

A D D R E S S

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE UNION LEAGUE OF PHILADELPHIA,

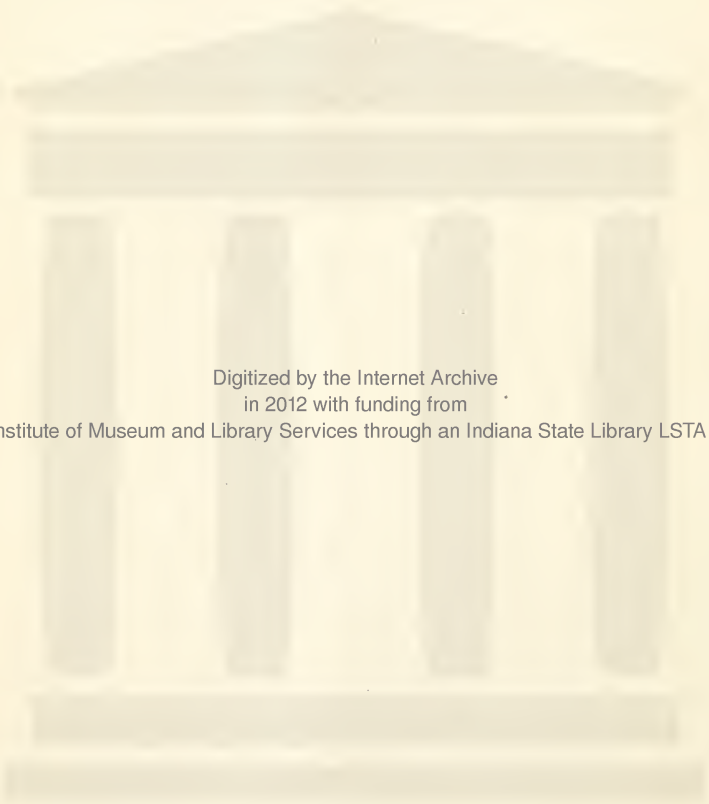
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BY

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A D D R E S S .

FELLOW CITIZENS: I have been invited by the Committee of the Union League to speak to you this evening upon topics that derive a higher interest from the approach of your Presidential election. Oppressed with a very heavy burthen of years, and during a protracted life before the public held apart from the political forum, you will naturally conclude that for such an one as I this must be a position never to be sought, and perhaps to be always declined. Considering, however, that though an aged man, I am still an American; and that I have the honor to be a member of the Union League, I could not, upon reflection, refuse to contribute, however humble the contribution, to their patriotic endeavor to spread abroad such information as might haply serve to assist your understanding and your judgment on this so grave occasion for our country. I will, therefore, proceed to speak to you, trusting that I have yielded to a call of duty.

These meetings are designed to the end of promoting no selfish aim; their scope includes all that vitally interests our American civilization and the national life itself, as well; not ours alone, but the national life of all the people and kindred and tongues of mankind, wheresoever they now stand and turn an anxious gaze upon the democratic republican citizens of the great model Republic, who have founded a new national life and erected new civilization in this western world.

Born in a slave land; having received my intellectual and moral culture in a land of slavery, I planted there my hearthstone and there builded my altar. I was there before the prohibition and final abandonment of the African slave trade in January, 1808. I saw and familiarly knew and talked with numbers of the black people who were part of the last slave cargo

imported into Charleston. I grew up with slavery, and adopted slavery as a normal condition, just as a child or a man reared at Damascus, or Mecca, or Medina is by birth and rearing a son of Islam. How could I choose? I did not choose; it was in me, and on me, and around me; it was one of the ethical elements of the inner as well as the open life of the State. I was a pro-slavery boy, and a pro-slavery man.

Knowledge, says M. Cochin, is not born; it is a thing acquired. How then could, how can a Southern lad, born and raised in the State of Georgia, ever come to know that a native born, or African-descended man, is anything but a negro, my negro, his negro, your negro; a chattel, a machine, created to the sole and salutary end to raise cotton to get money to buy negroes, to raise cotton to get money to buy negroes as long as ever the planter shall live, or his son, or his grandson, or his great-great-great-grandson after him. That's so, and that will ever be so if the confederacy should stand on its corner-stone, which Mr. V. P. Stephens proclaimed to be slavery before the wide wide world of man, in his most detestable, most inhuman, most ethnic, and not Christian speech at Savannah.

