil and climate. I wish there was a little more *spunk* in the people. If you will let Horace Mann see it after you have done with it I shall be glad, for he still takes a deep interest in the State he has done so much to bless.

I wonder where that collection of your works is which you spoke of two years ago.

I shall send you a Fourth of July sermon in a day or two, which will make the tenth address I have published in six months, which is something for a sick man.

With hearty thanks for your many public services, and hopes for yet more, believe me,

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO THE SAME.

Newton Corner (near Boston), July 25, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was glad to see your face to-day, but grieve that I could not take you by the hand, and have a little talk. But, unluckily, I had to fly out of town as soon as the sermon was over, and you also was gone when I came down from the desk. I go to Schenectady to-morrow, or else I should do myself the favour of seeing you at the Revere House. When you return you will find a letter, and one or two little notions of mine. I hope you will have a good time at Dartmouth. I expect to see Mr. Seward at Union College on Tuesday.

Yours truly,
THEODORE PARKER.

TO THE SAME.

New York, Feb. 4, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,—I shall not go out of the country—perhaps never to return—without thanking you for the kind letter you sent me a few weeks ago, as well as many kind letters before. Certainly it is unpleasant to be thus stopped in the midst of my work, with my plans but half carried out, and many literary labours only half-done, and yet not to be finished by another hand. Yet I do not complain. If I recover—and the doctors tell me I have one chance in ten! only *nine* chances against me to *one* in my favor!—I shall be thankful for the experience of affection and friendship which my illness has brought from all parts of the land. If I do *not* recover, I shall pass off joyfully, with an entire trust in that Infinite Love which cares more for me than I care for myself.

Let me thank you for the noble services you have rendered your State and your nation, and hope that they will continue to increase and bless mankind.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE PARKER.

This letter relates to a Convention chosen by the people of Massachusetts, to present a revision of the State Constitution to the popular vote:—

TO MR. ELLIS.

Boston, Nov. 20, 1853.

Another Sunday morning has passed away without my seeing your face. As you have so long been not only a friend to me, but a very dear and near friend—almost a father—I cannot any longer keep from speaking to you with the pen, while I cannot with the mouth. You take such an interest in what goes on at the Music Hall, that I must tell you last Sunday I preached on “The Good among Things Evil, and its

Ultimate Triumph over Them ;" that was a continuation of one which you heard on "The Beautiful in Things Homely, the sublime in Things Common, and the Eternal in Things Daily and Transient." To-day I spoke on "Love of God and its Natural Forms of Manifestation." This is only half of the whole, the rest is to follow on Thanksgiving Day, "On the various Forms of Philanthropy which distinguish this Age above all others."

Charles tells me all about you. The rheumatism did not surprise me. I saw how much you felt, and knew it would report itself in some ailment before long. I trust the dry air and fine weather of South Carolina will drive all the ache from your bones, and that Mrs. E. and Katie, and Mary Jane, will banish all aches from your heart. I was quite glad to hear through Charles how well they all were.

You have heard the result of the election. I was surprised at it, for I thought we should carry the New Constitution by a small majority. But I am not very sorry at the result, and the more I think of it the less do I lament.

1. The Convention was faulty in its members. Adams, Mann, Palfrey, Stephen C. Phillips, were left out. They are the four ablest free-soilers in Massachusetts—powerful men, high-minded men, not seekers for office. The free-soilers could not entirely respect a convention which left out this array of talent and integrity. Then, there was not an anti-slavery man in the Convention. The men who got up the Convention did not want Palfrey or Mann; no attempt was made to elect them; not an anti-slavery man was proposed anywhere. The "leaders" would not think of such men as Phillips or Garrison, or other men who go for abstract right. Now there is a class in Massachusetts, not a large one, but one of a good deal of influence even now, who look up to men of integrity and principle, and trust them.

2. Then the Convention did not trust the people, who were much more radical than their Constitution. The leading men thought the district system was the only right one—but said "The people will not accept it." They thought the judges ought to be elected by the people, but said, "The people are not up to that." So was it with many things. Now there are men in Massachusetts who understand some things. They had not confidence in the Convention when they saw that the Convention was not looking for right, but only for the available. I heard this said many times while the Convention was in session, and told some of the leaders, "If you don't trust the mind and conscience of the people, they will not trust you and your compromise between your own sense of right and their selfishness."

3. Then the Constitution itself was quite faulty. It failed to meet the great difficulty of representation. The Convention shirked the burthen, made a provisional arrangement to last one year, and then left the whole thing to the Legislature and the people. That was only a makeshift. Besides, the Constitution was not consistent as a whole. It lacked unity, and did not rest uniformly on great principles. Thus it went before the people. It had the endorsement of the free-soil party, a party which has been willing to sacrifice its principles ever since 1848. But some of the most eminent men of the party came out and repudiated the New Constitution. Mann had left the State;

S. C. Phillips said not a word for it. Dr. Howe barely tolerated it. It was not so bad as the old one. Palfrey came out against it in a pamphlet, which the free-soilers did not answer, but only abused. Adams spoke against it, spoke well too, in many particulars. Hoar opposed it, so did Josiah Quincy.

The free-soilers had many able men in the field. Dana (who really does not belong with the reformers, and will ere long, I think, slip out of their team,) Sumner, and many smaller men. But H. and B., who are a curse to any party, went bawling all over the State. I should suspect a cause was wrong which such persons defended. Then the *Commonwealth* newspaper was miserably weak. The Whig papers wrote able arguments against the New Constitution. The *Commonwealth* did not meet arguments with arguments, only with sneers, jests, &c. The "Reformers" are defeated, horse, foot, and dragoons. The free-soilers are down flat, at the mercy of Caleb Cushing, whom they made a judge! If this breaks up the coalition, I shall be glad. A free-soiler coalescing with a hunker, who stands on the Baltimore platform,* is what I wish not to see again. But I fear the free-soilers will fall yet lower; we shall see. By-and-bye we shall have better times.

TO HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

Boston, March 16, 1858.

MY DEAR BANCROFT,—If I don't like your seventh volume it must be not only your fault, for I doubt any man in the United States more carefully reads or more thoroughly admires true history, but a very rare fault besides. For the six goodly volumes only give promise of good to come. Let me thank you heartily for the part you have taken against the Lecompton* wickedness. I only wish it had been a little earlier. A more wicked administration, where can you find it in your modern historical researches?

Here is what I get about the Africans at the battle of Bunker Hill; fighting in it, I mean; my friend William C. Nell, a coloured man of this city, helps me to the facts. He has written a quite valuable book on "The Colored Patriots of the Revolution," Boston, 1855, 1 Vol. 12mo., pp. 396. On p. 21, he mentions the fact that (Peter) Salem, a colored man, shot Major Pitcairn. His authority for it is Col. Swett's "History of Bunker Hill Battle," (3rd ed., Boston, 1827). I suppose you have Col. Swett's pamphlet, but lest it be not at hand I make this extract:—"Among the foremost of the leaders was the gallant Major Pitcairn, who exultingly cried 'The day is ours!' when Salem, a black soldier, and a number of others, shot him through and he fell;" and p. 43, again, "Many Northern blacks were excellent soldiers, but Southern troops could not brook an equality with negroes. Nov. 15, 1775, Washington prohibited their enlistment. Besides Salem, Cuffee Whittemore fought bravely, in the redoubt. He had a ball through his hat on Bunker Hill, fought to the last, and when compelled to

* Enunciation of the principles of the Democratic party which has always been the servile instrument of Southern aggression.

† Alludes to the Bill by that name, which was a democratic measure to compel the people of Kansas to become a State upon pro-slavery terms.

retreat, though wounded, the splendid arms of the British officers were prizes too tempting for him to come off empty handed; he seized the sword of one of them slain in the redoubt, and came off with the trophy, which in a few days he unromantically sold. He served faithfully through the war, with many hair-breadth 'scapes from sword and pestilence," pp. 25, 26, of Appendix, note M.

"Gen. Winslow stated a contribution was made in the army for Salem and he was presented to Washington as having slain Pitcairn, who was killed on the British left, according to all authorities," *ibid.*, p. 25, note M.

I requested Mr. Nell to hunt up all the additional information he could get for me touching this matter. He has just reported (3 p.m.) as follows:—

Cornelius Harkell was killed and buried on Bunker Hill; his daughter, Mrs. Harriet Brown, now lives in Revere Street, Boston.

Titus Coburn was in the battle; his widow now lives in Andover, (Mass.), and draws a pension.

Prince Ames was also in the battle; he was from Andover. His widow, Eunice A., *Æt.* xcii., now lives at Jamaica Plains, and draws a pension.

Barzillai Leu was also in the battle, likewise from Andover. He was a fifer; he has a son of the same name, Barzillai Leu, now living in Boston, and two daughters, Mrs. Farmer and Mrs. Dalton, in S. Russell Street, Mrs. Dalton lives in Charlestown in the summer, on the edge of Bunker Hill.

Cato Howe was in the battle, he was from Plymouth, Mass. His widow died in Belknap Street, in 1856.

In the engravings of the battle when I was a boy, the black man, Peter Salem, appears in the act of shooting Major Pitcairn; but now-a-days a white man is put in his place. Richard Frothingham, in his account of Bunker Hill battle, makes no mention of Peter. He appears, however, on some of the bills of the Monument, Freeman's and Charlestown Banks.

Last 17th of June, when Senator Mason fulfilled Senator Toombs' prophecy, Mr. Everett said:—"It is the monument of the day, of the event of the battle of Bunker Hill, of all the brave men who shared its perils, alike of Prescott, and Putnam, and Warren, the chiefs of the day, and the colored man Salem, who is reported to have shot the gallant Pitcairn as he mounted the parapet."

When you publish your volume I wish you would send Nell a copy. Negroes get few honors.

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE PARKER.

Here is advice to a young friend touching the matter of fugitive slaves:—

TO MISS GROVER.

Boston, Nov. 6, 1857.

MY DEAR MISS GROVER,—I have just conferred with one of the best lawyers in Boston, who thinks there is no danger in the woman's

remaining in Lawrence. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts long ago decided (in the *Med* case) that a slave brought to Massachusetts by her master was by that act *free*. It will still adhere to that decision. It seems to me she might quit the service of her claimant, and go *about her business*. I think he would *not dare molest her*. But, perhaps you had better talk with some lawyer in Lawrence. If the young woman is *timid*, and will be in fear of her master, then it will be perfectly safe to send her to the *Quakers*. I don't like to *advise* in this matter. You and she will know better than I which to do. Please let me know what is done finally, and her name, and so oblige,

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE PARKER.

Our Supreme Court will not heed the Dred Scott decision.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, Nov. 20, 1857.

MY DEAR MISS GROVER,—Mr. Stephenson is a very respectable colored man, a clerk in the glass warehouse of one of my friends, in Haverhill Street. He wrote me about the matter you refer to—to learn your name in full. I told him it was *Miss*, not *Mrs.* I am glad the colored people do this, for their sake, and yours.

Truly yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, Jan. 11, 1858.

DEAR MISS GROVER,—What a world of trouble you have with the black people, whom you would so gladly serve! I sent word to Mr. Stephenson soon as I received your note a month ago, and made inquiries of Mr. Nell, the most "*respectable*" colored man in Boston, and heard no more. He says S. is a good fellow. I don't know what will come of it all. Perhaps you will write an amended version of the Hebrew word, "Put not your trust in *Princes!*"

I hope you will send me a copy of the farewell address. Betty, I suppose, has gone to Tennessee, to become the mother of bondmen and bondwomen till the tenth generation. We must bear as much from *this* untoward generation as Moses from his nation of slaves, who wanted to go back to Egypt, their land of bondage.

I think Plato must have had the advantage of the companion you speak of, and I hope it has been *communicated* to him that he is thought a greater man than ever.

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO HON. JOHN APPLETON, BANGOR.

Boston, June 1, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—The matter you spoke of the other day is one of such importance that I will set down one or two things which have come to me since you left us.

In Pitiscus, "Lexicon Antiquitatum Romanarum," s. v. "Libertus" is a very valuable essay on the whole matter, full of learning and careful thought. I suppose you will find Pitiscus in the Theological Library at Bangor, if nobody else has it. Pitiscus had the advantage of Rosini's "Corpus Antiquitatum Romanorum," which he had edited. He has some things I think not in Walton.

Rosini, a great authority, says, "*Libertus antiquis temporibus. . . civis erat, sed publico nullo, nisi Apparitoris, aut Coactoris fungebatur munere. Apparitores autem erant, ut post ostendetur, Præcones, Interpretes, Accensi, Lictores, Viatores, Statores,*" (Amsterdam Ed., 1743, p. 77). He cites (p. 78), a "*Formula manumissionis,*" which Jacobus Cujacius found in an ancient MS., and which, it seems, the master gave in writing to the *Libertus*: "*Ille civis Romanus esto, ita ut ab hodierna die ingenuus, atque ab omni servituti vinculo securus permaneat, tanquam si ab ingenuis fuisset parentibus procreatus. Eam denique peragat partem, quamcumque elegerit, ut deinceps nec nobis, nec successoribus nostris, ullum debeat noxiæ conditionis servitium; sed diebus vitæ suæ sub certa plenissimæque ingenuitate, sicut alii cives Romani, per hunc manumissionis atque ingenuitatis titulum, semper ingenuus et securus existat,*" &c. I don't find the passage in my copy of Jacobus Cujacius (4 vols. fol., 1595), but he has many other good things, s. v. "*Manumissio,*" and "*Libertus.*" He always speaks of a *libertus* as *civis Romanus*. Even the lowest kind of freedmen, *libertus dediticius* is still *civis*. Look here: "*Libertus Dediticiorum munere testamentum facere non potest, quia nullius certæ civitatis civis est,*" *i. e.*, he did not belong to any *tribus* or *gens*, I take it. But he was still a *civis* in a passive sense, and so entitled to the benefit of all the laws. His son had all the rights of an *ingenuus*.

For a long time the *libertus* had not a complete *testamentary* right, and the *patronus* had a lien on the property of a deceased *libertus* to a certain extent. But that was the case with a son; even after his father had manumitted him he still owed certain *munera* to his father during life, and could not alienate his property, though, certainly, the *filius* was as much a *civis* as the *pater* himself. But I suppose you own Cujacius, so I won't worry you with more from him.

It is curious to trace the increase of civil power allowed the different classes of *Cives Romani* from the time when the *Libertus dediticius* was simply a passive citizen, a *non servus*, (as the non-church member was in Massachusetts for a while in the seventeenth century) up to the time when the Emperor Valeus decreed "*Libertorum filios adipisci clarissimam dignitatem non prohibemus.*"

Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" (Lond., 1849) has an article on "*Libertus,*" but it contains some great errors—as that the sons of *libertini* could not have *gentile* rights. Now it appears from Cicero (Leg. II., 22) that "*tanta religio est Sepulchorum, ut extra sacra et gentem inferri fas negent esse*"—none but one of the *gens* could be buried in the tomb of the *gens*. But in the famous tomb of the Scipios—who were certainly very genteel people—there are epitaphs of several *liberti* of that family.

Niebuhr, who was not so much on this as you might look for, says

most of the *clientes* were probably freedmen. ("Hist. Rom.," Lond., 1851, vol. I., p. 595.)

Yours truly, THEO. PARKER.

TO MR. JAMES ORTON, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

Boston, Feb. 22, 1855.

DEAR SIR,—I have not time to write at length as the theme demands. But it seems to me the American party rests on a very narrow foundation. I have no blood in my veins which did not come here between 1620 and 1640, but it is no better than if it had come between 1820 and 1840. Democracy must rest on humanity, not mere nationality or on modes of religion. I am as far removed from Catholicism as any man in America; but I should be ashamed to ask any religious privilege which I would not grant to any other man in the country. I would never exclude any man from office on account of his birth or religious creed; only for his character. Surely I should prefer a higher law Catholic, to a lower law Protestant; and a noble man born in Scotland, England, Ireland, to a mean man born on Plymouth rock.

The new party has done good things:—

(1.) It has rebuked the insolence of the Bishops and Archbishops of the Catholic Church—who required a severe chastisement.

(2.) It has shown American politicians that they cannot use the foreign population as before; that was sadly needed in Boston as well as elsewhere.

(3.) It has checked the administration and beaten them sorely.

(4.) It is knocking the old political parties to pieces with great rapidity.

All that is good work; but it is not done in the spirit of democracy, which allows every man his natural rights because he is a man—not a red-man, or a white-man, or an American man, &c. It is an important question how long a man ought to be here before he should vote, &c. Five years may not be long enough, or it may be—I have not made up my mind about that. But I would welcome the foreigners, they add to our riches and our national prosperity in general; and it is well that America should be the asylum of humanity for this century as for the seventeenth.

Hastily, but truly yours,

THEO. PARKER.

TO W. H. HERNDON, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Boston, April 17, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letters, the printed matter not less than the written, rejoice me very much. I honor the noble spirit which breathes in them all. I did not answer before, for I had no time, and a hundred

letters now lie before me not replied to. When I tell you that I have now lectured eighty-four times since November 1, and preached at home every Sunday but two, when I was in Ohio, and never an old sermon; and have had six meetings a month at my own house, and have written more than a thousand letters, besides a variety of other work belonging to a minister and a scholar, you may judge that I must economize minutes, and often neglect a much valued friend. So please excuse my delay in acknowledging your brave manly words, and believe me,

Faithfully yours,

THEO. PARKER.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, Dec. 31, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,

* * * * *

The President is an old man—a man of feeble will, of no ideas—vacillating in his measures, but firm in one principle—to take care of James Buchanan. But he was chosen by the South, at the command of the South; on the platform of the South was he sworn into office. He will, therefore, be forced to yield to the logic of Southern ideas. There is a manifest destiny in that which no will could escape. But he wishes to keep all the party together; so attempts in words to conciliate the North, while in deeds he obeys his sterner masters at the South. Hence his vacillation in regard to Walker and Kansas, to Nicaragua, to the great financial questions.

Now as the Northern institutions and the Southern are founded on ideas exactly opposite and antagonistic, and as the logic thereof impels the people in opposite directions, it is plain that one of three things must happen;—

1. The South may conquer the North.
2. The North may conquer the South.
3. The two may separate without a fight.

I need not say which is likely to happen.

Douglas finds his term is nearly out in the Senate; he knows he will not be re-elected if he continues facing to the South. If he fails of the Senatorship in 1859, he fails of the Presidency in 1860, in 1864. He is ambitious, unprincipled, coarse, vulgar, but strong in the qualities which make a "democratic" leader. He has served the South all along, but the South would not pay him with the nomination in 1856. He seeks his revenge on its nominee, and on the South itself, while he shall advance his own interest. So he opposes the attempt to force slavery on Kansas. He claims that he does this in consistency with his Kansas and Nebraska Bill, and his doctrine of squatter sovereignty. But he is more inconsistent than it appears at first, for not only did he (1) favor Toombs' Bill; but (2) the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, with its squatter sovereignty, was not a principle of his political philosophy, but only a measure of his political aim to serve the South for his own advancement. So he is now not only obviously inconsistent with his special support of Toombs' Bill, but secretly and personally inconsistent

with his whole course of action and uniform adhesion to the South and his perpetual mock at freedom and its supporters.

He is a mad dog, who has grown fat by devouring our sheep; he was trained to that business, this bloodhound of the South.

But as his master has not fed him, as he hoped, he turns round and barks at those whom he once obeyed whenever they whistled for him, and bit whomsoever they told him to seize.

I have no more faith in him now than years ago. But he is biting our enemies. "Dog eat dog," says the Turk; "Dog eat wolf" say I. No man in the North can do the South such damage. "Seize 'em!" say I. "Bite 'em! take hold on 'em, stibboy!!"

Here is his plan of action. He sees the South is determined on putting slavery in Kansas. He sees it can't be done; that if the democratic party insist on the Southern measures, it will be in 1860 where the Whigs were in 1856. In all the Northern States it will be routed and cut to pieces. He won't connect himself with the Southern effort. He won't run for the Presidency in 1860. He has told Walker "I shan't be in your way in 1860." For he foresees the defeat of the democrats at that time, their rally about another platform, under another flag and with different leaders in 1864. He hopes for his own triumph then—his own election.

He anticipated this in 1855-6. Don't you remember "Senator Douglas had a bad sore throat," and could not attend the sessions of the Senate in December, 1855, January, 1856, but in February got better?

I wait now to see what he will say to the administration treatment of Paulding.

Yours truly,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, August 28, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your kind letter and the benevolent things you say about my sermons.

I look with great interest on the contest in your State, and read the speeches, the noble speeches, of Mr. Lincoln with enthusiasm: one I saw in the *Tribune* of last week will injure Douglas very much. I never recommended the Republicans to adopt Douglas into their family. I said in a speech last January "he is a mad dog;" just now he is barking at the wolf which has torn our sheep. But he himself is more dangerous than the wolf. I think I should not let him into the fold.

* These speeches were delivered by Mr. Lincoln, now President of the United States, at the time that a few prominent members of the Republican party hoped, by softening their anti-slavery principles, to avail themselves of the hostility of Mr. Douglas for Mr. Buchanan, and to secure the former for their leader in the impending Presidential campaign. The plan did not succeed.

* * Greeley is quite humane, and surrounds himself with some of the best talent in the country. Do you see what the *Richmond Whig* says of Buchanan; that means that the Whig is fattening, Edward Everett for the Presidency. Much good may it do him.

I think the Republican party will nominate Seward for the Presidency, and elect him in 1860; then the wedge is entered and will be driven home. Yours truly,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, Sept. 9, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your two very interesting and instructive letters. You make the case very clear. I look with intense interest on the contest now raging in Illinois. There is but one great question before the people: Shall we admit Slavery as a principle and found a Despotism, or Freedom as a principle and found a Democracy? This one question comes up in many forms, and men take sides in it. The great mass of the people but poorly see the question; their leaders are often *knaves* and often *fools*. But

Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

I make no doubt Douglas will be beaten. I thought so in 1854, and looked on him then as a ruined man. What you told me last spring has all come to pass. I am glad Trumbull demonstrated what you name. I thought it could be done. But in the Ottawa meeting, to judge from the *Tribune* report, I thought Douglas had the best of it. He questioned Mr. Lincoln on the great matters of Slavery, and put the most radical questions, which go to the heart of the question, before the people. Mr. Lincoln did not meet the issue. He made a technical evasion; "he had nothing to do with the resolutions in question." Suppose he had not, admit they were forged. Still, they were the vital questions pertinent to the issue, and Lincoln dodged them. That is not the way to fight the battle of freedom.

You say right—that an attempt is making to lower the Republican platform. Depend upon it, this effort will ruin the party. It ruined the Whigs in 1840 to 1848. Daniel Webster stood on higher anti-slavery ground than Abraham Lincoln now. * * *

* If the Republicans sacrifice their principle for success, then they will not be lifted up, but blown up. I trust Lincoln will conquer.* It is admirable education for the masses, this fight!

Yours truly,

THEODORE PARKER.

I think that these letters will be well enough understood by all who had sufficient interest to follow the political movements of the times in question. For all others, perhaps it is too soon,

* Referring to the canvass of Illinois by Messrs. Lincoln and Douglas for the United States' senatorship in the autumn of 1858.

it certainly would occupy too much room, and raise too many collateral questions, to attempt to explain and justify all the allusions. On the whole, it may be said, with reference to Mr. Parker's letters, that they show a keener political instinct than the newspapers and speeches of the time betrayed.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, Sept. 23, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your last letter, just come to hand, is quite important. I shall keep it confidential, but consider the intelligence, and "govern myself accordingly." That "accidental" meeting at Chicago is quite remarkable, and explains many things which seemed queer before.

Last spring you told me much which was new, and foretold what has since happened. I did not understand till now, after reading your last letter, how you could tell what Douglas was after by looking in his eye; now it is clear enough. There is freemasonry in drinking. I long since lost all confidence in ———, both as the representative of a moral principle, and as the adviser of expedient measures. His course in regard to Douglas last winter was inexplicable till now.

We must not lower the Republican platform. Let the Know-Nothings go to their own place; we must adhere to the principle of right! I go for Seward as the ablest and best representative of the Democratic idea, that could now get the nomination. My next choice would be Chase. I put Seward first, because oldest and longest in the field—perhaps, also, the abler.

But if Douglas is defeated, if Trumbull is re-elected in 1860, I think he would be quite as likely to get the nomination.

Massachusetts is likely to send a stronger anti-slavery delegation to Congress than ever before. Some of the Know-Nothings will be discharged (others ought to be). C. F. Adams, J. B. Alley, T. D. Eliot, and George Boutwell, are likely to be members of the next House of Representatives. Governor Banks would, no doubt, lower the Republican platform, if that operation would help him up. But Massachusetts will oppose any such act, so will the people of the North. If we put up a spooney, we shall lose the battle, lose our honor, and be demoralized. Edward Everett is beating every New England bush for voters to elect him. He may beat till the cows come home, and get little from his labor.

What you write about, the letter from the Eastern senator, chagrins me a good deal. But I am sure of this: if the attempt is made by the Republican leaders to lower the platform, then they are beat in 1860, and are ruined as completely as I think Douglas now is. ———, says he would admit new Slave States. I despise such miserable cowardice, all the more in such a man.

Truly yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, November 13, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am your debtor for three letters, very instructive ones too. I should not have allowed the account to run on so, had I not been sick. A surgical operation laid me on my bed for nearly three weeks, and, of course, I wrote only with another's hand, and but little even in that wise.

So you "are beaten;" the reasons you give are philosophical and profound, it seems to me. I think you have hit the nail on the head. But I don't agree with you as to Seward. What private reasons you have for your opinion, I cannot say, but his two speeches at Rochester and at Rome don't look like lowering the platform. He never spoke so bold and brave before. He quite outruns his party, and no Republican paper in New England, I fear, has dared to republish them. The Anti-Slavery papers printed one, and perhaps will copy the other.

You are beaten, but I am not sure the Administration do not think it a worse defeat than you do. I think they hated and feared Douglas more than Lincoln. Had Lincoln succeeded, Douglas would be a ruined man. He would have no political position, and so little political power; he would have no original influence in American politics, for he does not deal with principles which a man may spread abroad from the pulpit or by the press, but only with measures that require political place to carry out. He could do the Administration no harm. But now in place for six years more, with his own personal power unimpaired, and his positional power much enhanced, he can do the Democratic party a world of damage.

Here is what I conjecture will take place. There will be a reconstruction of the Democratic platform on Douglas's "principles" (else they lose the nation). This involves (the actual but not expressed) repudiation of Buchanan, and the sacrifice of his Cabinet officers, &c. He will sink as low as Pierce. In 1860 the Convention will nominate a man of the Douglas ideas. Will it be Douglas himself? I doubt it, for he has so many foes in the North and the South, that I think they will not risk him. But if he has heart enough to carry the Convention, then I think the fight will be between him and Seward and that he will be beaten! I look for an Anti-Slavery Administration in 1861—I hope with Seward at its head. But it requires a deal of skill to organize a party to find a harness which all the North can work in; but we shall triumph, *vide* Hammond's speech.

Yours truly,

THEODORE PARKER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Preaching in Watertown—Illness—The Revival and the Prayers for Mr. Parker—
Jan. 2, 1859—Letters to the Society—Consultation of Physicians—Letters to and
from Friends.

IN the spring of 1856, Mr. Parker volunteered to increase the amount of labor, which was already so heavy upon him, by supplying the pulpit of an independent society in Watertown. Old associations and a desire to do something to support a movement for which his influence was partly responsible, induced him to make this offer. But it was more than he should have undertaken. For a year he rode from Boston to Watertown, in all weathers, and preached generally the sermon which he had delivered in the Music Hall in the forenoon. The only compensation which he desired to receive for this, was the payment of his livery stable bill. His activity in other directions was not abated. Lecturing went on as usual; and his whole life was controlled and deeply touched by the political and moral questions of the time. It was not possible for the strongest organization to carry so many burdens, and be unfretted by their weight.

Yet he neglected nothing which he ever undertook to perform. Every afternoon was devoted to the parochial service of his immediate parish in Boston; and he readily answered calls of this description, which carried him twenty miles and more from the city. It was on one of these excursions* that he fell upon some ice in mounting the cars, at a time when he was quite ill, and sustained a severe shock. He frequently caught heavy colds upon his lecturing expeditions, but never missed fulfilling his engagements for any cause whatever, through his own fault or

* Nov. 24, 1858. See *post*, pp. 254-55, letter to Miss Cobbe.

remissness ; nor ever, from any cause, failed to keep his appointments more than two or three times through his whole career.

The parochial business of his ministerial office was performed with a deep sense of its delicate and important nature. The number of the visits which he made was very great, but few necessarily to each family or individual. He was a great strengthener and consoler. Whatever trouble he approached, or whatever approached him, was the occasion of an admirable ministry of common-sense, womanly tenderness, and a mighty faith in God. He used to say that the parochial relation taxed him more heavily than all his work, and that the more closely he held it, the more he was convinced that it was work for a genius,—to take a fluttering heart into the hand and calm its fears, to soothe its agonizing throbs, to penetrate the soul's wild weather with serene confidence and the warmth of personal feeling, to make the distracted mind resume or begin its faith in the Infinite Perfection at the very moment when finite imperfection was most palpable ; all this was business for angelic powers. But it was essential to his highest success, and to the affectional cultivation of a true idea of God ; and he never slighted it. If pity, equanimity, devoutness, a manly, brotherly heart contribute much to discharge the pastor's office well, he did not greatly fail. He was simple and childlike to the little ones ; sincere, brotherly, sensible, and genial to the young, and an ever-springing sweet fountain of piety to all. That hand which could crush, as with the weight of many tons, could descend, if needful, with a touch soft as unspoken feeling. He has made his own record where no pen is subtle enough to follow and transcribe.

But how his life ran out by these depleting pipes, which so many truths, so many sorrows, so many studies, so many personal exactions, had attached to his willing nature ! I have not been disposed to mention every illness, and the lapses of time laid waste by incapacity to think or work, and the numerous recoils of an overworked body. Not a season passed without them ; they became more serious every year.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

April 19, 1856.—Last night I was to lecture at New Bedford, and tried to speak, but was so ill that I could not hear or see or speak well. I left the room, and went out with Mr. Robeson, and walked a few minutes. Went to an apothecary's, and drank about a

spoonful and a half of sherry wine, which helped me. Spoke, but with great difficulty. Am better to-day, but slenderly and meanly. *I take this as a warning*—not the first.

The letter which follows is a sufficient explanation of the state of his health in 1857.

TO REV. WILLIAM H. FISH.

Newton Corner, July 25, 1857.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—I thank you for your very kind letter, and the hopes and fears it expresses. I am getting better—slowly, but I hope surely. These are the facts of the case:—I come of a long-lived family. Six Parker fathers, buried in New England, average about seventy-seven years; six Parker mothers go up to near eighty. But my brothers and sisters die early. My parents had eleven children. I am the youngest. All but one lived to attain manly years. All are dead, save my brother, near sixty, and myself. They have the critical period of their life from forty-four to forty-seven. *Five* of them died about that age; only one has surpassed it. I shall be forty-seven the 24th of August next. So I am *in* that critical period. If I live a year, I shall probably go on to seventy, eighty, or ninety.

Here is the cause of the present form of disease. Last February I went to Central New York to lecture. Feb. 9th I was to lecture at Waterford, 10th at Syracuse, 11th at Utica, 12th at Rochester, and then return and reach Boston at midnight of 14th–15th. I should pass every night in my bed except that of the 12th. But, on the contrary, things turned out quite otherwise. The railroad conductor left us in the cars all night at East Albany, in the midst of the inundation. Common New England *prudence* and *energy* would have taken us all over the river. I had no dinner; no supper, except what I had in my wallet [dried fruit and biscuit]; no breakfast the next morning, save a bit of tough beef in an Irish boarding-house. When I awoke on the morning of the 10th, I felt a sharp pain in my right side, not known before. I got to Syracuse that night, 10th, *viâ* Troy; lectured at Utica the 11th, and at 11 P.M. took the cars for Rochester and rode all night, till 5 or 6 in the next morning, when I got into damp sheets at Rochester, and slept an hour. I was ill all that day, and at night had all the *chills of an incipient fever*. But I lectured, took the cars at 2 or 3 A.M., having waited for them three or four hours in the depôt, and reached Albany in time for the 4 P.M. train, Friday, and got to Boston about 2 A.M. on Saturday, having had no reasonable meal since noon, Thursday. Sunday I preached at Boston and Watertown, as my custom was. The next week I was ill, but lectured *four* times; so the next, and the next, until in March I broke down utterly, and could do no more. Then I had a regular fever, which kept me long in the house; but soon as I could stand on my feet *an hour*, I began to preach. This was a means of cure, and it helped me much to *look into the faces of the people again!*

July 12th, we shut up the Music Hall, and I shall not preach till Sept. 6th. I am devoting all my might to getting well. The pain in the side still continues. I attack it from without by compresses of wet linen, and by homœopathic medicine from within. I have a nice boarding-place, with all manner of agreeable influences about me, and live in the open air all the fine weather. I hope soon to be as well as ever. I am very thankful to the kind people in all parts of the country, who take so generous an interest in me. I have enemies enough, who *hate* me with the intensest bitterness of malice; but I think few men have more friends; *none warmer and kinder*. But I will not trouble one of the best of them with any more of a dull, egotistic letter in the dog-days.

With love to you and yours,
T. P.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, November 11, 1858.

MY VERY DEAR MR. FISH,—I thank you for your kind, sweet letter, which I found so moving that I kept it two days, after tasting its sweetness, before I ventured to read it through; for I am still a little weak, and cannot quite trust the emotional part in such affairs. Have no fear for me now; I have weathered the Cape, and think I may live to the respectable age of my fathers, say eighty or ninety. I think I have conquered the last of my physical enemies. I have submitted to a surgical operation, not painful or dangerous, only exhausting and wearisome; it laid me on my back some weeks, and has kept me from my pulpit four Sundays; but I shall preach the next time. I can't walk very well as yet; but try it every fair day. I have ridden out four or five times. You must not think so highly of me, my dear friend. Whenever I slip away there will be a plenty of men to take my place and do my work, or a greater in a better way. There is so much prejudice against me, that I sometimes fear I hinder men more than I help them. But yet I have much work to do; whole continents and islands, which I have begun to clear up, and make into farms and gardens. I want about twenty years more, for serious, solid work; even then I shall be only sixty-eight years old; twenty years less than Josiah Quincy. But I will not trouble you more; writing, as you see, by another's hand.

Many thanks for your kind memories and wishes. Remember me kindly to your wife. I hope your son will prove worthy of his father and mother.

Believe me, faithfully and gratefully, your friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO REV. S. J. MAY.

Boston, Feb. 11, 1858.

OH! MY DEAR S. J.,—Open thine eyes, look through thy spectacles, and thou shalt once more behold the elegant chirography of thy long-silent friend. A year ago yesterday I was in the good town of Syracuse;

but Archimedes was not there to welcome me. I had passed the night in the inundation at Albany: the pleurisy was in my side, the fever in my blood, and I have been about good for nothing ever since. This has been a stupid winter to me. I have less than half my old joyous power of work, hence I have not written to you these *three months!* I grind out one sermon a week; that is about all I can do. I have lectured seventy-three times—always close at hand—and have done for the season. Last year I lectured eighty times—all the way from the Mississippi to the Penobscot, gave temperance and anti-slavery addresses besides, and preached to two congregations, besides *reading* a deal of hard matter, and writing many things. I am forty-seven by the reckoning of my mother; seventy-four in my own (internal) account. I am an *old man*. Sometimes I think of knocking at Earth's gate with my staff, saying, "Liebe Mutter, let me in!" I don't know what is to come of it. My father died at seventy-seven, a great hale man, sick ten days, perhaps. My grandmother lived to be ninety-three, and, I think, had ne'er a doctor after her eighth baby was born in her thirty-sixth year, or thereabout. But nine of my ten brothers and sisters are already gone forward. None of them saw the forty-ninth birthday. One lives yet, aged sixty. There is a deal of work to do. I enlisted "for the whole war," which is not half over yet.

I am glad you preach only once a day. I think the Society will not return to the old way. Brother Dewey likes it, and other Brothers would try it, *if they dared*. I trust you will be much better, and that soon. It's the Joe-sickness that pulled you down. You took his complaint in your heart, and so broke down. I know how it was. Well, the good boy will go to Europe. How I wish I had a hundred dollars to shoot him in this letter! But alack, and alas! I am poor this time!

I can't earn thousands of dollars by lecturing, as hitherto; the factories pay nothing, so I must creep into my shell, which is "minished and brought low." I don't like to *be* poor and *act* poor too!

I send your son Joe a letter or two; but I know few persons in Europe at present. I hope he will see the Apthorps, now at Rome. If he goes to Neuchâtel, he must see Desor. All my acquaintances in Germany are now *old* men. He has youth on his side, the dog! which is a capital introduction to nature and "the rest of mankind."

The house is all well and sends "love to dear Mr. May" and his family. Good bye.

T. P.

Here are notes to all the people I can think of. J. won't want to see the theologic men I knew in 1844. Now they are as old as the hills! God bless the boy and his (naughty) father.

In 1857-58, great commercial embarrassments broke up the fierce business habits of the people; losses, anxieties, and doubts of a financial solution, held the controlling interest of the country in suspense. In this reaction from an over-stimulated state, a revival set in, whose waters covered the flats left bare by retreating prosperity. The prayer-meetings which commenced in that time of great despondency, or which had been in feeble ope-

ration before, attracted numbers of people in the cities and towns, who had less to do and more to dread than usual. The law, which was then seen in action, is constant in every age and race, through every apparent variation made by condition and culture. If any widely-acting cause invigorates the popular tone, and lifts it out of depression or indifference, then all hearts rush together to the nearest symbol of their hope, or joy, or hate. From this positive enhancement of life comes a unity, which achieves the best or the worst things of history. And if a common cause impairs the popular tone, a prevailing mood is soon created, part physical and part moral, which also invites the nearest contagion. Every race has oscillated between its shop and its temple. When work goes swimmingly, whether of arms, of arts, or of industrial enterprises, temples are left open for *Te Deums*; but when the characteristic activity languishes or suffers foreign interference, they resound with threats, misereres, and confessions. In times of greater ignorance the minds of the panic-stricken men are laid waste by superstition, but in an epoch of improving theologies, and when political and moral subjects are more absorbing than doctrinal ones, a milder infection runs through people, if business, the most absorbing subject and pursuit of all in this country, loosens its hold and gives the moody opportunity.

So we had a great revival under natural conditions; but, of course, the theology which invokes a Providence to dissipate a whitlow, upset a boat on Sunday, right another on Monday, and perform in general all that we like or dislike, ascertained that the work was supernatural and special.

Mr. Parker preached a sermon upon the Ecclesiastical and the Philosophical Methods in Religion,* in which he showed what monstrous evils resulted from the Church Theologies; and among them he ranked speculative and practical atheism. It is a clear and healthy discourse, but not remarkably strong with any of his characteristics. There needed not, however, the extensive reporting of his sermon by the daily press, and its diffusion in a pamphlet form, to attract the attention of the revivalists towards the great foe of their traditional theology. All his labors entitled him to their notice.

His continually increasing influence must have presented a curious problem to minds which had vehemently denied his

* On False and True Theology, Feb. 14, 1858. Published the same year.

insinuation that they believed in a Devil quite as much as in a God. Now, they were in the dilemma of having denied that they believed the Devil was as good as God, and yet of claiming Mr. Parker as a living and triumphant testimony to diabolical ability. From their stand-point the question was embarrassing. At any rate, it became clear to them that something must be done, for he grew more formidable every day. It occurred to them that the real spirit of this "notorious infidel" was misunderstood. How otherwise could he go on so, increasing in favor with man, and doing many undeniably good things? Perhaps the amount of good in this bold, bad man—which came, of course, by nature and not by grace—had created a partiality for him at Court, which was very damaging to the true adherents, and misrepresented, moreover, the Court's general policy. An attempt must therefore be made to disabuse the divine mind of these unfortunate predilections. The proper representations were accordingly made at a prayer meeting, which was held on the afternoon of March 6, at the Park Street Church. Other efforts were doubtless made elsewhere, and on other occasions, but of this we have definite and reliable accounts.

Here is a specimen of some of some of the vigorous insinuations, called praying, which illustrated the spiritual influences of that occasion:—

O Lord, if this man is a subject of grace, convert him, and bring him into the kingdom of Thy dear Son! But if he is beyond the reach of the saving influence of the Gospel, remove him out of the way, and let his influence die with him.

O Lord, send confusion and distraction into his study this afternoon, and prevent his finishing his preparation for his labors to-morrow; or if he shall attempt to desecrate Thy holy day by attempting to speak to the people, meet him there, Lord, and confound him, so that he shall not be able to speak!

Lord, we know that we cannot argue him down, and the more we say against him, the more will the people flock after him, and the more will they love and revere him! O Lord, what shall be done for Boston, if Thou dost not take this and some other matters in hand?

O Lord, if this man will still persist in speaking in public, induce the people to leave him, and to come up and fill this house instead of that!

One brother exhorted the rest to pray that God would "put a hook in this man's jaws, so that he may not be able to speak."

O Lord, meet this infidel on his way, who, like another Saul of Tarsus, is persecuting the Church of God, and cause a light to shine around

him, which shall bring him trembling to the earth, and make him an able defender of the faith which he has so long labored to destroy!

One requested his brethren whether, in their places of business or walking in the street, or wherever they might be, to pray for Mr. Parker every day when the clock should strike one.

The latter Christian had probably heard of the destructive effect of a concentric fire opened at the same moment.

What might not be the result if, precisely at one o'clock, arms of all calibre, from the sharp pocket-pistol to the deep-bellowing columbiad, opening from Hanover and Blackstone Street, and Commercial Wharf to Roxbury Neck, poured a converging fire through the Music Hall into the "fortress and defence" beyond?

The gross fetichism of the above prayers is plain to all. They are only bricks from the masonry which builds the popular churches. They are representative prayers, a little more frank than usual; stripped of mastic. Yet people wonder at the charges Mr. Parker used to make, that hatred, low conceptions of God, gross views of prayer, and of the connection between the finite and the infinite, were latent elements of the popular theology, and might at any time appear under sufficient temptation. They are, in fact, *essential* to that theology, wherever it is *consistently* maintained.

When, in the course of a year, Mr. Parker's frame, overtaken by all his deeds of power and of love, had to yield, and he sought in retirement to save a remnant of his time for God's service, it was suspected that the true believers had succeeded in instructing the Chief Ear, and that the favorite had been disgraced. It is hardly credible, even in ecclesiastical America, but will it be believed abroad, that a representative paragraph of pious jubilation actually appeared, attributing Mr. Parker's consumption to the fervent prayers of the elect?

TO MRS. JULIA BRIDGES, WEST NEWTON.

Boston, April 9, 1858.

DEAR MADAM,—I am much obliged to you for the interest you take in my spiritual welfare, and obliged to you for the letter which has just come to hand. I gather from it that you wish me to believe the theological opinions which you entertain and refer to. I don't find that you desire anything more.

I make no doubt the persons who pray for my conversion to the common ecclesiastical theology, and those who pray for my death, are equally sincere and honest. I don't envy them their idea of God when they ask Him to come into my study and confound me, or to

put a hook into my jaws so that I cannot speak. Several persons have come to "labor with me," or have written me letters to convert me. They were commonly persons quite ignorant of the very things they tried to teach me; they claimed a divine illumination which I saw no proofs of, in them, in their lives, or their doctrines. But I soon found it was with them as it is with you; they did not seek to teach me either piety, which is the love of God, or morality, which is the keeping of the natural laws He has written in the constitution of man, but only to induce me to believe their catechism and join their Church. I see no reason for doing either.

I try to use what talents and opportunities God has given me in the best way I can. I don't think it is my fault that I regret the absurd doctrines which I find in the creed of these people who wish to instruct me on matters of which they are profoundly ignorant.

But the Catholics treated the Protestants in the same way, and the Jews and the Heathens thus treated the Christians. I find good and religious men amongst all classes of men, Trinitarians, Unitarians, Salvationists, and Damnationists, Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Mahomedans, Heathen. There is one God for us all, and I have such perfect love of Him that it long since cast out all fear. Believe me,

Yours truly,

THEODORE PARKER.

The supplications offered up in Park Street were answered appropriately from the Music Hall in the two discourses of April 4 and 11: one on "A False and True Revival of Religion," the other on "The Revival of Religion, *which we need.*" They are an answer to prayer worth considering. They overflow with the health of unsparing criticism, pure morality, and tender devoutness. They are filled full with the elements which promote a revival of conscience and piety in the hearts of men, fertile as the

"— happy lands that have luxurious names."

Their offence was in their absolute, unvarnished truth-telling concerning the condition of the Church and the country. Their picture of the beautiful purification of America, which a true revival would promote; has the crushing satire of common-sense, unstintedly spoken, to show what hideous evils are never touched and cured by the agitation of evangelical sentiment.

Ministers talk of a "revival of religion in answer to prayer"! It will no more so come than the submarine telegraph from Europe to America. It is the effectual fervent *work* of a righteous man that availeth much—his head-work, and hand-work. Gossiping before God, tattling mere words, asking Him to do my duty—that is not prayer. I also believe in prayer from the innermost of my heart, else must I renounce my manhood and the Godhood above and about me. I also believe in prayer. It is the upspringing of my soul to meet the

Eternal, and thereby I seek to alter and improve myself, not Thee, O Thou Unchangeable, who art perfect from the beginning! Then I mingle my soul with the Infinite Presence. I am ashamed of my wickedness, my cowardice, sloth, fear. New strength comes into me of its own accord, as the sunlight to these flowers which open their little cups. Then I find that he that goeth forth even weeping, bearing this precious aid of prayer, shall, doubtless, come again rejoicing, and bring his sheaves with him.

The technical revival passed away, but Mr. Parker continued manfully his prayer and work against the palpable evils of his country. A French writer has come to the rescue of the revival, and attributes to it the unanimity of sentiment which suddenly awoke in the uncertain North at the bombardment of Fort Sumter! Orthodox journals do not appear at all eager to accept this alleged efficiency of prayer and conference-meetings, which is gratuitously extended to them. In truth, the genuine revival which has swept through Northern hearts, and is making them more unanimous every day, had been anti-slavery! And that owes little to the Churches of America, who are carried off by its power, and compelled to serve it after having resisted and blasphemed the spirit. What would not the orthodox Churches give, if history could show them prevailingly faithful, in the days of anti-slavery weakness, to keep alive the protesting conscience, and to feed by prayer and works that great revival of political and moral righteousness which alone shall save this people from its sins? They cannot claim that crowning testimony to divinity of doctrine.

He always confessed that his over-work had violated natural laws; whence came a penalty not supernatural.

Aug. 20, 1858.*—The undersigned, members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Boston, deeply concerned for the health and public usefulness of their beloved friend and pastor, Theodore Parker, earnestly request him, in view of the bronchial affection under which he is laboring, to extend the term of his vacation until such period as, in the judgment of reliable medical advisers, it will be warrantable for him to resume his pastoral functions; believing that this is a duty which he owes to himself, his family, his friends, and the cause of religion, humanity, and reform; and trusting that he will not allow the strong desire he will naturally feel to be promptly at his post at the usual time, to override their united wishes and settled convictions on this subject.

* This letter followed the counsel of a friend, who was the first to notice Mr. Parker's failing health during a short journey which they made together in August, 1858.

The following letter to Miss Cobbe continues the story of his health :—

TO MISS COBBE.

Boston, Nov. 9, 1858.

MY VERY DEAR MISS COBBE,—I sent you a little bit of a sad note some weeks ago; this will be more cheerful and encouraging. I have had a hospital operation performed lately, which laid me on my bed for three or four weeks. I have just recovered, now, and can walk about a little, say half-an-hour at a time, or ride an hour or two, and sit up most of the day. For several Sundays others filled my pulpit; next Sunday I hope to speak for myself, and the half-written sermon lies already before me. I think I have conquered the last of my (corporeal) enemies, and trust a long life of serious work is before me I have much left to do, much half-done, and yet more projected and prepared for, but not yet adventured on. Twenty years more of healthy solid toil will finish it all, and leave me but sixty-eight, an age not unreasonable for me to desire or expect.

I sent you, at Mrs. Apthorp's request, a little parcel of books by the steamer of last week. They will reach you through Chapman. My friend Mr. Ripley, of New York, has a great admiration for your book, and is trying its fortune with the publishers of that city—more adventurous than any in Boston.

I sent you some little sermons of mine, and an article in the *Examiner* on the Physical Condition of Massachusetts. I trust this will meet you by your birthday, which we shall keep as a festival.

Faithfully yours.

I open this letter, my dear Miss Cobbe, to announce the welcome receipt of yours from Newbridge, announcing your safe return. Sad must it be to depart from such a home! My ancestral home—a common farm, where my fathers lived one hundred and fifty years, is also dear to me; but I can see it in my brother's hands in an hour's ride any day. I wrote to Mrs. Ripley your proposal, but have not her reply. Please remember me to Miss Carpenter, and that delightful company you met at London. Do you know my dear friend, William H. Channing, of Liverpool? I hope you will.

TO THE SAME.

Boston, Dec. 14, 1858.

MY VERY DEAR MISS COBBE,—It was exceedingly kind of you to write me the tender and affectionate note which came only last night. I am a deal better than when Mr. Channing saw me on the day of his sailing. I don't wonder he thought it would soon be all over with me. Yet I knew better, even then, feeling an interior spring of life he could not see. I went on improving, until the very day of your letter, Nov. 24, I attended a funeral thirty miles off in the country. The circumstances were so sad and peculiar, that I could not leave the afflicted ones to the poor consolations of a stranger, who did not even believe, much less know, the infinite goodness of God. I met with an accident in getting into the railroad cars, which injured me

badly in delicate parts of the body, and I have not walked since—three weeks. But I ride out every day, and, contrary to the advice of all the doctors, I preach every Sunday, which does me *good and not harm*. Otherwise, I live in my library, and have my meals brought up to me. An ugly cough I had is nearly gone; only the lameness continues. The surgeon fears an abscess, which, after all, is, perhaps, the most genial way of ending the mischief. I suffer but little pain except from the lack of tone and vigor that comes of such long confinement. Do not fear; I have the best medical and surgical advice, though I take no medicine but cod-liver oil, which is diet and not drugs. I shall be very cautious, and take special pains to live, for I have a great deal of work begun and not half done, which another cannot finish. Besides, the world is so interesting, and friends so dear, that I find the love of life much more than twenty or thirty years ago.

I hoped to have had a communication from the bookseller, touching your book, but have yet heard nothing. I hope you received one letter from me through Chapman, with some books, from Mrs. Apthorp, &c., and another direct to you at Red Lodge, Bristol, which I meant you should receive on your birthday. I kept that with true festal delight. A venerable friend was eighty-two the same day, and came in to thank me for my letter to him. [Dea. Samuel May.]

Please present my thankful regards to Miss Carpenter, whom I greatly respect and esteem. I hope the good work of humanity prospers in her hands. Accept my hearty thanks for your letters.

TO MR. RIPLEY.

Boston, Nov. 1, 1858.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—My hand trembles, and I must take pains to write, and so write plain, or else not at all. I wrote you my last three weeks ago to-day. While I was putting your name on the envelope, the two surgeons stopped their gigs at my door. This is the first letter I have written since. They did their work faithfully, and I have laid on my back nearly all the time since. I rode out yesterday, and again to-day, and have walked a few steps several times; the evil is all over, I think, and I believe the last of my (corporeal) foes is routed now. I see not why I may not live a hard-working life till I am seventy, eighty, or ninety, as most of my fathers have done in America. I had an ugly cough all summer, which looked ill to one who had lost a mother, and even brothers and sisters, of consumption, not to speak of nieces and other kinfolk. But I think that, too, is mainly over. My standing committee have shut me out of the Music Hall for next Sunday. S. J. May takes my place; but I trust I shall be there the following Sunday.

Many thanks for your friendship, which *never fails*. If we could lie under the great oak-tree at West Roxbury, or ride about the wild little lanes together, I should soon be entirely well; for the vigor of your mind would inspire strength even into my body; but I must do without that, only too thankful to have had it once.

Thank you for the kind and just things you say about Miss Cobbe. My friends, the Hunts and Apthorps, almost worship the maiden. I

keep her birthday as one of my domestic holidays, and honor the 4th of *December* with unusual libations.

Furness's new book is * * * * full of zeal, piety, and beauty of sentiment! He does not see that only a critic and scholar can deal with such questions as he passes judgment upon.

What he says about Lazarus, &c., is all *bosh!* He knows the Four Gospels are true—knows it subjectively!

But I must write no more. Good bye!

THEODORE.

Don't tell anybody what I say about my health. I don't write such things often.

Thus the year wore away in weakness and increasing disability to perform the ordinary ministerial labors. In preaching he would sometimes steady himself by grasping the desk with both hands. All other pursuits languished, or were entirely abandoned.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Jan. 1, 1859.—It is Saturday night—eve of the first day of the new year. I have finished my sermon for to-morrow, and I have nothing to do but indulge my feelings for a minute, and gather up my soul.

This is the first new year's day that I was ever sick. Now I have been a prisoner almost three months, living in my chamber or my study. I have been out of doors but thrice since Sunday last. The doctor says I mend, and I quote him to my friends. But I have great doubts as to the result. It looks as if this was the last of my new year's days upon earth. I felt so when I gave each gift to-day; yet few men have more to live for than I. It seems as if I had just begun a great work; yet if I must abandon it, I will not complain. Some abler and better man will take my place, and do more successfully what I have entered on. The Twenty-eighth will soon forget me—a few Sundays will satisfy their tears. Some friends may linger long about my grave, and be inly sad for many a day.

The last discourse, preached on January 2, is entitled, "What Religion may do for a Man: a Sermon for the New Year." It has since been published.

About four o'clock on the morning of Sunday, January 9, he was seized with a violent hæmorrhage of the lungs. He wrote in bed, with a pencil, a short letter to his Society, to be read at the meeting for the usual service of the day.

TO THE CONGREGATION AT THE MUSIC HALL.

Sunday Morning, Jan. 9, 1859.

WELL-BELOVED AND LONG-TRIED FRIENDS,—I shall not speak to you to-day; for this morn'g, a little after four o'clock, I had a slight attack

of bleeding in the lungs or throat. I intended to preach on "The Religion of Jesus and the Christianity of the Church; or the Superiority of Good-will to Man over Theological Fancies."

I hope you will not forget the contribution for the poor, whom we have with us always. I don't know when I shall again look upon your welcome faces, which have so often cheered my spirit when my flesh was weak.

May we do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God, and his blessing will be upon us here and hereafter; for his infinite love is with us for ever and ever!

Faithfully your friend,
THEODORE PARKER.

A profound sensation of grief followed the reading of this note. At a meeting of the parish, which was immediately held, it was voted to continue Mr. Parker's salary for one year, at least, with the understanding that he would seek entire repose from every kind of public duty.

TO JOHN R. MANLEY.*

Boston, Jan. 22, 1859.

MY VERY DEAR MR. MANLEY,—I don't like to trust myself to write you this letter, which I have attempted several times; but I must and will. I don't know how to express my gratitude for the kindness of the Society towards me; it is much more than I deserve, but I will try to merit it for the future. I don't like to be indebted to mankind, but now I am constrained to it; yet, if I get well, I will cancel the obligation; and if I do not, my friends must seek their recompense in their own consciousness, and in the feeble expression of my deep gratitude for their many favors.

The sum which the Society and the fraternity have placed at my disposal, with my own means, will abundantly suffice for a longer time than you refer to. A few months will determine my fate, and I shall know just where I stand—whether I am to recover entirely or partially, or pass quietly away. Trust me, I shall do everything in my power to *recover entirely*, and resume my former functions.

If I have any power of mind, any power of prudence and of will, depend upon it, *all shall be devoted to that one end*. My chance of recovery is not more than one in ten. But I do not despair at that state of things; for all the chief things I have done in my life have been accomplished against yet greater odds. Hope will encourage me, but not blind or cheat. I have always walked in difficult places, and am not scared at a new one now.

I had laid out a great, long series of sermons for this winter, on important and attractive themes: all these must wait. I meant to write out and publish the sermon I did *not* preach, and also to

* Addressed to him as Chairman of the Standing Committee of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society.

write a long letter to the Society before I left Boston. But I can't do both. I fear I may not be able to do either until I reach the West Indies. You will all excuse me if I omit both for the present. "A man can but do his best," and it were wicked to injure my chances of recovery by attempting now what can be done safely a few weeks hence. But if I can write the *farewell* letter, I will. It will be fourteen years on the 16th February since I first preached to the Society. I knew I was entering on another "thirty years' war," and so wrote it in my journal; but I did not think we should have so many victories in the first half of it. If it turns out that I can serve no more in this warfare, the *cause* will not suffer. Some one quite different from me, but better, will yet for the great principles of religious freedom take my place. Humanity is so rich in ability, that the man of greatest genius for the highest function is never missed by the race of men. There is never a break in the continuous march of mankind. Leaders fall and armies perish, but mankind goes on.

Please show this to the Standing Committee, and with my hearty thanks; my firm resolve to recover, if possible, and my earnest prayer for the success of our common cause,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

Here follows Mr. Parker's letter to the Society; and succeeding that is one from the Society to him, drawn up before he left Boston, but from prudential motives withheld till after his arrival at Santa Cruz:—

FAREWELL LETTER.*

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN BOSTON.

MUCH-VALUED FRIENDS,—When I first found myself unable to speak to you again, and medical men bade me be silent, and flee off for my life to a more genial clime, I determined, before I went, to make ready and publish my New Year's Sermon, the last I ever preached; and the one which was to follow it, the last I ever wrote, lying there yet unspoken; and also to prepare a letter to you, reviewing our past intercourse of now nearly fifteen years.

The phonographer's swift pen made the first work easy, and the last sermon lies printed before you; the next I soon laid aside, reserving my forces for the last! But, alas! the thought, and still more the emotion, requisite for such a letter, under such circumstances, are quite too much for me now. So, with much regret, I find myself compelled by necessity to forego the attempt; nay, rather, I trust, only to *postpone* it for a few weeks.

Now, I can but write this note in parting, to thank you for the patience with which you have heard me so long; for the open-handed generosity which has provided for my unexpected needs; for the continued affection which so many of you have always shown me, and now

* First published at the end of the New-year's Sermon.

more tenderly than ever; and yet, above all, for the joy it has given me to see the great ideas and emotions of true religion spring up in your fields with such signs of promise. If my labors were to end to-day, I should still say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," for I think few men have seen larger results follow such labors, and so brief. But I shall not think our connection is ended, or likely soon to be: I hope yet to look in your eyes again, and speak to your hearts. So far as my recovery depends on me, be assured, dear friends, I shall leave nothing undone to effect it; and so far as it is beyond human control, certainly you and I can trust the Infinite Parent of us all, without whose beneficent providence not even a sparrow falls to the ground. Living here or in heaven, we are all equally the children of that unbounded Love.

It has given me great pain that I could not be with such of you as have lately suffered bereavements and other affliction, and at least speak words of endearment and sympathy when words of consolation would not suffice.

I know not how long we shall be separated, but, while thankful for our past relations, I shall still fervently pray for your welfare and progress in true religion, both as a society and as individual men and women. I know you will still think only too kindly of

Your minister and friend,

Exeter Place, Jan. 27, 1859.

THEODORE PARKER.

LETTER TO MR. PARKER.

THE MEMBERS OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF BOSTON TO THEIR BELOVED MINISTER.

DEAR SIR,—It is many years since you came, at the request of some of us, to preach in this city. A few men and women, acting under the impulse of a deep religious need, which the churches of Boston at that time failed to satisfy, sought to establish a pulpit which should teach a higher idea of religion than yet prevailed, and wherein the largest freedom of thought and speech should be allowed and respected. They asked you to come and stand in such a pulpit, thinking that you would meet their demand, and resolving that you should "have a chance to be heard in Boston,"—a chance which other men were not willing to allow. At their earnest solicitation you came, and the result has shown that they were not mistaken in their choice.

On the formal organization of the Society, when you were installed as its minister, on the 4th of January, 1846, you preached a sermon of "The True Idea of a Christian Church." How well and faithfully you have labored from that time till now to make that idea a fact, and to build up such a church, we all know. From Sunday to Sunday, year after year, with rare exceptions, when other duties or necessities compelled your absence, you have been at your post, and have always discharged the great functions of your office in a manner which has left nothing to be desired on your part; avoiding no responsibility, neglecting no trust, leaving no duty undone, but working with an

ability, energy, perseverance, and self-sacrifice, of which it is not, perhaps, becoming in us to speak at length in this place, but which we cannot the less admire and approve. Outside of the pulpit, we have always found you equally faithful to your responsibilities and duties in all the various relations of life.

Nor have your labors and your example been in vain. You have taught us to discern between the traditions of men and the living realities of religion; you have brought home to our consciousness great truths of the intellect, the conscience, the heart, and the soul; you have shown us the infinite perfection of God, and the greatness of human nature, inspired us with a higher reverence for Him, a deeper trust in His universal providence, with a larger faith also in man and his capabilities. You have encouraged us to oppose all manner of wickedness and oppression, to welcome every virtue and humanity, to engage in all good works and noble reforms. From the experience of mankind, of nations, and of individuals, you have drawn great lessons of truth and wisdom for our warning or guidance. Above all, your own noble and manly and Christian life has been to us a perpetual sermon, fuller of wisdom and beauty, more eloquent and instructive even, than the lessons which have fallen from your lips.

In all our intercourse with you, you have ever been to us as a teacher, a friend, and brother, and have never assumed to be our master. You have respected and encouraged in us that free individuality of thought in matters of religion, and all other matters, which you have claimed for yourself; you have never imposed on us your opinions, asking us to accept them because they were yours, but you have always warned us to use a wise discretion, and decide according to our own judgment and conscience, not according to yours. You have not sought to build up a sect, but a free Christian community.

You have, indeed, been a minister to us, and we feel that your ministry has been for our good; that through it we are better prepared to successfully resist those temptations, and to overcome those evils by which we are surrounded in life, to discharge those obligations which devolve upon us as men aiming to be Christians, and to acquit ourselves as we ought.

As we have gathered together from Sunday to Sunday, as we have looked into your face, and your words have touched our sympathies, and stirred within us our deepest and best emotions, as we have come to know you better year by year, and to appreciate more fully the service which you have been doing for us and for other men, and the faithfulness with which you have labored in it, we have felt that ours was indeed a blessed privilege; and we have indulged a hope that our lives might testify to the good influence of your teachings—a hope which we humbly trust has, to some extent at least, been realized. If we have failed to approximate that high ideal of excellence which you have always set before us, the blame is our own, and not yours.

The world has called us hard names, but it is on you that have fallen the hatred, the intolerance, the insults, and the calumnies of men calling themselves Christian. Alas! that they should be so

wanting in the first principles of that religion which Christ taught and lived, and which they pretend to honor and uphold. Of those who have opposed us, many have done so through ignorance, misled by the false representations of others; some from conscientious motives; others from selfishness in many forms. Time has already done much to correct this evil with many; it will do more to correct it with others. While the little we may have sacrificed on our part has been as nothing in comparison with all we have gained from our connection with you, as members of this Society, on yours the sacrifice has been great, indeed—not, however, without its recompense to you, also, we hope and trust.

For all that you have been to us, for all that you have done, and borne, and forborne, in our behalf, we thank you kindly, cordially, and affectionately. We feel that we owe you such gratitude as no words of ours can express. If we have not shown it in the past by conforming our lives to that high standard of morality and piety, which you have exemplified in your own, let us, at least, try to do so in the future.

We cannot but feel a just pride in the success of this Church; that in spite of all obstacles, it has strengthened and increased from year to year, and that the circle of its influence has continually widened. Thousands of earnest men and women in this and other lands, who do not gather with us from week to week, look to this Church as their "city of refuge"; their sympathies, their convictions, and their hopes coincide with our own; they are of us, though not with us. Most of them have never listened to your voice, nor looked upon your face, but the noble words which you have uttered are dear to their hearts, and they also bless God for the service which you have done for them.

In all your labors for us and for others, we have only one thing to regret, and that is, that you have not spared yourself, but have sacrificed your health and strength to an extent which, of late, has excited our deepest solitude and apprehension. We thank God that He furnished you with a vigorous constitution, which has stood the test of so many years of incessant and unwearied toil, in so many departments of usefulness, and which has enabled you to accomplish so much as you have already done; but there is a limit to the endurance of even the strongest man, and the frequent warnings which you have received within the past year or two would seem to indicate that Nature will not suffer even the best of her children to transgress the great laws which she has established for their observance, without inflicting the penalty of disobedience, even though they are engaged in the highest and holiest service which man can render unto man. We would not presume to instruct you in this matter; we only repeat what you have yourself often taught us.

A warning now comes of so imperative a nature that it cannot be disregarded.

We need not assure you that the note from you which was read at the Music Hall on Sunday morning last, was listened to by us with the most sincere and heartfelt sorrow—sorrow, however, not unmingled with hope. While we feel the deepest and warmest sympathy for you under the new and serious development of the disease from

which you are suffering, we yet trust that it is not too late to arrest its progress, and that, in some more genial clime than ours, relieved from the cares and responsibilities which have borne heavily upon you for so many years, you may regain that soundness of health which shall enable you to resume, at some future day, the great work to which you have devoted your life.

We know with how much reluctance it is that you feel compelled to suspend your labor among us at this time; but there is the less cause for regret on your part, inasmuch as you have, by the services you have already rendered to mankind, far more than earned the right to do so, even if the necessity did not exist.

Whether it is for a longer or a shorter period that you will be separated from us, of course none of us can tell. In any event, God's will be done! and at all times, wherever you may be, you will have our deepest veneration and regard.

Waiting for that happier day when we shall again take you by the hand, and again listen to your welcome voice, we remain,

Your faithful and loving friends,

(In behalf of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society),

SAMUEL MAY,
MARY MAY,
THOMAS GODDARD,
FRANCIS JACKSON,

JOHN FLINT,
WILLIAM DALL,
JOHN R. MANLEY,
And three hundred others.

Boston, Jan. 11, 1859.

REPLY OF MR. PARKER.

Frederickstad, Santa Cruz, May 9, 1859.

To Samuel May, Mary May, Thomas Goddard, Francis Jackson, John Flint, William Dall, John R. Manley, and the other signers of a Letter to me, dated Boston, Jan. 11, 1859.

DEAR FRIENDS,—Your genial and most welcome letter was handed to me at this place the 6th of March; I had not strength before to bear the excitement it must occasion. It was Sunday morning: and while you were at the Music-Hall, I read it in this little far-off island, with emotions you may imagine easier than I can relate. It brought back the times of trial we have had together, and your many kindnesses to me. I can easily bear to be opposed, and that with the greatest amount of abuse; for habit makes all things familiar. I fear it flatters my pride a little, to be greatly underrated; but to be appreciated so tenderly by your affection, and rated so much above my own deservings, it makes me ashamed that I am no more worthy of your esteem and praise:

“I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning!”

Herewith I send you, and all the members of the Society, a long letter, reviewing my life, and especially my connection with you. I began to compose it before I knew of your letter to me, before I left

Boston—indeed, in sleepless nights; but wrote nothing till I was fixed in this place, and then only little by little, as I had strength for the work. I finished it April 19th, and so date it that day. The fair copy sent you is made by my wife and Miss Stevenson, and of course was finished much later. I have had no safe opportunity of sending it direct to you till now, when Miss Thacher, one of our townswomen, returning hence to Boston, kindly offers to take charge of it. If this copy does not reach you, I shall forward another from Europe.

The letter would have been quite different, no doubt, in plan and execution—better, I hope, in thought and language, had I been sound and well; for all a sick man's work seems likely to be infected with his illness. I beg you to forgive its imperfections, and be as gentle in your judgment as fairness will allow.

Though I have been reasonably industrious all my life, when I come to look over what I have actually done, it seems very little in comparison with the opportunities I have had; only the beginning of what I intended to accomplish. But it is idle to make excuses now, and not profitable to complain.

As that letter is intended for all the members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, I beg you to transmit it to the Standing Committee—I know not their names—who will lay it before them in some suitable manner.

With thanks for the past, and hearty good wishes for your future welfare, believe me,

Faithfully your minister and friend,
THEODORE PARKER.

Frederickstad, Santa Cruz, May 9, 1859.

TO THE STANDING COMMITTEE OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY IN BOSTON.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,—Here is a letter addressed to the members of your Society. I beg you to lay it before them in such a manner as you may see most fit. Believe me,

Faithfully your minister and friend,
THEODORE PARKER.

This letter, which was published under the title of "Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister," will be found in the Appendix. Allusions to his object and feelings in writing it occur in a subsequent chapter, in letters to friends. [See Ap. II.]

TO THE LADIES WHO ASSISTED IN SEWING.

Boston, Jan. 31, 1859.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—Paul wrote to one of his coadjutors to bring the garment that chief apostle to the Gentiles had left behind him. I write to beg you to thank the ladies who have so handsomely made garments for me when about to go among the Gentiles. There seems to have been a whole Dorcas Society making garments! Please thank them all from me, accepting also your own share of the praise. I

shall remember this kindness among those with which "my cup runneth over." I will try to repay you all. God bless you all!

Faithfully yours,
T. P.

TO FRIENDS IN GERMANY.

Jan. 18, 1859.

I am sorry to send such reports of myself as the steamers now carry to you. The worst pains we suffer *vicariously*, through the agony of our friends. My chance of recovery and restoration to my former power is one in eight, Dr. Cabot says; one in ten, I say. The chance of continued life (if such a dawdling existence deserves that name), is greater, and is one in three or four, perhaps. This does not look very promising! But I *will to get well*. I don't say I *will get well*. It would not be quite religious or wise. But I turn all my strength in that direction. I mean to be well, to preach again, &c. If I fall, it will be on that road. You know I shall not complain at either destination, but bear what comes as from the Infinite Perfection.

I shall not write much or often; reserving my strength for myself. But I ask one favor now, viz. that you look over my letters to you, and erase everything which would wound the feelings of any one, should it meet an eye it was not meant for. In the flush and fun of letter-writing, I may have said what might one day give needless pain, should some prying eye hit upon it, and some busy tongue prattle thereof.

* * * * *

Let me thank you for the many kindnesses received from you all, and for the friendly and beautiful intercourse which has grown up between us. Remember me kindly. Gently forgive what requires that charity, and continue to hold me in your generous regards. Dear Sarah, dear Eliza, God bless you both!—you and *yours* also. Love to mother, Robert, and Hippopotamus. One kiss more for Sarah and Eliza.

Faithfully yours,
T. P.

TO THE SAME.

Jan. 31, 1859.

Thus comes this little mite of a note. We go off in a few days, bound for Santa Cruz, with high hopes and expectations. All hearts are cheerful, and we feel confident of delight.

But I don't think the wind never blows hard in the tropics, or that there are no troubles; but it is a new world we go to, and we all sail for the Blessed Islands. I will not complain if I am left at the Island of the Blessed, though still it is my *will* to pursue the voyage.

Your last letter gave us all great joy. Thank Robert for his to me. The tidings of Willie are *delicious*. But the picture—it filled us all with joy and gladness—he has grown so much; the same type, only developed and enlarged. "What a fine intellectual face!" they all said, and "I showed him round to the neighbors—neighbors—neighbors." The little good-for-nothing dog! we all feel as much interest in him as if he were born in Exeter Place, almost. I want to ask a favour of Sarah, that she will write to Miss Cobbe, and tell that famous woman that I think her pecuniary matter will be attended to by Charles L. Brace, of Children's Aid Society Rooms, New York. I would, but cannot. Tell her, too, that Saturday night (it is Monday now), I re-

ceived the first proof-sheet of her book, a handsome 12mo (no woman objects to handsomeness), but, alas! I must return it uncorrected! Tell her the sheets will pass under the eye of a competent proof-reader, and give her my thanks for her sympathy, and also my kind regards.

Last Thursday, in Beacon Street, I met Wm. H. Prescott; to-day, in Tremont Street, I met his coffin. So the living die while the dying live. . . . You must believe, dear Sarah, that I *will* to get well.

A consultation of physicians (Drs. Jackson, Flint, Bowditch, and Cabot) was held on Sunday forenoon, January 23. It was found that the fatal disease of his family had already made deep inroads upon his life. Tubercles were formal and progressive; the bronchia inflamed. His chance of full recovery was pronounced to be as one to ten.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

I must go off to the West Indies, to Europe, and not return. I am ready to die, if need be—nothing to fear. Sorry to leave *work, friends, wife*. . . . Still, "*concedo*." When I see the Inevitable, I fall in love with her. To die will be no evil to me. I should like to finish my work, write up my hints, print my best sermons, finish my book, write my autobiography, with sketches of my acquaintances, put all my papers in order. Yet I am ready. But I *mean* to live, and not die. I laugh at the odds of nine to one. If that is all, I'll conquer. I have fought ninety-nine against one, yes, 999 against one, and conquered. Please God, I will again. *Sursum corda*.

At this heavy moment, when all his glorious earthly labor was about to leave him for ever, it seemed as if his friends, who came with their own love and commiseration, were empowered to speak for the multitudes whom he had blessed, so sudden and deep was the sympathy which set in towards him. And letters came to his sick room with the cordial for which a noble and unselfish heart most languishes. His last days in America were thus soothed and brightened.*

FROM DR. FRANCIS.

Cambridge, Feb. 2, 1859.

DEAR PARKER,—I hear you are to leave your home and your friends this week for the West Indies, and I would not have you leave us without offering, in this way, my most affectionate good-bye and prayer for your health and happiness. It would have given me very great satisfaction to have taken you by the hand, and to have said the parting word; but I found, on calling at your house at different times, that you could not and ought not run the risk of seeing any company.

* Indeed, the letters became so numerous, that he was obliged to publish a card in the *New York Tribune*, expressing, with his gratitude, an inability to reply. The result was a fresh flood of letters from friends who had held back from delicacy; but to every one of these he replied after reaching Europe.

Your hearty kindness, so long and so abundantly experienced, is a deeply cherished remembrance with me, and I hope I am to enjoy it again, if you shall deem me worthy of it. I have learned much, very much, that is great and good from you; and with all my heart I thank you for it. Your noble life and noble instructions have taught us all the full meaning of that great saying of Plato, ὅπη ἂν ὁ λόγος ὡσπερ πνεῦμα φέξη, ταύτη ἰτιόν,* and how poor do differences of opinion seem in the presence of the Eternal Truth, of which they are but the flickering shadows! No man can have a more supporting sense than yourself of having performed a great and good labor with righteousness of purpose and with singleness of mind, "as under the great Taskmaster's eye." The loving Father, I know, will sustain and lift you up, whatever may betide. To the arms of His love we all commit you, with truest sympathies and with heart-uttered prayers. We remember what a sage of old so finely said, "The memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and with men: when it is present, men take example at it, and when it is gone they desire it; it weareth a crown and triumpheth for ever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards."

May every breeze, dear Parker, be the breath of health and strength to your frame, and may every day's sun shine upon you as a genial, cheering, life-giving power. The dear God, I trust, will return you to us with a restoration of that strength which you have so lavishly expended for others; and if I am then among the living, no one will welcome you back with a more sincere joy.

Farewell! God bless you, and keep you in the arms of His love!

Yours most truly,

CONVERS FRANCIS.

The following was written, and waiting to be sent, before he received, in New York, the letter from Dr. Francis:—

TO DR. FRANCIS.

[Written Jan. 30.]

Feb. 3, 1859.

I am sorry to leave the country on a journey of uncertain duration, and do not like to depart without a word to you. I have much to thank you for. In my earlier life, at Watertown, your devotion to letters, and your diligent study of the best thoughts and the highest themes, offered an example which both stimulated and encouraged me. Then your sermons, always generous and liberal, well-studied and rich in thought, and bearing marks of the learning of the preacher as well as his religion, were a cheer and a solace, while they abounded in instruction. I admired, also, the faithfulness with which you did your duty to all the parish, rich and poor, and your hearty sympathy with all common men in their common pursuits. I have rarely found such things in a minister's life; for "education" separates the *scholar* from the *people*, and makes them strangers, if not foes.

I thank you, also, for the interest you then took in my studies, for the loan of books, your own and those from the College Library, which I had then no access to. I remember, also, with great delight,

* "Wherever the Logos (or right reason) would bear us on, as a wind, there we must follow."

that in the conversations of the little club,* your learning and your voice were always on the side of progress and freedom of thought. Then, too, you early took a deep, warm interest in the anti-slavery enterprise, when its friends were few, feeble, and despised; and you helped the great cause of human freedom, not merely by word and work, but by the silent and subtle force of example, which sometimes is worth more than all the words and works of a man; for, while they may fail, I think the other never does.

Let me thank you, too, for the many wise letters you have written me while at home and while abroad. They still live in my memory as a joy which it is pleasant to recall. I leave America, with hopes of returning a sounder and laborious man, to live long and useful years; but you know how fallacious are the hopes of a consumptive man. I do not trust them, but leave the shore as if I should never see it again. I am not sad at this pause or ending of my work. Heaven is as near at forty-eight as at ninety—the age of my uncle, to whom I bade farewell, to-day. I am equal to either fate, though both my wish and my will incline me to the earthly life.

I congratulate you on your sound body and your unfailing health, which are not less your acquisition than your inheritance. Remember me kindly to your wife and family, and believe me,

Faithfully yours,
T. P.

TO REV. C. A. BARTOL.

Jan. 25.

MY DEAR BARTOL,—I thank you for your kindness in coming to see me, and for the tenderness of your note. I am not well enough to see any one—it makes my pulses fly. I first met you in 1832 (!) at Mr. Phinney's, at Lexington. It is twenty-seven years since then, and I have never met you since without pleasure. In our long acquaintance—perilous times, too, it has been in—you never *did*, or *said*, or *looked* aught that was unkind toward me. Once I intruded on your kind hospitality, and passed a night at your house, constraining the family to rise at an unchristian hour, for me to travel off to Portland. I have not quite forgiven myself for making so much trouble. You and your wife forgot it long ago. Give her my kind remembrances, and accept for yourself only my thanks for the past and hopes for the future.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE PARKER.

TO REV. DR. PALFREY.

Boston, Feb. 3, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,—I write with a pencil, for it is not easy to stoop over a desk and use a pen, but I do not wish to leave the country without a word of thanks to you, though it must needs be a brief one. I thank you for the friendly interest you have taken in me, and I looked with a mournful satisfaction on the card often left at my door, and marked with your welcome and familiar name. Allow me to thank you for kindnesses received in my earlier life, when I was one of your scholars,

* Alludes to meetings of the most liberal members of the Unitarian body in and around Boston, for the discussion of transcendental themes. The first meeting was held at the house of Dr. Francis, in Watertown.

and for the instruction I then received. But it is not so much that which I would now thank you for, as it is the noble example of conscientiousness you have set in all public affairs in the latter years of great trial. A finer instance of that great virtue in political life I know not where to seek. It has done me great good to stand by and look on your faithfulness. I now leave the country before you will receive this, and plead the occasion as my excuse for saying to your face, what I have so often said to others. But I must write no more.

Believe me, gratefully and truly yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

My friends have read me part of your admirable "History of New England," when I could not read, and I am both instructed and delighted.

TO REV. MR. FISH.

Boston, Jan. 31, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. FISH,—Many thanks for your very kind letter from Toledo. Really, a man has not lived in vain who finds so many friends when he stands on the brink of the grave. But I hope to return from the *Isles of Blessing*, and do a deal of work before I go to the *Isles of the Blessed*.

I must not write more now. God bless you in your noble labors, and yours with you!

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO REV. J. T. SARGENT.

Jan. 27.

I shall be off, I think, the end of next week, and I must take you by the hand a minute. I can't talk—the doctors all forbid that. But I wish again to express to you my hearty thanks for the sympathy and kindness I have always received from you. When all the rest of the Boston Association turned against me—except Bartol, who never spoke an unkindly word against me—you were always firmly and fastly my friend, and often did me great service. But the kindness to me personally is less than the religious zeal with which you searched after truth, and defended the right of free thought and free speech. Accept my thanks, my dear Sargent, for this.

I don't like to write much just now—it makes my pulses fly too fast. So believe me, with hearty good wishes for the welfare of you and yours,

Faithfully your friend.

TO GEORGE RIPLEY.

Boston, Jan. 10, 1859.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I lie in my bed and write this, free from all pain—except that of suspense, *incertus quoque fata ferant*. I don't talk, and write only this to you. I had an attack of bleeding at the lungs Sunday morning about four o'clock; it lasted half an hour. Of course the finished sermon lies on my desk. The Music Hall will be shut up, I suppose, from this date. I shall go to the West Indies soon as possible, and then to Europe, but hope to be at work again before December. But who knows? The other result I also look in the face. It is a great work I am engaged in, not half done. You and some

others love me ; my wife more than herself. I like not to leave these, but I *can* with religious serenity.

Please stop the *Tribune* ; it is paid to January 8, 1859, I think. Stop also the *Cyclopædia*. If I recover I shall want it—if not, not.

Many thanks, my dear George, to you. I never told you the service you rendered me in 1836, and so on. Your words of advice, of profound philosophic thought, and still more, of lofty cheer, did me great good. I count your friendship as one of the brightest spots in my life, which has had a deal of handsome sunshine. God bless you!

THEODORE.

TO REV. INCREASE S. SMITH.

Jan. 25, 1859.

Many thanks for your kind note, and the sympathy of yourself and wife. I also am grateful to you for coming to my help so early in the great fight, when there were almost "none that stood with me." But it will not now do for me to recall those days of my early struggle—it makes my pulses fly too fast. I go, uncertain of the result, but equal to either fate, hoping for the pleasanter, but not afraid of the other—nay, I should also accept that with silent joy, tempered only by sorrow that I could not finish what I began, and by regret to look the last time on my dear ones. But this is enough. Farewell!

TO DR. LAMSON.

Jan.

You and I were neighbors for some years, and I do not like to leave the country on so uncertain an expedition, without a word of gratitude to a valued friend. Especially I have to thank you for encouragement in the hard work of theologic study, which I gathered both from your words and your example.

Hoping you will have a long and happy old age, which I yet may never see, I wish to offer you my thanks for the good of the past.

Astor House, New York, Feb. 5, 1859.

TO THE TWO DEAR WOMEN WHO WATCH OVER THEIR MOTHER AT NO. 2, FLORENCE STREET,—This is to say farewell for a time ; but still more to hint my thanks for all the kindness and affection I have received from you both. I have not *now* the power to speak all that I feel in this matter ; but you will understand it without many words.

One of you has selected for her lot and labor of life the protection of those innocents whom a worse than Herod would else massacre, and she daily prints the streets with her gospel of beneficence. The other attends to the duties of home, and makes it possible for her sister to shelter the babies of misfortune. So are you both engaged in the same charity, and the same well-spring of love fills the two sister-fountains, one standing in public sunlight, the other in private shade. How have your faces cheered me at meeting on Sunday, and on other days, in your house and mine ! What is joy for the moment is joy also for the memory.

Remember me kindly to your mother, to your brother, and his wife, and believe me,
Faithfully and affectionately yours.

FROM MR. G. P. DELAPLAINE.

Madison, Wisconsin, Jan. 13, 1859.

REV. THEO. PARKER, BOSTON,—ESTIMABLE FRIEND,—Again the telegraph startles us with the announcement that a relapse has occurred, and you are once more prostrated by illness, and that you would soon leave the field of your long labors, and seek rest and benefit in a southern clime.

I feel like a child about your departure, and can weep for the bodily sufferings you have to endure. But the Infinite Father is with you, and you are happy. I am glad I am to live so long in this new life, which under your teachings I have so lately commenced, and that you will live so very, very long. I shall see you sometime, and then I will tell you how much I have loved you, how I have cried over your writings, and what sorrow I have felt at the ignorance of men in relation to your doctrine and personal character.

You don't know how much good you have done. The seed is springing up, and bearing fruit all about us. Professors connected with our university, and other educated and intelligent men, come to me for your books, and I am rejoiced to see conversion to the natural religion occurring in several instances. The future is big with hope. When you and I shall have passed away, another generation will revel in the delightful truths which now are only partially understood by men. How happy you must be when you reflect how manly you have been, and how zealously and fearlessly you have advocated the truths you have for so long a time been promulgating!

If you improve in health, pray let me hear from you. I join with the thousands who are hoping for your speedy recovery.

Sincerely and affectionately yours,
GEO. P. DELAPLAINE.

But one more of such letters must suffice. It is from a slaveholder:—

Feb. 28, 1859.—I thank you for the sermon on "What Religion may do for a Man," which I have read, and read again, with profit and delight, as others of your works.

But in the "Farewell Letter" I observe with lively concern that your health has failed. I earnestly hope that it may be soon restored and that you may be permitted long to witness on earth the good which you have done among men.

But in any event you have, in common with the good and great of all times, the high and rare consolation to know that the light you have shed is imperishable, and will continue to shine after the luminary has been removed.

Among the millions who gratefully participate in that light, without having the honor to know you personally, I would humbly enrol myself, trusting that you will pardon me if I assume an improper liberty in thus expressing my sense of obligation, and the profound respect which I sincerely entertain for your goodness and worth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Departure—The Voyage—Havana—St. Thomas—Santa Cruz—London—Paris—Montreux
—Letters.

SUCH were the faces, sumptuous with reverence and grateful tears, that bent towards the dear house, with unexpected comfort. The door was thronged with these messengers of the heart. With what other psalm could he meet the few tender moments of that last morning, as the time drew near for a farewell to books, to noble labor, farewell to generous enterprises, and to the artless delights of home?—

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou
Disquieted in me? Hope thou in God,
For I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance.