You do not know slavery; how could you know it? Thank God for you; you have neither seen nor heard it, or what you heard was a lie. Even Mrs. Kemble, that sublime and flowing intelligence, keen as is her intellectual vision, and wide and clear as was the scope of her observation, never knew the half of it. Why, in a slave land it arises with every opening dawn of reason, inspires the heart, blends with and fires the imagination, and contributes to the essential existence and force of the judgment. Slavery lives in the child, the boy, and the man, and even moulds and fashions the moral aspirations and forms the manners of both matron and maiden, as well.

There are physical disorders that, attacking the living body, forever deprive it of some part of its vital nature and physiological power. Slavery, like inoculated smallpox, takes away the susceptibility to a new inoculation; like that disease it becomes endemic, and attacks all that come within its pestilential reign. The whole number of slave owners does not now exceed 350,000 souls, in a population which at the beginning of the rebellion counted 12,000,000; yet we see that it has infected the entire mass, and being a part of the life of the

people, they cannot shake it off for any plea that argument or persuasion can present.

There is but one argument equal to the occasion, and that is the argument which we hope is now being prepared in the election of President Lincoln. That argument will be equivalent to a proclamation of the sovereign irreversible will and judgment of the Nation, and it cannot be withstood.

So great is the power of the slavery sentiment that it has not only led the 350,000 slave owners to inaugurate this war against the Union, but it has blinded the minds and hardened the hearts of many of the rest, and has even stretched its modifying power among thousands in the loyal States.

Why do you favor the secessionists, said one to a lady; you have no slaves, you never had a slave? "True," was the reply, "but did not my dear aunt own two negroes when *she* was alive?" It was not inference, it was a logical conclusion—her secession sympathy.

I know how thoroughly and entirely the pro-slavery sentiment pervades all hearts and controls all judgments in slave States. It is a moral insanity; not a monomania, but what we medical people call real moral insanity. I suffered from it for more than sixty years. I should have carried it to my grave, but for a shock that I received when the cannon of Sumpter startled the whole land. It was with me, and with millions of Northern souls, as with a gentleman I knew. He was the subject of an incurable epilepsy, as it was supposed. Standing one day at his open window during a violent thunder storm, he was cast prostrate and insensible by a flash of lightning. Upon recovering from the shock he was found wholly recovered from his before hopeless disorder. Previously to the assault on Fort Sumpter, I think there could not have been found 3000 abolitionists among all the millions of our Northern people. I do not mean by this to say that the North looked with favor on that institution. I mean to say that there were not 3000 voters here who had any wish or any intention to oppose slavery in the slave States, where it was permitted by the Constitution and guarded by the law. To show that we disapproved of it, and would joyfully witness its final abandonment by the South, and out of their own proper motion, it is enough to know that Pennsylvania gave it up in 1780, and

that the Northern States, without exception, have laid it aside: it was the shock of Sumpter that aroused us to a sense of its dangerous nature, and now I doubt not the Presidential election will furnish conclusive proof of the astonishing progress of the emancipation sentiment in the Nation.

Though the Constitution had never, in the exercise of its power, attempted in the least particular to interfere with the Southern domestic institution, and notwithstanding the North had willingly confided to Southern statesmen the control of all our national policy, both domestic and foreign, the slaveholders, after thirty years of preparation, had succeeded in arousing among our Southern brethren a feeling of scorn and distrust, that led to hatred of the North, and brought great multitudes of their people to wish for a dissolution of the Union.

The people of the North have never, not even to this hour, returned hate for hate. We stand ever ready to receive them again into the embrace of the Union. We have not, nor has the Government at Washington, desired to conquer the South. Our efforts and sacrifices are all devoted to the single purpose of wresting their arms from the hands of the leaders and soldiers, to rescue our countrymen from the reign of terror in which all State power, all personal rights, all individual liberty and franchises are now at the control of a military aristocracy, under an absolute despotism inexorable as death itself. To prove this, it is scarce necessary to refer to Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, and member of the Confederate Congress, or to Senator Clemens, of Alabama, who publicly declare this to be the case, in letters recently laid before the public, over their proper signatures.

The war was not provoked nor was it initiated by the North. It was initiated by the evident superiority in number and prosperity of the people, and declared against us by the siege of Fort Sumpter, a gross and insolent violation of the supreme law of the land, which, in the Constitution, precludes to States all right to raise and keep up a standing army. They have nullified that law by seizing our forts and arsenals, by expelling our courts of law, and usurping the powers of the Post-Office Department within their borders. They have refused to acquiesce in the will of a lawful majority of their fellow-citizens, and seceded from the Union before the inauguration of their rightful Chief Magis-

trate. Yet, notwithstanding all this iniquity, with its frightful train of battles and sieges and desolation, the Chicago platform is offered for your approval, on the ground that the war (their war) is inhuman and a failure, and ought to be brought to an end by negotiation. This is not our war; it is not a war by the South, as such; it is the war of 350,000 slaveholders against the liberty and inalienable rights of 31,000,000 of people, for it not only wars against the North, but it tramples on the republican franchises of 10,000,000 of our fellow-men by men in the South—franchises that can never be restored save by the overthrow of the armies of the usurper and tyrant and autocrat at Richmond.

These great events have naturally resulted in the formation of two political parties in the North; that which we seek to sustain is the Republican or Union party, the other known as the Democratic party. Now such is the power of habit and use over the minds of men, that they are prone to be led by a name or word, often misinterpreted and misunderstood; and as I conceive that many citizens will vote for the Chicago platform from a belief that it represents the sentiment and the purposes of the Democratic party in the United States, I shall invite your attention to a brief review of the rise and fall of political parties, under various denominations, here, since the dawn of our republican existence as a nation. I wish to show that Chicago is not Democracy, and that the true, sincere, but misinformed Democrats are not there. The party is now convened and engaged in another place.

You all know the story of the birth and rearing of our nation; that, inspired with a love of freedom, our fathers retired from a vain conflict of seven centuries against the aristocratic and monarchical oppressions of the English crown, to lay down upon Plymouth rock the foundations of a new civilization, and create a new national republican life in the western world. Thirteen colonies were in process of time established here, each absolutely independent of the others, and existing under charters or governments that were sovereign, with the exception of certain concessions of power to the crown.

You know that, in the course of 156 years, our forefathers, holding the plough-staff in one hand and the sword in the other, profiting by the change, labored to spread abroad civiliza-

tion, morals, religion, education, arts, and all the triumphs of peace; ever removing to greater distance the dark boundaries of barbarism, and ever expanding the area of light and knowledge and power. These thirteen separate colonies, commencing their career in 1620, some later, contained, as early as 1770, about 3,500,000 souls. Their relations with the government at home made them a loyal people, which they would haply have continued to be until the present day, but for the deep-laid innate love of freedom and equality in the eye of the law that had descended in the line of their Pilgrim father blood, and the insensate politicians of England. After many acts of Parliamentary oppression, now become intolerable, they flew to arms, and at Lexington opened the war of the Revolution, for redress. Pardon me for so long a detail, which seemed necessary to show that up to the seventh decade of the 18th century, just ninety years ago, there was no political party of the people of North America, whatever may have been the popular differences of opinion in South Carolina or Massachusetts, in Pennsylvania or Virginia.

The stamp act, the Boston port bill, and other acts of the crown, led to the establishment of two great political parties, who, for the first time in our annals, divided the whole population, and, after various denominations, were finally distinguished as Whigs and Tories; and, for the first time in American history, party lines now extended to the whole people, and not to the colonial governments. Is it true to-day that the political parties now in opposition to each other do truly extend to the *people* of the States, or are they questions as to the STATES themselves? Is it true, or is it not at least probable, that if a free election were to take place this night by the States of the Union, the slave States, on the question of return to the Union, would vote in the negative, while, if the election were freely made by the people, a majority of the South would vote in the affirmative? I have no doubt that such would be the result of such elections, for the odour of peace is more and more distinctly to be inhaled at every opening dawn.