But as he read, the filial accents trembled, till at length the head fell in tears, and all who were present bowed their heads in uncontrollable but trustful sorrow, and laid them upon the bosom of the Father. Then, with hearty prayers and cheer and help, the steps went forth towards the cypresses of Florence.

He left Boston for New York, in company with his wife, Miss Stevenson, and Mr. George Cabot, on the 3rd of February; but the *Karnak* did not sail till the 8th. In New York, Dr. and Mrs. Howe joined them for the voyage. His young friend, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, the minister of an Independent society in New York, Mr. Livermore, editor of the *Christian Inquirer*, Count Gurowski, and a few other friends, came with words of encouragement and blessing to bid him farewell on board the ship. A dear friend placed flowers in his state-room, violets for

him and carnations for his wife. He put an Italian violet between the leaves of his Bible, to mark the text, "I will be with thee in great waters."

TO MRS. L. D. CABOT, NEWTON.

Astor House, New York, February 6, 1859.

MY DEAR MOTHER CABOT,—I was sorry to leave Boston without taking you by the hand once more, and bidding you farewell. I tried twice to reach your house, but failed to get so far. Last Sunday I was driven out within three or four miles of you, but was compelled to turn back. Again, the last day I was in town I determined to renew the attempt, but the damp and chilly north-east wind made it impossible. I pray you excuse me for what might seem inattention and neglect. I was able to see Aunt Fanny, and am very sorry I could not also see you. But, though at a distance, let me thank you for all the generosity you have shown me in the twenty-seven years of our acquaintance, and for every kind and encouraging word you have ever spoken to me. Little acts of kindness you showed me when I was a student at Cambridge I have ever cherished with warmest gratitude, and now they are twenty-five or twenty-six years old, I love to recall them to you, who doubtless forgot them long ago.

We left Boston Thursday morning at eight, and reached the hotel at six in the evening. All bore the journey well. Lydia is in fine health and spirits, and as you know she has been the best of all daughters, so to me is she the tenderest and most thoughtful of wives. I regret exceedingly that, for I know not how long a time, you will lose her kindly and loving presence, and the little tender attentions she knows how to pay you so well. But I trust she will return in a year or so, recruited by her long journey, and renew her offices of filial love. Perhaps then she will have more time than ever to remain with you, and comfort you when you need her most.

We shall not sail till Monday—I fear not before Tuesday, and I will write you by the earliest opportunity after we reach Santa Cruz. I trust you will continue in health and prosperity, and such happiness as you can, after I have taken away your daughter.

Believe me, gratefully and affectionately yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

It is not easy for me to write with a pen, so please excuse the pencil.

Outside of Sandy Hook they met rough and stormy weather. His discomfort was very great; but he managed to use the little book which he always carried for pencillings.

Feb. 9.—It is just two years ago since I was caught in that inundation at Albany, and passed the night in the midst of the waters, waking the next morning with the point of the arrow in my side which now is

letting out my life. What an odds between now and then ! I was so able before, and now so good for nothing.

Feb. 10.—Sea-sickness abating a little ; lay on the deck ten hours Weather most genial. No cough or *hem* while on deck, but a good deal below, if lying on the right side. The right lung sounds like a tobacco hogshead when rapped.

Feb. 13.—Desor's birthday. Close to Nassau ; fleeing from death. All my life-schemes lie prostrate. I stand up to my chin in my grave, yet hoping to scramble out this side. "Give to the winds thy fears."

R. W. E. is preaching for me at Boston. Here the thermometer is 79° in the shade ; the air for forty-eight hours more balmy and voluptuous than I ever knew in New England. We seek out the coolest places to sit in. The sea is smooth, and of a pale blue, such as I never saw before.

The steamer stopped a few hours at Nassau, and he went on shore. The note-book goes ashore with him, and returns to the boat with a long file of little springy sentences, each shouldering a fact.

Quite a pleasure-party of young people have joined us to go to Havana, and return. They came in like butterflies, and soon the ocean had them fast, like a butterfly nipped in a blacksmith's vice.

How impossible it is to conceal character ! It is not in the face—in any feature. It appears in the gestures, in all the actions. What advertisements men and women continually make of their innermost secrets !

Feb. 16.—Began letter to Twenty-eighth Congregational Society. It has been feeling and thinking itself out a long time. It is fourteen years this day since I rode to Boston to preach at the Melodeon. I knew I enlisted for a thirty years' war. But now I am wounded, and driven out of the field before half that time is over. Yet I leave much work not done. These three things I must do:—1. Write letter to the parish ; 2. Write out and finish the *last sermon* ; 3. Write my autobiography.

About six o'clock in the afternoon the steamer dropped anchor in the harbor of Havana. Between the beautiful color of the sea and sky, the setting sun hung a great purple cloud. His eye comforted itself after the wearying waters, which were always so disagreeable to him, with the picturesque and warmly-colored scene.

The hotels in the city were so full that they spent the night in the steamboat, and in the morning went to a hotel three miles out of the city. It was found to be so uncomfortable that they returned into the city the next day, and finally succeeded in being well lodged, at Mrs. Almy's. In these journeyings to and fro, a great number of brisk notes were made.

TO MR. MANLEY.

. Wolcott House, Havana, February 17, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. MANLEY,—Here we came yesterday, P.M., and passed the night on board the steamer in the damp and chill of the water, which did us all a little harm, making me cough a little more than usual. In general it appears that I am a good deal better than when I left home; *all* symptoms I think are better, appetite and digestion, excellent spirits, always hopeful and cheery; we all suffered much from sea-sickness, for we struck into a storm as soon as we passed Sandy Hook, which lasted three or four days. But sometimes the weather was delicious, and I lay on the deck eight, ten, twelve, or thirteen hours of the twenty-four. I did not forget 16th February, 1845! Fourteen years after, I slid into the port of Havana. Perhaps some of you thought of the first meeting. I have not recovered to-day from the emotions of yesterday. But I try to keep from *thinking* and *feeling*, and turn all my nervous power to mere *living*. How would it do to ask Rev. Mr. Shackford, of Lynn, to preach for you now and then? He is an *able* man and a good one, as well as a progressive thinker. Last year he asked me to exchange with him. I preached his Ordination Sermon, 19th May, 1841. I think you close the lease of Music Hall, May 22, 1859. What if he should preach you an occasional sermon eighteen years after his ordination?

E. E. Hale offered to do me any kindly things I might need. He would do you a good turn, I think, if asked. I shall always be with you Sunday mornings, and no distance will shut out the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society on *that* day; no, nor on any other for a long time to come. But Dr. Howe comes now and says, "You had better go to bed, *young man!*" So good night.

Feb. 18.—The thermometer stands at 70° in the shade; there is now no sting in the air. But this is not a good climate for a sick man, the nights are damp and chill, and there is a north wind like our north-easters in April, which cuts in to the bones. I long to get out of the place. I think I must ask you one favor more; when I die, I leave the two old guns now in my study to the State of Massachusetts. I fear the house may be burnt down. What *secure* place can they be put in? Would you ask Mr. Warner, Secretary of State, if he could keep them in one of the enormous fire-proof safes in the State House, and so secure them to the Commonwealth, which must one day have them according to my will? I can reclaim them when I return. Please tell Mr. Goddard I meant to have one ride more with him before I went away.

TO THE SAME.

B. (that was the beginning of Boston, which the thought of brought out of the pen.)

Santa Cruz, May 4, 1859.

MY VERY DEAR MR. MANLEY,—I write you this to say (1) that the last letters we had from home were dated April 1st, or a few days before, which came, thirty of them in a lump, about seventeen days ago; (2) that I shall send to Samuel May and Francis Jackson a long

letter to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, which I ask them (Mr. M. and F. J.) to lay before the standing committee. Of course the standing committee—who are they *now*?—will do what they please with it. It is too long to read before the Society; it would take a common minister *four hours* to preach it, I think, allowing him due time to *cough*, wipe his face, &c. I think it had better be printed after reading before the committee and such as they see fit to invite, and that there should be a preface stating the fact of my illness, &c., and containing my little note of January 9th, which Mr. May read to the congregation; the longer one printed at the end of my New Year's sermon, and the Society's letter to me, which H—— prudently kept till March 6th. It will make quite a sizable pamphlet if printed in a handsome form; I think it will sell, and so involve no expense to the Society. You will see I have taken some pains with it. L—— and H—— have copied it all out neat; eighty-four pages there are in my MS. Much of it is in H——'s hand, for she cannot read the original (!), which my wife reads to her; it took them eight or ten days to copy it. Please ask the kind Mr. Leighton to give it a diligent proof-reading, remembering that "if it be possible, the printers always get a thing wrong," so they *tell* me. I shall send a list of the persons to whom I wish it sent. We all sail in the *Parana* the middle of May; it is a slow boat, so will not set us down in England before June 3rd or 4th. We shall send many letters by the Misses Thacher. We left Dr. Howe February 22nd, and have not had a line from the faithful companions since. I hope he is well and safe at Boston with his wife, looking after the fools and blind; but he may have been blown up in a Mississippi steamer "seventy times as high as the moon." We have letters from Berlin of March 26th, and from our friends in England whom you do not know of the same date. I have seen one New York paper of last month, April 9th, and no more, so if any one asks me how many States there are in the Union, I say, "There were thirty-two when I left New York, 8th February 1859; they annexed another the following week; there may have been an extra session of Congress, which has admitted Cuba, New Mexico, Old Mexico, Nicaragua, Yucatan, and the rest of mankind." Sickles was on trial at the last dates, and the twelfth juror had just been caught and penned up. Key did much to make murder easy in Washington at the time of Brooks, and the killing of the Irishmen at the hotel. I fear if all his tribe had been thus served as soon as they reached the seat of Government, there would be no quorum of Congress, and so the Union would be dissolved for lack of a Government. I should like to see the Liberator, and to attend an anti-slavery meeting, and hear H. C. Wright call out "Hear, hear!"

Ah, me! who preaches at the Music Hall? What was done at the annual meeting? who is sick? who is *sick no more*? How is poor old Mr. Cass,* Chambers Street Court? If he is alive, send him a box of strawberries from me in their time, and I will pay the price. Ask Caroline Thayer to send me all the news: charming letters she writes—piquant, witty, and *wise*. Give our kind regards to your wife; take

* An old grape-pruner of the Twenty-eighth Society.

them to all your family, not forgetting Mary Ann, who opens the door with such a good-natured look to me. Remember me tenderly to all the *saints*, and don't forget,

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE PARKER.

His letters to his physicians always show a cool and minute observation; at no time was he either insensible to his condition, or incapable of narrowly detailing all his symptoms.

TO DR. CABOT.

Havana, Feb. 17, 1859.

DEAR DR. CABOT,—I know you will like to hear how your patient (and pupil) has got on in his travels.

* * * * *

1st. The *general* condition, seems a good deal mended. Appetite excellent, digestion ditto, color of hands and face is *brown Havana*. Strength greater—though it is still an *infinitesimal*—muscular force small; nervous force no more. I don't lie deep in the sea, and a little gust would tip me over.

2nd. The *trouble* in the *abductor* muscles was exaggerated by the ride to New York, by the little stumble in the Astor House, and still more by the abominable tossings in the storm, perhaps also by scrambling into my berth, and staggering about on deck when I had to move. I walk like a man of ninety.

3rd. The difficulty in the *respiratory organs* is certainly no worse, perhaps better. I cough from 60 to 120 seconds only in 24 hours, but I *hem* one, two, or three hours; the character of the expectorations is altered a little. There is less *green mucus*, the white matter is less aerated with bubbles than before; the quantity seldom half as great as in Boston.

1. I feel and hear a *râle muceuse*—it is always in *one spot*; that forces me to cough, then I raise a little green mucus, and presently the white matter. This happens on the average, since leaving New York, three times in 24 hours, but never while in the free, open, pure air, without a chill.

2. I *hem* without coughing (1) when a little chill comes from a momentary draught of air; (2) when I am hungry, or the digestive organs are out of tune; (3) after any considerable emotion; (4) after talking. I put myself on the smallest allowance of this, and have become more obedient to you since I left Boston.

3. I never *sleep well at sea*—often lie awake till one or two A.M., but sometimes get a nap in the day. Two days were quite exciting, when I got to Nassau and to Havana, and I slept little the following night—only two hours last night—for the air in the cabin in the port of Havana was both close and chilly, but I could find no place to sleep in on shore.

4. I don't like the looks of my eyes; the pupil is dilated unnaturally, and the whole has that specific look I have noticed in all my relations a little while before this tiger ate them up. I can clasp my left leg with my hands, and have a full half inch to spare!

You, dear Doctor, can put all these things together, and tell what they mean better than I. It is with difficulty I write so long a letter just after landing, so good bye.

THEODORE PARKER.

Cuba I think a bad place for consumptive people, the *air*, when hot or cold, is harsh. I wish I had taken a *sailing* ship from New York to St. Thomas. Took hyposulphites at New York, but not at sea; will resume at St. Croix. Pulse 70-80 at sea, 70-90 now, with the excitement of the land. I think Dr. Flint will like to see this scrawl.

On the 22nd they were at sea again, bound for St. Thomas, which they reached on the 28th, stopping by the way at Nuevitas, the port of Puerto Principe, at Puerta Plata, and at St. John's. He had time to write letters, and get some glimpses of the people, before sailing again, on the 2nd of March. All this time he was very weak; and had in no particular improved.

They reached the town of Frederikstad, West End, Santa Cruz, on the 3rd of March. On the next day his explorations commenced.

Musa sapientum is abundant in all the West Indies. Notice what Bruce says of it, and of the *Ensete*; and inquire if the *musa sapientum* ever occurs in the hieroglyphics (which I doubt), or on the monuments. Ask Dr. Pickering about this. In my little pencil memoranda I put down the names of the plants and trees I find. But, alas! what an odds between travelling for pleasure and knowledge and running away from death!

Yesterday I went to the Protestant burying-ground; the *terminus ad quem* I am travelling, it may be. It is not an attractive-looking place; none that I know of in New England is less so. There the grass comes "creeping, creeping, everywhere"—here only a ragged, coarse, rank sedge comes in tufts to supply its place! The trees look ungenial; the *Bombax ceiba* is the biggest, but uninviting—eaten up by its parasites.

No letters yet. No Congress in session now; and the nation, perhaps, breathes freely. But I should like to know what has been done with the 30,000,000 dollars which the President wanted to help steal Cuba with.*

Most of all, I wish to hear from the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society. In my wakeful hours at the Astor House and at sea, I went the rounds of the parish, and visited all the houses in a visionary way.

He collects all the statistics—number of soldiers, the duties on various articles, exports of sugar, molasses, rum; notes the climate, the inches of rain, the fruits, the negroes, the birds and fishes, the women and children, the condition of the mules and oxen; attends marriages, visits a sugar estate, and learns the

* But the appropriation was not made.

process of sugar-making, finds out the clergyman, and what he is doing.

Sunday.—I shall always spend an hour and a half *in my own way* at the time when the Twenty-eighth has its worship.

Read the Society's letter, dated Jan. 11, only two days after my pencil note to them. I think nothing has so moved me as this appreciative and affectionate note. If it overrates me, it is only the exaggeration of love. I could not recover from it all night.

March 10.—How all the work is done here! I saw men and women hoeing in a cane-field; and they were a sight to behold—so slow did they strike. Here there are nine hours of labor; the pay is about twenty cents, and board yourself. All industry is held in contempt. This of course, is the consequence of slavery. Notice the condition of the whole house, floors, &c. None of the servants in it are willing to *wash a floor*. The whites are ashamed to work, so are the negroes; and, of course, both despise such as do work. Six men and one woman were at work repairing the road; one was the overseer, and only gave directions. Some of the others, with great hoes, broke up the earth to be removed, and scraped it into trays, which others took on their heads and carried to the cart. Then all six of the workers took hold, and drew the cart a quarter of a mile, three pulling and three pushing—the overseer attending—and dumped the contents down where they were needed.

March 13, Sunday.—Snow knee-deep at home, I suppose. Not many at meeting, perhaps, in consequence of the storm; and here the fair sky seems eternal.

Here I miss the trees—not one in the precincts of the town—not a place to sit down in the shade—no *grass* to sit on. Bless me, a square rod of Boston Common, with green grass, white clover, and dandelions, would gladden my heart more than all the Palmæ, and Siliquosæ, and Musæ, and Graminacæ on the Island of the Holy Cross.

March 19.—A most interesting movement is going on here for the elevation of the colored people. Mr. Dubois, the Episcopal minister, takes great pains in this noble work. But the white people do not help the work or much favor it. Mr. Dubois has a Friendly Society of about three hundred colored people, who pay a little sum each week to aid their needy brethren. The most interesting sight in the Island is the street full of colored people on Sunday, going to meeting. Soon as possible they get shoes and new clothing, and keep up their self-respect.

March 20, Sunday.—G. W. Curtis lectures at the Music Hall today, where I think I shall not speak again. R. W. E. has been there once, and Solger and Johnson each once. I can't keep the Twenty-eighth out of my head.

He finds some native books, specimens of Creole poetry, from which he makes extracts. And he undertakes to arrange botanically the trees, flowers, and shrubs; but this work came to nothing, for want of time and books,

He was not too weak to indulge in humorous passages with

his friends. His letters, indeed, from the West Indies and Europe, continually show that his disposition, released from the extraordinary labors and cares of his career, returned at a spring to the old geniality. They are full of fun and raillery. They overwhelm everything ridiculous, from the Pope and his flamingo retinue to Italian quacks and fine ladies of fashion, with jovial and knowing criticism. The fun is capital, because it is such excellent sense; yet sometimes he could be simply merry without being critical.

Here is his revenge upon a delinquent correspondent, from Santa Cruz:—

Dr. Howe left us on board the *Pajaro del Oceano*, Feb. 21, at night, and I had not heard a line from him when I left St. Thomas, May 15, though he had abundant opportunities for sending letters. So by the Misses Thacher I sent to Boston a letter to "The Executor of the late Dr. Samuel G. Howe," and in it suggested this epitaph. The Latin is often sepulchral, as it was intended.

This epitaph is very long, but here are specimens:—

D. O. M.

Hic jacet
 Expectans resurrectionem justorum
 Omne quod mortale erat
 Viri eximii
 Samuelis Gridleji Hovve, M.D.
 Reliquiæ Græcularum!
 Juvenis lusit in universitate Brownensi,
 Causa Educationis,
 Et Præsidi reverendissimo celeberrimo Messer
 Multum displacuit
 Sed versatus valde fit
 In Linguâ difficilissima Universitat. Brownensis,
 Et ejus Artibus, Literis, Philosophiaque:
 Inter Proeres pulchros fuit Antinous.
 Studuit Artem Medicinæ:
 Discipulus multa cadavera deterravit et infrustra secavit
 Vi et armis:
 Magister multorum Animas Heroum ad Orcum præmature demisit,
 Inter Medicos verus Æsculapius.
 In terrâ Argivâ,
 Et Mavors et Cupido,
 Multos Turcos occidit et Arte Medicâ et Gladio.
 Quo melius nunquam se sustentabat supra femur militis.
 * * * * *
 Poetam duxit illustrissimam
 Quæ Flores Passionis versu depinxit.

Pro Polonia invictissima bellavit,
 Incarceratos visitavit, Cæcos fecit videre;
 Mutos dicere, Stultos intelligere (ut ipse);
 Lunaticos in sanam restituit mentem;

Liberavit Servos:

Pyros jucundissimos sibi fecit crescere in hortis;

Inter amicos fidus Achates:

Propter mulieres virginesque et Hercules et Cupido,

Sed pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede

Græculas, Turcos, Heroes,

Et omnium mulieres gentium—

Troas, Tyriasve, Gallicas, Achivas, Romanas, Anglicanas, Americanasque,
 Etiam Polos invictissimos, Cæcos, Stultos istos, Lunaticos, Servosque,
 Et ipsum!

Vixit annos circiter lxxvii.

Clamant incarcerati, lacrymant cæci,

Mœrunt muti, lugeunt stulti,

Stridunt lunatici.

Atque sedent Servi in Pulvere,

Et Mulieres omnium Gentium conclamant,

Eheu, Eheu, Eheu.

Sunday, April 3.—Went to the Moravian church. The service had one good thing in it; "Bless the sweat of labor and business," if I have got it right. Could not stand the sermon and ran off. The ecclesiastical theology is the greatest humbug in the world.

His Santa Cruz letter to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society was finished on the 19th of April. Writing afterwards to Mr. Sumner, he says of this letter:—

Read it as the work of a sick man, writing under many difficulties, amid continual interruptions besides what his own weakness occasioned. The substance is about the same it would have been if written at home. I mean the essential thoughts; but the form and proportion would have been quite different had I set a well hand to work. But it is Parker's apology for himself.

To another friend he writes concerning it:—

It is a sick man's book, and seems poor and inadequate as I read it over now, three months after it was written. I never like to look at my own books when they are fresh from the press. What I heated in my hottest fire, and hammered when it made the shop blaze as the sparkles flew, seems poor and worthless as I look on it all cold, and dull, and inflexible. Yet I wrote this with bloody tears—no work of mine, perhaps, cost me such birth-pangs—for I was too sick to write, and yet must be delivered of my book, and that, too, in such a place!

St. Thomas, May 12, 1859.

MY DEAR DR. CABOT,—We have just arrived here from St. Croix en route for England, *viâ* Southampton; shall take the *Paraña* 15th, 16th, or 17th; the sooner the better. We have stayed a little too long;

but could not avoid it. Everybody said it would be no hotter in May than March, for there was more wind and rain; but they did not come. Not an inch and a quarter of rain in ten weeks! The normal amount of water is about eighty-four inches in this latitude; in the twelve months ending May 1st, 1858, there were forty-two inches; in the last, twelve to twenty-one! The Island is brown as its own sugar. The people are grumbling all the week, and on Sunday praying to the Unchangeable, "that it would please Thee to send us timely and gentle rain"! But it will not come, charm they never so wisely, till they allow the trees to grow on the hill tops.

For the last month the island has been a Dutch oven, a baking kettle. The thermometer stands in the parlor at 86°, from ten till five by day, only goes down to 80° at sunrise—the coolest time! That is the worst weather when clouds hinder the radiation; but for twenty days it has averaged 80° all the time, night and day. I am wet as a frog all the time, day and night, and take off my clothes as you peel an orange! Now for my health. In general health I have mended much since I came to St. Croix, am much stronger, can ride a pacing pony two or three hours, and feel the better for it: can walk two or three miles without much fatigue. My walking five or six hours a-day was one of Dr. Howe's Munchausens! I never walked three hours a-day! He represented me better than I think (of myself). The food is bad; not a decent piece of bread in St. Croix; butter from Denmark, and offensive to eyes, nose and mouth, uneatable; all the meats are insipid. Eggs good till the Cashew nuts became ripe; now the hens eat them and have the yaws, and the eggs are poor. I hate all the dishes except the roast turkey and boiled mutton, which are tolerable. In six weeks I gained three pounds, rising from 145 to 148; but in the last ten days, I have gone down to 144; lost four pounds, sweat it off. I am escaping through my own pores. The cough has ugly features still. I think it is about the same as last January, only a little harder and more agitating to the system; it rasps the throat a little more. The hemming is as before.

* * * * *

There is no spiritual Hygiene here. The island has three good things: climate (bating the heat), sugar, rum (I mean it is so reported: I hate the stuff). There are 2000 whites, 21,000 colored people. There is only one man on the island who has any science. I have only heard of him; he is a Scotchman. Nobody has any appreciation of science or literature except the few Danes. I found one who knew Kant's great work almost by heart. Not a Creole has ever asked me a question relating to America, except as to the wealth or the food. The women are more insipid than their custard-apples; a man falls back on his own resources and the beautiful nature about him. Here is none of the tropic luxuriance of vegetation, for the whole island is tamed by cultivation, and now chastised with drought. Even the cocoa-trees are dying—an insect, *Aleochara Coccois*, as far as I can learn, is destroying them as it has at Barbadoes and elsewhere; no progress goes on: only sugar, sugar, rum, rum! I have studied the botany of the island, but with no helps, and shall send home a quantity of seeds, &c. Flowers and plants I shall bring when I return. So I

have studied the negroes, and could give quite a lecture on their physiology, phrenology, and psychology, before the Natural History Society. Perhaps I shall, if the medical art gives me my voice again. But the time here would have been unbearable had I not taken other matters in hand. I have written a letter to the Society (Twenty-eighth Congregational) at home. You will have a copy and will scold me for writing it; but I could not help it. If I die it will be a valuable document, and I think it is now before I am dead, and while I have "one chance in eight or ten for recovery." I do not think so highly of that chance now as I did three months ago.

I wrote to Desor to meet me at Antwerp and go to Scandinavia in June; then I will go to him in some part of the summer. We will study the sub-aquatic remains of the Celts in the Swiss Lakes. Steenstrup lectured on them (Sunday, 9th January) at Copenhagen, as I see by the Danish papers. In the winter I want him to go with me to Egypt; what do you say to that? I think I must leave the feminines at Paris or Rome, or elsewhere, and he and I drive off together. I should like to read the Arabian Nights' Entertainments in the original at Cairo, where there are Arabs *in situ*, but still better to study the nature of Egypt on the spot, with so intelligent and good talker as Desor.

Many thanks for your kind and characteristic letter, which came most welcome. I will not trust over much to drugs, "however vaunted." The hypophosphites disturb my stomach, and I gave them up after two (!) bottles.

If I had been at home I should have gone with Wendell Phillips before the Legislature to ask for land for the societies. It brought a tear into my eye to think that I am a good-for-nothing loafer, *fruges consumere (desti) natus!* But I doubt not you did just as well without me and got the land; but I hope that miserable sectarian mill at Wilbraham got nothing. It is not worth while for Massachusetts to give money to make Methodists of men, or to manufacture any sort of sectarians. I suppose Banks killed the new personal Liberty Bill, but wish it may not prove so, for I hope good things of him.

I could not study the birds much at St. Croix; never shot one, but caught a humming-bird and a yellow-bird in my hands (they flew into the house), and let them go again. I have seen about thirty-five kinds of birds at St. Croix, not forty; the island is so destitute of trees that there is no chance for birds. The pelicans interested me more than any other, but I did not find any one who knew the names of half the birds about him; they sing but little; the laughing-gull frequents the waters, but I saw only one specimen. I found no swallows and no thrushes! Don't they live in such low latitudes? I shall send home some large seeds of some kind of *acacia* (I think it is) which are washed up on the coast from South America or Yucatan. They are called horse-eye, and look a little like their namesake; they are washed up on the coast of Norway also, I think. A large nut called the Guinea cocoa-nut is washed up here on the south-east shore, which the negroes say comes from Africa. I could not find a specimen.

The Creoles here are shamefully uninteresting, except as specimens of the genus Snob. I don't know what the technical name is, so will

give a new one, *homo stultissimus*. If I could bring one before the Natural History Society, and get Wm. B. Rogers to explain him in scientific phraseology, it would be refreshing. Such pride based on nothing, such contempt of work and impotence of thought, is amazing. The Daues are rather intelligent; but the Creoles, good Lord deliver us! I should name their women *femina insipidissima*. The genus is not worth preserving, and as they all turn out old maids (*faute des hommes*), it is not likely to last long.

Remember me and mine very kindly to yourself and yours. I will get well if I can, and you shall show me off in State Street as your card and advertisement.

Heartily yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO MR. ELLIS.

St. Croix, April 22, 1859.

Here we have been seven weeks on one of the handsomest little islands in the world—a queer place too; once the thermometer in the night went down to 72°, once in the day (in the shade) it went up to 85°, and stood there from two P.M. till six. But generally the average heat in the house, with all the doors and windows open, is 76° to 79°. The barometer stands always the same, 30.1 $\frac{2}{10}$ inches. Judge how dry it is—in March there fell five-tenths of an inch of rain; we have not yet had so much in April. They all complain of drought; indeed, the hills are all brown as Windsor soap, except where the cane crop is still left in the field. There has been no such dry crop since 1837. The whole “thought” of the people is turned to making sugar, rum, and molasses; no culture gets much attention except the cane. You would be quite entertained with the pains they take with that. The island is a mountain in the sea, i.e. a cluster of hills quite steep (more so than any in Massachusetts). Their base is rock which comes close to the surface everywhere. The farmers extend their cane-fields to the top of the hills; they plant in rows three feet eight inches apart, and set the canes about two and a half feet apart in the rows. The land is thrown into ridges fourteen or sixteen inches high, which wind round the hills and keep level always. So all the rain runs into the trough between the ridges where the cane is set, and does not wash the ground. That method would be an improvement if applied to our hillsides in New England.

I know the first thing you will ask about is my health. I am much better than when I left home, feel strong, can walk with ease, only hindered by a little lameness in the right leg, which was much worse at home; appetite is excellent; digestion could not be improved; sleep is generally good and abundant, though now and then it fails me, but not more than when I am fully well. Yet still the cough continues, and will not obey me and be gone, charm I never so wisely. I like all the symptoms but that. My face is brown and ruddy, my eyes and teeth look well. I ride on a pony about three times a-week. I would do so twice a-day if it did not worry my leg a little. For nearly a month we had no letters from Boston; last Sunday thirty came in one sending! One of April 1, and a Transcript of March 31. Judge of our delight—all containing good news! But I have not heard a word

from your household, and I have visions of Mrs. E. with a cough, and Mr. E. with the rheumatism, and getting his feet wet on the sloppy sidewalk in front of the Merchants' Exchange! Jenny has youth on her side and is expected to keep well.


Should not I like to come out after meeting to-morrow and dine with you, and have a piece of nice cheese, and a crisp apple, and a glass of lager-beer! I have a great mind to say I will come, but I fear the horse rail-road car will be full—so I must wait.

What a mess the poor President is in! He can't pass his favorite measures; Congress goes home and leaves him no money to carry on the Post-Office with; his party friends desert him. Still I think the Fillibusters don't dislike him much, and certainly the slave-traders have reason so say, "I know that *my* redeemer liveth!" What a state of things; the slave-trade actually restored!

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TO MISS CAROLINE C. THAYER, BOSTON.

Saturday Night, April 23, 1859. (Day before Easter!)
West-End, Santa Cruz.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—What a nice letter you wrote my wife (who rejoices in the name of *Bear*), which we all rejoiced in last Sunday! We had no letters for a month (Santa Cruz is a dreadful *dry* place for letters) and Sunday morning (Palm Sunday, too), there came *thirty*. Didn't we delight that day? we read 'em low, and then read 'em loud. You ask what kind of letters we want: take your pen and let her drive—that is the kind of letters. Besides, *I* want all sorts of *parish* news. Tell me all the news—one wants gossip when away from home—just as sick men pick up crumbs of bread when they do not dare eat a mouthful. Snips from the papers will be more welcome than ever. I wish I knew who would preach to-morrow at Music Hall. Ah! I wish it was *I*. But a little cough sticks in my throat, and will stay, I fear, till I have consulted King Pharaoh, and seen his , and questioned the *Sphinx*: a dose of mummy may be good for a minister.

But I am not going to write you a letter—only a little note, and send a flower; it comes from a tree called *women's tongues*, which bears a pod that hangs profusely on the tree, and rattles all the time, day and night—I wonder whence the name came? I would send you one if I could make an envelope long enough. The flower looks quite handsome now and here; how it will look at Boston I know not. Here are no young men—*white* ones, I mean, and many young women. We had fifteen of them here one night this week, and but *one young man*. I canonically asked the Rev. Dubois, who looks after their present and eternal welfare (and is one of the best of men, working for the blacks also), "Where are the young men who are to marry all these virgins?" He said, "Oh, we supply the St. Thomas market with that article; young women go over there, and stay a few months, and if they come home not engaged, we call them "*a protested Bill*." He is very satirical. Remember me (and us) to all the family.

God bless you!

T. P.

Tell Mr. Ayres that Captain Finney, of the *Anna Hincks*, saw me to-day, and can report the condition of my craft.

TO MRS. APTHORP.

West-End, Frederikstad, March, 1859.

(Written with a pencil out of doors.)

“In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.”

Well, we have got there, this is the place. With nature it seems a perpetual Midsummer's Day, but with man it is “always afternoon.” I should think the island was peopled by lotos-eaters. Everything goes lazy. In the morning there is a string of women who go to the spring for water, each with a little pipkin, or pitcher, or jug, or carafe on her head. In six months, time enough is spent to make an aqueduct with a reservoir which would supply the whole town with water. The boys do not run even down-hill, nor the girls romp. To play hoop, jump rope, bat and ball, would be a torture to these dullards. The only game I have seen among the children is top; all the little negroes have a top, and spin it on the hard, smooth street. The cows don't run to pasture, or from it; even the calves are as sedate as the heaviest oxen, and walk decorously up to their milky supper, and pull as leisurely as if they worked by the day (to pay an old debt), not by the job (and incurring a new one). The ducks lie in the street all day where they can find a shade, and only quack and gabble at night, when the effort is not too heating. Mr. Cockadoodle does not *run* after the hens; he only walks as deliberately as a Dutchman, and it seems as if he ought also to have a pipe in his mouth. The winds blow in a gentle sort, and make no dust, though it has not rained enough to wet a blanket through this never so long. There is a brook outside the little village, but it never runs, it has no current. There are no tides in the sea, only a little slopping against the coral rock.

It is a queer place, this little island of the Holy Cross. But what wealth of vegetation and animation! The air, the ground, the water, all teems with life; a fruit drops on the side-walk, and is soon full of insects, which convert the vegetable into animal life. The Saturnian earth soon eats up the bodies of his human children, not sparing their bones. All is strange—the trees, the plants, the flowers, even the birds. Great heavy pelicans are always floating on the sea, or flying a few feet above it. The turkey-buzzard floats in the air like a feather, and seems to move by will not effort, one of the most graceful things I ever saw. The humming-bird, twice as large as ours, lights on a twig, and waits for the flies to come along for his breakfast, though he sometimes acts after his kind, and hovers about the flowers, trading air with his wings, and putting his long beak into the deep-bosomed monopetalous flowers which abound here. Many of the trees and plants are monocotyledonous, and have no network in their leaves, where the fibres all run the same way, like the threads in a skein, and are not woven, but glued together. What gorgeous flowers here are! Red is the dominant color, which is amongst colors what the cock's crow is amongst singing birds. There is a queer tree growing in the churchyard. It is all branches with no twigs (like a tree-cactus); its

boughs are an inch thick at the end. It has not a leaf now, but great red flowers in a cyme, at the end of the boughs. They call it *bois immortelle*, because it pushes out its flowers when its leaves fall off. But it looks repulsive and dangerous, as the *vie immortelle* which the Church preaches—life eternal, but heaven only to one, while it is hell to the nine hundred and ninety-nine. I thought the goddess of vengeance—who never sleeps even at St. Croix—had reared it, and planted it at the church door.

Great quantities of papilionaceous flowers are here, which bear pods. The tamarind is an enormous bean-tree, three feet in diameter, and fifty or sixty feet high. How grand the cocoa-nuts look, and the mountain-palm and the banana; not to speak of the sapodilla (which looks like an apple-tree), and the papao, and the breadfruit! I am never weary of looking at the Flora of this fair-skied island. But I should like a tree to lie down under, and a little grass; we have none here, only some sedgy stuff, solid-stemmed, coarse as flags almost, and growing six feet high, with a top like an old broom. I should like to see a little grass-plot, with white clover and a dandelion. I would fling in a deal of sugar-cane for a New England corn-field. The Tropic harvests are not handsome like the Temperate. The cane lacks color; it is pale as a city girl. There is nothing to equal the beauty of a field of wheat, barley, or rye, or even potatoes in their glory of bloom; a meadow ready for the scythe has no rival in the Southern crops. The cotton plant is not handsomer than a shrub-oak. Coffee I have not seen growing. Orange groves, I think, are a myth; I have seen larger at Rome, under the Pincian in the monastic garden, than I met with at Cuba or here; yet they really do exist. One Cuban, near Matanzas, has 10,000 trees, and they are always handsome, with "their golden lamps in a green night." I must tell a word about the humanities of the place. 21,000 black and colored, 3000 white. White, indeed! there is not a rosy cheek on the island, unless it be lately imported from the North. Here we live in the midst of colored folk; up and down the street, *Prinzens Gade*, far as I can see, there is not a white family.

We live with a Mrs. —, a widow of 65 years old. She condescends to take boarders at 10 dollars a-week, and takes the greatest pains to feed them well. She belongs to the tip-top aristocracy of the island, and her house is the West-Endest promontory of the West-End of Santa Cruz. Why, her husband was Herr-Master-Collector-General of the Post, when at least 25 ships arrived in a year, and he had an income of 20,000 dollars a-year (she says), and her house cost 45,000 dollars (so she says). I take off a cypher from each sum, and bring it down a little by this reduction descending. They used to live in *Saus und Braus* in his time, that they did. What puncheons of rum, what pipes of wine and brandy did not they have, and what fun, and frolic, and feasting, and dancing, and making love, and marrying and giving in marriage. But alas! "*vergangen ist vergangen, verloren ist verloren.*" The house and all looks now, like the state of things a day or two after Noe entered into the ark, only the ruin is not by water. All the buildings are tumbling down, the garden is never hoed or dug, the fences have fallen, the gates without hinges, the doors lack handles, and the once costly furniture

has been battered, and neglected, and maltreated, till you mourn over it all. Old Mr. — was one of the most intelligent men on the island, and sent his many daughters to Copenhagen for education. One of them, at least, obtained it; a fine, sensible, well cultivated woman of thirty, the Lady Bountiful of the island, with a very tender history of love, which deathnipped in the bud when just ready for bloom. It makes me weep only to think of it.

Here is a better collection of English books than you would be likely to find in a Connecticut river town; but how they, too, are neglected!—The plates gone from the encyclopædias; volumes missing from sets, and the binding off from costly works; books scattered, Vol. I. in this place, II. in a different, III. lost, and IV. under the bed. Mrs. — talks all the time about herself and her former grandeur, till she sounds as empty as the Heidelberg tun. In the next life I trust we shall be able to hold our *ears* as well as our tongues. I wish I could now.

The town belongs to the negroes and the pigs. A word of each. 1. Of the negroes. In the streets you see nobody but negroes and colored people—fine straight backs. All the women are slender. You may walk half an hour and not see a white man. One of these days I will write a word upon the *moral* condition of the Africans here, and their possible future. It is full of hope. But the negro is slow—a loose-jointed sort of animal, a great child. 2. The pig. There are lots of pigs in the streets. Pigs male and pigs female, pigs young and pigs old. Most of them are coal-black, and, like Zaccheus, “little of stature.” They are long-nosed and grave-looking animals. I should think they had been through a revival and were preparing for the ministry; a whole Andover, Newton, and Princeton turned into the streets. But they are *slow*, as are all things here. They do not keep their tails flying, like the porkers of New England. A woman, not far off, comes out into the street and now and then calls, “Pik, pik! sough, sough!” (*i.e.* suff, suff,) and her particular pig recognizes the voice and grunts gently, but approvingly, and walks home to his dinner, like an English country gentleman, and not as American members of Congress go to their meals.

I finish this on Sunday, P.M. 27th March. It will go to St. Thomas by packet to-morrow, and the British steamship will convey it to you. What do you think a passage costs from St. Thomas, £38 10s. or £43. for an *outside* cabin! I take the *inside*. You must not let us disturb *your* plans, and put you to *trouble*. We can join you anywhere you know. I want some healthy cheap place for the latter part of the summer, where I can live out of doors and find objects of interest. We mean to see Holland and the Rhine, and Nuremberg, before we go into summer quarters. Lyman will be with us. Dr. Bowditch is to take his daughter to England in the spring. He, too, banks with the Barings, and will go to the chief cities of the Continent. Lyman is a trump. H— calls him *the lover*, from his attachment to me. Love to all, including the Hippopotamus. Good bye, dear friend that you are.

T.

TO GEORGE RIPLEY.

St. Thomas, May 13.

I have just finished "A Letter to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society," which I think they will print. I wish I could have had your help in writing it; had I been at home I should have gone to New York to read it to you, for your criticism. It will be harshly criticized. It is a philosophico-biographical exposition of myself and my doings. I shall be charged with the grossest vanity and also pride. I think you will find neither the one nor the other there. It may be the last thing I shall ever write; at any rate I write it with that supposition. I have carefully left out of notice all of my labors and studies which do not bear upon the matter in hand. You will see how much I pass over in silence; whilst others will charge me with lack of reserve. Good heavens! if they knew what I could tell, and should, if I might live to write the Autobiography you spoke of! I give the rationale of Unitarianism, showing its excellence and its fatal defect, and its consequent defalcation. The Unitarians will not like this; I want your judgment on it. I show that I have utterly broken with the ecclesiastical theology of Christendom, and how; and what I offer in its stead.

I don't know that I have published anything more important this long time, though I preached a series of sermons on the "Testimony of the World of Matter to the Existence and Character of God" in 1857-8, which I think the ablest I ever wrote. I wish I could live long enough to print them: each was an hour and a quarter long (hard, abstruse matter) and I did not preach more than two-thirds of the MS.

I have not much instinctive love of life, but just now I should like a year or two more to finish up some things not half done. Still I am ready anytime, and have never had a minute of sadness at the thought of passing to the immortals.

* * * * *

Your friendship has long been very precious to me, and one of the great delights of my life. The volume of sermons I just spoke of I meant to dedicate "To George Ripley, most genial of critics, most faithful of friends." Take the will for the deed. I rather think you must let me slide before long. I doubt that I ever see the State House again. I was ten weeks at Santa Cruz, and no critical feature of my complaint is changed for the better.

To return to the letter to the Society; you will see parts of it were written with tears of blood, but the people won't see it: I don't wish them to. I avoided all that was sentimental or pathetic as far as possible. It is not well conceived nor well expressed, I fear. It is a sick man's letter, written too, when the average temperature was 80°. Commonly I walk in quiet places, often by night, to make my compositions. Boston Common is part of my study at home; so were the woods at West Roxbury; the great oak, you remember—it was part of my library. But here I could not walk for the heat—there is no shade, and the house admitted no privacy. So I wrote under manifold disadvantages.

I think you will be interested in my account of my Orienting myself in metaphysico-theology in the theological school, my fixing in humanity the idea of the Divine, the Just, and the Immortal. In my autobiography I should (not shall) write it out more fully. I know you will like what I say of the spiritual influences attending my theological development. I mention the leaders of the movement and the agents of the reaction.

* * * * *

God bless you !

T. P.

He left Santa Cruz, and returned to St. Thomas on the 11th of May, to take the steamer for Southampton, which sailed on the 16th.

I leave the tropics with more cough than I brought in. The *critical* symptoms are worse, but others are better.

No plant can live in so dry and poor a soil as hope (*Spes mortalium*). No cactus equals it. Really it lives on itself, — and — furnish me examples of this continually. *Moriturus spem habeo nullam*.

May 29.—In no essential symptom is my disease better, in several it is worse—much worse. I have no longer much hope in my bodily power of recuperation; no physical instinct assures me of recovery. I have some faith in the revivifying influence of civilization, which I have been exiled from for four months; some also in this, that my affairs are not ready for my departure—that I have not done my work. But these are feeble arguments against a consumption, with a cough which tells of the destruction of my lungs. I must let myself slide out of this life into the immortal.

May 30.—To be a good traveller one should have all these accomplishments:—

1. He must sail without sea-sickness.
2. He must be able to coax a sleep out of any plank.
3. He must have a stomach that never surrenders.
4. He must take tobacco—especially smoke.
5. He must drink the coffee which he finds everywhere.

My other sickness now gives me the victory over sea-sickness—a great comfort which I am grateful for.

May 31.—A year ago I was at Kennet Square, Pennsylvania, and preached four sermons—lectured at West Chester, &c.

Many ships in sight to day—sounded fifty-five fathoms. We wish for news of the war. Saw a British steamer at 5 A.M., full of troops heading south for the Mediterranean.

How the old scenes come back and people the world anew! I see the faces of my friends whom I saw last year at Kennet Square, whom I may not see again with the mortal bodily eyes. I am troubled still a little by the sea, and by the crowd of passengers who incommode us so at table and elsewhere. When I close my eyes what special shapes are painted on my optic nerves!

Southampton was reached on June 1, and London the same evening, where they lodged at Radley's Hotel.

The note-book goes peering round in every direction. To the Queen's stables, the Court at Westminster Hall, Chief Justice Campbell on the bench, the Thames, to the book-stores, to Mr. Buckle, Mr. Mackay, and other houses, to Guildhall, St. George's Yard, Vulture Inn, Fish Street Hill, Billingsgate, the Tower, the Reform Club, Museum, Speaker's Gallery of the House of Commons by the favor of Mr. Bright, the Museum in Jermyn Street, to Thomas Huxley's Lecture on Fishes, to the College of Surgeons, to a Charity Sermon at St. Paul's. But, he says, "Too feeble to do much."

He also wrote letters and received a good many visitors.

At St. Paul's, yesterday, the wealth, beauty, and famous birth of England sat under the great dome of the Cathedral, while the servants and ignobly born stood without; 8000 children sat alone, and fainted with hunger while they listened to a wretched sermon on human depravity or sung the litanies they had been made to commit to memory.

June 5.—Heard Martineau. Sermon on self-surrender, full of rich religious feeling, and showing the fine culture of the man. But the costume and the printed service-book are a hindrance to progressive thought, and to all freedom.

While he was in London, a young English gentleman called upon him, who had evidently found the satisfaction which his mind and heart required in the writings of Mr. Parker. He did not come to pay his formal thanks; his whole manner was a demonstration of respect and grateful feeling. On leaving, said he, with much hesitation and modest embarrassment,—“This travelling is a matter of great expense—perhaps, in consequence, you might not be willing always to do something that you would prefer, or to go where motives of pleasure and comfort would otherwise carry you. That ought not to be. Pardon me if I say I know one, deeply indebted to you, who desires to show it, who would be proud to increase the chances for your recovery; in fact, he stands before you.”

How many such unexpected hands of love were stretched out to him during this last year! The offer was declined, but he accepted the precious love.

TO HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Radley's Hotel, London, June 7, 1859.

MY DEAR SUMNER,—You don't know what delight your letter, which came last night, gave us all. How glad we all are to hear of your improvement in health! Mr. Seward was here yesterday afternoon,

and said he heard indirectly from you every day or two, but did not speak so confidently of your health as I had hoped. To learn from your own mouth of your condition is delightful. Lyman came in the *Ocean Queen* to Cowes, reaching land June 2nd, and London the 3rd. Dear, good soul that he is! he took command of me soon as he arrived, and hoisted his broad pendant, so I sail under his colors. He says we shall all be in Paris in ten days at farthest. I think we shall leave London next Monday. We shall stay but about a week in Paris, then go to Holland, perhaps, and so to Switzerland. Tell me of some decent hotel, that is central and not dear. Yours must be too costly for my taste or pocket. Desor is now at Wiesbaden, gone there this week, for the bath-cure. He asks us to pass a part of the summer with him, and we shall but too joyfully accept the offer.

We'll talk over the Italian affairs, which must be settled sooner than I thought. But I have little hope of any good for Italy. Effete nationalities cannot be rejuvenated, I think. I *guess* the fate of Spain and Asia Minor is before the poor people. The Piedmontese seem the best portion of the race.

Well, it won't be long before we see you. I had a letter from Howe; his visit to the Tropics did him a deal of good.

Yours ever,

T. P.

Radley's Hotel, London, June 2, 1859.

TO MISS COBBE AND MISS CARPENTER, BOTH MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,
—Let me unite you both in one letter, the first I write on English soil, while the tossings of the sea still keep my head and hand unsteady. Many thanks for your kind letters, which reached me at Santa Cruz, and the two which greeted me yesterday, on board the ship at Southampton. A boat came alongside, and the boatman called out, "Letter for Theodore Parker!" Judge of the trembling joy with which a sick man read your words of kindly greeting! Thanks, many thanks, for your words of welcome!

I know you will wish to know what effect the residence in the West Indies has had. I cannot yet quite say; for the critical symptoms have changed but little, if at all. But I am a deal stronger, with a good appetite, and reasonable strength and spirits, that, if not hilarious as when well, are never sad. Indeed, I am cheerful by temperament, as well as by philosophy, and from principle. In all my illness, and it is now in its third year, I have not had a single sad hour. I have not the average love of life by instinct, and, besides, have such absolute confidence in the INFINITE LOVE, which creates and provides for the world and each individual in it, that I am sure death is always a blessing, a step forward and upward, to the person who dies. My place in the world will soon be filled by wiser and better men, who *may* be guided by any wise word of mine, and certainly will be *warned* by my *errors*. So my departure may be the best thing for the great cause of humanity we all have so much at heart. The burden of sorrow in that case will fall on my intimates, and heaviest of all on my wife; for to her I am all in all! But even such sorrows are blessed in the end they serve.

However, I shall still hope for returning health, and leave no stone unturned to prolong life. I have many things half ready for the press

which none beside me could print. In special, I have a short volume of sermons on the "Evidence of God found in the World of Matter and of Mind"; they were preached in 1858. I like them better than anything I have done before. Each was about an hour and quarter in the delivery, and what was spoken could be recalled from the notes of the phonographer who daguerretyped all my words. But I did not preach more than half of what my *brief* contained: the unpreached matter will be lost without me; hard to write it out. Besides, I have volumes more in that state.

Dear friends, do not think me rash to have wasted my strength in this way, for I must preach every week, and I had not time to write out fully all that related to the matter I preached upon. Besides, I must labor in some other way to obtain the means to publish and circulate my new works—for I have been my own Tract Society. Had I lived in England I should have printed more and lectured less: in America I must do as I did.

Your two letters, dear friends, are full of interesting matter, which I am not quite well enough to write on now. I hope to do so when I return from the Continent next year. Yes, at Bristol itself; I wish it were possible now. But we shall stay only a week or ten days in London. Here I found letters, dated Montreux, Switzerland, May 28. My friends are well and happy. I meant to visit Scandinavia with my friend Desor, but hear nothing from him. My American friend Lyman has not arrived, so we are all alone in this great Babel of modern civilization. I have seen nobody but the bankers, Bates and Sturgis (Baring, Brothers, and Co.), old acquaintances, and genial, kindly men. I hope to see Martineau, Newman, and others of the nobler sort, but must be prudent and not talk much with thoughtful men.

When I reached Santa Cruz I went, or rather crawled, for I could hardly walk, to the graveyard, and selected my place of rest if the angel of death should say, "Thus far, O body, but no further!" It seemed odious to lay my bones in ground where the bottom of the grave was dry as the top, and where no grass can grow, but only abominable sedges six or eight feet high. Yet I found a sufficient place under a tamarind and a silk cotton tree (*Bombax ceiba*) though unlovely: But when I trod on English ground I felt that the clods of the valley would be sweet to the crumbling flesh. I would not object to laying my bones where, save six generations, my fathers have left their ashes for eight hundred years. Yet I shall prefer to take home a sound body.

TO MISS COBBE.

Radley's Hotel, June 11, 1859.

MY VERY DEAR MISS COBBE,—Your kind note came duly to hand, and the flowers are fresh and blooming still, on the table before me, as I write. I have seen the Martineaus, Newman, Tayler, Ierson, Mr. and Mrs. Shaen, Miss Winkworth, Cholmondeley (whom you don't know—he is a good fellow, and was a while in America), and many others. Mr. Bright and many of his coadjutors I have also seen, and by his courtesy got a place under the gallery and heard the great debate on

Thursday night. But I am losing daily here in the smoke and chill of London. To-morrow we hasten to Paris (Hôtel de Londres, 8, Rue St. Hyacinthe, Rue St. Honoré) where we shall stay a few days, and then take our departure for the Rhine and Switzerland. It is a great luxury to see the Apthorps again and my dear Desor, with whom I shall pass some weeks.

“To be weak is to be miserable.” Here I am in the focus of civilization and can do nothing; a little excitement is a little too much, and I must get into a quiet place. It has grieved us all that we could not see you, but if I return next year and in any tolerable condition, I must have that pleasure. I hope I shall often hear from you on the Continent. The Barings will always have my address, and I will besides keep you advised of my whereabouts.

Mrs. P. sends hearty thanks for the flowers, and I have put away the silken thread which bound them among other precious things. Both of the ladies send you their hearty regards. Let me add the best wishes and thanks of

Yours truly,

T. P.

TO ISAAC AND SARAH CLARK, BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS.

London (Radley's Hotel, Blackfriars),
June 8, 1859.

MY DEAR ISAAC AND SARAH,—My friend, Mr. Lyman, came here to take care of me on the 3rd of June, leaving Boston May 19th; he brought the news that your excellent father had passed on from this world to a better. It did not much surprise me. Yet the last time I heard, he was quite well; had got his petition accepted, and cast the first vote in the new town of Belmont! I am glad he had that satisfaction. But at ninety what are we to expect? When I rode out to see him that last Sunday I spent in Massachusetts, I thought I should not see him again, but yet imagined that I should shake off the body before him. I don't know but he was of the same opinion. A tear stood in his eye as I took him by the hand, and said Good bye. Some letters told me the particulars of his passing away—gradually, calmly, quietly; what more could we ask? He came to a great age; he had lived a happy life; his latter years were particularly full of delight; and he died an easy death, and slipped into the other world without knowing it. We must shed some natural tears, but let us not mourn for him. It was only a blessed new birth to him, the mature soul drew near its time and must be born into heaven. He could not have lived many years; they must be years of painful decline of all the senses. Let us not mourn that he has left the earth and gone to the blessed ones of his own family, who have ascended to heaven before him. Let us rather rejoice that he lived so long and happy a life, achieved such an excellent character, and passed so pleasantly from time to eternity. I wish I could have been with you at the time, and could have spoken a word or two about the character I loved and esteemed so much. But that pleasure was denied me.

We went from New York to Havana, stayed there three or four days, then went to St. Thomas, where we stopped two days; thence to Santa Cruz, and stayed ten weeks. There we lived in a house which had no glass windows, no chimneys, no fire-place. A house in the West Indies is a little piece of out-doors fenced off with a slender partition. I mean it is almost out of doors. So we lived in the open air when within the house. I used to ride on a little pony, who climbed the hills nicely; and bathe in the sea—that was my only exercise, for it was so hot nobody could walk with any comfort; there were no shady trees. During all the ten weeks we were there it was not cloudy three days; it did not rain an inch and a quarter! I saw a grave dug, six feet deep, and the earth at *the bottom* was like ashes, as dry as at the top. I wish I could describe the island to you. It is twenty-three miles long with an average breadth of not more than four or five; the shores are coral rock, rising generally but two or three feet above the sea itself; though in one place there are cliffs ten or twenty feet high. The sea has no tide, and is commonly still as Fresh-pond, though it flaps a little at the shore. The whole island is but a cluster of hills, the highest about 1500 feet; the steepest part of Wellington Hill is nothing to the abruptness of these miniature mountains. Yet they carry their cultivation to the very top; the steepest sides are planted with sugar-cane. They throw the land into ridges about three or four feet apart and sixteen or eighteen inches high. These parallels run round the hills nearly level; between them the sugar-cane is planted: the plants are set about a foot apart. Paths making a zigzag lead up to the top of the hill, in which the mules walk to carry up manure and to bring down the crop. For scenes of quiet rural beauty, I have seen nothing equal to some of the best parts of the island. But we are all quite glad at length to get away from it, for it became intolerably hot. There is no relief from the heat; a cool day does not come now and then as with us, and the nights are almost as hot as the days. 11th of May we went back to St. Thomas and stayed till 16th, when, at 3 P.M., we steamed off for England. Here I am as busy as a nail-machine all day and get little rest, there are so many friends. But I refuse all invitations to breakfast, dine, &c., and keep as quiet as I can, doing nothing rash. Please show this to my brother. I shall write him soon, but I avoid letters as much as possible. Believe me, my dear cousins, faithfully and affectionately yours,

THEODORE.

TO DR. HOWE.

Paris, June 15, 1859.

MY DEAR CHEV.—We left London Sunday morning, June 12, at half-past five, and reached Paris at a quarter-past five P.M., travelling (*viâ* Folkstone and Boulogne) nearly three hundred miles, and that with little fatigue. We had not got fixed in our lodgings before Sumner came to see us. He had been already at the station, but missed us there. He is the finest sight I have yet seen in Europe—he is now so much better than I had hoped. He walks on those great long legs of his at the rate of four or five miles an hour; his counte-

nance is good, good as ever; he walks upright, and sits upright; all trouble has vanished from his brain; he has still a little difficulty in the spine, enough to make him feel that he has got a back-bone—we knew it from other indications. He is the same dear old Sumner as he used to be before that scoundrel laid him low—winning the admiration of the Hunkers of Boston and of South Carolina. He is full of information—knowledge of facts, men, and ideas. Monday I rode with him nearly six hours about Paris—he doing all the talking, for I do not speak in the streets. He was here again yesterday, and I was at his room. I never found him more cheerful or more hopeful. It is a continual feast to see him.

Now you will wish to know a word about myself. I did not like to write from London, where I had no good to tell. The voyage from Havana to Santa Cruz wore me down a good deal. When I reached that place (March 3rd), I could but just crawl about: I went stooping and feeble. With the help of a cane, I strolled out after breakfast to see what I could see, and got into the grave-yard, a most hideous-looking place, where I selected the most unattractive spot, and thought it likely I should lay my bones there; but I *did not!* I gained color and weight at Santa Cruz, but lost the latter again; strength increased all the time. I lost seven pounds' weight in the voyage from St. Thomas to Southampton, and, of course, have not yet recovered it. The cough "has increased, and is increasing, and ought to be diminished." So is it with the expectoration. Yesterday, in company with my good friend, Dr. Samuel Bigelow, of Paris, I visited Dr. Louis. Bigelow and Louis both made the examination, and concurred in their advice, Bigelow explaining to me more minutely than Louis all the features of the case. Still, I don't know that *my* opinion about myself is at all changed. But it may be of no value; for the doctors here do not agree with it, Dr. Bigelow thinking that I may preach again. The 2nd of January, when I turned away from the congregation after the sermon was over, it flashed into me, "This is the last time, O Parkie!"—and I turned and looked at the departing multitude as for the last time. I will do all my *possible* to live; then, if I die, it will not be my fault.

After the six hours' ride, Mr. Sumner was obliged to go home and rest; but Mr. Parker went on foot, still exploring and making calls for some time longer. He was then more capable of muscular exertion than Mr. Sumner; and to all appearance, putting the positive disease aside, promised an earlier return to health.

The note-book was on duty again. The amount of sight-seeing, visiting, and letter-writing is wonderful to contemplate!

TO DR. CABOT.

Paris, June 16, 1859.

MY DEAR CABOT,—I know you will like to hear a word or two from your docile patient, since leaving St. Croix. We had a good smooth

passage to Southampton (May 16th to June 1st). I took six drops of chloroform in a wine-glass of water, to prevent sea-sickness, and kept horizontal on the deck for the first three or four days. So I escaped the misery of continual vomiting, retching, and straining, which so torment me else at sea. I suffered little this time, but yet lost seven pounds on the voyage. As we got into cooler latitudes, I protected myself abundantly with clothes, &c., keeping on deck twelve or thirteen hours a-day, but in sheltered places; but yet the cough would increase. After I reached London, the dampness—they called it, "uncommon fine weather it is, for June"—the clouds and the deadness of the air, full of coal smoke, irritated the cough still more, and of course increased the expectorations. I was very prudent. I accepted no invitations to *breakfast* or *dine*. I once lunched with Martineau. I made no visits, except one or two of necessity, and those but a few minutes in duration. Of course, I could not avoid seeing some hundred persons perhaps, some of them most enlightened and interesting men and women. Many hospitalities were offered me, but I could accept none. "To be weak is to be miserable!" I was out in the evening time, once till half-past eight, once till ten—it is hardly dark at nine, and dawns at half-past two A.M.!—but did myself no harm thereby. Judge of my forbearance. I left the House of Commons at half-past eight (when I had a most distinguished seat), though Sir James Graham and Lord Palmerston were to speak before midnight; besides, I went into none of the great churches, not even Westminster Abbey! I never went to the theatre, and took special pains not to get fatigued. Professor Rogers happened to be in London for three months, and was exceedingly attentive, kind, affectionate, and *wise*. He insisted on my staying with him, but I did not; nor even accept his invitations to meet famous *savans*, and talk with them.

Here, at Paris, I sought Dr. Samuel Bigelow, who took me to Louis I told them my medical and pathological story, and they made a "survey," and reported a little tubercular disease at the top of the right lung, *not extended far, no reason why it should extend or even continue!* He thought little of the cough or the expectoration; thought the greenish-yellowish matter came from the bronchia, not from the decomposition of the tubercles. He has no faith in Dr. Winchester's hypophosphites; no more in (that abominable) cod-liver oil. He recommended *pillules de Blancard* (iodide of iron, you know), and I have got one hundred of them, to take one at breakfast and at supper for a while; they look formidable as buckshot, and will kill the consumption, *if they hit it!* Certainly they are big enough. Drs. L. and B. recommend—1. Abstinence from all over-exertion. 2. To keep in the open air as much as possible. 3. To eat abundance of nutritious food, especially *viandes mures*. 4. To drink *vin de Bordeaux*, or *vin de Neuchâtel*. He (Dr. L.) also recommended the baths at Ems and Eaux Bonnes (near the Pyrenees, you know;) but I found Dr. B. inclined to let me off from them, so I shall go to Montreux (Vaud, Suisse) at once. Dr. L. thinks well of Ægypt, but I fear the discomfort of the land, and the chill of the river (seventy-five days in a boat), and seek some European spot. Do write me (through Mr. Manley) what you think of Rome for a winter residence. I don't refuse Ægypt,

though the cost is *enormous*. Now, my dear Cabot, don't think I rode in your gig for nothing. I became a mollusc—an oyster, at the West Indies, and exercised almost exclusively those *nerves of vegetation*, which you discovered. But I had in me a letter to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, and I must bring it forth, and when my full time was come, I was in labor four or five hours at a time; but this was *ex necessitate*, not at all *ex voluntate*; besides, it was the only way to get through. I can't "take the leap of Niagara and stop when half-way down." I hope you have seen the thing, by this time; a sick man's baby it must be; the child of sorrows, no doubt; but like others, it must be born! After that, I dropped down into my molluscous condition, and when I saw one of the actual tenants of the mud at London (they grew on *trees* at St. Croix,) I said, "Am I not a clam and a brother?" I never opened my mouth upon oyster or even *shrimp*, except to speak to them respectfully, lest I should commit the crime against nature, and devour my own kind. In Switzerland, I will be as gentle "as a child that is weaned of its mother," and behave myself "like a sucking child."

I shall see Bigelow again, and keep up a correspondence, perhaps, with him; but I want your advice as much as ever, dear, good, hearty friend that you are; please write me through Mr. Manley, who will always know my address. Love from mine to yours. Please hand this to the excellent Dr. Flint, and let him show it to whom he will, as good tidings from

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE PARKER.

On the 19th of June he went to Dijon, on the way to the Lake of Geneva and Montreux. The latter place had been recommended to him for a summer residence.

After dinner the next day he took the tour of Dijon, "the queerest old town I was ever in," and at two in the afternoon was on the way to Geneva. He reached Montreux by boat on the 22nd, landing in a violent thunder-storm, and found lodgings prepared at the Pension Ketterer. Here he met his friends the Hunts and Apthorps.

TO MR. JOSEPH LYMAN.

Montreux, June 22, 1859.

MY DEAR LYMAN,—We reached Dijon about 5 p.m. Sunday, after a most delightful ride through a highly cultivated country. The land is rather sterile by nature, but made abundantly productive by art; the crops were fine; rye, wheat, grass, now and then a little Indian corn, and the beautiful vines of this Côte d'Or. How everything is *utilisée*, every spot of ground, all the water, and the waste of the roads! Nothing is lost; at taverns the guests eat their platters clean.

At Dijon we found a fine hotel (De la Clôche), but prices exorbitant; all tavern-keepers I fear are pirates, and seek to *exploiter* the

rest of mankind. It is, I think, the queerest little old town I ever saw. All is mediæval—narrow streets, churches with no approach to the *Renaissance*, of the quaintest fashion. I felt myself carried back to the time of Charles the Bold and Jean Sans Peur, whose tombs are here, with their high-nosed statues lying on the top. We stayed till 2 P.M. next day, then started for Geneva, which we reached at eleven, tired and hungry. I was too weary to do much the next day, but H. and L. visited some of the (few) curiosities of the town. At 3 P.M. we steamed off for Montreux, but met ill weather three-quarters of an hour before reaching it, and at half-past eight landed (in a flat-boat) in a violent thunder-storm. We stayed awhile in a shanty, where Mr. Ketterer was waiting for an English family, and then walked some three-eighths of a mile to his hotel. All was ready for us, fine apartments with a most glorious outlook, good beds, &c. Most of all, there were our blessed friends, all well, and not at all changed since 1856, save only that Willy has grown older, stouter, browner, and more boy-like. What a bright little dog he is! They did not look for us this day, and supposed their ill weather extended to Geneva, and would prevent us from coming there. Our baggage got badly wet, and the industrious — has been busy all day with unpacking, airing, smoothing-out, and replacing the unwanted articles which fill our trunks and bags.

Do you know what a prospect there is right before my face? The Dent du Midi, 10,000 feet high and twenty miles distant, covered with snow, is as distinctly defined as the steeples of Jamaica Plain appear at your house. Come and see. Apthorp plans many excursions for us. This P.M. (7 now) the weather is delicious, the scenery perfect. Come and make it complete with your presence, and believe me,
Faithfully yours.

— admired the bronze “counterfeit presentment” of herself as much as I. All send their hearty love. It has rained here every day for a month; now we shall have fair weather.

Greet Sumner, dear, great, noble soul! from me.

T. P.

TO MISS MARY CARPENTER, BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

Montreux (Pension Ketterer), Suisse, June 23, 1859.

MY DEAR MISS CARPENTER,—It grieved me very much to find that I must leave London without seeing you or Miss Cobbe. Really it was too bad, after all your very generous intentions. But when I return to England we will make amends for it, and take our revenge. I need not tell you how much interest I take in your noble work at Bristol. Many things are called CHRISTIANITY, a name dear or hateful as you define it one way or the other; often it means repeating a liturgy and attending church or chapel; sometimes it meant burning men alive; in half of the United States of America it means kidnapping, enslaving men and women! The Christianity which your admirable father loved, taught and lived, was piety and morality, love

to God, love to man, the keeping of the natural laws God writes on sense and soul. It is this which I honor and love in you, especially as it takes the form of humanity and loves the unlovely. The greatest heroism of our day spends itself in lanes and alleys, in the haunts of poverty and crime, seeking to bless such as the institutions of the age can only curse. If Jesus of Nazareth were to come back and be the Jesus of London, I think I know what (negative and positive) work he would set about. He would be a new revolution of institutions, applying his universal justice to the causes of ill; but also an angel of mercy, palliating the effects of those causes which could not be at once removed or made well. You are doing this work, the work of humanity: it seems to me you have a genius for it.

Accept my hearty thanks for all your kind intentions, and believe me, faithfully yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

There is lying at the base of Wellington Hill a field, which formerly belonged to the township of Watertown; it is famous for the great oaks and elms of enormous girth that are still flourishing there, the only specimens of the kind within many a mile. Some chestnut trees, which yet remain in a secluded spot on the confines of Dedham, are the only trees comparable with them for bulk and stateliness. The two largest elms have their feet in moist ground, and a sparkling brook runs between. Over this a plank or fallen branch leads to the great oaks, which flourish on a grassy knoll; it almost encircles a little pond, which in wet weather is quite full. The field is skirted on one side by the road, but the clumps of underwood and barberry bushes scatter many a screen; and, beyond the knoll of oaks, everything is shut out except the country sights and sound. There are few such spots left in Massachusetts, where trees which shaded the first colonists yet stand. Underneath these oaks the old Watertown settlers used to go for foxes and beavers up towards Waltham Hills.

It was a favorite spot with Mr. Parker; and not far off, upon Wellington's Hill, the Twenty-eighth Society sometimes held its annual picnic. But in 1859 a letter must serve for the actual bodily presence of the pastor who loved those occasions so well:—

LETTER TO THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY.

Montreux, Switzerland, June 25, 1859.

To all the good people of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Picnic assembled:

Young men and women, and men and women no longer young! Far off in body let me salute you as face to face in spirit; so indeed we

are, for I feel as near you as if my eye read your welcome and familiar faces, and saw there what you have been doing the last five months.

A year ago, when I told you of the great oak-trees near by, almost as large as John P. Hale in circumference, who stood up before you as the unit of measure, I had a dim presentiment that I should not be with you bodily at your next annual meeting, for I then felt the approach of the evils which have so disturbed me since, and was long in recovering from the slight fatigues of that festal day. But I did not then think that when you should again look at Wellington's Hill, 400 or 500 feet high, the Pic du Midi, 10,000 feet high, sheeted with snow, would seem as near to me.

How little do we know what should happen! That tall mountain,—it passes for nothing in this Alpine family of giants,—looks in at my window all day, and all night long it glitters white in the surrounding darkness: then blushes rosy red, as morning comes up the sky. The snow shifts and varies on its top and sides from day to day, but never wholly disappears, 'tis said. I can throw a walnut from my chamber into the Lake of Geneva, whose blue-green waters are so fair all day. Handsome vineyards are all around me here, yet their crop is not so fair as our own Indian corn, the Pocahontas of the vegetable world, the great American empress of the cereal grasses. The Château Chillon is within fifteen minutes' walk, built on a rock in the Lake, a few yards from the shore, where the water is 500 feet deep, they say. It is very old; there was a castle there used as a prison in 830—and the present structure was put in its present shape in 1248. A romantic little village, full of old houses, with its grey stone church, is perched on the side of mountain, one or two hundred feet above my head.

Most picturesque are the pleasant places where the lines of my present lot have fallen to me! So good comes out of evil! The people here seem contented and happy, and look intelligent and virtuous; they work less than we, save more, and enjoy more. The country is rich, not by nature, but by the toil of many generations. For while, in New England, our last cultivation of the soil is not 240 years old, here you count the triumphs of industry by thousands of years. I think the vine was cultivated here before the time of Julius Cæsar; not to speak of corn and other needful things, which human toil wooed out of this sunny land, perhaps 3000 or 4000 years ago. The soil is poorer than what you stand on, and more stony too; the slopes are steeper than the most abrupt descents about you. But labor conquers all; the steep mountain sides are notched into terraces, whose sides are protected by the stones which once cumbered the ground; the shores are lined with stone to withstand the flapping of the uneasy lake. The soil is rich by art, and bears enormous crops of costly grapes. I love to see the Indian corn scattered here and there among the vines. Nothing is lost, no foot of soil; no ray of sunshine on a wall, but an apricot, a peach, a grape is ripening there. *Use* has not driven *Beauty* off—men are not content with the sublime of nature; they must have the handsome artifice of flowers. Pinks, hollyhocks, marigolds, gilliflowers, and the queenly roses blow in all the little gardens. In the homely window of a stone cottage, in the narrow street of Montreux,

you will find a fairer show of cactuses, than all tropic St. Croix now furnishes to its proud and lazy inhabitants, equally incapable and regardless of beauty.

Here too all is peace—it is the incidents of peace I have been speaking of; but only eighty miles off, as the crow flies, are the outposts of the Allies; two armies, numbering 300,000 men, are drawing near to kill each other, and before these lines reach you, I suppose they will have reddened the ground with dreadful murder. No doubt the Austrians are the Devil to Italy; their name is legion, and they have possessed it many a sad year, *i dannati Tedeschi*, as the Italians call them! Now Napoleon III., the prince of that class of devils, the very Beelzebub, comes to cast them out. It is good to get rid of the old German devil, even if a new French one turns him off in this rough fashion; it is of a kind that goes not out except by fire and sword. I rejoice therefore in every French victory; it gives Italy some chance for freedom, though I hope little for these effete nations.

You and I may be thankful that our land is not trodden by the hoof of war—not yet, I mean; but the day will come when we also must write our great charter of liberty in blood. No nation in Europe has so difficult a problem to solve as America, none has so great a contradiction in the national consciousness. The spirit of despotism has a lodgment in the United States of America. 350,000 slave-holders keep 4,000,000 in a degrading bondage which Europe only knows in her ancient story, not from present facts. Besides there are 350,000 Hunkers, entrenched behind the colleges, courts, markets, and churches of America, who are armed in this way for the defence of this despotism, and are deadly hostile to all the institutions of democracy.

A great struggle goes on in Europe to-day, in *all* Europe. The actual war is local, confined to a small part of Italy. It may become general before you read this note, and be spread over all the land. For the causes of war are everywhere. It is the great battle of mankind against institutions which once helped but now hinder the progress of humanity—human nature against the limitations of human history. On the one side are the progressive instincts of the race, demanding development, the enjoyment of their natural rights; on the other are the ecclesiastical and political dynasties which now possess the seats of power and the weapons of authority, and say to mankind, "Thus far, but no farther!" We all know how such quarrels must end. Human instincts are a constant force, continually active, never wearing out; while dynasties perish, and are not renewed. The Pope and *his* Christianity will go where the Pontifex went with his heathenism, and one by one the despotism of the Kings will yield to the Constitutional Governments of the people. "Forward," "Upward!" is God's word of command—all thrones, all markets, all churches which stand in the way of men will be trodden under foot of men! The past life of mankind is a struggle with the elements and a battle against its own rulers; but the handsome vineyards of Switzerland and the vast cities of Europe are results of that struggle. The Constitutional Governments of England, old and new, are the triumphs won in that battle! Alas! the fight must continue for years, perhaps, for generations. But

peace is sure to come at last. In this great European strife, I find no man dares appeal to America for encouragement. Her 4,000,000 slaves, her attempts to revive the African slave-trade, her courts which lay waste the principles of democracy and justice, her Churches leagued with the stealers of men, are arguments for despotism and against a Republic. No doubt, Austria is the hindmost State of Christian Europe, the most mediæval and despotic; light enters Russia, and is welcome, while Austria repels the dawn of day. But even this despotism has not a slave, while democratic America chains one-seventh of her population, and sets 4,000,000 men for sale. France is the ally of rising Italy; America the helper of Austria, which would hold back the world. Even in your festivities, dear friends, I beg you to remember this, and not be unmindful of what we owe the world.

I trust you will enjoy the day before you and return home the wiser for your delight.

I know you will believe me, faithfully yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO MR. MANLEY.

Montreux, Vaud Suisse, June 25, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. MANLEY,—Yesterday's mail brought most welcome letters from you, Mr. May, St. Mathilde, and others. I am glad the letter to the Twenty-eighth came safe to hand; it cost me too much care and toil to have it lost, though I have still the duplicate in my desk. It must be nearly printed by this time, considering the efficiency of the committee who have the matter in charge. The Twenty-eighth, for whom it was meant, will receive it in the spirit of love and kindness, making all due allowance for the short-comings of a sick man; but the outsiders, for whom it was not meant, will, of course, treat it with harshness. My apology for myself will hurt the feelings of many, no doubt. Please see that a copy of it is sent to the excellent Dr. Samuel Cabot, and the "Midsummer Sermon" also. I fear I left his name off of the list I sent Mr. Leighton.

We left London, June 13th, at half-past five a.m., and reached Paris at five; stayed there about a week, and left it at eleven a.m., June 19th, and passed the night at Dijon, one of the queerest old places I ever saw: it was the capital of Burgundy, you know, the residence and burial-place of the famous dukes of that name. Their high-nosed statues still keep the likeness of the family, and show whence come the (ugly) features of the Hapsburgs of Austria and the Bourbons of France, which are traceable to them through the female line. God knows who were the fathers of their families!

From Dijon we went to Geneva next day, and the following came by boat to this charming and most delicious spot, whose name you have read at the head of the letter. Don't you think the Hunts and Apthorps were glad to meet us all, and we to put our arms about their necks? It is almost three years since we saw them sail out of New York Harbour, not thinking we should meet here under such circumstances on the 21st June, 1859.

I visited Dr. Samuel Bigelow (you know his excellent brother, John B. B., and his wife, a charming person); he took me to the famous Dr.

Louis (Baron Louis), and they made an examination, and reported a little tubercular disease at the top of the right lung; not extensive, not necessarily obliged to extend, or sure to continue. Their judgment was eminently favorable, and encouraged my poor wife greatly; she always keeps up a great heart, and is hopeful as the deity who leans on an anchor, never says a discouraging word, and has a smile at each unlucky symptom. There are no artists like these women! Dr. B. is my doctor just now (you must have a relay of doctors, as of horses to put you over the road), and he recommends the hypophosphite of lime (Louis thinks nothing of it), and I take it now, twenty grains a-day, three days in the week. The French chemist who prepares it thinks the American preparations are good for nothing. "No such goods in the market as our goods, sir! Depend upon it, nobody else has got the gen-u-ine article!" That is the cry all the world over. I suppose a money-lender tells his customers (or victims), "My money will go further than any other. In short, sir, my dollars are a leetle sounder than any others in the street!" Since I came here last Tuesday, and it is Saturday now, I have been better than before. I have slept better and coughed less than in any four days since I left St. Croix. That looks well; but the time is a little too short to draw long inferences from. Still, I have never had so good news to write about myself as now! Tell Francis Jackson, that unsurpassably excellent man, that I will not over-work, and I advise him to be as prudent as I am and shall be. I hope he does not go to that cold, raw spot at South Boston this summer! It has handsome flowers, but ugly east winds also on all sides of you. It gives me a touch of the rheumatism only to think of it.

TO JOHN AYRES.

July 31, 1859.

Your last welcome letter, of July 12, was sent me from Montreux by my wife, who is staying there with Hannah, and the Hunts and Apthorps. Mr. Lyman and I are staying a little while on a visit with my friend Desor, whom you may have seen at my house; he is an old and dear friend—now a man of large property, and has a dozen friends staying with him at his mountain farm. It is about 3000 feet above the sea—a most delightful spot. The days are warm and the nights cool. It is Sunday to-day, and you will not jump out of bed for an hour or two yet, for though ten o'clock here, it is only a little after four with you. The letters, the last and the preceding, were quite grateful to me, and seemed like the face of an old friend almost. Many thanks for the wise and prudent interest you took in my affairs, at a most critical period too. I hope F—— keeps his integrity, if he loses his property. I wrote him as soon as I heard of his trouble; he has been an honest man as well as a generous, and I think this little reverse will do him good, and only good; few men can bear long-continued prosperity, especially the sudden and uninterrupted increase of riches. Things are arranged for us better than we can manage them ourselves. I look with great reverence and trust at the *inevitable things in life*. They are often just what we revolt from,

but they turn out to be just what we need most of all. Mr. Jackson has written me about the present disposition of my funds, and I feel renewed obligations to you and him and Mr. Manley. Do not take too much interest in an old and sick minister; he will be very thankful for a little. The *New York Herald* of 16th inst., has just been handed me, and I see that Mr. Choate has passed away; a man of great talents, which he greatly abused, often to the worst purposes. He had good qualities, and young men bred in his office both respected and loved the man. I am glad I was not in Boston when he died, for I should have felt bound in duty to preach his funeral sermon, more painful for me to write than it would be for his friends to hear. I should like to preach a sermon on John Augustus, one of the most extraordinary men I ever knew; he created a new department of humanity and loved the unlovely. A murderer or a highway robber does not corrupt society; but a man like Choate, with talent, genius, learning, social position, the most extraordinary power of bewitching men by his speech, *he debauches the people to a terrible extent*. I wonder if any one will write out and preach the dreadful lesson of such a life, and warn the public against being seduced by such men, and young scholars against becoming such? When Robert Rantoul died, the Suffolk Bar took no notice of his death. What a pow-wow they will make over poor Choate! Why? He was one of them, and Rantoul drank from a different spring—at least sometimes.

So you see, there is peace, at least for a time. I took great interest in the war; the prince of devils was casting Satan out of Italy. I like to see the devil's-house of despotism divided against itself, but Beelzebub-Napoleon did not like to cast Satan entirely out; he drives him out of one or two rooms, and leaves him still master of the great hall and all the court-yard. The short of it is, Nap. was afraid. 1. His losses in battle were enormous (he does not dare publish them yet), and he must ask for 100,000 more soldiers if he went on. 2. He feared the spirit of revolution. In a month all Hungary would have been in a revolt; Italy was already in open rebellion. 3. He feared the intervention of the other Powers. Russia would not like a Hungarian revolution in 1859, after she put one down in 1849; if the war was general, and not local, all the great Powers would have a hand in it, at least in settling it. 4. He did not dare offend the Pope and the 40,000 priests at home, who are Roman and not French, and might give him a pretty kettle of fish to fry if they pleased. In a word, he saw that his devil's-house of despotism was divided against itself, and in danger of falling about his head. Now the Emperors are made friends, there seems to be unity of sentiment, of idea, and of aims between them. The Pope is an ugly customer to deal with. If I were Emperor of France, after the Solferino battle I would take him by the scruff of his neck very gently and say to him, "You old cuss you! long enough have you tormented men and made your three millions and a quarter of subjects hate you; that must cease! Keep your infallibility as long as you like, and make the most of that nonsense—decree the immaculate conception of the Mother of God, and his grandmother, and all his aunts, if you like; nay, you may excommunicate all the rest of mankind, the more the merrier, and damn them

in the next world; but if you touch the hair of any honest man's head in *this* world—nay, if you wickedly scare a Jewish baby in his cradle—you have got me to settle with, that's all! Your people are to have you for ruler, if they like you; if not, *not!* Now, *pax vobiscum!*"

TO SARAH AND CAROLINE WHITNEY, WEST ROXBURY,
MASSACHUSETTS.

Geneva, June 21, 1859.

MY DEAR SARAH AND CAROLINE,—Let me embrace you both in one letter, for I am your debtor, owing each of you a letter, and perhaps more than one. It is now twenty-two years since I was first *ordained* as minister at West Roxbury; this longest day in the year is the anniversary of that event. It is one of the epochs in my life, which I always cherish with fond regard, though the special *ceremony* I thought no more of then than now. Do you remember the council? A great many of them are now dead. John Quincy Adams, and Mr. Lunt, both of the Dr. Wares, Tommy Gray, Dr. Pierce, Dr. Harris, and Mr. Greenwood. It was able men whom I had invited to perform the services—Francis, Ripley, Stetson, Henry Ware, and faithfully they did their duty. One thing happened, a little characteristic of what was afterwards to befall me. After the services were over, they they all went down to Tafts for the entertainment. I walked, by some accident in the management; and when I reached the hall everything was eaten up but the sandwiches. I have often thought of it as an omen of much that was to come: so I regarded it then.

I shall never forget the kindness and affection I met with at West Roxbury! When I went to Europe in 1843-4, no day ever passed but I, in imagination, looked in every house in the parish, and fancied what was going on. In the wakeful hours of the night, now-a-days, I do the same, with the present congregation at Boston, but it takes a little longer to visit all the parish now. I often wonder that the people at Spring Street bore with my opinions as gently as they did, for all were not able to take so philosophical views of them as Deacon Farrington. He said, "Mr. Parker makes a distinction between religion and theology; it is a sound distinction. We like his religion; it is exactly what we want: we understand it; and this religion is the principal thing. About the theology we are not quite so clear; much of it is different from what we used to learn. But we were taught many foolish things. Some of his theology we are sure is right; all of it seems like good common-sense; and if some of it does sound a little strange, we are contented to have him preach just what he thinks. For, if he begun by not preaching what he believed, I am afraid he would end by preaching at last what he did not believe at all!" Wise old deacon!—I learned a great many things from him. But I must stop now, and finish elsewhere.

TO THE SAME.

Montreux, Switzerland, June 29, 1859.

What a sweet, kind letter you wrote me, dear Sarah, the day I went off from Boston! It has dwelt in my memory ever since, like some fragment of a pleasing tune that will keep coming back again and again. How often I think of you all, and of the happy times I have had in your house, both the old one and the new! I also remember well my first visit to your family, and took much delight in the society of S. and C. all the time I was at Spring Street. I think I shall not forget the past, nor cease to profit by the present and future. There were some very thoughtful persons at West Roxbury, though not one who was what is technically called "an educated man." How we abuse the term "educated"!

We are living in one of the handsomest little places in the world. By nature the scenery is grand and sublime; art has added the delicate beauty of fine culture. Summer and Winter have clasped hands; the Dent du Midi, 10,000 or 12,000 feet high, and covered with snow, looks in at the window, while the apricots are hanging ripe on the garden walls, and the figs are almost fully grown. Strawberries and cherries abound. Perhaps you will not find the place on the map, but it is at the east end of the Lake of Geneva, between Vevay and the Castle of Chillon. We are not more than a hundred miles in a straight line from the seat of war, where a most ghastly battle was fought last Friday. We have not yet learned the details. I think it will not continue long. The Austrian Emperor went back to Vienna day before yesterday. If he had waited much longer he would have needed a *French passport*. I expect every day to hear the French have taken Venice, and that Padua has risen against the Austrians. Tell the ladies of West Roxbury that I have looked through their eyes for the last four or five months, and no wonder if the world looks fair. We all send love to you all. Give my special regards and thanks to Sally (Henshaw) Whittemore. Think of the Deacon's daughters! "Well, I never!" I hope Captain John's short-horn is well. Give our kind regards to mother, and believe me,

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE PARKER.

TO MRS. E. D. CHENEY, BOSTON.

Montreux (Pension Ketterer), June 28, 1859.