The Tory party of the Revolution, aided by the military and naval forces of the crown, persisting in their opposition, prolonged the struggle, as is done in this day by Copperheadism, until the peace of 1783 was proclaimed, and the confederation

of the thirteen States was admitted into the family of nations, so that the quarrel was at an end.

No man, after that fierce struggle of seven years of battles, murders, desolation, and tears, could retain the least hope of depriving the new-born nation of its admitted sovereignty, or of its reannexation to the government of England. The question was forever withdrawn by the instant dissolution of the Tory party, and the whole land was at one. We were all Whigs, we were all Republicans; and thus ended the first political party of the people of America.

But as new questions must ever arise along with the development of all national life, the second party organization took its rise immediately after the proclamation of peace, and this was the basis of it.

The war confederation—which was a confederation of the States, not of the people of the States—had with great difficulty dragged us through that great civil war by a rope of sand, and the question now was whether that Congress, which was essentially a committee of ambassadors, would prove sufficient for the coming procession of our people among the nations of the earth, or serve as a fitting engine on the ever ascending track of population, of progress, of power, and glory thus stretched out illimitably before us. The question included the idea of a new revolution of reason—by the ballot, if we might, but by violence, if we must, as asserted by Chief-Justice Marshall. It called for the substitution of a National in the place of a Confederate life, and it extended to the people of all the new-born States. The man of South Carolina little knew and as little deemed of the people of Vermont. The Carolinian was not a Vermonter, nor he a Virginian. A Pennsylvanian owed and paid *his* debt of loyalty to the land of Penn. The colony had been the native country, and the State was become the native land. Ancient memories and radiant hopes led to State pride, and State pride was unwilling to surrender even a modicum of State sovereignty to Massachusetts or Georgia, to Vermont or Virginia, or any or all of them. The friends of a Federal Union, who saw the ruin of national credit and domestic security before them, took the name of the Federal party—the Union party; the friends of absolute State sovereignty, opposing the formation of a Federal Union, were recognized as the *Anti-Federal party*.

That was their name, which is historical. And so we were divided as Unionists and anti-Unionists, as we are at the present day—Mr. Davis, at Richmond, being the representative man of the Anti-Federal party of 1787, and Mr. Lincoln being the standard-bearer and representative man of the Union or Federal party. Why call him Black Republican? If he were the great black Devil himself, disunionist as that person is, it would not make him be less a Federalist or Unionist. You never have had, you never can have, in the United States, any other but a Union or Federal party, and an Anti-Federalist party; all else is a faction, a personality, not nationality.

The party strife was most violent, a strife that reached its finality only upon the triumph of the Unionists by the promulgation of the Constitution in 1789, as reported in 1787, and adopted by eleven States as early as 1789, and set in motion by the election and meeting of the first Congress and the inauguration of General Washington.

On that very day the Anti-Federal, or State Sovereignty, or State Rights party, as it has been since denominated, fell dead and was buried, it was thought never again to rise.

Thus ended the second political party of the republican people of North America, who now became one fused solid phalanx, all Federalists, all Republicans. Whatsoever may have been the feelings or wishes of the Anti-Federalists, they resigned them on this great finality.

Now arose the third political party in our country. Whatever may have been the public or popular respect for the sages and philosophers and philanthropists to whom we owe a debt unpayable, of thanks, respect, and veneration, for the inestimable blessings of our Union, Liberty, and Equality, apprehensions arose lest, by the inevitable tendencies of the Federal Government to centralization, the nation should in the end, by a process of gradual absorption, extinguish the reserved rights of the States, and convert itself at last into a single and despotic power in America, ever tending to the overthrow of republican liberty and equality in the whole land.

Among the people the debate was as to who should best administer the government of the new born nation; the ancient Anti-Unionists, or the Federalists who had created it.

The immaculate purity of General Washington, the adored

of the people, repelled every attack upon his Administration, and the Federalists held the reins of power: near the close of his Presidential life the opposition to Mr. Adams became violently excited.

The ferocious *sans culottes* in France were then busy in tearing that ancient kingdom to pieces as a ravenous wolf rends his prey. Their monstrous cruelties and devastation filled the nations with horror, and their name, of Democrats, was a terror to the world.

The French Jacobin *citizen* Genet was here in our midst, and the first Democratic club, scorned as a Jacobin club, was formed in this city, in 1793, by that individual.

From 1789, the ever rising opposition to the Federalists began to acquire and assume the denomination of Republican party of the United States, and retained it until the election of Mr. Jefferson, who was carried into the Presidential chair by it on March 4th, 1801.

In the meantime the insolent course taken by citizen Genet, the representative man here of the French Jacobin or *sans culotte* Democracy, gradually drew upon the Republicans the hated name of democrats, disorganizers, disunionists, Jacobin *sans culottes*, &c.—d French Democrats! And this I believe to be a true history of the origin of the party now ranked against us at Chicago. The true, the genuine Democracy are our soldiers in the field, and the millions of their relatives and friends who stand ready to back them up in this election. See how they vote, see how they fight!

Now, let us pause for a moment to consider what may be the true meaning of the Greek words Demos, people, and Kratiea, government, governing. Demos Kratiea, or Democratia, is Democracy, and a lover of Democracy is a Democrat. Democracy interpreted is government by will of the people, a people's government, not government by the few, not government by a tyranny, an autocracy, a despotism. If there are here any persons who are in favor of monarchy, or of oligarchy, or aristocracy, they are anti-Democratic, and anti-Republican, and anti-Union people.

I trust there is not such an American in all this company; and if so, then we are a company of Republican Democrats, or Democratic Republicans, which being synonymous terms, leaves

us inevitably to adopt the denomination of Republicans or of Democrats as you may choose to accept it. The Democratic party is not dead in the North. It is stone dead in all the South, having fallen a victim to the slaveocracy, which, as the only possible aristocratic party in this country, has absorbed all political power, privilege, and authority, whether civil or military, whether State or municipal, or personal, and turned it all and singular over as prerogative to Mr. Jefferson Davis, as Hon. Mr. Boyce has publicly proclaimed, and he is a well-known witness. The true, the real, the noble old Democratic party of the United States did not meet at Chicago, nor is the Chicago platform at all the platform of a pure, and sincere, and united Democracy, who never can, and never will, resign a square-inch of our land.

It contained many sincere but blind men, men who never could have been misled and hoodwinked by a word or a name, but because they never had the patience, nor in fact the will, to study the history and actions of our political parties, and so learn the true meaning, and intention, and duty connected with their name.

The true, the genuine Convention of our American Democracy met, not at Chicago, it met four years ago: and they are still in session, preparing to make, and nearly ready, as I firmly believe, to make their final report.

The body of the house, which was called to meet by the loud voice of the cannon of Sumpter, is now in session at Richmond gate, with Grant as chairman, and Lincoln its candidate for the Presidency. It has acted strenuously by numerous committees appointed with orders to inquire, and power to act.

Its committees in the West have sent up many reports from Donelson, from Memphis, under its chairman, Grant, from Vicksburg. The committee with Hooker as chairman sent a report from above the clouds of Lookout Mountain. Grant's committee met and reported from Mission Ridge; Sherman's from Atlanta; Butler's, Farragut's, and Porter's from the whole Mississippi, including New Orleans and Mobile Bay. Mead's committee sounded like the detonation of the thunders on Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg. We have reiterated reports from the committee under a small chairman, known to the public as little Phil Sheridan, that have astonished the world.

Admiral Dupont's committee reported from Port Royal. But how can I have time to tell their sublime deeds, and I cannot recite their career from Burnside and Banks to the end of the roll. Let us wait a few days until the body of the People's Democratic Republican Convention shall present its final report and after it adjourn *sine die*.

Now, gentlemen and ladies, are our bronzed and scarred veterans at Richmond gate aristocrats? Are they oligarchs, looking down with lordly pride upon the mudsills of this place? Are they offering their manly breasts to whistling shot and bursting shell for aristocracy, or for monarchy? or are they indifferent to *death*, to toil, to *watching*, to the *march*, to the *hospital*, and *prison-house*, in view of country, of home, of liberty, not union Democrats, not lovers and saviours of a beloved native land, to *which*, *next* after unto *Almighty God* man owes a true love and most loyal allegiance?