MY DEAR EDNAH,—I have not written you a single line since I fled off from Boston. What adds to the mischief, I did not have the coveted opportunity to bid you good bye for I know not how long. Now I have a little breathing spell, being quietly settled down for a few weeks perhaps, and so comes this letter—wholly of friendship and partly of thanks, the latter being something more than the sum of all the parts which the metaphysicians say make up the whole. I have written so

much about myself lately—good news, too, since I came to this place, that I am the greatest bore in the world to myself, as bad as Abby Folsom, or even Mr. Mellen, to the Anti-slavery Conventions; no, worse than that, as bad as Mr. A. B. to the Twenty-eighth Congregational. If somebody should announce “The Rev. Theodore Parker,” I think I should put on my shoes, after I had taken him coldly by the hand, and tell him, “I am very sorry, sir! but really sir, I have important business which takes me to Vevay, &c. I—I—I beg your pardon, sir, but—but—but—I *must* bid you good morning, sir!” So I should walk off four or five miles in the rain to escape the “devastator of the day;” to such a degree has that gentleman become wearisome to me.

What shall I tell you? There are so many things that I know not which to select, so I will take the people I saw at London. We had not been there forty-eight hours when an old gentleman was announced—a Mr. R. H. Brabant, seventy-nine years old, who had come from Bath to pay me his respects. “You don’t know me, sir,” said he. “It is only your name that is forgotten,” I said; “I remember you very well!” Fifteen years ago he came from Devizes, ninety miles, to see me, and I dined with him at his son-in-law’s house (Mr. Hennell, now dead, was the son-in-law). It did me good to see the old gentleman again, full of scholarship and humanity. Mrs. Shaen and Miss Winkworth came to see us, and sat an hour or so; they are sisters, intelligent, cultivated, and thoughtful women, full of literature, ideas, and humanity. You know the Book of Hymns one of these talented sisters has translated from the German. We lunched at the Martineaus’ one day—the only time I have taken a meal abroad since I left home: (I wonder if some of my ancestors were not Hibernians, for this is the second Irishism in this letter!) there I saw Mrs. Martineau. She and her husband had called on us before, and her nice daughters, three of them; the married one is with her husband, growing hops in Kent. Pleasant people they all are, in whom the nice artifice of culture has not impaired or concealed the instincts of generous nature. I love such girls. Frank Shaw’s daughters are admirable specimens, and Mr. G. W. Curtis has one of them for wife, the better part of that good man. Rev. Mr. Tayler, and several younger men, were at the lunch—interesting and instructed people, all of them. Prof. H. D. Rogers, the kindly, was living at London for the summer. He “goes to Glasgow to teach, and comes to London to learn,” so he says. He and his wife came to see us twice—he, besides, every day we were in town. They kindly pressed us to come and live with them all the time we should stay in London—dear, kind souls that they are!

One of the last persons who came to visit us the night before we went away was Ellen Craft! I count that an honor. The last time I saw them before was the day of their flight from Boston. You remember George T. Curtis and his pack (of fellow-creatures) had been barking at them for several weeks—seeking to rend them to pieces. I married William and Ellen in solemn sort in a house on “Nigger Hill,” and put a Bible and a sword into his hands, and bade him use both with all his might! I had given him a pistol before. It did me good to meet her again in Blackfriars, London, where the kidnapper would not be held in very high honor. I thought of the time when Hannah and

John Parkman and I rode out to Brookline to bring Ellen into my house, where I might keep her in safety. I took a hatchet along with me for defence; I afterwards had better fighting-tools, and borrowed a pistol of Dr. Bowditch as I returned.* Poor thing! she feels better now than when she lived in my upper chamber, and we did not let the girls go to the street door to let any visitors in. I hope these times will not come again to Boston. Mr. Seward was very polite to me. He is received with great *empressement* by the chief men in London, and is delighted with their kindness; they think, as I do, that they are attending to the next President of the United States. Mr. Bright got us (Lyman and me) a place to attend the House of Commons, and we heard the *great debate* which led to the expulsion of the Derby Ministry. Bright made a fine speech—honest, sincere, manly, and sufficiently eloquent for the House of Commons, which laughs at sentiment. How handsome the English *women* are! Fine large animals, they have good hair, good teeth, good eyes, and a noble complexion (Mrs. Bodichon, who offered us many attentions, is a good type). The children, I think, must be the finest in the world—what a show of them at Hyde Park, at Kensington Gardens, and many other places in London! All our women-kind send their love to you.

TO ISAAC PARKER, ESQ., LEXINGTON, MASS.

Montreux, Switzerland, 28th June, 1859.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have not written you since I left home; partly abstaining because I had no good news to write which would be satisfactory to you to read; and partly because I did not like to tax myself with any sort of needless labor. Now I think I can give you good tidings of myself.

* * * * *

That is enough about myself, now about things of more interest. You are a farmer, and are naturally interested therefore in the cultivation of the soil. At St. Croix there are 145 estates on the island—from 100 to 400 acres each. About 140 are sugar estates, the rest cattle farms. There are about 23,000 inhabitants—21,000 colored more or less, 2000 pure white. The energies of the people are directed to raising sugar-canes, which they make into sugar, molasses, and rum—the great products of the island. They raise no grain: Indian meal, flour, oats, &c., are all imported. They take little pains with vegetables and fruits; so all are of the most inferior quality except the oranges, which (in winter) are the finest in the world. Apples, peaches, cherries, plums, strawberries, currants, gooseberries, &c., do not grow here. Their melons are miserable, though I think you or I could raise the most delicious water-melons, cantelopes, &c. Plantains and bananas grow with almost no cultivation, and are important articles of food; as fruits they are pretty good, and as vegetables for cooking they are invaluable as the potato is with us. Sweet potatoes, yams, &c., are

* The Doctor met him; he was unconcernedly munching an apple, in excellent spirits, perfectly cool, and ready for any contingency.

abundant, and cost little labor. But all the fruits and vegetables are raised by the negroes on the little patches of land adjoining their cabins, and are their perquisites over and above their regular wages. The village (or city?) of West-End contains about 800 or 1000 people, who live closely huddled together and raise nothing. On Wednesdays and Saturdays (especially the latter) there is a market-day. The negro women fill a little tray with a few potatoes (sweet potatoes, I mean), oranges, bananas, eggs, chickens, &c., put it on their head, and trudge off to town—a mile, two miles, or six or seven miles. The market is an open place, not paved, without shelter or shade; there the women sit on the ground and spread out their articles for sale. I never saw one who had goods to the amount of one dollar and fifty cents.

There are some thirty or forty kinds of grass on the island, but none is as good as the wild wood-grass which you find at home, and which the moose would eat, but cows (I think) will not. Most of their grasses are tall sedgy plants, which do not run and cover the ground, but grow up in bunches, rank and coarse. There is not a spot of green grass to lie down upon. The cattle live chiefly by browsing on the bushes and low trees. All the best hay is brought from the United States or from Europe; so is all the cheese, all the butter, &c. I wrote Isaac Clarke about the manner of cultivating the cane, the drought of the land, &c., so I will not now repeat it. The whole island when we left it was brown as Uriah Stearns' Hill, by the pond, in the driest time in August. It was painful to look at the hills—about the color of badly burnt coffee.

We reached Southampton June 1st, at 10 A.M., and rode in the P.M. seventy miles to London. You never saw such greenness as exists everywhere in England. It rains almost every day, and so the ground is always moist and the air damp. The crops in the fields were of wheat, rye, clover, beans (a horse-bean which I never saw cultivated at home), potatoes, cabbages, and all sorts of kitchen vegetables. They were beginning to make their hay. I think the average yield there would be two and a half tons to the acre. New potatoes were in the market, though not so good as the old ones. Cabbages and cauliflowers were fit for the table and in great abundance; green gooseberries were in all the shops, oranges were cheaper in the market than at St. Thomas, of the finest flavor, too, brought from Spain and Portugal. England looks like a garden, all is so nicely cultivated; the apple-trees were just getting out of blossom, and the horse-chestnuts were in full bloom; roses abundant; of course there were pinks, gillflowers, marigolds, &c., &c., everywhere. Lilacs had passed their bloom, but the prim and the whitethorn were in full feather.

In France we rode about 400 or 500 miles by rail, through the most delicate cultivation, quite superior to that of England. The crops were clover (white, red, yellow), various other grasses; wheat, rye (the winter rye was ready for the sickle, and the harvest had begun June 12th), potatoes, beans, and in the east part, between Paris and Switzerland, vines and Indian corn. Of course, potatoes met us everywhere; the strawberries were ripe, the largest I ever saw—many were as large as the yellow peaches which used to grow behind the shop; they were sold from hand-carts all over Paris at about eight or ten cents a quart!

Apricots were abundant; bigger than ours, about eight or nine cents a dozen. I had pears on the 17th of June, about as big as a cent in diameter; cherries were large and cheap—five or six cents a quart—larger than ours, but not so sweet. They have a peculiar melon, which looks like a rough pumpkin-squash; it is about as big as a two-quart measure; I did not taste it, for the price was from one dollar to one dollar fifty cents! but I shall get some of the seeds before I come home. It is a Persian melon, brought to France, I think, in the time of the Crusades. The chief crop in Burgundy—the east part of the middle of France—is the vine. Here the stocks are in rows about two feet apart one way and a little less the other; they allow two, three, or five or six stems to grow up from one stalk, and support them on sticks about three feet high, yet like our bean-poles; they do not grow higher than currant-bushes with us. Between the rows of vines you sometimes find rows of Indian corn—a single stalk in a place.

Here, in Switzerland, the land is very hilly; the hill-sides are notched into steps, the edges protected with a stone wall from three to fifteen feet high, so that the mountain slopes look like stairs. On the level part of the terraces the people raise their vines and their crops. You may judge of the amount of work necessary to notch and terrace the whole country. But here the cultivation is several thousand years old. Apricots and cherries are ripe here. You never saw such economy as prevails here and in France; not a spot of ground is left to be idle. On the banks of the streams there are poplars and willows, which yield an annual harvest for the basket-maker. All the sunny sides of walls are covered with apricots, peaches, pears, or more delicate grape-vines. No little stick of wood is wasted. The chips are picked up in the forests where the wood is cut off; the small brush is made into charcoal, put in bags and sent off to Paris. All the manure of the country roads is carefully gathered up by the peasants, and (on men's backs often, carried to the vineyards. You can know nothing of agricultural economy till you see with your own eyes!

* * * * *

Affectionately, your brother,

T. P.

TO MISS THAYER.

Montreux, Canton de Vaud, Suisse, July 8, 1859.

MY VERY DEAR CAROLINE THAYER,—What a shame that you should have the rheumatic fever, and write a line—which came day before yesterday—with swollen fingers! I hardly dare look at the handsome watch-guard which the paper enfolded lest that should have been *woven*, as well as sent, with a painful hand. First, Mr. Manley's letter frightened us with sad stories; then St. Matilda's of the same date made it appear not so bad. Now we see what it is. Horrible sufferings that fever always brings, I am told. Do tell me what treatment you had, and how it affected you. What brilliant letters you write us, you witch you! full of news and comments upon news! The clippings were invaluable; we brought them from London to this sweet

little spot, for we only read in parts in that great noisy Babel where they found us. But that will be the last, for on the Continent the postage is enormous; a letter may weigh a quarter of an ounce, or seven and a half French *grammes*, and be single; half an ounce is double, and so on. Of paper like this with an envelope it takes five sheets to make half an ounce; two go for a single letter.

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I think you would have many things to tell me. Here let me mention several people I wish to be remembered unto, lest I find no room at the end. Very kindly to Mrs. L. B. Meriam; she and her nice good boy will be gone into the country before this reaches you. I hope he keeps in good health; all the family eggs in one basket is a misfortune. To all the Curtises, I don't mean the kidnappers, but Henry C., his wife, and what is thence derived. Nobody has written me a word about Cornie, dear good creature that she is, or her husband, a generous and true man. I heard about Gussie not long ago, though only in general; she is at Conway, I guess. Then there are the Cummingses, Mr. and Mrs., and their dear boy of a Charlie—he is a man now with a moustache: but though he build houses, and write articles in the *North American*, he will always be Charley to me, though I salute him as Mister Cummings. Then there is Mrs. Hager, the smart black-eyed mother, giving her life to the next generation; (what is the number now?) the two Misses Sturgis, and—stop, I should fill up the whole sheet; so instead of the Garrisons and the Jacksons, all the families of them, and the Mays, and Mrs. Bridge, and Mrs. Clarke (Tappan that never should have been), I shall just write, “and the rest of mankind, especially womankind.” What is Wendell Phillips doing this summer, and where? Your brother Lowell is busy as ever, and his family as happy and happy-making! That famous boy—he is a bo-hoy now, I take it—“is the finest child that ever was in this world!” So his aunt Caroline says, “because he is a boy!” Tell his father I drank the last drop of his Bourbon whiskey—there were two bottles—yesterday. I think it held out like the widow's oil, two bottles in five months and a half.

The doctors at Paris recommended red wine, of which I take daily about half a bottle; it is good claret, and costs (of the grocers) about eight or ten cents a bottle; of the innkeepers two or three times as much, of course. If our people had this we should need no Maine Liquor Law, and the charities of Boston would not have to take care of the miserable relics of drunkenness which now disgrace our civilization. We are all very happy here. The place is beautiful—a little mite of a town stuck on to the side of a mountain; our hotel or boarding-house is just on the edge of the lake, in a charming place. The air is dry as in Exeter Place—thermometer for ten days, from ten to four o'clock, 80° in the shade; nights moderate. Beauty all round us, and our old friends in the house; their boy also “is a famous boy,” bright as a mother could wish her only child. All their eggs in one basket, with a frail handle too! Ah, me! what a world it would be if there were not another above it, beyond it, and embracing it all with fond loving arms! I wonder how people contrive to get on in this world who have no faith in the next. I could not live a day; I should so

fear some mischief would pounce down on one of my chickabiddise; but I won't preach just now.

What a great place that Little Pedlington is which we call Boston! How full it is of great men! To trust the *Transcript*, or the *Courier*, or the *Tizer*, or the *Post*, it contains enough to save the world if "the rest of mankind" were wicked as Sodom and Gomorrah. No doubt the number is too great to be counted. But it seems to me there is little work for them to do just now, or they would not have condensed all this greatness into a dinner to a successful chess-player. I suppose they had placed the Webster statue, and the Winthrop statue, had wept over Prescott and Humboldt, had seen the ancient and honorable artillery, had heard the great and Thursday lecture, and taken ices at the proper place, and decided that Mr. Agassiz was "the only successor of Von Humboldt"; and even then, after all this, their activity still cried for more work, and they had nothing to do but make it out that Morphy was greater than Prescott or Humboldt, or perhaps even Agassiz, who does not play chess! Great is Little Pedlington, and its great men are greater yet! All here send love, especially Sarah. Get well as fast as you can. My love to all that ever did belong to 111, Harrison Avenue, or ever will.

Yours, T. P.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

July 1.—Up to this time I have felt so languid that I have done nothing or scarcely anything in the way of my favorite pursuits, contenting myself with enjoying my old friends. Now I will begin something more.

The commencement consisted in gathering various information concerning the neighborhood, and everything about the war which he could lay his hands upon—French soldiers' letters, engravings, maps, and statistics.

In Dijon he purchased De Brosse's "*Lettres Familières, écrites en Italie en 1739-40.*" This he enjoyed reading; also French publications concerning the resources of Austria, and local histories of Dijon. He made excursions to Chillon, Vevay, &c., and hunted up the books which give historical accounts of the neighborhood; for instance, Vulliemin, "*Chillon, Etude Historique,*" &c.; Cibrario's "*Peter of Savoy*" and "*Economia Politica del Medio Evo*;" Lichnowski's "*Geschichte Hapsb.*" He amused himself with collecting odd names in the Celtic part of Switzerland, names ending in *ex*, *ix*, *az*, but he undertook no composition or study of importance.

MICHELET'S "*L'AMOUR.*"—This book contains much nonsense of a romantic character, and gives a quite incomplete notion of woman. She is an ideal—non-existent and impossible, as he paints her. The husband, ten or twelve years older, is to create the wife; he lives for himself, she only for him. But the book has also great excellences:—

1. He repudiates the ecclesiastical idea of woman, the type of sin, and substitutes a pure and self-devoted being. 2. He declares the object of marriage is marriage itself. 3. He gives wise counsels founded on knowledge of facts in social life.

Qu'est ce que la Femme ? La Maladie ! He cites this from Hippocrates. Invert the question, *Qu'est ce que la Maladie ? C'est la Femme.* And the answer is just about as true.

A French wit said of this book that the title should be "L'Art de Verifier les Dates."

He is the only author that I ever found to quote that highly valuable book of Dr. Lucas, "Hérédite." I am told that Michelet married, late in life, a woman much younger than himself, and generalized from a single fact. 40,000 copies have been sold already, but you don't find the book in sight ; it is bought by the women.

July.—I do not think I shall ever preach again, but the habit of thinking sermons has become automatic, and acts like an instinct now ; so I put down the subjects on which I shall never write.

Here are some of these subjects :—

1. Of the Lessons which the Old World offers to the New.
2. The Nature and Function of the Will—its use and abuse.
3. The Vice of Jealousy—its origin in the defensive instincts ; its natural functions, and its depraved action.
4. Of War—the elements in man it comes from—the part it has played in the development of savage nations—the mischief it produces now—the cause of it in wicked rulers who wish to retard the development of mankind.
5. The Right of the Oppressed to Slay the Oppressor—rebellion to tyrants.
6. The Means of Religious Development in Theism. I. Show the difficulty now in the period of transition. II. How the human race has got over such difficulties : 1. Judaism *versus* Egypt and Sabaism ; 2. Christianity *versus* Judaism and Heathenism ; 3. Protestantism *versus* Romanism. III. The actual helps peculiar to Theism.
7. The Function of the Malevolent Emotions, and the Check on their Abuse.

At a later date these are added :—

The Function of the Disposition to Idleness.

The American Lady ; or, Contempt of Useful Work.

The Secondary Value of Labor as a means of Development, 1, of the Individual ; 2, of the Nation ; 3, of Mankind.

TO MISS COBBE.

Montreux, July 5, 1859.

MY DEAR MISS COBBE,—Here I am in the midst of your friends and mine, and that, too, in one of the finest situations man or woman need wish to live in. You know the place, and so I shall dwell on none of its charms, for, after all, the women part of it interested me far more than its grandeur of lake, mountain, and sky. I have just

returned from a mid-day bath in the lake, and am told that you also used to enjoy that natural luxury. I am glad that your good sense leads you to that delicious recreation and enjoyment. In America, many of my young lady friends can swim as well as I can, *i. e.* as we say, "can swim like a duck." I sometimes go out (or lie) and read or sleep under the chestnut-tree, close by, which you frequented a year ago, and which now goes by the name of "Fanny's" tree.* Besides, while I am writing, does not your bear adorn my neckerchief, which it also keeps in place? Many thanks for the handsome little treasure. I waited till yesterday, the day of our national independence, when I ventured to wear it. Now it will be with me continually—"close to my heart and near my eye." I wrote you that your flowers all came safe to hand, fragrant as when you gathered them. A little water soon brought them to their original freshness and beauty. But *flowers* will fade, and so I put a spray of myrtle in my new botany book, which is still in good preservation, and promises to last many a year green, if not fresh.

In London I was too much fatigued and to ill to appear agreeable to my many friends, for the change from the tropical heat of Santa Cruz to the damp and chills of the Thames in the neighborhood of Blackfriars was a little severe, not to speak of the excitement which came from escaping out of the barbarism of the West Indies and into the great focus of European civilization. So I was tantalized all the time by the sight of what I could not enjoy; Newman and Martineau, as well as others, I could but see for a few minutes. Mr. Bright got me a good place to see and hear the great debate in Parliament which ended in the dissolution of the Ministry. The Apthorps tell me of your friend, J. Locke, M.P. I wish you would let me hear more of him. There is one John Locke King whom I have been much interested in for his efforts at needful reforms in English institutions, but I suppose he is not the same.

I wonder if you have found the right niche to place your statue in, and if a ragged school be the place for your work; judging from what you wrote Mrs. A.—I should doubt.

"Non omnia possumus omnes."

But you know, while I only guess and inquire. It is a noble place you wish to fill, but there are diversities of gifts even where there is unity of spirit.

What a dreadful state of things in the North of Italy, within 150 miles of us here! Think of 40,000 or 50,000 able-bodied men in the prime of life "killed, wounded, or missing" in one day of battle! I wish the human race might learn to see who the men are that thus misdirect the wrathful instincts of our nature to such wickedness. In these days every war is the result of somebody's wickedness: one day men will see what monsters they have worshipped in the shape of Metternichs and Schwartzenburgs, and the like, and visit them with curses. I should not be sorry to see Austria stripped of her Italian provinces, of her Hungarian provinces, of her Slavic provinces; then if

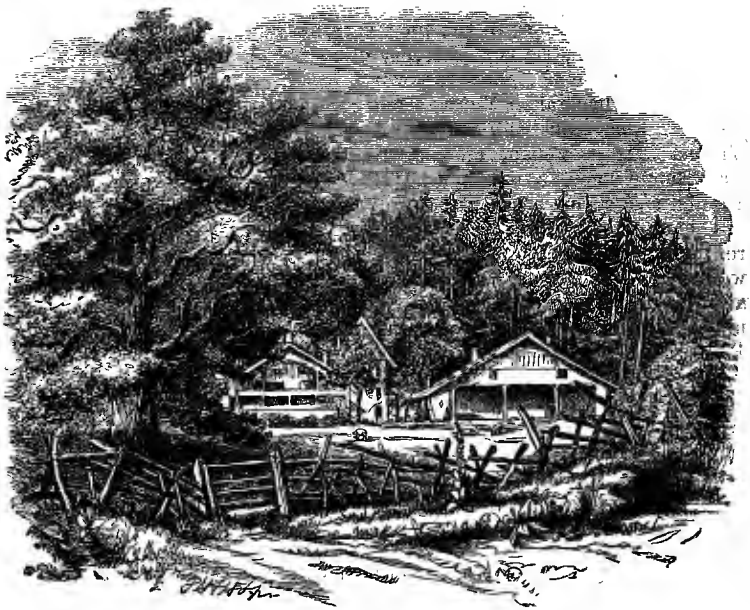
* Note by Miss Cobbe:—"I visited this tree, a magnificent chestnut, June, 1860, and found it dying."

her seven millions of Teutonic people chose to have a despotism, let them, and so small a state will not much endanger the liberty of mankind. I hold Louis Napoleon in loathing, and count him a Beelzebub; but as he is now casting out other devils and dividing his own house against itself, I rejoice in the success of his terrible armies. Certainly the defeat of Austria is the victory of mankind, even if Napoleon III. be the weapon which does the work. I trust soon to hear that the French fleet has taken Venice, that Padua has followed the example of Ferrara, that Garibaldi contests the passes of the Tyrol, and that Verona falls as Milan, an easy prey. It is well Francis Joseph went home when he did; had he stayed much longer he would need a French *visé* on his passport before he could get back to Vienna.

I had almost forgotten to tell you that I am much better since reaching this little choice spot. Is it the material influences or the women that have wrought the change? I don't know; but feel stronger and cough much less. My spirits are always good, and I trust will be under all circumstances. Indeed if one feels and knows the Infinitely Perfect God, he can bear anything cheerfully. Let me thank you also for the beautiful photograph you so kindly got for me; I shall give it an honored place at home. My friend Desor will come this week, and by-and-bye we shall go with him to Neuchâtel.

He went to Neuchâtel to see Mr. Desor, on the 12th of July, and spent a day with him in the enjoyment of the neighboring scenery, and returned on the 14th.

July 24. —Note from Desor, asking us to come (and telling how) to his chalet. This is the last day of preaching at the Music Hall for the season.



LES POMMES.

CHAPTER XXV.

Combe-Varin, and Prof. Desor's Châlet, *Les Pommes*—Life there—Herr Küchler—
Letters.

IN company with a friend he started on the 26th, and reached Mr. Desor's residence in Combe-Varin the next day.

A fine road leads from Neuchâtel through vineyards and pleasant little hamlets up into the long Jura valley of La Sagne or Des Ponts. It winds at first along the southern slope of the range, and in mounting discloses a lordly panorama of the whole Alpine region, from Rigi and Pilatus, past all the grand summits of the Bernese Oberland, to Mont Blanc, with the blue lakes lying deep between the hills.

The valley of La Sagne ends in one of the deep recesses which are called *Comben* by the people of the Jura. The *Mulden*, or troughs, are the valleys which separate the ranges; the *Clusen* are deep clefts across a range which unite two *Mulden*;

and the *Comben* are longitudinal clefts of a summit, or in the same direction along the side of a range. They are sometimes closed at one end by the hill, and the form is amphitheatrical.

Mr. Desor's *châlet*, in Combe-Varin, was once a hunting-lodge; near it he has erected a building for the accommodation of summer guests, the men of science and friends who know the way to this hospitable door. There is a charming view of the La Sagne valley from the comfortable settles of the long house-arbor. A forest of splendid firs covers the hill which rises directly behind the house. A sheltered seat was put up for Mr. Parker in the skirt of this wood. It is on the brink of a deep chasm, at the bottom of which lies the village of Noiraigue. As he sat there he could overlook the pleasant Val de Travers, which is in sight, with eight or ten villages, for more than twenty miles.

It is in the valley next beyond La Sagne, scarce fourteen miles as the crow flies, that the Château de Joux is situated, where Toussaint L'Ouverture pined to death amid the prison damp and cold.

Not far from the *châlet* stands a tree which was Mr. Parker's favorite during his residence there. It is a double-headed fir, selected, no doubt, because it reminded him of the pine tree at Lexington, which his youthful fancy had devoted, in gentle partnership, to himself and a sister. His name is cut upon the trunk, and underneath it a cross. At the end of the chapter is an engraving of this fir, from a beautiful drawing which was made by Professor Carl Vogt.

In the Preface to the "Album of Combe-Varin," Mayer von Esslingen writes:—"Here and there, where the wood is lighted by clearings, its green carpet is all purpled over for several months with strawberries, whose pleasant red is packed so close that a careful walker can hardly step without shedding the blood of these innocents. The wood of Combe-Varin is guest-free; like the house, and in berrying-time re-echoes with the uproar of the children who come up from the valley with their baskets to feed and gather."

The "Album of Combe-Varin" is a memorial to Theodore Parker and Hans Lorenz Kùchler. All of the contributions, except the "Memoir of Kùchler," were made by the scientific men who met Mr. Parker at Desor's *châlet* during the summer of 1859. Desor furnished a paper "Upon the Indication of the Swiss Lakes," in German, and a sketch of Mr. Parker, in French;

Dr. Moleschott, in German, "A Walk," describing the salutary influence of an ordinary walk upon the heart, the lungs, the nerves, every portion of the body; Dr. Ch. Martins, in French, "On the Causes of Cold upon High Mountains;" Jacob Venedey, in German, "H. L. Kùchler, a Life-sketch, from the First Half of the Nineteenth Century;" A. Gressly, in German, "Recollections of a Naturalist from the South of France;" Dr. Schönbein, the inventor of gun-cotton and the discoverer of ozone, in German, "Upon the Next Phase in the Development of Chemistry;" Mr. Parker, in English, "A Bumble-bee's Thoughts on the Plan and Purpose of Creation." The volume is furnished with a small map of the environs of Cette, to illustrate Gressly's paper; an engraving of the five different configurations of Swiss lakes, to accompany Desor's; a view of Combe-Varin; a portrait of Kùchler; and one of Mr. Parker, taken from a cast of the cameo for which he sat in Rome in 1860.

Apart from the value of the contributions, this book is interesting as a characteristic of the friendship and toleration which can subsist abroad between scientific men; of this it is a delicate and noble expression. It could have been projected in no other country, for in no other would intelligent men have enough sentiment for each other to think it worth the while. Here men of science and culture carry on their pursuits for the most part in isolation, if not in jealousy. But abroad, upon the Continent at least, there is an interchange of thought; and men of like tendencies do not resist being drawn together, and are not ashamed to indulge and record their profound sympathies.

At Les Pommès, Professor Desor entertains every summer distinguished naturalists and men of science, who bring the rich contributions of their freshest discoveries and speculations. The guests are left to spend the day in their own pursuits, but meet for dinner and tea at the stroke of the bell, with wits and appetites keenly set by mountain air in the balsamic woods that are more than 3000 feet above the sea. "It would not be easy to find elsewhere a fountain-place so richly springing with instruction and entertainment; observations made upon world-wide travels, among mountains, and in the various provinces of physical investigation, afford inexhaustible material. Nor does the host lack that gift of calling out, which sets the contributions flowing from all sides. Thus under his mild direction these social hours grow often to a true Decameron, in which communications upon the most interesting discoveries in the domain of

science alternate rapidly with the discussion of new, bold problems, or with the narrative of remarkable observations and events. The mild irony, which the ancients hardly knew, the peculiar outgrowth of our modern culture, and which saves our humanity from becoming sentimental, lent its rich flavor to these symposia of Combe-Varin."*

Mr. Parker and his friend were set down by the diligence at Rosière, and thence they had an hour's scramble up the mountain to the house. The pencil is in requisition.

Here only the hardier grains will grow, oats and barley, but no wheat. The snow continues from October to April; the *mercury freezes every winter*. To me it is quite cold to-day, in the wind and out of the sun.

I don't like the condition I find myself in—the lack of wind, of strength, and of warmth. It looks like drawing ever nearer to the end. I have but just life enough to digest my own dinner, and am good for nothing.

But he very soon began to improve, as Professor Desor tells, in his delightful sketch of Mr. Parker, which is published in the "Album of Combe-Varin," and from which a few extracts are here made, showing Mr. Parker's habits and employments during his residence at the chalet.

The summer of 1859, it will be remembered, was excessively hot, so that the solitude of the "Ponts" valley, which is generally distinguished for its great coolness, offered this time most advantageous conditions to an invalid. Here was a social gathering of men of letters, of business, and *savants* of every country. The different elements which all these guests brought with them; the discussions to which their very diverse opinions, in matters of science, philosophy, and religion, and political economy, gave rise; the conferences upon various subjects which were sought and granted; the freedom and good humor which reigned, notwithstanding the occasional warmth of controversy; the exercise which no one could avoid taking, so tempting was the stillness, the freshness of the meadows, or the shade of the great firs; and the excursions to famous spots in the neighborhood,—all this had a happy influence upon Mr. Parker's health. He felt his strength renewed, even to the point of undertaking sustained manual labor.

Like all country-people in America, Mr. Parker had gone chopping in the woods during his youth. The forest around Combe-Varin furnished him an opportunity to exercise anew his wood-cutting skill. His friends tried to dissuade him from it, but in vain. All that we could extort from him was a promise to devote only one hour daily to this exercise, and to attack only the small trees. At the end of some days, however, he announced to us that he felt strong enough to do better, and that he was going to fell a large fir. And he did it, with

* Preface to the Album.

extraordinary dexterity, to the great astonishment of those who stood by, for the Swiss usually cut down their trees with a saw. In half an hour the fir dropped in the direction which had been given to it by the trained axe of Wood-feller Parker.*

These exercises, although violent, seemed to be of the greatest benefit to our friend, Not only had he gained strength by this treatment, but he recovered his spirits and gaiety, and, moreover, increased his weight by six pounds. Such a symptom, with a man whose lungs were diseased, was of a nature to justify the hope, if not of a radical cure, at least of an arrest of the malady. Was it strange that he and his friends gave themselves up to sweet illusions, and felt happy at the prospect which seemed to open before them?

It is evident that the presence of a man like Mr. Parker, under such conditions, in the society of persons devoted to the cultivation of intellectual things, was both a stimulant and a benefit. The greatest liberty for everybody being the rule at Combe-Varin, they never met, except at meals. In the intervals, each one followed his inclination, some to look for flowers, for fruits, for lichens, for fossils, while others went into the woods to read. In the evening, after tea, or during the day, if the weather was unfavorable, they met around the table of the chalet, to discuss some question of general interest. Mr. Parker was of all the most animated, and such was his desire for information that he easily obtained from all the guests communications upon the subjects most familiar to each. Sometimes we had well-meditated dissertations, and the articles which compose this volume, will show, I hope, that they were not devoid of interest and scientific value.

It was natural that one whose mind embraced a wide range of studies, and who was at the same time a master in the art of expressing his ideas, should furnish his contingent to these recreations. We had, indeed, the good fortune to receive many communications from our deceased friend, mostly upon serious subjects, religious, philosophical, such as may be found in his works, or possibly in inedited fragments. Sometimes, also, subjects less grave were the order of the day. Though the society was composed in good part of professors and men of letters, there was no concealment of the imperfection of methods, nor of the whims and weaknesses of the priests of science. Mr. Parker had, more than any other man, a sure eye and a practised judgment when it came to an estimate of the real value of men and things. Simple in his mental habit, as in his physical traits, he specially detested all far-fetched theories, and doctrines framed for occasion and complaisance, and laughed readily at those theologians and natural philosophers who believe that they are called upon at every turn to become the interpreters of the Divine wisdom, power, and goodness. The English, in their Bridgewater Treatises, have made a singular abuse of these untimely appeals to Providence, and have thus compromised the cause which they pretended they were serving. There is no use in trying to bespeak glorifications for God. It is not at all astonishing that the Americans, by habitude or calculation, should have

* It was decided to cut the fir, which Mr. Parker had just felled, into planks to make a covered seat, where the guests promised to meet again next summer. But the next year, upon carrying the trunk to the saw, we discovered that it was only sound at the base. The heart was diseased.

carried this farther than the English, in their treatises for popular use, but it seems at least strange that *savants* trained in Europe should fall into the same foible, as appears by a recent work upon the Natural History of the United States.*

Allusion is made to this manner of studying nature in the "History of an Antediluvian Congress of Bumble-bees," which Mr. Parker related to us one evening with a charming humor; he has since kindly prepared it for this Album. It was his last work. †

Thus the six weeks were passed which Mr. Parker was pleased to reckon among the most delightful of his sojourn in Europe, because, in the midst of the pure air of our mountains, surrounded by persons who had all learned to love and to appreciate him, he thought he had recovered health, especially in living with that intellectual life which was indispensable to him, and for which he had languished during his abode in the Antilles. Besides, he met among the guests of Combe-Varin, persons who were very sympathetic with him, particularly Dr. K uchler. Both of them Protestants, the one in his quality of minister of a religious congregation, the other as the preacher to the German-Catholic Church of Heidelberg, they extended a hand to each other across the forms and rites of their respective confessions.

Before proceeding with this narrative, the friends of Mr. Parker may welcome some account of this noble sharer of his last happy summer. The facts are taken from Jacob Venedey's well-written sketch.

Hans Lorenz K uchler was born at Mannheim, of poor

* Mr. Desor alludes to the work of Prof. Agassiz upon the Embryology of the Turtle, which is prefaced by an Essay on Classification. The essay contains passages which refer to the marks of Divine premeditation shown by the laws and facts of the Creation. Many learned men abroad object to this as being non-scientific and transcending the limits of precise knowledge. They claim to confine themselves to the observation of facts, the induction of laws, and the improvement of Methods, and not only refuse to have anything to do with labelling, flattering, and confining Providence, but are shy of the spirit which seeks to connect the second causes immediately with the Infinite Cause. A layman cannot enter into the dispute upon Methods and Classification, but if he loves the attempts to trace the logic of the Infinite Mind, he ought not to shun the opportunity to acknowledge it.

† Upon reading this sprightly essay of Mr. Parker's, I am puzzled to account for the above interpretation of it. It seems levelled at the narrow arguments from design of the Bridgewater school, and at the assumption that any system or method is to be accepted as a finality. But Mr. Parker was eager to follow the Infinite footsteps through the garden of the world. The All-perfect One was to him immanent in every fact, law, and moment. It was his very jealousy for this Divine perfection, out of which men recruit their knowledge from age to age that made him humorous over the attempts to forestall the future by a plan. It is plain that there is some confusion here, for want of a little defining. All religious investigators are not peddlers of a Providence. It is one thing to assume that a scientific formula is a final and exhaustive statement of the Divine intent, and quite another thing to follow that intent, with conscious and religious intelligence, to transmit to the future a tentative survey. And it is one thing to limit investigation to phenomena and their second causes, but quite another thing to deny that they reveal to us the premeditations and continual presence of the infinite mind. Foreign science often tends towards the latter in assuming to be content with the former. But why should European naturalists decline to be led by facts, as Mr. Parker was always led, into a constant recognition of the Mind beneath the facts? Is not Materialism an assumption of a Finality?

parents, Aug. 11, 1808. He was thus but little more than two years the senior of Mr. Parker. His father was a cabinet-maker, and proposed to train his only son and child for the joiner's bench; but his mother read a different career in the broad forehead and clear eyes, and as usual prevailed to have him sent to school. But she privately thought that studying would lead to the priesthood, and Kùchler narrowly escaped being a Catholic priest. Bitter was her disappointment, when one day the youthful Hans announced to her that the miracle of the transubstantiation was too much for him, and that celibacy seemed an unnatural condition.

His literary tendencies were a trouble to the father, who was now falling sick and feeble. "The scholar's path is a weary and costly one—where is the money to come from?" The son replied, "My wants shall be few and of the smallest." The father shook his head; but Hans began to give instruction, and helped the family with the penny thus turned. The bitter cares of life confronted him early. But he was healthy, active, laborious, cheerful, and true.

The Greek Revolution was a great excitement to him, and to the young literary circle which met to declaim Körner, Schiller, and the patriotic poets of the time. Kùchler, then eighteen years old, dramatized the fall of Missolonghi, and his piece was put upon the stage of the Mannheim theatre, which is so illustrious by Schiller's connection with it.

The father's health was broken, and friends must come forward to help the young man in his career. It was proposed that he should enter a counting-house, but this was resisted by the daughter of the very merchant who made the proposition. For love has sharper eyes than friends and relations; the fair Louise said "No" to the scheme, seeing that in Kùchler which soon made her say "Yes" to him. So he went to the University of Heidelberg in 1829.

At first he attempted to study medicine, but the preliminary anatomical studies shocked his feeling, and he turned to jurisprudence. At the time of the Frankfort revolutionary attempt for German unity, in 1833, he was in intimate relations with many who were implicated. Seeing little hope in any movement, he endeavored to restrain his friends. This, however, as his sympathies for nationality and freedom were well known, did not save him from suspicion and denouncement. He was

obliged to flee, went to Weissenburg, worked awhile as apprentice to a cabinet-maker, made his way to Paris, in October, became tutor in an English family, and went with them to Switzerland. In 1836, he was teaching a boys' school in Nancy. The faithful Louise obtained permission from the Government for his return; a formal trial hung over him till 1839, ending in a six months' imprisonment, three of which were remitted. He was married in that year, and began the practice of law in Weinheim, a beautiful town on the Bergstrasse, not far from Heidelberg.

In 1844 his wife, to his profound astonishment and grief, insisted upon being divorced from him, in the melancholy and depreciating moods produced by ill-health; bringing forward the pretext that life with her could no longer be happy for him, and that no children could bless him. She eventually carried her point. He went broken-hearted to Heidelberg to pursue his practice of the law, and there became the leader of the German-Catholic movement in that city; he conducted its first service, and its last, when the Government cancelled the permission to have public meetings. He was married again in 1847, the year of revolutions. His judgment was against the chief actors in the German projects, his sympathy was with them. But he soon had the opportunity to show the strength and manliness of his spirit in the consecutive legal defences which he undertook of many of the chief actors in the Baden insurrection. Though he was mainly considerate to clear his clients, he did not fail to utter bold and generous words before the Prussian military commission. Some of the prisoners were acquitted; for others he procured moderate punishments, while some were shot. He was with them in court, in the prison, and at the last fatal hour. His labors and sufferings at this time were of the most shattering kind.

He was pre-eminent in Heidelberg as a man of piety and philanthropy; many good projects were organized and carried through by his good sense, industry, and forgetfulness of self. He was a noble, simple-minded man.

Here Mr. Desor's narrative may be resumed:—

On the edge of the avenue of Combe-Varin there is a fir which now bears the name of Parker. To the shade of this fir the two friends went every day to pass some hours, which they consecrated to the interchange of their ideas and experiences in the matter of religion

and the ministerial profession. A natural feeling of respect ordinarily kept the other guests at a distance, but those who in passing chanced to mingle with these intimate conversations, derived from them satisfaction and genuine edification. If they differed in some details, they were all the more in harmony upon the leading questions. Both were opposed to the dogmas of the old theology, which insists that man is naturally perverse. Both Mr. Parker and his friend had faith in humanity; they admitted that man had been created for happiness, and that it can and ought to be attained, without the necessity of expiatory blood, on the sole condition of developing the good elements which are in the heart of all men. They differed somewhat as to the value of the faculties with which our race is endowed, and, consequently, as to the manner of directing them. Mr. Parker was more of a theologian than Mr. K uchler; the religious faculties were for him quite as positive as the intellectual, affectional, or moral faculties. According to him, religion was the fairest prerogative of our being, one which was, therefore, worthy of the greatest solicitude, being fitted to guide man in his approach to the Divinity, while it became, when improperly directed, a formidable instrument in the hands of obscurantists and reactionists. Mr. K uchler appealed, above all, to the affectional faculties, which he considered the most primitive ones, as they are the foundations of society and of the family. Here, then, were some differences of view as to the direction to be lent to education, and upon the part which religion can and ought to fill.

Before Mr. K uchler took leave of Combe-Varin, he obtained from Mr. Parker a promise to come and visit him at Heidelberg, and in the meantime to keep him informed upon all that concerned him, particularly his health. It never occurred to him that he, the robust and healthy man, would be the first to quit the world. When the fatal news arrived the next morning of the death of K uchler, there was a general mourning at Combe-Varin; but no one lamented him more sincerely than his friend Parker.

The relations of Mr. Parker with the other guests of Combe-Varin, without being as intimate as those which he had formed with Mr. K uchler, were not less friendly. It mattered little to him that one was materialist, pantheist, or orthodox, provided one was sincere. He liked and admired that tolerance of our old Europe, which admits all points of view and tempers all contrasts. No doubt the distance was great between him and Moleschott, but each knew and felt that the other was animated with the love of truth. Does not that suffice to create confidence and cement friendship?

But the autumn was approaching. It was important that Mr. Parker should make choice of a milder climate for the winter. Opinions were divided. Mr. Moleschott recommended Madeira; others inclined to *Ægypt*, and others to Algiers or the South of France. He, on the contrary, decided for Rome. The scientific, artistic, and, above all, bibliographic treasures of that capital, had an irresistible and fatal attraction for him, and such was the firmness of his will that no consideration could divert him from the project. He departed full of hope, notwithstanding the apprehensions of his friends.

Mr. Parker was not only a philosopher and a theologian; the phenomena of nature had also a great charm for him. In the United

States he made long journeys, to join us and participate in our examination of the great coal depots of the Alleghanies. He had studied the aspect of the coasts, and the association of plants and animals on the different strands of the American coast. He liked to collect reports of methods of cultivation, of crops, and of their relations to the soil. He had followed with interest our studies upon the geological structure of the mountain-ranges of the Jura. He experienced a genuine happiness in listening to the brilliant expositions of M. Martins upon meteorology, and particularly his fine composition upon the cold of mountains, which forms the subject of one of the articles in this Album. Later he listened with no less interest to the communications of M. Schönbein upon ozone, and the profound considerations which the learned professor of Basle derived from it for the future of chemistry. And even the minute observations of M. Gressly upon the habits of marine animals captivated him, as much by the new facts which they revealed as by the original observations with which they were seasoned.

But all this did not suffice him. Among the grand natural phenomena which he had not seen were volcanoes and the desert. We were to visit them together, beginning with Vesuvius. I promised him that I would rejoin him at Rome during the winter, to go thence to Naples. This hope appeared to have sustained his courage, in spite of the bad weather which soon commenced, and whose evil effects were not long in making themselves felt.

There are but few connected notes of the excursions which Mr. Parker made in the neighbourhood of Combe-Varin :—

July 28, 1859.—LAC DE DOUBS.—All of us went to Ponts, thence to Locle, thence to Brenets and the Lac de Doubs. It is singularly beautiful; a *transversal cut* in the limestone strata (which lie almost, if not quite, level at the upper end, and incline as you go farther down), about four miles long and a quarter wide in the broadest part. Perpendicular rocks, 100 to 120 feet high, form the sides. The Saut de Doubs is at the end, but the water of the lake was some three to five feet lower than the bottom of the river which drains it. The water works through the crevices of the stone and comes out below, where it turns mills. The upper mills, which depend on the water that runs *over* the Sant (fall) have been dry for weeks, if not months.

MOULINS SOUTERRAINS DE LOCLE.—Locle was once a lake, in the form of a trough, shaped like a boat, only irregular. It was drained some two hundred years ago. Gradually the bottom became dry, the peat was cut out, and men built houses there. Now they use the water which runs down the deep well (made to drain the region) to turn mills. It is used three times in its descent. The last wheel is 120 feet below the surface. All the machinery is iron, and well made. I did not go down into the pit, mindful of another whence it is not easy *revocare gradus et superare ad aeras*. Returned at 9.30 P.M., with a little cold in my throat, which made me cough all night.

There is no sand in this valley, or in its neighbourhood. So the people mix sawdust with lime to make mortar. The barley shows the

want of silex in the soil, and crinkles down; the straw can't support the head of grain.

Reinwald (one of the guests) says the German military songs are all sad, and refer to the "Soldier's Death"; while those of the French are joyous. *Omnis natura in re minima adest*. It is the national character which speaks there.

How strong is the instinct of hope! Every man thinks he shall be an exception to the general rule of mankind. In the "Dismal Swamp Lottery" this is the scheme:—

	dols.		dols.
Capital ...	1,000,000	Profit to Company ...	333,000
		Expenses of sale ...	333,000
		Accidental loss ...	1,000
		Value of prizes ...	333,000
			<hr/>
			1,000,000

Only one man in three will get his money back, on the average. But each hopes he shall be the lucky one, and the public pays 1,000,000 dollars, when they are sure of getting back only 333,000 dollars.

Aug. 3.—It is six months to-day since I left Boston. Shall I ever see it again? More than doubtful. Certainly I left it as never again to set eyes on the State House.

In making up his mind where to spend the winter, he deliberately studied the advantages of the various places which were recommended to him. He drew up a list of books in Spanish, English, German, &c., upon Madeira, and began to read them, taking notes of the botany, which seemed chiefly to attract him.

What different counsel in doctors! Last October, Bowditch wanted me to go to the West Indies, Dr. J. Jackson not.

For hypophosphites—Dr. Flint, of Boston; Dr. Bigelow, of Paris.

Against hypophosphites—Dr. Louis, of Paris.

Indifferent or doubtful—Drs. Bowditch, Cabot, Moleschott.

For cod-liver oil—Cabot (moderate).

Against cod-liver oil—Drs. Louis and Bigelow.

Some think Jongh's is the best preparation of the cod-liver oil. Dr. Moleschott thinks him a humbug and a liar, his oil good for nothing. Bigelow recommends Bordeaux wine; Moleschott, Malaga before Bordeaux; Bigelow and Cabot, Jackson and Bowditch, whiskey, brandy, &c.; Moleschott, pilld barley.

KÜCHLER.—Hans Küchler, an eminent advocate from Heidelberg, has been staying with us for some time here, and delighted us all with his intelligence and moral purity. Tuesday, Aug. 2, he left us with the Reinwalds, and went to Neuchâtel. They dined with him there the

same day; he went on the boat *en route* for home. That very afternoon at Nidau he fell dead of apoplexy.* He was buried there the next day. We did not get the intelligence till Wednesday. At six in the afternoon Desor and the Reinwalds, who had returned, went to Neuchâtel to attend the sad duties of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. R. go to Heidelberg to console his wife, at least to condole with her. He was the defender of the patriot victims of the Revolution in 1849, one of the chief supports of the German Catholic Church, and often preached in the Assembly at Heidelberg.

I intended, if I lived, to visit him in Heidelberg next spring, and made him my promise to that effect. So the well man goes, and the miserable consumptive invalid still holds on, barking and coughing his useless life away.

August 7.—It is Sunday to-day, and the Music Hall has been shut since July 13. It will never hear my voice again. That is all well enough; I have had my time.

Dr. Charles Martins and his wife have been stopping with M. Desor for a week or ten days. He is a quite learned botanist, and *Physiker* in general, a well-instructed, thoughtful, and liberal man, with a fine talent for talking. M. and Madame Coquet are also here. He is an advocate at Paris, she a Spanish woman and a devout Catholic. Messrs. Martins and Coquet have frequent talks about Catholicism, which they alike hate and despise, as does also Madame M. It interferes with the individual in all forms of hindrance, and is a manifold curse. Probably Catholicism is a greater obstacle to the high development of mankind in Europe now than the classic forms of religion were eighteen hundred years ago. I do not know but Protestantism must be added to the same list; as Arago said, it is "*un peu moins absurde que le Catholicisme.*" One rests on its miraculous, divine, infallible Church; the other on its miraculous, divine, infallible Bible: and each is a humbug, though both contain much good.

MOLIÈRE.—Martins says the French *littérateurs* now think Molière the greatest mind and character the nation ever produced in literature. I vainly brought forward Descartes, Montaigne, Voltaire, Pascal, D'Alembert, &c. The chief proofs he brought were—1, his superiority to the ecclesiastical, mediæval, philosophical, and social prejudices of his time; 2, his courageous exposure of the most popular and powerful vices.

Certainly in all these things he was greatly superior to Shakspeare, who seems to negate the highest function of the poet, and hence has so little which can be quoted for the highest purposes of literature.

I will read Molière directly, with his Life, &c. He died of a sudden hæmorrhage of the lungs, and Bossuet, in an occasional sermon, said his death was the Divine vengeance against him, because he had mocked against the Church—as the Church was incarnated in Tartuffe, I take it. Perhaps the *Doctores Medicinæ* thought no better of him than the *Doctores Theologiæ*.

* The simple-hearted Germans thought it a pleasant circumstance that when he fell he was lifted into the shop of a cabinet-maker; as it were, dying thus where he began.

TO MRS. APTHORP AND MISS HUNT IN MONTREUX.

Combe-Varin, Switzerland, August 1, 1859.

I shan't try to tell how dear you both are to me, nor how much I have long valued your friendship and affection, nor how much delight it has given me to meet you anew. I get fresh vigor from your society. If I don't speak of such things much, it is because my heart when full of such joy does not overflow into the channel of words. How good your letters have been to me! I do not mean merely for three years, but those which have come gladdening since I left Montreux. How sweet and wise they have been from both of you! Sallie's last was quite a work of art, even without the bears which Willie put in. I did not think the dear "Potamus" could do such things so well—it is indeed extraordinary, the conception and the execution too. Cranch, man that he is, could not have done it better. How proud the mother was to go off to the butterfly pasture with her butterfly hunter and catch the little fragments of a rainbow for his development! I also take a vicarious delight in these things, enjoying them through your direct and personal pleasure.

But it is a grand good boy, that little Hippopotamouse, with I know not how noble a future before him! Certainly, if love and wisdom avail aught in the development of inborn talent, it is plain what lies before him, and we all know that these are the mother and father of all unfoldings.

T. P.

TO THE SAME.

Desor's Châlet, August 15, 1859.

Let me metamorphose (that is the profane word) or transfigure (that is the sacred term) myself into a little breath of wind, and come through your keyhole. You will say, perhaps, as the maiden in the classic poem,—

"Veni aura levis!"

And I make sweet dreams for you, and put a kiss on your sleeping face as soft as the air itself, and not wake you.

I am glad you are so well, and Robert so well, and your mother so well reported of by the Doctor. Blessed are you when all doctors speak well of you! Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for so speak they of your fathers who lived to a great age before you!

Sumner has been at Paris and is now at Havre, at the Bains Frascati, where he actually swims in the sea! He has got a back-bone. We are very happy here—all of us. Good news from home. I think we shall leave for Montreux, Aug. 23. Of course we go to Rome if the Pope does not take to "wearing his hat on one whisker," in which case it will hardly be safe to keep near the old ——!

Can we all pass the winter together? I would give up home for any safe place with you.

Dear love to all.

T

TO MR. MANLEY.

Combe-Varin, August 4, 1859.

MY DEAR JOHN R. MANLEY,—Your kind letter of July 12th came here from Montreux, a day or two ago. I am glad you got my last to you and the *Picnic-ians* in due time. I thought it would reach Boston on the night of the 12th or 13th, and that you would look in at the P. O. in the morning. I trust the meeting went off well—without accident. At the last one I had a dim feeling that I should not be there in 1859, and so wrote it down in my book. We have strange premonitions sometimes which we don't heed! I think the beam of life always cracks before it breaks. I have had warnings often enough before now—but could not quite make up my mind to stop till the word came, "No further, my little dear." Mr. Lyman—kindest of men, I call him "Governor"—read me a line from John Ayres' letter to him. It filled me with joy and also with pain. I refer to the money my friends were proposing to raise for me and had already got together. The *joy* was that they should thus value me, where I am now (and perhaps can be hereafter) of no service to them. Of all the Christian graces, Gratitude is the last that sits down to meat—fairest likewise of that handsome sisterhood. The *pain* was, that I could (now, at least) do nothing in return for their good-will—and the recollection that I am now living on their bounty, while once it was my lot to give and not receive. Let me express my warmest thanks to all who thus show their interest in me, and to the rest who feel not less, but may not be able to adopt this form of kindness. My joy will continue with the memory of your kindness. But let me say I do not wish to receive another dollar from my friends; I don't need it. I know what money costs, the sour sweat which earns it, and if I have never been an avaricious man, and perhaps sometimes a generous one, it is not that I didn't know the worth of money. But I don't need this. The voyage to the West Indies and thence to England, the residence in London and Paris, was unavoidably expensive; now I live at small cost and can continue so to do. The visit to Egypt, which would necessarily cost much money, I have given up as not beneficial to me.

* * * * *

Please, therefore, let the matter stop here—don't give me any more money. If I am not able to preach, I may yet serve the dear old Society in many ways to make up for the money they have already advanced me.

John Augustus is dead. I knew him well—have known him from my boyhood. He married my cousin—a favourite niece of my mother, who I think brought her up; but they were married before I was born. His death is a public loss. I should have preached an occasional sermon on his death had I been at the Music Hall. His life was a great lesson. He was the friend of publicans and sinners to a greater degree than Jesus of Nazareth—if we rely on the records. He had a genius for philanthropy: it showed itself in Lexington, where he lived and carried on the shoemaking business from 1810 till 1829 or 1830. He was an odd man, queer and fantastical, but honest, self-sacrificing, and extraordinarily given to help the helpless and love

the unlovely. I make no doubt he did foolish things in his philanthropy—perhaps wrong things also. But his character was sweet, and clean, and beautiful. All the members of the United States Supreme Court might die next month, and the President of the United States follow suit, and half the Governors of the Union, and unitedly they would not be so great a loss as poor old John Augustus. The fair record of his life since 1810 (he was born about 1785, the illegitimate son of somebody), especially since 1830, would be one of the most extraordinary and instructive pieces of biography ever written. Ministers preach benevolence and beneficence—he *went* and *did* it. How many common prostitutes did he pick out of that Slough of Despond! how many drunkards save from the pit of ruin? how many thieves, and robbers, and other infamous persons, did he help out of their wickedness? I wish the lives of merchants like Hovey and John L. Emmons; of deacons like Moses Grant, and shoemakers like John Augustus, could be written. “The Life and Works” of Calvin Whiting would be worth two or three lives of King Do-nought, or of Murderous the Great. Pope Gregory XVI. will have his life written in many languages, but there will be no history of Hovey, and Emmons, and Grant, and Augustus, and Whiting, and Saint Matilda, and the other angels of justice, angels of charity, angels of mercy, whom you and I know. It makes me a little impatient to remember how much is to be done to honor the noblest of men, and to recollect that I can do nothing but *cough*. “But patience to hearts that murmur,” &c.—I won’t complain. I am only one little spirt of water running into the great ocean of humanity; and if I stop here, I shall not be at all missed there.

The Courts of Boston, I suppose, adjourned when they heard of Choate’s death, as they did all over the United States when Daniel Webster died (all but the Kidnappers’ Court, in Boston; that went on trying the Shadrach rescuers); but they would take no notice of John Augustus; yet he had kept hundreds from crime, and bailed thousands out of gaol; so I hope Judge Russell did adjourn his Court. I am glad I did not have to preach on Choate; but I fear no minister in Boston used the occasion to tell the awful moral of the tale. When John Augustus died, I should have preached of the “Power of Individual Justice and Philanthropy,” and when R. Choate carried up his case to another tribunal, of the “Abuse of Great Talents and Great Opportunities.” Perhaps I should have printed them both in one pamphlet—the story of the obscure shoemaker and of the great lawyer and politician! When will men learn to distinguish the chaff from the wheat? It is only by accident that we got the life of Jesus of Nazareth written and saved for us, in the poor unsatisfactory style of the first three Gospels, while the Cæsars had historians enough. But the plebeians are not very democratic as yet, and do not know their prophet till he has gone up in the chariot of fire, and they miss him from the path of life.

Kindest remembrances to all yours. Give my salutation to the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Garrisons, and the Sparrells. Oh, dear! when shall I end the list? Good-bye.

Faithfully yours,

T. P.

TO MISS GODDARD AND OTHERS, BOSTON, MASS.

Combe-Varin, Aug. 16, 1859.

To my dear Saint Matilda, and all the other saints that be in the house at No. 2, Florence Street, this goeth (and I hope also cometh), greeting. Most welcome was your letter, which came but a few days ago, and brought us good tidings of your mother. I am glad to hear she has so much freedom from pain, and comes out and enjoys the delicious sunshine in the streets: "walks as far as Decatur Street" sounds quite cheery. That is the way we go. Once the proud mother carried *her* in arms; then trailed her along gently by the hand; next let her run a little, here and there; then the mature woman walks over to Charlestown and back again, nay, much farther, and is not a-weary. Then we reverse the process, and come back again to the original feebleness; and as we were born into this world babies, so babies we go out of it—to be caught by some motherly arms at the next birth as at this. Such is the contrivance of the dear Infinite Perfection, who is Father and Mother to old and young. Once George Combe could work in his study ten or twelve hours a-day; by-and-bye eight or ten; then six or eight, five or six, four or five, three or four, two or three, one or two; then only now and then a little—when the sun broke through the clouds for a few minutes, then was hid. At last it was all over. He had gone to his (unknown) work the other side. A happy life has your mother's been; yet more from the internal tranquillity and trustfulness of her character than from even its outward events. How many bitter drops are poured into the cup of human communion! So is it best. Who could do without his hardships—his misfortunes? Not you, not I, not mortal man. God provides wisely the conditions of human existence. Even for the Carolinian slave there must be a compensation somewhere.

A Mr. K chler has been staying here with Mr. Desor for a little while—a noble man, one of the distinguished democratic patriots of the nation—not such democrats as they at home, who think there can be no republic without the white man can "wallup his nigger"—who had done large service to the cause of humanity and the progress of mankind. He left us one morning, and died of apoplexy in the afternoon, on his way home to his wife and children at Heidelberg: his body was buried where he died. He was a distinguished lawyer at Heidelberg, and one of the leaders of the Free Church there—a sort of Twenty-eighth Congregational Society—in which he preached in the absence of the minister. As he fell dead in a strange place, his body was carried to the house of one who esteemed him highly, and who was a *boss* cabinet-maker. It was mentioned as a pleasant circumstance, quite grateful to his friends and family, because his father was also a *boss* cabinet-maker, and in his youth he himself had worked in his father's shop. This shows the simplicity of the German character. If N— A— should fall dead at Provincetown, and his body be carried to a cabinet-maker's and thence home to burial, no Yankee would think it a pleasing circumstance because N— A—'s father had been a master in that craft; the American who becomes distinguished or rich, is commonly

ashamed of his hard-working relations—not so the Germans. But of course we are the most democratic people in the world—and own 4,000,000 slaves!

You “don’t often go to meeting.” It is a great misfortune that the Twenty-eighth has no minister who feels some responsibility towards the people, only a lecturer from week to week. A minister with any sort of soul in him, would feel bound to use the various events of the time to convey some sort of lesson—if not of guidance, then, at least, of warning. Now, it is not so; the intellect is the chief faculty addressed, even by Emerson, who never appeals directly to the conscience, still less to the religious faculty in man. Most of the others are, perhaps, less conscientious, certainly less able than he. Besides, I love the custom of public prayers, and have taken more delight in praying with like-hearted people, than ever in preaching to like-minded or otherwise-minded; yet, I think, few men love preaching so well. I wish you might soon find some one permanently to fill my place. It is bad to live from hand to mouth, spiritually or materially.

Love to all the household, especially the dear, venerable mother.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

Can I tell you how dear you are all to me? I shall not try.

TO MISS THAYER.

Combe-Varin, Aug. 16, 1859.

MY SAINT CAROLINE,—This new pen won’t do to write with—that is clear as this muddy ink; so here goes with the old gold one, which has done great service for years. What a train of troubles you have had! A horrible ailment is the rheumatic fever, and the old mode of treating with great doses of colchicum often left another disease, and an incurable—an affection of the heart. Here, and in France, colchicum is used with great caution, and only in small doses. But you had only homœopathic treatment, which, certainly, is as good as none at all, and so have not to recover from the effects of the medicine. I don’t find homœopathy has made much mark in Europe, or has the confidence of scientific men. But they bear it this testimony:—1. It is the best in old chronic disorders; 2. It is, also, decidedly the best for young ladies. Besides, in general, the homœopathic doctors attend so well to the dietetic and climatic, and other hygienic remedies, that they often effect cures when others fail. In Paris, homœopathy is the favorite scheme with the poorer people, because they have to pay only the doctor, not also the apothecary, whose business is “organized robbery.” (So, indeed, I find it, for at Paris I paid 1 dollar 10 cents for some medicine which the potecary here only charges me 16 cents for!) There is a homœopathic hospital at Vienna, which I hear well spoken of for discharging its patients in a good condition; but that may be very unscientific. It seems to me the Paris doctors care little about curing the sick. We have a nice time up here. Do you remember my German friend, Mr. Desor? I made his acquaintance in 1847; it soon became an intimacy: he left Boston in 1852. I always

write him on my birthday, he me on his; besides, many other letters come and go. His house is full of visitors, ten or a dozen lodging here at a time; scientific men mostly, with their ladies. "It is a pity you have no wife," I said. "Ugh!" was D.'s answer, "I think I'm better off without; do you think I could have all these women here if I had a wife? Ugh!"

Amongst others, a Doctor Moleschott has been here, a man of great genius, a chemist and professor of physiology at Zurich, the first philosophical anatomist in Germany, as well as practising physician. He made a microscopic examination, and decided that there is no softening of the tubercles, and no laceration of my lungs as yet, and therefore the circumstances are still favorable for the action of medicine and climate. Dr. Cabot, dear good sensible fellow that he is, says I need nutritious food, air, sun, and reasonable exercise, with but moderate medicines. So says Dr. M., so Dr. Bigelow at Paris, so all. Here in fair weather I am out of doors eight or ten hours a-day; the mornings and evenings are too cold and damp. I work in the woods chopping, pruning the trees, &c., of course moderately, and get a kind of exercise which is most delightful to me. I think I have done no imprudent thing since I came to the Continent; but enough about myself.

Here the women work out of doors "from morn till dewy eve," and look as rough as the horses they drive. It is a curious fact that woman deteriorates and rapidly grows old when much exposed to the elements, and constrained to great physical labor. It is against her nature. The same result appears in the Tropics—at Santa Cruz; and the Temperate Zone—at Switzerland: 1. The degeneration of what is specifically feminine; 2. The degeneration of what is generically human. She approximates to the male type of humans, then to that of the inferior animals.

Naturá duce is an admirable motto in all matters. But our New England women do not work enough in the fields, a good deal of gardening might advantageously be done by their little nimble fingers; the raising of poultry and young cattle would be profitable to the cheeks of our farmers' daughters, as well as their fathers' purses. Just now the New England women in general tend to abhor all manual labor. They must be LADIES (a LADY is a female animal of the human species who won't work, that is the vulgar definition), and so despise the details of housekeeping; they can't make bread, nor cook a dinner, nor cut out and make a shirt for a possible (or impossible) husband, not even for a baby. A deal of mischief comes from this shameful mistake—involuntary celibacy of men who can't afford to keep a lady in the house, and of maidens who would fain marry but not work. We have not seen the end of this mischief, nor shall not in any haste. When a boy I learned to do all kinds of work done in my neighborhood, from the blacksmith's to the clockmaker's, and I thank God I can work with my hands. (I have ground up all Mr. Desor's axes and hatchets, and actually finished a hog's-trough.) If I had a family of daughters and were never so rich, they should all learn thoroughly all the details of good housekeeping, and not only know how each thing should be done, but also how to do it—the process as well as the result.

But I did not mean to draw such a long bow, and preach a sermon to an (invisible) audience 3000 or 4000 miles off. I wish you could have seen some of the specimens of "our family bread" sent me last autumn, after a certain sermon in which I showed how the New England women broke the staff of life over their husband's heads—and the heads along with it. You would have said a woman was worth several ladies. But I need not say this to you, who with all your family, know how to do all sorts of things, and with such admirable skill that Mr. Pierpont said of each, "She hath done what she could!"

What could show the moral degradation of Boston more fully than the funeral honors paid to poor Choate? The town which fired 100 cannons to honor the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, which kidnapped Sims and Burns, and whose "respectability" fraternized with the assassins of Charles Sumner, ought logically so to honor the great advocate of rogues and solicitor-general for scoundrels, who called the self-evident truths of our revolutionary fathers only "glittering generalities" and a "noisy abstraction." Such a demonstration is more demoralizing than a bull-fight at Havana. I am glad I was spared the pain of making a *post-mortem* examination of such a man. . . .

No amount of talent, none of genius, or of good humor, can atone for a life which was a long public treason to that justice which the State and Church are built to preserve. . . .

Hearty love to all the household.

Faithfully,

T. P.

P.S.—My wife says, "All Caroline's saints are men!" "I didn't!" she says. Remember me to all the saints and saintesses too.

TO MR. SUMNER.

Combe-Varin, Suisse, Aug. 13, 1859.

What a condition Europe is in just now! Before long there must be a general war—a very dreadful one in its process; very blessed in its results. What a lying scamp Louis Napoleon is! How he lied before the war! "*L'Empire, c'est la paix—toujours la paix.*" (He had better have written it, "*C'est l'épée, toujours l'épée!*" That is Mr. Punch's wit.) How he lied to the Italians, "from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic"! How he lied to the Emperor of Austria about the terms which the other Powers would make less favorable! A German says there have been two acts of the Euripidean Triloggy of Louis Napoleon—the *coup d'état* was only a prologue, to put the piece on the stage and notify the audience.

1. Came the Crimean affair, *vide* Sebastopol, &c.

2. Came the Italian affair, *vide* Solferino, &c.

But what will the third be, the finale?

Yet the bulk of the nation seems to like him. How true Cato the elder said of the ancient (and also of the modern) Gauls!—*Peraque Gallia duas res industriosissime persequitur, rem militarem et argute loqui.*

I render the latter *faire belles phrases*. But his empire must down. He forbids the haberdashers to sell handkerchiefs with Garibaldi's head on them; the journals to mention the name of Cavour, it is said.

How the educated French hate him ! How many despise Guizot, not quite unjustly !

Prince Napoleon had a long private communication the other day with an eminent German *savant* and Republican. He says Louis Napoleon made peace because—(1.) The Italians in Lombardy did not favor him, 1, because they were naturally cowards; and 2, were disgusted at the conduct of the Turcos, who plundered the peasants. (2.) His army had suffered enormous losses, was badly organized, not well supplied with necessary provisions, was destitute of water; the artillery had to go three leagues for it, and were as thirsty when they returned as when they went; it was sickly, and if he had not made peace when he did, he must have retreated the next day. (3.) He found conspiracy at home. “*On y conspire,*” said the Emperor; “if they can’t rule, they will conspire—the Orleanistes, the Republicans, the Evêques.” “The Emperor,” said Prince Napoleon, “conspired against France, and now fears that *it* will conspire against him !” He has got into a dilemma. If he helps the Legations against the Pope, or leaves them alone to resist that old——, then the Pope is against him and all the 40,000 priests at home, who are more Roman than French. If he helps the Pope against the Legations, then the public opinion of all (enlightened) Europe is against him, and the arms of John Bull. Bull has acted like a great baby—he was scared, and cried like a fool; but there is stuff in the crittur yet, and pride. Louis Napoleon acts foolishly in setting the French papers to stir up hostility against England. He had better let Antwerp fortify, and hold his tongue. I think the peace not worth much. But, alas ! I have little hope of a regeneration of Italy. What confederation can there be between Piedmont and Naples, or Rome? What is a confederation for freedom good for, presided over by the Pope, the bitterest foe of freedom? Besides, the federative disposition, which creates the Teutonic confederacies of old times and new, must underlie the new institution, and that is foreign to Italy and all the Romanic peoples; it is the ethnologic peculiarity of the Teutons, and in the time of Cæsar distinguished them from the Celts. Nothing will keep the Teutonic people out of Italy; they have had great influence there ever since Dietrich von Bern, and must enter the Peninsula as the Americans go to Mexico. I *wish* differently.

I think Rome will be my winter residence (the Pyramids stick in my crop). I hope the A.’s will go with us, and we shall all live together in some wide, sunny street. I live out of doors eight or ten hours in the day, and have work in the woods, chopping, pruning trees, &c.

We shall go back to Montreux next week. L. has gone to Paris to see the show of soldiers, but returns the 16th or 17th. Juvenal says of Gaul,—

“*Natio comœda, est*
Si dixeris, ‘æstuo,’ sudat !’”*

I have the happiest time here. I attend chiefly to botany, geology, zoology, &c., and read.

* Juv. Sat. III., 94–97.

But I have my eyes open on my more special studies. God bless you! If we do not work together hereafter, we have heretofore.

FROM MR. SUMNER.

Bains Frascati, an Havre, August 22, 1859.

How beautifully things move in Tuscany! Who says a people thus composed amidst the grandest trials is not fit for freedom? Who is fit for it, I pray? The Americans with four millions of slaves, and with a leaven of slaveholding tyrants, and foreign immigrants who cannot speak our language? Why these, more than the Italians, full of genius, invention and all knowledge? Against the proletarianism of Italy, I put the slavery of our country, and hold that Italy is full as apt for free institutions as the United States. You doubt. I must borrow a phrase from Charles Fox, addressed to Bonaparte, First Consul, "Clear your head of that nonsense." Of course, I am for freedom everywhere. If I heard of a revolt in the seraglio I should be for it.

Think of old Gino Capponi, blind, led to the urn and voting for the emancipation of his country. Well done, gallant veteran!* It was his ancestor who went forth from Florence to meet Charles VIII. of France, and when the King threatened if his terms were not accepted, "to sound his trumpets," the ambassador of the Republic replied, "If you sound your trumpets, we will ring our bells."

In the next letter Mr. Parker alludes to the resolution offered by Mr. Conway, at a meeting of the Alumni of Cambridge Theological School, July, 1859; its passage was opposed for various reasons, and the question finally avoided by an adjournment.

Resolved, That the Association has heard with deep regret of the failure, during the past year, of the health of the Rev. Theodore Parker; and we hereby extend to him our heartfelt sympathy, and express our earnest hope and prayer for his return with renewed strength, and heart unabated, to the post of duty which he has so long filled with ability and zeal."

TO REV. J. F. CLARKE.

Combe-Varin, Canton de Neuchâtel.

MY DEAR JAMES,—What a row you and Conway made at the meeting of Alumni a month ago, or less! You the President of the Unitarian Association! only think of it! I am afraid you are "raised up," "for the disturbance of the Br-rotheren" as Dr. — would say. Poor men! So they couldn't say, "Well, we're sorry you're sick, and

* The venerable Marquis Capponi, who has done so much for historical studies and also for correct sentiment in Italy, was a Member of the Constituent Assembly at Florence, which, in 1859, decreed the independence of Tuscany.

hope you'll get well, and come back to your old place, and go to work!" No: they could not say that—how could they? But this mode of treating the matter will damage those men not a little. "What!" honest men will say, "couldn't you wish your sick brother might get well, and come back, and work against popular wickedness, in low places and high places? Afraid he'd hurt the word o' God, and knock down the Church o' God! Do you think they're so much in danger that a little consumptive minister in Exeter Place could finish one or the other?" . . . I have been in battle for twenty years, treated as no other American ever was, and it is not likely I have escaped without many a wrong deed. You have sometimes told me of my faults. God bless you for it! I took the advice greatly to heart. But a note at Harvard College Chapel won't save a man whose relations all die of consumption soon as that ugly cat puts her claws into their sides. For the ministers' sake, private and public, I should rather they would have passed the resolution which brave, affectionate young Conway presented; for my own sake it is not of the smallest consequence. At twenty-nine it would move me; not at forty-nine.

Here in Europe the Catholic Church is the one great enemy to human progress and welfare. It is the religion of the Romanic people, the Celtic people, the Celto-Romanic, the French, and the Celto-Teutonic communities scattered about in all parts of Germany, and still more in Austria. It is amazing to see how Catholicism penetrates society and controls all individuality. It has greatly demoralized France, which has 40,000 priests, who steal in everywhere and spread their slime over the baby, the child, the maiden, and the man. Protestantism is on the decline in France, for the Government farms the Roman Church; wealth, fashion, all the great institutions are on its side. Once Montpellier was almost Protestant (in the time of Louis XIII.), and contained, say, 40,000 people. Now it is almost wholly Catholic, yet there has been no change of population by migration out or in. It is done by the marriage contract, which transfers the children to Catholic instruction. But it is all hollow. In France Catholicism is official and ecclesiastical, not personal.

The educated, the men of science and letters, have no belief in it; the high merchants, bankers, &c., none; even the great mass of working-men have no belief in Catholicism. They do not confess nor attend meeting; they have no more belief in it than the better class of Athenian common people had in their mythology when Aristophanes wrote his plays, or Lucian his dialogues. Women go to meeting, confess, and accommodate the priests in diverse ways.

When La Place carried his "Mécanique Céleste" to Napoleon for presentation, the Emperor was busy making some sort of *concordat* with the Pope. So, thinking of what he called "religious affairs," meaning theologico-political, he read La Place's preface, and said, "I am surprised you don't mention the name of God." "Sire," said the mathematician, "*je n'ai pas trouvé besoin de cette hypothèse!*" That is the condition of the cultivated Frenchmen. They are not Atheists, they don't touch that question. Somebody said to Arago, "But I am

a Protestant!" "That is only to be a little less absurd," was the answer.

Despotism rules everywhere in France—centralized at Paris, diffused from the Channel to the Alps and the Pyrenees! After the armistice of July 11th at Villafranca, the Emperor forbade the newspapers to mention the name of Cavour; it never appears. He ordered the print-sellers to put away the caricatures of Austria; down they went. During the war there were lots of cotton handkerchiefs, some with his head, others with Victor Emmanuel's, yet others with Garibaldi's head on them; after the peace Garibaldi's was forbidden. You cannot find it now; but just before the peace some Italian traders ordered 40,000 each of those handkerchiefs of a Swiss manufacturer, and when peace came countermanded all but the 40,000 of Garibaldi! Napoleon is popular with the army, the priests, the uneducated men; the educated hate him. But there are not 4,000,000 slaves in France, not a kidnapper in Paris! France is rich also; her material interests thrive, alas! not the human interests, high or even low. Remember me kindly to your household. I am staying with Desor in the mountains. His house is full of *savans* and *Gelehrte*.

The unwillingness to appear to recognize Mr. Parker by even a resolution of sympathy, had, of course, its roots in the old controversy, and was shared by many who had learned to admire his anti-slavery faithfulness. They did not see that the very thing which they admired proved the superiority of a moral to a doctrinal or a denominational position.

Here is another mark of this antipathy; but it is also a sign of the growth of his influence among the young preachers, who are nominally called Unitarians. They will certainly become a commanding body, in sympathy with an intelligent people who sit in most of the old Unitarian churches. Let them be little solicitous to preserve a denominational connection. They are fully able to take care of themselves. Let them preach or not in the old pulpits, according to the good-will of the occupants. But they have a welcome everywhere, in numerous pews, except in the most strictly sectarian of the city societies.

TO REV. THEODORE PARKER,

Cambridge, April 14, 1857.

DEAR SIR,—The following protest is this day presented to the Faculty of the Divinity School:—

We, members of the senior class, hereby protest against the refusal to sanction our election of Rev. Theodore Parker, as class-preacher, as

being a violation of the principle of religious toleration on which this institution was founded, and we respectfully decline to make any election of class-preacher.

(Signed)

“GEORGE F. NOYES.

“HENRY W. BROWN.

“GEO. W. BARTLETT.”

The matter will probably end here, at present. We have fully deliberated upon the proposition of leaving the school, and have decided that it is unwise. As to having a sermon from you when we graduate, it seems to us that to elect you now would be to violate in spirit the law which we are observing in the letter.

We can talk with you and consider of that in the future.

We have already accomplished our main object, which was to make known the fact that a class of young ministers recognize you as a Christian minister, and worthy to preach their sermon. Whether the sermon be preached or not is comparatively of very little importance.

We have felt for a year past that we had a rare opportunity to help the cause of religious freedom, and to make you some amends for the persecution which you have endured in the cause of truth. We have been faithful to our opportunity, and though not seemingly, have, in reality, been successful in our endeavor.

With the hope that we may be better acquainted than we have yet been, I ask you to accept from my class-mates and myself the warmest regard.

Truly yours,

HENRY W. BROWN.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

SWISS AND GERMAN STUPIDITY.—How many stupid things these Swiss people do! Here is a cross-cut saw which got broken, and it is mended by lapping the two pieces one over the other, and riveting the two together. So a hand-saw had a crack in the edge near the middle, and they mended it by riveting on a patch. This writing-desk I sit at [at Montreux] is so made that a book will slide down the leaf, and I must *chock* it up. They are making a railroad opposite the house; the embankment is fifteen or eighteen feet high, and close to the road; there must be a solid wall of stone six or seven feet thick to support it, for the space is too narrow to allow the natural spread of the gravel. They tipped the dirt, and raised the embankment to the requisite height, and then dug away what was superfluous, dug a ditch four or five feet deep, and laid the foundation of the wall; of course the bank kept sliding down, and the earth must be shovelled over four or five times, and wheeled up the steep bank and put down behind the wall. There were four-wheeled carriages without sideboards, nothing but a frame, to carry the small stones in. So all the stones must be taken out by hand; then they are tossed from one man to another, who tosses them to the place where the masons take them. With abundant water-power, they saw logs by hand; in the country of

steam-engines they drive piles in the old way; twenty men pulling on a rope and hoisting up the hammer! They have not even a windlass. In a little town in Mecklenburg they have the cholera this year. The population is only 150, of whom 80 died; there were not cabinet-makers enough to make coffins as fast as they were wanted. So the carpenters made them. But the cabinet-makers complained to the authorities that their legal right was invaded. So the carpenters must not make coffins, and the dead had to remain unburied till the small number of cabinet-makers could do the work!

SWISS NEWSPAPERS.—I am struck with the excellence of the Swiss newspapers. Take, for instance, such as I see oftenest, the *Bund* (Berne), *Journal de Genève*, *L'Indépendant de Neuchâtel*, *Gazette de Lausanne*. These are small in size, but filled on three pages out of four with quite valuable reading matter, and on the whole are greatly superior to the country papers of America, and the most of the city papers, I fear. The French newspapers, of course, are nothing; they only say what they are commanded (the Government papers), or permitted (the Opposition). The *Times* is hardly more moral than the *New York Herald*; it has lost much of its intellectual talent too.

Aug. 22.—At half-past three P.M. left Desor's hospitable chalet with no little regret. Took the diligence, all four of us, for Yverdon (Ebrodunum; a Latinized name of the Celtic original, I take it). The route is delightful through the Val de Travers.

Next day, reached Geneva about two, and went to the Hotel L'Ecu de Genève, one of the best of these institutions of organized robbery. Surveyed the town again, one of the most thriving in thrifty Switzerland; enormously wealthy, though Basle is before it. Notice the removal of the old walls, and the enlargement of the city, with its consequent increase in population, health, comfort, beauty, wealth; but how it was opposed by the landholders within the walls! Yet it was a scamp who perfected and carried on the good work.

Aug. 24.—My forty-ninth birthday; will it be also the last? Many things look that way. Yet others do not. Still, I count it so, and make no complaint.

Visited the old church of St. Peter where Calvin used to preach; and strolled about the city till ten. At that hour the naturalists had their meeting, eighty or one hundred of them, perhaps, besides strangers. Half-a-dozen Americans among the latter, *e. g.* T. B. Curtis, Amasa Walker, Dr. Bethune, Mr. Tillinghast.

As it was my birthday I wished to be with my friends, and so at three took the steamer for Montreux, bidding good-bye to Desor, who came to our hotel and on board the boat. At half-past seven we were met at the landing and went to our dear ones again. I found some beautiful little memorials of affection in my room.

Alas! I learned when I came home the death of Horace Mann. I knew nothing of his illness till Howe's letter told me of it. Alas! that I am not at home to say a word in his honor, and to improve the lesson of his grand life for the advantage of the people! Ah, me! "to be weak is to be miserable." Mann has long violated the laws of the body, and falls a victim to his conscientious philanthropy. None of the great Temperance men will hold out long and well. P—— and

G—— will not live out their days. —— stimulates his stomach with red pepper. Brandy even would be better! Wine and beer would be invaluable to all these men.

TO DR. HOWE.

Montreux, Suisse, Aug. 26, 1859.

MY DEAR CHEV.—Yours of August 3rd, with its sad PS. of the 4th, came here on my forty-ninth birthday. I returned at night from a visit of a month to Desor, and my thoughtful wife, who came back the day before, wisely kept the melancholy news from me till the next morning. "*Les Dieux s'en vont!*" How many distinguished men have died of late in 1859, but not a king! "*Les Rois restent!*" I knew nothing of Mann's illness till your letter told me of his death. The last time I saw him—last autumn, I was ill, and he came to see me. He looked almost healthy, with more flesh and more color than I had seen before, and in admirable spirits. Who will do full justice to his great merits as a philanthropist and a statesman? Nobody in America. I have known him since 1836: very well since 1848. I think I understand him as well as I admire, esteem, and love him. But, alas! I am not there to preach his funeral sermon at the Music Hall, to appreciate his great services, to honor his great virtues, to point out his faults, and so let the dead man warn by his failings and instruct by his great merits, and thus continue the lesson of his life, though we can directly see its practical works no more. If you thought of him, in some respects, more highly than I did, I never wished your admiration to be less. If I qualified, I did not diminish it. I think there is but one man in America who has done the nation such great service—that is Garrison; the two were much alike in their philanthropy and hatred of all oppression, in their asceticism and puritanic austerity, in their cleanness of life and readiness to sacrifice their own interests for a general good, in their steadiness of purpose and tenacity of work, and in the severity of their speech and the strength of their personal dislikes. But Garrison had more destructiveness and more courage, and also more moral directness in his modes of executing his plans. Mann did not know that "a straight line is the shortest distance between two points," in morals as in mathematics; Garrison knows no other line in abstract morals or in concrete politics. Mann had benevolence in the heroic degree. I have known none who more deeply and heartily wished for the welfare of mankind; he was also singularly enlightened as to certain modes of carrying out his philanthropy, *e.g.* towards the insane, the poor, the ignorant, and the drunken. But I think his ideas of education were not the most enlightened and comprehensive; that his estimate of woman was unphilosophic and obsolete; and his schemes of penal legislation were quite behind the foremost philanthropy of the day, especially his adhesion to the gallows.

In his intellectual composition he lacked the ideal element to an extraordinary degree, yet his mind was as rich in figures and as vivid as a New England meadow in June. Still, there was little poetry in the man; the useful left no corner for the beautiful. He loved strongly,

and idealized the objects of his affection, making them quite other than they were; he also hated terribly, and never, I think, forgave a public or a private foe. His hatred idealized men downwards, and he could see no good in them, or if any, it was deformed by the evil motive he saw (or fancied that he saw), prompting and controlling it all. Like other lawyers and politicians, he judged men ungenerously, and thought their motives mean. He loved few, and liked not many. By nature he had great love of approbation, but in all his life I remember no act in which this mean passion got the better of his conscience, and bent him away from the path of right. His sense of duty was overwhelming. Bred in the worst form of Calvinism, he never quite wiped off the dreadful smooch it makes on the character—nay, he did not extract the dark colors it *bites in* to the spiritual nature of the unlucky child. Hence his low estimate of men, hence his unforgiving disposition. For if he had much justice in the abstract, he had little mercy in the concrete. In his reactionary swing from Dr. Emmon's Calvinism he went about as near Atheism as an intellectual man can go; and, as you say, under such circumstances, "that is pretty near." But his confidence in duty and philanthropy never failed him. He took phrenology for his scheme of metaphysics, and knew no psychology but physiology. This materialism was a great hindrance to him in his educational schemes. It narrowed his views of human nature. He had not great confidence in the moral, and still less in the religious instincts of mankind; so after he had broken with the substance of the popular theology, and rejected its miraculous claims to the uttermost, spurning all "revelation" and all "miracles," he yet clung to the hollow form, and used the language of theology, not as figures of speech, but as symbols of a fact. He did this because he lacked confidence in man's power to walk without that crutch. I know no politician who so hated Calvinism; none who used its language so much, or who, to the public, appeared so much the friend of the ecclesiastic theology of which it is the poison-flower. There was a certain duplicity in the man, at strange variance with the austere purity of his personal life, and the lofty elevation of his purpose. This appears in his work as Secretary of the Board of Education, as Member of Congress, and as President of Antioch College—perhaps more conspicuous in the last office. Had the little narrow, bigoted sect of Christians known his profound convictions, and the moral contempt he felt for their absurd and debasing theology, they would never have made him even a teacher in their school, much less its head. If he had lived he must have felt great embarrassment from this cause, to be met by yet farther duplicity. I like not his taking of bread and wine in the meeting-houses of his sect, nor his having prayers three times a-day at his table. It was an official, not a personal act, and savors of hypocrisy. It was done for example—but it was an instance of falseness to his own convictions. He would not have made a good president of a college, he was too austere; and besides, he could not shut his eyes. Still more, lads at college at once detect all insincerity in their teachers, and judge with terrible justice.