What, do you reply that the gallant veterans of the Republic are not a self-constituted spontaneous convention of the Democratic Republican, Republican Democratic party of the United States, a convention holding a million of American men? then vote up the Chicago men, vote up Vallandigham, the convicted traitor, vote up the Woods, vote up Seymour, and Voorhees, and Davis, and Memminger, and Benjamin, and down with Honest Old Abe, President though he be of the unconquerable, ever triumphing Democracy of the Republican Democratic Convention of the people now in committee of the whole house at Richmond. There is a foolish opinion that a Democrat must vote for Chicago.

I have lived as I was born a union Democrat of 3 and 70 years. May I die the death of a dog, and may my carcass be cast out unburied, a prey to wolves and vultures, if for a moment of my future existence or in all my past life I am found to abandon my hope, my strength, my consolation in the descending path I am now treading that leads through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

Take my fortune, my wife, my children, and my grandchildren, and save my country, or give me death. I will not make my bow to an emperor or king. I will cast my vote for Mr. Lincoln.

Now, my most sweet countrymen and fellow citizens, in all I

have said in vindication of our President and of our party, in this truly defensive war against the assaults of slavery, I have not said one word of the greatest power that can be brought against it. Fashion, that potent, potent spell! Slavery is become unfashionable in all the realms of Christendom; it is condemned and put in Coventry by the whole civilized world, save only in the Southern Confederacy and in the benighted realms of Brazil and Spain. Fashion, that powerful goddess who ordains the bonnet and the robe and the hoop, and will if it please her reduce us all back to the slender and upright form of Mrs. Noah—will, whenever it accords with her sovereign will, eliminate the slavery anomaly from all the South. It is discreditable now, it will be abandoned then.

Shall I venture to propose in this company, for your consideration, a topic which has long engaged my most serious attention, and which I am strongly impelled to offer here as an argument, which I could hope convincing, in the discussion of the subject of slavery, which is the ultimate question in all this civil war, whose starting point it was? Whatsoever be the issue of the struggle, there is a class of society in America, more, perhaps, than any other, that has the highest interest in the result. That result must, for a long series of years, continue to exert a controlling influence upon the manners, the prosperity, and the dignity of our American civilization.

Among the false and hypocritical accusations that were used by Southern agitators, publicists, and orators, one of the most urgent and persuasive then, was the charge that the North was in open favor of amalgamation of the races, a charge which not only would, but ought to excite the indignation not only of the South, but of the entire population of the North; for, after all, it has ever appeared to me, that one of the greatest evils of the slavery institution, was the certainty that, should peace and prosperity under the Union continue long to exist, the progress of population here, soon destined to attain to the figure of 100,000,000 of souls, would also carry up the census return of the colored race to an enormous height.

It is impossible to deny, what all history has proved, that the existence, face to face, of a vast population of two different races must eventuate in the development of a mixed race, whose intellectual and moral, as well as their physical characteristics will,

on the one hand, be elevated, and on the other, depressed by the combination of two different bloods of two ancestral lines.

The foundation of the Brahminical Government in Hindustan, and the Hierarchical constitution of Egypt, were unquestionably laid down by a pure Arian race, the progenitors of all the white men that have existed in the world for unnumbered ages, and which, after centuries of civilization, instincts and tendency, in the old and primitive seats of the white races of mankind, still dwelled on the northern slope of the Altai chain, from the Amour to the Ieusei, and from the mountains to the Icy Sea. This beautiful, this godlike race, the archetype of the Grecian demigods and heroes, and the models of the immortal production of Phidias and Praxiteles, after climbing, in their long emigration, the rugged western shores of the Red Sea, halted on the banks of the upper Nile, then occupied by nude and barbarous tribes of the African race.

From this halting ground they issued forth, in obedience to the impulses of their instincts, the instincts of civilization, which was the race mark, the blood mark of their line, and which was not to be found in the two, and only two other races of mankind, and which is, with them, an instinctive characteristic.