"Him only pleasure leads and peace attends,
Him, only him, the shield of God defends,
Whose means are pure and spotless as his ends."

Mann did not know this, or knowing did not heed.

These are his great public works :—

1. He opposed intemperance, I mean drunkenness. The State had no more efficient laborer directly in this great reform. Of course he was an extremist, and went for total abstinence, and ultimately for the entire suppression of all trade in every intoxicating drink, as an article of pleasure or of diet. In 1836 he induced the Legislature to pass a law making it a crime to be drunk in public; the State had had no such law for 150 years, I think. He put the stamp of felony on the hideous vice. As a Temperance lecturer he had great power, for he appealed both to the understanding and the conscience with masterly skill.

2. He worked for the insane. I think no one, or two, or five men in the State did them such wise service as he. But of this you know much more than I.

3. He took up the common schools of Massachusetts in his arms and blessed them. Here was the great work of his life. It was a piece of heroic self-denial to take the secretaryship of the Board of Education. He gave up his profession, and 2500 or 3000 dollars a-year; he abandoned the Presidency of the Senate, and the fairest chance of political honors, for he was one of the most popular and influential men in the Legislature, to work for the public education of the people of Massachusetts fifteen hours a-day, pay his own travelling expenses, and become the butt of all the democratic politicians—Bantoul was the only Democrat in Massachusetts who cared anything for the public schools—of all the lazy schoolmasters that were unfit for their office, and of all the little miserable orthodox ministers who complained of his want of *ng-pái-et-ty* (you know how to pronounce that word). How he did work! how he did fight! how he licked the schoolmasters! If one of the little mosquitoes bit him, Mann thought he had never taken quite notice enough of the creature till he had smashed it to pieces with a 48-pound cannon-shot which rung throughout the land. He was the father of Normal Schools. His good work here will live; one hundred years hence three generations will have tasted its blessed influence, the last the deepest of all. His influence went to all New England, and her fair daughter States. It is not often that a man has such an opportunity to serve his kind; in our century I know none who used it better, almost none so well. Massachusetts had but one man fit for the work: he went in at the call of duty; the State is not yet wise enough to honor him for such heroism; it is alike incomprehensible to the Suffolk Bar and the Suffolk Pulpit.

4. He went to Congress at a most trying period. There was a little indirection in his mode of getting there, which I never liked. But when there he proved himself the ablest, the most high-minded and far-sighted, the most moral and statesmanlike man Massachusetts has sent there in the nineteenth century. In point of intellectual ability for the post, only J. Q. Adams was his superior—his long life of politics gave him that superiority; in all other matters I assign the palm to Mann. I did not agree with all his measures, nor accept all his principles, but I honored his integrity and revered his power. When Daniel Webster committed the great sin which immediately doubled his popularity in Boston with the Hunkers who had bought

him, and have now given him his post on that stone of shame in the State House Yard, whence Massachusetts will one day cast him down and break it to powder, Horace Mann exposed the wickedness of the deed: none in Congress, I think, did the work so ably. He smote the champion of slavery a blow which sent him reeling home: it was the heaviest Webster ever had. He never recovered from it.

In his public life I find no aims but the noblest of all. Of how many others can you or I say that? He had a great mind, though one of a quite peculiar structure. He was a formidable debater, with, however, the faults that are generic with lawyers. None that I have known could more skilfully expose the weakness of an opponent: of course, he did not always do justice to his opponent; he was combative to an extraordinary degree, and loved the *gaudium certaminis* like an old Goth. His great excellence was moral, not intellectual. He did love his kind; he did hate their oppressors. Philanthropy is the key-note of all his music.

As a lawyer I am told he never took a case that he did not conscientiously think he ought to win. I should be surprised if it was not true. But I don't think he was always quite scrupulous enough as to the means of achieving his end. His policy sometimes bordered on deceit.

As a relative, neighbor, husband, father, his character was admirable, perhaps spotless. Young men loved him—all the doorkeepers at Washington and the other servants of the Capitol; and old men of noble mark looked on him with admiration and esteem. I shall always place him among the noblest men of New England, and thank God I had the privilege of his acquaintance, perhaps of his esteem and friendship; and sometimes the opportunity of doing him some little favor. There are but two men living—Emerson and Garrison—whom I have in public praised so much or ranked so high. How different the three, yet how great their public services to the cause of humanity! None could comprehend the other, though each might admire. When Mann moved out of Massachusetts he left a gap none since has filled. I don't think Ohio was worthy of him, or could appreciate his worth. Yet Boston had little claim on such a soul as his. But, dear old puritanic town, with all its faults the noblest of human cities, it yet gave money for his college! The very men, I think, whose political idols he broke to fragments, and ground to powder, and trod into the mire of the street, gave him dollars for his college!

Oh, Chev. there never was such a city, and though I shall walk in it no more, and my voice never again be heard in its halls or its meeting-houses, perhaps never in its parlors, it still lives in my prayers and my songs of thanksgiving and of praise. Few men have had more delight in it for a dozen years than I; and I murmur not that it is over now and ended. God grant that some nobler man may do better what I attempted!

I sympathize with what you say of the services at the Music Hall. Emerson appeals only to the intellect, the understanding, imagination, reason; never directly to the conscience or the soul—the religious element. I love to read the deep things of the Old Testament and New Testament. They are dear to me, because dear to my fathers and

precious to whole nations of men. I love the sweet words of the hymns we used to sing, though often so poorly, and for my own part, I should as soon renounce the sermon almost as the prayer. It does not influence the dear God who loves me better than I myself, but it does elevate and cheer and comfort me. I think with great pain of the multitude who used to look up to me; in my Sundays I look in upon them as a mass, and in the sleepless hours of night creep round to all their houses, and see how they get on in their joys and sorrows of private life.

But enough of this. Love to all yours, and, I need not say, dear Chevie, to *you*.

T. P.



THE DOUBLE-HEADED FIR, COMBE VARIN.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Letters and Journal at Montreux, and other Places—Letter of Resignation—To the Progressive Friends—To others.

TO GEO. ADAMS, ESQ., BROOKLINE, MASS.

Montreux, Suisse, Sunday, Aug. 28, 1859.

MR. AND MRS. ADAMS,—DEAR FRIENDS,—Many thanks for your kind letters, which came in due time some weeks ago. As man and wife are one, I shall include you both in the same answer. Your words of sympathy were quite welcome and touching. I should have been glad to take you and your children by the hand before I went away; but the time of preparation was so brief, and my strength, both of muscle and nerve, so slight, it was hardly possible for me to bid farewell to any except those I saw every day. Here I hope I am getting better; certainly I have mended in all things save the cough, which still goes on increasing. What effect a Roman winter will have on it I know not, but will continue to hope the best and be ready for the worst.

It is Sunday now—a day, too, of singular beauty, even for this handsome region, where all the days have been fair. It rained last night, and now the air is full of sweetness. The Indian corn, the handsomest of all the bread-producing plants, is now about ripe, and sends its sweet fragrance all round on every side; to me it is not only a delicious odor in itself, but it has the charm of association with my early life amid cornfields and other pleasant things of New England country life. As I sit out of doors to write, the lake before me, and mountains covered with snow just opposite, the church bells in the steeple on the mountain side, almost over my head, ring out their pleasant call for meeting. Some six hours hence they will do the same in Brookline and Boston, and all the thousand towns of New England will be musical with the call to meditation, thanksgiving, prayer, and praise.

I am glad you have found a place you like for yourself and family to pass your Sunday mornings in. King is a good fellow, with fine talents,

and a brave, humane, and progressive spirit; he will continue to grow for many a year to come, and to do great service, I hope, to mankind. Few ministers have so much talent, or have been so faithful in that trying position, a pulpit. It is unfortunate that we could not at the Music Hall have some one man who would feed the thousands that turn thither so readily; who would feel responsible to the Society, and so use all the events of the day as means of instruction. But that could not be expected; the speaker feels responsible only for the special address he makes on some particular morning, and no more. . . . I suppose some of our old friends find the services a little cold. Besides, I like the old custom of reading the Bible—the best things in it, I mean; of singing hymns; and especially do I love social prayer, when it is real, living, and deep. But, alas! when I have attended the religious meetings at the churches in New England or Old England, the prayer is almost always the worst part—a prayer without devotion, elevation, or aspiration—one that smites and offends, and makes you feel degraded by listening to it. In nine cases out of ten the minister's prayer is a hateful thing to me, and I always avoid it when I can. But when it is a real, hearty, deep, spontaneous prayer, which comes as the white lily grows in the waters of New England, then I go off cheered, and lifted up, and blessed. Dr. Channing used to say, "It would be a great thing to get rid of the long prayer in our meeting-houses." Oh, if we could get the prayer of pious genius in its place! Several who frequent the Music Hall never come in till that part of the service is ended, and I always respected the spirit of devotion which kept them away from the form of prayer, though I myself so love the spoken word. But I did not mean to preach to you a sermon, though it is Sunday.

I hope you are all happy and well. How Emma and George must have grown by this time! The elder daughters, I don't know what change of name may have happened to them before I return. I hope they will always have a character as beautiful as their faces, and that they will continue to improve in all intellectual and moral excellence. Don't fear that I forget any of my old friends. I make the tour of the Society oftener than before, and look in at all the households once so familiar. Remember me kindly to your excellent neighbors, the Goodings. Theodore will be taller than his namesake before I return. Tell Mr. Gooding I find no such pears as he used to send me last autumn, and that I was sorry not to bid him and his good-bye. With love to all yours, and from all mine, believe me, faithfully,

Your friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO MISS COBBE.

Montreux, August 31, 1859.

MY DEAR MISS COBBE,—Your kind note of August 24—my forty-ninth birthday—reminds me how long I have owed you a letter. But I have no great writing faculty in these days, and think it best to make what little nervous power I develop consume itself in building up my shattered body. Besides, I have so many friends in America that I

must write to, that my strength is sometimes used up before I write my dear ones nearer at hand.

I think we should agree about war. I hate it, I deplore it, but yet see its necessity. All the great charters of humanity have been *writ in blood*, and must continue to be for some centuries. I should let the Italians fight for their liberty till the 28,000,000 were only 14,000,000, and thus resist at that dreadful cost, rather than submit to mean grand-dukes, &c., and meaner Pope, with his Antonellis and the Antonellas, who now sway that degraded people. But most wars in these times are got up by the ambition and wickedness of the rulers, who only *exploiter* the people's instinct of defence or of aggression. Such I could visit with the scorn of the human race.

I make no doubt you are right in determining your own course of duty. How seldom can another help us in that! Certainly you and Miss Carpenter are engaged in one of the most grand of all the philanthropics of the age. Dreadfully needed they are, too, in England; indeed, your country, like mine, is full of contradictions, which disgrace us and threaten us with future peril. Mrs. Reid's scheme seems full of promise; but it takes a deal of time to accomplish any great work of human progress. It is with man as with the geological formation of the earth. Enormous periods of time are found indispensable for what we once thought was done in six days. That mythic account (by some dreamer) in Genesis, "Let there be light," has led to much mischief, making men believe that the order of creation was by magic and by sudden violence, not by regular gradual development part after part. That silly myth that tells of the confusion of tongues at Babel, how it misrepresents the actual facts and the gradual development of all the languages of the world, and of the faculties of man, stimulated by the *nature* about him! So the notion of a miraculous revelation of religious truth perverts our efforts and turns us off from the slow, regular attempt to learn the religion God writes in the constitution of the world, and then to express it in nations comfortable, industrious, intelligent, and moral. How many thousand human experiments must go to one human success in the great departments of our progress! When the civilization you and I dream of is attained, men will find it is underlaid by thick strata, full of the organic remains of inferior civilization, each helpful to the high one, which itself is no finality, but only provisional for something more grand and glorious.

I am glad your book is finished. Your charming letter to Mrs. A. told me that and other pleasing facts; and I hope soon to see it. Mr. Sanborn's article has not reached me yet. I am quite shut out from all the English quarterlies, and know little of what takes place in the high world of thought. I am glad you got my little book. I wrote it with tears of blood in that fierce heat of Santa Cruz, and read it with fear and trembling when it reached me a fortnight ago. Please remember it is a *sick man's book*, I mean in its form. The substance, I think, is healthy. It will be more loved and hated than any book of mine; but I hope it may do good, and help guide some benighted voyager, "dim sounding on his perilous way."

When you write to the excellent Mr. Newman, please tell him I am sorry I did not see him the last time he called, for I hoped to have had

some conversation with him on matters we touched before. I trust he got my little book. With thanks for your kind remembrances and wishes, believe me,

Faithfully and affectionately yours.

He started, on Sept. 3, for a little tour to Freiburg, Berne, Thun, Interlachen, &c., and returned to Montreux on the 9th.

TO MR. MANLEY.

Freiburg Canton, Freiburg, Suisse, Sept. 3, 1859.

MY DEAR JOHN R. MANLEY,—I shall soon write you a short letter resigning my connection with the dear Twenty-eighth; for I am now only a hindrance, and can never be much of a help. You want a man to be a permanent minister, *responsible to you*. It is clear that I shall preach no more, even if I (partially) recover. Love to all the friends. Step in at the corner of Milk Street sometime, please, and remember me to all the good folks there, and represented there. I don't lose my friendly affection for the dear ones I shall preach to no more. I should have had a sermon on Mann, as well as Choate, had I been there. How contemptible seem the lives of the five or six Presidents when compared with Mann's! The three great concrete evils of America are, 1, drunkenness; 2, ignorance; 3, slavery. Mann warred against all these three with all his good qualities and all of his ill. What a battle he did fight! Choate opposed no one of them; he befriended the worst of them. Yet how is he honored!

* * * * *

Lyman leaves us in a few days for Paris, and so we lose another blessing. I am glad James Clarke is to preach for you; he is a faithful man, and never betrays his trust. I am with you every Sunday, and many a day besides. You must accept my resignation; for even after I am mended, I shall not be worth much, and your work demands a stout, well man, with no decay in his lungs. A sick minister is a sort of nuisance. We hope to go to Rome for the winter, and the Apthorps with us, and to have a good time. Tell Mr. Leighton he has done famously with my books—a deal better for the six months than I expected for the twelve. I shall make the sale of the old publish something *new*. He can use it, if he likes, to publish the little Christmas story. I am glad the fraternity do so well as to get W. P. and W. L. G. Massachusetts has not braver men, or better.

What news the papers bring us! A Frenchman said there are 200 religions in America, and but a single gravity. I don't know that any body has since added to the gravity; but it seems Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., has devised a new religion, the 201st—a new Catholic religion, but yet not Roman. It is to be a Church with *authority*, *i. e.* power to command and enforce obedience in the name of God—that is what authority means in the ecclesiastic usage—is to have “mystic rites and symbols”!* What shall we call it?

* * * * *

* Alluding to a sermon entitled “The Suspense of Faith,” in which a revival of faith was made to depend partly upon a revival of liturgical and ecclesiastical observances.

Absolute ecclesiastical authority without any authoritative person to vest it in! That is certainly as original as a steam-engine would be that had immense power of steam, but was made without any material substance, and got up its force with no fire or water. Talk about a suspense of faith! Faith *in belief*! Have the civilized nations suspended faith *in man*, the actual live man of fact, or in any of his high qualities, and his powers to achieve a noble distinction here and hereafter? Have they suspended faith *in God*, manifesting Himself in nature—all its phenomena so co-ordinated to use and beauty by exact law, the constant mode of operation of all material powers; or manifesting Himself in the consciousness of the individual man and the actions of the race, the regular development of humanity, in which the animal passions are made to serve high spiritual purposes? Have they suspended faith in the noblest forms of *religion*—in love of truth, in justice, morality, philanthropy, in industry, in the performance of every natural duty to the body or the spirit, to man or God! Surely this kind of faith was never so powerful before, and it goes greatening onwards, producing men like Humboldt, like Garrison, like Mann, like Emerson, and their noble fellows of the other sex, Florence Nightingale, Miss Dix, and the rest of them. Out upon such nonsense of words! Man has no faith in HUMBLED! I mean virtuous and intelligent man. What a stupid set of men are the priests of all sects!—always afraid their special form of religion will go to the Devil! I remember — confessing, once, in the ministerial conference, that a man might be completely moral and entirely religious, and yet no *Christian*! “Then what is the use of his being a Christian?” asked some troublesome body; and another D.D. answered, “We must never admit that any body can be either religious or moral without being a Christian; for if we do, we endanger our *holy faith*.” How these creatures talk about the “Christian spirit”! “Oh, he has not got the Christian spirit!” say they against Garrison and Emerson, &c. &c. Ah, me! the priests of Memphis thought Moses had not the “Egyptian spirit,” and they of Jerusalem that Jesus of Nazareth had not the “Pharisaic spirit.” One day, the term “Christian spirit” will be made as contemptible as those old words now are, and the ministers will work this change. God bless you and yours!—so say I and mine.

T. P.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL
SOCIETY IN BOSTON.

Montreux, Sept. 12, 1859.

DEAR AND MUCH-VALUED FRIENDS,—When I wrote you a long letter from Santa Cruz, I did not quite like to say what now seems my duty to write; for I did not wish to destroy the feeble yet fondly-cherished hope that I might one day speak from your pulpit again, and renew my ministry both in your meeting-house and your homes. Though the chances of a certain partial recovery and restoration to some power of work certainly seem greater now than ever before in this present year, yet from the unanimous testimony of skilful and experienced doctors

it appears pretty plain that I shall never be able to address large audiences, as before; perhaps never again to speak in public at all; certainly not for years to come. Therefore it seems to me best that the ecclesiastical and official part of my relation to you as minister should cease immediately: the personal and friendly part, I trust, will never end. Accordingly I now resign the great and important trust you confided to me several years ago.

Since my illness began, you have secured for your pulpit some of the best talent in America, and also, I think, its greatest genius. The services of so many able men no doubt give you a greater variety both of matter and manner of treatment than any one man could afford, unless indeed he were a quite extraordinary person. But still, in your public preaching, you have no man who feels such a personal interest and responsibility towards you as would lead him to study carefully the signs of the times and the various significant events which continually happen, and report them in sermons for your instruction. In your private life, chequered all over with hopes and fears, joys and sorrows—gladdened by the new-born soul, or made sad by some loved one's departure—you have no one to perform that familiar domestic duty which is yet a large and highly important part of the minister's function. I need not say how often my heart yearns towards such of you as have been in recent affliction, or has bounded to share your new or accustomed joys.

Of late, two New England men, of extraordinary talents and conspicuous position—which each climbed up to from the humble place they were born in—have passed off from this mortal scene, the public taking suggestive notice of the fact; and I lamented that you had no minister who should feel it his duty to show you and the nation the comparative value of those two lives, so opposite and hostile in their chief characteristics, and so differently regarded by the controlling men of your town—the great unscrupulous advocate, whose chief aim was by any means to win his client's cause, and the great self-denying philanthropist, whose life was bravely devoted to the highest interests of his nation and his race, and finally given up with such characteristic ending as a sacrifice thereto. Besides, another man has lately gone to his reward from the scene of his philanthropic works in Boston, who spent his life for the criminal, the drunkard, and the harlot. His function was to cleanse the unclean, to save such as were ready to perish, and to love the unlovely; thus making the highest words of Jesus of Nazareth his daily profession of Christianity. Though he held no public office, sat on no platform of honor in public meetings, nor ever shared a civic feast, he yet did more service, I think, to Boston than all her mayors for thirty years. Now, the able and conscientious men who only speak to you from Sunday to Sunday, will not be likely to prepare laboriously for you a special sermon on Rufus Choate, or Horace Mann, or John Augustus, or any public event, even of the greatest importance; while any large-minded and generous-hearted man who was your regular minister would feel impelled to use them, and every signal event of the times, for the furtherance of your highest interests. I cannot bear to think I stand between you and a service I may never be able to perform again.

It is not easy nor pleasant to undo even the official ties which now join you and me, so closely knit and holding us so fast and pleasantly together when we have walked in steep and slippery places; but now I feel it were better, for I am only a weight which hinders your upward march. I trust you will soon find some man who will fill my place, not only in your pulpit, but also—perhaps the more difficult task—in your homes and your hearts.

Do not fear that I shall ever be idle; if I recover but partially, I have yet enough to do in which we can still, perhaps, work together as heartily as before, though without any official connection. I know you will not think I shall ever lose the gratitude and affection I have so long felt towards you. For we have wept and prayed together, have been joyful with each other, jointly sharing the deep feelings and lofty ideas of absolute religion, and attending also to its works; and the memory of this will never fade out from your consciousness or mine. Let us be thankful to the dear God for all the good the past has brought us. And now, for the future, also, may ours be the absolute trust in that Infinite Perfection which is Father and Mother to us all—the faith that prevails, the hope that endures, and the love which never fails. So hopes and prays

Your friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

When this letter arrived in Boston, and after it was read to the meeting, addresses were made by Messrs. Hope, Dudley, Sparrell, and Leighton, against accepting the proffered resignation, and the following resolutions passed without a dissenting voice :—

Resolved, That, while we rejoice in the improved health of our minister, and the prospect of his being ultimately restored to his former vigor and usefulness, we sincerely regret that he should deem it best at this time to sever his official connection with us as minister of this society.

Resolved, That, in view of his past services in our behalf, and his success in building up this free Church in the face of obstacles, which have been neither few nor small, we desire that his name shall still be connected with it, and that we may still call him our minister—conscious that such a connection will be for our good, though we miss the guidance of his counsel and the daily blessing of his presence.

Resolved, That we respectfully and affectionately decline to accept his resignation, and that our refusal be accompanied with the assurance of our continued gratitude and veneration.

TO MR. MANLEY.

Sept. 13, 1859.

Within you will find a communication which, perhaps, I ought to have made months ago, nay, in my long letter of April 19; but I could not quite do it then. It is the three events referred to in the

letter which give the special occasion for what must one day come. I need not say what pain it gives me to undo even the formal tie which has held us so long, but I shall sleep better now it is done. The condition of my lungs and throat I look upon as a divine command to stop preaching, as much as if—as our fathers used to fancy such things—a voice had spoken out of the clear sky, “Thus far, O Theodore, but no further.” I doubt not that it is for the best good of all that it so turns out, and accept it as other similar disappointments for the present, not joyous but grievous—yet destined to work out a far more exceeding, even an eternal weight of Glory. Let us not murmur, but turn,

“To-morrow, to fresh fields and pastures new.”

I am still a member of the Twenty-eighth, and nobody will miss me from the pulpit so much as I, myself! To me it has been not only my pride and my delight—my *joy* and my *throne*—as George Herbert would have it, but also my *education*, intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious. I must find something else now, “Before I quite forsake my clay.” But I have work enough to do for all the time God spares me, and new work will, no doubt, come to tempt me as before. Besides, I still keep a place in your hearts, and shall, I hope, often look into your homes again.

TO REV. J. T. SARGENT.

Montreux, Sept. 18, 1859.

It is Sunday to-day, and my thought turns homeward with even a stronger flight than on other days of the week, so I shall write a little to one of my dear old friends—“a friend, indeed,” also a brother in the same ministry. It is the day when the services at the Music Hall are to begin again, I believe, and James F. Clarke is to stand where I shall stand no more, for I sent my letter of resignation some days ago, as duty and necessity compelled. But my affections will always go with the dear old friends, and on Sundays, when the Music Hall is open, I always come as a silent and unseen minister to look on the congregation, and have “sweet communion together,” though we no longer “walk to the house of God in company.” It is a tender bond which gets knit by years of spiritual communion—I think, not to be broken in this life. Sunday here, you know, is quite different from what it is in New England, devoted more to gaiety, and to social festivity of a harmless character. But to-day is the annual Fast all over Switzerland, and the land is as still as with us in the most quiet town in New England. I like these Swiss people; they are industrious, thrifty, economical to an extraordinary degree, intelligent and happy. I sometimes think them the happiest people in Europe—perhaps, happier than we in Massachusetts, for they are not so devoured by either a pecuniary or a political ambition.

What a condition we Unitarians are in just now! They put Huntingdon in the place of Dr. Henry Ware, and he turns out to be orthodox, and, as I understand, won't go into the Unitarian pulpit at Brookline, New York, but officiates in the great orthodox Plymouth

Church hard by. Then Brother Bellows comes out with his "*Broad(?) Church*," and, while talking of the "Suspense of Faith," represents the little sect in no very pleasing light. Meantime, the *Examiner*—certainly the ablest journal in America—reports to the denomination the most revolutionary theologic opinions, and that, too, with manifest approbation thereof—witness the half-dozen articles within as many years, by Frothingham, Jun., some of Alger's, that of "Scherb on the Devil," and three on India, China, and Asiatic religions, by an orthodox missionary, now living in Middletown, Connecticut—a noble fellow, too. What is to become of us? To me it is pretty clear the progressive party will continue to go ahead in a circuitous course, for progress is never in a straight line; the regressive party will go back, describing a line with analogous curves.

It is beautiful to see the gradual development of religion in the world, especially among such a people as our own, where the government puts no yoke on men's shoulders. Little by little, men shake off the old traditionary fetters, get rid of their false ideas of man and God, and come to clear, beautiful forms of religion. Nowhere in the world is this progress so rapid as in America, because in our Northern States the whole mass of the people is educated, and capable of appreciating the best thoughts of the highest minds. Of course, foolish things will be done and foolish words spoken, but on the whole, the good work goes on—not slowly, but surely. I am glad the Catholics have the same rights as the Protestants; if they had not, I should contend for the Catholics as I now do for the negroes. But, I think, after slavery, Catholicism is the most dangerous institution in America, and deplore the growth of its churches. I know the power of an embodied class of men, with unity of sentiment, unity of idea, and unity of aim, and when the aim, the idea, and the sentiment are what we see and know, and the men are governed by such rulers, I think there is danger. Still, it is to be met, not by bigotry and persecution, but by wisdom and philanthropy. I don't believe Catholicism thrives very well ever in a republic, but it loves the soil a despot sticks his bayonet into. Since Louis Napoleon has been on the throne of France the worst class of Catholic priests have come more and more into power. That miserable order, the Capucins, has been revived, and spreads rapidly; more than three hundred new convents have been established since the *coup d'état*; they are filled with more than thirty thousand devotees already! But, in liberally governed Switzerland, Catholicism does not increase, but falls back little by little. No Jesuits are allowed to act in the land. In a few generations we shall overcome the ignorance, stupidity, and superstition of the Irish Catholics in America, at least, in the North; but before that is done, we shall have a deal of trouble. Soon Boston will be a Catholic city, if the custom continues of business men living in the country; and we know what use a few demagogues can make of the Catholic voters. It only requires another capitalist to offer the bishop one thousand five hundred dollars if he will tell his *subjects* to vote against a special person or a special measure. All the Catholics may be expected to be on the side of slavery, fillibustering, and intemperance—I mean all in a body—their Romanism will lead them to support slavery, their

Irishism to encourage fillibustering and drunkenness. But good comes out of evil. I think the Irish Catholics, with their descendants, could not so soon be emancipated in any country as in our dear blessed land. So we need not complain, but only fall to, and do our duty—clean, educate, and emancipate “the gintleman from Carrrk”!

I wonder how it goes on with the poor, and how the Provident Association does its beneficent work? Well and wisely, I hope. I am not quite sorry the Reform School at Westborough is burnt down. The immediate loss to the State is a great one, but the ultimate loss would have been far more, for it was a *school for crime*, and must graduate villains. I wonder men don't see that they can never safely depart from the natural order which God has appointed. Boys are born in *families*; they grow up in *families*; a few in each household, mixed with girls and with their elders. How unnatural to put five hundred or six hundred boys into one great barn, and keep them there till one-and-twenty, then to expect they would turn out well, and become natural men, after such an unnatural treatment! At the beginning, Dr. Howe, really one of the most enlightened philanthropists I ever met in America or Europe, proposed a central bureau, with a house of temporary deposit for bad boys, and that an agent should place them in families throughout the country. A quarter of the money thus spent would have done a deal of good.

I wonder if you have ever been up to the Industrial School for Girls, at Lancaster. To me that is one of the most interesting institutions in the good old State, and I should like to know how it works. If I were governor of Massachusetts, I think I should not often dine with the “Lancers,” or the “Tigers,” or the “Ancient and Honorable Artillery,” but I should know exactly the condition of every jail and house of correction in the state, and of all the institutions for preventing crime and ignorance. If Horace Mann had been governor, I think he would have done so. But he lost his election through the jealousy of his rivals in the Republican party, I think, and so went out of the State to do good work in another, and die there, killed by excessive toil.

Yesterday I suppose Mr. Everett glorified the Webster statue in the State House. What a pity to put it there! The United States Court Room was the proper place for it, where it might be forever. Now the people will pitch it off its base, and turn it out of the yard one day, to give room, perhaps, for Samuel Adams and John Hancock.

Here, in Europe, my life is dull, and would be intolerable, if it was not introductory to renewed work on earth, or else to another existence in heaven. Here I am necessarily idle, or busy with trifles which seem only a strenuous idleness. Such is the state of my voice that I am constrained to silence, and so fail to profit by the admirable opportunity of intercourse with French, German, and Russian people, who now fill up the house. I do not complain at all of this; but think myself fortunate to be free from pain always, and now also mending.

Remember me to Barnard when you see him. He is doing one of the great Christian works of our time. I never think of it without delight and admiration. Now, dear Sargent, with many thanks for your past friendship, which is still fresh, believe me

Faithfully and truly yours, T. P.

TO MR. W. L. GARRISON.

Montreux, Vaud, Suisse, Sept. 20, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. GARRISON,—This is the day when the Crown Prince of Russia, heir-apparent to the throne, becomes of age; and his father has wisely chosen this as the *day of freedom for the serfs* of his vast empire. It is pleasant for an emperor to have the day of his majority that also of the liberation of 22,000,000 of his subjects. It is proper I should write to you on this day, who have imperishably connected your name with the cause of freedom in America—a freedom, however, yet to be accomplished for 4,000,000 of our fellow-citizens. So far as I can find out, the emperor was not moved to this great act of enfranchisement either by a moral sentiment of justice and philanthropy, or by an intellectual idea, whose development required such a noble act. But 1, he wished to diminish the power of his nobles, who own all the serfs, and form an aristocracy often hostile to him, and always dangerous; 2, he feared an insurrection of the serfs themselves, who often rise against their owner, burn his houses and butcher his family, and may at any time cause him a great deal of trouble; 3, he wished to increase the revenue, and had the sense to see that a population of free, industrious men is more profitable in the tax-paying line than a horde of slaves. However, the work is far from being done; only a beginning is made as yet. The affair is one of great complication and difficulty. Many of the nobles oppose it, and throw obstacles in the way. Then there are questions of finance, questions of military recruits, questions of mortgage, and questions of pauperism to be settled. Commissioners have been appointed to examine the matter, report the facts, and tell the means for overcoming the difficulties. Some of these Commissioners have already reported; but it will be five or ten years, perhaps twenty, before the business is fully accomplished. So hard a work is it to overcome the wickedness of long centuries. But what helps the matter greatly is this: the master and slave are of the same race and nation, so, when a man is free the stigma is wiped off from him and his children for ever; while with us, alas! the Ethiopian does not change his skin, and hatred of the negro race continues and applies to the free as to the bond; the distinction is ineffaceable. So the American problem of liberation is vastly more difficult than the Russian; for when the legal chain is broke, the work of real emancipation—which is elevation to self-respect, to free individuality of soul and body—is only begun. In St. Croix the brute part of emancipation is accomplished—that is all. It is a great deal; the indispensable first step to all the rest. But it will take three or four generations, I fear, to do the spiritual part of that great work, even there.

It is painful to see how unwillingly the oppressor parts with his power to harm. In Russia—I mean certain parts of the empire in special—drunkenness has been the great curse of the common people; it is so in all northern lands, where the grape does not furnish a moderate stimulant. Some benevolent people got up temperance societies, as with us, and the vice was checked. But the liquor consumed was whisky, made out of potatoes, or out of grain raised by the great

landed proprietors, who found a market close at hand in the distilleries, or often owned the distilleries themselves. These proprietors found their profits destroyed by the decrease of drunkenness. So they petition the emperor to put down the temperance societies. They tell him 1, the royal revenue will be impaired, for if men don't *drink* whisky, they won't have to pay the excise tax on it; and, 2, they themselves will be injured by not finding a market for the only produce of their lands! Such is the true spirit of an *oligarchy*—the spirit of *nobles*! I don't find the people—I mean the great mass of men in the common walks of life—doing such things. A few years ago, in a large district in Sweden, the farmers—who owned the land they tilled with their own hands—went and pulled down the distilleries which were turning potatoes and rye into all manner of mischief; others petitioned the government to make a law to enforce temperance. The spirit of oligarchy is the spirit of a clique; that of the people, in large multitudes, is a little different; and as you would trust your property, liberty, life to a jury of twelve common men, with their natural instinct of justice and humanity, rather than to a single judge, however well cultivated, so it is to the great mass of mankind, the universal jury, we must appeal for help in all great works. It was the British people, not the House of Lords or the Church, that set free 800,000 negroes in the West Indies.

I find by the *Invalide Russe*, the great Russian newspaper, that some of the nobles think their order must fall with the emancipation of the serfs, and say "If there are no serfs in Russia, then there can be no nobles!" You would think it was our Southern masters at home who were talking. But here nobody pretends the serfs are of an inferior race, that cannot be civilized, &c. I hope hereafter the Anti-Slavery Society will do honour to the 20th September, 1859, which inaugurated the emancipation of 22,000,000 men. I wish it effected it; but thank God for the beginning.

I see by the European and American papers that the African slave trade is in full career, and some say that 15,000 were imported in the last twelve months. I make no doubt that is a little exaggerated; but the fact seems certain that the slave trade is re-opened. The next step is to *legalize* the trade. That may be done by the Supreme Court of the United States any day, when a case is brought before it; or, as in the Dred Scott decision, when the matter is *non coram judice*, let the judge see fit to volunteer an opinion; or it might be done by the Congress. The Supreme Court is now ready, and perhaps has sent word to the slaveholders of the South that "*Barkis is willin'*." So I shall not be surprised if the Court thus decides this winter; still less shall I be sorry; for the sooner the Court *runs its bill into the ground* the better. We must destroy that Unclean Beast; but it must do more mischief before the people will undertake to get rid of the unclean creature. Congress will not consent to the African slave trade, even if the Supreme Court take the initiative, and by judge-law attempt to control the legislation of the people. The restoration of the African slave trade will turn out a stronger anti-slavery measure than any of the great acts of the slave power since the 7th of March, 1850. A good many politicians, North and South, will be laid out stiff and cold, and stark dead, on that (democratic) plank. Let them be borne to their

political burial, and may their last end be like that of John Tyler, who went down into the Old Dominion alone, and has never been since heard from until this day. The slave-breeding States must needs oppose the African slave trade, as New England and Pennsylvania oppose free importation of cloth, hardware, iron, and coal. It is the business of Massachusetts to manufacture cloth, shoes, &c.; she has the apparatus for that work. So Virginia breeds slaves; but if they can be freely imported, her occupation is gone. So she will be hostile to this wickedness. The wheels of humanity, bearing the ark of the world's welfare, often run in deep ruts that are foul with mire.

I have no news to write you from this little place, where only one newspaper comes every day to our house, while *you* sit in the whisping gallery of the world at Boston, and learn things almost before they take place, I suppose, as you read so many journals. Here, of course, the talk is about Italian affairs, and as they seem to depend on the caprice of Louis Napoleon, all the world is anxious to know what he thinks and says about them. Hence the most contradictory rumors get abroad. Spite of the the tyranny of Napoleon—which is directed by the “spirits,” so the devotees thereunto declare—France seems quite prosperous in a material way: she is richer than ever before; and rapidly increasing in riches. The mass of the people there seem to care little to increase their liberty. There was no *popular* demand for the freedom of the press; not even for so much as the emperor seems just now disposed to grant. It is a curious fact that while the French have so much military courage, they have so little *civil* or *political* courage. Indeed, they are a people difficult to comprehend.

Believe me, faithfully and truly yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO MR. C. M. ELLIS.

Montreux, Sept. 22, 1859.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—Your welcome letter of 22nd ult. came here the 9th inst. Many thanks for it. I was glad to hear directly from your family, and learn that they are well. There has never been a day since I left home that I have not thought of your father and his dear ones. He is one of my oldest friends—none ever had one more friendly and loving. His is the last house I was ever in at home, except my own. I made my last call on him. It was your father who procured for me the invitation to settle at West Roxbury; it was he who induced others (with himself) to ask me to deliver five lectures in Boston in the autumn of 1841; he who finally led me to come to Boston and preach at the Melodeon, and he who has been a friend in need at every turn—thoughtful as a father, kind as a mother. I have not often been taxed with ingratitude. I shall never forget such kindness as his, so long continued and so uniform. Your father's house has been one of my homes at West Roxbury. When I first went there, it was the only place I ever ventured to take tea at without a formal invitation. You know how continual my visits have been there of late years. When

the Curtises got me indicted by their packed jury for the "misdemeanor" of a speech, in Fanueil Hall, against kidnapping my own parishioner, and not a newspaper in Boston—the sneaky things!—dared speak out against such abominations, it gave me pleasure to secure the services of your father's son for my defence, and most handsomely were those services rendered and effectually, yet before a Court singularly mean, even in its decision, that the indictment was a bad one.

* * * * *

How are the ecclesiastical affairs of New England just now? In Ireland an attempt is made to get up a revival; it succeeds as in America—*i. e.*, men, and still more, women are brought into the state of hysteria, and conduct themselves accordingly. But the newspapers of high standing oppose it. In America, even the *New York Tribune* did not dare do so, still less *Tizers* and *Couriers*. But here, either the conductors of the press are men of more character than with us, and so, on their own account, dare oppose public opinion when it is wrong; or else in the more numerous classes of society there is a greater variety of opinion, and so the editor feels safe in developing his own individuality. Certainly the *London Times*, though as unscrupulous as the *New York Herald*, or *New York Observer* even, is yet as individual as the House of Commons itself. In England, there is an enormous body of rude men, almost wholly uneducated, superstitious and gross in their passions and manners, who, for generations to come, must be the food of revivalists and hell-fire preachers, like Spurgeon. In a certain state of society a revival is as natural as the plague or the cholera in a certain state of the air in a close-pent town. But as Europe has out-grown the plague—which once made frightful havoc in London—so one day will she and America get rid of the revival, which still commits such outrages in New York and Boston.

I wonder how the Unitarian Autumnal Convention comes on, and what they discuss, and how they do it. No sect had ever a finer opportunity to advance the religious development of a people. But they let it slide, and now they must slide with it. In 1838, the Unitarians were the controlling party of Boston; the railroads were just getting opened, and it was plain the population, the Protestant population, of the town would soon double. Young men, with no fortune but their character, would come in from the country and settle and grow rich; the Unitarians ought to have welcomed such to their churches; have provided helps for them, and secured them to the Unitarian fold. Common policy would suggest that course—not less than a refined humanity. But they did no such thing; they loved *pecunia pecuniata* not *pecunia pecunians*. They were aristocratic and exclusive in their tastes, not democratic and inclusive. So they shoved off those young country fellows, and now rejoice in their very respectable but very little congregations. The South of Boston is not in the Unitarian churches; a church of old men goes to its grave: one of young men goes to its work. The Unitarian ministers are old, not in years, but in feebleness. They graduate old—not in wisdom, but in lack of hope, in distrust of men, in fear; their School of the Prophets is an institution for the senilification of youth.

Besides, they neglected their theological duty, which clearly was to

lead further on the progress of religious thought. The sect looks now like an old-fashioned Puritan meeting-house, with its tall, handsome, aspiring steeple blown off, and a little dirty thimble-shaped cupola, ten feet high, put in its place. The progressive spirit of the age, and the high philanthropy of the age, have gone elsewhere.

The great destinies of humanity are not confided to the hands of a single sect. Theological progress in America goes without leaders; its movement is democratic of the people, not oligarchic of a few scholars. The most advanced ideas are not urged in the rich and well-educated congregations, where the pews are costly, and the hands are white; it is in the great (or little) congregations of most young men and women that you must look for the instinct of progress, and the power which one day will build new churches, and fill them with pious emotion, which also will turn into great moral life. So the stone that the (anointed) builders rejected, becomes the head of the corner! So was it, so is it, so will it ever be. The great burthens of the Lord are laid on shoulders which seem quite inadequate for the work. Yet the shoulders bear up the ark, and carry it over many a red desert, and over many a Jordan all swollen with the drainage of mountains.

Remember me kindly to your wife and all the children, to your sisters also, and their dear ones, and, above all, to your father and mother, to whom I owe so much of both gratitude and love. Remember me kindly to John A. Andrew, a right noble man, whom I hope to see Chief Justice of Massachusetts one day. He has the instinct of justice in the heroic degree, and that in a judge is worth more than the capacious understanding of — or —.

Now accept my own best wishes for yourself, and believe me, faithfully yours.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Sept. 25, 1859.—Sunday is always rather a sober day with me, for I think of those few sheep in the wilderness of Boston, who are probably getting scattered because they have no shepherd. Especially is the hour of their service a sad one—not exactly sad, but anxious, and I must give up the observance of it. I feel much like the mother whom the German legends tell of, that died in child-bed, and for nine weeks, every night, left her grave and came to the cradle side of the baby and wept. There is a tender little poem on that theme. I put it into English once. I leave my grave and weep at the hour of Sunday service of the Twenty-eighth. Yet I shall see them no more. The pre-sage of the New Year's sermon turns out correct: "It is the last time, O Parkie!"

Here are some verses of Mr. Parker's unfinished translation of the German poem:—

When a wife in child-bed dies,
 She is restless in the tomb,
 And from slumber will arise,
 Through weeping for her home.

At the hour of midnight dead,
 From her coffin, love-beguiled,
 Seeks with still and gentle tread
 The cradle of her child.

Looks therein with faithful eye,
 Listens to its baby-breath;
 Smoothes the covering tenderly
 With hand now cold in death.

Seeing it will nothing need,
 Frees the mother from her weight,
 And she flies away with speed
 Through the churchyard gate.

TO THE REV. A. A. LIVERMORE.

Montreux, Sept. 26, 1859.

MY DEAR LIVERMORE,—I wonder how the world of American theology goes on: now and then I hear a little from it, never much. Some one sent me Mr. Bellows' Sermon in the *Tribune* on the Suspense of Faith; but it had so many words in it—great long ones, too—that I could not make much else out of the thing. Yet B. is a good fellow.

How our theological culture (or often only show of culture) stultifies the man! Look at the Catholic devotees in Europe, and then at the various Protestant ones. My preaching days are all ended now. Even if I live some years it must be with my mouth shut. It is now commonly painful to talk with my friends in the usual low tone of voice. Public speaking is for ever out of the question. I wonder if you have seen my letter to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society. It makes a little volume. I asked the publisher to send you a copy. Of course it contains much you never can like, perhaps not even tolerate; but it holds the chief doctrines I have come to; and I came to them honestly and with sore toil, often. I never found fault with men for faithfully adhering to their opinions, however diverse from mine; never doubted that deepest piety and noblest morality exist in men who hold such doctrines in utter abhorrence. I have known Catholics and Jews deeply religious in the highest sense of the word, not to speak of all manner of Protestant sects. I say to all:—

“Si quid novisti rectius istis,
 Candidus imperte;
 Si non his utere mecum.”

I have had to fight a battle, Livermore, and a terrible one, too; and I often stood (almost) alone. Of course I aimed so as to hit, and drew the bow so the arrows might go clear through, and leave a clean hole whence they passed; for it was no holiday with me, and I did not play

a child's game. But I have shot no shaft in self-defence, till compelled to do it in the United States' Court; and have had no personal quarrel with man or maid. I opposed doctrines which I deemed false, and measures I thought injurious; when public persons did wicked things—kidnapped my parishioners—*e.g.*, I called them by name and exposed their wicked works. Nine-tenths of my preaching has been positive; building up, not pulling down, except by implication. I have broken up wild land and ploughed also anew the old, which was foul with weeds. No doubt I have sometimes crushed down a tender, useful herb; but whenever I saw such before the coulter, I lifted my plough out of the ground and spared a whole square yard of baneful weeds for the one sweet flower they girt about with their poison; nay, after the share had passed, I felt the furrow with my hands, to reserve some little herb of grace which might have been turned over in the general stirring of the ground. No man in America since Adams and Jefferson has been so abused in public and private. But I confess to you, Livermore, I have never felt a resentful feeling against anyone which lasted from sundown till sunrise, except in two cases—atrocious cases they were, too. For a year I felt emotions I did not like towards one man; he took pains to insult me whenever we met, so I avoided him. But during that time I never spoke an ill word of him. At length I saw him in the street one day, went over and took his cold, unwilling hand, and asked tenderly after his little ones. At length he caved in; and though he has since changed neither character nor conduct, I feel different towards him, and free to criticise his acts. The other man did not trouble me a month.

This letter is too egotistic to be shown to anyone; but you and I were young together once, and so I take the liberty of an old friend with you. I don't wish others to see what I have writ. Many thanks for your kind letter last winter, and your two friendly visits to me at New York, and kindly words of farewell. Love to your wife and from mine.

Yours faithfully,
T. P.

FROM THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS.

To our well-beloved Friend and Fellow-Laborer in the cause of Truth and Righteousness, Theodore Parker, the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends sendeth greeting.

As we are about to close our Seventh Annual Convocation, our hearts turn with loving tenderness to thee. We remember with gratitude how thy presence cheered us in former years, and how the words of truth that fell from thy lips were as sunlight and dew upon our hearts, enlightening our minds and quickening us to more earnest labor in the cause of humanity. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of sending to thee across the ocean a message of sympathy and affection; of heartfelt regret for the illness which has compelled thee to suspend thy public labors, and of hope for thy speedy and complete recovery. The earnest prayer of our hearts is, that the voice which has so

often blessed us may not be long silent, but be again lifted up with new power in behalf of truth and righteousness.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Meeting, 1st of sixth month, 1859.

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, }
 ELIZABETH JACKSON, } *Clerks.*
 OLIVER JOHNSON, }

MR. PARKER'S REPLY.

Montreux, Switzerland, 25th of ninth month, 1859.

TO THE PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS IN PENNSYLVANIA—DEAR FRIENDS,—Your kindly letter of the first of sixth month, signed by your clerks, Joseph A. Dugdale, Elizabeth Jackson, and Oliver Johnson—persons well known and highly esteemed—reached me but yesterday, for it was long delayed in Paris. Let me now, from a full heart, thank you for your generous expression of such sympathy and regard. In these times, when a difference of theological opinions so often hinders all feeling of human brotherhood, your words come to me full of sweetness and encouragement. How pleasant it is to find religion without bigotry; devotion to God with no hatred of his children!

Once I intended and promised to speak also to each of the other congregations of Progressive Friends; but now I think you will never again hear my voice in your yearly meetings; for even if I somewhat recover my health, it seems I must hereafter address men only with the pen, and no longer also with the living word. Yet I trust I shall never fail, with what powers I have, to help forward the cause of truth and righteousness, so dear to you all.

I kept sacred the anniversary of your last meeting with devout gratitude for the opportunity I twice had of preaching before you what to me is far more dear than this earthly, mortal life, for the friendly reception my words found amongst you, and the cheering talk I had with many of you in private. The faces of the men and women I value so much came up before me and peopled the solitude of the ocean. I was, when sailing through, comparing their human loveliness with the else mere material beauty of the sea. This year I could not gather with you at the yearly meeting; yet was I present in spirit, and joined in your spoken or silent prayer for the truth which shall make all men free, and for the love that shall add its most precious blessings to all human kind.

Long may the spirit of truth and love, the spirit of religion, live in your hearts, shedding its gladness and its beauty on your daily lives, while it keeps your feet in the paths of righteousness, and strengthens your hands for every duty which God demands of you. Believe me faithfully

Your friend,
 THEODORE PARKER.

TO MR. LYMAN.

Montreux, September 26, 1859.

I have not much to write to you, O most excellent Governor, but must now and then remind you that there is a large province here, in No. 10, Pension Ketterer, that requires a great deal of ruling, and which now lies wholly ungoverned and disorderly. There is no knowing (at Paris) how I behave (at Montreux). Sometimes I cough, and there is no governor to tell me, "Here is the chloroform mixture which *you are* TO TAKE!" And when I propose some such thing like walking up to the *auberge*, to say, "It won't do; besides, I have been there and got the wine: *le voici!*"

Baron Von Roenne, you know, is here, and he recommends a certain medicine for my throat. I must take a new pen for the name: *Struve'scherobersalzbrunnenartificiellmineralwasser*.*

I think, if that does not cure my throat, it will lock my jaws. Apthorp will seek for it at Vevay this blessed afternoon, and perhaps bring it home in the *Dampfschleppschiffahrtsgesellschaftsgelegenheitswagen*,† and if so I shall take the *zahnbrecherische Materiel*‡ to-morrow morning in *warmen Milch*. The said Struve lives at Dresden, and brews all sorts of *Mineralwasser* better than Nature herself produces them, and cheaper a great deal. That beats all Natur'!

Fields (Ticknor and Fields) is at Vevay; left Boston in June. I was *stivering* along the road from Montreux, eating grapes, and heard somebody call out, "Can you tell me the way to Boston Meetin' House?" and, behold! there was Fields, with a great handsome beard (not equal to the Governor's, though!) and an umbrella. He had seen in the *New York Times* that I was at Montreux, and walked over to see the *crittur*. He is well and happy; his wife with him. He wants to stay all winter, but doubts the possibility.

I have a great mind to run down to Paris and see you before you flit for Boston, but the better part of valor is discretion. Brandy only helps the cough for three or four hours at a time, producing no permanent good, I fear. Begin with February 1st, 1858, and divide the time into periods of three months up to August 1st; there has been a continuous though irregular increase of that malady in each period, except from February 1st, 1859, to May 1st, when perhaps it ebbed, though it went up again to its former level by May 17th, when I sailed for England. This don't look very well for the next nine months, or for ultimate recovery. But I steadily gain in weight, and last Saturday went up to 158½ lbs. I have not weighed so much for twenty-nine years! I shall overtake *you* before long, and the province will be bigger than the Governor!!!

* If Mr. Parker has the letters right, it means "Struve's chief salt-springs artificial mineral-water."

† Steamboat-Express Company's accommodation-coach.

‡ Jaw-breaking stuff.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Sept. 27.—Towards night a little cloud gathers over Villeneuve, as I look at it from the hill below the Pension and Post-Office. It is about twice as high as the steeple top. Next comes another little cloud, and so on. They extend in regular strata when the wind does not blow much. But there is always a thin space between the strata, in which there is no cloud. Sometimes there are seven or eight strata.

Went to Vevay on market day. A large young ox, fit for a wagon, costs 80 to 100 dollars; hay, 4 francs per 100 *livres*—say 80 cents for a cwt.; cheese, 45 to 80 centimes [9 to 16 cents] a *livre*; grapes, 30 centimes [6 cents]; cauliflowers, 1 to 2 francs [19 to 38 cents] a piece; small cabbages, 15 centimes [8 cents] a piece. Tubs, baskets, &c., about a third cheaper than with us. Hardware is cheaper. Bacon sides, 40 to 45 centimes a *livre*. Potatoes about 60 to 70 centimes a bushel. All *fruit* dearer than with us—at least this year, which is bad for fruit. The country people seem honest, virtuous-looking people, but have not the quick intelligence of Yankees.

He had decided to go to Rome from Marseilles, but before setting out upon that journey he went to Mr. Desor's residence at Neuchâtel to spend the vintage season, starting on October 6, and reaching there the same evening. Professor Schönbein was there, and scientific discussions alternated with the wine-making, and the little note-book gathered up all the facts.

On the 12th he left for Marseilles, by the way of Geneva and Lyons, and sailed on the 17th. On the 19th he was at Rome, in the Hôtel de l'Angleterre, and looking about for winter lodgings.

TO MISS CAROLINE THAYER.

Montreux, October 2, 1859.

MY DEAR CAROLINE,—It is Sunday, 4 P.M., and while I know not how many are listening to R. W. E., I sit out of doors on a shawl, with my back against an English walnut tree (the nuts are all gathered; they were not many nor good this year), and my feet in the sun, and write you this. The (miserable) Italians talk of their *dolce far niente*. I find it a piece of wretchedness, which I try to be patient in bearing and suffering. However, it is not like having the rheumatism at the same time; and if I must be idle, I thank the Divine Providence that I need not endure other pains at the same time.

You wished I could have seen the Aurora, did you? So you did, and sent it in your letter. I can believe you are electrified with not only wisdom, but wit also. What a dangerous thing this same wit is

thought to be! I find some one in the newspaper—I think you sent me a slip of it—charges me with it. Did you ever hear the like? He complains that I bring my “unhallowed wit into the pulpit.” As he speaks only of the unhallowed, I suppose he does not object to the wit itself after it has been through that process; but he thinks it awful as it is. Hallowed, &c., is used chiefly in the Bible, and not often there. I don’t know exactly what it means, but suppose it is something very good—that it improves the thing hallowed, *i. e.* develops it after its kind, and so enhances its function. If that be what it means, then he had better not have my wit at all. For if he, the said plaintiff, has run with the footmen, and they wearied him, then how will he contend with HORSES, *i. e.* with wit mounted on a hallowing. If the little stream of my wit, when unhallowed, is too much of a sprinkle for his ecclesiastical meadow, and himself therein hay-making, then what will he do in the swelling of a whole Jordan of hallowed wit?

* * * * *

Had a muster at Camp Massachusetts, Concord, did you? Well, if I had been Governor of Massachusetts, her Chief Executive Officer, and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces raised and to be raised, I think I should not have suffered all that gambling and rowdyism, and think I should have pitched something out of that “barn;” not the “girls”—I would have sent them home, if homes the poor creatures had—but the sordid wretches who brought them there, exploiting the woman’s wretchedness. These I should have pitched into their proper place.

We have also had a deal of mustering here in Switzerland—camps in many places; for they had their full training all over the country last month. The cars and steamboats were full of the citizen soldiers. I never saw finer looking bodies of young men anywhere. No noise, no rowdyism, no drunkenness; all was decorous and orderly. Democratic Massachusetts has something yet to learn from the older Democracy of Switzerland.

Saint Matilda writes me that Miss (Doctress) Hunt has taken to preaching, and been “*handsomely* received in eighteen universities and meeting-houses in Maine.” I am glad of it, and hope such a reception will do her good, and that she will go into the nineteenth much improved. I like handsome receptions for all strong-minded women, and am glad the Universalists have the good sense to see what is appropriate, and to renounce the doctrine of eternal damnation even in this world. I hope all women lecturers will hereafter have a handsome reception everywhere. Do ask Mr. Slack to get the fraternity to do their possible this winter.

I saw an admirable piece of poetry from the pen of brave old John Pierpont, entitled, “Not on the Battle-field.” He never wrote, I think, an unpoetic verse; but I should like to know if, at his age, he has fire enough yet left to sing such a song as that.

I wish I could have been present at the wedding, and done my possible to make two lovers happy. But, alas, that also is over, as well as my preaching days! Give my heartiest congratulations to the young people, and all the good wishes your aunty feelings will suggest. Of

course you think the child Nattie would reconcile the father to any thing! That is because he is a boy. I remember you rejoiced at his birth. Lydia says, "Caroline thinks the smallest streamlet of boyhood is worth more than a whole Dead Sea of girls!" You know that nurses always treat boys better than girls; even in that little red pulpy lump of new-born humanity they recognize their future lord and master, and so open their treasury and bring out the gold, the frankincense and the myrrh of their instinctive homage! How true it was to nature when the Methodist minister in his pulpit told of the noble deed of some young man who saved a family from drowning, though at the peril of his own life, and then said, "God be thanked for young men!" How true it was to nature that several women cried out, "Amen! Glory to God!" "*Si natura furcâ expelles tamen usque recurrit!*"

Do tell me how E. A. Crowninshield came to die. He was doing well when I left home; riding on horseback, and getting fat. But why do they sell his books? Such a library should be given to the city, or the Historical Society. His books, almost all of them, lie off my track; they are also costly editions—a rich man's collection more than a scholar's. Besides, what have I to do with buying more books? "Thou fool, this night," &c. I will ask your kindness to look after only one work; No. 691, a Mexican MS. I will give ten dollars for it. He did not give three dollars, buying it at Guild's sale, several years ago, while some booby was talking to me, and I foolishly listened to him and not the auctioneer. It may go for much more, or it may for much less. I will give only ten dollars, but don't expect to get it. Please keep all this secret—to yourself—till the proper time. Many thanks for sending me the catalogue. Choate's library must be a fine one; if well I should pick a deal out of it, but now I shall let it slide. There is a time for buying books and a time to refrain from buying books. The latter is mine.

We shall start for Rome about the 13th or 20th. If Rome don't agree with me, I shall pull up stakes and push off for Malta, or some other place. But it is hard running away from death—go where you will he is there before you. Rome promises me more than any other place. In Egypt I should have nothing but the climate and the monuments (I have seen Sphinxes enough already, and don't like the tribe, though one in stone may be better than those of flesh and blood), and one cannot live on weather and stone alone. I have lots of out-door work to do in the fine weather, and reading for the foul. I can't talk (fortunate I am not a woman, you will say), and silence diminishes my comfort greatly. But I can read and write. I shall keep out of galleries and churches.

Tell Wendell Phillips if he bring all malefactors to his anvil, he must hammer Governor Banks, for assisting in breaking the laws at Concord. He says he is "fighting with wild beasts." He will have his hands full before he gets through with them; then there are the tame beasts to deal with!

Yours ever,
T. P.

TO ISAAC PARKER, LEXINGTON.

Lyons, Oct. 11, 1859.

The vintage is the most interesting part of the year to the Swiss; the most joyous also. The vines were just getting into blossom when I reached Montreux; so I have seen all the vine process from end to end. I think I told you how the plant is trained up to little stakes; now let me say a word or two on the gathering of the grapes. When they are fully ripe, men and women go to that work, each having a little tub with two handles, which would hold three half-pecks, and a crooked little knife, with which he cuts off the clusters. He throws the grapes into his tub, and when that is full, empties it into a large, tall tub, called a *brante*. A man then takes a long stick, with a punch at the end, and punches them till most of them are crushed to pieces. He then empties them (carrying the *brante* on his back), into a huge tub in a cellar that will hold thirty or forty hogsheads. There they remain twenty-four hours, if white grapes, or five or six days, if red. Here they ferment a little, and become warm; then a bare-footed man rolls up his trousers to the knees, gets in, and shovels out the contents, which are carried in tubs to the press. The press is in the cellar—is a platform of timber, six or twelve inches thick, resting on huge beams. The old-fashioned presses have posts at the end, and an enormous beam (thirty by thirty-six inches sometimes) of oak, and a wooden screw, twelve inches in diameter.* This is turned with a long lever, and, to give it the last squeeze, a rope is fastened to the end of the lever and put round a capstan. After the grape *cheese* has been pressed about twelve hours, they run up the screw and cut the pumice (called *mac*) into long strips, eighteen inches wide and four feet long (the size of the press), and leave them a foot apart; then put on the followers and give it another squeeze for twelve hours more; so it becomes pretty dry. Then it is taken off and sent to the distiller, who puts it in water for fourteen or twenty days, till it ferments, and he then makes a sort of brandy out of it. The juice of the grape as it runs from the press is caught in a tub, and then put into enormous casks, that will hold from twenty-five to a hundred hogsheads; then it ferments; then, next March, it will be drawn off into other casks and left a few months or a year, when it is put into hogsheads for sale, or into bottles. There is a great difference in the quality of the wine of different years. This year it is uncommonly excellent, and brings 50 per cent. more than the common price. The whole process, you see, is a good deal like an old-fashioned way of making cider; not a bit cleaner, only the grapes are not rotten, as the apples often were (and still are, no doubt); no *straw* is needed, and no *water* is added (!) . . . So much for the wine.

The Swiss kitchen-gardens are much like the one you and I have taken so much pains with, containing cabbages, beets, carrots, parsley, summer savoy, thyme, sage, hoarhound, white turnips and French

* The new presses have a great iron screw fastened under the press; the nut is turned with levers; the saw goes through the cheese.

turnips, celery, lettuce, onions, several kinds of marigold, sunflowers, pinks, roses, creepers, daffodils, &c. Parsnips I have not seen in Europe. I shall try and get some seeds of vegetables we don't raise at home. I send you an ear of the best Indian corn—it grew 3000 or 4000 feet above the sea, and was ripe by the middle of September; also some chestnuts—plant them in some nice place (I think they will ripen at Lexington); also some stones of red-fleshed peaches of great size. Love to yourself and your family from all of us. Remember me (and L.) to the distant children and grandchildren, also to Bowers Simonds and the other neighbors. Wife and Miss S. are well. L. weighs $146\frac{1}{2}$ pounds! I do well in all but the cough, which continues still. Good-bye. Affectionately your

BROTHER THEODORE.

Love to the Clarkes.

TO HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Desor's, Neuchâtel, Oct. 11, 1859.

Your letter of Sunday, my dear Sumner, came yesterday. So you go home. Well, you go to new work and new honor. *My* career is ended. I have resigned my ministry, and stand unrelated to the world. Yours opens afresh, and new work and new triumphs are before you. I don't complain of my lot (it gives me never a melancholy minute: the world don't need me—I have done all my possible, and must henceforth be still or die), and I thank God for you and yours. America needs *you*, never more than now. "Your voice will in New England create new soldiers." I think we shall see a triumph of the Republican party next year—it will be a step to the triumph of Republican principles one day, but not in 1860, I fear.

Banks seems to let himself slide out of popular favor in Massachusetts; but he has, in an eminent degree, the qualities which make an American politician, and will continue in public life for many years, I take it.

I hope you will take care of your health now you have got it back again. I wish you did not return till November, for I fear the excitement which must attend your going back to Boston. I would not have your friends kill you.

Some day (perhaps) I shall look over your engravings with you in Boston, and get the advantage of your criticisms. At any rate, I rejoice with you in your treasures of art. I also have many *incunabula*, though but few Elzevirs.

Italy has a world of peril before her; and spite of all the nobleness shown by the Piedmontese, Tuscans, &c., I have little hope and much fear for her future. I think she will dwindle from age to age, and die out at length; but I am now to see with my own eyes. Don't fear for me at Rome, for (1) I have been there before, in 1843-4, and know the place; (2) I am forty-nine years old, and know enough to keep out of dangers. The excitement will not be excessive. I mean to live out of doors all the fine weather, to study the geology, botany, architecture, and antiquities of the place, often making excursions into the Con-

torni, for I want to see the people. I shall keep out of galleries, especially out of catacombs, even out of churches. Yet St. Peter's is always warm, and safe too. I shall find books for rainy days and winter nights. I shall get summer apartments, and be sure of them, and also of fire. I mean to do lots of Italian reading, though it is rather thin and poor, I think. In January, Desor, the kind and wise man, will come to Rome, and we (he and I) shall go to Naples and the South of Italy for a month. So I think I have a pretty good programme for the winter. Then, in the spring, we will come north to South and Central Germany, and go up to Scandinavia, perhaps, and get home in August or the beginning of September, if I do not leave my bones somewhere here before that time. Now, good-bye, and God bless you!

Yours ever,

T. P.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Arrival at Rome—Letters to Joseph Lyman, J. R. Manley, Dr. Howe, Miss Cobbe, Hon. Gerritt Smith—Journal.

AT Rome, on the 23rd, they took possession of rooms, which he describes in the next letter, at No. 16, Via delle Quattro Fontane. He very soon began to explore the topography of Rome and the contents of the book-stores, and surrounded himself with books and maps to study the ancient and mediæval history of the city. These pursuits were too enticing, the scenes and associations too absorbing; every monument, church, procession, fête-day, stimulated his favorite ideas. He was too eager to make the most of his wintering in the great city, and his body was taxed too much for the soul.

TO MR. LYMAN.

Hôtel de l'Angleterre, Rome, October 21, 1859.

Here we are, O Governor, in "the Eternal City," and on the look-out for winter lodgings. The first letter must be to you, and I trust it will reach you in your quiet home. "Again he bringeth them to their desired haven," said a sea-captain, "is one of the most blessed words in the Bible, Old Testament, or New Testament." At Marseilles, up to half-past 7 o'clock P.M. Monday, there was no letter from you, and none possible till half-past 9 o'clock next day. I found none at Rome, but others from Boston up to 28th ult. So I suppose you have steamed off for America. We had a delightful time in the *Pausilippe* from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia—weather perfect, sea smooth, ship excellent. We reached Civita Vecchia between 7 and 8 o'clock Wednesday, and after many little delays at Custom-house, &c., got to the hotel at Rome about 4 o'clock P.M.; stowed away the ladies as well as we could,

and A. and myself set off to hunt up apartments. . . . So far had I got, O Governor, when something put an end to writing. It is now Saturday, Oct. 22nd, and we have found an *appartamento* at No. 16, Via delle Quattro Fontane, *quattro piano*—that means fourth story—120 stairs from the ground; but the four flights are all easy, 30 steps in each, the *risers* being less the higher you go up. We have four rooms, all finely furnished with all manner of needful conveniences. So it seems *now* at least. We pay 48 scudi (48 dollars, and a little more) a month for them. The price is high, but I found no rooms which pleased me so much. (1.) The situation is lofty, the best in Rome, with a fine view of the whole city from the various windows, so the air is good, dry, free from all damp. (2.) We have abundance of sunlight; the street runs a little south of due east and west. The sun comes into our east windows at rising, and into the south windows about half-past nine o'clock in the shortest days, and stays till it goes down. So you see we have the sun all the time he is worth looking at. (3.) The rooms and furniture are of a high grade with respect to neatness and comfort. (4.) The A.'s and H.'s are under the same roof with us, in the third story, so if I should become very sick, there is help close at hand; and company for my wife at any rate. All the (material) elements look auspicious.

* * * * *

Considering that I am an *invalide misérable* (was not that the title you used to put after my name in the hotel books?) and *must* have sunlight at all costs, I think I am not very extravagant.

* * * * *

The weather is rainy, and is likely to continue so for some weeks; I fancy, for it is the rainy season (Oct. 15 to Nov. 10 or 15), and it has been a very dry, cold summer and autumn; hence more rain than usual is looked for. I should be glad to escape the damp, my worst enemy, but could not. The rain had begun in Switzerland, and doubtless will continue a month. How can a body run away from the rain when "it raineth everywhere"? I hope something from the climate of Rome, and quite as much from the entertainment it will offer, in a cheap, healthy, and not exciting fashion. I shall keep out of churches, and not go into any catacomb, until my friends lay me in one. I am running away from an American catacomb, and don't incline to a Roman. Theatres I shall leave to the rest of mankind, but shall live out of doors as much as possible in fine weather; and we keep housed when it is so wet as to make me cough. I find one thing cheap in Rome, viz. Italian books, and especially the binding thereof; but book-buying is behind me, and I shall only indulge in what is indispensable for my well-being here this season. No English seem likely to come here this winter; they seem thoroughly frightened. But Americans will be pretty plenty, judging from rumor. I shall not write many letters, I fear; partly because I don't like stooping over a desk to write, and partly for the cost of postage.

So far had I written, O Governor, when again something stopped the pen; now it is Tuesday, 25th, and we are fixed in our new home. And a fine situation it is, on almost the highest ground in Rome, with the whole city before us; under our feet, a magnificent prospect in each

direction. The Pope's Quirinal Palace is close to us; his gardens lie between. The Pincian is on the other side, with its fine gardens and magnificent trees. Story lives in the Palazzo Barberini, just behind us. St. Peter's is in full sight. From the top of the Pincian, a street, wide and handsome, runs pretty straight to the Porta della Croce and Porta Maggiore, for it forks so as to reach both; this is called in different parts Via Sistina, Via Felice, Via delle Quattro Fontane, Via di San Eusebio, and Via di Croce. (I believe the Porta Croce does not exist, or is walled up.)

The rooms are fourteen or fifteen feet high; the windows seven or eight feet wide, and proportionally high. Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, are carpeted; the furniture is good for *Italy*. Of course, New England comfort and New England cleanliness are not to be expected. Our dinner is sent us from a *trattoria*, and costs one dollar for us all, and leaves us a bit of cold meat, &c., for breakfast. We shall have hot water from the landlord, who also attends to the service of the chambers, and make our own breakfast. All kinds of wine, including Malaga, are abundant, and not dear. Brandy, and gin, and whiskey, are common in the shops. So you see I need not go dry (and I don't mean to). We have laid in our little stock of groceries; the tea you bought in Paris will work after its kind, and a little you gave me also of the *flowers of tea* is still left and fragrant as ever. The A.'s are moving in to-day, one story below us. I thought it important that we should all be under the same roof; first, because my wife wants their company in the evening, and they hers; second, I may get sick and end my days here, in which case it would be highly important to have such friendly help at hand by night and day. But don't fear for *me*. I have no intention of leaving my bones in this Roman earth, which is twice cursed, politically and ecclesiastically.

I have for years been looking for a certain book by Nieuwendt (a Dutchman) on the Existence of God, and have often got scent of it. I wanted to read it before publishing my own sermons (1857) on that theme. To-day I found it in a stall, and bought it (a large handsome quarto) for 50 cents! If I were a heathen, I should look on this as an auspicious omen (*quod felix, faustum fortunatum sit*), that I should live to finish my book.* If so, I will ask no more; yet, if not, will still give God thanks for a life singularly rich in blessed experiences and sweet and long enduring friendships, among which let me number yours as one of the dearest. By this time I suppose you are "half-seas over." Good luck to you!

" Sic te diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida sidera,
Ventorumque regat pater,
Obstrictis aliis præter *Britannicarum*
Navis quæ tibi creditum
Debes *Lymanium*, finibus *Americis*,
Reddas incolumem, precor,
Et serves animum dimidium meæ.†

What is Paris with its civilization to the *Placens uxor* ?

* On the Development of Religion.

† Hor. Car., Lib. I. 3. Ad Virgilium.

Please tell Mr. Manley to present my letter of resignation to the parish; it must be done—sooner the better. Love to you and yours from me and mine.

TO MR. MANLEY.

October 25 : at night.

All looks quite prosperous and promising just now; I think really I shall be better off in Rome than in Egypt. Why should I go to Egyptian darkness, "which might be felt"! That of Boston is thick enough and palpable; surely you don't want me to go among the "plagues of Egypt"! I fear they are worse now than of old, for the plague of fleas is added to the plague of lice, not to speak of bakksheesh. I have seen so many strong-minded women in my life, that I think I shall let the Sphinx slide. I can do without her. Rome will not be very exciting, not more so than Newton Corner to me, but yet instructive. I can find enough to occupy my mind (and body) without thinking about myself. I shall be very careful, for I know that I am on a bad shore, and can only get off by availing myself of every little flaw of wind. Depend upon it I shall use all the little helps in my power, as well as the great ones. After all, if it turns out as we do *not* wish, it is only another step upward and onward. I should like to take it at eighty or ninety, but will not find fault if told to "move on" at fifty or forty-nine and a half even. I mended a great deal in Switzerland, and left it much better than I went in. Half of my improvement there I must thank Professor Desor for. I stayed more than five weeks with him, and got such a bodily vigor from him as will last me a long time. I am doing well now, here in Rome, though the weather has been rainy all the time since we came (19th inst.); to-day it has cleared up, and looks like fine weather, but I expect a fortnight of wet. It is the time for rain now.

I hope you will give my letter of resignation to the Twenty-eighth at once, if you have not already. A sick minister is a curse hanging on to the necks of his friends. It will torment me greatly to be in that condition, and retard my recovery. I know the kindness of your manly heart, and that of many more men, and women too. But let me not "crowd the mourners." The 1000 dollars already got, I suppose, "must go where it is sent"; but I trust the Society will do no more for me in that way. I live so economically that I need no more in Europe; that I am sure of, and when I come home I have enough for reasonable comfort. So do let me not hinder the Society I would so gladly help. Lyman will tell you all about me, dear, good soul that he is. No sister could be more tender and affectionate. He thinks I ought to resign; so they all think here. Don't let your love for me blind your just eyes.

Wednesday Morning, half-past 7. Oct. 26.

I have, my dear Mr. Manley, a little more paper left, and wish to add a word or two more. The weather seems fixed and settled, thermometer at seven o'clock, in the shade, 58°. The windows dripped this morning with congealed moisture. I have felt no such cold since last February

except as we came near the coast of England in May. I don't know how the first frost will affect my cough, but hope for the best. Enough about myself. I scattered the copies of my letter (which reached me at Montreux) among my friends, and hear pleasant tidings from them. Some of the ministers in Switzerland are not quite so unwilling to pray for my restoration as poor Mr. — and Mr. Broadchurch. I think I told you that Mr. K uchler, a noble fellow, stayed at Desor's, and died of apoplexy the day he left us. I wrote his wife a consoling letter, and she wrote back to Desor, how much comfort she found in my sermon "Of Immortal Life," which long ago was translated into German. It gave me great pleasure to find that I could cheer and comfort a widow in her loneliness in Germany, though I can no longer stand in a pulpit in Boston. My life has been singularly rich in work; few men at eighty have had so much of the highest kind of delight, and I certainly do not complain that at fifty I must come down to a lower platform, and content myself with an inferior kind of happiness. God be thanked for the past, and for the present also!

Tell me how Hepworth preached. I hope much good from this brave young man. What did Mr. Noyes accomplish in his sermon? I don't see who is to fill your pulpit, that can also fill the house, except Emerson and Phillips; but doubtless the right person is waiting somewhere. Certainly you have genius for the office you have held in the Twenty-eighth, and without you, it seems as if it must have come to nought long since. I think it will be more difficult to fill your place than mine. Remember me kindly to your household, the Sparrells, and all the Saints. Please stop at Mrs. Vinton's sometime when you go by, and remember me to her—also to Mr. Thaxter, the optician, near the Old South. Do you ever see Samuel Downer? I shall write him by-and-bye: he is a noble fellow. Now, good-bye and God bless you!

Faithfully yours,

T. P.

The Midsummer Sermon gave me as much pleasure to read as to preach almost. Really I liked it in print, as I do not often anything of mine. Did it sell at all? There are some errors of the press, that I will send a list of to Mr. Leighton. Everett's Webster oration. . . . But what he tells about the *red line* on Oswald's map shows how foolish it was in Webster to make such a treaty. I mentioned the fact in the last edition of my sermon on Webster (Additional Sermons, &c.), though I knew it well enough before. Everett adds some important details, which glorify himself, but damage Webster's reputation as a diplomatist.

TO MR. G. RIPLEY.

Rome, Oct. 29, 1859.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—Here I am at Rome, once more living in my "own hired house," that is, in a suite of rooms 120 steps from the ground-floor, and enjoying the prospect of all Rome. I am in the ancient Regio Alta Semita on the Esquiline Hill: the Pope's Palace of the Esquiline is just before me: his gardens come close to my house.

St. Peter's, also, is before me in full view, and the Etruscan Hills beyond it. "Rome was not built in a day." You would assent to this if you were to walk about in it, and see how old and how various the things in it appear to be. It was a queer place to build a city in: the soil about it is not fertile in corn, wine, oil, or even figs, and never was; the *flavem Tiberim* has an ugly trick of overflowing its banks (it does not fall more than a foot in a mile between Rome and the sea) and filling up the low swampy tracts between the hills, and making the place unhealthy; the water was not good nor abundant; (here and there was a little spring, like that where Numa consulted the nymph Egeria.) The Romans even now know little of the art of making wells. The place had none of the natural advantages which mark out the situation of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Boston, &c. It is a queer place now: 175,000 inhabitants; 4900 priests, and 1900 nuns. Lots of churches, where the priests are "propitiating God," *soli cum solo*, for the people don't come in to see how the work is done. What a heathenish place it is! Hardly was it more so in the times of Augustus Cæsar. The Roman religion is addressed only to the senses, and must, ere long, go the same road as the Egyptian religion, and its successors. Protestantism will in due time follow, it being a little less absurd than Catholicism. Thus the tree of religion drops its leaves continually after they have done their work, and itself grows greater and greater by the help of each one of them. I wonder ministers don't see that Christianity is one leaf in this immense tree, and must fall when its work is done. But they don't and won't. But the men of science and philosophy throughout Europe have utterly broken with the first principles of what is historically called Christianity, *i. e.* the supernatural revelation, the incarnation of God in a virgin's womb, the atonement, the eternal damnation of mankind (all except a few miserable creatures), the devilish character of the Deity. These are the essentials of the "revealed religion" of the Christianity of the Church, and they will go to their own place. *Nihil saltatim, omne gradatim* is the rule of the world. How slow all things go on! The solidarity of earth and man extends even to their history—the same enormous periods are necessary in one as the other.

Et quæ fuit tibi Romam causa videndi ?

you will ask me. I have my fears of Ægypt, where the doctors sent me; it is a dull place; objects of interest few and far between. I have some pictures of the Pyramids, which, it is said, look very much like the originals.

* * * * *

Here I am booked for six months—if I live so long—having paid my board for that time. I have a deal of work to do, as follows:—(1.) to study the geology of Rome; (2.) its flora and fauna; (3.) its archæology; (4.) its architecture. I have begun already, though I have been here but a few days. This work will keep me out of doors all the pleasant weather, and turn my mind off from myself, one of the most disagreeable subjects of contemplation. I can't attend much to the fine arts, painting and sculpture, which require a man to be in doors. And, by the way, the fine arts do not interest me so much as

the coarse arts which feed, clothe, house, and comfort a people. I should rather be such a great man as Franklin than a Michael Angelo; nay, if I had a son, I should rather see him a great mechanic, who organized use, like the late George Stephenson in England, than a great painter like Rubens, who only copied beauty. In short, I take more interest in a cattle-show than in a picture-show, and feel more sympathy with the Pope's bull than his *bullum*. Men talk to me about the "absence of art" in America (you remember the stuff which Margaret Fuller used to twaddle forth on that theme, and what transcendental nonsense got delivered from gawky girls and long-haired young men); I tell them we have cattle-shows, and mechanics' fairs, and ploughs and harrows, and saw-mills; sowing machines, and reaping machines; thrashing machines, planing machines, &c. There is not a saw-mill in Rome; I doubt if there is in the Pontifical States. All the timber is sawed by hand. Mr. Topsawyer stands on the log, Mr. Pitsawyer stands underneath; all the stone they veneer their houses with, is sawed by hand! At the revival of letters the Italian people turned to the arts of beauty, the Teutonic people to science and the arts of use. What an odds between the Italians in 1450 and the English! What a different odds to-day! I love beauty—beauty in nature, in art, in the dear face of man and woman; but when a nation runs after beauty to the neglect of use—alas! for that people. The assembly of Roman cardinals, in full costume, all of those "educated men," all riding to council in great red coaches, and with their big-calved servants, is a grand sight; while the Senate of Massachusetts, shoemakers, farmers, storekeepers, lawyers, knowing small Latin and less Greek, walking through the crooked streets of Boston as they go to council, has a rough look. But which has the spirit of legislation?

It is a curious fact in history, that the Germans set up the great printing presses in Italy in the fifteenth century in all the chief towns; to-day the best book-store in Rome, even for Italian books, is kept by a German. It is he who sells Cardinal Mai's publications, even his "Codex Vat." The history of Rome is writ by Gibbon, Niebuhr, Arnold, Mommsen, not by Italians. It is a German who tells the Italians what language was spoken here before "Romulus and Remus had been suckled." Even the Latin classics, Lucretius, Ennius, Virgilius, Horatius, Cicero, Quinctilian, must be edited by Germans, not Italians. I think no good edition of any Latin author has been published in Italy for a hundred years. Livy is best edited by a German, so is Pliny. Orelli, who made the famous edition of Cicero, is a Swiss; though the name sounds Italian, it is not so at all. Rome is the head-quarters of priests; they have little to do, yet they don't edit even the fathers of their Latin Church. *Fruges consumere nati*; they are as useless as a ghost—I wish as harmless. The best thing I hear of them is that they don't keep their unnatural vows! Yet they are a fine-looking body of men: they alone of all Rome look clean.

The Italian women are generally handsome. In America, as in France, Germany, and Switzerland, the homely women are in the majority, and of course have things their own way; here they are in a small minority. The Lord be praised for all his mercies!

Do you want to know something about the undersigned? Well, I can walk four, five, six, or seven hours a-day without fatigue; have a good appetite, good digestion, good spirits. I weighed yesterday 200 pounds; alas! they were only Roman pounds, and make but 150 by the New England steelyards. I have been above that, and am sinking down a little just now. Running from Death is poor business—he gets there before you. I may recover and dawdle a few more years on earth, and finish some of my many books; I may not. Either way I am content. Few men have had a life so rich as mine in work and the results of work; perhaps none will leave it with a more perfect trust in the infinite perfection of the Cause of all.

Do you know the stories I tell about you, what new myths? I hope I shall get home to tell them at Brace's, or somewhere else, you being present! It would astonish you to know what a great man you are! I trust you attend meeting every Sunday, and listen devoutly to the Rev. S——. Dr. Pierce said of him, "If he ain't a v-e-r-r-y great man, he's v-e-r-r-y greatly mistaken." I trust you believe in him "and all his works."

Remember me to the virtuous Republicans—both genders of them—to Hildreth and Dana—to Brace if you see him, and believe me,
Yours faithfully,

T. P.

TO MR. MANLEY.

Rome, St. Guy Fawkes' Day (5th Nov.), 1859.

MY DEAR JOHN MANLEY,—Yesterday I went into the Church of St. Carlo (Carlo *Borromaeo*, you know), and saw the Pope, a kind-looking, fat-headed old man. There were some sixty Cardinals (in full toggery), and lots of Bishops, Archbishops, and Senators in the church. Eight men toted the old Pope round in the great chair, while he held up his right hand to bless the people. Mass was said by some high functionary, and the Pope sat in a great chair, where many of the dignitaries came up to kiss his hand—he holding it under his robe—so it was only the old clothes they kissed. I think that would not quite content a youthful lover. The Pope rode in a splendid state coach, drawn by six horses (I had the honor of talking with his coachman), followed by one or two other empty state coaches, to give additional dignity to His Holiness. Cardinals and others had elegant carriages, several to one person sometimes—with three footmen to each. Antonelli's coach is a quite plain one. But the significant part of the thing is this: there were 2000 French soldiers in the street, and a battalion of Italian horse; and besides, in the church the Pope's Swiss Guard and about 200 Italian soldiers—all fully armed, with bayonets fixed. This was to make it safe for "the Father of the People" to come and bless "his children"! That is a comment on the Roman Question! I walked about in the street, after I had seen enough of the tomfoolery in the church, looked at the carriages, talked with the soldiers, &c.; and then went to other business. Afterwards I saw the whole boodle of them go off. It really was a grand show. The Roman religion is

nothing but a show; the Pope is a puppet, his life a ceremony; only his taking snuff is real, and he does that "after the worst kind," as the Yankees say; I mean, to the fullest extent. Get converted to Romanism at Rome! One must be a fool to think of it. I should as soon go over to the worship of "Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis," after looking at the mummies of Thebes, as accept Romanism after seeing Rome.

I could never quite take in the consciousness of men, who in Berlin or Boston became Atheists, or thought they became such. Here, I can understand the cause, process, and result; and am not at all surprised to be told there are more Atheists in Rome than in any other city. Alas! how ungrateful the world is! there is no church here consecrated to Guy Fawkes! It is a great omission. I fear none of the Roman girls and boys are reminded of his great services. You and I know better:—

"Don't you remember the Fifth of November?
The gunpowder treason and plot?
For I see no reason, why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!"

So I write you this on his day. I think his name ought to be added to the list of worthies whom the (New England) kidnappers address in their prayers. "St. Guy Fawkes, pray for us!" would sound well at the opening of the court, of which (so W. P. says) Ben Hallett represents the religion!

It is now Thursday, November 10th, and I have just got your welcome favor of the 18th—19th, ult., with its three enclosures: thanks for them all. I suppose the Twenty-eighth did right in declining my resignation. If they had been I, they would have resigned as I did, for I feared I might embarrass them in their action. But let it be as they will, only they must pay me no more money. I was always economical and thrifty, never avaricious; now I live at the world's cost, I am bound to live as cheap as I can. I would help if I could. God forbid that I should hinder my best friends! I shall take all possible pains to get well, and here there is much to help me, and all of life or strength I have, or hope to have, is at the service of the Twenty-eighth. I neither can nor wish to do better than to help them. I have no ambition but to "help the cause along."

I read J. F. C.'s sermon and paper in the *Unitarian Quarterly*. He is a dear good soul, and I thank him heartily for all the kind things he says about me. He cannot get rid of his old theology, nor I of my *new*. But his does not hinder him in any good word or work.

* * * * *

Hepworth is a fine fellow, I have great hope of him. He strong and good, with his face set in the right direction. Do not you see that the Unitarians are making a revolution forwards? Think of the character of the *Examiner*, of our "excellent quarterly journal," as Father Briggs used to call it, of the *Register*; think of Hedge as President of the Association, and J. F. C. as its Secretary, to manipulate all the churches! Clarke's Christ is not a *dead* Christ,

but the actual live one who thunders in Matthew xxv., and has also the blessed beatitudes. The signs of the Unitarian times are decidedly hopeful.

* * * * *

A. D. Mayo is a fine fellow. I know him well. His quality is admirable; he wants bulk—that is all. His metal is nice and fine, and he is faithful entirely, I think.

How famously the Fraternity goes on. The extracts from R. Leighton's poem made me think highly of it; he has true poetry in him, and has proved it before. I am glad the Fraternity will print it. What a brilliant affair was Wendell's oration! but too full of detraction. It must have been delicious to hear it. What a genius he has for "fighting with wild beasts"! Sam Johnson's sermon came in the same *Liberator*. Johnson has genius, but not practical sense to make a leader. He is nice and fine, an admirable scholar, and as unselfish as it is possible for man to be. But it takes a deal of stuff to make a great minister.

* * * * *

I took cold on arrival at Rome—who could help it with such a rain?—had a bad cough, sleepless nights, and other disagreeable symptoms, and obviously was sliding downhill; now things are mending again, the cough is abating, appetite good again, and sleep reasonable for a man who does nothing. The weather has been fine for two or three days past; like our best in the beginning of September; to-day they call it *winter*, and say there will be few days cooler this winter. At half-past eight A.M., the thermometer was 56°, now, at five P.M., in the wind where the sun has not shown since twelve, I can't coax it below 67°. For about a fortnight in January, the water freezes in the mountains a little. Oranges ripen in the open air, and are fit for the table about January or February; and even the aloes (*Agave Mexicana*) and palm-trees grow here freely. You may judge the temperature by the vegetation. The air is just now damper than I like, but Dr. Appleton has been here seven or eight years with his wife, a consumptive woman, you know; and he says Rome is just the place for me! He has just returned from Naples, and already has kindly done me many favors, and offers more. Story came here years ago for the consumption, and is now alive and hearty, full of kindly offices and noble sculpture. All these, and many more speak well of Rome as a winter residence for a consumptive man; of course, I don't know how it may turn out, but have done the best I could in the choice of winter quarters, and shall do my best in trying to get well. Please tell Mr. Leighton, I think he does just right, about the tract and the Christmas story. I meant the latter should be for 1856, not 1859. Remember me kindly to the fraternity, and all the *saints*. I rejoice in your wife's continued health and beautiful cheerfulness, which her husband so helps. Miss Cushman, the Westons, Miss Hosmer, and Miss Stebbins, all are here and all friendly.

Good bye!

T. P.

Rome, Forefather's Day, 1859.

MY DEAR JOHN MANLEY,—I put the above date at the head of this letter, but I shall not finish it till Saturday, for we have only one mail a-week which connects with America. Your envelope of November 16th did not reach me till December 16th, though Mr. Jackson's of 22nd November came on the 10th instant: the *Traveller* of November 29th, the *Atlas* and *Bee* of 28th, came to-day with quite different reports of Wheelock's sermon at the Music Hall, on the 27th. Both make it out a brave discourse. How good it is! I enclose a letter to him which you may read if you have a mind to, and then please enclose it to him. We all read it with great delight. It is a dear good country, that New England! and a dear good old place is Boston too—that nest of kidnappers!

* * * * *

But good old Boston has the habit of thinking things over a second time, and a third time, and is pretty sure to settle down right at the last. Think of Rev. Manning and Rev. Neale on the same platform with Emerson and Phillips, to thank God for John Brown, and raise money for his family! Why, the spirit of "76" has got back to the Old South! I know, of course, what must have been said by the ——'s and ——'s.

* * * * *

Long before this all the John Brown affair is over; the actors in that great drama hanged, and their bones buried. But the end is not yet. What a Session of Congress we are to have; what a presidential election! I hope that Seward will be the candidate, and the Republicans will not make fools of themselves any longer. But I fear for their half-way men, who have no principle, and want office instead. Seward seems to me the ablest statesman in America; and as honest as any man likely to be nominated. Certainly, his course as a whole has been highly honorable to him, consistent, and progressively hostile to Slavery. In 1850 he showed there was a law higher than the Fugitive Slave Bill in the Constitution; and in 1858 declared there was an "irrepressible conflict" between Freedom and Slavery. His party were ashamed of both these self-evident truths when he uttered them, and his enemies mocked (you heard the Curtis-Hallett troop in Faneuil Hall scoff at the higher law); but the sober thoughtful men of the North welcomed both of his brave words, and I hope will duly honor each.

Rome is an ugly old place; the weather for nine or ten weeks beats anything I ever knew in New England for badness. There are few foreigners in Rome, only 4000 names on the police books, up to December 1st, while there were 10,000 last year. In the present month more have gone away than have come hither. Strangers are afraid of tumults and revolution. No doubt the people hate Papal Government badly enough; but I think 10,000 soldiers will keep the cowardly city quiet.

It is funny to read the speeches of the gentlemen at Cork, sympathizing with His Holiness the Pope. Of course they have not a word

of sympathy for the people whom the Pope has *set* on these many centuries. The Irishman is always a Paddy. He loves tyrants in Europe; in America is ever on the side of rum, ignorance, and Slavery; a wretched race of people for us to import and breed from in America. But in Ireland they send the Pope not a single copper penny of help, only *blarney*, which he has enough of at home, poor old chough! One of the Irish speakers said the Pope "did not need any matarial help, for he had already the intercession of the Saints—all of them—and the pr-promis made to St. Pater"! Much good may they do him! I should like to see him scare up a cent on the London Exchange on that security. The "pr-promis to Pater" would be excellent collateral with the Rothschilds and the Barings!

The Roman robbers made a false move here, a little while ago; they began at the wrong end, and robbed Antonelli's brother and one of the high French functionaries. The consequence was the police waited upon one of the *boss* thieves and told him the property must come back or "there would be the Pope to pay." So the money was restored, but 300 or 400 miserable creatures have been haled off to prison, where it is easier to get in than out. There is much distress on account of the absence of strangers, and the evil falls on cab-drivers, keepers of public-houses, ou men who rent apartments (some of the latter are honest!) and servauts in general. One other class suffers—the beggars; (I never saw an Italian give a *baiocco* to one of them)!

I told you, I think, that Miss Cushman was quite kind and attentive to me and mine; and that Dr. Appleton took me under his special care, and watches over me very tenderly. The Brownings—poetess and poet both, and little boy besides—are here. I like them much, and hope a good deal of pleasure from their society. The Storys I see often; full of kindness and hospitality, as also of fun and wit. I am greatly indebted to him and her. Rev. C. T. Thayer and wife are here for the winter; kind and friendly, both of them, as they always were. I was much surprised when he walked into my room the other day. All the Americans that I have seen sympathize with Capt. Brown and his movement! Of course this would not include the minister Stockton—a New Jersey Democrat. He gives a dinner-party to-night, but I don't attend such places, for I am not here to dine out, but to get well (if I can), as I neglect nothing that looks that way.

T. P.

TO THE MISSES GODDARD.

Rome, Saturday, November 26, 1859.

MY DEAR REBECCA AND MATILDA,—So the long-suffering mother went to keep her thanksgiving in the kingdom of heaven! Well, it was a blessed relief from the pain and torment of the much-enduring flesh. Strange that a frame so slight should hold out so long in such a storm! But so it was; and as you say, it was doubtless all right. So we must trust. It is all over now, the voyage ended, the soul

secure in its new harbor. How curious it is! Such are not lost to us, but gone before!

“The saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
All join in God, the causal love,
And of His life partake.”

Their memory sweetens the earth, while their actual presence is in their own heaven, unapproached and unapproachable, save to immortal feet. When I left home I knew too well that I should never see her again; it was highly doubtful that I should set my eyes on her children. But I hoped for her a quiet discharge from the warfare of life, and did not dream that so gentle a bird must take flight in such a dreadful winter. I am glad you will not hide your faces in hideous black; I hate the mourning of dress. It is to sorrow what flogging in school is to correction. Still let such wear it as like; it is *fashionable*, and the genius of fashion which so rules the living may appropriately sit on the coffin and beat it with his heels.

I am glad you have cares enough to take up your thoughts, and divert them from over much dwelling on the past. Work is the salvation of mankind—to the afflicted soul not less than to the body, which should eat bread won by the sweat of its brow. But I wish you could take a little run off to some other place for a few weeks, with your brother and his wife, all the remaining family of you, say to Washington or Charleston. Change of place is often a great relief to sense and soul! Sometimes we are the worst companions for ourselves, and should get into other society. I have seen from your letters how much the watching, the anxiety, and the sympathy have worn upon you, for the actual self always writes its condition between the lines, and we tell what we would not.

* * * * *

I don't think it quite just to impute Captain Brown's conduct to a desire to take vengeance for the murder of his sons; if that were the motive, he would have sought a cheap and easy revenge on the actual transgressors in Missouri; but, if I am rightly informed, he has cherished this scheme of liberating the slaves in Virginia for more than thirty years, and laid his plans when he was a land-surveyor in that very neighborhood where his gallows (I suppose) has since grown. This is in accordance with his whole character and life.

I am much grieved to find Caroline is yet so ill; but trust better days are before her. Remember me tenderly to Mrs. Flint and Mrs. Whiting; as well as the great-hearted doctor. You know how much our sympathies have all along been with you. Now, good-bye.

Faithfully,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO MISS L. OSGOOD, MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

Rome, December 2, 1859.

MY DEAR MISS OSGOOD.—A few days ago I learned that your much-esteemed and noble-minded sister had passed upwards into her glory onward. Yesterday, while I was on the point of writing to you,

I received your letter of the 8th instant, announcing the same event, so sad to you, to her so joyous and triumphant. I thank you most heartily, my dear Miss Osgood, for writing me so tender and beautiful a letter. Your sister lived as she ought, and died as she had lived. Your account of it shows how characteristic it all was; no complaining, no fearing, no increase of religious action—because all along it had been normal and sufficient. I am glad you “respected her silence,” and did no violence to her free spiritual individuality in the last hours more than in the long life which preceded. Your sister was a noble woman; this appeared not only in her intellectual power and its consequent attainments, but also still more in the use she made of all her gifts! Spite of her two-and-seventy years, she was yet one of the youngest women that I knew, so much was she alive, so open-minded for new truth, and so open-hearted to all forms of duty; either the stern of reproving, or the tender of embracing and loving. Old things did not lose their hold on her, if good, though her eye went forth to “fresh fields and pastures new,” and new things, if good, were still as welcome at threescore and ten, as if the earthly life had been before her and not chiefly behind. She sympathized with all the best movements of this generation whose fathers she had seen grow up. I have never known such an example before, and look upon it now with continual delight and gratitude. Spite of bodily feebleness, she seemed to be what the Greeks called ἀγέραιος; a quality they attributed only to the gods. It was in her character that she should have what Socrates prayed for, Θανάτος ἐέλπις, a death full of good hope; it was also fortunate it should be a εὐθανασία, a death without pain. She filled up her season with good deeds, rejoiced in them, and developed her character into beautiful proportion; now she has gone to keep her thanksgiving day in the commonwealth of heaven, whose glory eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived of yet.

I am glad you find the enduring consolation which human nature craves, in the great religion which that same human nature affords. If we are sure of God, we are not long left in doubt of any other good thing. This world must be so made, that all things shall work together for good, though we know not how. I need not say what sweetness of peace and what depth of joy have come to me from the consciousness of such religion; but now, when I go stooping and feeble, when my career of usefulness seems ended, and I can serve no more, but only stand and wait, I find additional comfort in the testimony of many persons on both the Continents, who tell me that I have helped them to a consciousness of the deep things in their own souls, and so have helped make them nobler men, at least more faithful to their conscience, and more hopeful to human kind. I do not complain that I cannot now be useful. I thank God that I could; and am content with whatever lies before me—life or death, health or sickness.

We are well situated here, on the Quirinal Mountain; all Rome lies before us; St. Peter's is a mile and a half off, but clearly visible, from its floor to its cross on the top. What a world of ancient art and modern art; and underneath them both what a history! The tale of Rome is a tragedy, the profoundest, the saddest ever enacted, and that,

too with the world for its stage. As I sit at my window by day, or lie sleepless on my bed at night, it is wonderful the scenes that come up before me, in that great drama of Rome. I have been reading Mommsen's History (to the time only of Cæsar's Dictatorship as yet), and much more on the great theme. It is all the more interesting to me when I daily visit the spots where the deeds were done, and see the monuments often of the acts themselves. But still, spite of all this, my heart turns home, and I consider the American drama getting acted now.

How young we are! Yet we have a more difficult problem to settle than the oldest European State is now vexed with—a democracy with 4,000,000 slaves, mocking at the first principles of all human society, the four great Northern cities all on the side of despotism! I take it Congress assembles for fresh scenes of violence. Nobody knows whose head will be broken next—Seward's, Wilson's, Sumner's, Hale's. I do not wonder at Captain Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry: it is only the beginning; the end is not yet. But such is my confidence in democratic institutions that I do not fear the result. There is a glorious future for America, but the other side of the *Red Sea*!

All mine send most friendly sympathy. You know you have that of
Yours faithfully and affectionately,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO REV. J. F. CLARKE.

Rome, Nov. 9, 1859.

A queer place is this old Rome—a city off of the track of the human race, and not allowing any cross-cuts to be made to it or near it. Really, the capital of Christendom is the stronghold of the Devil—*ὄπου ὁ Σατανᾶς κατοικεῖ*. But sometimes the people give the Government a good shot—through the hands of Pasquin. Thus, for example, when the Pope's emissary went to the Conference at Zurich, there appeared this neat little satire on Pasquin's statue. Pasquin asks the emissary—

"Can you speak German?"

"No."

"French?"

"No."

"English?"

"No."

"Italian?"

"No."

"What can you speak?"

"Only Latin."

"What can you say in that?"

"*Sicut erat in principio, nunc est, et semper erit in æternum!*"

Again, Homario says to Pasquin, about the time when King Bomba was on his last legs. "What have you seen?"

"A man with a *grave tumore*."

"Had he anything else?"

"Yes—take off the *t*; that leaves *Umore!*" (Always used in a bad sense, unless qualified by an adjective.)

"What will become of him?"

"Take off the next letter, *u*—*More!*" (He's going to die!)

"But when?"

"Take off the next letter, *m*—*Ore!*" (Right away.)

"But who is this unfortunate man?"

"Take off the next letter, *o*—*Re!*" (The King.)

"But what will become of him when he dies; will he go to heaven or hell?"

"Take off the next letter, *r*—*E!*" (Alas for him!)

Here's one more. A traveller comes home, and Pasquin calls him.

"Where have you been?"

"By land, and sea, and air."

"What did you see at sea?"

"*Grande battimenti*" (great ships).

"And what by land?"

"*Molte armate*" (great armies).

"And what in the air?"

"*Per aria molti preti*" (many priests blown up sky-high).

But, alas! these poor wretches seem to think they have done enough when they have touched off a squib. Better our fathers, "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry!"

A mediæval Latin (Gaudissidium Malaterra) said well of Rome:—

"Fons quondam totius laudis, nunc es fraudis fovea;
Moribus es depravata, exhausta nobilibus,
Pravis studiis iuservis, nec est pudor frontibus:
Surge Petre, Summe Pastor! Finem pone talibus!"

But enough of old Rome—and the new. Think of it: St. Peter's Church cost 46,800,000 scudi, when a scudi was worth at least 1 dollar 75 cents. It takes 30,000 dollars a-year to keep this great toy in order now.

O James, life is poor to me at Rome, amid all the wonders of antiquity and the marvels of art. At home, how rich it was through my power of work! But I can still thank God for my affliction, not knowing how it will end. Remember me to your family, and also to the Russells. God bless you for the past, and in the present and future! Faithfully yours.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Nov. 1.—All Saint's Day. A great festa, bells ringing all night, cannons firing, with all the noisy demonstrations which attend the 4th of July. We went to St. Agatha, and saw the sixty or eighty young Belgians, who are in process of being metamorphosed into priests. I was struck with the inferiority of their heads; amongst them all, not one superior head—hardly one up to the average. That is a good sign that only the least noble part of men go into the priesthood. In Rome, it is not so. What is called Christianity is in the same process of decay as the Roman religion in the time of Cicero; *i.e.* all the thoughtful men reject its essential doctrines; this is so both among Catholics and Protestants.

Nov. 4.—Great tomfoolery in the Church of San Carlo in Corso. The Pope was there, some sixty cardinals, other high functionaries the Roman Senate, &c. There were showy dresses and gandy coaches. Notice, above all, the thousands of soldiers that were necessary to

preserve the life of the Pope when he goes to attend mass in San Carlo! About 2000 French soldiers, a battalion of Italian foot, another of horse, and the Swiss Guard!

Received the *Unitarian Quarterly*, containing a notice of T. P.'s letter. What a change in the tone of Unitarian periodicals in a few years!

Nov. 16.—The insurrection of Capt. Brown excites much attention in America, as well it may. But it is the beginning of the birth-pains of liberty. There is a logic in the history of freedom.

“ *Its* purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.”

Nov. 29.—Went to Miss Hosmer's studio. N.B. the Zenobia she is now making, also the Minerva in plaster.

Went to Terry's studio. N.B. the Parting of Tobit on his Journey (the Spotted Dog); the scene from Shakspeare's "Tempest;" also the beautiful portrait of Mrs. Crawford's boy, and the handsome woman in the Albanese costume. I think Terry has a deal of talent and thought so in 1844.

TO MISS COBBE.

Nov., 1859.

I wonder if you have seen Cardinal Mai's publication of the "Codex Vaticanus." He puts into the New Testament many passages which are not at all to be found in his Codex, and yet has the candor to confess the fact in the margin! But since his death his assistant has printed a cheap edition of the New Testament part of the work, just as the Codex actually is—thus confessing the fault of the former work.

I am glad you saw my friend Samuel Joseph May. He is a fine specimen of the ministerial profession—one of the wisest and noblest men I ever knew in my life. There is no fault in the man except excess of generosity. He is interested in all the progressive humanities of the age—not least in the elevation of woman. You may believe all he says of everybody except myself; I think he loves me a little too well to see me quite as I am. Alas! it is not merely passionall love which blinds the eyes of women to men, and *vice versâ*, but the purely affectional does the same. I am glad you heard him preach. His face is a grand benediction. He is minister of Syracuse, New York, a town of 40,000 population, and has, in fourteen or fifteen years, reconstructed the town—I mean its morals. He organized its charities and its schools, lyceums, &c. I call him the Archimedes of Syracuse. He finds his *πῶν στῶν* there, and will move the earth—if he have time.

I am reading "Adam Bede," a quite extraordinary book; but I wonder that any one should have doubted that a woman wrote it. Strange is it that we tell the universal part of our history in all we write, and that a nice eye often reads even our private experience between the lines.

We shall keep your birthday with due honor on the 4th of next month. And now, my dear friend, may God bless you, and fit you for great and good works!

The expedition of John Brown to Harper's Ferry, the capture of himself and some of his men, his trial and conviction, took place in the autumn of this year. Mr. Parker's letter to Francis Jackson, dated Nov. 24, is in Chap. XXI.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Dec. 2, "Santa Bibiana's Day."* Day appointed to hang Capt. Brown.—It is now 6 P.M., and I suppose it is all over with my friends at Charlestown, Va., and that six corpses lie there, ghastly, stiff, dead. How the heart of the slave-holders rejoices! But there is a day after to-day. John Brown did not fear the gallows; he had contemplated it, no doubt, as a possible finger-post to indicate the way to heaven. It is as good as a cross. It is a pity they could not have had two thieves to hang with Brown. There have been anti-slavery meetings to-day, at Boston, Worcester, Salem, New Bedford, Providence, &c. The telegraph has spread the news of Brown's death, I suppose, over half the Union by this time. It is a great dark day in America. Thunder and lightnings will come out of it.

TO PROFESSOR DESOR.

Rome (Poste Restante), Dec. 7, 1859.

I am rejoiced to hear such good tidings of the Kùchlers. I will set about my papers immediately, and will do nothing else till both are finished. Shall I send them to you by mail, or wait till you come here *en route* for Naples? My wife shall copy them out in a good, fair hand. I have not felt in spirits to write anything of late: affairs at home have filled me with anxiety. You have not, perhaps, heard that Captain Brown, with fifteen or twenty men, made an attempt to free the slaves of Virginia, at Harper's Ferry. His two sons were shot, and most of his men. He and five or six men were taken prisoners, and have had such a "trial" as slave-holders give such men; are convicted, and hung before now. Brown was a friend of mine—his two sons have been at my house. Other friends of mine have been forced to fly from their country. Attempts are made to implicate many prominent men at the North, and there will be a deal of trouble. I should not be surprised to see Dr. Howe in Rome this winter, for there seems to be some evidence against him which makes the slave-holders suspect him. So he may have to flee off for his life, or to avoid exposing other men. The South talk very big, and utter threats against all the leading men of the North—Seward, Hale, Wilson, Sumner, &c. Congress came together yesterday, and there will be a stupid message from the President, and a stormy session all winter. I look for more broken heads before summer. We are coming upon a great crisis in American history, and a civil war seems at no great distance. The slave-holders will be driven, by the logic of their principles, to demand what the

* Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr at Rome, in the year 363, towards the end of the reign of Julian the Apostate. She was tied to a pillar and scourged to death with loaded whips. A chapel was afterwards constructed, in the times of Christian freedom, over the place where she was secretly buried; and a church now stands there, rebuilt in 1628.

free men of the North will not consent to: then comes the split—not without blood! All national constitutions are writ on the parchment of a drum-head, and published with the roar of cannon!

I have no hope for the people of Italy, specially none for the Romans. These are a miserable people, out of whom all *virtus* seems to have perished utterly. I am told the Pope is in sad want of money: "*Es fehlt ihm jetzt an Ablassgelt!*" He gets nothing from Romagna, and as he owes more than 70,000,000 dollars, he can't borrow, except at great and ruinous interest. The sooner he and the like of him go to the Devil the better. He has just published an *edictum* against crinolines, and forbids women accoutred therein to enter the churches. We all send our heartiest love to you, the Apthorps included. Remember me to the good Marie.

Yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

My little book, "Experience," &c., which you have, has been republished in London, and here a Swede is translating it into his own melodious Northern tongue. I don't know whether or not he will find anybody to publish it in Sweden, for I see a Bill has been introduced to their Popular (!) Assembly to make the priests censors of the press, with unconditional power.

TO MR. LYMAN.

Rome, December 10, 1859.

Oh, best of governors, your letter of 18th ult., came swiftly to hand and relieved my anxiety (which was getting to be strong), lest you were sick, or some ailment had befallen your family. But the letter puts me at ease. Here I am rather rich in newspapers, so all the details of the Harper's Ferry affair are soon made known to us. See how the slave-holders hold their "bloody assizes" in Virginia! Well, the worse they behave the better for us and ours. This is the ἀρχὴ τῶν ὀδυνῶν—the beginning of birth-pains; the end is far enough away. How often I have wished I was in my old place, and at my old desk! But I too should have had to straighten a rope or else to flee off, no doubt, for it is not likely I could have kept out of harm's way in Boston. I sent a little letter to Francis Jackson, touching the matter which he will show you, perhaps. Wendell said some brave things, but, also some rash ones, which I am sorry for, but *the whole was noble*. B—— is faithful to his clerical instinct of cunning, not his personal of humanity; I read his sermon with a sad heart, and F——'s with pain. Noble brave Garrison is true to himself as always, and says, "I am a non-resistant, and could not pull a trigger to free four million men, but Captain Brown in his fighting is faithful to his conscience, as I to mine, and acted as nobly as Cromwell, and Fayette and Washington; yes, more nobly, for his act was pure philanthropy. All honor to the fighting saint—now he is also a martyr!" That is the short of what the *Liberator* says.

The "Twenty-eighth" did not accept my resignation, but made some handsome resolutions. Perhaps it is better so. Yet sure I am that my preaching days are all over and left behind me, even if my writing and breathing time continue, which I think will not last long.

I do all I can to live, but make all my calculations for a (not remote) termination of my work here. I buy no books, except such as are indispensable to keep me from eating my own head off.

Miss Cushman is here, and very kind to me; the Storys most hospitable people as well as entertaining; we all dined there on Thanksgiving day. Dr. Appleton (of Boston) has helped me to many things. I have seen Mrs. Crawford, and of course all the American artists, painters, and sculptors. The Brownings came a few days ago, and I have seen them both. I like her much! He, too, seems a good fellow, full of life; intense Italians are they both.

He was very busy at this time making topographical explorations, to identify the famous spots.

Weather cold and chilly. Walked and examined the walls from Porta Pia to Porta Maggiore.

At the Forum, to identify the places. Not all settled yet, spite of Bunsen and Canino.

Robert Browning came in the afternoon. Visited the Forum again. Cosmos and Damien *—Santa Maria in Cosmedin—Temple of Janus, and that of Ceres; the Mausoleum of Augustus.

Went to an auction of books at 47 Piazza del Jesu. A fine copy of Baronius, Lucca edition, thirty-eight folios, sold for only ninety-nine dollars! Were I not a worthless corpse I had given one dollar more.

Dec. 10.—Went to the Storys in the afternoon to see a juggler please the children.

On December 12, after visiting nearly a dozen sites and ruins—a great day's work—he made the following entry:—

To-night this happened. Since the fever in February and March, 1857, I have felt there was an adhesion of the pleura of the right side, and I never breathe without a feeling of constraint there, or pulling. After a long and violent coughing I felt the adhesion give way. The right lung moved as freely as the left. This marks a crisis—of healing or of finishing.

But on the next day the same restless visiting and exploring went on, in the churches and the Quirinal gardens; the latter were damp and chilly. The day after, he complained of a bad cold, but went about in the Trastevere quarter, the Island in the Tiber, and tried to find the remains of Pompey's theatre. His cough greatly weakened him at this time.

Dec. 17.—Writing a little story for Desor. It goes hard and seems likely to be the last thing I write for the press. Kuchler went, and I shall soon follow. The cough is worse than ever before. It is plain where I am going.

The little story was written for the Album, and is there printed, with the title, "A Bumble-bee's Thoughts on the Plan

* These are churches: the surname, "in Cosmedin," comes from a square in Constantinople.

and Purpose of Creation." It was the last thing from his pen written with the intent to publish.

One or two extracts will show its clear and lively style:—

Look at the relation between us and the world of matter. It seems to exist only for our use. Here I will mention but a single fact, and from that you can easily judge of all, for it is a crucial fact, a guide-board instance that indicates the road which nature travels on. The red-clover grows abundantly all over the world; in its deep cup there lies hid the most delicious honey, the nectar of the world! But that cup is so deep no other insect can reach the sweet treasure at the bottom; even the common honey-bee, who stands next below us in the scale of being, must pass it by—longed for but not touched! Yet our proboscis is so constructed that with ease we suck this exquisite provision which nature furnishes solely for us!

Now, Gentlemen, it is plain that we are the crown of the universe; we stand on the top of the world; all things are for us. I say it with calm deliberation and also with most emphatic certainty: *The Bumble-bee is the Purpose of the Universe!* (Tremendous applause.) Yes, Gentlemen, the Plan of the Universe intends the Bumble-bee as its end and final cause. Without him the world would be as unmeaning as a flower with no honey in its breast. As I look over the long line of causes and effects which compose the universe; as I thence dissolve away the material part thereof and look at the idea, the meaning and ultimate purpose, I see all things point to the Bumble-bee as the perfection of finite being—I had almost said of all being. He alone is the principal, the finality; all else is but provisional. He alone is his own excuse for being; his existence is the reason why he is here; but all other things are only that he may be; their excuse for existence is only this—that they prepare for him, provide for him, and shelter him. Some things do this directly, some in a circuitous manner; but though they serve other purposes, yet their end is to serve him. For him is the world of matter and its four elements, with their manifold forces, static and dynamic too; for him its curious combinations, which make up the world of organization and vegetation; all is but material basis for him.

What a difference between us and the highest Infusoria. The two seem hardly to belong to the same world. How much vaster the odds between us and the inorganic matter, the primeval atoms of the world! Yet even from that to us there has been no leap; the continuity of being is never broken. Step by step went on the mighty work. It seemed, indeed, to have no meaning; there was only a chaos of organization and decomposition, attraction and repulsion, growth and decay, life and death, progress and regress. But at length the end is reached, the idea shines through the more material fact. One evening the sun went down on a world without meaning; the next morning it rose, and, behold! there were Bumble-bees. The Chaos of transient night has become the Kosmos of eternal day! (Immense sensation—prolonged applause.) Shall I say the Bumble-bee was created? No, gentlemen, that were to adduce a mere theory. That he came as the resultant of all the forces there or heretofore active in the universe? No more is

this to be allowed in such an assembly. The Bumble-bee is mind—mind in himself, for himself, of himself, by himself! So he exists of his own accord; his being is his will; he exists because he wills to be. Perhaps I might say that all things anterior to him were but an efflux from him. For with a being so vast as the Bumble-bee's, the effect may well precede the cause, and the non-existent Bumble-bee project out of himself all actual existence!

Do not think me presumptuous in standing forth as the representative of Bumble-beedom in this matter. I have peculiar advantages. I have attained great and almost unexampled age. I have buzzed four summers; I have dozed as many winters through; the number of my years equals that of my legs and antennæ on one side; and still my eye is not dim nor my natural vigor abated. This fact gives me an advantage over all our short-lived race. My time has been devoted to science, "all summer in the field, all winter in my cell;" this has been my motto all my life. I have travelled wide, and seen the entire world. Starting from this, my ancestral spot, I made expeditions east, west, north, and south. I travelled four entire days in each direction, and stopped only at the limits of the world. I have been up to the top of the highest fir tree (*abies pectinata*). Yes, have flown over it, and touched the sky. I have been deeper down in the earth than any Bumble-bee; ten times my own length—it makes me shudder to think of it—and then I touched the bottom of the monstrous world! I have lived in familiarity with all the philosophers now on earth, and have gathered all that time has left of the great thinkers before me. I am well acquainted with the summits of Bumble-bee consciousness, in times past and present. If any Bumble-bee may criticise, surely I am that one! And if I am judge of anything, it is of the universe itself; for I have studied it all my life. If I know anything, or can know anything, it is the all of things, the world of matter and the world of mind!

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Dec. 22.—Wrote several letters. It is Forefather's Day, and will bring up many reflections at home. As I get weaker and weaker—and the decline is obvious from week to week—I feel less inclination to read. It gets a little irksome to write, and I sit still, idle-handed, idle-minded. It is now pretty clear that I do not go out of Rome again. The cough at night exhausts me much, and the next morning I feel languid. By-and-bye the bleeding will come back—there are little specks of blood now—and these things will hasten to their conclusion. I don't like the thought of a grave in Rome, for the soil is really oppressed with a two-fold curse; but I shall find the clods of the valley sweet to my flesh even there. I had hoped to live long enough to save from waste some few things half-done, and to finish one or two more which none else can, but must let them slide. If I were at home I could work a little."

Dec. 25. Christmas Day.—A deal of noise and show in the town. Went to some churches—to Santa Maria Maggiore. Noticed the little chapel in the Borghese Chapel, where there is a curious sculpture of the Baby-God and his mother and putative father; the cattle in the back-ground looking on.

Went to Ara Coeli. Noticed the funny show of the Baby and the Heavenly Host, and God the Father in the clouds.

Really the city is as polytheistic as in the days of the Cæsars.

L. and I, and all the Apthorps and Hunts dine together to-day. I sit at all entertainments as the coffin in the Egyptian feasts.

N.B. What I wrote in my journal last Christmas or New Year's Day. Surely this will be the last; but, really, I die slow.

Dec. 27.—Porta St. Lorenzo. Went to that old church out of the walls. It is a great Festa to-day. Spots of snow on the road-side in the shade at noon. None yet on Soracte, I think.

TO JOHN AYRES.

Rome, Immaculate Conception Day.

Here we all are in old Rome. Bad weather we had of it for a long time; really it rained forty days and forty nights, though not without ceasing. I thought an umbrella was almost as necessary as a hat and shoes. Now it is better—fair by day and night—the thermometer about 24° to 28° at sunrise. Roses bloom in all the gardens, and violets under the hedges, while the Ilexes are ripening their slender acorns, and the orange-trees are fuller of fruit than I left or found them at St. Croix. We have seen many things here peculiar to Rome. The Pope showed himself at the Church of San Carlo one day, surrounded by about 2500 soldiers, and was borne about in a chair on men's shoulders, while he "blessed the people." I hear the Pope's *hired man* ringing the bells in the night. He begins about three or four o'clock, and keeps it up till sunrise. He must be much overworked and up early in the morning. The Pope's *Tom-cat* comes under my windows in the dark, and gets on the cross in the neighbourhood, and behaves no better than his brothers in Boston. The Pope's bull, I take it, is kept in the stall as a "dangerous beast," and only let out on certain great occasions. But the *Pope's Gal*—I have not seen her yet. I am told she is arrayed in purple and scarlet color, and decked with gold and precious stones, and pearls, &c., and when she rides out, it is on a beast with seven heads and ten horns; indeed, you may read an account of her and her cattle in the Book of Revelations (chap. xiv.); when she appears in public I will tell you. A few days ago a funny thing took place in the church of San Andrea delle Frutte. A man caught his feet in the wide-spread crinoline of a lady kneeling on the pavement, and fell his whole length to the ground. The congregation clapped their hands and laughed aloud; it made a great scandal, so the Pope issued an edict, forbidding women to enter the church except with their heads veiled, and their bodies clad in modest raiment. For, he says, they come to church, now-a-days, in such guise that they are a sight to behold—"a spectacle to men," referring to the fact that naughty young men come into the churches to see the maidens and matrons show their legs as they kneel or stoop! I don't know what effect it will have in Rome, but if all the ministers in Boston, and the standing committees of the societies there agreed to say, "We will have no crinolines in our meeting-houses," the women would say, "What do we care? Then you don't have us, that's all; we can't exhibit on the

common, or in the streets, all the week; go to thunder with your old meetin' us.' But the Pope tells the poor creatures they shall go to church, and they shan't wear their favourite garments there. It is hard—I don't know what will happen, but fear this successor of St. Peter will encounter troubles not mentioned by St. Paul, in his melancholy catalogue; and to the perils of waters and false brethren will have to add, perils of women and perils of crinolines. The Sultan has undertaken the same desperate business of meddling with the women's clothes;—it may cost him his life—"Touch not, handle not," were good counsel to them both. I think the Pope had better stick to his own apocalyptic *Gal*, and rig her up in scarlet colors, and let the rest of womankind alone.

Yesterday, a new building was dedicated for the *education of priests who are to convert America to the true faith*—don't you think they will have their hands full before they are done with this business? The American Minister, Hon. Mr. Stockton, was present at the ceremony. A queer dead people these Romans are. I have no hope for their political regeneration! They have a bad reputation for treachery and lying, which I fear is but too well deserved. Last spring there was a revolution in North Italy, as you know. Well: the Romans also got a little uneasy, and the Government thought it must do something to keep them quiet. So it gave them a holiday and had a procession of costly carriages in the Corso, and rich men hung handsome-colored cloths out at their windows, and the people became contented and quiet. What if Governor Gage had given the people of Massachusetts a holiday in 1775, and had fireworks on Boston Common just after the battle of Lexington; or if President Buchanan should order a parade of marines at the Navy-yard, in Charlestown, to quiet the agitation about the Harper's Ferry affair! Much good is to come of that experiment of our friend Brown. Ten years ago it would have been too early; now it is just in time! I find brave words have been spoken about him and his, by Phillips, Emerson, and Clarke, but I hear of no others.

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* * Clarke's sermon of Brown was his best, I think, wise in matter and condensed in form of expression. X——— would make a powerful preacher if he did not drown his thought in a Dead Sea of words. What a pity! you don't want a drove of oxen to drag a cart-load of potatoes on a smooth road. I wish ministers and lecturers would be a little more generous of thought and more stingy of words; they and we should be better off and like each other more.

What a state of things in Virginia!—a hay-stack takes fire in Charlestown, and they send 1000 or 2000 soldiers, with two batteries of cannon, to put down the insurrection, and when they get to the spot there is nothing but the white ashes of the hay, and the stack-pole burnt and blackened. "There is no danger from the slaves," "not the least," "none at all;" how Buchanan must have bleated in his message,

and what a stormy time we are to have this winter! Whose head will get broke next? I know not. I trust Sumner is in his place before now, and about his noble work. These things are only the beginning of sorrows; but they are birth-sorrows for freedom, not the pains of death.

Poor Mr. Everett! I wonder if he "buckled on his knapsack and shouldered his musket." I fear he said, "my habits are very unmilitary," and stayed at home. Doctor Howe, I learn, has gone to Canada; I may meet him here before spring. Really I think the 28th may be thankful their minister fell into a consumption a year ago, for I believe they would rather lose him by a cough than a halter. It is not quite likely I should have kept entirely free from Brown if I had been at home and in full activity; how bravely he acts, how nobly he speaks, even the slaveholders feel the influence of his magnetic character. "We sow in tears," &c.

I see there is likely to be another Mexican war; of course I don't know the merits of the case; but take it for granted they do not lie on the American side of the border; but it is clear that all Mexico must fall into our hands. I wish it would not come quite so soon. I doubt that it ever becomes slave territory; the inhabitants there sympathize with the negro.

To-day came S——'s anonymous pamphlet, "The Crisis of Unitarianism," and it has many good things in it, well expressed too; but it betrays rather a peevish spirit. S—— is a good fellow, full of generous instincts, with a natural fondness for the true and the right, the beautiful, and the good; he has made sacrifices in time of trouble, and stood upright when many found their account in stooping or lying flat. I shall always think of him with gratitude and not without admiration.

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I wrote him a long letter from Montreux, which he must have received before I got his pamphlet. He says my letter from St. Croix is a little morbid; so it is, so it must be: do you know the odds between a sick man and a sound? Here it is. Mr. Saw-and-grind has a grist mill turned by a great wide mill-pond, that has four or five reserve ponds all full of water; it runs over the flush boards and jumps and laughs as it goes rollicking down the stream. Mr. S. has some little machinery for his own sport, and amuses the neighbors with showing it off now and then; he saws at one end of his mill; he grinds at the other; he has a great up-and-down saw and cylinder saws likewise, not to speak of his gang of saws which cut twelve boards at one time. Besides this are saws for laths, for shingles, and clapboards; nay, he makes boxes out of the boards in this room; he has mill-stones for maize, for rye, and for wheat; he cracks corn for the cattle, he grinds and bolts it for men. All this goes on when his pond is full—all at once—but then comes a dry time—all his reserve ponds are exhausted, no water runs over the dam, the flush boards are all dry as hay; then he stops play-wheels; by-and-bye gives up all sawing: as the water gets lower, the wheels move slow. He does not bolt meal to flour, nor crack corn for the cattle, he only *grinds* for men; next, he only grinds an hour or two a day for his neighbors or friends, or for poor folks; then only an hour a week for his own *family*,

the water is so low. At length the mill stops, the great wheel is dry as a bone, presently the water in the flume does not come near the bottom of the gate, there is but little in the pond: the cows drink there no more, the water lilies are dried up, the fish are all dead. Finally all the water is gone, you can walk right through the mill-pond over the black and parched earth; the mill is dead; don't expect the poor miller to grind or saw then, still less to amuse his friends with play. God be thanked the water is not lost; all this mill-power is but exhaled to heaven. Love to your family, neighbors, and all.

THEODORE PARKER.

TO DR. FLINT.

Rome, December 31, 1859.

MY DEAR DR. FLINT,—I have not written you a line since I left Boston, though there has not been a day but you and yours have been in my thoughts; indeed one of my occupations in the pauses of sleep is to make visits to all my friends in Boston and its neighborhood, and as it is day there while it is already night here, I find them always up and glad to see me. Now I think I shall worry you with a few words.

Well: the Harper's Ferry affair is over—I mean Captain Brown has been hanged, and his associates and the troops have gone home again to boast of their exploits—the military achievements of the chivalry of Virginia! It ought to have taken place in South Carolina, and then the valiant General Quattelbum would have been out with his soldiers, of whom “one can chase a thousand, and two ten thousand put to flight!” The effect is not over, nor ever will be. Brown's little spark was not put out till it had kindled a fire which will burn down much more than far-sighted men look for. The Northern sky is full of lightning, long treasured up; Brown was one bright clear flash into the Southern ground; the thunder rattles all over the Union now, there will be other strokes by-and-bye.

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I find great complaints made against the courts of Virginia. Certainly the proceedings were hasty and irregular, the general conduct shameless and atrocious; the judge held his “bloody assizes” with small regard to the rights of the accused, or the customary forms of law. He did not give Captain Brown time to confer with his counsel; he had *not* a fair trial. So far so bad. But what did Massachusetts do a few years ago? She arrested Thomas Sims for a thief, and then tried him as a runaway slave! He had committed no crime. Yet he was sent into slavery for life! The courts of Massachusetts were asked to give him the benefit of those statutes made to prevent such injustice, or of the common law older than the State itself, and they refused; they would do nothing, when the matter was tried in Woodbury's court, and it was left for him to decide whether Sims could have the *benefit* of the *Habeas Corpus*, as well as the shadow of its form. While he was giving his final judgment, a prominent lawyer of Boston, handed him a note to help the judicial mind to still more legal iniquity, and he used its hints; and when the decision of the judge was given that Sims should have no protection from the supreme court of the United States,

any more than from the courts of Massachusetts, but he must be delivered over to the commissioner, and so be made a slave of, the respectability of Boston clapped their hands. The slave-holders who crowded the court-house at Virginia, did not applaud when John Brown was found guilty! It seems the first disgrace of Boston was not enough; for not six years ago, her judge of probate, guardian of widows and orphans, took the city by a *coup de droit*, a law-lick, captured a Baptist minister, and run him off to slavery! The court assigned counsel to Captain Brown; but in the case of Anthony Burns, the "court" told his counsel, "You had better throw no obstacle in the way of his being sent back to slavery, as he *probably will be!*" Really the Virginia jury decided according to Virginia law, and the evidence before them, when they found Brown guilty; but when Judge Loring found Burns guilty, it was in utter disregard of the facts of the case abundantly testified to in the court. Judge Parker, in Virginia, gave his charge in open court; the verdict of the jury also was first delivered in public; but Judge Loring gave his decision (that Burns was a slave) to the slave-hunter in private, more than twelve hours before it was made in open court. Brown was condemned by a jury of twelve men, but Massachusetts let Sims and Burns be dragged off to slavery on the mere word of a kidnapper who was to receive five dollars if he freed the man, or ten dollars if he enslaved him! There was law enough in Massachusetts to save both of these poor victims of oppression, every advocate knew it; but the judges of the supreme court of Massachusetts broke down all that law with one puff of their breath.

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Loring was kicked out of his offices, and so out of the State, but he was far from being the great offender! The Court-house of Boston was turned into a barracoon, the enemies of Massachusetts Democracy kept their prisoners in it for more than a week, and defended themselves with sword and gun. Massachusetts did not dare dislodge them, though she had abundaut law on her side. They put a Southern chain round the Court-house, all round it, and her suppliant Judges stooped and crouched down, and lay low and crawled under that chain to go to the seats they had long dishonored! No Virginia minister has said a word against Slavery; they all defend it as democratic, biblical, Christian and divine; some of them went to Brown even in his cell to convert *him* to that opinion. But in Boston the two great heads of Unitarianism

Did Virginia even in those days show any sympathy with freedom, with real Democracy, or befriend any of its measures? Not once. But when the Fugitive Slave Bill passed Congress, the respectability of Boston fired 100 jubilant cannon. When the first kidnapper came, that same respectability had a great Union Meeting in Fanueil Hall, where it resolved that Boston should be prostituted to the slave-hunter: he might come when he would, her door was always open, and she ready and willing!

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I think Massachusetts is the foremost State in the world—spite of the two hundred thousand Paddies and children of Paddies, whose

poverty, ignorance, nastiness, superstition and crime lower the general average. She is in advance of every other 1,200,000 people in industry, intelligence, and virtue. Boston too is the noblest of cities, and the seed of religious fire never is quenched out from her venerable hearth; it is the home of great ideas, sure one day to be great facts. But after all this she can't say to Virginia "let me pull out the mote out of thine eye." So I was glad the Legislature, though in love with its own extra-session, was modest enough to refuse to adjourn on the day her sister hanged one of the noblest of New England's patriots. Let us work, and pray, trust in God, and keep our powder dry; but not say to Virginia, "Massachusetts is faithful." She is *not* faithful—one day she will be. It was a good while from the Boston massacre to the evacuation of Boston.

We sometimes do a little injustice to our own State and the slow way we have of doing great things. In the South there is no respect for personal freedom; hence the slavery of the negroes; hence the enormous tyranny of public opinion over the minority; hence men like Mr. Helper, Mr. Underwood, and many more, are driven out of the country because they favour democratic institutions. Neither Washington nor Jefferson would be suffered to live in Virginia to-day. There is as little respect in the South for general law, either local or Federal. Hence the continual interruptions of the regular course of judicial proceedings to get at the end more swiftly. I refer to the *lynchings* that are so common. Hence, too, the violations of positive law—not to serve the higher law of justice, which all statutes in general are supposed to aim at, but to carry out the purposes of selfish passion or selfish calculation. Hence came the importation of slaves from Africa, the filibustering against Cuba, &c., and the threat to dissolve the Union. These things being so, philanthropic Northerners—impatient of process, but greedy of result—praise the "courage" and "determination" of the South in adhering to her idea. It is quite foolish—at least, short-sighted. Look here! In the North, especially in New England, there is a profound respect for personal freedom, represented by **INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY**. Hence any man is free till he commits a crime, and is punished for it by law made beforehand and made known. Hence industry is free, opinion free, the press free, and the tongue! The atheist is free to attack all religion, the bigot to denounce the wrath of God against all who doubt the bigot's stupid creed. On the 4th of July, at Salem, twenty or thirty years ago, R. H. D. delivered the address before the town of Salem, and attempted to show that democracy was a mistake, we ought to have a limited monarchy, &c. (this is after the best of my recollection). His right to deliver his opinion in a 4th of July oration was held sacred. Webster, Choate, and shoals of the "democratic" small-fry, have opposed the most valued institutions and ideas of New England; ministers preached the most ghastly doctrines, which would make democracy impossible. Nobody questions their right; their worst enemies would defend their right to speak and print, and would never seek to abridge it; so profound is this respect for personal freedom of body and of spirit. But along with this, there is also a profound respect for social unity, represented by **GENERAL LAW**. Hence we obey laws we know to be unjust;

obey them at first or allow them to be enforced, simply because they are laws; but, at the same time, go to work to rid ourselves of them in a regular legal way. (I know there are two exceptions to this, in the disobedience of the Usury Laws and the Maine Liquor Law; but these exceptions, when understood, don't detract much from what I said above.) The resistance Massachusetts makes to the Fugitive Slave Bill is an example of this. If Wendell Phillips could have got a scrap of law as big as a dollar, and a constable's pole to put in front, he could have had hundreds of men to follow and take Sims or Burns out of jail. But as that could not be done, these two victims went back to slavery. At this time we have thrown a few threads of law round the fugitive, and on them I think the people would lay hold, and rescue any runaway in these times.

But the New Englanders must do their work in regular manner and form—by due course of law. If a man commits a great crime—a fraud, for example—and there is no statute that will reach him, we never think of lynching the wretch; we make a law for the future and let the past go. Now this love of law gives us an immense advantage over the South in the long run, though they often get the start of us in carrying a special measure. No doubt we sometimes go too far, and allow the final purpose of law, which is the preservation of individual liberty, to be defeated. But in a democratic community, when the appeal to the people is so direct and comes so soon, even this failing leans to virtue's side. Soon as we get a little individual liberty, we hedge it round with general law. Hence the progress of Democracy in New England is continuous and certain. So we have social unity of action represented by law, and individual variety of action represented by liberty, and that to a degree no people ever had before.

In this particular affair Massachusetts has done admirably—never so well before. It is curious to see how even Boston makes progress in her hate against slavery. It is not thirty years since a mob of "respectable gentlemen" broke up a meeting of women, who came together to debate on slavery. Leverett Street Gaol was the only safe place for Garrison! When the Fugitive Slave Bill passed, the family of kid-nappers fired one hundred cannons. Sims was taken off by them without much trouble, though at the darkest hours of the night. But in the Burns time, what a row there was! (If Captain Brown had been in Boston, there would have been a rescue. We had only miserable scholars for leaders—lawyers, ministers, doctors—not men with *fists*.) How the Kansas Bill and the Dred Scott decision thinned the ranks of the Hunkers! And now see how Massachusetts sympathises with John Brown—think of towns tolling their meeting-house bells for an hour on the day Virginia hung that milk-brother of Washington and Jefferson! Such things have not been done since the times of the Stamp Act. Think of the old South on the platform, with Emerson and Phillips. Think of such a sermon as Wheelock's, at the Music Hall. God bless the dear old State! God bless the dear old town! Massachusetts can't call Virginia hard names; she will do much better, will overpower her sister by the great truths which will become great institutions, and surpass her in respect for liberty and respect for law, which will mean reverence for the eternal right.

kindest love from me and mine to your excellent wife, to Mrs. Whiting, the admirable woman much tried and not found wanting, and also to the babies, and last not least to their kind and wise father.

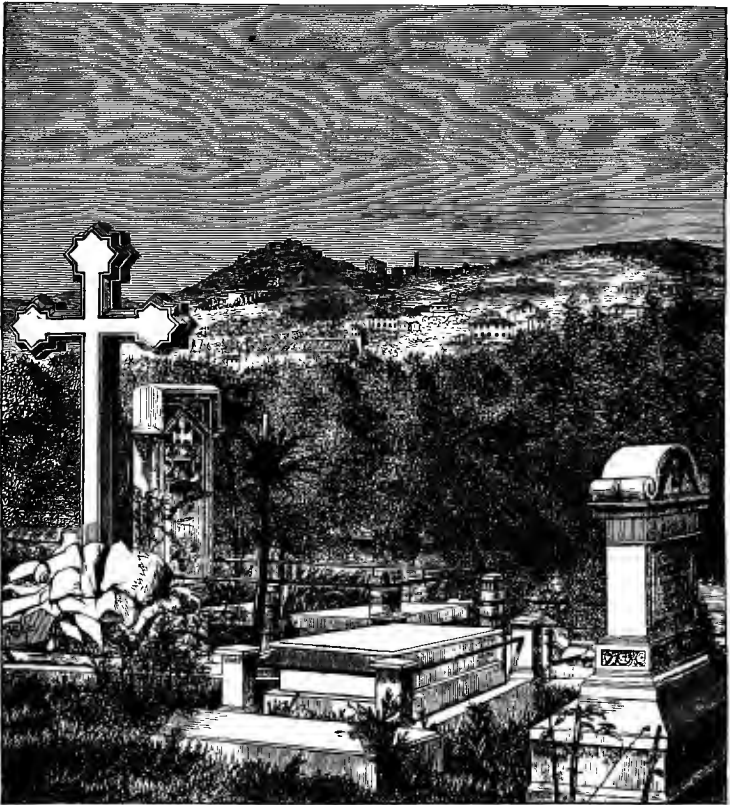
Affectionately and thankfully,

THEODORE PARKER.

FROM THE JOURNAL.

Dec. 31.—Cloudy and foggy in the morning; fair and showery at noon! Rode out of the Porta St. Giovanni for two hours. I have had a bad cold lately, with a shocking cough. A little blood comes now and then. Wrote letters. *Here endeth the last year.*

And *the last of the little note-books that he lived to finish was laid away by the industrious hand.



CEMETERY AT FLORENCE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1860—Progress of the Disease—Letters to Mrs. Cheney, John Ayres, Joseph Lyman, Dr. Howe, Hon. Gerritt Smith, and others—The Last Days—May 10.

HE now became more and more absorbed every day with watching the progressive steps of his disease. This he had been in the habit of doing from the beginning, with a coolness as if the patient and the observer were two different persons. But as soon as his power of working began to fail so decisively that he found the will incompetent to whip the body to its tasks, a disappointment and restlessness began to disturb the great tranquillity which he had maintained. Labors of love and study had always been his refuge from physical and mental ills. But here at last came a weakness, rushing in upon his life by all the avenues of his various gifts at once; the rugged understanding, the indomitable will, the ardent philanthropy, were now only so many sluices to let in mortality. Such a strong life could not feel itself thus daily demoralized, till all the glorious past activity seemed reduced to the frivolous and annoying duty of observing its own decay, without betraying the fever of the unnatural conflict. The substantial fabric, built against all weathers, for prolonged uses, to outwear and survive an ordinary lapse of time, was violently pulled to pieces and levelled with the ground just as maturity had knit its parts and was spreading its hardy color over all. A less pious and childlike spirit in such a powerful nature would have resented this vandalism of a hostile fate. But the sweet dependent prayers of a whole life had been confirming the advantage gained by its earliest struggle, when began a trust in the Infinite Goodness. These prayers burned purely upon

this altar of a nervous body bent with premature decay. Pitying friends and observers could see how hard it was for this stalwart man to yield to dissolution ; for his roots were still deep in the open country, that dear soil of Lexington, invigorated by the sun and rain—yes, and with blood ! He could not quietly shrivel up or fall apart ; the big branches went reluctantly to the ground.

Now, it was quite evident—the clearness of his mind, the calmness of his inward expectation, the effusions of his love, were the evidence—that he had never in his most vigorous and scornful days stated too strongly the difference between religion and theology. As the body, almost petulantly, dropped away, the members of his faith in that Infinite Perfection, Infinite Goodness, Infinite Presence and Influence, which he had preached and obeyed, were one by one uncovered. Sometimes to those who stood the closest to him, especially at the last, it seemed as if he were impatiently trying to get off those lendings, to show, not by words and set allusions, but by a likeness in love, the Father and the Mother to whom he had always prayed.

But all that remains to show to others are a few more letters, which preserve to the last his tender friendships and the clearness of his mind.

TO MRS. CHENEY, BOSTON.

Rome, Dec. 31, 1859.

A happy new year to my dear Ednah, and little Daisy, and the rest of the family in Somerset Street, in Bowdoin Street, or wherever else ! I have long since written you letters in fancy ; but as it is not so easy to do it in fact, leaning over a table, I think you have not received one of them this long time. When I was here in 1844, I often saw Mr. Cheney, though he was quite ill, even then. Now I am the sick one, and he is at rest, where the body ceases from troubling the soul that museth in many things. Here are many American artists—Terry (whom Mr. Cheney knew very well, I think), Paige, Wilds, Story, not to speak of the sisters in the arts, Miss Stebbins, Hattie Hosmer, and Miss Landor. Story has a fine genius ; he has now finished a Judith, which is quite remarkable. All the other Judiths I have seen are revolting. The artist takes her when the deed is done, and she is there in cold blood, with the gory head in her hand. You forget the motive of the deed, and the provocation which caused it, in your horror at the ghastly head and the cruel-looking sword. You go off with a shudder, and dream dreadful dreams of some great, black-eyed, bony woman coming to chop you to pieces. But Story sculptures the heroine

before her thought has become a deed. It is only a purpose, a will ; she prays to Jehovah of Hosts to give courage to her womanly heart and strength to her maidenly arm to strike the blow. So she stands there, the sword half behind her, loosely held in the left hand, while her uplifted right hand and devout face, turned heavenward, tell the prayer she puts up. It is a Jewish woman, large, determined, and handsome. You would look at it often, and always with pleasure. He has likewise a Hero, holding up a torch and looking into the darkness for poor Leander. I like it very much, but don't comprehend it yet so well as the Judith.

So far I wrote yesterday, when fatigue, occasioned by many interruptions, overcame me, and the hour of closing the mail drew near, and so the envelope must go to America with no word to *you*. It is now Jan. 1, 1860, and while you are still asleep and hid by 3000 or 4000 miles of distance, I wish you and yours a happy new year ! How lightly we often say these words of common courtesy !

Mr. Story is at work on the statue of President Quincy, for the alumni of Harvard College, and, I doubt not, will make a fine thing out of it. The price offered (7500 dollars), is quite too small, even if the work were to be delivered in Rome, while, I believe, he is to deliver it in Cambridge. The block of marble, delivered at his studio, will cost 1000 dollars, and may have such a flaw in it that he must pay an additional 1000 dollars for another. Quincy is a grand figure for a statue, and will look well in his academic robes, put into stone. I am glad Story has the work, even if he loses money by it. But Powers had 12,000 dollars for his Webster, though delivered at Munich.

Rome is a good place for a well man who is also a scholar ; but for an unscholarly Yankee I should think it would be the most unsatisfactory spot in Europe. The past is all ; there is no present but misery, and no future but decay and destruction. It is a fossil city—the Pope is a fossil ruler, *pre-mediæval*. It is as impossible that a pope should be a progressive king, and rule in the spirit of the great idea of the nineteenth century, as that a sinner should be virtuous or a thief just. There is a contradiction in the adjunct.

The Romans are a handsome people. Homely women are in the minority here. Well, as every woman has an inalienable right to be handsome, I rejoice that this demand of her nature gets its supply. The men are handsome ; so are the boys, the finest-looking young fellows I have ever seen. Then they are so graceful. I have never seen a lubberly boy in all Rome ; there are no *gawkies*, even in the country. They are not awkward, but use their limbs well ; they stand well, and walk well. I think the men are handsomer on the whole than the women—I mean such as you see in the streets, and indeed, a stranger sees no others. This may come from the fact that the women of the common people are more overworked than the men, and so do not attain their natural development, so well. Woman needs finer material conditions than man. The most noticeable industry of Rome is devoted to the fine arts—none of the coarse arts of usefulness prevail much here. But it is a curious fact that in ancient and modern times hardly any *native* of Rome has acquired any considerable distinction in sculpture, painting, architecture, or music—the most sensuous

of all. It is rare that a Roman born has been distinguished in any department of letters.

Of course, the architecture of a city strikes a visitor first. He knows the outside look of the parts of the hive before he gets familiar with the character or the habits of the workers or the drones who live in it. Of course, the most illustrious buildings are the churches. "Heathen" Rome and "Christian" are alike in many things. The latter has the most gods, however. But in this they differ: the heathen city did not go much into the business of building temples for the gods—what she had was quite small, and generally no great things in point of cost or beauty, I think; while the buildings for the use of men—baths, basilicas, theatres, and the like, and public palaces for kings, were of great size and beauty, as well as surprising in point of numbers. But the Christian city runs to churches for the use of the gods, *i. e.* for Christ, the Virgin Mary, and the little saints who crowd the almanac with their names and the town with their churches. It is amazing to see how church-mad the Romans have been in times past; or, if not the Romans, at least, their masters, the popes, bishops, cardinals, &c. Generally these buildings are homely structures on the outside, made of dingy brick, or of a ragged sort of stone (travertine), which soon tarnishes in this dampest of all moist cities, and looks homely forever. In the inside you are struck with the enormous wealth which the buildings cost (St. Peter's took up over 58,000,000 dollars, and is by no means finished, only stuccoed, when marble was both meant and required), with the extraordinary beauty of the material, and the admirable workmanship expended on all the details, from the mosaic pavement, of many-colored and precious marbles, up to the ceiling of the nave, which is made of wood curiously carved and lavishly gilt. The size also fills you with admiration in some of the greater basilicas, which cover from one to three acres of ground. St. Peter's, I think, covers about six acres. But there is not one of these churches which lifts you up with wonder, with admiration, and with awe. Here is the inferiority of this Roman architecture compared with the Teutonic, which appears in many forms, and is known by many names, Gothic being the chief and most common. The Roman basilica—even St. Peter's—denotes "Rest in the attained"—no more; and disposes to quiet and slumber. "*Dormi dulce,*" it seems to say. But the great Teutonic meeting-houses for the people—as you find them in Germany, in the Teutonic parts of France, Burgundy, Normandy, Frankia; in Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and England—indicate a longing after the ideal and an aspiration to attain it. They dispose to meditation, thought, and heroic life; for they seem to say, "*Surge et labora dum Dies vocatur.*" Both styles have grown out of the heart of the people, and a great crop of literature, corresponding to the temples and political and social institutions, from the same dissimilar roots.

The priests, the (French) soldiers, and the beggars, are the most active people here, after those devoted to the hard necessities of life. The first are quite worthy of study. There are 37,000 in the Roman States, in a population of 3,250,000. Here, in Rome, the secular clergy, with the regulars of the superior monastic orders, to judge from their looks and bearing, have come from the superior classes of

the people, and bear about the same relation to Rome that the graduates of Harvard College do to Massachusetts, both in respect to birth and education. They are well-dressed, neat, and clean, always decorous; such is the virtue of the clerical class in all lands—except the Spanish-American provinces, it may be—intelligent-looking, and kindly to strangers. (Indeed, all Italians are good-mannered and gentlemanly). But in their faces there is a curious contradiction of feelings portrayed, viz. a strong self-esteem; a pride of station, of class and function; and a sense of humility, of abasement, of original sin, of being the offscouring of the world. One is natural, the other conventional; one comes from the great stream of sacerdotal power which sweeps throughout the land, the other is a reflection from the little eddies formed by its banks, and the slight roughnesses which “dusk and shiver” on its surface, as a puff of wind blows this way or that. It is quite curious to trace these two conflicting expressions in the sacerdotal face of Rome. They appear also in Papal literature. The Pope is the most arrogant sovereign in Europe—the infallible. Others represent armies, and threaten you with the gallows; he represents God, and menaces the rest of mankind with eternal hell! But alone of all sovereigns, he calls himself *Servus Servorum*, dates his haughtiest mandates from “our little hovel of the Vatican,” and seals it with “*sigillo piscatoris*” (the seal of a common fisherman)!

But here is the end of my paper. Much love to all your family, ascending and descending. How I should like to sit down to tea with them all once more! Only I can't talk; voice all gone. Don't forget to include Gussie Curtis, and ask her to extend the salutation to her family, both in Charlestown and Brookline, where that dear, good Cornie has gone. Remember me specially to St. Mary (Shannon), of Newton Corner. My wife sends the kindest of good wishes to you and yours. (I would put in a daisy, if it would not make the letter overweight). Miss S. and the Hunts add theirs.

Faithfully yours,
THEOD. PARKER.

TO MISS COBBE.

Rome, Jan. 1, 1860.

MY VERY DEAR MISS COBBE,—Your kind letter, with its Yule and new year's greeting, came but a day or two ago, and was most welcome. Thanks for the friendly wishes, and the friendly spirit which warms the ground they grow out of. We have the mistletoe here in Rome, at least in its neighborhood, though different from that in England and Normandy; and the holly is perhaps even finer than in England itself; so we have the material means for a Yule celebration. Alas, only such! “How can we sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?” And Rome is utterly foreign to me and mine. I abhor its form of religion, which is only ceremony. I despise its theology, and find little to respect in its lying, treacherous, and unreliable inhabitants. It is a city of the dead. It has a threefold past, but no future. The Pope says, “If the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain

thing, and the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His Anointed," he, the Pope, will do as his sainted predecessors have done, will go to the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, and live there in the protection of the Lord! It is Mr. Mantalini's threat when his wife chid him for his naughtiness—"I will throw mēself into the Tems. I will drown, I will! I will be a moist demnition body!"

What you say of the triumph of liberal ideas gladdens me much. I know it *must* come, only I always expect such results to come slowly; for I have learned, by long experience, that humanity does not advance by *leaps*, but by steps. England is a slow, solemn country; but no nation is more sure. How much she has done in the last 300 years for the deliverance of mankind from the thralldom of the Middle Ages! Your country and mine are two nations, but I thank God we are only one people, with the same literature, language, ideas, and blood; it is good blood, too.

Kind-hearted Miss Carpenter tells me of the box of clothing for Captain Brown's family. I rejoice at it. Brown was a singularly noble man. I have known him for four or five years, and count his friendship one of the honors of my life. We have had nothing done in such heroic sort for a long time before. The excitement he has caused has had no parallel. A storm now rages in all parts of the Union, which will not blow over in any haste. Congress is fighting already. There can be no unity of action between North and South till Slavery is at an end, and that must pass away with violence; perhaps soon! Who knows?

I wish it was this winter, not a former one, that you could spend here! Would not we have a good time? But I should be the *passive* party, for I cannot talk without pain, nor indeed can I stoop over a table to write more than four or five minutes at a time, without serious inconvenience. But I could see you and hear you. We have much pleasure in the society of the Apthorps, &c., all living under the same roof, and though the weather is almost as bad as that of London, still the winter slides off pleasantly. But it is so different from my former experience, sixteen years ago, when the days were not long enough to use up my superfluous energy. To be weak is to be miserable. I pass a life of strenuous idleness—a life that has no future.

Your countrymen, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, are here, and very pleasant people they are, too; I rejoice in them. I have seen also Mr. Arthur Russell, brother of your minister here—an intelligent and agreeable person.

Here there is such a dearth of periodicals, quarterlies, &c., that I do not know what takes place in the wide world of literature and science. Of course, nothing takes place in Rome; a city which has no interest in science or letters.

Please remember me kindly to Miss Carpenter. I hope her generous labors will be always blessed with high results. And accept my hearty good wishes for the new year, while you believe me

Yours affectionately.

TO MR. MANLEY.

Chief City of Ecclesiastical Humbug, Jan. 6, 1860.

I think I have no Roman news to write. Of course, you know all the public acts of the Pope and his gang, from the extracts of European newspapers at home; but here is one little item which shows how things are managed here. You remember the ferocious attack made on Mr. Perkins and his family last summer, at Perugia. Mr. Stockton, the American minister, visited Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope behind the Pope, and demanded satisfaction and money. A. put him off with evasions and foolish arguments, and so the interview ended in nothing. But the next day a priest visited Mr. S. and talked over the matter freely; he was a great friend to America, thought the conduct of the soldiers at P. was atrocious, &c. S. was a little cautious, but told his opinions freely. Then the priest asked, "If A. does not comply with your request, what shall you do?" and S. replied, "There is only one thing for me, *i.e.* to demand my passports immediately and go home; there the affair will make so much noise that I shall probably be the next President!" The priest went off, and the next day came a letter from A., telling S. that his terms should be forthwith acceded to! So much for spunk and a sharp look-out. Of course the priest was a spy of the Cardinal, sent to find out how the matter lay on the minister's mind.

* * * * *

Of course, I have read the speeches at Fanueil Hall, and the list of signers to the call.* It was a most characteristic meeting. ——— could no more comprehend John Brown and his heroism, than a New Zealand cannibal could understand Florence Nightingale or Matilda Goddard. He has no moral organs by which to judge of such a phenomenon. Cushing attributes fine powers and culture to Garrison, R. W. E., and W. P.; as if *intellect* alone explained the rise of the Anti-Slavery Party! Why, there is *mind* enough among the Hunkers! But the Anti-Slavery men appealed to the *conscience* of the people, and their *instincts of humanity*, and are now getting their answer.

* * * * *

But that meeting will do as much good as the Union Meeting in 1850. The property and standing of Boston would have condemned the patriots of Middlesex County on the 20th of April, 1775, and the heroes of Bunker Hill on the 18th of June that year. Hancock, Adams, &c., were but the Garrisons, and R. W. E.'s and W. P.'s of that day. But no American has died in this century whose chance of earthly immortality is worth half so much as John Brown's. The ex-Governors of Massachusetts are half forgotten before they are wholly dead; rhetoricians and sophists are remembered while they are talking; but a man who crowns a noble life with such a glorious act as John Brown's at Harper's Ferry is not forgotten in haste; the red martyr must be a precious man. A happy New Year to you all; kindest love to you and yours. Please send my wife's letter to Emmeline Jackson, and my love to all the Jacksons; *they* are kindred to John Brown!

Good bye!

T. P.

* To save the Union again, imperilled by John Brown.

The following letter from Mr. Apthorp to Mr. Lyman describes the condition of Mr. Parker at the opening of the new year :—

Rome, January 16, 1860.

MY DEAR LYMAN,—You will easily believe me when I say that I have very many times felt impelled to write to you since we parted, and there is only one reason why I have refrained from doing so, and this is the difficulty of giving you *such* an account of Mr. Parker as I wished and constantly hoped from day to day I should be able to give on the change of the weather, which we were all expecting. To be sure, I thought it encouraging that our friend did not go astern faster under such extremely unfavorable circumstances; yet I could not conceal from myself that there was and is a constant diminution of vitality, notwithstanding the very slight symptomatic changes, and the positive improvement of the weather, at intervals, lasting six and eight days at a time. His cough has been at times much diminished, his sleep much improved, his strength considerably increased, and his spirits better; but, even at such times, he has sensibly lost flesh. This fact he magnifies, as he does all unfavorable appearances, being, in this respect, no exception to ordinary invalids. My theory of treatment for him has always been *rest* for his weak and over-used lungs; and when I accompany him every other day and oftener on his walks, I scarcely talk at all, for in this way alone can I prevent his talking. He, however, sees a variety of persons, and so loves to talk that it is quite impossible to prevent him. Of course, in my opinion, he suffers injury in consequence.

. I do not *know* that the self-forgetfulness enforced in this way may not offset the damage suffered by the lungs; but my opinion is, that the despondency could not work such positive injury. We often express wonder that physicians know so little of the effects of remedies and of climate on disease; yet the materials for determining these subtle facts in a given case are very partial and imperfect, and very inferior to those enjoyed by a careful nurse or attendant on the sick man. I have watched Mr. Parker with the closest scrutiny now for four months, and I cannot say with any confidence that weather has or has not worked any positive change on him in any one instance. He has had increased activity of prominent symptoms on a change from damp to dry, and one set of theorists here say, "That might have been expected; it is always so with consumptive persons." But also he has had the same changes on a variation from dry to damp, and another set says—"All right, the damp always acts so on the lungs." You will wish I might make some *résumé* after the study of all the phenomena, and yet I feel my incapacity to do more than to give you my impressions, and compare his present condition with what it was or seemed to me when you left him in Montreux. He is, I think, ten or twelve pounds lighter, more nervous and desponding, looks thinner in the face, complexion paler, eyes much *feebler*-looking, having lost a great deal of their fire and expression. His power of walking is greater than it was then, and his breathing certainly not more diffi-

cult, as far as can be ascertained by the ear, when he goes uphill or upstairs. His cough (which has varied at times) is now about the same as it was then, not worse in any respect; his appetite sharp and regular. He has his own theories (or caprice) about his drinks—a point upon which I think he errs, drinking too great a variety—Marsala, Sicily port, Monongahela whisky, and occasionally trying other things. These and all liquors he takes, as you know, in very moderate quantities; yet I fear that the variety is prejudicial. For a month past he has been apprehending a hæmorrhage, which he said would occur on the anniversary of the first attack, January 9th. "You will see that I am not mistaken in this," he several times said to me. It is now the 16th, and, as good luck would have it, he was rather unusually well on that and the few neighboring days. He now says the 20th must pass before he is safe from an attack, and I think his spirits may rise if he passes that point in safety. The life he leads is very uniform, and may be described as follows:—He rises at nine, breakfasts at half-past nine or ten. At eleven to half-past eleven, we start out, go "down town" to Piazza di Spagna, thence to the post-office (about a mile), and then wander about the streets at a rather moderate pace; mercury averaging during these hours, say 48° Fahrenheit. At one or half-past one he always gets hungry, goes into a *café*, and calls for some light lunch, say fried ham (little zephyr bits), a roll, and a glass of water. Then we resume our trudge, and I always get him indoors by three, as the streets of Rome are considered unhealthy after that hour. A part (say from a half to a whole hour) of this time is always devoted to looking over old musty books, either at the stalls in the street or at the old book-stores. His eyes are everywhere; nothing escapes them; he runs them over the fruit-stalls, selects any new kind of nut or other fruit, asks what it is and where it grew, and tastes it; every placard on the walls, be it bull of Pope, *Invito Sacro*, or (and especially) "*Vendita di una Libreria*." Occasionally we pass through a church, where his comments are characteristic, commonly summed up with an expressive "H-m!" which you are familiar with. He looks even upon painting rather with the moral than the æsthetic eye, and with difficulty discovers the beauty of the mediæval and pre-mediæval paintings athwart their ghastly subjects. This proves not the blindness of the æsthetic eye, but the transparency of all those media which intercept or dim the moral vision of the ordinary man. His reasoning powers were never clearer or sharper. We were together, a week or two since, on a visit to Mrs. Browning. Mr. Browning was present, and the conversation turned on Guerronnière's pamphlet,* which had just then appeared. Mrs. Browning had not seen it, only heard generally its contents, or rather purport. Mr. Parker had seen a translation of it in the *Times*, and proceeded, in his unique way, to state its grounds, its argument, and then to draw his own inferences as to its real meaning, object, and probable effect. Mr. Browning stood up with his back to the fire, Mrs. Browning sat with her face turned half round towards him, and I sat so that I could at once see the faces of all three. It was very interesting to observe

* *Le Pape et le Congrès.*

how spell-bound they were ; and Mrs. B. said to me, some days after, "What a masterly statement ! What a wonderful man !"

But to return to my diary, or, rather, Mr. Parker's. Arrived at home he takes to the sofa, generally, more tired than I approve, and sometimes get a nap. Dinner comes at five, and very often with evening a visitor comes in—either the Count Frölich, of Sweden ; Dr. Appleton, an old parishioner, with wife ; or George Bemis, of the Suffolk Bar. Every night at eight he comes down one story to our room, with cap and shawl, and sits, never over an hour, except the Storys be present, when he sometimes extends his visit to ten o'clock, Mrs. Parker generally with him.

We are served from a German *trattoria*, which is far superior to the best Italian that we have known, and get simple, good, and quite American fare, roast and boiled. Provisions are unprecedentedly cheap this winter, owing to the diminished demand, and we reap the comforts of this exceptional state of things. My programme *seems* to have filled up the day ; but you know the man, and will not be surprised that a vast amount of reading and writing is dovetailed into it. His shelves show a long range of learned works on Rome and Italy, and his diary* is swelling under his indefatigable pen. Social correspondence is by no means neglected, and the well man shrinks abashed before his indomitable industry and his power of work.

Here the course of life is resumed with Mr. Parker's letters to various friends. First comes a careful archæological survey of Rome.

TO MR. CHARLES ELLIS.

Rome, Jan. 29, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. ELLIS.—It is a great while since I have written you, but I know you will not think that I ever cease to remember that you are one of my oldest and best friends, as well as one of the best beloved. But it is not now quite so easy to write as when I could sit half a day with a pen in my hand and not be weary ; and besides, here, where we have but one room with a fire in it, there are continual interruptions which make writing impossible.

But I wonder if you would not like a word or two about this famous old city and its neighborhood ? I think so, and accordingly will set down the result of my observations upon it in regular order.

I. The Rome of Nature. An irregular range of mountains, broken and interrupted here and there, sweeps round and encloses a sort of amphitheatre of level or undulating land, bounded on one side by the sea, which this range of mountains approaches at both ends. This amphitheatre contains Rome and the Campagna, or field about

* The Diary for these months contains only scraps from newspapers and pamphlets, epitaphs, concetti, brief characterizations of books read. The last page is an Italian quotation from Novæ's "Elementi della Storia de Sommi Pontifici," Roma, 1785, relating to the fable of Pope Joan.

Rome. It is irregular in shape, perhaps thirty or forty miles across in each direction. This territory has two rivers, the Tiber and the Anio, a branch of the Tiber, which receives it about twenty miles from the sea. There are several smaller streams which run *directly* to the sea, but are short and small. The land slopes gradually from the mountains to the sea, but is broken into gentle swells, or into low but steep-sided hills. The mountains are of volcanic origin, except here and there, where you find an isolated calcareous summit, like Soracte, standing alone; but a ridge of hills, lower than the mountains, and twenty or thirty miles long on the north-east side of this amphitheatre, is also of limestone. All the plain, with its small hills, is also volcanic. Along the shore you find rolled pebbles of various character—granitic, volcanic, calcareous. The natural plants are pines, cypresses, oaks—three kinds, one of them evergreen—chestnuts, alders, maples, ashes, poplars, willows, &c., all different from our own. Perhaps the fig, the walnut, and the vine are also natives; other fruit-trees have been introduced by man. The plants of the grass kind are numerous; there is great profusion of flowers. The soil is rich by nature, and the climate such that the cattle keep the field all the year; the sheep have lambs in the early spring, and again late in the summer; the woods and fields are always green; the ground never freezes, and if snow falls, it lies but a few hours, and seldom extends half an inch in depth. It never freezes in the day-time, even if the weather is cloudy; the rain falls about forty inches a-year (we have forty-seven at Boston and only twenty-seven at London) yet it seems to me it rains almost every day since I have been here. The land slopes from the mountains to the sea about one foot in a mile, or a little more; so the soil requires artificial drainage to make it healthy and serviceable for farms and gardens. Originally, I suppose, the whole surface was covered with a great, thick, rich forest, but that has long ago disappeared; still, the edge of the sea is fringed with a deep wood; and the sides of the mountains are covered with trees. Once there were many volcanoes in this ridge of mountains, but they have long been silent, and now the craters are lakes of pure clear water, still retaining their circular shape and great depth. Indeed, all the lakes hereabouts are volcanic cups, once filled with fire, now full of water.

II. Rome of the Pre-Romans. The city of Rome was founded 754 B.C., but before that time this territory was pretty thickly settled, and the land apparently cultivated well; large towns were scattered about, one of three hundred thousand or four hundred thousand inhabitants a few miles off; many small towns must have been in the neighborhood. But now no relics remain of those ancient peoples, save here and there the ruins of a city all covered up and hid so completely that, for one thousand years, nobody knew where it once had been. But Greek and Roman writers keep the traditions of those peoples, and preserve a few fragments of their language; nay, a little farther off we find, now and then, a monumental inscription. Here is one curious fact—all over Central and Northern Europe we find monuments of the time when the inhabitants were savage, or just advancing out of primitive wildness. Their tools of *bone*, of *stone*, of *copper*, and of *iron* mark the successive steps of their progress; but, in this

neighborhood, no such marks of ancient savagery have ever been found; and, so far as I know, all Italy has not a *stone tomahawk* to exhibit, or an *arrowhead of flint*. I can't account for the fact.

III. Rome of the Roman Kings. About fifteen miles from the sea, on the right bank of the Tiber, and two miles below its junction with the Anio, there is a cluster of hills, ten or fifteen of them, close to the river; some of them were originally one hundred and twenty or two hundred feet high above the level of the river, which is twenty feet above the sea. Towards the water the sides were steep; there were little ponds or swamps, between the hills; the valleys were always damp. This is the first rising ground between the sea and the mountains. There the city was built, small at first, and at length spreading out to the size of Paris, twelve or thirteen miles in circumference. The first government was by kings and an oligarchic senate. The kingdom lasted from 754 to 510, and has left a few monuments. (1.) A subterraneous canal for draining the lowest parts of the city. It is made of stone, arched; is about six hundred feet long and twelve feet high; it is thirteen or fourteen feet wide at one end, and ten or eleven at the other, where it enters the river. You will see the skill of the engineer who thus made it keep itself clear. (2.) A gaol with thick walls and a deep dungeon. (3.) Fragments of the city wall, partly of stone, partly of earth, in which cabbages, lettuces, and other kitchen vegetables are cultivated now. Such are the chief remains of a kingdom, which ceased 2370 years ago—a Sewer, a Prison, and a Wall.

IV. Rome of the Roman Consuls. (510 to 29 B.C.) This has left us as visible monuments—(1) the foundations of a few small temples now covered up with other buildings, or with ruins; (2) the foundation of part of the present Capitol; (3) some bridges now in ruins, or else built over anew; (4) the remains of some aqueducts, long since fallen to decay; (5) fragments of the foundation of a theatre, all covered up with modern structures; (6) a few tombs, some of them celebrated for beauty or costliness; and (7) several great public highways built with wonderful solidity. The Roman Republic has left few visible remains.

V. Rome of the Emperors. (29 B.C. to 476 A.C.) This has left us (1) great highways; (2) great aqueducts; (3) bridges, now built over anew; (4) a long line of walls of brick or stone; (5) the ruins of a few temples, small, as the Roman temples always were; (6) the ruins of enormous baths; (7) the Colosseum, a magnificent ruin; (8) palaces and villas, all ruins now; (9) two enormous triumphal columns; (10) several triumphal arches, three of them pretty complete; (11) old temples converted into churches—the finest of these is the Pantheon, the fairest relic of the ancient architecture in Italy, perhaps in the world; (12) obelisks brought from Egypt and set up in Rome; (13) funeral monuments in great number—the most remarkable are the mausoleums of Augustus and Hadrian, and the pyramid of Caius Cestius; (14) statues, bas-reliefs, and bronzes in great numbers, some of them brought from conquered countries. Most of these works date from the earlier portion of the Empire: after the year 300, scarce anything was added to the wealth and beauty of Rome, except what is next to be named.

VI. Rome of the Popes. (Say 200 A.C. to 1860.) This period laps on that of the Empire one hundred and seventy-six years; the beginning (200 A.C.) is arbitrary, but I think the power of the Popes did not show itself before that time. This may be distributed into three periods—1. The Dark Ages, say till 800, the time of Charlemagne. 2. The Middle Ages, from 800 to 1450. 3. Modern Times, 1450 till now.

(1.) Papal Rome in the Dark Ages. (i.) We have funeral monuments of the Christians; (ii.) the Catacombs, with their strange and curious contents; (iii.) churches—but not one of them in its present form dates back to 800. Perhaps the St. Agnes is the oldest of all, built in 324, and not much altered since. The great churches of this period were the old St. Peter's, St. Paul's-beyond-the-Wall, St. John of Lateran; but all these are swept away and rebuilt. Four famous churches are still standing of this time, made out of old heathen temples; all the others were made out of the materials of former buildings, destroyed that these might be built. See how the number of churches increased. From 400 to 500 there were thirty-six new churches built; from 500 to 600, four; from 600 to 700, seventeen; from 700 to 800, twelve—all, I think, built out of the ruins of Pagan temples, for the Christians were the first destroyers of Imperial Rome. (iv.) Statues, bas-reliefs, and mosaics in great abundance have come from this period, all indicating decay of everything except "*ng-piety*" (you know how to pronounce that word).

(2.) Papal Rome in the Middle Ages. Here come (i.) churches, though in no great number—from 800 to 900, fourteen; 900 to 1000, ten; 1000 to 1100, three; 1100 to 1200, eighteen; 1200 to 1300, sixteen; 1300 to 1400, only one. These were times of trouble, of war, of continual disturbance. For three hundred or four hundred years in the time of the Empire, Rome contained a population of one million five hundred thousand; but in 1377, it had dwindled down to seventeen thousand! (ii.) Towers and other fortified buildings. These were very numerous, belonging to the feudal system, and the time of war. These were built by ruining the old structures; but most of them have passed away. Indeed, most of the churches of this period are either demolished or else reconstructed, more or less. (iii.) Funeral monuments of this age are scattered about in many churches, or collected in museums. (iv.) There are sculptures, and mosaics, and, perhaps, frescoes of this age.

(3.) Papal Rome in Modern Times. All the present city dates from this period, and is not older than the year 1450. (i.) Here come the churches. Even St. Peter's is since 1500. From 1500 to 1600, sixty churches and convents were built; from 1600 to 1700, fifty-five; from 1700 to 1800, twenty-three. (ii.) Palaces and public buildings—all these are modern; of the eighty palaces mentioned in guide-books, not one is before 1480. From 1500 to 1600, there were built thirty-four; 1600 to 1700, twenty-two; 1700 to 1800, six. (iii.) Houses and shops of the common people—all these are modern. The whole town dates since 1500. Really, it is surprising to see what wealth of church and palace has been created in three hundred and fifty years. St. Peter's Church cost about fifty million dollars! With us at home, what we call churches are meeting-houses, for the accommodation of men and women

who hope to get some instruction therein; here they are "for the glory of God," or oftener of some miserable beast of a saint. Accordingly, you often go into a church which has cost one million dollars, and find service going on, but attended only by the gang of priests whose business it is to do that work. The people are not there; so, many churches are built where there are no people, and never will be. St. Paul's-out-of-the-Walls dates back to the fourth century, if not earlier; it has often been destroyed and rebuilt—it is in process of reconstruction now. It will cost more than all the meeting-houses of Boston.

TO MRS. C. ELLIS.

Rome, Feb. 3, 1860.

MY DEAR MRS. ELLIS,—I had made ready the foregoing letter to your excellent husband, when the *Transcript* told me that he had passed to a sphere where letters are not needed to communicate between soul and soul. Yesterday, there came a letter from Francis Jackson, of 13th ult., giving me more particulars of his departure. I need not tell you or your children how much I sympathize with you in your loss; it is but too well known. But, my dear sorrowing friends, he has lost nothing, but has made an unspeakable gain. Not long ago poor Katie went before him, lamenting that she must go alone. Now he is with her. Nay, she went to make ready a place in heaven for her father, who so tenderly prepared a place for her on earth. Let us not complain. Tenderly loved by those who knew him best, widely respected by many whom he worked with in the various duties of the day, at a considerable age, he has gone home. He has shaken off a worn-out and broken body, continually racked with torturing pains, and risen up a freed and unfettered spirit. I think the suddenness of his departure was not the least of many mercies. He was saved that long lingering which torments so many of us, and makes the road to the grave so rough and difficult; he had none of the "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." Mr. Jackson wrote me that he was taken ill of the paralysis Sunday, "and died at the going down of the sun." I think it fortunate for him, for you, for us all, that he was spared that long agony which wearies out the days of many, who perish at last of that disease. I know how difficult it is for wife and children to think so at first; after a while our eyes open, and we discover a mercy where at first we saw only a terror.

I need not say how highly I esteemed your husband, or how I loved him, nor what reason I had for both. He was one of my oldest friends, one of the faithfulest, one of the nearest and dearest. I have known him twenty-two years, and that, too, with increasing esteem and affection. He was a large-minded man, observant and thoughtful. He had his own way of looking at things, original and independent. I have not known many men with such fine large natural powers; they were admirably well-disciplined also. How tender and loving he was at home I need not say; but his charity went out abroad, and did service to men whom he never saw; they were lifted up and comforted, though they saw not the arm that he put round them. His sympathies were

so ready, and his mind so active, that, spite of his white hairs and suffering body, he still continued young. He welcomed all new thought when almost seventy years old as readily as a man of twenty-five. This keeping a young heart is quite rare, and always beautiful. I need not say how much I valued his counsel. It was he that induced me to deliver my first course of lectures in Boston in 1841. I said, "I am too young to engage in such a work;" and he answered earnestly, "We don't ask you to be older now, but to do what you can till you become so." I went and did what I could then. I am old enough now! Again, in 1846, I was in doubt about coming to Boston to preach in the Melodeon. I distrusted my own talents. I feared that only a few would accept the doctrines I had to offer, for I saw clearly where those doctrines would lead, and the failure would make matters worse than before. It was mainly through his persuasion that I gave up my self-distrust and fear, lest others could not accept what I was yet so anxious to offer them. His friendship never failed, and I never asked him in vain to help another—he often went further in such matters than I wished. It is just a year to-day since I left home, expecting not to see him again. Yours was the last house I went to in America. In my sickness I made but four visits; one to see my uncle, aged ninety-one; one to see Mrs. Goddard, seventy-eight; another to see my wife's aunt, almost eighty; and the last to bid good-bye at your house. I could not visit my wife's mother, aged seventy-five. Of the four I took by the hand only one is left on earth. Perhaps they have already greeted each other in the great commonwealth of heaven, where they have entered into the joy of their Lord, and tasted the fulness of his blessing! Accept the tenderest sympathy for you and yours of, affectionately and faithfully your friend,

T. P.

TO DR. CABOT.

Rome, Feb. 3, 1860.

MY DEAR DR. CABOT,—It is a year to-day since I last saw you, when, armed with your seven-league boots, you came and so kindly and affectionately helped me off. In many respects I am now a deal better than then, when local troubles had brought me down pretty low. I have had a great variety of climates and situations in twelve months. Snow was a foot deep on the by-ways of New York when I left the city, Feb. 8, 1859. In an hour after starting our steamboat struck into a horrible storm, which was three days thick. How sea-sick we were—what troubles we went through! The little, long, thin, deep, sharp propeller, with no side wheels, turned in the water as quick as an eel—a most uncomfortable ship. But when, on the fourth day, we got into smooth water, with just wind enough to keep the boat steady, and the sub-tropical sun shone out of a cloudless sky; when the shallow water had that exquisitely beautiful amethystine color, the Island of Nassau showed us its green hills, its cocoa-nut trees full of fruit, its lemon and orange trees, and its various palms, its sugar-canes and its enormous oleanders, fifteen or twenty feet high. I felt as I fancy the

souls do that are released from a miserable body, and enter at once upon the eternal paradise! I never experienced such sensations—I can never forget them. At St. Croix, on my arrival, I was terribly weak. I could but just walk round the house and garden, and could only write by holding my left hand to steady the other—writing with a hand and a fist. But the momentum of a long active life, and the habit of intellectual industry, put me upon tasks above my strength.

* * * * *

I did best at Combe-Varin with Desor. There I had highly intellectual companions, the best of food, the choicest of wine, and work in the woods. We lived in a cup or trough on the top of the mountains. When the sun was up high, the weather was delicious, but when the shadows of the mountains began to grow long and reach across the valley, the radiation of heat in that clear, thin atmosphere was strangely rapid; and as the air grew cool I began to cough, and went in-doors and lighted my peat fire, and read the newest works of German science. I did well there.

You must not think I slighted your advice in taking Rome and not Egypt for the winter (sometime I will tell you more of the reasons than I care to write). It is a most fitful climate. I have been here near four months, and have seen no particle of dust till yesterday. It has rained almost all the time; yet, out of the 120 days, there have been but eight when I have not walked out an hour or two. Now and then, as yesterday and the day before, the weather is perfectly beautiful; it rains to-day, and we had a rainbow at 7 o'clock A.M. I always know the night before what the weather will be next day in general. Rome is the dampest city I was ever in. The walls and roofs are green and yellow with fuci and lichens of various kinds; but the soft, moist air feels as grateful to sore lungs as the steam of the sugar-houses did at St. Croix—it seems healing and wholesome. The *tramontana* wind, a westerly current, is cold and arid. That makes me cough at once; but if it should continue a few days—it is never violent, or more than fifteen miles the hour—I think it would cease to trouble me. On the whole, Rome has done better for me than I expected or hoped: it was a *pis aller* at the best, my coming here. I have held my own more than I hoped. At first I got too much fatigued by long walks—four to six hours a-day. Then I was sleepless, and sweat at night; but Story told me the cause (*expertus discet*), and I avoided it, and mended. I have been very careful about exposure. I have not been in a palace, a library (!), or a gallery of painting or sculpture since I came here, and do not see the inside of a church much oftener than Falstaff saw his own knee. Do commend me for my prudence. When I first came, I got the requisite books descriptive of Rome, that I might have some indoor work, and need not eat my own head off in the long evenings. So I have read a good deal on Roman history, antiquities, topography, art, &c., &c. I can't talk, nor visit, nor go to the theatre, but have yet found not a little sort of amusement. I look after the book-auctions; there have been ten already. I go in the warm part of the day and look over the books for sale in the evening, and so learn what is the staple reading of the clergy, for all these are the libraries of deceased ministers. Miserable stuff

these collections are, in general, the dryest of dead books—mummified literature. Yet now and then I find works of great value and rarity sold for a trifle. A sick man must not buy big books for himself; but if the College Library had let me have 400 or 500 dollars to spend here, I could have saved them 400 or 500 dollars more. Now and then I get a little thing for myself, at a small cost. So I get amusement and occupation, and cheat myself into the belief that I am doing something, and am going to live and work again. And in this, “the pleasure is as great in being cheated as to cheat.” But I will tell you no more about myself, except that I expect Desor here every week: he is to go to Naples, &c., with me for a month! Do you know the Canton of Neuchâtel made him a citizen a few weeks ago! This is the first time the honor has been conferred on any one since 1848.

Now a word about Roman affairs. The people of this melancholy city live to laugh; and if they cannot make a revolution, they will have their funny caricatures. You may judge that Pio IX. is not particularly well beloved in Rome just now, especially as the “fear of change perplexing kings” keeps strangers out of the city, which lives chiefly upon them. The old fellow does not behave well now-a-days. He lost his temper the other morning at a breakfast in the American College, and made a foolish speech. He got red in the face, and pounded the table with his fists. He said the ideas of the nineteenth century were deadly hostile to the divine authority of the Roman Church; spoke of Garibaldi, though without naming him, as an assassin (*sicario*), and referred obliquely, but clearly and obviously, to Louis Napoleon as an incendiary (*incenditore*); but he said, “I am not afraid. I will pray to God, and He will change the elements!” (“*Ma io non ho paura, preghero all, Iddio ed egli cambiero gli elementi.*”) The poor old thing forgetting that the God whom the nineteenth century knows, made the elements to suit his purposes at first, and works by developing, not changing them! He is an obstinate, conscientious, good man; but full of ideas that are *pre-mediæval*. He is a logical Pope, and can no more escape from being reactionary and a despot than the Devil can help promoting *sin*, to talk in the mythological way of ministers at home. But he will live to see the ideas of the nineteenth century shake his Pontifical State to pieces, I think and trust. When his temporal power is limited to this city, with 176,000 antiquated, good-natured people, his spiritual power will be worth little, except with the Paddies in Ireland.

The Roman Academy (*Pontificia Accademia Romana di Archeologia*) will hold a meeting next Thursday, and the President, Professor Cav. Salvatore Betti, will treat this question, “Whether Julius Cæsar and Augustus ever thought of removing their Seat of Empire to Old Troy?” It would be a fit subject for some of the *Betties* of the American Academy at Boston to discuss. Do propose it; you are a member. I intend to leave Rome about April 20–23 for Florence, and thence go slowly to Germany, over the Simplon, if the weather will allow, or if not, then by Venice and the Tyrol. Desor wants me to come and pass the summer amid his pine-woods, and get to America about September 1st. I don’t know what to do; tell me. Is it better to come to Boston about

July 1st, and have to go into the country for two months, or about September 1st, and live in my own house in town?

With love from mine to yours, believe me, gratefully and obediently,
Your faithful patient,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO MISS COBBE.

Roma, 1860.

MY VERY DEAR MISS COBBE,—I attended to your kind note, which came last week, as fast as I could, but have not been able to answer it till now. I have no photograph of myself with me, nor do I like those taken in America. The lithograph which you have from Mrs. Hunt is not much esteemed by my critical friends at home, more than by myself; for while the lower part of the face, they say, is good, the upper part is not much like me. As soon as I could make arrangements, I sat to a photographer here in Rome three times, but only took cold; while he, who, I think, is only a bungler in taking faces, made most hideous things which I would not keep in the bottom of a trunk. Miss Hunt has a daguerreotype, taken seven or eight years ago, which is fine in some points, it is said; and if my bungler can get a picture of that I will send it, but that has no beard, while I now have an ample covering to my face.

My friends or foes could not have been further out of the way than in saying what you mention as to my opinion about divorce. I have preached on almost all matters of great public concern in America except this divorce question, on which I have never given any opinion in public, and never but twice, as I remember, touched it at all. Once, in a course of lectures on the New Testament, commenting on Jesus's opinion on marriage and divorce, I gave a history of both in the Jewish and the Christian Churches. Again, in a lecture on "The Savage, the Hebrew, the Classic, the Christian, and the Philosophic Idea of Woman," I spoke of marriage and divorce in heathen nations, of course briefly, and in a manner purely objective and historical. I have not touched this great matter for two reasons: (1) I don't feel quite competent to deal with it, and perhaps never shall, even if I live; and (2) things are going on very well without my interference, perhaps better without it. All the progressive States of America are changing their laws of divorce, and in New England they have altered much in fifty or even in twenty years. The instinct and reflection of the people demand a change. In the new Western States the alterations are very great and rapid. In private, I do *not* share the opinions attributed to me, and have painfully spent much time in attempting to reconcile married people who at first sought a divorce. Yet, out of many trials, I remember but *one* where the attempt was at all successful. I have small sympathy with men and women who would either make or break a marriage lightly; but I do not think material adultery is the only breach of marriage. I think I once petitioned the Massachusetts Legislature to make habitual drunkenness a ground for divorce, if the aggrieved party desired it. But proper notions of mar-

riage, and so of divorce, can only come as the result of a slow but thorough revolution in the idea of woman. At present all is chaotic in the relation between her and man; hence the ghastly evils of involuntary celibacy, of unnatural marriage, and of that dreadful and many-formed vice which disgraces our civilization. But we shall gradually outgrow this feudalism of woman, and Kosmos will come where Chaos was. I have few things more at heart than the elevation of woman, and have written much on that theme which may never yet see the light.

I am quite delighted that my little book finds favor in England. I see there are two editions of it; one, which Chapman sent me, for a shilling. I know the idea of Theism must prevail, and shake down at length the Roman Catholic Church and the Teutonic Protestant Church, both representing the idea of an *imperfect Deity*, who makes only special revelations of Himself by miracle. How many minds are now at work in that direction! I trust you will soon find a working place suited to your genius and your culture. I think I could aid you in getting your books before the American public. But you have left the matter in good hands.

T. P.

TO MR. MANLEY.

Feb. 8, 1860.

Mr. Ellis was one of the oldest and most dear friends that I left behind me in America. We have been intimate many years. He had towards me something of the affection of a father, and liked me, not merely for what I was to the world at large, but for what he felt me to be to him. His personal kindness and tenderness has added joy to me for now many a year. I have known few men so well born as he, with so good endowments of body and mind. He was not what is pedantically called an "educated man," but I have found not many with faculties so well developed and disciplined as his. How stupid is the New England notion of what makes an educated man! A little Latin, a little Greek, a little of speculative mathematics and knowledge of a few books—but the understanding, the imagination, the reason, may lie a howling wilderness, and the conscience be as unproductive and lifeless as the Dead Sea. Talk with Rev. Dr. Choker; you say he is an "educated man," though he has not mind and conscience enough to know that it is a *Devil*, not a *God*, who would create men to damn them eternally. Talk with Capt. Goodwin, and you say "he is not educated," though he has all his intellectual and moral faculties in the most healthful activity; can build a ship, and sail her round the world, selling one cargo well and profitably, and buying another; can amputate a leg, and make a wooden one to take its place; and manage the affairs of any town in Plymouth County!

In my sense of the word Mr. Ellis was a man educated well—his moral faculties were also expanded with good proportions; his instincts of humanity became quicker and more generous as he grew older. He was one of the most thoughtful and thinking heads at the Music Hall;

how manly and earnest he looked! I made my last American visit in his house, thinking we should not meet again in this world. His life has seemed very uncertain for years, so much rheumatism, with such an affection of the heart; perhaps he did not know so much of the latter as I did. To his family his loss is a great one; their habitation is left unto them desolate. He has lost nothing—but shaken off a dull, painful, worn-out body, and gone home. There are not many I shall miss so much if I return home, as I trust I shall. When I heard of his departure, I had a letter written for him descriptive of Rome.

What a ghastly affair was that at Lawrence *—nearly as many killed and wounded as the Americans lost at Bunker Hill. Those battles of industry also have their victims. I see they had a day of religious observance at Lawrence on the occasion, and am glad of it. It is natural for us in our sorrow as in our joy, to flee to the Infinite for consolation and hope. But, alas! how few ministers there are who can see and tell the causes of this disaster in human ignorance and cupidity; its function, to tell us of the error we commit, and warn us against repeating it; and its consequences, full of beneficence and man's triumph over the elements. These hundreds of innocent people died, not one of them forgotten before God: they slept in heaven instead of a factory boarding-house; and woke next morning, not to the sharp ring of the mill-bell, but to the glad some call, "Come, ye beloved, enter into the joy of your Lord!"

But their death is not in vain on earth; they fell as the New England soldiers fell in our defeats at Bunker Hill, and White Plains, and many another fatal battle-field: but all helps to the great victory which is to come. Harsh words are said against the mill-owners, builders, &c.; they did the best they knew, risking their money and reputation on the factory; they certainly constructed ill. This winter, Massachusetts will make laws to prevent such catastrophes for the future, perhaps have a Board of Commissioners of Construction in every county, to look after such great buildings; and for the next fifty years no factory will be built to fall down. The walls of this house I now live in, are thicker on the fifth story than the Pemberton Mills in the first, and *solid* too. Americans are careless, and must suffer until they learn prudence. Conform to natural law, and it shall be well with thee! That is the language of all "accidents."

I hope to stand next winter well in Boston. Spring is beginning here (we have had birds and flowers all winter), and the new grass looks sweet and beautiful. Love from mine to all yours, and to many, many more, from, yours faithfully and thankfully,

T. P.

TO MISS COBBE.

What a hopeful state the European world is now in! Never has it been so interesting since the French Revolution of 1789. It is pleasant to Americans to find England on the side of progress and humanity in this great battle of the nations. From 1770 till 1833 she went the

* The sudden falling of a great mill, many stories high, with great loss of life.

other way, and with all her might opposed the great movement which first made an industrial democracy of America, and next destroyed the feudal system in Europe, and at length will shake down all despotic thrones, with "fear of change perplexing kings."

What is commonly called Christianity, *i.e.*, the absurd scheme of theology and church organization which now obtains in all Catholic and Protestant lands, can never again engage the minds of enlightened men; once it could, and Europe blossomed with a new literature and a new art. The "Divina Commedia," the "Paradise Lost," with the cathedrals in all the countries, those are flowers in verse or flowers in stone that show mighty vegetative power lay in the air and the ground. But future ages will see no such growth. It is a better age you and I live in, and a grander and more natural religion will bloom into fairer poetry than past times ever won from their mythologic tales. What a different Paradise will the future Dantes and Miltons be inspired to see and paint before the longing eyes of men for them to transfigure into human life!

Heartily and faithfully yours,
T. P.

TO HON. GERRIT SMITH.

Rome, February 16, 1860.

MY DEAR MR SMITH,—It is with great pain that I have heard of the illness which the recent distressing events have brought on your much-enduring frame, which was so shattered by illness before. When I saw you last I did not think my next letter would be from such a place or for such a purpose. But such is the uncertainty of all mortal things. Some of the rumors relate that you will perhaps come to Europe for health. If this be so, I trust I shall have the good fortune to meet you somewhere. We have many Americans at Rome—two or three hundred, it is said—of whom about forty are from Boston, not to mention the permanent inhabitants. So, you see, one need not lack companionship. Besides, here are many more from Massachusetts and New England.

I feel great anxiety about the immediate future of America; the remote future I have no doubts about. We must see much darker hours before it is daylight—darker, and also bloody I think, for nations don't settle their difficulties without passion, and so without what comes of passion. The slave-holders are in great wrath. I am waiting for the Supreme Court of the United States (in the Lemmon case) to decide, as it must, that a master may take his slaves in transit through a Free State, and keep them in it a reasonable time, subject not only to his own caprice, but defiant of the laws of that State. Certainly, the slave-holders must have eminent domain over the Free States, and Bondage must exercise right of way in New York and New England. Next year, or the year after, it must decide for the African Slave-Trade! "There is one general grievance," said Oliver Cromwell, in the House of Commons, "and that is the Law!"

But I did not mean to worry you with a long letter, so with heartiest sympathy for your sufferings, and profound respect for your character and service, believe me,

Faithfully and truly yours,
T. P.

TO MR. MANLEY.

February 23.

I have the American news up to February 1st, and wish I felt as sure of the action of Congress for the next four months as for the last two. Really it is a great thing to have two months of the session gone and no harm done! I think I know what the Supreme Court will decide in the Lemmon case, and if the Democratic party triumph next autumn, what it will decide in the African Slave-Trade case in 1861 or 1862. It lies in the logic of Slavery to extend itself over all the nation, and to annihilate all democratic institutions. The conflict between it and freedom is irrepressible. The Republicans are very mean, that they refuse to stand by Seward, when he, with a statesman's prudence, asserted what was a notorious fact. But the Republicans represent only a transitional party, and are perhaps good enough to be beaten a few times more. This is clear; the Anti-Slavery spirit is now so fairly awake in the North, that it cannot be put down; neither the misconduct of a man nor a party can much retard its progress, or hinder its ultimate success.

Mr. Gladstone, you will see, has published his budget before the House of Commons in England. One of the most important movements of the age is there going forward, the establishment of a most liberal commercial intercourse between the two foremost and most powerful nations of Europe. It is curious to read the comments of the British press on Mr. G.'s statement. They publish it in full, as he made it in the House of Commons, and then say it is a great subject, full of many complications, requiring much time and thought for us to master it. By-and-bye, we shall give our opinion. Now, how differently would a similar paper be taken by the American Press, which I think the most contemptible in the world! But, fortunately, there is this odds in the influence of the British and American journals: in England, thoughtful and serious men go to the editorials for instruction and advice; in America, nobody does so except the rank and file of the old Democratic party, whose sole maxim of politics is, Do as you are bid! Things refuse to be mismanaged for ever, and some great abuses correct themselves; nobody listens to a common scold. There is no fair criticism in America on works of science and literature. —'s book was about as destitute of all merit as any book I remember to have seen of late years. It had not a good scene, nor a good paragraph, a good sentence, or even a good line or phrase, which was original; but he received more commendation from the great "*critical journals of commerce*" than Emerson in all his life, for all his works up to that time. Agassiz has had admiration and flattery enough to make an ordinary professor sick, but no criticism, since he came amongst us.

When he expounded his scheme of classification to the naturalists of Switzerland and Geneva, last August, they gave him needed criticism, and he smarted terribly under their examination. In America, anybody (or nobody) feels competent to pass judgment on all works of thought, of literature, science, and art; no matter how ignorant he may be. So all American editors, with the rarest exceptions, are ready on two legs to pronounce judgment on a book like Buckle's, or Darwin's, or J. S. Mill's. All they need is pen and ink; all else, like reading and writing, comes by nature. "Can you read and write, Patrick?" said a gentleman to a Paddy. "No doubt of it, yir honnerr—I niver thried!" was the answer. Jonathan Cocksure, editor of the *National Conservative*, *Spread Eagle*, and *Universal Democrat* "thries" his hand at criticizing a work of statesmanship, of physics, or metaphysics, and finds the types *compose* as readily on that theme as any other, and finds he has become a great "American critic," while Patrick is still bothered with his A B C.

* * * * *

I am one of the most careful of men, and have not only come up to the ideal oyster that Dr. Cabot used to propose as my standard, but have gone over the other side. Yet I find a little amusement. There have been ten or fifteen book auctions. I don't dare stay at the sale (in a little, damp, cold, brick-floored shop) from four to five P.M., but have my bid. So I always have the fun of the hunt, and sometimes actually bag a little game. The cost is but a trifle, which my severe economy has saved many times over in twelve months; and if I die my wife will not be the poorer, while the books are worth to Boston much more than they cost me, and if I live they are special tools which I want for a particular purpose. I would go to the theatre with Rev. N. L. Frothingham, D.D., and Rev. Harriet Beecher Stowe, D.D., if I could. They rejoice in this beautiful entertainment, and it is a shame they have been kept from it so long.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO PROFESSOR DESOR.

Rome, February 24, 1860.

..... Here in Rome I am out of the way of all books, except Lives of the Saints, &c., &c. But yet I learn of Mr. Darwin's work on "Principles of Selection in Natural History." It is one of the most important works the British have lately contributed to science. He does not believe in Agassiz's foolish notion of an interposition of God when a new form of lizard makes its appearance on the earth. Indeed, a God who only works by fits and starts is no God at all. Science wants a God that is a constant force and a constant intelligence, immanent in every particle of matter. The old theological idea of God is as worthless for science as it is for religion. I should like to live long enough to finish and print a course of sermons I preached in 1858, on "The Testimony of Matter and Mind to the Existence and

Character of God."* It certainly is the most important thing I have done in my life ; but is left not fit for publication. If I don't do that work some one else will ; a little later, but perhaps better. But I must end my scrawling letter. My wife and Miss S. send all manner of good wishes to you and yours. Remember me kindly to the *gute Marie*. Let Spitz have her *culbute*, and may the great strong *Hengst* carry you safely and happily on many a journey! Let me see you here soon ; for *you* are the medicine I need most of all, and may do me just the good thing I need to set me on my legs again.

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO GEORGE JACKSON, ESQ., BOSTON.

Rome, March 1, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. JACKSON,—Mr. Manley's last note of February 7th informed me that your wife's soul calmly, and with no pain, took flight for heaven a little while before. I know that ties knit so tenderly as that between you and her, and which had joined the two so beautifully and so long, cannot be broken, however gently, without a terrible shock to the survivor. But the good woman had reached a good old age, and seen her children and children's children about her growing up or grown, and then one night so serenely passed forward and ceased to be mortal ! I need not speak of her character, least of all to *you* and yours ; but in the manner of her departure there is something quite cheering and consoling. Who would not wish for such a smooth sail out of this little sea and into the great wide haven we are all bound to ? It seems to me, your wife and Mr. Charles Ellis were highly-favored mortals, they had so quick and smooth a passage ; while others are months, and even years, in getting across. Most men dread *dying*, but not *death*. I can't think our present deaths are natural, or to continue always. If something were not wrong in our mode of life, we should all slide out of the world as gently as old Mr. Bradlee or as your own wife ; but we must bear the misfortunes which others entail upon us. If it were *fate* it could not be borne ; but when we look on it as Providence, the work of an Infinite Father and Mother, who looks eternally before and eternally looks after, and rules all things from love as motive and for blessedness as end, we can take almost anything with a smile.

I can't help the belief that we shall be joined to our dear ones in the next life, and this conviction sweetens many an hour else filled with bitterness. I don't know that we can pay any one a higher compliment than that of hoping to meet him in the kingdom of heaven. Our affections

* The sermons alluded to were preached in 1858. They are five in number :—

No. 880. The Progress of True Theological Ideas. Part I.—Historical.

„ 881. The Same. Part II.—Conjectural.

„ 885. The Progress of God in the World of Matter.

„ 889. The Evidence of God in the Relations between the World of Matter and of Mind. Part I.

„ 890. The Same. Part II.

† *Spitz* was a terrier dog, and *Hengst* was one of the horses,—*culbute* was *Spitz's* habitual summerset.

are so infinite in their desires, and yet the time to gratify them is so short, and interrupted so on earth—partly by our cares, and, in part by our defects of temper and other follies—that it seems as if there must be another world where the little plant of love should become a great strong tree. It is a beautiful arrangement of the world, that we commonly forget the failings and wrong-doings of those near to us soon after they are gone, while their excellences come out like the stars at night, and show us a whole heaven of beauty we had not been conscious of before. It is in this way, doubtless, that your wife will live in your memory and your children's memory for many a year, and grow more lovely as she is transfigured by the idealizing effect of the most elevated feelings of our nature. How fortunate you have been in the long continuance of your marriage—nearly forty-six years, if I remember right—while the average length of wedded life in our State of Massachusetts is hardly *ten*! Happy in its length, happy in its character, and happy in its close—so noiseless and without pain to the departing one. The whole seems beautiful. The ancients used to pray for what they called *Euthanasia*—a beautiful dying—and it was not so foolish as most prayers of old time, or new. Your wife had the blessing, I suppose, without asking for it. I hope your daughters are well, and resigned and cheerful; such a state of feeling makes life so easy and delightful.

“ If on our daily course our mind
 We set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still, of costly price,
 God will provide for sacrifice:
 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see.
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer
 Will dawn on every cross and care.”

I have taken great pleasure in your daughters' society in days past, and can only regret that my life has been so shamefully busy that I had no more time for that and similar entertainments. But I did not choose my cares; they were forced upon me against my will. I should have selected a little easier lot; but it is all over now, and too late to repent.

Remember me kindly to your brothers—Francis I often hear from; good, kind soul that he is—and their families, and believe me, with tenderest sympathy, faithfully your friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO MISS C. THAYER.

March 2, 1860.

* * * * *

I see some one has written a paper on Thomas Paine, in the *Atlantic*, which excites the wrath of the men who were not worthy to stoop down and untie the latchet of his shoes, or to black his shoes, or even to bring them home to him from the shoe-blacks. Yet Paine was no man

for my fancying—in the latter years of his life he was filthy in his personal habits; there seems to me a tinge of lowness about him. But it must not be denied that he seems to have had less than the average amount of personal selfishness or vanity; his instincts were human and elevated, and his life mainly devoted to the great purposes of humanity. His political writings fell into my hands in my early boyhood, and I still think they were of immense service to the country. His theological works I know less of, chiefly from his enemies; they are not always in good taste, nor does he always understand the Scriptures of Old Testament and New Testament he comments upon. But I think he did more to promote piety and morality amongst men, than a hundred ministers of that age in America. He did it by showing that religion was not responsible for the absurd doctrines taught in its name. For this reason honest but bigoted ministers opposed him. They had a right to; but they misrepresented his doctrines.

* * * * *

I am glad the brave old John Pierpont is to preach at the Music Hall. I think he did greatly wrong in expunging all anti-slavery matter from his school books; but it was under great temptation; and who is there, in a public life of more than fifty years, that has made but a single error? He is a noble old man, and never, so far as I know, gave a mean counsel in his public teaching! I wish he was rich and not poor. I often asked him to preach for me in the Melodeon, but he always refused.

How fortunate Mrs. George Jackson was in her swift death! these *long dyings* are terrible and unnatural. Dr. Frothingham is here, and very kind to me, coming to read me his new poems in the evenings. Christopher Thayer had returned from Naples, and is kind and attentive. But no stranger has done me such service as Dr. Appleton; there is no end to his attention and kindness. Now love from me and mine "all round to the neighbors, neighbors, neighbors!" and believe me, faithfully yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO ISAAC PARKER, LEXINGTON, MASS.

Rome, March 16, 1860.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I don't know what will interest you most in a city where all things would be equally strange; but as you are a farmer, I shall take it for granted that what relates to your own business will also prove most welcome in a letter. Well, Rome is surrounded by an immense desert, extending to the sea on the one side, to the mountains on the other, and reaching out forty or fifty miles between the sea and the mountains. This desert bears little but wild grass, which is fed upon by great flocks of sheep (whose wool is better than their mutton), swine, cows, and buffaloes. Some part of it is cultivated with wheat—once in three years they get a crop; the land lies fallow the rest of the time. The oxen are small, but well-made, cream-colored or grey, with long horns; they are very docile and serviceable; the yoke rests on the

neck just back of the horns ; they draw by a broad strap across the forehead, though some have the yoke where we put it, and use very clumsy bows. All oxen have a sort of ring in the nose, which can be removed at pleasure. Milk is poor and thin, the butter white and meagre ; it is not the climate for butter and cheese, though the beef is as good as at home.

In the winter the farmer drives his hogs into the forests, where they thrive on the acorns of an evergreen oak—one of the fairest trees in this handsome land ; by day they go at large ; at night the owner blows a conch shell, and they come home and are shut up in pens. The hogs are black, small (would weigh about 200 lbs), but well-made. Nobody lives in this desert, save here and there on a little knoll of land, but once the whole broad expanse, from the mountains to the sea, was full of towns and villas, fields and gardens.

The chief articles of culture by the farmer are the fruits—grapes, apples, pears, oranges, pomegranates, peaches, apricots, quinces, filberts, chestnuts, and wall fruits, and many vegetables not known to Americans. Potatoes are never good on the Continent of Europe. Lettuce is far better than with us, so are the cauliflowers, which are as easily cultivated here as cabbages at Lexington, and sold cheap. Apples are poor—very poor, close-grained, tough, and indigestible ; they bring from two to twenty cents a pound (!) and are as cheap now as last October. About two-thirds of the space within the city walls is uninhabited ; a considerable part of it is occupied with kitchen gardens, which are cultivated with great skill. Take a great one which I visited the other day, as big as Boston Common. It has a ridge of land running through it, twenty or forty feet high ; the chief thing cultivated is the grape vine. The vines are set in rows, and trained to stakes like bean poles, only not so high. But as the vines occupy the land with their shade only from May till October, there is room also for a winter crop ; so to facilitate that, the ground on the south side of the ridge is thrown into furrows, running east and west, shaped, thus :—



The sloping side is towards the south, and is planted with lettuce, which requires all the sun it can get in the winter ; that towards the north is set out with a sort of French turnip, which grows all winter with less light and heat. That is what I call making a nice use of the winter sun.

All country produce is brought to town in carts. I have never seen a wagon in Rome. The wheels are about as big as those of our ox-carts, the felloes as deep, but the hubs and spokes more slender ; the axletree is about a foot shorter than ours. The body of the cart varies according to the load—hay, faggots, bags of charcoal, wine, &c. The cart is not painted, and is washed about as often as you put water on your chaise, and is commonly nearly as dirty ; for the country roads here are very poor. It is drawn generally by three horses or mules, yoked abreast, though sometimes by a single pair of long-horned oxen. The driver sits on the left-hand side of the front-end of his cart, and, as the weather is variable, he has a sort of tent over his head attached to a cart-stake, which he can remove at pleasure ; it is made of untanned cow-hide. Indeed, in the winter he wears leggings,

which come up to the hips, made of untanned skin of the goat, sheep, or ox, and which look funny. The horses and mules wear bridles, without blinders or bits; instead of the latter, they have a rough chain or ragged bit of iron, which goes round the creature's nose, by which he is guided. Horses, mules, and asses are shamefully ill-treated by the farming people, over-worked, under-fed, and beaten with dreadful blows. The little carts which ply about the city have axles about three and a half feet long, while the body is not more than two feet wide. The driver always sits in the cart.

The chief diet of the Romans is vegetables. They have many about as nutritious as asparagus. Cabbages they make much use of. The people look weak and ill-fed; they do not live long. Country people have a warm meal but once a week, on Sunday. Then there is a soup of vegetables, some boiled beans, and a bit of meat. The rest of the time their food is bread, with a raw onion, a bit of salt, and dried hog's-flesh, and a little wine. The bread is poor stuff; but, on the whole, better than what one gets in the country towns of New England; for here it is only sour and indigestible, not also poisoned with soda and saleratus. Pumpkin-seeds are a common article of food. Do you know that pumpkins, fed to cows, seeds and all, make them dry up, but without the seeds they increase the quantity of milk? The seeds are a powerful diuretic. I have no good news to write about my health. We all send love to all—I, not forgetting the neighbors.

Faithfully your brother,

THEODORE PARKER.

TO MISS MARY T. DREW, BOSTON.

Rome, Mar. 17, 1860.

MY DEAR MARY,—This sheet is ruled as whopper-jawed as some women cut their bread; but I hope you will excuse it. I wonder what will interest you most in Rome; something that belongs to housekeeping, no doubt. Here all the washing is done in cold water, at great public stone fountains. The kitchens here would astonish you. I think five bushels of charcoal would last a decent family a year, to do all their cooking with. They have no pot so large as our tea-kettle at home; half a dozen copper stew-pans make up the *battery*, as they call a set of kitchen tools. The people live chiefly on vegetables, like our greens, and look ill-fed and hungry. I have seen only one *fat* man in Rome, and he came in the day before, and went off the next day.

I have lost fifteen to twenty pounds of flesh in the five months that I have been here, and am by no means gaining now. Good nutritious food, in our sense of the word, is not to be had in Rome for love or money. The weather has not been cold this winter; there has seldom been any ice in the fountains or streets. But the weather has been cloudy, rainy, windy, changeable, and disagreeable. I have many times wished myself in my quiet study, where, if I could not improve, I could at least do something, and so be of some little use to man-

kind. Here I get no better, and can do nothing. It grieved me a great deal to hear that you fell and sprained your wrist so badly. You have a whole siege of troubles; but I am glad to believe the worst of it is all over now. Mr. Manley and Miss Thayer keep me informed about you. Please ask George, when he writes, to tell me if the box ever arrived from St. Thomas, and what condition the contents were in. There was a glass jar, with a great flower in spirits of wine, meant for John L. Russell, of Salem; did he ever get it?

I hope you do not allow yourself to lack such help as a doctor can give you; it is not much, after all, but it is something. Remember me kindly to all your friends. My wife and Miss S. send their kindest wishes to you; I need not say that I add mine. I know how much you took Mrs. Follen's death to heart; but she was fortunate to die so easy and so quick. Remember me to George and his companion, and believe me,

Truly your friend,
THEODORE PARKER.

TO DR. HOWE.

Rome, March 23, 1860.

What you say about the lady learning her accomplishments, &c., is wholly true, I think; in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, what are called accomplishments are handsome *wens*, grown on the person, not *limbs* developed naturally out of it. If a real poet, philosopher, painter, statesman, were sent where he could not exercise his developed talents, it were cruel; but to send him where his wife cannot spread her crinoline or wear her diamonds, and gossip nonsense with similar "ornamental females," yet where her real *womanly* qualities would be called out and developed in daily life, that is no misfortune, but a blessing. How much humbug there is about what we call *education*! I thank God I am "an uneducated man," but I should be very sorry not to be both a developed and an instructed one in command of my most valuable faculties.

I like not the look of things in the Republican party. Seward's speech came to-day, but from L.'s comment I expect not much satisfaction: more from Abraham Lincoln, at the Cooper Institute.

Once governors, senators, representatives, &c., were the leaders of the rank and file, whom they instructed, directed, and commanded. The people looked up to Sam Adams and John Adams for counsel and direction. Now these functionaries are *servants*, to obey the rank and file; they give little counsel, are seldom (any one of them) in advance thereof; but as they have not wholly lost the traditionary notion of old time, they refuse to obey the better portion of their constituency; "It will offend the slave-holders; it will injure the party," &c., &c. Who looks for instruction or advice to governor, or senator, or representative? So is it with ministers. When they were superior to the parish in talent, culture, progressive virtue, the parish looked up to the pulpit. Who but a fool ever quotes his minister as authority now-a-days?

The following letter to Dr. Howe commences with some allusions to the Harper's Ferry affair; the Senate Bill was to clothe a committee with power to send for and arrest persons for examination, to obtain knowledge concerning the supposed originators of the movement. :—

I think the Senate Bill for raising the committee, &c., was well enough in *its principle*—*i.e.* if I understand it. However, it should have provided for the security of the men (and women) it may summon. The testimony of men like you and others ought to be taken in Massachusetts, where you are safe and not liable to be kidnapped; for — and — limit their operations to *colored* people. Of course, the Republicans lack spunk. When the patriots from 1765 to 1775 were so brave and hearty, how happens it that their analogons in 1845–1860 lack all manner of heroism? *In these times they are looking for office*, and put the Anti-Slavery horse they ride on through only such paces as will bring themselves into honor and power. But this horse will fling some of them, for it is a very "cantankerous critter when he gits his dander up and is a little riled."

I feel anxious to know how Seward will speak in the Senate, and would have given a penny for an hour more of talk with him before he left Europe. American politics engross so much of my attention, that I have written little on Italian or European affairs. Indeed, Boston is a better place for that than Rome, as you well know; yet I began a letter on that theme a week ago. I know not when it will get itself ended, for I cannot now sit down at 9 A.M. and have an hour's sermon ready at 2 P.M. Oh, Chev., "to be weak is to be miserable," and this slow way of dying, though painless, is yet tormenting, with its perpetual delusions and *mirages of power*, which prove nothing but idle dreams.

Is there to be a statue to Horace Mann in the yard of the State-house? If so, who is to make it? Story is at work on that of Josiah Quincy; and a grand thing it will be, too; very grand, I think. It seems to me he has a great deal of talent, and I wish the Mann statue might be wrought out by his hands, for he has alike the head to understand him, and the heart to admire and esteem. Besides, Story is a capital, good fellow, full of all manner of generous ideas and kindly feelings.

Several Bostonians are here, and I see most of them; but, alas! I cannot talk, except with considerable pain. Dr. A. gave me a very sensible counsel,—

"Semper auditor tantum, nunquam ne *repono* ;"

and I keep it as well as I can.

Our political affairs look very ill, but all the more hopeful for that reason: they must be much worse before they can be at all better. I had two admirable and profound letters from Lyman on American politics lately. Nobody that I know looks so deeply into these matters, or sees so clearly, unless it be —, who has the advantage of talking with many persons of diverse modes of thinking. The "irrepressible

conflict" comes on; and when the North, in the multiplicity of its interests, looks at the one great and fundamental matter which concerns the existence of freedom, and shows its teeth, then the slave-holders will yield to the superior force that is brought against them, and the — and the — will sneak over to the Anti-Slavery side, and bellow louder than real lovers of freedom.* Still I think we shall see bloodshed before we get through.

TO MR. LYMAN.

I like much what you said about the mode of improving the laws and political institutions of the United States. I have often thought of that scheme; of asking the judges to tell what defects they found in the law, or what redundances. Judge Jackson was one of the committee that revised the statutes in 1837, and as a judge of large experience, had valuable things to suggest; and as he sat in the gallery of the House of Representatives during the discussion of his work, he could explain the working of laws as he had found them. It then seemed to me it would be well to ask all the judges each year to tell how the mill worked in their hands, and what alteration they would like. But your other suggestion is new to me—viz. that a statute should declare that no decision of a court should foreclose the question for the future. It is highly important to limit that old rule *stare decisis*, which perpetuates the ill while it helps to preserve accidental good also. I wish we had some journal devoted to political science, which should give us an article on each session of every legislature in America, and tell what good and ill there was in its new work: it might attend also to the legislation of other countries. But I suppose there is not intellectual or moral talent in our people for such a work—to produce or to appreciate it. So we must stumble along in the dark. Did you ever read M. Comte's "Traité sur la Législation"? It is a very thoughtful book; I have studied it a good deal. He aims to examine and appreciate the causes under which mankind advances, remains stationary, or retrogrades, and is divided into so many books. It is a rare book in America I hear; but I have the Bruxelles reprint of it, a large octavo in green paper, on the shelf at the right hand of the north fire-place in my study. I think on the third shelf from the floor; if not there, it is in the neighborhood.

TO MISS COBBE.

Mar. 27.

MY DEAR MISS COBBE,—I am writing this with your new and commodious pen, the first words I have written with it—for I wished to consecrate it by writing to you. It is very nice and convenient. I never saw but one before yours came. Rome has not used me well this winter, and I shall leave it but with one regret, viz. that I came here at all. I have lost three pounds a-month since I left Switzerland, and

* The fanatics for legality and for the "Union as it is" are just beginning to fulfil this little prophecy (1861).

have gained nothing but a great cough ; and I am as weak as I am emaciated. Indeed, I felt perfectly *démoralisé*, and long to get out of the place, where I remain now only to fulfil a little engagement. In less than ten days I shall be *en route* for Florence, I hope. I promised to do what I could for the photograph : nothing came of it. Indeed, I am only fit to sit as a model for St. Jerome taking his last communion, and should make a better one than Domenichino had for his famous picture here. But I have sat for a cameo,* and my friends think the work successful. When it is completed I will send a photograph of that to Mr. Shaen, at London, and perhaps it will be better either than nothing or one from the original in its present condition.

Hoping soon to see you face to face, believe me, &c.

TO MR. RIPLEY.

Shrove-Tuesday, A.S., 1860.

MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have not written you this long time, partly because it costs money to send a letter—and in these degenerate days, when I earn nothing and never shall, I must be careful of my pennies as never before—and partly also because it is not good for my rotten lungs to stoop over a table like this. But just now I find a young man going to New York direct (and directly, too), who offers to take what I write, and I cannot well resist the temptation. So here comes a little note.

Old Rome is a modern city ; her 80 palaces, and almost all of her 300 or 360 churches, are since 1450. In running my eye over the 274 (I think that is the number) of Popes, I am struck with many able men, and some great ones—some utterly wicked and heartless, but not very many. Gregory I. and VII., Innocent III., Sixtus V., Julius II., and Paul IV., were all men of power, great power, though the two last were about as unprincipled and wicked wretches as you could find in the American Congress or the chairs of New York editors. It is curious to see how a logical necessity controls those poor wretches. The Papacy is too strong for the individual who bears it, and crushes him down. Some Protestants think there can be a reform Pope. It were as idle to expect an Anti-Slavery President elected by the Democratic party. William Lloyd Garrison himself, in that post, could not behave other than James Buchanan does. You can't have a progressive Pope more than a virtuous Devil ; it is *contradictio in adjecto*. Of course, I hope no good from the Papacy, and wish none for it. But it is in an ugly fix just now. Commonly, the Carnival here is celebrated with great splendor. All the Roman gentility, respectability, &c., are in the streets with their fine carriages ; but this year they knew that to keep Carnival in the Corso (the theatre of this tomfoolery) was to rejoice with the Pope ; so they left it to the foreigners, and themselves went out to the Porta Pia, a place in nowise related to the Carnival, and drove about to their hearts' content. But at Milan, I learn, the patriots turn out

* Which was done by Saulini, but not with such result as to warrant presenting it in volumes which contain engravings from Story's noble bust, from Cheney's crayon, and from the earlier photograph.

with great glee to express joy at the hopes of Italy. Really, the Piedmontese and the rest of them have done admirably; and while Louis Napoleon has played his cards with a master's hand, and shuffled them skilfully besides, the luck of the game is on his side.

* * * * *

But oh, George, let me thank you for putting my letter to Francis Jackson (concerning John Brown*), in the *Tribune*, into all three editions. I know I must be indebted to you for that favor: it is not public opinion yet; it will be by-and-bye, and as I have nought to hope or fear, I can afford to wait in this as with other matters. I have cast my grain in the waters many times, and have lived long enough to see the waters gone and the open fields getting ripe. What care I who has the name of "seedsman?" if I see men and women thrive on corn I sowed for them in sweat and tears? I never asked name or gratitude, only chance to do my duty.

Oh, George, the life I am here slowly dragging to an end—tortuous, but painless—is very, very imperfect, and fails of much I meant to hit and might have reached, nay, should, had there been ten or twenty years more left for me! But, on the whole, it has not been a mean life, measured by the common run of men; never a selfish one. Above all things else, I have sought to teach the true idea of man, of God, of religion, with its truths, its duties, and its joys. I never fought for myself, nor against a private foe; but have gone into the battle of the nineteenth century, and followed the flag of humanity. Now I am ready to die, though conscious that I leave half my work undone, and much grain lies in my fields, waiting only for him that gathereth sheaves. I would rather lay my bones with my fathers and mothers at Lexington, and think I may; but will not complain if earth or sea shall cover them up elsewhere. It is idle to run from death!

* * * * *

Believe me faithfully, and with manifold gratitude, your friend,

T. P.

TO JOHN AYRES.

Rome, April 7, 1860.

Not much of a letter will you get from me this time; for Mr. Sawandgrind's pond is pretty low, and he does no more grinding, only now and then mumbles something, which he makes believe he grinds. Still, if his pond go down, his spirits keep up, though he expects no more rain this summer.

I hope the dear girls do well at Yellow Springs. What a shame that New England has no Girls' College, where a real, good, thorough education can be given to young women on some terms! Quack seminaries we have in abundance, where they take in the raw material "with two towels and a spoon, and finish off young ladies," and send the tawdry things out into the world, almost utterly ignorant of all things necessary for comfort in life.

I trust I shall soon get away from Rome; I only stay now to finish

* See Vol. II., p. 170.

a little engagement I have with a friend, who is making my bust; but my friend Desor will come this week, perhaps to-morrow, and he will take charge of me, and carry me whither he will. I do not know but I shall go with him to Neuchâtel a little later in the season, and perhaps find me a quiet resting-place. I feel much anxiety for our friend Stephenson, but hope you will write better tidings of him and his. Remember me most kindly to all the good people at West Newton. I often look back with great pleasure on the jovial times we have had together, not without gratitude to the Ultimate Source of all joy. I hope Joseph H. Allen still continues to instruct and elevate the people there; few ministers do either—few can; but yet, perhaps, many try. What a poor tool they work with! Of all the humbugs now before the world, none is so impudent and gross as this which, in all the sects (with, perhaps, two exceptions) passes for Christianity. How would Jesus of Nazareth protest against it, if now here, and only what he was in the A.D. 25 or 30!

H— must shoot an arrow at his former associates; and they who honored him for his ill qualities before, when directed against their foes, abuse him now when he turns them against the Unitarians. Had he taken as long a step forward as now backward, how would all the land ring with condemnation! It is an old world—even New England is, and it takes a long time to mend it; but with truth, and right, and love on a man's side, and earthly eternity before his brave words, he needs not despair of triumph at the last.

The trees are in blossom, and at Frascati, March 31, I found the fields covered with all manner of handsome flowers, such as we never see in America. I wish I could eat one of your Baldwin apples, or a russet. Remember me to the Popes, to Patience, whom I have not heard of this long time, and to your excellent wife, and all the "little ones."

T. P.

TO MR. LYMAN.

April 4.

Yesterday, with Dr. Appleton, we all went out to Frascati, about twelve miles off, and then to Tusculum—I on a jackass; the others walked. The day was fine, the expedition successful in all respects, and we had as good a time as a party can with a sick man in it. Cicero had a splendid place out there, but he got less inspiration from it than R. W. E. from a plain wooden house in Concord. Cicero was a great man, with all his many weaknesses. I always feel a mingling of pity and veneration for "the last great man whom Rome never feared." I have studied the philosophy of Roman history somewhat more minutely than before, and think I have got the hang of the people and their institutions. They were gross, material, warlike, but energetic and full of will. They invented nothing. What Virgil makes Anchises say,*

"Excudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
Credo equidem; vivos ducent de marmore vultus;

* Æneid, VI., 846-852.

Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
 Describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent:
 Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
 Hæ tibi erunt artes"—

I wish what follows were as true :—

“Pacisque imponere morem,
 Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.”—

This they never did. It is instructive to see how all their politics followed as the logical necessity of their first principles. It is just so in the United States to-day. When the Federal Government undertook to capture fugitive slaves by its own arm in 1793, it acknowledged the right of man to own property in man, as much as in land and things; and as it did not offer to recover other runaway property, it actually declared this peculiarly worthy of executive protection. From this first principle all subsequent slave legislation has proceeded with inevitable logic, and much more will.

In January I began to write you a long, elaborate letter on the great problem of American politics—to establish an Industrial Democracy in America; and its three questions, immediate, proximate, and ultimate, *i.e.* 1. Shall the party which claims that man can be the property of man continue to wield the Federal power? 2. Shall that doctrine be allowed to exist and be a force in Federal affairs? 3. Shall it be allowed to develop itself in any individual State? But I shall never be well enough to do it. Seward's speech* is able, statesmanlike, wide-looking; but it shows two things—1. He is satisfied that the Republican party has fallen back since 1858. 2. That he will accommodate himself to that low standard to gain votes for the Presidency.

* * * * *

Who is so fit a man as thou, O Governor, to edit the *Remains of T. P.*? Will you look over my papers some time and do it? It is the last favor!

Good-bye, and God bless you!

T. P.

TO THE SAME.

Rome, April 14.

At last, O, Governor, I can write you good news. Desor has come! He was never better; so big, with such a chest, and arms, and legs! Why, it made me feel strong (for a minute) only to look at him. He dined with us Tuesday and Wednesday, but it wears on me a little too much even to have him all day; and then I go tired to bed and get up not fresh in the morning. So for *his* sake and mine (for I only talk in a whisper) he dined at his own hotel for the last two days.

He will tell you, I suppose, how he finds me, and perhaps will give a more faithful report than I can. We intend to leave Rome on Saturday, April 21, in a *vettura*, with Dr. Appleton and his wife, and Desor. We shall have a whole carriage, with one spare seat, to ourselves; shall go by Perugia, and be about six days in overcoming a hundred and fifty miles. It looks quite feasible. Then we *intend* to

* In the Senate, February, 1860.

follow the spring into Switzerland. But who knows what a day will bring forth?

The hygienic result of my residence in Rome is a large negative quantity; the æsthetic is equal to zero. But Story has made a fine bust of me; to-morrow it will be put into plaster. My wife and Miss Stevenson think the likeness perfect, and they are perhaps the best judges. I shall send home a cast, and you can judge of that. It may reach there before my wife does, in which case, perhaps Manley will set it on his shelf, and my special friends look upon it.

Rejoice with me that I seem so near the end of residence at Rome! How near I am I know not; but I think I can see through now, and have the fatal one hundred and twenty stairs to mount only seven times more! I can comprehend the treadmill now.

I mean to write you a word or two on the looks of America across the sea, but perhaps had better use my time and weakness in putting some few things of my early history together, which one day you will kindly use. I meant to write a full little history of my little life till twenty-one; but as I never could write in *foul, dark weather*, so was it irksome to think of it in such health as I have long had, and I have got only ten or twenty pages of introductory matter, touching the circumstances and men about me at birth. But my early story no man can tell save me, and I shall use up my time on that, from my first year to the twenty-first. But I may bring little to pass. I will try and not write more sad things, if you will excuse these.

This is believed to be the last letter he ever wrote with pen and ink.

The fragment of an Autobiography, committed to Mr. Lyman, forms the second chapter of Vol. I.

Mr. Desor records his impressions upon joining Mr. Parker:—

What he had gained in strength and condition at Combe-Varin, he soon lost at Rome. The miseries of the Papal régime, together with the damp climate and some annoyances, had affected his state to a singular degree, so that when, after delays independent of my volition, I was able to rejoin him, I found him changed as if ten years older. He was no longer the Parker of Combe-Varin; he was an old man. Surrounded by the tenderest care, on the part of his wife and his friends; treated with fraternal solicitude by his physician, Dr. Appleton, who was also his friend and confidant; he alone, of all, had not lost his courage. Neither had he entirely renounced the prospect of profiting by his sojourn in Italy to study its flora and geological structure. To this end he had, according to custom, surrounded himself with all the accessible manuals and documents upon the subject. It was impossible to be better prepared in understanding and memory; unfortunately, the body no longer had corresponding strength. After having made a few excursions by carriage into the interior, it was evident to every one that the projected tour was impossible, and he was not slow also to recognize it. In the meantime we were still waiting for the fair weather, which had long been due. The month of April, generally so fine at Rome, was cold and rainy. To thwarted hopes, succeeded

uneasiness and a morbid desire to quit Rome and its frightful climate as soon as possible, in order to reach Florence. His condition was so much worse that we became anxious as to the issue of the journey. He, on the contrary, would not hear a word about postponing it. One day when I found him reclining on his bed alone, I thought it my duty to apprise him of my apprehensions concerning the journey. "Should you fail upon the route, to die in a tavern!" He smiled and asked me to sit down near him; he took my hand and said, "Listen to me, my friend. You know that I have some command over myself, and that I have sometimes put my will to the test. Well: I will not die here; I will not leave my bones in this detested soil; I will go to Florence, and I will get there—that I promise you." Then resuming, with a less emphatic tone, he added, "Let me once get upon my couch at Madame Molini's, in Florence, there may happen what will. I don't promise beyond that." It would have been imprudent and cruel to oppose this decided wish. We started the next day for Florence, by the way of Perugia, but not until Dr. Sarjent, the physician who was called in consultation, had approved our plan.

The journey from Rome to Florence by *vetturino* lasted five days, during which our patient displayed admirable fortitude. He was too feeble to visit with us the celebrated sites and places which occurred along our route. Whenever we reached a hotel, his first and almost only want was to rest. But he insisted that we, his travelling companions, should visit everything accessible, and be careful to lose nothing out of regard for him. When we returned, he loved to hear in detail our impressions, and made us tell our observations upon the nature and accidents of the soil, the peculiarities of the flora, the aspects of the country and its inhabitants. He shared our indignation every time that we were victimized by some of the numerous stratagems which the police of His Holiness are so adroit in exploiting to the detriment of travellers. That only increased his impatience to get out of this country, doubly cursed, as he said, by political and ecclesiastical tyranny. So he enjoined us with warmth to apprise him when we crossed the frontier, and not to hesitate to wake him if he was asleep. This we did. After having left the last station of the Papal police, when I bade him notice at a distance by the side of the road a post, newly painted red, white, and green,* he roused as if electrified, and his eyes threw upon me one of those piercing and eloquent glances which only come from a heart profoundly moved. One who has done so much for liberty loves to meet it on his way. At that point, we crossed into the Kingdom of Italy, and he knew that if he died, his bones would at least repose in a land henceforth free.

Having arrived at Florence, it happened as he had foreseen and predicted. Overcome by the fatigues of the journey, he had but one desire, to rest. He reached his bed, never more to quit it.

Miss Cobbe, who had never seen him, but whose life had been spiritually saved and strengthened by his published words, was

* Then the Sardinian colors, and now the colors of the Kingdom of Italy; and the post was newly painted because the territory had been just annexed.

in Florence at this time, anxiously waiting to see him. They had long corresponded, and were to meet thus at last.

He lies quite quietly on his bed, with his back to the light—his eyes are always trembling. I do not think he sees anything, except vaguely. They say he must have made a great effort to be as collected as he was with me yesterday; to-day, it was nearly all wandering, about what he would do in America, how he would lie still in his house, and be very comfortable and happy.

He received me yesterday when I went to his bedside very tenderly, saying, "After all our wishes to meet, how strange it should be thus at last! You are not to think or say you have seen me—this is only the *memory* of me. Those who love me most can only wish me a speedy passage to the other world. Of course I am not *afraid* to die" (he said this with what I could have supposed his old fire), "but there was so much to do." I said, "You have given your life to God—to his truth and his work, as truly as any old martyr of them all." "I do not know," he replied; "I had great powers committed to me; I have but half used them." I gave him a nosegay of tea-roses and lilies of the valley, and there came over his face the most beautiful smile I ever saw on a human countenance. I wonder how any one can have spoken of his face as plain or Socratic. To me it seems the noblest, most loveable face in the world. He said afterwards, "Do not speak of what you feel for me. It makes me too unhappy to leave you." Then, suddenly, with wonderful effort and power, he began discussing Italian literature—then the flowers of America. I saw he had talked enough and tried to go away.

It seems my visit did him no harm. He spoke of me afterwards very tenderly, Mrs. Parker said, and told her she must see me every day. He could not see me often; it was a great pleasure; but it made his heart swell too high. He had a good night, and this morning again wished to see me. Alas! he wandered in mind nearly all the time, only his face lighted up as before at the sight of the lilies of the valley. (He had said he liked them best.) He asked what day it was. I said, "It is Sunday—a blessed day!" "True, it *is* a blessed day," said he, suddenly, seriously, "when one has got over the superstition of it!" He then seemed to fall off into vague, but not painful dreams, and to doze, so I just kissed his hand gently, and left him without speaking. My impression is, that the end will not be for some days, perhaps a week, but that his thoughts will never do more than show some faint rays of light again.

It was to this friend that he said later, in a wandering mood, taking her hand eagerly, "I have something to tell you—there are two Theodore Parkers now. One is dying here in Italy, the other I have planted in America. He will live there, and finish my work." Then giving her a beautiful bronze inkstand which he had set apart for her, he said, "God bless you!" with the greatest solemnity and tenderness.

Another friend gathers a few recollections of these failing hours :—

When he was in a dreamy, half-conscious state, he sometimes thought that he was on board a steamer, and on his way home to America ; and sometimes, perhaps more frequently, he thought himself at home, and would ask his wife to go round to the houses of his friends upon kind errands and with affectionate messages, to Miss Goddard, Miss Thayer, and others. During nearly the whole time he seemed conscious of his dying state (always when he appeared to be intelligent, and often when his mind was dreamy and wandering), and he then gave tender messages to his wife and friends. At times he seemed to think that Miss Cobbe was Mrs. Russell ; and once, holding some flowers in his hand, he said,

“ Dear Sally Russell gave me these ! ”

He longed for rest and quiet, as a sick man might, when worn and fatigued with the constant movement of a ship at sea, and he would speculate thus :

“ When we get home and settled in the country, how peaceful, quiet, and happy we will be ! ”

Once he thought he was arriving in the railway cars on the Boston and Worcester Railway, at the “ Newton Corner ” station, with his wife, on their way to visit her mother ; and he mentioned the particular room which they would occupy.

He sent a most kind and tender last message to Miss Mary Shannon, especially confiding his wife to her affectionate friendship after he should have departed from this world. Whenever he required any assistance to move him, he required it from those about him in the most careful manner, generally requesting his wife or Miss Stevenson, consulting always their ease and comfort as much as possible, and to the last, though at times quite decided and positive as to what should be done for him, considerate of the strength and convenience of those who were attending him, and tenderly grateful for all the services rendered by them.

To his wife, watching with him one of his last nights, he said,—

“ Lay down your head on the pillow, ‘ Bearsie,’ and sleep ; for you have not slept for a very long time.”

The old simplicity, the old friends and pleasures, penetrated all his wanderings ; their fidelity was a better kind of meaning. Once he tried a letter, the last :—

Florence, May 3.

MY DEAR JOHN AYRES,—So I shall still call you—will you come over to-morrow and see us, just after your dinner-time ? Bring me a last year’s apple if you can, or any new melon.

Yours truly,

T. P.

You get into my house not far from good Mr. Cummings’s grocery.

And vaguely talking, still friends and their tokens are remembered well enough.

“ Mr. Gooding’s pears—thank him ! Couldn’t forget the autumn pears.”

“ Love to Aunt Mary (Shannon); that is all I can send her.”

“ Tell the Miss Thayers I would like to see them, that I went away in February, 1859, and came back in July, 1860. I should like to touch them, and tread on Boston Common.”

He was in great trouble one day about his library, and declared that everything was in confusion. As it happened, this strong impression of his was at the very time when good Mary Drew was busying herself in the study, with housewifely intentions.

When he would talk with his wife, who gently checked him, he would say, “ Oh, it don’t hurt me to talk bear-talk.” When the fever fits came over him, he would sometimes try to dress ; “ When is that vessel going—will it not go soon ? ”

Thus a few days were passed in great weakness, but without the least suffering. The mind made no effort, all the faculties and senses were sunk in dreaminess, as the body gradually parted with its little residue of life. On the 10th of May he lay motionless, with innocent look, as of a child just falling into slumber—a simple look ; but it baffled the dear friends, who could not see how the great soul went that day to another ministry.

The semblance of sleep did not fade from the face. The cheeks were flushed, the white full beard lay over the thin lips, and the head fell a little to one side beneath a garland of the roses of Florence, which had been brought to his pillow.

On Sunday, the 13th of May, at four in the afternoon, the hour corresponding to that in which he used to stand at the desk of the Music Hall, an old friend, the Rev. Mr. Cunningham, held the fitting funeral service over the body of this pure and righteous man. He read the Beatitudes. It was a feast-day in Florence, and the streets were filled with the gay people ; banners were hung out of the windows, under which the friends passed to the place where he was to sleep. At first they felt hurt ; but a sudden impulse effaced the idea of any incongruity, and they whispered to each other, “ It is a festival—the Feast of an

Ascension !” and they called to mind the closing words of his last sermon, “Friend, come up higher.”

There is no gloom in the place where his worn-out body rests. A few cypresses are there, “Nature’s spires, pointing up into the infinite cloudless heaven above.”

Let me borrow the description of the place, written by one who sought it in love and veneration :—

The little Protestant cemetery lies just outside the Pinti Gate, the city wall itself forming one side of the enclosure. You enter by a high gateway into an outer court, and through a second gate into the cemetery. The ground rises slightly, is covered with daisied turf, and planted with tall cypresses and flowering shrubs. There are many monuments, mostly of white marble, in simple and good taste, and the whole place, carefully kept, is as cheerful a spot as one would choose for the burial-place. Through the trees and above the wall you get pleasant glimpses of the neighbouring hills. After a little search we found Mr. Parker’s grave, near the centre of the grounds, and at the foot of a cypress tree, close to the cross-path. It is enclosed in a border of grey marble, and at the head is a plain stone of the same material, with only this inscription :—

THEODORE PARKER,

BORN AT LEXINGTON, MASS.,

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

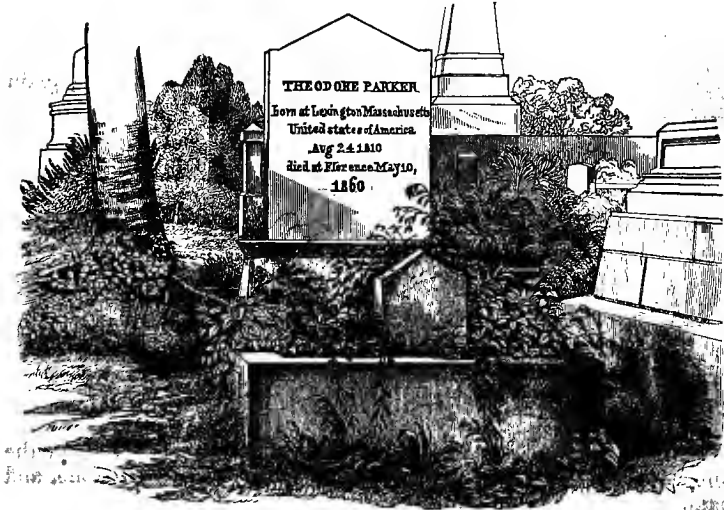
AUG. 24, 1810,

DIED AT FLORENCE, MAY 10, 1860

Within the stone border is an edging of periwinkle, and in the centre a few plants of violet. There is also a small foot-stone, and at the side was a small pine-tree in a pot.

A week ago we went again to the cemetery, to fulfil a purpose we had cherished, of planting some ivy upon the grave. We had gathered two plants in a wild spot of the pleasant Boboli garden, in the morning. It was the loveliest of spring days; the sky of tenderest blue, without a cloud, and full of glowing light. The sunshine lay warmly on the grey, ivied wall, upon the dark cypresses; and every daisy in the sod was wide open with delight. As we set our ivies in the earth, the birds sang rapturously over our heads. Then we carefully trimmed the bordering, and afterwards cut from the turf two roots of daisies, and set them between the violets upon the grave. The tree in the pot was an American pine, which the gardener would plant at the head of the grave.

Upon the ledge behind the little farmhouse at Lexington, there are also pines, beneath which he breathed his childish prayers. The earliest symbol of Massachusetts flourishes well at the places where this American life rose and where it set. Plant, O countrymen, the healing life into your hearts ; build political and spiritual freedom from this native tree !



THE GRAVE.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

COPY OF THE WILL OF THEODORE PARKER.

[The portions of the Will which went into effect are printed in large type, those which did not go into effect, *in small italics*, and the conditions which made them inoperative, IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

I, Theodore Parker, of Boston, in the County of Suffolk and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in said Boston, do make this my last Will and Testament: I give, bequeath, and devise all the Real and Personal Property of which I shall die seized and possessed, or to which I shall be entitled or have any claim at my death, in manner following, to wit:—

First. To the proper authorities of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I give the two fire-arms, formerly the property of my honored grandfather, Captain John Parker, late of Lexington, in the county of Middlesex; to wit, the large musket, or King's arm, which was by him captured from the British on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, in the Battle of Lexington, and which is the first fire-arm taken from the enemy in the War for Independence; and also the smaller musket which was used by him in that battle while fighting "in the sacred cause of God and his country"; and I desire that these relics of the Revolution may be placed in the Senate Chamber of this Commonwealth, and there sacredly kept *in perpetuam rei memoriam*.

Second. To my much-valued friend, Wendell Phillips, of Boston, I give the folio copy of the "English State Trials" in 11 volumes, with many portraits interleaved, which is now in my library; but if the said Wendell be deceased at the administration of my estate, then the second article of my Will is to be wholly inoperative and void.

Third. To my much-valued friend, Charles Sumner, of Boston, I give the copy of the "Parliamentary History of England" in 36 volumes, which is now in my library; but if at the administration of my estate the said Charles be deceased, then this third article of my Will is to be wholly inoperative and void.

Fourth. To Miss Hannah E. Stevenson, of Boston, my much-valued friend, now, and for a long time, an inmate of my household, I give the old copy of Schrevelius' Greek Lexicon, which I purchased with much toil in my boyhood, and also the common Bible which lies on my desk, and the little taper-holder which I have long used; and I request her, with the consent of my wife, Lydia D. Parker, to select such book or books from my library as she may desire; but if at the administration of my estate the said Hannah be deceased, then this fourth article of my Will is to be wholly inoperative and void.

Fifth. To my friend Miss Caroline C. Thayer, of Boston, I give the copy of the "Biographical Dictionary" in 15 volumes, with many portraits interleaved; but if at the administration of my estate the said Caroline be deceased, then this fifth article of my Will is to be wholly inoperative and void.

Sixth. To my friend Miss Sarah N. Hunt, now, or late, residing temporarily at Dresden, in the Kingdom of Saxony, I give the hymn-book which lies on my desk, and the small copy of George Herbert's poems; but if at the administration of my estate the said Sarah be deceased, then this sixth article of my Will is to be wholly inoperative and void.

Seventh. To my brother Isaac Parker, of Lexington aforesaid, I forgive and remit all that he now owes me as the principal and interest of several notes of hand given me by him for value received.

Eighth. To the proper authorities of the City of Boston aforesaid, I give all my books which are not otherwise disposed of in the preceding or following articles of this Will, that they may be put in the Public Library of the City for the use and benefit of such as have access thereto, and be read on such terms as the Directors of the said Library shall think just; and I desire that, so far as consistent with public utility, the said books be kept in alcoves or on shelves by themselves, and I desire that the said books shall in no case be sold or given away by the said Directors, or any other persons, or exchanged for other books; but in case the authorities aforesaid decline to accept the books on these conditions, then, on the same conditions, they are to be given to the Library of Harvard College, in Cambridge. However, this eighth article of my Will is to be wholly inoperative and void unless it receive the consent of my wife aforesaid, if living at my decease, as will more fully appear from the following article:—

Ninth. To my well-beloved wife, Lydia D. Parker aforesaid, I give all my manuscripts, journals, sermons, lectures, and letters, and also any and all books she may wish to retain from my library, *even if she desires the whole*, the same to be at her free and absolute disposal, and she is to have six months to determine what she will keep and retain.

Furthermore, to her, the said Lydia, I do give, bequeath, and devise all the residue of my estate, as well real as personal, not bequeathed in the preceding Articles of this Will; to wit, all the property of which I shall be seized and possessed at my death, or which I shall then be entitled to, or to which I shall have any claim; the same to be her absolute property, and so entirely subject to her disposal, to have and to hold to her and to her heirs forever.

But if the said Lydia shall not be alive at my death, or if we shall both decease at the same moment, then this ninth Article of my Will is to be wholly inoperative and void.

TENTH. IF AT MY DEATH MY WIFE THE AFORESAID LYDIA BE NO LONGER LIVING, OR IF WE DECEASE AT THE SAME MOMENT, THEN I DISTRIBUTE THE REMAINDER OF MY ESTATE NOT DISPOSED OF IN ARTICLES ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN, AND EIGHT OF THIS WILL AS FOLLOWS:—

I. If my wife, the said Lydia, shall decease at the same moment with myself, and leave a Will disposing of property not distributed by me in the above-named Articles of this Will, One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, and Eight, then her Will is to be sacredly observed, notwithstanding the following provisions of this Will: but if there be no such Will of hers, then,—

II. To Miss Hannah E. Stevenson, Miss Sarah H. Hunt, and Miss Caroline C. Thayer, aforesaid, I restore the various keepsakes and gifts received from them, if they be living. And to the said Hannah, if living at the administration of my estate, I give the large inkstand, which for many years has stood on my desk, and also the sum of One thousand dollars: but if she is not living, then this provision is to be null and void.

III. To George Colburn Cabot, formerly my ward, and now a member of my household, I give the sum of Two thousand dollars; but if he be not living at the administration of my estate, and leave no issue, then this provision is to be null and void.

IV. To Mary Drew, who has long lived in my family, I give Five hundred dollars; but if she be not living at my death, then this clause also is to be null and void.

V. To the Executors of this Will, hereinafter named, I make this request: that they will make arrangements with any bookseller for the publication of such portions of my manuscripts, sermons, &c., as they shall see fit, suitably indemnifying themselves for their labor, but not making my estate chargeable with any cost in consequence of such publication.

VI. To the proper authorities of the City of Boston, I give all my books not otherwise disposed of in this Will, as I have already provided in the eighth Article thereof, and also all my manuscripts, journals, sermons, lectures, letters, &c., &c., on the conditions named in said eighth Article; and if these be not accepted by the said authorities, then on the same terms I bequeath the said books and manuscripts to the Library of Harvard College aforesaid. But this disposition of the said manuscripts is not to conflict with the right of the Executors mentioned in the preceding section of this tenth Article of my Will.

VII. I direct that all the residue of my estate be divided into two equal parts, which I thus distribute and dispose of:—

A. To the grandchildren of my late esteemed father, John Parker, of Lexington, I give the one equal part, that is to the children of the late John Parker, of Brighton, Hannah Parker Greene, Lydia Parker Herrick, and Hiram Stearns Parker, and also to the children of Isaac Parker, of Lexington, who is now living; providing that if any grandchild be deceased leaving issue, that issue shall receive the parent's part, and also providing that during the life of the said Isaac and of his wife, Martha M. Parker, the income of their children's portion shall be annually paid to him or her.

B. I direct the Executors of my Will to bestow the other equal part on such charitable and philanthropic institutions, or expend it for such charitable and philanthropic purposes, as they in their judgment shall think most worthy and deserving thereof, and I desire them to make their final decision and the disposition of this portion of my estate within two years of my decease.

Explanatory Article. As part of the library furniture, I desire that my study—table, or desk, and also the great table of oak and mahogany, once the property of John Parker, of Lexington, my grandfather's grandfather, which is now in my study, shall be considered as an appurtenance of the library above-mentioned, and follow the disposition made of that, in Article Eight of this Will.

I appoint John R. Manley, Esq., of Boston; Frederic W. G. May, Esq., of Boston; and Franklin B. Sanborn, Esq., of Concord, Mass.; to be the Executors of this my last Will and Testament. I hereby revoke all former Wills made by me.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this twenty-fifth day of May, A.D. eighteen hundred and fifty-seven.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Theodore as and for his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us who, in his presence and in the presence of each other, and at his request, have hereunto put our hands, at Boston, on the day aforesaid as witnesses,

FREDERICK CABOT.

MARY E. CABOT.

WM. F. CABOT.

THEODORE PARKER. L. S.

I, Theodore Parker, of Boston, do make this Codicil to my last Will and Testament, whereto this is appended, signed by me on or about the twenty-fifth day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven.

First. If my wife Lydia Cabot be living at the time of my decease, I request her to give some books from my library to each of the following persons if they be then living; namely, to Mrs. Eliza H. Apthorp; to Miss Eliza M. Thayer, and each of her two sisters, Mrs. Nichols and Mrs. Balch; to Misses Rebecca and Matilda Goddard; to Misses Sarah and Caroline Whitney; and also to Franklin B. Sanborn the copy of Heyne's edition of Homer, now in my library.

SECOND. IF I SHOULD SURVIVE MY SAID WIFE, OR IF WE DECEASE AT THE SAME MOMENT, THEN—

I. I confirm and decree all the bequests made by her, in the memorandum annexed to her Will, published and declared on or about the 31st day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, and direct my executors to comply with her wishes therein set forth.

II. I return each of the little gifts I have received from numerous friends to the giver, if then living.

III. I confirm the bequests made in the first section of this Codicil, and direct my Executors to do what I there requested of my wife.

IV. To each of my Executors I give one of my gold pencil-cases.

V. I thus bestow little gifts and keepsakes:—

1. To Sarah S. Russell, wife of George R. Russell, of West Roxbury, I give the silver cup marked with my name, and also the large silver pencil-case; but if she be not living at my decease this is void.

2. To Miss Hannah E. Stevenson, of Boston, I give the two portraits by Cheney of my wife and myself; but at her death they are to revert to George C. Cabot, of

Boston; and at his demise to the Public Library of the City of Boston, to be kept in the Library, and near each other.

3. *To Franklin B. Sanborn, of Concord aforesaid, if living at my death, I give my gold watch.*

4. *To George C. Cabot, aforesaid, I give all the pictures, portraits, miniatures, engravings and daguerreotypes, and also the various ornaments about the house, that he may keep them as his own, or distribute a part of them among my friends; but if he be not living at my decease, this clause is void.*

I hereby revoke all parts of my Will which are inconsistent with the provisions of this Codicil.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this thirty-first day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-nine.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Theodore, as and for a Codicil to his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us who, in his presence and in the presence of each other, and at his request, have hereunto put our hands and seals, at Boston, on the day aforesaid, as witnesses,

FRANCIS CABOT.

JOHN H. CABOT.

WM. F. CABOT.

THEODORE PARKER. L. S.

No. II.

THE LETTER FROM SANTA CRUZ, CALLED "THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCE AS A MINISTER."

LETTER TO THE MEMBERS OF THE TWENTY-EIGHTH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF BOSTON.

MY DEAR AND VALUED FRIENDS,—After it became needful that I should be silent, and flee off from my home, I determined, at least, before I went, to write you a letter, touching our long connection, and my efforts in your service, and so bid you farewell. But the experienced doctors and other wise friends forbid the undertaking, and directed me to wait for a more favorable time, when the work might be more leisurely and better done, with less risk also to my life; promising indeed a time when it would not diminish the chances of recovery. In the twenty-four days which came between the sudden, decisive attack, and my departure from Boston, there was little time for even a sound, well man to settle and arrange his worldly affairs, to straighten out complicated matters, and return thanks to the many that have befriended him in the difficult emergencies of life—for surely I left home as one not to set eyes on New England again. Since then there has been no time till now when I have had strength to endure the intellectual labor, and still more the emotional agitation, which must attend such a review of my past life. Consumption having long since slain almost

all my near kinsfolk, horsed on the North-wind, rode at me also, seeking my life. Swiftly I fled hither, hoping in this little quiet and fair-skied Island of the Holy Cross to hide me from his monstrous sight, to pull his arrows from my flesh, and heal my wounded side. It is yet too soon to conjecture how or when my exile shall end; but at home, wise, friendly, and hopeful doctors told me I had "but one chance in ten" for complete recovery, though more for a partial restoration to some small show of health, I suppose, and power of moderate work. But if the danger be as they say, I do not despair nor lose heart at such odds, having often in my life contended against much greater, and come off triumphant, though the chances against me were a hundred or a thousand to one. Besides, this is now the third time that I remember friends and doctors despairing of my life. Still, I know that I am no longer young, and that I stand up to my shoulders in my grave, whose uncertain sides at any moment may cave in and bury me with their resistless weight. Yet I hope to climb out this side, and live and work again amid laborious New England men; for, though the flesh be weak and the spirit resigned to either fate, yet still the will to live, though reverent and submissive, is exceeding strong, more vehement than ever before, as I have still much to do—some things to begin upon, and many more lying now half done, that I alone can finish—and I should not like to suffer the little I have done to perish now for lack of a few years' work.

I know well both the despondency of sick men that makes the night seem darker than it is, and also the pleasing illusion which flits before consumptive patients; and while this Will-o'-the-wisp comes flickering from their kindred's grave, they think it is the breaking of a new and more auspicious day. So indeed it is, the Day-spring from on high, revealing the white, tall porches of Eternity. Let you and me be neither cheated by delusive hopes, nor weakened by unmanly fears, but, looking the facts fairly in the face, let us meet the inevitable with calmness and pious joy, singing the wealthy psalm of life:—

“ Give to the winds thy fears;
 Hope and be undismay'd!
 God hears thy sighs and count thy fears—
 God shall lift up thy head!

Though comprehended not,
 Yet Earth and Heaven tell
 He sits a Father on the throne:
 God guideth all things well!”

But while my strength is but weakness, and my time for this letter so uncertain, I will waste neither in a lengthened introduction, knowing "it were a foolish thing to make a long prologue, and be short in the story itself."

In this letter I must needs speak much of myself, and tell some things which seem to belong only to my private history; for without a knowledge of them, my public conduct might appear other than it really is. Yet I would gladly defer them to a more fitting place, in

some brief autobiography to be published after my death ; but I am not certain of time to prepare that, so shall here, in small compass, briefly sketch out some small personal particulars which might elsewhere be presented in their full proportions, and with appropriate light and shade. As this letter is confidential and addressed to you, I could wish it might be read only to the members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, or printed solely for their affection, not also published for the eye of the world ; but that were impossible, for what is offered to the hearts of so many, thereby becomes accessible to the eyes and ears of all who wish to see and hear ; so what I write private to you, becomes public also for mankind, whether I will or not.

In my early boyhood I *felt* I was to be a minister, and looked forward with eager longings for the work to which I still think my nature itself an "effectual call," certainly a deep one, and a continuous. Few men have ever been more fortunate than I in having pains judiciously taken with their intellectual culture.

My early education was not costly, as men count expense by dollars ; it was exceeding precious, as they might reckon outlay by the fitness of the process to secure a development of natural powers. By father and mother, yes, even by brothers and sisters, great and unceasing care was taken to secure power of observation, that the senses might grasp their natural objects ; of voluntary attention, fixed, continuous, and exact, which, despite of appearances, sees the fact just as it is, no more, no less ; of memory, that holds all things firm as gravitation, and yet, like that, keeps them unmixed, not confusing the most delicate outline, and reproduces them at will, complete in the whole, and perfect in each part ; much stress was also laid on judgment and inventive imagination. It was a great game they set me to play ; it was also an advantage that the counters cost little money, but were common things, picked up daily on a farm, in a kitchen, or a mechanic's thoughtful shop. But still more, pains were taken with my moral and religious culture. In my earliest boyhood I was taught to respect the instinctive promptings of conscience, regarding it as the "voice of God in the soul of man," which must always be obeyed ; to speak the truth without evasion or concealment ; to love justice and conform to it ; to reverence merit in all men, and that regardless of their rank or reputation ; and, above all things, I was taught to love and trust the dear God. He was not presented to me as a great King, with force for his chief quality, but rather as a Father, eminent for perfect justice, and complete and perfect love, alike the parent of Jew and Gentile, Christian and non-Christian, dealing with all, not according to the accident of their name and situation, but to the real use each should make of his talents and opportunities, however little or great. I was taught self-reliance, intellectual, moral, and of many another form ; to investigate all things with my own eyes ; carefully to form opinions for myself, and while I believed them reasonable and just, to hold and defend them with modest firmness. Inquiry was encouraged in all directions.

Of course, I took in many of the absurd theological opinions of the time ; but I think few New Englanders born of religious families in the first ten years of this century, were formally taught so little

superstition. I have met none with whom more judicious attempts were made to produce a natural unfolding of the religious and moral faculties; I do not speak of results, only of aim and process. I have often been praised for virtues which really belonged to my father and mother, and if they were also mine, they must have come so easy under such training, that I should feel entitled to but small merit for possessing them. They made a careful distinction between a man's character and his creed, and in my hearing never spoke a bigoted or irreverent word.

As my relatives and neighbors were all hard-working people, living in one of the most laborious communities in the world, I did not fail to learn the great lesson of personal industry, and to acquire power of work—to begin early, to continue long, with strong and rapid stroke. The discipline and habit of bodily toil were quite easily transferred to thought, and I learned early to apply my mind with exact, active, and long-continued attention, which outward things did not disturb; so while working skilfully with my hands, I could yet think on what I would.

Good books by great masters fell into even my boyish hands; the best English authors of prose and verse, the Bible, the Greek and Roman classics—which I at first read mainly in translations, but soon became familiar with in their original beauty—these were my literary helps. What was read at all, was also studied, and not laid aside till well understood. If my books in boyhood were not many, they were much, and also great.

I had an original fondness for scientific and metaphysical thought, which found happy encouragement in my early days: my father's strong, discriminating, and comprehensive mind also inclining that way, offered me an excellent help. Nature was all about me; my attention was wisely directed to both use and beauty, and I early became familiar with the flora of New England, and attentive also to the habits of beast and bird, insect, reptile, fish. A few scientific works on natural history gave me their stimulus and their help.

After my general preliminary education was pretty well advanced, the hour came when I must decide on my profession for life. All about me there were ministers who had sufficient talents; now and then one admirably endowed with learning; devout and humane men, also, with no stain on their personal character. But I did not see much in the clerical profession to attract me thither; the notorious dulness of the Sunday services, their mechanical character, the poverty and insignificance of the sermons, the unnaturalness and uncertainty of the doctrines preached on the authority of a "divine and infallible revelation," the lifelessness of the public prayers, and the consequent heedlessness of the congregation, all tended to turn a young man off from becoming a minister. Beside, it did not appear that the New England clergy were leaders in the intellectual, moral, or religious progress of the people; if they tried to seem so, it was only the appearance which was kept up. "Do you think our minister would dare tell his audience of their actual faults?"—so a rough blacksmith once asked me in my youth. "Certainly I do!" was the boyish answer. "Humph!" rejoined the smith, "I should like to have him begin, then!" The genius of Emerson

soon moved from the clerical constellation and stood forth alone, a fixed and solitary star. Dr. Channing was the only man in the New England pulpit who to me seemed great. All my friends advised me against the ministry—it was “a narrow place, affording no opportunity to do much!” I thought it a wide place.

The legal profession seemed to have many attractions. There were eminent men in its ranks, rising to public honors, judicial or political; they seemed to have more freedom and individuality than the ministers. For some time I hesitated, inclined that way, and made preliminary studies in the law. But at length the perils of that profession seemed greater than I cared to rush upon. Mistaking sound for sense, I thought the lawyer's moral tone was lower than the minister's, and dared not put myself under that temptation I prayed God not to lead me into. I could not make up my mind to defend a cause I knew to be wrong, using all my efforts to lead judge or jury to a decision I thought unjust. A powerful and successful practitioner told me “none could be a lawyer without doing so,” and quoted the well-known words of Lord Brougham. I saw men of large talents yielding to this temptation, and counting as great success what to me even then seemed only great ruin. I could not decide to set up a law-mill beside the public road, to put my hand on the winch, and by turning one way, rob innocent men of their property, liberty, life; or, by reversing the motion, withdraw the guilty from just punishment, pecuniary or corporeal. Though I hesitated some time, soon as I got clearness of sight, I returned to my first love, for that seemed free from guile. I then asked myself these three questions:—

1. “Can you seek for what is eternally true, and not be blinded by the opinions of any sect, or of the Christian Church; and can you tell the truth you learn, even when it is unpopular and hated?” I answered, “I CAN!” Rash youth is ever confident.

2. “Can you seek the eternal right, and not be blinded by the statutes and customs of men, ecclesiastical, political, and social; and can you declare that eternal right you discover, applying it to the actual life of man, individual and associated, though it bring you into painful relations of men?” Again I swiftly answered, “I CAN.”

3. “Can you represent in your life that truth of the intellect and that right of the conscience, and so not disgrace with your character what you preach with your lips?” I doubted of this more than the others; the temptation to personal wickedness seemed stronger than to professional deceit—at least it was then better known; but I answered, “I CAN TRY, AND WILL!”

Alas! I little knew all that was involved in these three questions, and their prompt, youthful answers. I understand it better now.

So I determined to become a Minister, hoping to help mankind in the most important of all human concerns, the development of man's highest powers.

Zealously I entered on my theological education, with many ill-defined doubts, and some distinct denials, of the chief doctrines of the ecclesiastical theology of Christendom.

1. In my early childhood, after a severe and silent struggle, I made way with the ghastly doctrine of Eternal Damnation and a wrathful

God; this is the Goliath of that theology. From my seventh year I have had no *fear* of God, only an ever-greatening love and trust.

2. The doctrine of the Trinity, the "great mystery of Revelation," had long since gone the same road. For a year, though born and bred among Unitarians, I had attended the preachings of Dr. Lyman Beecher, the most powerful orthodox minister in New England, then in the full blaze of his talents and reputation, and stirred also with polemic zeal against "Unitarians, Universalists, Papists, and Infidels." I went through one of his "protracted meetings," listening to the fiery words of excited men, and hearing the most frightful doctrines set forth in sermon, song, and prayer. I greatly respected the talents, the zeal, and the enterprize of that able man, who certainly taught me much, but I came away with no confidence in his theology; the better I understood it, the more self-contradictory, unnatural, and hateful did it seem. A year of his preaching about finished all my respect for the Calvinistic scheme of theology.

3. I had found no evidence which to me could authorize a belief in the supernatural birth of Jesus of Nazareth. The two-fold Biblical testimony was all; that was contradictory and good for nothing; we had not the affidavit of the mother, the only competent human witness, nor even the declaration of the son; there was no circumstantial evidence to confirm the statement in the Gospels of a most improbable event.

4. Many miracles related in the Old and New Testament seemed incredible to me; some were clearly impossible, others ridiculous, and a few were wicked; such, of course, I rejected at once, while I still arbitrarily admitted others. The general question of miracles was one which gave me much uneasiness, for I had not learned carefully to examine evidence for alleged historical events, and had, besides, no clear conception of what is involved in the notion that God ever violates the else constant mode of operation of the universe. Of course I had not then that philosophical idea of God which makes a theological miracle as impossible as a round triangle, or any other self-evident contradiction.

5. I had no belief in the plenary, infallible, verbal inspiration of the whole Bible, and strong doubts as to the miraculous inspiration of any part of it. Some things were the opposite of divine; I could not put my finger on any great moral or religious truth taught by revelation in the New Testament, which had not previously been set forth by men for whom no miraculous help was ever claimed. But, on the whole matter of Inspiration, I lacked clear and definite ideas, and found neither friend nor book to help me.

In due time I entered the Theological School at Cambridge, then under the charge of the Unitarians, or "Liberal Christians." I found excellent opportunities for study: there were able and earnest professors, who laid no yoke on any neck, but left each man free to think for himself, and come to such conclusions as he must. Telling what they thought they knew, they never pretended they had learned all that may be known, or winnowed out all error from their creed. They were honest guides, with no more sophistry than is perhaps almost universal in that calling, and did not pretend to be masters. There,

too, was a large library containing much valuable ancient lore, though, alas! almost none of the new theologic thought of the German masters. Besides, there was leisure, and unbounded freedom of research; and I could work as many hours in the study as a mechanic in his shop, or a farmer in his field. The pulpits of Boston were within an easy walk, and Dr. Channing drew near the zenith of his power.

Here, under these influences, I pursued the usual routine of theological reading, but yet, of course, had my own private studies, suited to my special wants. It is now easy to tell what I then attempted without always being conscious of my aim, and what results I gradually reached before I settled in the ministry.

I. I studied the Bible with much care. First, I wished to learn, What is the Bible—what books and words compose it? this is the question of criticism; next, What does the Bible mean—what sentiments and ideas do its words contain? this is the question of interpretation. I read the Bible critically, in its original tongues, the most important parts of it also in the early versions, and sought for the meaning early attributed to its words, and so studied the works of Jewish Rabbis on the Old Testament, and of the early Christian Fathers on both New and Old; besides, I studied carefully the latest critics and interpreters, especially the German.

I soon found that the Bible is a collection of quite heterogeneous books, most of them anonymous, or bearing names of doubtful authors, collected none knows how, or when, or by whom; united more by caprice than any philosophic or historic method, so that it is not easy to see why one ancient book is kept in the Canon and another kept out. I found no unity of doctrine in the several parts; the Old Testament "reveals" one form of religion, and the New Testament one directly its opposite; and in the New Testament itself, I found each writer had his own individuality, which appears not only in the style, the form of thought, but quite as much in the doctrines, the substance of thought, where no two are well agreed.

Connected with this Biblical study, came the question of inspiration and of miracles. I still inconsistently believed, or half believed, in the direct miraculous interposition of God, from time to time, to set things right which else went wrong, though I found no historic or philosophic reason for limiting it to the affairs of Jews and Christians, or the early ages of the Church. The whole matter of miracles was still a puzzle to me, and for a long time a source of anxiety; for I had not studied the principles of historic evidence, nor learned to identify and scrutinize the witnesses. But the problem of inspiration got sooner solved. I believed in the immanence of God in man, as well as matter, His activity in both; hence, that all men are inspired in proportion to their actual powers, and their normal use thereof; that truth is the test of intellectual inspiration, justice of moral, and so on. I did not find the Bible inspired, except in this general way, and in proportion to the truth and justice therein. It seemed to me that no part of the Old Testament or New could be called the "Word of God," save in the sense that all truth is God's word.

II. I studied the historical development of religion and theology amongst Jews and Christians, and saw the gradual formation of the great ecclesiastical doctrines which so domineered over the world. As I found the Bible was the work of men, so I also found that the Christian Church was no more divine than the British State, a Dutchman's shop, or an Austrian's farm. The miraculous infallible Bible, and the miraculous, infallible Church, disappeared when they were closely looked at; and I found the fact of history quite different from the pretension of theology.

III. I studied the historical development of religion and theology amongst the nations not Jewish or Christian, and attended as well as I then could to the four other great religious sects—the Brahmanic, the Buddhistic, the Classic, and the Mohammedan. As far as possible at that time, I studied the sacred books of mankind in their original tongues, and with the help of the most faithful interpreters. Here the Greek and Roman poets and philosophers came in for their place, there being no sacred books of the classic nations. I attended pretty carefully to the religion of savages and barbarians, and was thereby helped to the solution of many a difficult problem. I found no tribe of men destitute of religion who had attained power of articulate speech.

IV. I studied assiduously the metaphysics and psychology of religion. Religious consciousness was universal in human history. Was it then natural to man, inseparable from his essence, and so from his development? In my own consciousness I found it automatic and indispensable; was it really so likewise in the human race? The authority of Bibles and Churches was no answer to that question. I tried to make an analysis of humanity, and see if by psychologic science I could detect the special element which produced religious consciousness in me, and religious phenomena in mankind—seeking a cause adequate to the facts of experience and observation. The common books of philosophy seemed quite insufficient; the sensational system, so ably presented by Locke in his masterly *Essay*, developed into various forms by Hobbes, Berkeley, Hume, Paley, and the French Materialists, and modified, but not much amended, by Reid and Stewart, gave little help; it could not legitimate my own religious instincts, nor explain the religious history of mankind, or even of the British people, to whom that philosophy is still so manifold a hindrance. Ecclesiastical writers, though able as Clarke and Butler, and learned also as Cudworth and Barrow, could not solve the difficulty; for the principle of authority, though more or less concealed, yet lay there, and, like buried iron, disturbed the free action of their magnetic genius, affecting its dip and inclination. The brilliant mosaic, which Cousin set before the world, was of great service, but not satisfactory. I found most help in the works of Immanuel Kant, one of the profoundest thinkers in the world, though one of the worst writers, even of Germany; if he did not always furnish conclusions I could rest in, he yet gave me the true method, and put me on the right road.

I found certain great primal intuitions of human nature, which depend on no logical process of demonstration, but are rather facts of

consciousness given by the instinctive action of human nature itself I will mention only the three most important which pertain to religion.

1. The instinctive intuition of the divine, the consciousness that there is a God.

2. The instinctive intuition of the just and right, a consciousness that there is a moral law, independent of our will, which we ought to keep.

3. The instinctive intuition of the immortal, a consciousness that the essential element of man, the principle of individuality, never dies.

Here, then, was the foundation of religion, laid in human nature itself, which neither the atheist nor the more pernicious bigot, with their sophisms of denial or affirmation, could move, or even shake. I had gone through the great spiritual trial of my life, telling no one of its hopes or fears; and I thought it a triumph that I had psychologically established these three things to my own satisfaction, and devised a scheme which to the scholar's mind, I thought, could legitimate what was spontaneously given to all, by the great primal instincts of mankind.

Then I proceeded to develop the contents of these instinctive intuitions of the divine, the just, and the immortal, and see what God actually is, what morality is, and what eternal life has to offer. In each case I pursued two methods—the inductive and deductive.

First, from the history of mankind—savage, barbarous, civilised, enlightened—I gathered the most significant facts I could find relating to men's opinions about God, Morality, Heaven, and Hell, and thence made such generalisations as the facts would warrant, which, however, were seldom satisfactory; for they did not represent facts of the universe, the actual God, justice, and eternal life, but only what men had thought or felt thereof; yet this comparative and inductive theology was of great value to me.

Next, from the primitive facts of consciousness, given by the power of instinctive intuition, I endeavoured to deduce the true notion of God, of justice, and futurity. Here I could draw from human nature, and not be hindered by the limitations of human history; but I know now better than it was possible then, how difficult is this work, and how often the inquirer mistakes his own subjective imagination for a fact of the universe. It is for others to decide whether I have sometimes mistaken a little grain of brilliant dust in my telescope for a fixed star in heaven.

To learn what I could about the spiritual faculties of man, I not only studied the sacred books of various nations, the poets and the philosophers who professedly treat thereof, but also such as deal with sleep-walking, dreams, visions, prophecies, second-sight, oracles, ecstasies, witchcraft, magic wonders, the appearance of devils, ghosts, and the like. Besides, I studied other works which lie out from the regular highway of theology, the spurious books attributed to famous Jews or Christians, Pseudepigraphy of the Old Testament, and the Apocrypha of the New, with the strange fantasies of the Neoplatonists and Gnostics. I did not neglect the writings of the Mystics, though

at that time I could only make a beginning with the more famous or most tenderly religious; I was much attracted to this class of men, who developed the element of piety, regardless of the theologic ritualism of the church, the philosophic discipline of the schools, or the practical morality of common life. By this process, I not only learned much of the abnormal action of the human spirit, and saw how often a mere fancy passes for fact, and a dreamer's subjective whim bestrides some great harbour of the world for a thousand years, obstructing all tall ships, until an earthquake throws it down; but I also gleaned up many a precious flower which bloomed unseen in those waste places of literature, and was unknown to the authorised florists of the school or church.

I left the Theological School with reluctance, conscious of knowing so little of what I must presently teach, and wishing more years for research and thought. Of course my first sermons were only imitations; and even if the thought might, perhaps, be original, the form was old, the stereotype of the pulpit. I preached with fear and trembling, and wondered that old and mature persons, rich in the experience of life, should listen to a young man, who might, indeed have read and thought, but yet had had no time to live much and know things by heart. I took all possible pains with the matter of the discourse, and always appealed to the religious instinct in mankind. At the beginning I resolved to preach the natural laws of man as they are writ in his constitution, no less and no more. After preaching a few months in various places, and feeling my way into the consciousness of men, I determined to preach nothing as religion which I had not experienced inwardly, and made my own, knowing it by heart. Thus, not only the intellectual, but also the religious part of my sermons would rest on facts that I was sure of, and not on the words of another. I was indebted to another young candidate for the hint. I hope I have not been faithless to the early vow. A study of the English State Trials, and a careful analysis of the arguments of the great speeches therein, helped me to clearness of arrangement, and distinctness in the use of terms. Here and in the Greek and Latin orations I got the best part of my rhetorical culture.

On the longest day of 1837, I was ordained Minister of the Unitarian Church and Congregation at West Roxbury, a little village near Boston, one of the smallest societies in New England, where I found men and women whose friendship is still dear and instructive. I had thought freely, and freely preached what I thought; none had ever questioned my right. At the Theological School, the professors were then teachers to instruct, not also inquisitors to torture and to damn; satisfied of the religious chartacer of the pupils, they left each to develop his own free spiritual individuality, responsible only to his own conscience and his God. It was then the boast of the little Unitarian party, that it respected individuality, freedom of thought, and freedom of speech, and had neither Inquisitors nor Pope. Great diversity of opinion prevailed amongst Unitarians, ministers and laymen, but the unity of religion was more thought of than the variety of theology. At ordinations, for some years, their councils had ceased to inquire into the special opinions of the candidate, leaving him and

the society electing to settle the matter. The first principle of congregationalism certainly requires this course. As a sect, the Unitarians had but one distinctive doctrine—the unity of God without the Trinity of Persons. Christendom said, “Jesus of Nazareth is Jehovah of Hosts!” The Unitarians answered, “He is not!” At my ordination, none of the council offered to catechise me, or wished to interfere with what belonged to me and the congregation, and they probably thought of my piety and morality more than of the special theology which even then rode therewith in the same panniers. The able and earnest ministers who preached the sermon, delivered the charge, and gave me the right hand of fellowship, all recommended study, investigation, originality, freedom of thought and openness of speech, as well as humanity, and a life of personal religiousness. One, in his ordaining prayer, his hand on my head, put up the petition, “that no fondness for literature or science, and no favorite studies may ever lead this young man from learning the true religion, and preaching it for the salvation of mankind!” Most heartily did I say “Amen!” to this supplication.

For the first year or two the congregation did not exceed seventy persons, including the children. I soon became well acquainted with all in the little parish, where I found some men of rare enlightenment, some truly generous and noble souls. I knew the characters of all, and the thoughts of such as had them. I took great pains with the composition of my sermons; they were never out of my mind. I had an intense delight in writing and preaching; but I was a learner quite as much as a teacher, and was feeling my way forward and upward with one hand, while I tried to lead men with the other. I preached natural laws, nothing on the authority of any church, any tradition, any sect, though I sought illustration and confirmation from all these sources. For historical things, I told the historical evidence; for spiritual things, I found ready proof in the primal instincts of the soul, and confirmation in the life of religious men. The simple life of the farmers, mechanics, and milk-men, about me, of its own accord, turned into a sort of poetry, and re-appeared in the sermons, as the green woods, not far off, looked in at the windows of the meeting-house. I think I preached only what I had experienced in my own inward consciousness, which widened and grew richer as I came into practical contact with living men, turned time into life, and mere thought became character.

But I had much leisure for my private humanitarian and philosophic studies. One of the professors in the Theological School had advised against my settling “in so small a place,” and warned me against “the seductions of an easy chair,” telling me I must become a “minister at large for all mankind,” and do with the pen what I could not with the voice. I devoted my spare time to hard study. To work ten or fifteen hours a-day in my literary labours, was not only a habit, but a pleasure; with zeal and delight I applied myself anew to the great theological problems of the age.

Many circumstances favored both studious pursuits and the formation of an independent character. The years of my preliminary theological study, and of my early ministry, fell in the most interesting

period of New England's spiritual history, when a great revolution went on—so silent that few men knew it was taking place, and none then understood its whither or its whence.

The Unitarians, after a long and bitter controversy, in which they were often shamelessly ill-treated by the "orthodox," had conquered, and secured their ecclesiastical right to deny the Trinity, "the Achilles of dogmas;" they had won the respect of the New England public; had absorbed most of the religious talent of Massachusetts, founded many churches, and possessed and liberally administered the oldest and richest college in America. Not yet petrified into a sect, they rejoiced in the large liberty of "the children of God," and owning neither racks nor dungeons, did not covet any of those things that were their neighbor's. With less education and literary skill, the Universalists had fought manfully against Eternal Damnation—the foulest doctrine which defiles the pages of man's theologic history—secured their ecclesiastical position, wiping malignant statutes from the law books, and, though in a poor and vulgar way, were popularising the great truth that God's chief attribute is LOVE, which is extended to all men. Alone of all Christian sects, they professedly taught the immortality of man in such a form that it is no curse to the race to find it true! But, though departing from those doctrines which are essential to the Christian ecclesiastic scheme, neither Universalist nor Unitarian had broken with the authority of Revelation, the word of the Bible, but still professed a willingness to believe both Trinity and Damnation, could they be found in the miraculous and infallible Scripture.

Mr. Garrison, with his friends, inheriting what was best in the Puritan founders of New England, fired with the zeal of the Hebrew prophets and Christian martyrs, while they were animated with a spirit of humanity rarely found in any of the three, was beginning his noble work, but in a style so humble that, after much search, the police of Boston discovered there was nothing dangerous in it, for "his only visible auxiliary was a negro boy." Dr. Channing was in the full maturity of his powers, and after long preaching the dignity of man as an abstraction, and piety as a purely inward life, with rare and winsome eloquence, and ever progressive humanity, began to apply his sublime doctrines to actual life in the individual, the state, and the church. In the name of Christianity, the great American Unitarian called for the reform of the drunkard, the elevation of the poor, the instruction of the ignorant, and, above all, for the liberation of the American slave. A remarkable man, his instinct of progress grew stronger the more he travelled, and the further he went, for he surrounded himself with young life. Horace Mann, with his coadjutors, began a great movement, to improve the public education of the people. Pierpont, single-handed, was fighting a grand and two-fold battle—against drunkenness in the street, and for righteousness in the pulpit—against fearful ecclesiastic odds maintaining a minister's right and duty to oppose actual wickedness, however popular and destructive. The brilliant genius of Emerson rose in the winter nights, and hung over Boston, drawing the eyes of ingenuous young people to look up to that great, new star, a beauty and a mystery, which charmed for the moment, while it gave also perennial inspira-

tion, as it led them forward along new paths, and towards new hopes. America has seen no such sight before; it is not less a blessed wonder now.

Besides, the Phrenologists, so ably represented by Spurzheim and Combe, were weakening the power of the old supernaturalism, leading men to study the constitution of man more wisely than before, and laying the foundation on which many a beneficent structure was soon to rise. The writings of Wordsworth were becoming familiar to the thoughtful lovers of nature and of man, and drawing men to natural piety. Carlyle's works got reprinted at Boston, diffusing a strong, and then also, a healthy influence on old and young. The writings of Coleridge were reprinted in America, all of them "aids to reflection," and brilliant with the scattered sparks of genius; they incited many to think, more especially young Trinitarian ministers; and, spite of the lack of both historic and philosophic accuracy, and the utter absence of all proportion in his writings; spite of his haste, his vanity, prejudice, sophistry, confusion, and opium—he yet did great service in New England, helping to emancipate enthralled minds. The works of Cousin, more systematic, and more profound as a whole, and far more catholic and comprehensive, continental, not insular, in his range, also became familiar to the Americans—reviews and translations going where the eloquent original was not heard—and helped to free the young mind from the gross sensationalism of the academic philosophy on one side, and the grosser supernaturalism of the ecclesiastic theology on the other.

The German language, hitherto the priceless treasure of a few, was becoming well known, and many were thereby made acquainted with the most original, deep, bold, comprehensive, and wealthy literature in the world, full of theologic and philosophic thought. Thus, a great storehouse was opened to such as were earnestly in quest of truth. Young Mr. Strauss, in whom genius for criticism was united with extraordinary learning and rare facility of philosophic speech, wrote his "Life of Jesus," where he rigidly scrutinised the genuineness of the Gospels and the authenticity of their contents, and with scientific calmness, brought every statement to his steady scales, weighing it, not always, justly, as I think, but impartially always, with philosophic coolness and deliberation. The most formidable assailant of the ecclesiastical theology of Christendom, he roused a host of foes, whose writings—mainly ill-tempered, insolent, and sophistical—it was yet profitable for a young man to read.

The value of Christian miracles, not the question of fact, was discussed at Boston, as never before in America. Prophecy had been thought the Jachin, and miracles the Boaz, whereon alone Christianity could rest; but, said some, if both be shaken down, the Lord's house will not fall. The claims of ecclesiastical tradition came up to be settled anew; and young men, walking solitary through the moonlight, asked, "Which is to be permanent master—a single accident in human history, nay, perchance only the whim of some anonymous dreamer, or the substance of human nature, greatening with continual development, and

"Not without access of unexpected strength?"

The question was also its answer.

The rights of labor were discussed with deep philanthropic feeling, and sometimes with profound thought, metaphysic and economic both. The works of Charles Fourier—a strange, fantastic, visionary man, no doubt, but gifted also with amazing insight of the truths of social science—shed some light in these dark places of speculation. Mr. Ripley, a born Democrat, in the high sense of that abused word, and one of the best cultured and most enlightened men in America, made an attempt at Brook Farm, in West Roxbury, so to organise society that the results of labour should remain in the workman's hand, and not slip thence to the trader's till; that there should be "no exploitation of man by man," but toil and thought, hard work and high culture, should be united in the same person.

The natural rights of woman began to be inquired into, and publicly discussed; while in private, great pains were taken in the chief towns of New England, to furnish a thorough and comprehensive education to such young maidens as were born with two talents, mind and money.

Of course a strong reaction followed. At the Cambridge Divinity School, Professor Henry Ware, Jun., told the young men, if there appeared to them any contradiction between the reason of man and the letter of the Bible, they "must follow the written Word," "for you can never be so certain of the correctness of what takes place in your own mind, as of what is written in the Bible." In an ordination sermon, he told the young minister not to preach himself, but Christ; and not to appeal to human nature for proof of doctrines, but to the authority of revelation. Other Unitarian ministers declared, "There are limits to free inquiry;" and preached, "Reason must be put down, or she will soon ask terrible questions;" protested against the union of philosophy and religion, and assumed to "prohibit the bans" of marriage between the two. Mr. Norton—then a great name at Cambridge, a scholar of rare but contracted merit, a careful and exact writer, born for controversy, really learned and able in his special department, the interpretations of the New Testament—opened his mouth and spoke: the mass of men must accept the doctrines of religion solely on the authority of the learned, as they do the doctrines of mathematical astronomy; the miracles of Jesus—he made merry at those of the Old Testament—are the only evidence of the truth of Christianity; in the popular religion of the Greeks and Romans, there was no conception of God; the new philosophic attempts to explain the fact of religious consciousness were "the latest form of infidelity;" the great philosophical and theological thinkers of Germany were "all atheists;" "Schleiermacher was an atheist," as was also Spinoza, his master, before him; and Cousin, who was only "that Frenchman," was no better; the study of philosophy, and the neglect of "Biblical criticism," were leading mankind to ruin—everywhere was instability and insecurity!

Of course, this reaction was supported by the ministers in the great churches of commerce, and by the old literary periodicals, which never knew a star was risen till men wondered at it in the zenith; the Unitarian journals gradually went over to the opponents of freedom and

progress, with lofty scorn rejecting their former principles, and repeating the conduct they had once complained of; Cambridge and Princeton seemed to be interchanging cards. From such hands Cousin and Emerson could not receive needed criticism, but only vulgar abuse. Dr. Channing could "not draw a long breath in Boston," where he found the successors of Paul trembling before the successors of Felix. Even Trinitarian Moses Stuart seemed scarcely safe in his hard-bottomed Hopkinsian chair, at Andover. The Trinitarian ministers and city schoolmasters galled Horace Mann with continual assaults on his measures for educating the people. Unitarian ministers struck hands with wealthy liquor dealers to drive Mr. Pierpont from his pulpit, where he valiantly preached "temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come," appealing to "a day after to-day." Prominent anti-slavery men were dropped out of all wealthy society in Boston, their former friends not knowing them in the streets; Mr. Garrison was mobbed by men in handsome coats, and found defence from their fury only in a jail; an assembly of women, consulting for the liberation of their darker sisters, was driven with hootings into the street. The Attorney-General of Massachusetts brought an indictment for blasphemy against a country minister, one of the most learned Biblical scholars in America, for publicly proving that none of the "Messianic prophecies" of the Old Testament was ever fulfilled by Jesus of Nazareth, who accordingly was not the expected Christ of the Jews. Abner Kneeland, editor of a newspaper, in which he boasted of the name "Infidel," was clapped in jail for writing against the ecclesiastical notion of God, the last man ever punished for blasphemy in the State. At the beck of a Virginian slave-holder, the Governor of Massachusetts suggested to the Legislature the expediency of abridging the old New England liberty of speech.

The movement party established a new quarterly, the *Dial*, wherein their wisdom and their folly rode together on the same saddle, to the amazement of lookers-on. The short-lived journal had a narrow circulation, but its most significant papers were scattered wide by newspapers which copied them. A *Quarterly Review* was also established by Mr. Brownson, then a Unitarian minister and "sceptical democrat" of the most extravagant class, but now a Catholic, a powerful advocate of material and spiritual despotism, and perhaps the ablest writer in America against the rights of man and the welfare of his race. In this he diffused important philosophic ideas, displayed and disciplined his own extraordinary talents for philosophic thought and popular writing, and directed them towards Democracy, Transcendentalism, "New Views," and the "Progress of the Species."

I count it a piece of good fortune that I was a young man when these things were taking place, when great questions were discussed, and the public had not yet taken sides.

After I became a Minister I laid out an extensive plan of study, a continuation of previous work. I intended to write a "History of the Progressive Development of Religion among the leading Races of Mankind," and attended at once to certain preliminaries. I studied the Bible more carefully and comprehensively than before, both the criticism and interpretation; and, in six or seven years, prepared an "Intro-

duction to the Canonical Scriptures of the Old Testament," translated from the German of Dr. Wette, the ablest writer in the world on that theme; the book as published was partly his and partly mine. This work led me to a careful study of the Christian Fathers of the first five centuries, and of most of the great works written about the Bible and Christianity. I intended to prepare a similar work on the New Testament, and the Apocrypha of both Old and New. I studied the philosophers, theologians, and Biblical critics of Germany, the only land where theology was then studied as a science, and developed with scientific freedom. I was much helped by the large learning, and nice analysis of these great thinkers, who have done as much for the history of the Christian movement as Niebuhr for that of the Roman State. But as I studied the profound works of Catholic and Protestant, the regressive and the progressive men, and got instruction from all, I did not feel inclined to accept any one as my master, thinking it lawful to ride on their horses without being myself either saddled or bridled.

The critical study of the Bible only enhanced my reverence for the great and good things I found in the Old Testament and New. They were not the less valuable because they were not the work of "miraculous and infallible inspiration," and because I found them mixed with some of the worst doctrines ever taught by men; it was no strange thing to find pearls surrounded by sand, and roses beset with thorns. I liked the Bible better when I could consciously take its contradictory books each for what it is, and felt nothing commanding me to accept it for what it is not; and could freely use it as a help, not slavishly serve it as a master, or worship it as an idol. I took no doctrine for true, simply because it was in the Bible; what therein seemed false or wrong, I rejected as freely as if I had found it in the sacred books of the Buddhists or Mormons.

I had not preached long before I found, as never before, that practically, the ecclesiastical worship of the Bible hindered the religious welfare and progress of the Christians more than any other cause.

With doctors, the traditionary drug was once a fetish, which they revered and administered without much inquiring whether it would kill or cure. But now, fortunately, they are divided into so many sects, each terribly criticising the other, the spirit of philosophic scepticism and inquiry by experiment has so entered the profession, that many have broken with that authority, and ask freely, "How can the sick man recover?" The worship of the traditionary drug is getting ended.

With lawyers, the law of the land, custom, or promulgated statute, is also a fetish. They do not ask, "Is the statute right?—will its application promote justice?" which is the common interest of all men; but only, "Is it law?" To this judge and advocate must prostitute their conscience; hence the personal ruin which so often is mistaken for personal success.

With Protestant ministers, the Bible is a fetish; it is so with Catholic priests likewise, only to them the Roman Church is the master fetish, the "big thunder," while the Bible is but an inferior and subservient idol. For ultimate authority, the minister does not appeal to God, manifesting Himself in the world of matter and the world of

man, but only to the Bible; to that he prostitutes his mind and conscience, heart and soul; on the authority of an anonymous Hebrew book, he will justify the slaughter of innocent men, women, and children, by the thousand; and, on that of an anonymous Greek book, he will believe, or at least command others to believe, that man is born totally depraved, and God will perpetually slaughter men in hell by the million, though they had committed no fault, except that of not believing an absurd doctrine they had never heard of. Ministers take the Bible in the lump as divine; all between the lids of the book is equally the "Word of God," infallible and miraculous; he that believeth it shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned; no amount of piety and morality can make up for not believing this. No doctor is ever so subordinate to his drug, no lawyer lies so prone before statute and custom, as the mass of ministers before the Bible, the great fetish of Protestant Christendom. The Ephesians did not so worship their great goddess Diana and the meteoric stone which fell down from Jupiter. "We can believe anything," say they, "which has a 'Thus saith the Lord' before or after it." The Bible is not only master of the soul, it is also a talisman to keep men from harm; bodily contact with it, through hand or eye, is a part of religion; so it lies in railroad stations, in the parlors and sleeping chambers of taverns, and the cabin of ships, only to be seen and touched not read. The pious mother puts it in the trunk of her prodigal son, about to travel, and while she knows he is wasting her substance upon harlots and in riotous living, she contents herself with the thought that "he has got his Bible with him, and promised to read a chapter every day!" So the Catholic mother uses an image of the "Virgin Mother of God," and the Rocky Mountain savage a bundle of grass: it is a fetish.

But with this general worship of the Bible there is yet a cunning use of it; as the lawyers twist a statute to wring out a meaning they know it does not contain, but themselves put in, or warp a decision till it fits their purpose, so, with equal sophistry, and perhaps self-deceit, do the Ministers twist the Bible to support their special doctrine: no book has been explained with such sophistry. Thus, some make the Apostle Paul a Unitarian, and find neither Divinity nor the pre-existence ascribed to Jesus in the fourth Gospel; while others discover the full-blown Trinity in the first verse of the first chapter of the first book in the Bible; nay, yet others can find no devil, no wrathful God, and no eternal damnation, even in the New Testament. But all these ministers agree that the Bible is the "Word of God," "His only Word," miraculous and infallible, and that belief in it is indispensable to Christianity, and continually preach this to the people.

I had not long been a minister, before I found this worship of the Bible as a fetish hindering me at each progressive step. If I wished to teach the nobleness of man, the Old Testament and New were there with dreadful condemnations of human nature; did I speak of God's love for all men, the Bible was full of ghastly things—chosen people, hell, devil, damnation—to prove that he loved only a few, and them not overmuch; did I encourage free individuality of soul, such

as the great Bible-men themselves had, asking all to be Christians as Jesus was a Christ, there were texts of bondage, commanding a belief in this or that absurdity. There was no virtue, but the Scriptures could furnish an argument against it. I could not deny the existence of ghosts and witches, devils and demons, haunting the earth, but Revelation could be quoted against me. Nay, if I declared the constancy of nature's laws, and sought therein great argument for the constancy of God, all the miracles came and held their mythologic finger up. Even slavery was "of God," for the "divine statutes" in the Old Testament admitted the principle that man might own a man as well as a garden or an ox, and provided for the measure. Moses and the Prophets were on its side, and neither Paul of Tarsus nor Jesus of Nazareth uttered a direct word against it. The best thing in the Bible is the free genius for religion, which is itself inspiration, and not only learns particular truths through its direct normal intercourse with God, but creates new men in its own likeness, to lead every Israel out of his Egypt, and conduct all men to the Land of Promise: whose worships the Bible, loses this.

I set myself seriously to consider how I could best oppose this monstrous evil; it required great caution. I feared lest I should weaken men's natural trust in God, and their respect for true religion, by rudely showing them that they worshipped an idol, and were misled into gross superstition. This fear did not come from my nature, but from ecclesiastical tradition, and the vice of a New England theologic culture. It has been the maxim of almost every sect in Christendom that the mass of men, in religious matters, must be ruled with authority, that is, by outward force; this principle belongs to the idea of a supernatural revelation; the people cannot determine for themselves what is true, moral, religious; their opinions must be made for them by supernatural authority, not by them through the normal use of their higher faculties! Hence the Catholic priest appeals to the supernatural Church to prove the infallibility of the Pope, the actual presence of the body and blood of Jesus in the sacramental bread and wine; hence the Protestant appeals to the supernatural Bible, to prove that Jesus was born with no human father, the total depravity of all men, the wrath of God, the existence of a devil, and the eternal torments of hell. Besides, the man of superior education is commonly separated from sympathizing with the people, and that by the very culture they have paid for with their toil, and which ought to unite the two; he has little confidence in their instinct or reflection.

I had some of these unnatural doubts and fears; but my chief anxiety came less from distrust of mankind, than from diffidence in my own power to tell the truth so clear and well that I should do no harm. However, when I saw the evil which came from this superstition, I could not be silent. In conversation and preaching, I explained little details—this was poetry in the Bible, and not matter of fact: that was only the dress of the doctrine, not truth itself; the authors of Scripture were mistaken here and there; they believed in a devil, which was a popular fancy of their times; a particular prophecy has never been fulfilled.

But the whole matter must be treated more philosophically, and set on its true foundation. Se, designing to save men's reverence for the grand truths of the Bible, while I should wean them away from worshipping it, I soon laboriously wrote two sermons on the contradictions in the Scripture—treating of historic contradictions, where one part is at variance with another, or with actual facts, authenticated by other witnesses; of scientific contradictions, passages at open variance with the facts of the material universe; and of moral and religious contradictions, passages which were hostile to the highest intuitions and reflections of human nature. I made the discourses as perfect as I then could at that early stage of my life: very imperfect and incomplete I should, doubtless, find them now. I then inquired about the expediency of preaching them immediately. I had not yet enough practical experience of men to authorize me to depart from the ecclesiastical distrust of the people; I consulted older and enlightened ministers. They all said "No: preach no such thing! You will only do harm." One of the most learned and liberal ministers of New England advised me never to oppose the popular religion! "But, if it be wrong to hinder the religious welfare of the people—what then?" Why, let it alone; all the old philosophers did so; Socrates sacrificed a cock to Æsculapius! He that spits on the wind spits in his own face; you will ruin yourself, and do nobody any good!

Silenced, but not convinced, I kept my unpreached sermons, read books on kindred matters, and sought to make my work more complete as a whole, and more perfect in all its parts. At length I consulted a very wise and thoughtful layman, old, with large social experience, and much esteemed for sound sense, one who knew the difficulties of the case, and would not let his young children read the Old Testament, lest it should injure their religious character. I told him my conviction and my doubts, asking his advice. He also thought silence wiser than speech, yet said there were many thoughtful men who felt troubled by the offensive things in the Bible, and would be grateful to any one who could show that religion was independent thereof. But, he added, "If you try it, you will be misunderstood." Take the society at —, perhaps one of the most intelligent in the city; you will preach your sermons, a few will understand and thank you. But the great vulgar, who hear imperfectly and remember imperfectly, and at the best understand but little, they will say, "He finds faults in the Bible! What does it all mean; what have we got left?" And the little vulgar, who hear and remember still more imperfectly, and understand even less, they will exclaim, "Why the man is an Infidel! He tells us there are faults in the Bible. He is pulling down religion!" Then it will get into the newspapers, and all the ministers in the land will be down upon you! No good will be done, but much harm. You had better let it all alone!

I kept my sermons more than a year, doubting whether the little congregation would be able to choose between truth and error when both were set before them, and fearing lest I should weaken their faith in pure religion, when I showed it was not responsible for the contradictions in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures! But at length I

could wait no longer; and to ease my own conscience, I preached the two sermons, yet not venturing to look the audience in the face and see the immediate result. In the course of the week, men and women of the commonest education, but of earnest character and profound religious feeling, took pains to tell me of the great comfort I had given them by showing, what they had long felt, that the Bible is one thing and religion another; that the two had no necessary connection: that the faults of the Old Testament or the New need not hinder any man from religious development; and that he never need try to believe a statement in the Bible which was at variance with his reason and his conscience. They thanked me for the attempt to apply common-sense to religion and the Bible. The most thoughtful and religious seemed the most instructed. I could not learn that any one felt less reverence for God, or less love for piety and morality. It was plain I had removed a stone of stumbling from the public path. The scales of ecclesiastical tradition fell from my eyes; by this crucial experiment, this guide-board instance, I learned that the mass of men need not be led blind-fold by clerical authority, but had competent power of self-direction, and while they needed the scholar as their help, had no need of a self-appointed master. It was clear that a teacher of religion and theology should tell the world all he knew thereunto appertaining, as all teachers of mathematics or of chemistry are expected to do in their profession.

I had once felt very happy, when I could legitimate these three great primal instinctive intuitions, of the divine, the just, and the immortal; I now felt equally joyous at finding I might safely appeal to the same instincts in the mass of New England men, and build religion on that imperishable foundation.

I continued my humble studies, philosophical and theological; and as fast as I found a new truth, I preached it to gladden other hearts in my own parish, and elsewhere, when I spoke in the pulpits of my friends. The neighbouring ministers became familiar with my opinions and my practice, but seldom uttered a reproach. At length, on the 19th of May, 1841, at the ordination of Mr. Shackford, a thoughtful and promising young man, at South Boston, I preached a "Discourse of the Transient and Permanent in Christianity." The Trinitarian ministers who were present joined in a public protest; a great outcry was raised against the sermon and its author. Theological and commercial newspapers rang with animadversions against its wickedness. "Unbeliever," "Infidel," "Atheist," were the titles bestowed on me by my brothers in the Christian ministry; a venerable minister, who heard the report in an adjoining county, printed his letter in one of the most widely circulated journals of New England, calling on the Attorney-General to prosecute, the grand jury to indict, and the judge to sentence me to three years' confinement in the State Prison for blasphemy!

I printed the sermon, but no bookseller in Boston would put his name to the title-page—Unitarian ministers had been busy with their advice. The Swedenborgian printers volunteered the protection of their name; the little pamphlet was thus published, sold, and vehemently denounced. Most of my clerical friends fell off; some would

not speak to me in the street, and refused to take me by the hand; in their public meetings they left the sofas or benches when I sat down, and withdrew from me as Jews from contact with a leper. In a few months most of my former ministerial coadjutors forsook me, and there were only six who would allow me to enter their pulpits. But yet one Unitarian minister, Rev. John L. Russell, though a stranger till then, presently after came and offered me his help in my time of need! The controlling men of the denomination determined, "This young man must be silenced!" The Unitarian periodicals were shut against me and my friends—the public must not read what I wrote. Attempts were secretly made to alienate my little congregation, and expel me from my obscure station at West Roxbury. But I had not gone to war without counting the cost. I well knew beforehand what awaited me, and had determined to fight the battle through, and never thought of yielding or being silenced. I told my opponents the only man who could "put me down" was myself, and I trusted I should do nothing to bring about that result. If thrust out of my own pulpit, I made up my mind to lecture from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, nay, if need were from house to house, well assured that I should not thus go over the hamlets of New England till something was come. But the little society came generously to my support and defence, giving me the heartiest sympathy, and offered me all the indulgence in their power. Some ministers and generous-minded laymen stood up on my side, and preached or wrote in defence of free thought and free speech, even in the pulpit. Friendly persons, both men and women, wrote me letters to cheer and encourage, also to warn—this against fear, that against excess and violence; some of them never gave me their names, and I only have this late opportunity to thank them for their anonymous kindness. Of course scurrilous and abusive letters did not fail to appear.

Five or six men in Boston thought this treatment was not quite fair; they wished to judge neither a man nor his doctrines unheard, but to know at length what I had to say; so they asked me to deliver a course of five lectures in your city, on religious matters. I consented, and in the autumn of 1841 delivered five lectures on "Matters pertaining to Religion;" they were reported in some of the newspapers, most ably and fully in the *New York Tribune*, not then the famous and powerful sheet it has since become. I delivered the lectures several times that winter in New England towns, and published them in a volume the next spring. I thought no bookseller would put his name to the title-page; but when the work was ready for the public eye, my friend, the late Mr. James Brown, perhaps the most eminent man in the American book trade, volunteered to take charge of it, and the book appeared with the advantage of issuing from one of the most respectable publishing-houses in the United States. Years afterwards he told me that two "rich and highly respectable gentlemen of Boston" begged him to have nothing to do with it; "we wish," said they, "to render it impossible for him to publish his work!" But the bookseller wanted fair-play.

The next autumn I delivered in Boston six "Sermons for the Times," treating of theology, of religion, and of its application to life. These also were repeated in several other places. But, weary with anxiety and excess of work, both public and private, my health began to be seriously impaired; and in September, 1843, I fled off to Europe, to spend a year in recovery, observation, and thought. I had there an opportunity to study nations I had previously known only by their literature, and by other men's words; to see the effect which despotic, monarchic, and aristocratic institutions have on multitudes of men, who, from generation to generation, had lived under them; to study the effect of those forms of religion which are enforced by the inquisitor or the constable; and in many forms, to see the difference between freedom and bondage. In their architecture, painting, and sculpture, the European cities afforded me a new world of art, while the heterogeneous crowds which throng the streets of those vast ancient capitals, so rich in their historic monuments, presented human life in forms I had not known before. It is only in the low parts of London, Paris and Naples, that an American learns what the ancients meant by the "People," the "Populace," and sees what barbarism may exist in the midst of wealth, culture, refinement, and manly virtue. There I could learn what warning and what guidance the Old World had to offer to the New. Visiting some of the seats of learning, which, in Europe, are also sometimes the citadel of new thought and homes of genius, I had an opportunity of conversing with eminent men, and comparing their schemes for improving mankind with my own. Still more, I had an entire year, free from all practical duties, for revising my own philosophy and theology, and laying out plans for future work. My involuntary year of rest and inaction turned out, perhaps, the most profitable in my life, up to that time, in the acquisition of knowledge, and in preparing for much that was to follow.

Coming home the next September, with more physical strength than ever before, I found a hearty welcome from the many friends who crowded the little meeting-house to welcome my return—as before to bid me God-speed—and resumed my usual labours, public and private. In my absence, my theological foes had contented themselves with declaring that my doctrines had taken no root in America, and my personal friends were turning off from the error of their ways; but the sound of my voice roused my opponents to new activity, and ere long the pulpits and newspapers rang with the accustomed warfare. But even in Boston there were earnest ministers who lifted up their voices in behalf of freedom of thought in the study, and free speech in the pulpit. I shall never cease to be grateful to Mr. Pierpont, Mr. Sargent, and James Freeman Clarke, "friends in need, and friends in deed." They defended the principle of religious freedom, though they did not share the opinions it led me to, nor always approve of the manner in which I set them forth. It was zeal for the true and the right, not special personal friendship for me, which moved them to this manly course. In the most important orthodox Quarterly in America, a young Trinitarian minister, Rev. Mr. Porter, reviewed my

“Discourse of Religion,” not doing injustice to author or work, while he stoutly opposed both. A few other friendly words were also spoken; but what were these among so many!

Under these circumstances you formed your society. A few earnest men thought the great principle of religious freedom was in danger; for, indeed, it was ecclesiastically repudiated, and that, too, with scorn and hissing by the Unitarians—the “liberal Christians!” the “party of progress”—not less than by the orthodox. Some of you came together, privately first, and then in public, to look matters in the face, and consider what ought to be done. A young man proposed this resolution: “*Resolved*, That the Rev. Theodore Parker shall have a chance to be heard in Boston.” That motion prevailed, and measures were soon taken to make the resolution an event. But, so low was our reputation, that, though payment was offered in advance, of all the unoccupied halls in Boston; only one could be hired for our purpose; but that was the largest and most central. So, one rainy Sunday, the streets full of snow, on the 16th of February, 1845, for the first time I stood before you to preach and pray: we were strangers then! I spoke of the “Indispensableness of True Religion for Man’s Welfare in his Individual and his Social Life.” I came to build up piety and morality; to pull down only what cumbered the ground. I was then in my thirty-fifth year, and had some knowledge of the historical development of religion in the Christian world. I knew that I came to a “thirty years’ war,” and I had enlisted for the whole, should life hold out so long. I knew well what we had to expect at first; for we were committing the sin which all the great world-sects have held unpardonable—attempting to correct the errors of theory and the vices of practice in the Church. No offence could ecclesiastically be greater; the Inquisition was built to punish such; to that end blazed the faggots at Smithfield, and the cross was set up on Calvary. Truth has her cradle near Golgotha. You knew my spirit and tendency better than my special opinions, which you then gave a “chance to be heard in Boston.” But I knew that I had thoroughly broken with the ecclesiastical authority of Christendom; its God was not my God, nor its Scriptures my Word of God, nor its Christ my Saviour; for I preferred the Jesus of historic fact to the Christ of theologic fancy. Its narrow, partial, and unnatural heaven I did not wish to enter on the terms proposed, nor did I fear, since earliest youth, its mythic, roomy hell, wherein the triune God, with his pack of devils to aid, tore the human race in pieces for ever and ever. I came to preach “another Gospel,” sentiments, ideas, actions, quite unlike what belonged to the theology of the Christian Church. Though severely in earnest, I came to educate men into true religion as well as I could, I knew I should be accounted the worst of men, ranked among triflers, mockers, infidels, and atheists. But I did not know all the public had to offer me of good or ill; nay, I did not know what was latent in myself, nor foresee all the doctrines which then were hid in my own first principles, what embryo fruit and flowers lay sheathed in the obvious bud. But at the beginning I warned you that if you came, Sunday after Sunday, you would soon think very much as I did on the great matters you asked me to teach—because I had drawn my doctrine from the same

human nature which was in you, and that would recognise and own its child.

Let me arrange, under three heads, some of the most important doctrines I have aimed to set forth.

I. THE INFINITE PERFECTION OF GOD.—This doctrine is the cornerstone of all my theological and religious teaching—the foundation, perhaps, of all that is peculiar in my system. It is not known to the Old Testament or the New; it has never been accepted by any sect in the Christian world; for, though it be equally claimed by all, from the Catholic to the Mormon, none has ever consistently developed it, even in theory, but all continually limit God in power, in wisdom, and still more eminently in justice and in love. The idea of God's imperfection has been carried out with dreadful logic in the "Christian Scheme." Thus it is commonly taught, in all the great theologies, that, at the crucifixion of Jesus, "the Creator of the universe was put to death, and his own creatures were his executioners." Besides, in the ecclesiastical conception of Deity, there is a fourth person to the God-head—namely, the Devil, an outlying member, unacknowledged, indeed, the complex of all evil, but as much a part of the Deity as either Son or Holy Ghost, and far more powerful than all the rest, who seem but jackals to provide for this "roaring lion," which devours what the others but create, die for, inspire, and fill. I know this statement is ghastly—the theologic notion it sets forth, to me, seems far more so. While the Christians accept the Bible as the "Word of God," direct, miraculous, infallible, containing a complete and perfect "revelation" of His nature, His character, and conduct, it is quite impossible for them to accept, or even tolerate, the infinite perfection of God. The imperfect and cruel character attributed to God, rejoicing in his hell and its legions of devils, is the fundamental vice of the ecclesiastical theology, which so many accept as their "religion," and name the hideous thing "Christianity!" They cannot escape the consequence of their first principle; their gate must turn on its own hinge.

I have taught that God contains all possible and conceivable perfection:—the perfection of being, self-subsistence, conditioned only by itself; the perfection of power, all-mightiness; of mind, all-knowingness; of conscience, all-righteousness; of affection, all-lovingness; and the perfection of that innermost element, which in finite man is personality, all-holiness, faithfulness to Himself.

The infinitely perfect God is immanent in the world of matter, and in the world of spirit, the two hemispheres which to us make up the universe; each particle thereof is inseparable from Him, while He yet transcends both, is limited by neither, but in Himself is complete and perfect.

I have not taught that the special qualities I find in the Deity are all that are actually there; higher and more must doubtless appear to beings of larger powers than man's. My definition distinguishes God from all other beings; it does not limit him to the details of my conception. I only tell what I know, not what others may know, which lies beyond my present consciousness.

He is a perfect Creator, making all from a perfect motive, for a perfect purpose, of perfect substance, and as a perfect means; none other are conceivable with a perfect God. The motive must be love, the purpose welfare, the means the constitution of the universe itself, as a whole and in parts—for each great or little thing coming from Him must be perfectly adapted to secure the purpose it was intended for, and achieve the end it was meant to serve, and represent the causal motive which brought it forth. So there must be a complete solidarity between God and the two-fold universe which He creates. The perfect Creator is thus also a perfect providence; indeed, creation and providence are not objective accidents of Deity, nor subjective caprices, but the development of the perfect motive to its perfect purpose, love becoming a universe of perfect welfare.

I have called God Father, but also Mother, not by this figure implying that the Divine Being has the limitations of the female figure—as some ministers deceitfully allege of late, who might have been supposed to know better than thus to pervert plain speech—but to express more sensibility, the quality of tender and unselfish love, which mankind associates with Mother than aught else beside.

II. THE ADEQUACY OF MAN FOR ALL HIS FUNCTIONS.—From the infinite perfection of God their follows unavoidably the relative perfection of all that He creates. So, the nature of man, tending to a progressive development of all his manifold powers, must be the best possible nature, most fit for the perfect accomplishment of the perfect purpose, and the attainment of the perfect end, which God designs for the race and the individual. It is not difficult in this general way to show the relative perfection of human nature, deducing this from the infinite perfection of God; but I think it impossible to prove it by the inductive process of reasoning from concrete facts of external observation, of which we know not yet the entire sum, nor any one, perhaps, completely. Yet I have travelled also this inductive road, as far as it reaches, and tried to show the constitution of man's body, with its adaptation to the surrounding world of matter, and the constitution of his spirit, with its intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious powers, and its harmonious relation with the world of matter, which affords them a playground, a school, and a workshop. So I have continually taught that man has in himself all the faculties he needs to accomplish his high destination, and in the world of matter finds, one by one, all the material helps he requires.

We all see the unity of life in the individual; his gradual growth from merely sentient and passive babyhood, up to thoughtful, self-directing manhood. I have tried to show there was a similar unity of life in the human race, pointing out the analogous progressive development of mankind, from the state of ignorance, poverty, and utter nakedness of soul and sense, the necessary primitive conditions of the race, up to the present civilization of the leading nations. The primitive is a wild man, who gradually grows up to civilization. To me, the notorious facts of human history, the condition of language, art, industry, and the foot-prints of man left all over the torrid and temperate lands, admit of no other interpretation. Of course it must have

required many a thousand years for Divine Providence to bring this child from his mute, naked, ignorant poverty, up to the many-voiced, many-coloured civilization of these times; and, as in the strata of mountain and plain, on the shores of the sea, and under "the bottom of the monstrous world," the geologist finds proof of time immense, wherein this material Cosmos assumed its present form, so in ruins of cities, in the weapons of iron, bronze, or stone, found in Scandinavian swamps, on the sub-aquatic enclosures of the Swiss lakes, in the remains of Egyptian industry, which the holy Nile, "mother of blessings"—now spiritual to us, as once material to those whose flesh she fed—has covered with many folds of earth and kept for us; and still more in the history of art, science, war, industry, and the structure of language itself, a slow-growing plant, do I find proof of time immense, wherein man, this spiritual Cosmos, has been assuming his present condition, individual domestic, social, and national, and accumulating that wealth of things and thoughts which is the mark of civilization. I have tried to show by history the progressive development of industry and wealth, of mind and knowledge, of conscience and justice, of the affections and philanthropy, of the soul and true religion; the many forms of the family, the community, state and church, I look on as so many "experiments in living," all useful, each, perhaps, in its time and place, as indispensable as the various geological changes. But this progressive development does not end with us; we have seen only the beginning; the future triumphs of the race must be vastly greater than all accomplished yet. In the primal instincts and automatic desires of man, I have found a prophecy that what he wants is possible, and shall one day be actual. It is a glorious future on earth which I have set before your eyes and hopes, thereby stimulating both your patience to bear now what is inevitable, and your thought and toil to secure a future triumph to be had on no other terms. What good is not with us is before, to be attained by toil and thought, and religious life.

III. ABSOLUTE OR NATURAL RELIGION.—In its complete and perfect form, this is the normal development, use, discipline, and enjoyment of every part of the body, and every faculty of the spirit; the direction of all natural powers to their natural purposes. I have taught that there were three parts which make up the sum of true religion; the emotional part, of right feelings, where religion at first begins in the automatic, primal instinct; the intellectual part, of true ideas, which either directly represent the primitive, instinctive feeling of whoa holds them, or else produce a kindred, secondary, and derivative feeling in whose receives them; and the practical part, of just actions, which correspond to the feelings and the ideas, and make the mere thought or emotion into a concrete deed. So, the true religion which comes from the nature of man, consists of normal feelings towards God and man, of correct thoughts about God, man, and the relation between them, and of actions corresponding to the natural conscience when developed in harmony with the entire constitution of man.

But this religion which begins in the instinctive feelings, and thence advances to reflective ideas, assumes its ultimate form in the character

of men, and so appears in their actions, individual, domestic, social, national, ecclesiastical, and general—human; it builds manifold institutions like itself, wherein it rears up men in its own image. All the six great historic forms of religion—the Brahmanic, Hebrew, Classic, Buddhist, Christian, Mohammedan—profess to have come miraculously from God, not normally from man; and, spite of the excellence which they contain, and the vast service the humblest of them has done, yet each must ere long prove a hindrance to human welfare, for it claims to be a finality, and makes the whole of human nature wait upon an accident of human history—and that accident the whim of some single man. The absolute religion which belongs to man's nature, and is gradually unfolded thence, like the high achievements of art, science, literature, and politics, is only distinctly conceived of in an advanced stage of man's growth; to make its idea a fact, is the highest triumph of the human race. This is the idea of humanity, dimly seen but clearly felt, which has flitted before the pious eyes of men in all lands and many an age, and been prayed for as the "Kingdom of Heaven." The religious history of the race is the record of man's continual but unconscious efforts to attain this "desire of all nations;" poetic stories of the "golden age," or of man in the garden of Eden, are but this natural wish looking back and fondly dreaming that "the former days were better than these." But while all the other forms of religion must ultimately fail before this, fading as it flowers, each one of them has yet been a help towards it, probably indispensable to the development of mankind. For each has grown out of the condition of some people, as naturally as the wild primitive flora of Santa Cruz has come from the state of this island—its geologic structure and chemical composition, its tropic heat, and its special situation amid the great currents of water and of air; as naturally as the dependent fauna of the place comes from its flora. Thus in the religions of mankind, as in the various governments, nay, as in the different geologic periods, there is diversity of form, but unity of aim; destruction is only to create; earthquakes, which submerge the sunken continents whose former mountains are but islands now, and revolutions, in which the Hebrew and Classic religions went under, their poetic summits only visible, have analogous functions to perform—handmaids of creation both.

For these three great doctrines—of God, of Man, of Religion—I have depended on no Church and no Scripture; yet have I found things to serve me in all Scriptures and every Church. I have sought my authority in the nature of man—in facts of consciousness within me, and facts of observation in the human world without. To me the material world and the outward history of man do not supply a sufficient revelation of God, nor warrant me to speak of infinite perfection. It is only from the nature of man, from facts of intuition, that I can gather this greatest of all truths, as I find it in my consciousness reflected back from Deity itself.

I know well what may be said of the "feebleness of all the human faculties," their "unfaithfulness and unfitness for their work;" that the mind is not adequate for man's intellectual function, nor the conscience for the moral, nor the affections for the philanthropic, nor the soul for the religious, nor even the body for the corporeal, but that

each requires miraculous help from a God who is only outside of humanity! There is a denial which boldly rejects the immortality of man and the existence of Deity, with many another doctrine, dear and precious to mankind; but the most dangerous scepticism is that, which, professing allegiance to all these, and crossing itself at the name of Jesus, is yet so false to the great primeval instincts of man, that it declares he cannot be certain of anything he learns by the normal exercise of any faculty! I have carefully studied this school of doubt, modern, not less than old, as it appears in history. In it there are honest inquirers after truth, but misled by some accident, and also sophists, who live by their sleight of mind, as jugglers by their dexterity of hand. But the chief members of this body are the mockers, who, in a world they make empty, find the most fitting echo to their hideous laugh; and churchmen of all denominations, who are so anxious to support their ecclesiastic theology, that they think it is not safe on its throne till they have annihilated the claim of reason, conscience, the affections, and the soul to any voice in determining the greatest concerns of man—thinking there is no place for the Christian Church or the Bible till they have nullified the faculties which created both, and rendered Bible-makers and Church-founders impossible. But it is rather a poor compliment these ecclesiastic sceptics pay their Deity, to say He so makes and manages the world that we cannot trust the sights we see, the sounds we hear, the thoughts we think, or the moral, affectional, religious emotions we feel; that we are certain neither of the intuitions of instinct, nor the demonstrations of reason, but yet by some anonymous testimony, can be made sure that Balaam's she-ass spoke certain Hebrew words, and one undivided third-part of God was "born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, descended into hell, and the third day rose again," to take away the wrath which the other two undivided third-parts of God felt against all mankind!

It is not for me to say there is no limit to the possible attainments of man's religious or other faculties. I will not dogmatise where I do not know. But history shows that the Hercules' Pillars of one age are sailed through in the next, and a wide ocean entered on, which in due time is found rich with islands of its own, and washing a vast continent not dreamed of by such as slept within their temples of old, while it sent to their very coasts its curious joints of unwonted cane, its seeds of many an unknown tree, and even elaborate boats, wherein lay the starved bodies of strange-featured men, with golden jewels in their ears. No doubt there are limits to human industry, for finite man is bounded on every side; but, I take it, the Hottentot, the Gaboon Negro, and the wild man of New Guinea, antecedently, would think it impossible that mankind should build the Pyramids of Egypt for royal ostentation, for defence throw up the fortresses of Europe and the wall of China, or for economic use lay down the roads of earth, of water, iron, wood, or stone, which now so swiftly help to develop the material resources and educate the spiritual powers of Europe and America. Still less would they conceive it possible for men to make all the farms, the mills, the shops, the houses, and the ships of civilised mankind. But the philosopher sees it is possible for toil and thought soon to

double, and then multiply manifold the industrial attainments of Britain or New England.

No doubt there may be a limit to mathematic thought, though to me that would seem boundless, and every scientific step therein to be certain; but the barefooted negro who goads his oxen under my window, and can only count his two thumbs, is no limit to Archimedes, Descartes, Newton, and La Place, no more are these men of vast genius a limit to the mathematic possibility of humankind. They who invented letters, arithmetic symbols, gunpowder, the compass, the printing press, the telescope, the steam-engine, and the telegraph, only ploughed in corners of the field of human possibility, and showed its bounds were not where they had been supposed. A thousand years ago, the world had not a man, I think, who could even dream of such a welfare as New England now enjoys! Who shall tell industrious, mathematic, progressive mankind, "Stop there; you have reached the utmost bound of human possibility; beyond it economy is waste, and science folly, and progress downfall!" No more is the atheistic mocker or the ecclesiastic bigot commissioned to stop the human race with his cry, "Cease there, mankind, thy religious search! for, thousand-million-headed as thou art, thou canst know nought directly of thy God, thy duty, or thyself! Pause, and accept my authenticated word; stop, and despair!"

I know too well the atheistic philosopher's bitter mock, and the haughty scorn of theologic despisers of mankind, who, diverse in all besides, yet agree in their contempt for human nature, glory in the errors of genius, or the grosser follies of mankind, and seek out of the ruins of humanity to build up, the one his palace, and the other his church. But I also know that mankind heeds neither the atheistic philosopher nor the theologic despiser of his kind; but, faithful to the great primeval instincts of the soul, believing, creating, and rejoicing, goes on its upward way, nor doubts of man or God, of sense or intellect.

These three great doctrines I have preached positively, as abstract truth, representing facts of the universe; that might be peaceful work. But they must take a concrete form, and be applied to the actual life of the individual family, community, state, and church; this would have a less peaceful look; for I must examine actual institutions, and criticise their aim, their mode of operation, and their result. The great obvious social forces in America may be thus summed up:—

1. There is the organised trading power—having its home in the great towns, which seeks gain with small regard to that large justice which represents alike the mutual interests and duties of all men, and to that humanity which interposes the affectional instinct when conscience is asleep. This power seems to control all things, amenable only to the all-mighty dollar.

2. The organised political power, the parties in office, or seeking to become so. This makes the statutes, but is commonly controlled by the trading power, and has all of its faults often intensified; yet it seems amenable to the instincts of the people, who, on great occasions, sometimes interfere and change the traders' rule.

3. The organised ecclesiastical power, the various sects which, though quite unlike, yet all mainly agree in their fundamental principle of

vicariousness—an alleged revelation, instead of actual human faculties, salvation from God's wrath and eternal ruin, by the atoning blood of crucified God. This is more able than either of the others; and though often despised, in a few years can control them both. In this generation no American politician dares affront it.

4. The organised literary power, the endowed colleges, the periodical press, with its triple multitude of journals—commercial, political, theological—and sectarian tracts. This has no original ideas, but diffuses the opinion of the other powers whom it represents, whose will it serves, and whose kaleidoscope it is.

I must examine these four great social forces, and show what was good in them, and what was ill; ascertain what natural religion demanded of each, and what was the true function of trade, government, a church, and a literature. When I came to a distinct consciousness of my own first principle, and my consequent relation to what was about me, spite of the good they contained, I found myself greatly at variance with all the four. They had one principle and I another; of course, our aim and direction were commonly different and often opposite. Soon I found that I was not welcome to the American market, state, church, nor press. It could not be otherwise; yet I confess I had not anticipated so thorough a separation betwixt me and these forces which control society, but had laid out work I could not execute alone, nor perhaps without the aid of all the four.

It is not now, my friends, worth while for me to enter on the details of these plans which have come to nothing, and which I shall probably never work out; but I ought at least to name some of the most important things I hoped to do. When I first came to Boston I intended to do something for the perishing and dangerous classes in our great towns. The amount of poverty and consequent immorality in Boston is terrible to think of, while you remember the warning of other nations, and look to the day after to-day! Yet it seemed to me the money given by public and private charity—two fountains that never fail in Puritanic Boston—was more than sufficient to relieve it all, and gradually remove the deep-seated and unseen cause which, in the hurry of business and of money, is not attended to. There is a hole in the dim-lit public bridge, where many fall through and perish! Our mercy pulls a few out of the water; it does not stop the hole, nor light the bridge, nor warn men of the peril. We need the great charity that palliates effects of wrong, and the greater justice which removes the cause.

Then there was drunkenness, which is the greatest concrete curse of the labouring Protestant population of the North, working most hideous and wide extended desolation. It is as fatal as starvation to the Irish Catholic. None of the four great social forces is its foe. There, too, was prostitution; men and women mutually polluted and polluting, blackening the face of society with dreadful woe. Besides, in our great towns I found thousands, especially the poorer Irish, oppression driving them to us, who, save the discipline of occasional work, got no education here except what the streets taught them in childhood, or the Popish priest and the American demagogue—their two worst foes—noisily offered in their adult years; it seemed to me

not difficult for the vast charity of Boston to furnish instruction and guidance to this class of the American people, both in their childhood and their later youth. That admirable institution, the Warren Street Chapel—well-nigh the most Christian public thing in Boston—and the Children's Aid Society at New York, with its kindred, abundantly show how much can be done, and at how little cost.

Still more, I learned early in life that the criminal is often the victim of society, rather than its foe, and that our penal law belongs to the dark ages of brute force, and aims only to protect society by vengeance on the felon, not also to elevate mankind by refining him. In my boyhood I knew a man, the last result of generations of ancestral crime, who spent more than twenty years in our State Prison, and died there, under sentence for life, whose entire illegal thefts did not amount to twenty dollars! and another, not better born, who lawfully stole houses and farms, lived a "gentleman," and at death left a considerable estate, and the name of Land-shark. While a theological student I taught a class in the Sunday School of the State Prison, often saw my fellow-townsmen, became well acquainted with several convicts, learned the mode of treatment, and heard the sermons and ghastly prayers which were let fly at the heads of the poor, unprotected wretches; I saw the "orthodox preachers and other helps," who who gave them "spiritual instruction," and learned the utter insufficiency of our penal law to mend the felon or prevent his growth in wickedness. When I became your minister I hoped to do something for this class of men, whose crimes are sometimes but a part of their congenital misfortune or social infamy, and who are bereft of the sympathy of mankind, and unconstitutionally beset with sectarian ministers, whose function is to torment them before their time.

For all these, the poor, the drunken, and the ignorant, for the prostitute, and the criminal, I meant to do something, under the guidance, perhaps, or certainly with the help, of the controlling men of the town or state; but, alas! I was then fourteen years younger than now, and did not quite understand all the consequences of my relation to these great social forces, or how much I had offended the religion of the state, the press, the market, and the church, The cry, "Destroyer," "Fanatic," "Infidel," "Atheist," "Enemy of Mankind," was so widely sounded forth that I soon found I could do little in these great philanthropies, where the evil lay at our own door. Many as you are for a religious society, you were too few and too poor to undertake what should be done; and outside of your ranks I could look for little help, even by words and counsel. Besides, I soon found my very name was enough to ruin any new good enterprise. I knew there were three periods in each great movement of mankind—that of sentiment, ideas, and action: I fondly hoped the last had come; but when I found I had reckoned without the host, I turned my attention to the two former, and sought to arouse the sentiment of justice and mercy, and to diffuse the ideas which belonged to this five-fold reformation. Hence I took pains to state the facts of poverty, drunkenness, ignorance, prostitution, crime; to show their cause, their effect, and their mode of cure, leaving it for others to do the practical work. So, if I wanted a measure carried in the Legislature of the town or state, or by some private

benevolent society, I did my work by stealth. I sometimes saw my scheme prosper, and read my words in the public reports, while the whole enterprise had been ruined at once if my face or name had appeared in connection with it. I have often found it wise to withhold my name from petitions I have myself set agoing and found successful; I have got up conventions, or mass meetings, whose "managers" asked me not to show my face thereat.

This chronic and progressive unpopularity led to another change of my plans, not abating my activity, but turning it in another direction. To accomplish my work, I must spread my ideas as widely as possible, without resorting to that indecency of advertising so common in America. There was but one considerable publishing-house in the land that would continue to issue my works—this only at my own cost and risk. As it had only a pecuniary interest therein, and that so slight, in its enormous business, my books did not have the usual opportunity of getting known and circulated. They were seldom offered for sale, except in one book-store in Boston; for other States, I must often be my own bookseller. None of the *Quarterlies* or *Monthlies* was friendly to me; most of the newspapers were hostile; the *New York Tribune* and *Evening Post* were almost the only exceptions. So my books had but a small circulation at home in comparison with their diffusion in England and Germany, where, also, they received not only hostile, but most kindly notice, and sometimes from a famous pen. But another opportunity for diffusing my thought offered itself in the Lyceum or public lecture. Opposed by these four great social forces at home, I was surprised to find myself becoming popular in the lecture-hall. After a few trials I "got the hang of the new school-house," and set myself to serious work therein.

For a dozen years or more, I have done my share of lecturing in public, having many invitations more than I could accept. The task was always disagreeable, contrary to my natural disposition and my scholarly habits. But I saw the nation had reached an important crisis in its destination, and, though ignorant of the fact, yet stood hesitating between two principles. The one was slavery, which I knew leads at once to military despotism—political, ecclesiastical, social—and ends at last in utter and hopeless ruin; for no people fallen on that road has ever risen again; it is the path so many other Republics have taken and finished their course, as Athens and the Ionian towns have done, as Rome and the Commonwealths of the Middle Ages. The other was freedom, which leads at once to industrial democracy—respect for labor, government over all, by all, for the sake of all, rule after the eternal right as it is writ in the constitution of the universe—securing welfare and progress. I saw that these four social forces were advising, driving, coaxing, wheedling, the people to take the road to ruin; that our "great men," in which "America is so rich beyond all other nations of the earth," went strutting along that path to show how safe it is, crying out "Democracy," "Constitution," "Washington," "Gospel," "Christianity," "Dollars," and the like, while the instincts of the people, the traditions of our history, and the rising genius of men and women well-born in these times of peril, with still, small voice, whispered something of self-evident truths and inalienable rights.

I knew the power of a great Idea; and spite of the market, the State, the Church, the press, I thought a few earnest men in the lecture halls of the North, might yet incline the people's mind and heart to justice and the eternal law of God—the only safe rule of conduct for nations, as for you and me—and so make the American experiment a triumph and a joy for all humankind. Nay, I thought I could myself be of some service in that work; for the nation was yet so young, and the instinct of popular liberty so strong, it seemed to me a little added weight would turn the scale to freedom. So I appointed myself a home missionary for lectures.

Then, too, I found I could say what I pleased in the lecture-room, so long as I did not professedly put my thought into a theologic or political shape; while I kept the form of literature or philosophy, I could discourse of what I thought most important, and men would listen one hour, two hours, nay, three hours: and the more significant the subject was, the more freely, profoundly, and fairly it was treated, the more would the people come, the more eagerly listen and enthusiastically accept. So I spared no labour in preparation or delivery, but took it for granted the humblest audience, in the least intelligent town or city, was quite worthy of my best efforts, and could understand my facts and metaphysic reasonings. I did not fear the people would be offended, though I hurt their feelings never so sore.

Besides, the work was well paid for in the large towns, while the small ones did all they could afford—giving the lecturer for a night more than the schoolmaster for a month. The money thus acquired, enabled me to do four desirable things, which it is not needful to speak of here.

Since 1848, I have lectured eighty or a hundred times each year—in every Northern State east of the Mississippi, once also in a Slave State, and on slavery itself. I have taken most exciting and important subjects, of the greatest concern to the American people, and treated them independent of sect or party, street or press, and with what learning and talent I could command. I put the matter in quite various forms—for each audience is made up many. For eight or ten years, on an average, I have spoken to sixty or a hundred thousand persons in each year, besides addressing you on Sundays, in the great hall you throw open to all comers.

Thus I have had a wide field of operation, where I might rouse the sentiment of justice and mercy, diffuse such ideas as I thought needful for the welfare and progress of the people, and prepare for such action as the occasion might one day require. As I was supposed to stand nearly alone, and did not pretend to represent any one but myself, nobody felt responsible for me; so all could judge me, if not fairly, at least with no party or sectarian prejudice in my favor; and as I felt responsible only to myself and my God, I could speak freely: this was a two-fold advantage. I hope I have not spoken in vain. I thought that by each lecture I could make a new, deep, and lasting impression of some one great truth on five thoughtful men, out of each thousand who heard me. Don't think me extravagant; it is only *one-half of one per cent!* If I spoke but thus efficiently to sixty thousand in a winter, there would be three hundred so impressed, and in ten years it would

be three thousand! Such a result would satisfy me for my work and my loss of scholarly time in this home mission for lectures. Besides, the newspapers of the large towns spread wide the more salient facts and striking generalizations of the lecture, and I addressed the eyes of an audience I could not count nor see.

Still more, in the railroad cars and steamboats I travelled by, and the public or private houses I stopped at when the lecture was over, strangers came to see me; they were generally marked men—intellectual, moral, philanthropic, at any rate, inquiring and attentive. We sometimes talked on great matters; I made many acquaintances, gained much miscellaneous information about men and things, the state of public opinion, and, perhaps, imparted something in return. So I studied while I taught.

Nor was this all. I had been ecclesiastically reported to the people as a “disturber of the public peace,” “an infidel,” “an atheist,” “an enemy to mankind.” When I was to lecture in a little town, the minister, even the Unitarian, commonly stayed at home. Many, in public or private, warned their followers “against listening to that bad man. Don’t look him in the face!” Others stoutly preached against me. So, in the bar-room “I was the song of the drunkard,” and the minister’s text in the pulpit. But, when a few hundreds, in a mountain town of New England, or in some settlement on a prairie of the West, or, when many hundreds, in a wide city, did look me in the face, and listen for an hour or two while I spoke, plain, right on, of matters familiar to their patriotic hopes, their business, and their bosoms, as their faces glowed in the excitement of what they heard, I saw the clerical prejudice was stealing out of their mind, and I left them other than I found them. Nay, it has often happened that a man has told me, by letter or by word of mouth, “I was warned against you, but I *would go and see for myself*; and when I came home I said, ‘After all, this is a man, and not a devil; at least, he seems human. Who knows but he may be honest, even in his theological notions? Perhaps he is *right* in his religion. Priests have been a little mistaken sometimes before now, and said hard words against rather good sort of men, if we can trust the Bible. I am glad I heard him.’”

Judging from the results, now pretty obvious to whoso looks, and by the many affectionate letters sent me from all parts of the North, I think I did not overrate the number of thoughtful men who possibly might be deeply and originally influenced by what I said in the lectures. Three thousand may seem a large number; I think it is not excessive. In the last dozen years, I think scarcely any American, not holding a political office, has touched the minds of so many men, by freely speaking on matters of the greatest importance, for this day and for ages to come. I am sure I have uttered great truths, and such are never spoken in vain; I know the effect a few great thoughts had on me in my youth, and judge others by what I experienced myself. Those ministers were in the right, who, years ago, said, “Keep that man out of the lecture-room; don’t let it him be seen in public. Every word he speaks, on any subject, is a blow against our religion!” They meant, against their theology.

Such are the causes which brought me into the lecture-room. I did

not neglect serving you, while I seemed only to instruct other men; for every friend I made in Pennsylvania or Wisconsin became an auxiliary in that great cause, so dear to you and me. Nay, I did not abandon my scholarly work while travelling and lecturing. The motion of the railroad cars gave a pleasing and not harmful stimulus to thought, and so helped me to work out my difficult problems of many kinds. I always took a sack of books along with me, generally such as required little eyesight and much thought, and so was sure of good company; while travelling I could read and write all day long; but I would not advise others to do much of either; few bodies can endure the long-continued strain on eye and nerve. So, I lost little time, while I fancied I was doing a great and needful work.

When I first came before you to preach, carefully looking before and after, I was determined on my purpose, and had a pretty distinct conception of the mode of operation. It was not my design to found a sect, and merely build up a new ecclesiastical institution, but to produce a healthy development of the highest faculties of men, to furnish them the greatest possible amount of most needed instruction, and help them each to free spiritual individuality. The Church, the State, the community, were not ends, a finality of purpose, but means to bring forth and bring up individual men. To accomplish this purpose I aimed distinctly at two things: first, to produce the greatest possible healthy development of the religious faculty, acting in harmonious connection with the intellectual, moral, and affectional; and second, to lead you to help others in the same work. Let me say a word in detail of each part of my design.

I. According both to my experience and observation, the religious element is the strongest in the spiritual constitution of man, easily controlling all the rest for his good or ill. I wished to educate this faculty under the influence of the true idea of God, of man, and of their mutual relation. I was not content with producing morality alone—the normal action of the conscience and will, the voluntative keeping of the natural law of right: I saw the need also of piety—religious feeling toward the divine, that instinctive, purely internal love of God, which, I think, is not dependent on conscience. I was led to this aim partly by my own disposition, which, I confess, naturally inclined me to spontaneous pious feeling, my only youthful luxury, more than to voluntary moral action; partly by my early culture, which had given me much experience of religious emotions; and partly, also, by my wide and familiar acquaintance with the mystical writers, the voluptuaries of the soul, who dwelt in the world of pious feeling, heedless of life's practical duties, and caring little for science, literature, justice, or the dear charities of common life.

I count it a great good fortune that I was bred among religious Unitarians, and thereby escaped so much superstition. But I felt early that the "liberal" ministers did not do justice to simple religious feeling; to me their preaching seemed to relate too much to outward things, not enough to the inward pious life; their prayers felt cold; but certainly they preached the importance and the religious value of morality as no sect, I think, had done before. Good works, the test of true religion, noble character, the proof of salvation, if not spoken,

were yet implied in their sermons, spite of their inconsistent and traditional talk about "Atonement," "Redeemer," "Salvation by Christ," and their frequent resort to other pieces of damaged phraseology. The effect of this predominant morality was soon apparent. In Massachusetts, the head-quarters of the Unitarians, not only did they gather most of the eminent intellect into their ranks, the original talent and genius of the most intellectual of the States, but also a very large proportion of its moral talent and moral genius, most of the eminent conscience and philanthropy. Leaving out of sight pecuniary gifts for theological and denominational purposes, which come from peculiar and well-known motives, where the Trinitarians are professedly superior, I think it will be found that all the great moral and philanthropic movements in the State—social, ecclesiastical, and political—from 1800 to 1840, have been chiefly begun and conducted by the Unitarians. Even in the Anti-Slavery enterprise, the most profound, unrespectable, and unpopular of them all, you are surprised to see how many Unitarians—even ministers, a timid race—have permanently taken an active and influential part. The Unitarians certainly once had this moral superiority, before the free, young, and growing party became a sect, hide-bound, bridled with its creed, harnessed to an old, lumbering, and crazy chariot, urged with sharp goads by near-sighted drivers, along the dusty and broken pavement of tradition, noisy and shouting, but going nowhere.

But yet, while they had this great practical excellence, so obvious once, I thought they lacked the deep, internal feeling of piety, which alone could make it lasting; certainly they had not that most joyous of all delights. This fact seemed clear in their sermons, their prayers, and even in the hymns they made, borrowed, or "adapted." Most powerfully preaching to the understanding, the conscience, and the will, the cry was ever, "Duty, duty! work, work!" They failed to address with equal power the soul, and did not also shout "Joy, joy! delight, delight!" "Rejoice in God always, and again I say unto you, rejoice!" Their vessels were full of water; it was all laboriously pumped up from deep wells; it did not gush out, leaping from the great spring, that is indeed on the surface of the sloping ground, feeding the little streams that run among the hills, and both quenching the wild asses' thirst, and watering also the meadows newly mown, but which yet comes from the rock of ages, and is pressed out by the cloud-compelling mountains that rest thereon—yes, by the gravitation of the earth itself.

The defect of the Unitarians was a profound one. Not actually, nor consciously, but by the logic of their conduct, they had broke with the old ecclesiastic supernaturalism, that with its whip of fear yet compelled a certain direct, though perverted, action of the simple religious element in the Trinitarians: ceasing to fear "the great and dreadful God" of the Old Testament, they had not quite learned to love the all-beautiful and altogether lovely of the universe. But in general they had no theory which justified a more emotional experience of religion. Their philosophy, with many excellences, was sure of no great spiritual truth. To their metaphysics eternal life was only probable: the great argument for it came not from the substance of human nature, only from an accident in the personal history of a single man;

its proof was not *intuitive*, from the primal instincts of mankind; nor *deductive*, from the nature of God; nor yet *inductive* from the general phenomena of the two-fold universe; it was only *inferential*, from the "resurrection of Christ"—an exceptional fact, without parallel in the story of the race, and that resting on no evidence! Nay, in their chief periodical, when it represented only the opinions of the leaders of the sect, one of their most popular and powerful writers declared the existence of a God was not a certainty of metaphysical demonstration, not even a fact of consciousness. So this great truth, fundamental to all forms of religion, has neither an objective, necessary, and ontological root in the metaphysics of the universe, nor yet a mere subjective, contingent, and psychological root in the consciousness of John and Jane, but, like the existence of "phlogiston" and "the celestial æther" of the interstellar spaces, it is a matter of conjecture, of inference from observed facts purely external and contingent; or, like the existence of the "Devil," is wholly dependent on the "miraculous and infallible revelation." Surely, a party with no better philosophy, and yet rejecting instinct for guide, breaking with the supernatural tradition at the Trinity, its most important link, could not produce a deep and continuous action of the religious element in the mass of its members, when left individually free; nor when organized into a sect, with the discipline of a close corporation, could it continue to advance, or even to hold its own, and live long on its "Statement of Reasons for Not Believing the Trinity." Exceptional men—like Henry Ware, Jun., who leaned strongly towards the old supernaturalism, or like Dr. Channing, whose deeper reflection or reading supplied him with a more spiritual philosophy—might escape the misfortune of their party; but the majority must follow the logic of their principle. The leaders of the sect, their distinctive creed only a denial, always trembling before the orthodox, rejected the ablest, original talent born among them; nay, sometimes scornfully repudiated original genius, each offering a more spiritual philosophy, which they mocked at as "transcendental," and turned off to the noisy road of other sects, not grateful to feet trained in paths more natural. After denying the Trinity, and the Deity of Christ, they did not dare affirm the humanity of Jesus, the naturalness of religion to man, the actual or possible universality of inspiration, and declare that man is not amenable to ecclesiastic authority, either the oral Roman tradition, or the written Hebrew and Greek Scriptures; but naturally communing with God, through many faculties, by many elements, has in himself the divine well of water, springing up full of everlasting life, and sparkling with eternal truth, and so enjoys continuous revelation.

Alas! after many a venturous and profitable cruise, while in sight of port, the winds all fair, the little Unitarian bark, o'ermastered by its doubts and fears, reverses its course, and sails into dark, stormy seas, where no such craft can live. Some of the fragments of the wreck will be borne by oceanic currents where they will be used by the party of progress to help to build more sea-worthy ships; whilst others, when water-logged, will be picked up by the great orthodox fleet, to be kiln-dried in a revival, and then serve as moist, poor fuel for its culinary fires. It is a dismal fault in a religious party, this lack of piety, and

dismally have the Unitarians answered it; yet let their great merits and services be not forgot.

I found this lack of the emotional part of religion affected many of the reformers. Some men called by that name, were indeed mere selfish tongues, their only business to find fault and make a noise; such are entitled to no more regard than any other common and notorious scolds. But, in general, the leading reformers are men of large intellect, of profound morality, earnest, affectional men, full of philanthropy, and living lives worthy of the best ages of humanity. But as a general thing, it seemed to me they had not a proportionate development of the religious feelings, and so had neither the most powerful solace for their many griefs, nor the profoundest joy which is needful to hold them up mid all they see and suffer from. They, too, commonly shared this sensational philosophy, and broke with the ecclesiastic supernaturalism which once helped to supply its defects.

Gradually coming to understand this state of things, quite early in my ministry I tried to remedy it; of course I did the work at first feebly and poorly. I preached piety, unselfish love towards God, as well as morality, the keeping of his natural law, and philanthropy, the helping of his human children. And I was greatly delighted to find that my discourses of piety were as acceptable as my sermons of justice and charity, touching the souls of earnest men. Nay, the more spiritual of the ministers asked me to preach such matters in their pulpits, which I did gladly.

You have broken with the traditions of the various churches whence you have come out, and turned your attention to many of the evils of the day; when I became your minister, I feared lest, in a general disgust at ecclesiastical proceedings, you should abandon this very innermost of all true religion; so I have taken special pains to show that well-proportioned piety is the ground of all manly excellence, and though it may exist, and often does, without the man's knowing it, yet, in its highest form, he is conscious of it. On this theme I have preached many sermons, which were very dear to me, though perhaps none of them has yet been published. But coming amongst you with some ministerial experience, and much study of the effect of doctrines and ecclesiastical modes of procedure, I endeavored to guard against the vices which so often attend the culture of this sentimental part of religion, and to prevent the fatal degeneracy that often attends it. When the religious element is actively excited under the control of the false theological ideas now so prevailing, it often takes one or both of these two misdirections:—

1. It tends to an unnatural mysticism, which dries up all the noble emotions that else would produce a great useful character. The delicate and refined woman develops the sentiment of religion in her consciousness; surrounded by wealth, and seduced by its charms, she reads the more unpractical parts of the Bible, especially the Johanneic writings, the Song of Solomon, and the more sentimental portions of the Psalms; studies Thomas à Kempia, Guyon, Fénelon, William Law, Keble; pores over the mystic meditations of St. Augustine and Bernard; she kneels before her costly *Prie-Dieu*, or other sufficient altar, pours out her prayers, falls into an ecstasy of devout feeling, and,

elegantly dishevelled like a Magdalen, weeps most delicious tears. Then rising thence, she folds her idle, unreligious hands, and, with voluptuous scorn, turns off from the homely duties of common life; while, not only the poor, the sick, the ignorant, the drunken, the enslaved, and the abandoned, are left uncared-for, but her own household is neglected, her husband, her very children go unblest. She lives a life of intense religious emotion in private, but of intense selfishness at home, and profligate worldliness abroad. Her pious feeling is only moonshine; nay, it is a Will-o'-the-wisp, a wandering fire, which

“Leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.”

She is a voluptuary of the soul, often likewise in the senses; her prayers are worth no more than so much novel-reading; she might as well applaud Don Giovanni with her laugh at the opera, as St. John with her tears at church. This woman's religion is internal glitter, which gives nor light nor heat. “Like a fly in the heart of an apple, she dwells in perpetual sweetness,” but also in perpetual sloth, a selfish wanton of the soul. In his *Parc aux Cerfs*, Louis XV. trained his maiden victims to this form of devotion!

2. It leads to ecclesiastical ritualism. This is the more common form in New England, especially in hard men and women. They join a church, and crowd the ecclesiastical meetings. Bodily presence there is thought a virtue; they keep the Sunday severely idle; their ecclesiastical decorum is awful as a winter's night at the North Pole of cold; with terrible punctuality they attend to the ordinance of bread and wine, looking grim and senseless as the death's head on the tombstones close by. Their babies are sprinkled with water, or themselves plunged all over in it; they have morning prayers and evening prayers, grace before meat, and after meat, grace; nay, they give money for the theological purposes of their sect, and religiously hate men not of their household of faith. Their pious feeling has spent itself in secreting this abnormal shell of ritualism, which now cumpers them worse than Saul's great armour on the stripling shepherd lad. What can such Pachyderms of the church accomplish that is good, with such an elephantiasis to swell, and bark, and tetter every limb? Their religious feeling runs to shell, and has no other influence. They sell rum, and trade in slaves or coolies. They are remorseless creditors, unscrupulous debtors; they devour widows' houses. Vain are the cries of humanity in such ears, stuffed with condensed wind. Their lives are little, dirty, and mean.

Mindful of these two vices, which are both diseases of the mis-directed soul, and early aware that devoutness is by no means the highest expression of love for God, I have attempted not only to produce a normal development of religious feeling, but to give it the normal direction to the homely duties of common life, in the kitchen, the parlor, nursery, school-room, in the field, market, office, shop, or ship, or street, or wherever the lines of our lot have fallen to us; and to the “primal virtues,” that shine aloft as stars which mariners catch glimpses of 'mid ocean's rack, and learn their course, and steer straight in to their desired haven; and also, to the “charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,” and which are scattered at mankind's feet like flowers,

each one a beauty the bee sucks honey from, and a seed to sow the world with wholesome loveliness; for it is plain to me that the common duties of natural life are both the best school for the development of piety, and the best field for its exercise when grown to manly size.

II. Partly for your education in true religion, and partly to promote the welfare of your brother man, I have preached much on the great social duties of your time and place, recommending not only "palliative charity," but still more "remedial justice." So I have not only preached on the private individual virtues, which are, and ought to be, the most constant theme of all pulpits, but likewise, on the public social virtues, that are also indispensable to the general welfare. This work brought me into direct relation with the chief social evils of our day. In treating these matters I have proceeded with much caution, beginning my attack a great way off. First of all, I endeavoured to establish philosophically the moral principle I should appeal to, and show its origin in the constitution of man, to lay down the natural law so plain that all might acknowledge and accept it; next I attempted to show what welfare had followed in human history from keeping this law, and what misery from violating it; then I applied this moral principle of nature and the actual experience of history to the special public vice I wished to whelm over. Such a process may seem slow; I think it is the only one sure of permanent good effects. In this manner I have treated several prominent evils.

1. I have preached against intemperance, showing the monstrous evil of drunkenness, the material and moral ruin it works so widely. My first offence in preaching came when I first spoke on the misery occasioned by this ghastly vice. The victims of it sat before me, and were in great wrath; they never forgave me. Yet, I have not accepted the opinion of the leading temperance men, that the use of intoxicating drinks is in itself a moral or a physical evil. I found they had not only a medical, but also a dietetic use to serve, and in all stages of development above the savage, man resorts to some sort of stimulus as food for the nervous system: for a practice so nearly universal, I suppose there must be a cause in man's natural relation to the world of matter. Accordingly, I do not like the present legal mode of treating the vice, thinking it rests on a false principle which will not long work well; yet public opinion, now setting strong against this beastly vice, required the experiment, which could never be tried under better auspices than now. But I have gladly joined with all men to help to put down this frightful vice, which more than any other concrete cause hinders the welfare and progress of the working people of the North. It was the first public social evil I ever attacked. I have not ceased to warn old and young against this monstrous and ugly sin, and to call on the appointed magistrates to use all their official power to end so fatal a mischief. In a great trading town, of course, such calls are vain; the interest of the few is against the virtue of the people.

2. I have preached against covetousness—the abnormal desire of accumulating property. In the Northern States our civilization is based on respect for industry in both forms, toil and thought. Property is the product of the two: it is human power over nature, to

make the material forces of the world supply the wants of man; its amount is always the test of civilization. Our political and social institutions do not favor the accumulation of wealth in a few men or a few families; no permanent entails are allowed; it follows the natural laws of distribution amongst all the owner's children, or according to his personal caprice; in a few generations a great estate is widely scattered abroad. But as we have no hereditary honors, office, or even title, and as wealth is all the parent can bequeath his child, it becomes not only a material power, but also a social distinction—the only one transmissible from sire to son. So wealth, and not birth from famous ancestors, is the thing most coveted; the stamp of the all-mighty dollar is the mark of social distinction; science may be accounted folly, and genius madness, in the paved or the furrowed town, but money is power in each. American "aristocracy" rests on this moveable basis; it is plutocracy: every poor white boy may hope to trundle its wheels on to his little patch of ground, for the millionaire is not born, but self-made. Hence comes an intense desire of riches; a great amount of practical talent goes out in quest thereof. Beside its intrinsic character, respect for money is in America what loyalty to the crown and deference to feudal superiors is in England: "the ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib," and the Americans the millionaire, the highest product of plutocracy.

Now, on the whole, I do not find this desire of property excessive in the people of the North. I would greatness rather than lessen it, for it is the motive of our general enterprise, the proximate cause of much of our welfare and success. No nation was ever too well fed, housed, clad, adorned, and comforted in general; poverty, subordination to material want, is still the great concrete barrier to civilization; "the nations of the world *must*" think chiefly of what they shall eat and drink, and wherewithal be clothed. In this generation, the productive industry of New England seems vulgar to careless eyes, and excessive to severe ones; but it is yet laying the material and indispensable foundation for a spiritual civilization in some future age, more grand, I think, than mankind has hitherto rejoiced in. For not only will the people's property be greater in proportion to their number—their power to feed, clothe, house, adorn, and comfort themselves—but it will be more widely distributed, consequently directed with more wisdom and humanity, and so bring forth and develop both more and higher talents. I have advised all men to shun poverty; to seek a generous competence for themselves and their dependents, and that too by honest work, earning all they take. I see that a great fortune, thus acquired, may now be a nobler honor than all the red laurels of Nelson or Wellington, as well as a power of use and beauty for time to come. I honor the manly, self-denying enterprise which starts with no heritage but itself, and honestly earns a great estate. The man who makes a school-book like Colburn's "First Lessons in Arithmetic," or invents a labor-saving contrivance like the sewing-machine, or the reaping and thrashing machines, or who by trade develops the resources of the country, deserves a pay proportionate to his service. A Boston merchant died in 1847, who had so helped to turn the rivers of New England into spinners and weavers, that I think he earned

millions of dollars more than he received. If a man fully pay in efficient, productive toil and thought, he is entitled to all he gets, one dollar or many million dollars; he earns his riches, gives equivalent for equivalent—for all honest traffic is but actual barter, mutual exchange of my work and your work—and if his estate be but what he has thus actually and honestly paid for with a service given, equivalent to the service received, what he can virtuously keep or humanely apply and expend, then it will never be too large.

But covetousness—the lust after property already created; the dishonest desire to get wealth without paying for it with proportionate service by toil and thought; the wish to hoard it as the chief object in life, holding for no generous use; to expend it in personal luxury, making man a delicate swine to eat and drink beyond the needs of generous nature, a butterfly to glitter in the public sun, or before the private stars of fashion, a sloth, to lie idle and deform the ground; or to exhibit it for ostentation, fostering an unwieldy self-esteem or more disgraceful vanity—this is a vice I have warned men against continually; I began early. It is a popular and most respectable offence, often counted a virtue. It assumes many forms, now terrible and then ridiculous. I have dealt with it accordingly, now exposing its injustice or its folly, now satirising its vulgar indecency; now showing that the ill-bred children of men grossly rich come to a fate no better than the sons and daughters of the grossly poor; that voluntary beggars in ruffles and voluntary beggars in rags, are alike supported at the public cost, pay nothing for what they take, and so should be objects of contempt in a world where he is greatest who does the most and best.

I have often spoken of the tyranny of the rich over the thriving and the poor—our country, state, and town, all furnishing grievous examples of the fact. “As the lion eateth up the wild ass in the wilderness, so the rich eateth up the poor,” is as true now in New England as two thousand years ago in Egypt. But when I have seen a man with large talents for business helping others while he helped himself, enriching his workmen, promoting their education, their virtue, and self-respect, I have taken special delight in honoring such an act of practical humanity. Happily we need not go out of Boston to find examples of this rare philanthropy.

3. As I was a schoolmaster at seventeen, though more from necessity than early fitness, I fear, and chairman of a town school committee at twenty-two, I have naturally felt much interest in the education of the people, and have often preached thereon. But I have seen the great defect of our culture, both in public and private schools; our education is almost entirely intellectual, not also moral, affectional, and religious. The Sunday-schools by no means remedy this evil, or attempt to mend it; they smartly exercise the devotional feelings, accustom their pupils to a certain ritualism, which is destined only to serve ecclesiastical and not humane purposes; they teach some moral precepts of great value, but their chief function is to communicate theological doctrine, based on the alleged supernatural revelation, and confirmed by miracles, which often confound the intellect, and befool the conscience. They do not even attempt any development of the

higher faculties to an original activity at all commensurate with the vigorous action of the understanding. In the public schools there are sometimes devotional exercises, good in themselves, but little pains is directly taken to educate or even instruct the deeper faculties of our nature. The evil seems to increase, for of late years many of the reading-books of our public and private schools seem to have been compiled by men with only the desire of gain for their motive, who have rejected those pieces of prose or poetry which appeal to what is deepest in human nature, rouse indignation against successful wrong, and fill the child with generous sentiments and great ideas. Sunday-school books seem yet worse, so loaded with the superstitions of the sects. The heroism of this age finds no voice nor language in our schools.

But this lack of morality in our schemes of culture appears most eminent in the superior education, in colleges, and other costly seminaries for maids and men. The higher you go up in the scale of institutions, the less proportionate pains is taken with the development of conscience, the affections, and the soul; in the dame school for infants, something is done to make the child "a good boy," or "a good girl," but almost nothing in the richest and most respectable colleges. They are commonly seats of an unprogressive and immoral conservatism, where the studious youth may learn many an important discipline—mathematical, philological, scientific, literary, metaphysical, and theological—but is pretty sure to miss all effective instruction in the great art and science of personal or public humanity. Hence our colleges are institutions not only to teach the mind, but also for the general *hunkerization* of young men; and a professor is there sometimes unscrupulously appointed whose nature and character make it notorious that his chief function must necessarily be to poison the waters of life, which young men, from generation to generation, will be compelled to bow down at, and drink! In the last forty years, I think no New England college, collective faculty, or pupils, has shown sympathy with any of the great forward movements of mankind, which are indicated by some national outbreak, like the French Revolutions of 1830 or 1848!

From this fatal defect of our scheme of culture, it comes to pass that the class which has the superior education—ministers, professors, lawyers, doctors, and the like—is not only never a leader in any of the great humane movements of the age, where justice, philanthropy, or piety is the motive, but it continually retards all efforts to reform evil institutions, or otherwise directly increase the present welfare or the future progress of mankind. The scholars' culture has palsied their natural instincts of humanity, and gives them instead, neither the personal convictions of free, moral reflection, nor the traditional commands of church authority, but only the maxims of vulgar thrift, "get the most, and give the least; buy cheap, and sell dear!" Exceptional men, like Channing, Pierpont, Emerson, Ripley, Mann, Rantoul, Phillips, Sumner, and a few others, only confirm the general rule, that the educated is also a selfish class, morally not in advance of the mass of men. No thoughtful, innocent man, arraigned for treason, would like to put himself on the college, and be tried by a jury of twelve

scholars; it were to trust in the prejudice and technic sophistry of a class, not to "put himself on the country," and be judged by the moral instincts of the people.

Knowing these facts—and I found them out pretty early—I have told them often in public, and shown the need of a thorough reform in our educational institutions. Still more have I preached on the necessity that you should do in private for your children what no school in this age is likely to attempt—secure such a great development of the moral, affectional, and religious powers, as shall preserve all the high instincts of nature, while it enriches every faculty by the information given. I need not now speak of what I had long since intended to do amongst you in this matter, when the opportunity should offer; for, alas! when it came, my power to serve you quickly went.

4. I have preached much on the condition of woman. I know the great, ineffaceable difference between the spiritual constitution of her and man, and the consequent difference in their individual, domestic, and social functions. But, examining the matter both philosophically and historically, it seems clear that woman is man's equal, individually and socially entitled to the same rights. There is no conscious hostility or rivalry between the two, such as is often pretended; man naturally inclines to be a little more than just to her, she a little more than fair to him; a man would find most favor with a jury of women, as boys with nurses. But, certainly, her condition is sadly unfortunate; for, whether treated as a doli or drudge, she is practically regarded as man's inferior, intended by nature to be subordinate to him, subservient to his purposes; not a free spiritual individuality like him, but a dependent parasite or a commanded servant. This idea appears in all civilized legislation; and in the "revealed religion" of Jews and Christians, as well as in that of Brahmins and Mohammedans. Even in New England, no public provision is made to secure superior education for girls as for boys. Woman has no place in the superior industry—shut out from the legal, clerical, and medical professions, and the higher departments of trade, limited to domestic duties, and other callings which pay but little; when she does a man's service she has but half of his reward; no political rights are awarded to her; she is always taxed, but never represented. If married, her husband has legally an unnatural control over her property and her person, and, in case of separation, over her children. A young man with superior talents, born to no other heritage, can acquire wealth, or, unaided, obtain the best education this age makes possible to any one: but with a woman it is not so; if poor, she can only be enriched by marriage; hence mercantile wedlock is far more pardonable in her; no talents, no genius can secure a poor man's daughter her natural share in the high culture of the age. The condition of woman follows unavoidably from the popular idea, which she also shares often in the heroic degree, that she is by nature inferior to man: prostitution and its half-known evils come from this as naturally as crime and drunkenness from squalid want—as plants from seeds.

I have preached the equivalency of man and woman—that each in some particulars is inferior to the other, but, on the whole, mankind

and womankind, though so diverse, are yet equal in their natural faculties; and have set forth the evils which come to both from her present inferior position, her exclusion from the high places of social or political trust. But I have thought she will generally prefer domestic to public functions, and have found no philosophic or historic argument for thinking she will ever incline much to the rough works of man, or take any considerable part in Republican politics; in a court like that of Louis XV., or Napoleon III., it might be different; but I have demanded that she should decide that question for herself, choose her own place of action, have her vote in all political matters, and be eligible to any office.

In special, I have urged on you the duty of attending to the education of young women, not only in accomplishments—which are so often laborious in the process, only to be ridiculous in the display, and idle in their results—but in the grave discipline of study, and for the practical duties of life. A woman voluntarily ignorant of household affairs and the management of a family, should be an object of pity or of contempt; while the women of New England incline to despise the indispensable labor of housekeeping, and can neither make wearable garments, nor eatable bread, I have sometimes doubted whether the men of New England, irritated with their sour fare, would think them quite fit to make laws for the State, or even for the Union. I have also called your attention to those most unfortunate outcasts, the friendless young girls in the streets of your own city, the most abandoned of the perishing class, who will soon become the most harmful of the dangerous class—for prostitution is always two-fold, male as well as female damnation.

It is delightful to see the change now taking place in the popular idea of woman, and the legislation of the Northern States. This reform at once will directly affect half the population, and soon also the other half. I am not alarmed at the evils which obviously attend this change—the growing dislike of maternal duties, the increase of divorces, the false theories of marriage, and the unhappy conduct which thence results; all these are transient things, and will soon be gone—the noise and dust of the wagon that brings the harvest home.

5. The American people are making one of the most important experiments ever attempted on earth, endeavoring to establish an industrial democracy, with the principle that all men are equal in their natural rights, which can be alienated only by the personal misconduct of their possessor; the great body of the people is the source of all political power, the maker of all laws, the ultimate arbiter of all measures; while the special magistrates, high and low, are but appointed agents, acting under the power of attorney the people intrusts them with. This experiment was perhaps never tried before, certainly not on so large a scale, and with so fair an opportunity for success; but wise men have always foretold its utter failure, and pointed to the past as confirming this prophecy. Certainly, we have human history against us, but I think human nature is on our side, and find no reason to doubt the triumph of the American idea. So I have taken a deep interest in politics, important not merely as representing the national house-keeping, but also the public morality, and so tending to help or hinder the people's success. Never failing to vote, I have yet kept

myself out of the harness of every party; responsible to none and for none, I have been free to blame or praise the principles and the purposes of all, their measures and their men. Addressing such multitudes, most of them younger than I, in times like the last fourteen years, when such important interests came up for public adjudication, and when the great principles of all national morality have been solemnly denied by famous officials, men also of great personal power, who declared that human governments were amenable to no natural law of God, but subject only to the caprice of magistrate or elector—I have felt a profound sense of my responsibility to you as a teacher of religion. So I have preached many political sermons, examining the special measures proposed, exposing the principle they rested on, and the consequences they must produce, and applying the lessons of experience, the laws of human nature, the great doctrines of absolute religion, to the special conduct of the American people. No doubt, I have often wounded the feelings of many of you. Pardon me, my friends! if I live long I doubt not I shall do so again and again. You never made me your minister to flatter, or merely to please, but to instruct and serve.

Treating of politics, I must speak of the conspicuous men engaged therein, when they come to die, for such are the idols of their respective parties. In America there are few objects of conventional respect—no permanent classes who are born to be revered; and as men love to look up and do homage to what seems superior, a man of vulgar greatness, who has more of the sort of talent all have much of, is sure to become an idol if he will but serve the passions of his worshippers: so with us, a great man of that stamp has a more irresponsible power than elsewhere among civilized men; for he takes the place of king, noble, and priest, and controls the public virtue more. The natural function of a great man is to help the little ones: by this test I have endeavored to try such as I must needs speak of. Not responsible for their vice or virtue, I have sought to represent them exactly as I found them, and that, too, without regard to the opinion of men, who only looked up and worshipped, not asking what. If I were an assayer of metals I should feel bound to declare the character of the specimens brought before me, whether lead or silver; shall I be less faithful in my survey of a great man, “more precious than the fine gold of Ophir”? I am no flatterer, nor public liar-general; when such a one is wanted he is easily found, and may be had cheap; and I cannot treat great men like great babies. So, when I preached on Mr. Adams, who had done the cause of freedom such great service, on General Taylor, and Mr. Webster, I aimed to paint them exactly as they were, that their virtues might teach us, and their vices warn. Still further to promote the higher education of the people, and correct an idolatry as fatal as it is stupid, as dangerous to the public as it is immediately profitable to wily rhetoricians, I have prepared lectures on four great famous Americans—Franklin, Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. The last, however, was not delivered when my present illness laid me low. I wished to daguerreotype these great, noble men, and place true pictures before the people.

Perhaps no part of my public labors has been condemned with more noise and violence than this attempt at historic truth. Certainly I did

depart from the panegyric custom of political and clerical eulogizers of the famous or the wealthy dead; but I have confidence enough in the people of the Northern States to believe they will prefer plain truth to the most rhetorical lies.

I have not quite disdained to turn your eyes to little, mean men, when set in high office, that you might get instruction from their folly or wickedness. So, when the chief magistrate of the city was notoriously the comrade of drunkards, and of the most infamous of human-kind, and that of the State was celebrated chiefly for public and private lying, and both abused their office, to promote their own little purposes of mischief or of gain, debauching the public virtue, as well as wasting the people's money—I did not fail to advertise the fact, that you at least might learn by the lesson which cost the public so dear.

6. I have preached against war, showing its enormous cost in money and men, and the havoc it makes of public and private virtue. A national occasion was not wanting; for, obedient to the whip of the Slave-power, which hag-rides the nation still, the American Government—not the people, nor even Congress—plunged us into a wicked contest with Mexico, she clearly in the right, we notoriously in the wrong. I have often spoken against war, and tried to discourage that “excessive lust for land,” that aggressive and invasive spirit, which is characteristic of both the American and British people. It is clear that the strongest races will ultimately supplant the feebler, and take their place, as the strong grasses outroot the weak from the farmer's meadow. I complain not of this just natural law, which indeed pervades the universe; but the work need not be done by violence, nor any form of wrong. So I have preached against the *fillibustering* of America, and the not less wicked *diplommatizing* and *soldiering* by which our parent across the sea accomplishes the same thing, though with even more harshness and cruelty.

Yet I have not preached the doctrine of the non-resistants, who never allow an individual to repel wrong by material violence; nor that of the ultra-peace men, who deny a nation's right to stave off an invader's wickedness with the people's bloody hand. The wrathful emotions are also an integral part of humanity, and with both nations and individuals have an indispensable function to perform, that of self-defence, which, in the present state of civilization, must sometimes be with violence, even with shedding aggressive blood. It is against needless and wicked wars—the vast majority are such—that I have preached; against the abuse ambitious rulers make of the soldier's trained art to kill, and of the wrathful, defensive instincts of the multitude. In this age, I think the people do not make war against the peaceful people of another land; nay, in New England, the most democratic country, we have too much neglected the military art, I fear—a mistake we may bitterly regret in that strife between the Southern habit of despotism, and the Northern principle of democracy, which any day may take the form of civil war, and one day must. For America will not always attempt to carry a pitcher of poison on her left shoulder, and one of pure water on her right; one or the other must soon go to the ground.

7. I have spoken against Slavery more than any concrete wrong,

because it is the greatest of all, "the sum of all villainies," and the most popular, the wanton darling of the Government. I became acquainted with it in my early childhood, and learned to hate it even then, when, though I might not comprehend the injustice of the principle, I could yet feel the cruelty of the fact. I began to preach against it early, but used the greatest circumspection, for I knew the vulgar prejudice in favor of all successful tyranny, and wished my few hearers thoroughly to accept the principle of justice, and apply it to this as to all wrongs. But even in the little meeting-house at West Roxbury, though some of the audience required no teaching in this matter, the very mention of American Slavery as wicked at first offended all my hearers who had any connection with the "Democratic" party. Some said they could see no odds between claiming freedom for a negro slave, and "stealing one of our oxen," the right to own cattle including the right to own men; they thought Slavery could ride behind them on the same pillion with "Democracy," according to the custom of their masters. But, as little by little I developed the principle of true democracy, showing its root in that love of your neighbor as yourself, which Jesus both taught and lived, and of that eternal justice which comes even to savage bosoms, and showed how repugnant Slavery is to both—gradually all the more reflective and humane drew over to the side of freedom; and they who at first turned their faces to the floor of their pews when I announced Slavery as the theme for that day's sermon, ere many years turned on me eyes flashing with indignation against wrong, when I told the tale of our national wickedness; they have since given me the heartiest sympathy in my humble efforts to moralise the opinions and practice of the people.

MY FRIENDS,—Since I have been your minister, I have preached much on this dreadful sin of the nation, which now threatens to be also its ruin; for, while in my youth Slavery was admitted to be an evil, commercially profitable, but morally wrong, an exceptional measure, which only the necessity of habit might excuse, but which nothing could justify, of late years it is declared a "moral good," "the least objectionable form of labor," fit for Northern whites not less than African negroes, one of those guide-board instances which indicate the highway of national welfare. For some years Slavery has been the actual first principle of each Federal Administration; to this all interests must bend, all customs and statutes conform, and the nation's two great documents, containing our programme of political principles and of political purposes, must be repudiated and practically annulled; the Supreme Court has become only the jesuitical propaganda of Slavery.

For some years, while busied with theological matters, and with laying the metaphysic foundation of my own scheme, I took no public part in the Anti-Slavery movements outside of my own little village. But when I became your minister and had a wider field to till, when the ambition of the Slave-power became more insolent by what it fed upon, and the North still tamer and more servile under the bridle and the whip of such as were horsed thereon, a different duty seemed quite clear to me. I have seldom entered your pulpit without remembering that you and I lived in a land whose church members are not more numerous than its slaves; as many "communing with God" by bread

and wine, so many communing with man by chains and whips; and that not only the State, press, and market, but also the Church takes a "South-side view of slavery," as indeed she does of each other wickedness presently popular, and "of good report"! Since 1845, I have preached against all the great invasive measures of the Slave-power, exposing their motive, the first principle they refer to, and showing that they are utterly hostile to that democracy which is justice; and all tend to establish a despotism, which at first may be industrial and many-headed, as now in Louisiana, but next must be single-headed and military, as already in France, and finally must lead to national ruin, as in so many countries of the Old World.

In due time the Fugitive Slave Bill came up from seed which wicked men had sown and harrowed into the Northern soil; Boston fired her hundred cannons with delight, and they awoke the ministers, sitting drowsy in their churches of commerce, mid all the pavements of the North, who thought an angel had spoke to them. Then I preached against Slavery as never before, and defied the impudent statute, whereto you happily said *Amen* by the first clapping of hands which for years had welcomed a sermon in Boston; how could you help the natural indecorum? When, roused by these jubilant guns, one minister, so generous and self-devoted, too, in many a noble work, called on his parishioners to enforce that wicked act, which meant to kidnap mine, and declared that if a fugitive sought shelter with him he would drive him away from his own door; when another uttered words more notorious, and yet more flagrant with avaricious inhumanity, which I care not now to repeat again; and when the cry, "No higher law!" went down from the market, and, intoned by the doctorial leaders of the sects, rang through so many commercial churches throughout the Northern land, I did not dare refuse to proclaim the monstrous fact as one of the unavoidable effects of Slavery, whose evil seed must bear fruit after its kind, and to gibbet the wrong before the eyes of the people, to whom I appealed for common justice and common humanity. When two men, holding mean offices under the Federal Government, one of them not fit by nature to do a cruel deed, actually stole and kidnaped two innocent inhabitants out from your city of Franklin, and Hancock, and Adams, and attempted, with their unclean, ravenous jaws, to seize yet others, and rend the manhood out of them, I preached against these jackals of Slavery and their unhuman work; and have now only to lament that my powers of thought and speech were no more adequate fitly to expose the dark infamy of that foul deed, against which I asked alike the people's justice and their wrath; I knew I should not ask in vain. And when a drunken bully from South Carolina, in Congress, fitly representing the first principle, if not the first persons of his State—where none can serve in even the Lower House of Assembly "unless he be seized in his own right of ten negro slaves"—made his assault, not less cowardly than brutal, on our noble Senator, wounding him with worse than death, and while the United States Attorney sought "to make murder safe and easy in the capital," not dreaming it would one day, unpunished, reach his own heart, I spoke of that matter, and showed it was the cowards of Massachusetts who

drew the blow on her faithful champion, and that no "anodyne" could make them less than glad that it was struck!

But why speak more of these sad days? Others may come with sterner face, not black but red! However, a blessed change in public opinion now goes calmly on in Massachusetts, in New England, and all the North, spite of the sophistry and cunning of ambitious men smit with the Presidential fever. The death of a dozen leading Anti-Slavery men to-day would not much retard it, for the ground is full of such!

8. But I have preached against the errors of the ecclesiastic theology more than upon any other form of wrong, for they are the most fatal mischiefs in the land. The theological notion of God, man, and the relation between them, seems to me the greatest speculative error mankind has fallen into. Its gloomy consequences appear:—Christendom takes the Bible for God's word, His last word; nothing new or different can ever be expected from the source of all truth, all justice, and all love; the sun of righteousness will give no added light or heat on the cold darkness of the human world. From portions of this "infallible revelation," the Roman Church logically derives its despotic and hideous claim to bind and loose on earth, to honor dead men with sainthood, or to rack and burn with all the engines mechanic fancy can invent, or priestly cruelty apply; and hereafter to bless eternally, or else for ever damn. Hence, both Protestant and Catholic logically derive their imperfect, wrathful Deity, who creates men to torment them in an endless hell, "paved with the skulls of infants not a span long," whereinto the vast majority of men are, by the million, trodden down for everlasting agony, at which the elect continually rejoice. Hence, they derive their Devil, absolutely evil, that ugly wolf whom God lets loose into his fold of lambs; hence, their total depravity, and many another dreadful doctrine which now the best of men blind their brothers' eyes withal, and teach their children to distrust the Infinite Perfection which is nature's God, dear Father and Mother to all that is. Hence, clerical sceptics learn to deny the validity of their own superior faculties, and spin out the cobwebs of sophistry, wherewith they surround the field of religion, and catch therein unwary men. Hence, the Jews, the Mohammedans, the Mormons, draw their idea of woman, and their right to substitute such gross conjunctions for the natural marriage of one to one. There the slave-holder finds the chief argument for his ownership of men, and in Africa or New England, kidnaps the weak, his mouth drooling with texts from "the authentic word of God"; nay, there the rhetorician finds reason for shooting an innocent man who but righteously seeks that freedom which nature declares the common birthright of mankind. It has grieved me tenderly to see all Christendom make the Bible its fetish, and so lose the priceless value of that free religious spirit which, communing at first hand with God, wrote its grand pages, or poured out its magnificent beatitudes.

Christendom contains the most intellectual nations of the earth, all of them belonging to the dominant Caucasian race, and most of them occupying regions very friendly to the development of the highest faculties of man. Theirs, too, is the superior machinery of civilization,

political, ecclesiastical, domestic, social. Nowhere on earth does the clerical mass so connect itself with the innermost of man. Christendom is the bold leader in all intellectual affairs—arts of peace and war, science, literature, skill to organise and administer mankind. But yet the Christian has no moral superiority over the Jews, the Mohammedans, the Brahmins, the Buddhists, at all commensurate with this intellectual power. In the sum of private and public virtues, the Turk is before the Christian Greek. For fifteen hundred years the Jews, a nation scattered and peeled, and exposed to most degrading influences, in true religion have been above the Christians! In temperance, chastity, honesty, justice, mercy, are the leading nations of Christendom before the South-Asiatics, the Chinese, the islanders of Japan? Perhaps so—but have these “Christians” a moral superiority over those “heathens” equal to their mental superiority? It is notorious they have not. Why is this so, when these Christians worship a man whose religion was love to God and love to men, and who would admit to heaven only for righteousness, and send to hell only for lack of it? Because they WORSHIP him, reject the natural goodness he relied upon, and trust in the “blood of Christ which maketh free from all sin.” It is this false theology, with its vicarious atonement, salvation without morality or piety, only by belief in absurd doctrines, which has bewitched the leading nations of the earth into such practical mischief. A false idea has controlled the strongest spiritual faculty, leading men to trust in “imputed righteousness,” and undervalue personal virtue. Self-denying missionaries visit many a far-off land “to bring the heathens to Christ.” Small good comes of it; but did they teach industry, thrift, letters, honesty, temperance, justice, mercy, with rational ideas of God and man, what a conversion there would be of the Gentiles! Two-and-thirty thousand Christian ministers are there in the United States, all “consecrated to Christ;” many of them are able men, earnest and devoted, but, their eyes hood-winked and their hands chained by their theology, what do they bring to pass? They scarce lessen any vice of the State, the press, or the market. They are to “save souls from the wrath of God.”

I have preached against the fundamental errors of this well-compacted theological scheme, showing the consequences which follow thence, and seldom entered your pulpit without remembering Slavery, the great sin of America, and these theological errors, the sacramental mistake of Christendom. But I have never forgotten the great truths this theology contains, invaluable to the intellect, the conscience, the heart and soul. I have tried to preserve them all, with each good institution which the Church, floating over the ruins of an elder world, has borne across that deluge, and set down for us where the dove of peace has found rest for the sole of her foot, and gathered her olive-branch to show that those devouring waters are dried up from the face of the earth. To me the name of Christianity is most exceeding dear, significant of so great a man and of such natural emotions, ideas, and actions, as are of priceless value to mankind. I know well the errors, also, of the doubters and deniers, who in all ages have waged war against the superstitious theology of their times, and pulled down what they could not replace with better. I have not sat in the seat of the scornful; and while I warned

men against the snare of the priest, I would not suffer them to fall into the mocker's pit. I have taken exquisite delight in the grand words of the Bible, putting it before all other sacred literature of the whole ancient world; to me it is more dear when I regard them not as the miracles of God, but as the work of earnest men, who did their uttermost with holy heart. I love to read the great truths of religion set forth in the magnificent poetry of psalmist and prophet, and the humane lessons of the Hebrew peasant, who summed up the prophets and the law in one word of LOVE and set forth man's daily duties in such true and simple speech! As a master, the Bible were a tyrant; as a help, I have not time to tell its worth; nor has a sick man speech for that, nor need I now, for my public and private teachings sufficiently abound in such attempts. But yet, to me the great men of the Bible are worth more than all their words; he that was greater than the temple, whose soul burst out its walls, is also greater than the Testament, but yet no master over you and me, however humble men!

In theological matters, my preaching has been positive, much more than negative, controversial only to create; I have tried to set forth the truths of natural religion, gathered from the world of matter and of spirit: I rely on these great ideas as the chief means for exciting the religious feelings, and promoting religious deeds; I have destroyed only what seemed pernicious, and that I might build a better structure in its place.

Of late years a new form of Atheism—the ideal, once thought impossible—has sprung up; perhaps Germany is its birth-place, though France and England seem equally its home. It has its representatives in America. Besides, the Pantheists tell us of their God, who is but the sum-total of the existing universe of matter and of mind, immanent in each, but transcending neither, imprisoned in the two; blind, planless, purposeless, without consciousness, or will, or love; dependent upon the shifting phenomena of finite matter and of mind, finite itself; a continual becoming this or that, not absolute being, self-subsistent and eternally the same perfection: their God is only law, the constant mode of operation of objective and unconscious force; yet is it better than the churchman's God, who is caprice alone, subjective, arbitrary, inconstant, and with more hate than love. I have attempted to deal with the problem of the Pantheist and the Atheist, treating both as any other theological opponents: I have not insulted them with harsh names, nor found occasion to impute dishonorable motives to such as deny what is dearer than life to me; nor attempted to silence them with texts from sacred books; nor to entangle them in ecclesiastic or metaphysic sophistries: nor to scare with panic terrors, easily excited in an Atheistic or a Christian's heart. I have simply referred them to the primal instincts of human nature, and their spontaneous intuition of the divine, the just, and the immortal; then, to what science gathered from the world of matter, and the objective history of man in his progressive development of individual and of social power. I have shown the causes which lead to honest bigotry within the Christian Church, and to honest Atheism without; I hope I have done injustice neither to this nor that. But it was a significant fact I could not fail to make public, that, while the chief doctors of commercial divinity in the great

American trading towns, and their subservient colleges, denied the higher law, and with their Bibles laid humanity flat before the kid-nappers in Cincinnati, Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, the so-called Atheists and Pantheists over all the Northern land revered the instinctive justice of the soul, and said, "Thou shalt not steal, nor lie. Thou shalt do no wrong; 'tis nature's self forbids!"

Preaching such doctrines in a place so public, and applying them to life, I am not surprised at the hostility I have met with from the various sects. In no country would it have been less, or tempered more sweetly; no, nor in any age; for certainly I have departed from the fundamental principle of the Catholics and the Protestants, denied the fact of a miraculous revelation given exclusively to Jews and Christians, denied the claim to supernatural authority, and utterly broke with that vicariousness which puts an alleged revelation in place of common sense, and the blood of a crucified Jew instead of excellence of character. In the least historic of the New Testament Gospels it is related that Jesus miraculously removed the congenital blindness of an adult man, and because he made known the fact that his eyes were thus opened, and told the cause, the Pharisees cast him out of their synagogue. What this mythic story relates as an exceptional measure of the Pharisees, seems to have founded a universal principle of the Christian Church, which cannot bear the presence of a man who, divinely sent, has washed in the pool of Siloam, and returned seeing and telling why.

I knew at the beginning what I must expect: that at first men younger than I, who had not learned over much, would taunt me with my youth; that others, not scholarly, would charge me with lack of learning competent for my task; and cautious old men, who did not find it convenient to deny my facts, or answer my arguments, would cry out, "This young man must be put down!" and set their venerable popular feet in that direction. Of course I have made many mistakes, and could not expect a theologic opponent, and still less a personal enemy, to point them out with much delicacy, or attempt to spare my feelings; theological warfare is not gentler than political or military; even small revolutions are not mixed with rose-water. The amount of honest misunderstanding, of wilful misrepresenting, of lying, and of malignant abuse, has not astonished me; after the first few months it did not grieve me; human nature has a wide margin of oscillation, and accommodates itself to both Torrid and Frigid Zones. But I have sometimes been a little surprised at the boldness of some of my critics, whose mistakes proved their courage extended beyond their information. An acquaintance with the historic development of mankind, a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, familiarity with the metaphysic thought of the human race, is certainly no moral merit; but in theologic discussions it is a convenience which some of my opponents have not always paid quite sufficient respect to, though they were not thereby hindered from passing swift judgment. Criticism is the easiest of all arts, or the most difficult of all.

It did not surprise me that other ministers, Unitarian and Trinitarian, should refuse to serve with me on the committee of a college or a school, to attend the same funeral or wedding, to sit on the same bench at a

public meeting; to remain in the same public apartment, and trade at the same book-store, to return my salutation in the street, or reply to my letters; that they should invent and spread abroad falsehoods intended to ruin me; but I confess I have sometimes been astonished that such men "could not see any sign of honesty, of love of truth, of philanthropy, or religion," in my writings or my life, but must set down all to "vanity and love of the praises of men." But "it is fit to be instructed, even by an enemy." Let you and me learn from ours to hate those theological doctrines which can so blind the eyes and harden the hearts of earnest, self-denying men; let us not imitate the sophistry and bigotry we may have suffered from, and certainly have been exposed to.

I have found most friendly recognition where I did not expect it. Men with adverse theological opinions have testified to the honest piety they thought they found in my writings, and joined with me in various practical works of humanity, leaving me to settle the abstract questions of divinity with the Divine Himself. Indeed, I never found it necessary to agree with a man's theology before I could ride in his omnibus or buy his quills. No two Unitarian ministers, I think, differ more in their theology than Rev. James Freeman Clarke and I, but for twenty years there has been the warmest friendship between us; that noble man and I have gone hand in hand to many of the most important philanthropies of the age; and I think he will not be offended by this public recognition of our affectional intimacy. I could say similar things of other men, whom I have not named, but might thereby scare their timid reputation from its nest, and addle their hopes of future usefulness.

Besides, I have found kindly and generous critics in America, and still more in England and Germany, who did me perhaps more than justice, while they honestly pointed out what they must regard as my faults. Though I have been written and spoken against more than any American not connected with political parties, yet, on the whole, I do not complain of the treatment I have received; all I asked was a hearing: that has been abundantly granted. You opened wide the doors, my opponents rang the bell all Saturday night, and Sunday morning the audience was there. I think no other country would allow me such liberty of speech; I fear not even England, which has yet so generously welcomed every free thought.

Of late years the hatred against me seems to have abated somewhat; old enemies relaxed their brows a little, and took back, or else denied, their former calumnies; nay, had kind words and kind deeds for me and mine. "Let bygones be bygones," is a good old rule.

"The fondest, the fairest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget."

I think few men in America have found sympathy in trouble from a greater variety of persons than I, in my present disappointment and illness, from men and women of all manner of ecclesiastical connections. I could not always thank them by private letters, but I need not say how grateful their kindly words have been, for—I may as well confess it—after all, I am not much of a fighter; my affections are

developed far better than my intellect. It may be news to the public ; to you it is but too well known.

Yet, let it not surprise you that in some quarters this theologic odium continues still, and shows itself in "revival meetings" by public prayers that God would go to my study, and confound me there, so that I could not write my sermon ; or meet me in your pulpit, and put a hook in my jaws so that I could not speak ; or else remove me out of the world. Such petitions, finding abundant biblical example, are not surprising when they came from such places, on such occasions, and from men whose mind and conscience are darkened by the dreadful theology that still haunts many such places. But other instances must find a different explanation. Less than two years ago, the senior class in the Cambridge Divinity School, consisting, I think, of but four pupils, invited me to deliver the customary address before them and the public, the Sunday before their graduation. The theological faculty, consisting of three Unitarian Doctors of Divinity, interposed their veto and forbid me from speaking ; such a prohibition, I think, had never been made before. These doctors were not ignorant men, or bigoted ; they attend no "revival meetings," but, speaking intellectually, they belong among the most enlightened scholars in America ; none of them "was ever accused of believing too much ;" yet they saw fit to offer me the greatest ecclesiastical, academical, and personal insult in their professional power, in the most public manner, and that, too, at a time when I was just recovering from severe illness, and fluttering 'twixt life and death—the scrutinizing physician telling me the chances were equally divided between the two ; I could only stand in the pulpit to preach by holding on to the desk with one hand while I lifted the other up. Others might have expected such treatment from these men ; I confess, my friends, that I did not.

Since my present illness began, some of my theological foes have, publicly to the world, and privately to me, expressed their delight that I am not likely to trouble them much longer ; in my present feebleness they read the answer to their prayers for my removal. It was the Psalmist's petition, "Let not mine enemies triumph over me !" But I shall utter none such. If I fall and die, let "mine enemies" rejoice as much as they will at the consequent thought that there is one feeble voice the less, rebuking the vice of the press, the State, the market, and the Church, to speak a word of truth, freedom, justice, and natural religion ; let them be glad there is one weak arm the less reaching out help to the poor, the drunken, the ignorant, the harlot, the felon, and the slave ; let them thank God for the premature decrepitude of my voice, the silence of my study, where worms perchance devour my books, more dear even than costly ; let them find "answer to our prayers" in the sorrow of my personal friends—there are now many such—in the keen distress of my intimates, and the agony of my wife ; I complain nothing thereat. Every tree must bear after its own kind, not another, and their "religion" must yield such fruits. Let them triumph in these results, and thank their God that He has "interposed," and thus granted their petition ; it is small satisfaction compared with what they hope for in the next life, where, as their theology teaches, the joy of the elect in heaven will be enhanced by looking

down into hell, and beholding the agony of their former neighbors and friends, husband or wife, nay, their own children also, and remembering that such suffering is endless, "and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." Let them triumph in this; but let them expect no other or greater result to follow from my death. For to the success of the great truths I have taught, it is now but of the smallest consequence whether I preach in Boston and all the lyceums of the North, or my body crumbles in some quiet, nameless grave. They are not MY truths! I am no great man whom the world hinges on; nor can I settle the fate of a single doctrine by my authority. Humanity is rich in personalities, and a man no larger than I will not long be missed in the wide field of theology and religion. For immediately carrying a special measure, and for helping this or that, a single man is sometimes of great value; the death of the general is the loss of the battle, perhaps the undoing of a State; but after a great truth of humanity is once set a-going, it is in the charge of mankind, through whom it first came from God; it cannot perish by any man's death. Neither State, nor press, nor market, nor Church, can ever put it down; it will drown the water men pour on it, and quench their hostile fire. Cannot the Bible teach its worshippers that a grave is no dungeon to shut up Truth in; and that Death, who slays alike the priest and the prophet, bows his head before her, and passes harmless by? To stone Stephen did not save the church of the Pharisees. A live man may harm his own cause; a dead one cannot defile his clean immortal doctrines with unworthy hands.

In these tropic waters, not far off, in time of strife, on a dark night, but towards morning, an English ship-of-war once drew near what seemed a hostile vessel under sail. She hailed the stranger, who answered not; then hailed again—no answer; then fired a shot across the saucy bows, but still there was no reply; next fired at her, amidships, but got not a word in return. Finally, the man-of-war cleared for action, began battle in earnest, serving the guns with British vigor, but found no return, save the rattle of shot rebounding and falling back into the heedless sea. Daylight presently came with tropic suddenness, and the captain found he spent his powder in battering a great rock in the ocean! So, many a man has fought long against a truth which he fancied was but a floating whim, bound to yield to his caprice; but, at last, the dawning light has shown him it was no passing ship, of timber and cordage and canvas, driven by the wind and tossed by the undulations of the sea, but a SAIL-ROCK, resting on the foundations of the world, and amenable neither to the men-of-war that sailed in the wind, nor yet to the undulation of the sea whereon they came and went. It is one thing to rejoice at the sickness and death of a short-lived heretic, but it is another and a little different, to alter the constitution of the universe, and put down a fact of spontaneous human consciousness, which also, is a truth of God.

When I first came amongst you, and lived in a trading town where a great variety of occupations lay spread out before me all the time, and preached to such crowds of men as offered a wide diversity of nature, character, and conduct, I found not only an opportunity to work, but also to learn and grow. You say I have taught you much; I hope it

is so, but you have been a large part of your own schooling ; for I have also learned much from you : the audience has always furnished a large part of the sermon and the prayer. I have received much direct instruction, and that in matters of deep concern, from some of you, by hearing your words and looking at your lives ; the indirect help to my power of thought and speech, I fear you would hardly credit should I attempt to tell. It is enough to say now, that amongst you I have found men and women, often in quite humble stations, who have added new elements of both strength and beauty to my notion of what constitutes a "glorious human creature," in particular excellences their actual surpassing my ideal. I have been a learner quite as much as a teacher ; indeed, out of nearly a thousand sermons I have written, I think there are not five-and-twenty which are not also steps in my own development, studies I have learned by, quite as much as lessons you have been taught with.

To me, human life in all its forms, individual and aggregate, is a perpetual wonder ; the flora of the earth and sea is full of beauty and of mystery which science seeks to understand ; the fauna of land and ocean is not less wonderful ; the world which holds them both, and the great universe that folds it on every side, are still more wonderful, complex, and attractive, to the contemplating mind. But the universe of human life, with its peculiar worlds of outer sense and inner soul, the particular faunas and floras which therein find a home, are still more complex, wonderful, and attractive ; and the laws which control it seem to me more amazing than the mathematic principles that explain the celestial mechanics of the outward world. The Kosmos of matter seems little compared to this Kosmos of immortal and progressive man ; it is my continual study, discipline, and delight. Oh, that some young genius would devise the "novum organum" of humanity, determine the "principia" thereof, and with deeper than mathematic science, write out the formulas of the human universe, the celestial mechanics of mankind !

In your busy, bustling town, with its queerly-mingled, heterogeneous population, and its great diversity of work, I soon learned to see the unity of human life under all this variety of circumstances and outward condition. It is easy for a simple-hearted man, standing on a central truth, to reduce them all to one common denomination of humanity, and ascertain the relative value of individuals in this comparative morality. The huckster, with a basket, where apples, pea-nuts, candy, and other miscellaneous small stores, are huddled together, is a small merchant ; the merchant, with his warehouse, his factory, or bank, his ships on many a sea, is a great huckster ; both buy to sell, and sell to gain ; the odds is quantitative, not in kind, but in bulk. The cunning lawyer, selling his legal knowledge and forensic skill to promote a client's gainful wickedness ; the tricky harlot, letting out her person to a stranger's unholy lust ; the deceitful minister, prostituting his voice and ecclesiastical position to make some popular sin appear decent and Christian, "accordant with the revealed word of God"—all stand in the same column of my religious notation. In the street I see them all pass by, each walking in a vain show, in different directions, but all consilient to the same end !

So, the ambitious vanities of life all seem of nearly the same value when laid side by side on this table of exchange. The poetess, proud of her superiority over other "silly women" in the "vision and the faculty divine," or in but the small "accomplishment of verse"; the orator, glorying in his wondrous art, longer than other men to hold the uplooking multitude with his thread of speech, and thereby pour his thought or will into the narrow vials of so many minds; and the scavenger, who boasts that he "can sweep round a lamp-post better than any man in the gang"—all seem alike to an eye that looks beneath and above the rippling tide of phenomenal actions, learning its whither and its whence, and knowing the unseen causes which control this many-billowed sea of life. The diamonds of many-skirted Empress Eugénie at Versailles, and the Attleborough jewellery of the bare-footed charwoman Bridget, at Cove Place, are symbols of the same significance, and probably of the same value, to their respective occupants. The man not winged with talent, whom a political party cranes up to some official eminence he could not reach by the most assiduous crawling; and the dawdling woman, who can make neither bread to eat nor clothes to wear, nor yet order any household even of only two, whom an idle hand, and a pinkish cheek, and a lolling tongue, have fastened to another, but bearded, fool—these seem wonderfully alike to me; and I say to both, "May God Almighty have mercy on your souls!" So, the effort after nobleness of character is ever the same, clad in whatever dress; the black washerwoman, on Negro Hill, as, with a frowzy broom, a mop, and a tub or two, she keeps the wolf away from her unfathered babies, all fugitives from slavery, and thence looks up to that dear God whom she so feels within her heart a very present help in her hour of need, which is her every hour—to me seems as grand as Paul preaching on Mars Hill to the Athenian senators; nay, not less glorious than Jesus of Nazareth on his mountain, uttering blessed beatitudes to those thousands who paused in their pilgrimage towards Jerusalem, to look and listen to one greater than the temple, and destined to control men's hearts when that city, compactly built, has not stone left on stone. The thoughtful eye, like the artistic hand, invests with the same magnificence the Hebrew preachers and the negro washerwoman, borrowing the outward purple from the glory within. It is the same great problem of duty which is to be wrought out by all—huckster, merchant, lawyer, harlot, minister, poetess, orator, Eugénie, and Bridget, unworthy officer, and idle, helpless wife, Dinah on Negro Hill, Paul at the Areopagus, and Jesus on Mount Tabor; and it is not of such future consequence to us as men fancy, whether the tools of our work be a basket or a warehouse, a mop or a cross; for the divine justice asks the same question of each, "What hast thou done with *thy* gifts and opportunities?" Feeling the democracy of mankind, and preaching it in many a form, I have learned to estimate the worth of men by the quality of their character, and the amount of their service rendered to mankind. So of each I ask but two questions, "What are you? What do you do?" The voluntary beggar in rags, and the voluntary beggar in ruffles, alike answer, "Nought!"

In my preaching I have used plain, simple words, sometimes making what I could not find ready, and counted nothing unclean, because

merely common. In philosophic terms, and in all which describes the inner consciousness, our Saxon speech is rather poor, and so I have been compelled to gather from the Greek or Roman stock forms of expressions which do not grow on our homely and familiar tree, and hence, perhaps, have sometimes scared you with "words of learned length." But I have always preferred to use, when fit, the every-day words in which men think and talk, scold, make love, and pray, so that generous-hearted philosophy, clad in a common dress, might more easily become familiar to plain-clad men. It is with customary tools that we work easiest and best, especially when use has made the handles smooth.

Illustrations I have drawn from most familiar things which are before all men's eyes, in the fields, the streets, the shop, the kitchen, parlor, nursery, or school; and from the literature best known to all—the Bible, the newspapers, the transient speech of eminent men, the talk of common people in the streets, from popular stories, school-books, and nursery rhymes. Some of you have censured me for this freedom and homeliness, alike in illustration and in forms of speech, desiring "more elegant and sonorous language," "illustrations derived from elevated and conspicuous objects," "from dignified personalities." A good man, who was a farmer in fair weather and a shoemaker in foul, could not bear to have a plough or a lap-stone mentioned in my sermon—to me picturesque and poetic objects, as well as familiar—but wanted "kings and knights," which I also quickly pleased him with. But for this I must not only plead the necessity of my nature, delighting in common things, trees, grass, oxen, and stars, moonlight on the water, the falling rain, the ducks and hens at this moment noisy under my window, the gambols and prattle of children, and the common work of blacksmiths, wheelwrights, painters, hucksters, and traders of all sorts; but I have also on my side the example of all the great masters of speech—save only the French, who disdain all common things, as their aristocratic but elegant literature was bred in a court, though rudely cradled elsewhere, nay, born of rough loins—of poets like Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Goethe, of Hebrew David, and of Roman Horace: of philosophers like Socrates and Locke; of preachers like Luther, Latimer, Barrow, Butler, and South; nay, elegant Jeremy Taylor, "the Shakspeare of divines," owes half his beauty to these weeds of nature, which are choicest flowers when set in his artistic garden.—But one need not go beyond Jesus of Nazareth and the first three gospels to learn great lessons in the art of speech; for in him you not only reverence the genius for religion, which intuitively sees divine truth and human duty, but wonder also at the power of speech that tells its tale as deliverly as the blackbird sings or the water runs down-hill. Besides, to me common life is full of poetry and pictorial loveliness; spontaneously portrayed, its events will fill my mind as one by one the stars come out upon the evening sky, like them each one "a beauty and a mystery." It is therefore a necessity of my nature that the sermon should publicly reflect to you what privately hangs over it with me, and the waters rained out of my sky when cloudy, should give back its ordinary stars when clear. Yet, for the same reason, I have also fetched illustrations from paths of

literature and science, less familiar, perhaps, to most of you, when they, better than aught else, would clear a troubled thought; so in my rosary of familiar beads, I have sometimes strung a pearl or two which science brought from oceanic depths, or fixed thereon the costly gems where ancient or modern art has wrought devices dearer than the precious stone itself.

Using plain words and familiar illustrations, and preaching also on the greatest themes, I have not feared to treat philosophic matters with the rigor of science, and never thought I should scare you with statistical facts, which are the ultimate expression of a great principle doing its work by a constant mode of operation, nor by psychologic analysis, or metaphysical demonstration. Ministers told me I was "preaching over the heads of the people"; I only feared to preach below their feet, or else aside from their ears. Thus handling great themes before attentive men, I have also dared to treat them long, for I read the time not on the dial, but the audience. I trust you will pardon the offence which I perhaps shall not repeat.

MY FRIENDS,—I said that in my early life I feared the temptations that beset the lawyer's path, and, trembling at the moral ruin, which seemed so imminent, turned to the high ecclesiastic road. Alas! the peril is only different, not less. The lawyer is drawn to one kind of wickedness, the minister to another: their sophistry and cunning are about equal, only in the one case it is practised in the name of "law," and for an obvious "worldly end," and in the other in the name of "Gospel," and professedly to secure "salvation." Learning to distinguish sound from significance, I have not found the moral tone of ministers higher than that of lawyers, their motives purer, their behavior more honest, or their humanity more prompt and wide, only their alms are greater in proportion to their purse. In choosing the clerical, not the legal profession, I think I encountered quite as much peculiar peril as I shunned. The Gospel-mill of the minister is managed with as much injustice as the law-mill of the other profession.

It is not for me to say I have succeeded in keeping any portion of my youthful vow. Yet one thing I am sure of; I never appealed to a mean motive nor used an argument I did not think both just and true, I have employed no conscious sophistry, nor ever disguised my ignorance.

Together we have tried some things, which did not prosper, and so came to an end.

We attempted Sunday afternoon meetings, for free discussion of what pertains to religion. I hoped much good from that experiment; yet it was made not only a vanity, but also a vexation of spirit, by a few outsiders, who talked much, while they had little or nothing to say; there could be no wisdom where their voices were heard.

Next, we tried lectures on the Bible, Sunday afternoons, which continued during the wintry half of several years. I gave six general lectures on the origin and history of the Old and New Testaments, and then turned to the criticism and interpretation of the several books of the latter. With Tischendorf's edition of the original text in my hand, I translated the three Synoptic Gospels, the four undoubted

Epistles of Paul, the Acts, and the "Johannic" writings—Revelation, Gospel, Epistles—explaining each book, verse, and word, as well as I could. I intended to treat all the other canonical and apocryphal books of the New and Old Testaments in the same way. But either the matter was too learned, or the manner too dull, for it did not succeed well, bringing a class of but a few scores of persons. This experiment was abandoned when we removed to the Music Hall, and had no place for an afternoon meeting.

I have long meditated other things, which might, perhaps, be helpful to select classes of young men and women; but as they are now not likely to be more than thoughts, I will not name them here.

Last year you organized your fraternity: the movement was spontaneous on your part, not originating in any hint of mine. Though I had long wanted such an association, so various in its purposes, and so liberal in its plan, I did not venture to propose it, preferring it should come without my prompting in 1858, rather than merely by it ten years before. A minister as sure of the confidence of his hearers as I am of yours, is often a little inclined to be invasive, and thrust his personality on that of his congregation, making his will take the place of their common sense; hence many trees of clerical planting fail, because they originate only with the minister, and root but into him. I hope great good from this fraternity, and have laid out much work for myself to do with its help. To mention but one thing, I intended this season to deliver before it ten easy lectures on the first three centuries of the Christian era, and show how the Christianity of the Christians, alas! not the more humane and natural religion of Jesus, developed itself in ideas—the doctrines of the Biblical and Patristic books; in institutions—the special churches, each a republic at first, with individual variety of action, but gradually degenerating into a despotic monarchy, with only ecclesiastical unity of action; and finally, after compromising with the Hebrew and classic schemes, how it became the organized religion of the civilized world, a new force in it both for good and evil, the most powerful organization on earth. In my sleepless nights last autumn, I sketched out the plan and arranged the chief details; but it must now pass away, like other less systematic visions of a sick man in his sleep.

When a young man, it was part of my original plan to leave the practical work of continual preaching, a little before I should be fifty years old, and devote the residue of my life to publishing works which I hoped might be of permanent value, separating the two periods by a year or two of travel in the American tropics and the Mediterranean countries of the Old World; so I thought I might be most useful to mankind, for I did not anticipate or desire long life, and did not originally rate very high my ability to affect the mass of men by direct word of mouth, and made no pretensions to that most popular of intellectual attainments, that eloquence which, like other beauty, is at once a pleasure and a power, delighting whom it compels. But, when I found the scholarly class more unfriendly than the multitude, I began to think I had chosen the wrong audience to address; that it was the people, not the scholars, who were to lead in philosophic thought; and when you gave me a chance to be heard in Boston, and

I preached on from year to year, great crowds of men, who were not readers but workers in the week, coming and continuing to listen to the longest of sermons, wherein great subjects were treated without respect to popular prejudice, ecclesiastical, political, or social, and that, too, without sparing the severest attention of the hearers; when I found these multitudes seemed to comprehend the abstractest reasoning, and truths most universal, and appeared to be instructed, set free, and even elevated to higher hopes both here and hereafter, and to noble character; when, with all my directness of homely speech, I found myself welcome in most of the lecture halls between the Mississippi and the Penobscot, and even beyond them, having thence two or three hundred invitations a-year; when the national crisis became nearer and more threatening, and I saw my sentiments and ideas visibly passing into the opinion and the literature of the people, and thence coming out in the legislation of New England and the other Northern States—I thought it not quite time to withdraw, and my early purposes were a little shaken. I intended to continue some ten years more in severe practical work, till about sixty, then retire, not to lie down in the grave like a camel under his load at night, but hoping to enjoy a long, quiet autumn of twenty years or so, when I might accomplish my philosophic and literary works, and mow up as provender for future time what I had first raised as green grass, and then mowed down to make into sound hay, but have now left, alas! either strewn where it grew or but loosely raked together, not yet carted into safe barns for the long winter, or even stacked up and sheltered against immediate spoiling by a sudden rain in harvest.

Besides, I felt quickened for practical work by the great exigencies of the nation, the importance of the fight already going on between despotism on one side with its fugitive slave bills, New England kidnappers and sophists, in bar or pulpit, and democracy on the other, with its self-evident truths, inalienable rights, and vast industrial and educational developments—a battle not yet understood, but destined to grow hot and red ere long—and by the confidence I have always felt in the ultimate triumph of the right and true, the beautiful and good. Moreover, I was encouraged in my course by the soundness and vigor of my bodily frame, not stout, perhaps, and strong, but capable of much and long-continued work of the most various kinds, not tiring soon, nor easily made ill, but quick recovering from both fatigue and sickness; and by the long average life of six generations of American fathers and mothers. But I have now learned by experience that it is not wise to cherish wide personal hopes in a narrow life, or seek to make an apple-tree larger than the orchard.

For some years, I have been warned that I was not only spending the full income of life, but encroaching a little on the capital stock. But what wise man even is always wise? The duties were so urgent, the call for help so imploring, the labor at once so delightful in its process and so prophetic of good results, and I felt such confidence in my bodily power and ancestral longevity, that I did not sufficiently heed the gentle admonition; till, last year, in March, nature at once gave way, and I was compelled to yield to a necessity above my will. I need not tell the fluctuations in my health since then; rather, my

friends, let me again thank YOU for the prompt and generous sympathy you gave then and ever since.

Immediately after my present illness, I left your pulpit empty for a day. You wrote me a letter signed by many a dear familiar name, and but for the haste, I know it had been enriched with the signatures of all; it was dated at Boston, January 11th. Your affection wrote the lines, and a kindred wisdom kept them from me till I was able to bear this unexpected testimonial of your sympathy and love. On Sunday, the 6th of March, while you were listening to—alas! I know not whom you looked to then—my eyes filled with tears as I first read your words of delicate appreciation and esteem. My friends, I wish I were worthy of such reverence and love; that my service were equal to your gratitude. I have had more than sufficient reward for my labors with you; not only have I seen a good work and a great prosper in my hands as you held them up, but in public, and still more in private, you have given me the sweetest, best of outward consolations—the grateful sympathy of earnest, thoughtful, and religious men. If my public life has been a battle, wherein my head grows bald, my beard turns grey, and my arm becomes feeble, before their time, it has been also a triumph, whose crown is not woven of the red-flowered laurels of war, but of the olive, the lily, the violet, and the white rose of peace. I have no delight in controversy; when assailed, I have never returned the assault; and though continually fired upon for many years from the bar-room and the pulpit, and many other “coigne of vantage” betwixt the two, I never in return shot back an arrow, in private or public, until in the United States Court I was arraigned for the “misdemeanour” of making a speech in Faneuil Hall against that kidnapping in Boston, perpetrated by the public guardian of widows and orphans; then I prepared my *Defence*, which had been abler were I more a lawyer, though less a minister.

To compose sermons, and preach them to multitudes of men of one sort but many conditions, thereto setting forth the great truths of absolute religion, and applying them to the various events of this wondrous human life, trying to make the constitution of the universe the common law of men, illustrating my thought with all that I can gather from the world of matter, its use and beauty both, and from the world of man, from human labors, sorrows, joys, and everlasting hopes—this has been my great delight. Your pulpit has been my joy and my throne. Though press and State, market and meeting-house, have been hostile to us, you have yet given me the largest Protestant audience in America, save that which orthodox Mr. Beecher, who breaks with no theologic tradition of the New England Church, inspires with his deep emotional nature, so devout and so humane, and charms with his poetic eloquence, that is akin to both the sweet-briar and the rose, and all the beauty which springs up wild amid New England hills, and to the loveliness of common life; I have given you my sermons in return, at once my labor and delight. My life is in them, and all my character, its good and ill; thereby you know me better than I, perhaps, myself—for a man's words and his face when excited in sermon and in prayer tell all he is, the reflection of what he has done. Sermons are never out of my mind; and when sickness brings on me the consciousness that I

have nought to do, its most painful part, still, by long habit all things will take this form; and the gorgeous vegetation of the tropics, their fiery skies so brilliant all the day, and star-lit too with such exceeding beauty all the night; the glittering fishes in the market, as many-colored as a gardener's show, these Josephs of the sea; the silent pelicans, flying forth at morning and back again at night; the strange, fantastic trees, the dry pods rattling their historic bones all day, while the new bloom comes fragrant out beside, a noiseless prophecy; the ducks rejoicing in the long-expected rain; a negro on an ambling pad; the slender-legged, half-naked negro children in the street, playing their languid games, or oftener screaming 'neath their mother's blows, amid black swine, hens, and uncounted dogs; the never-ceasing clack of women's tongues, more shrewd than female in their shrill violence; the unceasing, multifarious kindness of our hostess; and, overtowering all, the self-sufficient, West Indian Creole pride, alike contemptuous of toil, and ignorant and impotent of thought—all these common things turn into poetry as I look on or am compelled to hear, and then transfigure into sermons, which come also spontaneously by night and give themselves to me, and even in my sleep say they are meant for you. Shall they ever be more than the walking of

‘A sick man in his sleep,
Three paces and then faltering’?

The doctors cannot tell; I also know not, but hope and strive to live a little longer, that I may work much more. Oh, that the truths of absolute religion, which human nature demands, and offers, too, from the infinitely perfect God who dwells therein, while He transcends the universe,—oh, that these were an idea enlightening all men's minds, a feeling in their hearts, and action in their outward life! Oh, that America's two-and-thirty thousand ministers, Hebrew, Christian, Mormon, knew these truths, and to mankind preached piety and morality, and that theology which is the science of God and his twofold universe, and forgot their mythologic and misguiding dreams! Then what a new world were ours! Sure I would gladly live to work for this.

I may recover entirely, and stand before you full of brown health, equal to the manifold labors of that position, live to the long period of some of my fathers, and at last die naturally of old age. This to me seems most desirable, though certainly not most probable.

Or, I may so far recover, that I shall falter on a score of years or so, one eye on my work, the other on my body, which refuses to do it, and so urge my weak and balky horse along a miry, broken road. If this be so, then, in some still, little rural nook, in sight of town, but not too nigh, I may finish some of the many things I have begun, and left for the afternoon or evening of my days; and yet, also, from time to time, meet you again, and, with words of lofty cheer, look on the inspiring face of a great congregation. With this I should be well content; once it was the ideal of my hope.

In either of these cases, I see how the time of this illness, and the discipline alike of disappointment and recovery, would furnish me

new power. Several times in my life has it happened that I have met with what seemed worse than death, and, in my short-sighted folly, I said, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest!" Yet my griefs all turned into blessings; the joyous seed I planted came up discipline, and I wished to tear it from the ground; but it flowered fair, and bore a sweeter, sounder fruit than I expected from what I set in earth. As I look over my life, I find no disappointment and no sorrow I could afford to lose; the cloudy morning has turned out the fairer day; the wounds of my enemies have done me good. So wondrous is this human life, not ruled by fate, but Providence, which is Wisdom married unto Love, each infinite! What has been, may be. If I recover wholly, or but in part, I see new sources of power besides these waters of affliction I have stooped at; I shall not think I have gone through "the Valley of Baca" in vain, nor begrudge the time that I have lingered there, seeming idle; rainy days also help to seed the ground. One thing I am sure of: I have learned the wealth and power of the grateful, generous feelings of men, as I knew them not before, nor hoped on earth to find so rich. High as I have thought of human nature, I had not quite done justice to the present growth of these beautiful faculties. Here and now, as so oft before, I have found more treasure than I dreamed lay hidden where I looked.

But if neither of these hopes becomes a fact, if the silver cord part soon above the fountain, and the golden bowl be broke, let not us complain; a new bowl and a stronger cord, shall serve the well of life for you. Though quite aware how probable this seems, believe me, I have not yet had a single hour of sadness; trust me, I shall not. True, it is not pleasant to leave the plough broken in the furrow just begun, while the seed-corn smiles in the open sack, impatient to be sown, and the whole field promises such liberal return. To say farewell to the thousands I have been wont to preach to and pray with, now joyous, and tearful now—it has its bitterness to one not eighty-four but forty-eight. To undo the natural ties more intimately knit of long-continued friendship and of love—this is the bitter part. But if it be my lot, let not you nor me complain. Death comes to none except to bring a blessing; it is no misfortune to lay aside these well-loved weeds of earth, and be immortal. To you, as a congregation, my loss may be easily supplied; and to me it is an added consolation to know that, however long and tenderly remembered, I should not long be missed; some other will come in my place, perhaps, without my defects, possessed of nobler gifts, and certainly not hindered by the ecclesiastical and social hostility which needs must oppose a man who has lived and wrought as I. It will not always be unpopular justly to seek the welfare of all men. Let us rejoice that others may easily reap golden corn where we have but scared the wild beasts away, or hewn down the savage woods, burning them with dangerous fire, and make the rich, rough ground smooth for culture. It was with grimmer fight, with sourer sweat, and blacker smoke, and redder fire that the fields were cleared where you and I now win a sweet and easy bread.

What more shall I say to sweeten words of farewell, which must

have a bitter taste? If I have taught you any great religious truths, or roused therewith emotions that are good, apply them to your life, however humble or however high and wide; convert them into deeds, that your superior religion may appear in your superior industry, your justice, and your charity, coming out in your housekeeping and all manner of work. So when your

“ Course

Is run, some faithful eulogist may say,
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook
His unobtrusive merit; but his life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good,
That shall survive his name and memory.”

Let no fondness for me, now heightened by my illness and my absence too, blind your eyes to errors which may be in my doctrine, which must be in my life; I am content to serve by warning where I cannot guide by example. Mortal, or entered on immortal life, still let me be your minister, to serve, never your master, to hinder and command. Do not stop where I could go no further, for, after so long teaching, I feel that I have just begun to learn, begun my work. “No man can feed us always;” welcome, then, each wiser guide who points you out a better way. On earth I shall not cease to be thankful for your patience, which has borne with me so much and long; for your sympathy, nearest when needed most, and the examples of noble Christian life, which I have found in some of you,

“ To whom is given

The joy that mixes man with heaven :
Who, rowing hard against the stream,
See distant gates of Eden gleam,
And never dream it is a dream ;
But here by secret transport led,
Even in the charnels of the dead,
The murmur of the fountain-head :
Who will accomplish high desire,
Bear and forbear, and never tire—
Like Stephen an unquenched fire,
As, looking upward, full of grace,
He pray'd, and from a happy place
God's glory smote him on the face !”

Here they add to my joy; perhaps their remembrance will add to my delight in heaven.

May you be faithful to your own souls; train up your sons and daughters to lofty character, most fit for humble duty; and to far cathedral heights of excellence, build up the being that you are, with feelings, thoughts, and actions, that become “a glorious human creature,” by greatly doing the common work of life, heedful of all the charities, which are twice blest, both by their gifts and their forgiveness too. And the Infinite Perfection, the Cause and Providence of all that is, the Absolute Love, transcending the time and space it fills, OUR

FATHER and OUR MOTHER too, will bless you each beyond your prayer forever and forever. Bodily absent, though present still with you by the immortal part, so hopes and prays

Your minister and friend,

THEODORE PARKER.

Fredericksted, West-End, Santa Cruz,
April 19, 1859.

No. III.

LETTER TO DR. BOWDITCH.

Boston, October 12, 1858.

MY DEAR BOWDITCH,—A long time ago I promised to write you the result of some of my observations on Consumption; hitherto I have actually had no time, for what strength I have had for the last sixteen months has been greedily consumed as fast as it was produced hour by hour; but yesterday two of your (surgical) brethren, Drs. Cabot and Hodges, made a nice little operation for me, which will lay me on my back for a week or two, so in this moment of forced idleness I will try and keep my promise which has been neglected so long a time.

I will begin with the (consumptive) history of a single family which I will call the P's.

I. P. came to this country in 1634, and died 1690, aged eighty-one, leaving many sons and daughters. He had no consumption.

II. P. his son, died aged eighty-six, leaving also many sons and daughters, and no consumption.

III. P. the son of the preceding, born 1664, at the family seat, in 1709 moved to another new settlement and built him a great house, which was thus situated: on the south-east slope of a large range of hills, screened from the north and west winds, but open to the south and south-east; all the hills were heavily timbered, chiefly with oak, hickory, and pine. To the north-east, at the distance of some miles, hills of small elevation; these also, thickly covered with woods, shut out the sharp cold wind from that quarter.*

The ground about the house, above it and below, was then wet, springy, and spongy, in consequence of the great woods on the hills; the culture and drainage have since remedied that evil.

But about fifty rods from the house, and perhaps sixty feet below it, there began a great fresh meadow of spongy peat, from two to fifteen feet in depth. This meadow, with its ramifications and spongy adjuncts, reaching up the hill-sides in various places and filling the wooded ravines, would contain, say, perhaps, two or three hundred acres.

It was always wet all the year through; its neighborhood damp

* These woods have since been cut down, and the east and north-east wind now come in with all their terrors.

and chilly, especially towards evening; fogs could often be seen gathering there towards night of a clear day.

P. died at the age of eighty-two, with no sign of consumption in him, or his family, or their paternal or maternal ancestors.

IV. P., son of the preceding was born before his father removed to L.; but attended him in that removal, and died at the age of —, leaving many sons and daughters, still with no signs of consumption.

He inherited his father's house, and his children were born in or near it.

V. P., son of the preceding, and born in his grandfather's house, married into a very long-lived family. His widow lived to ninety-three. He died of epidemic dysentery (needlessly, such being the medical ignorance of the times) at the age of forty-six.

VI. P., son of the preceding, and in the same house, married a Miss S., who was descended from a similar family, which had lived for a hundred or a hundred and fifty years in a similar situation, a mile and a half off, where the house stood on the north-west side of a hill, and near a similar range of wet, spongy meadow, though less in depth and extent. Hitherto consumption had appeared in neither the P.'s nor the S.'s.

P. had eleven children, and himself died a hale old man at seventy-seven; but his wife had passed away from him by consumption at about the age of sixty. Of his children, eight died of consumption, two of them between sixteen and nineteen; the rest were married, and attained various ages from twenty-five to forty-nine. Only two of his children are now living; one sixty, with no signs of pulmonary disease; the other forty-eight, I hope equally free from the family taint.

Two of the grandchildren of P. have also died of consumption. One son of P. moved from the family homestead, and settled on the piece of wet, spongy land, exposed to the bleakest west, north, and north-east wind.

He had six children, all of whom died of consumption between twenty and twenty-four. The parents soon followed, dying of a broken heart.

Early branches of the P. family, who were settled in dry and sound localities, remain to this day, I think, free from that malady.

Another large family, settled in the neighborhood of the same great meadow for, perhaps, the same length of time, has been consumptive for two generations, though many of them have removed to better situations, or were even born therein.

The S. family in the generation I spoke of consisted of ten sons and two daughters.

Both daughters died of consumption, but I think none of the sons, though the daughters of the sons, and several of their male children who grew up *temperate* did. One of the daughters married P.; the other one married a strong, hearty man of enormous stature, with no tendency to any specific disease. She had four sons, one intemperate, who is now fifty-five years old and well; three temperate, all settled in healthy place, and at wholesome business, and all died of consumption between twenty and twenty-five.

Hence I draw carefully these inferences—

1st. That the healthiest of families, living in such a situation as I have described, generation after generation, acquire the consumptive disposition, and so die thereof.

2nd. That it sometimes requires several generations to obtain this result.

3rd. That members of the family born with this consumptive disposition often perish thereby, though they live and are even born in healthy localities.

4th. Intemperate habits (where the man drinks a pure, though coarse and fiery, liquor, like New England rum) tend to check the consumptive tendency, though the drunkard who himself escapes its consequences, may transmit the fatal seed to his children.

In addition to what I have already mentioned, here are two striking cases:—

(1.) I know a consumptive family living in a situation like that I have mentioned, for, perhaps, the same length of time, who had four sons. Two of them were often drunk, and always intemperate, one of them as long as I can remember; both consumptive in early life, but now both hearty men from sixty to seventy. The two others were temperate, one drinking moderately, the other but occasionally. They both died of consumption, the oldest not over forty-five.

(2.) Another consumptive family in such a situation as has been already described, had many sons and several daughters. The daughters were all temperate, married, settled elsewhere, had children, died of consumption, bequeathing it also to their posterity. But five of the sons whom I knew were drunkards, some of the extremest description; they all had the consumptive build, and in early life showed signs of the disease, but none of them died of it; some of them are still burning in rum. There was one brother temperate, a farmer, living in the healthiest situation. But I was told he died some years ago of consumption.

You can make any use you please of this paper, which I think accurate in all its details, but I beg you by no means to let any one know who is the author of it.

It is an ill wind which blows nobody good. For if I had been in my chair and not on my bed you would not have read this paper quite so easily, but would have painfully deciphered it from the sad hand of

Yours faithfully,

THEODORE PARKER.

PS.—Please accept the queer old volume of “*Plantini Imagines Humani Corporis, 1566.*”

I hope you will find valuable information in your (doctorial) predecessor’s MS. prescriptions of remedies.

No. IV.

TO JOSEPH LYMAN.

Montreux, Sept. 15, 1859.

* * * * *

I mean to live, but may die any time, and so wish to provide a little for that latter contingency; and, as you are going home, I will give you a hint. Should I die, and the 28th take any notice of the fact, I should wish this arrangement of services to be conducted by J. F. Clarke and Wendell Phillips:

- I. A Voluntary by the Choir—perhaps a Chant of Ps. cxxxix. v. 1-4, 7-12, 17, 18, 23, 24.
- II. Scriptures. Micah vi. 8. Matt. xxii. 37-40. John iv. 23, 24. 1 John, Ep. iii. 18-20; iv. 7, 12, 16, 18. Ps. xxiii. 1, 4, 6; xxvii. 10, 13. Matt. xxv. 34-40, and v. 3-12.
- III. A brief Funeral Prayer.
- IV. Hymn, "While Thee I seek," &c.
- V. Remarks by Wendell Phillips.
- VI. Hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

I shall tell my executors that I want no monument, but a little plain old-fashioned grave-stone of blue slate—it won't cost five dollars—without any *paint* on it, with only my name and the date of birth and death.

In a subsequent direction given to his friend only a few weeks before his death, and dated Rome, April 4, 1860, he desired to have the Hymn sung that was written by Professor Norton,—

My God, I thank Thee, may no thought
Ere deem Thy chastisements severe;

Adding that the Professor had no love for him, but that the lines were religious and beautiful.

These directions were observed, though some additions were made, at the funeral services which took place at the Music Hall, upon receipt of the news that he had passed away.

No. V.

The following letters from Hon. S. P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, U.S., should have been placed in their appropriate connection with the letters received by him from Mr. Parker, that all the allusions might be made intelligible; but they came too late for insertion.

FROM HON. S. P. CHASE TO MR. PARKER.

Washington, Feb. 13, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—Thanks for your kind letter. It does me good. Praise from the sincere who are also of the noble and true co-workers for humanity is very grateful.

I shall be very glad to see you afterward. There is hope that we may yet floor the rascals.

By the way, your discourse on "Webster" reached me, but was forthwith abstracted by somebody, to whom I hope it did good. Can you lend me another copy?

Seward and Sumner will quit themselves like men, and I have got a battery of small guns to fire.

Yours cordially,
S. P. CHASE.

Washington, March 12, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your Sermon on the Nebraska question reached me this morning, and I have read it with the greatest interest. It is a noble discourse, going to the root of more matters than one. Its lofty sentiments inspire me with fresh determination to maintain the right, while my hope feeds on the anticipation that from many hearts must come the responsive echoes of such an utterance.

Shall I not say to you frankly, however, how much I regret that on the great question of the Divine origin of the Bible and the Divine nature of Christ your views are so little in harmony with those of almost all who labor with you in the great cause of human enfranchisement and progress; and that I could not help wishing that in this sermon your distinctive opinions had not been brought forward?

* * * * *

Some of your expressions grate harshly on my ears.

Far from me, however, is the wish to trammel your conscientious utterance of your own convictions; and I know you will trust my assurance that in my heart of hearts I honor you for your bold and manful defence of justice, truth, and right against oppression, falsehood, and wrong.

Yours faithfully,
S. P. CHASE.

Washington, April 5, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your kind letter gave me a great deal of pleasure. Most earnestly do I wish that I were able to do the work which your more than kind estimate would judge me qualified for. But my consciousness tells me that you overrate me greatly. I am only fit to do common work that lies right before me from day to day, and, in truth, I have no aspiration to do any other. I never could fancy myself a great man, or ever realize that I occupied a great position; and I suppose both these ideas necessary to great achievement, especially political achievement.

I wish we thought more alike on some things; but it is not for me to argue with you. Let me rather rejoice that on the great questions of practical duty concerning the progress and elevation of our race we are so much at one.

There is reason to hope that the Nebraska iniquity sleeps the sleep that knows no waking, and that the speeches now being delivered concerning it in the House may be classed as obituary notices. If it be dead, or rather when assured that it is dead, I shall rejoice that the first stone cast at the monster went from my sling. Let not the people, however, be over-confident. They should still pour in their memorials, and especially the resolutions of their public meetings. The New Hampshire and Connecticut elections are *memorials* which some politicians will be likely to hold in lasting remembrance.

With many thanks to you, dear Sir, for your well-timed blow at the great iniquity, and for your every other service to the noble cause of freedom and progress,

I remain,

Most cordially your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

Columbus, June 23, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been reading your "New Lesson for the Day," sent me, I suppose, by your kindness, and feel moved to write you and thank you for this, and renew my thanks for your former utterances in behalf of human liberty. The time is sharp and *thorny*, but we will pluck freedom out of it. I know not how it is, but I have never felt in the least inclined to despair of the Republic; and now I feel sure that out of the storm and danger of the present will emerge the peace and safety of liberty guarded by law. Sumner's grievous wrong will do more to open men's eyes to the true character of the men that slavery makes than ten thousand speeches, however eloquent in utterance or perfect in argument. And the vilenesses perpetrated in Kansas will expose the thorough recklessness in selection of means with which the slave power seeks its ends. The people wake up slowly, but they will awake, and then woo to tyrants and their abettors wheresoever!

Sincerely yours,

S. P. CHASE.

Columbus, July 17, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,—You have laid me under additional obligations to you by sending me “The Great Battle.” It is a fit characterisation of the struggle in which you have dealt so many and so manful blows on the right side.

But I have somewhat to complain of in your first speech. You say, on the supposition that the slaves were white: “Do you believe Governor Chase would have said, ‘No slavery outside of Slave States, but inside of Slave States just as much enslavement of Anglo-Saxon men as you please?’”

My first objection to this is the apparent assertion that I have said, “Inside of Slave States, just as much enslavement as you please!” I never said that; for I never thought it. There is no spot on earth in which I would sanction slavery. Indeed, I do not suppose you think there is; but your sentence is so constructed as to convey an idea which was not in your mind. My other objection to it is its intimation that my constitutional views on the slavery question are determined by considerations of the color or origin of the enslaved. God forbid! If every slave in the South were bleached to-morrow, if every drop of African blood could be, by miracle, converted into purest Anglo-Saxon, the constitutional power of the General Government on slavery in the States would be no whit enlarged. If the National Government has not the power to abolish the slavery of the black man in the Slave States, it certainly would have no power to abolish the slavery of the white man. Indeed, not a few white men, to all practical intents and purposes, and some probably of pure Circassian blood, are now slaves in the United States.

I adopt your motto very cheerfully and heartily: “No slavery anywhere in America!” No slavery anywhere on earth! The latter is, you say, the “topmost” idea. The first, then, is *not* topmost. My sentence, “No slavery outside of Slave States,” also, is *not* topmost. But it is, to an ambitious man, anxious to get to the top, quite as important. It is *fundamental*. It is the first in the series. The General Government has power to prohibit slavery everywhere outside of Slave States. A great majority of the people now accept this idea. Comparatively few adopt the suggestion that Congress can legislate abolition within Slave States. That proposition, most who have studied our institutions regard as including the doctrine of consolidation and subversion of State Sovereignities, and other consequences dangerous to the rights of the people and tending to bring in despotism. I say, then, take the conceded proposition, and make it practical. Make it a living active reality! Then you have taken a great step. Slavery is *denationalized*. The faith and practice of the National Government is on the side of freedom. Then, encouraged by national example, by the sympathies, cheering words and liberal aid of good men and patriots, let the men of the Slave States organize for the enfranchisement of their own communities. By-and-by, and not far off, you will come to the second idea, “No slavery in America!” Then, let the moral influence and wise action of the nation, wholly enfranchised, be made active on the side of universal freedom. And, by-and-by, the third

grand thought becomes a divine reality : " No slavery anywhere on earth," which day may God and men of a divine spirit speed !

I write in great haste, but you get my ideas. I don't pretend to be a very wise or expert statesman, or anything of that sort ; but a roughly-trained practical man, who wishes to *do* something for truth, justice, and human progress, and who would prefer that what little he does or says should be so spoken of, that nothing in his example of word or deed shall even seem to contribute to the upholding of wrong.

Very cordially your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

Columbus, March 25, 1858.

It was a great gratification to hear from you. It would be a greater to see you. You *hang*, surrounded by others of like faith and freedom, in my dining-room ; and you *lie*, in somewhat worse company, on my table in the Executive Chamber ; for Buchanan and Gardner are there too, not to be saved even by the salt of your introductory association. But I would rather see you neither hanging nor lying, but living, speaking, moving ! Why can't you come West ? Other lights than the Star of Empire should take their way westward.

As to getting rid of slavery, it will be accomplished when the mind of the nation is penetrated by such thoughts as your writings inspire. There must be a new birth and a new baptism of the American nation in the faith of man's manhood before it will be thoroughly accomplished.

I work in the political field. It is mine, because God seems to have better fitted me for it than for any other. It seems to me I can do some good in it. But, after all, what is our political work but the growth into substantial form of the great ideas which higher thinkers put forth, and the preparation for larger like growths ? I want to see the National Government divorced from slavery, and its influence put on the side of freedom. This seems to me a possible, practical work. Once accomplished, the doom of slavery is sealed. Its final extinction is certain, the regeneration of the nation inevitable, and a future—how grand and inspiring !—assured. What hope for the nation—for man, then !

But I have no time for much writing to-day. I am grateful for all you can do of personal kindness, and reciprocate fully every sentiment of friendly regard, and remain,

Cordially yours,

S. P. CHASE.

Newport, R.I., August 16, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—To fail to see you was to lose one of the principal gratifications I promised myself in New England. After you closed your sermon, I paused awhile, thinking to wait for you ; but the situation, amid a retreating crowd, was an awkward one, and I retired, confidently expecting to call in the evening. Governor Banks came in and dispelled this idea, by saying that he had just met you going into the country. So there was an end. I went back to Boston not long

—say two weeks—after, and you were absent still. Your note, which I received at Concord, had previously apprised me of you elsewhere; and so this time I was not disappointed.

My visit to New England was a very pleasant one. Much has gratified me. Cordial welcomes, earnest sympathies, noble men, noble women too, glorious scenery, grand industries, have spoken eloquently to eyes, ears, and heart. My inmost sentiments say, God bless and guard New England! I shall go back to my own great adopted State with new aspirations, not for place, I hope, but for achievement. How much I should like to do! How little I can do!

Take, my dear Sir, these words of farewell; assure yourself of my sincere gratitude for all your appreciation of what I have poorly attempted, rather than fitly done, and of my earnest purpose to deserve by effort, if not by accomplishment, something of the good-will which has been so liberally manifested towards me.

I shall be ever very glad to hear from you.

Sincerely your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

Columbus, January 13, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR,—I read in a Boston paper to-day your note to your congregation with deep sorrow. Most earnestly do I hope your illness is but temporary. The report of the paper that your physicians have ordered you to the West Indies has prompted this hurried note, that the assurance of my truest sympathy and earnest prayers for your restoration speedily to your people, and to all of us who labour for human advancement, may reach you before you sail, if possible.

Most truly yours,

S. P. CHASE.

No. VI.

These letters of acknowledgment should have been appended to the letters to Robert White, Vol. I., pp. 383–394; but they did not arrive in time. Such a warm confession of indebtedness to the influence of Mr. Parker is a welcome contribution to his Life:—

FROM J. CORLIES WHITE TO MRS. PARKER.

New York, January 4, 1862.

DEAR MADAM,—We all rejoiced to hear that you intend to publish a memoir of your lamented husband, whose memory is cherished in the very heart of hearts of all our family.

My father loved and honored Mr. Parker above his other friends, and we all felt deeply the kindly influence that gradually loosened the ties which bound him to a cold and heartless superstition, and

gave us back the Father we had lost. Although my father never formally dissolved his connection with the Society of Shakers, yet from the time his acquaintance with Mr. Parker commenced until his death he became more and more estranged from Shakerism; and we have the satisfaction of knowing that, in his last days, the barrier which an alien faith had raised between him and his family had been entirely broken down.

We well knew, too, through whose agency this result was brought about, and you can readily believe that the kind sentiments you express for the family of your husband's friend are cordially reciprocated by us.

New York, January 20, 1862.

MY DEAR MADAM,—Merely as a matter of form, I have consulted my family as to the use you should make of my father's name and letters in the Memoir, and find there is no objection on their part, more than on my own, to your making such use of either as you may see fit in its preparation. Do not, my dear Madam, hesitate to make any use of them that may serve to illustrate your husband's correspondence. Perchance it may help to light others on their way, as it did my father—others enveloped in the same cloud of error.

With much respect, I remain, your friend,

JOHN CORLIES WHITE.

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