There were then no other nations, outside of the Arian name, under the whole Heavens; the entire mass of the rest of mankind being ignorant of the principles of nationality and government, and existing as roving bands or tribes, without organization and without arts. Barbarians, and not nations or citizens.

It is unknown, and forever will be unknown, what was the number of the pure white blooded race of the founders of the Egyptian civilization, but this is known, that the white Arian, or, if you will, Saxon, characteristics, had wholly disappeared, as far back as the origins, both of Roman and Greek history, and that the Egyptian had acquired long and flowing hair, a skin black as Timbuctoo, retaining the Caucasian features, and the pointed eye, which attested their Ario-Indian descent.

The immigrant Arian blood had disappeared below the miscegenated flood of the Melanic stream, by which it was covered, overwhelmed, and degraded, and, in a measure, lost. Now, this has been the fate of the pure Arian blood in all the world, so that it appears to the student of history, that there does not exist at this present day, nor has there existed for the last

twenty centuries, a single specimen of that pure, that lofty, dominant and Godlike line, upon the face of the earth, and that one of the highest interests of the human race is the preservation of the Saxon line, which is the sincerest, the purest and noblest, most indispensable opponent of the farther and total degradation of man, a degradation that will inevitably press him back and down to the original level of the two other barbarian classes.

Let due honor and reverence be forever rendered, therefore, to those sober, wise, provident philanthropists of Pennsylvania, who erected an impassable wall of separation between the colored and the white races in the Keystone State, by the manumission of all slaves and the prohibition of slavery here forever.

It was in 1780 that this wall was builded. It was not erected of wood, of stone, or of iron, but was stronger than all three combined. It was founded on ideas, upon the Divine idea of manumission. It was not alone an anti-slavery wall, but it was an anti-miscegenation wall, and so strong, so thick, and so high is it, that the crime of miscegenation here is not less odious or less frequent than murder itself. We may ascend the highest hills in Pennsylvania, and describe, by a visible horizon, a boundary as distant as the eye can command, we shall not find within the area of the circle an example of the offence!

Now, what is the aspect of this question, fashioned as it is by domestic slavery?

To find an answer, mount your horse and take a journey through that fairy land. Wend your way among interminable glades until, with the deepening evening gloom, you become sensible of the approach of a southern tornado. No hospitable tavern is within miles for your asylum. Quicken the languid paces of your weary steed, and ride to the lawn gate on your left. Here you shall find a hospitable refuge, luxurious with all the marks of wealth and refinement. You are welcome, you are rested, you are feasted; surrounded with the fair and the beautiful, with all that is manly, and all that is refined in graceful, youthful manhood.

You appear to have a large family, sir, if these are your sons and daughters.

Yes, sir, my family is tolerably large.

You must be a happy man to be blest with so charming a

home, and a family so numerous and promising. Pray, sir, may I ask what is your number?

We are a hundred in all, in this family.

A hundred! a hundred? why, my dear sir, that is scarcely to be considered a family, it is a whole village, the rather!

Nay, my dear sir! my family consists of only ten whites and ninety negroes; my negroes are only ninety, all told.

Now, is this plantation life a family life in the eye of reason, in the view of Christianity, in the face of Christian civilization, even?

Is it not rather a Turkish, a Persian, an Arab institution?

I will leave this subject to your reflection, merely adding, that, for me, I shall ever look upon this phase of our American civilization as an odious, most revolting feature, anti-Christian, immoral, dangerous, and if continued to the end, inevitably destined to corrupt our Ario-Saxon blood by a Melanian stream, in which it will assuredly disappear forever as a Homœopathic globule of sugar of milk follows the fate of the base, when melted in the sweet-water ocean of Lake Superior.

Let every white man and woman in the North strike hands with every lady on the other side of Mason & Dixon's line, to erase this odious blot, this "*damned spot out—out, I say. All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.*" Let us join hands to enfranchise the women of the sunny South. Let us lend all our strength and all our resources to assist in the erection of that moral, that æsthetic, that spiritual wall of eternal separation of the races, that our fathers builded for us here.

Why, ladies and gentlemen, is it not to woman that we owe the very foundation of Christian civilization? Has there existed in all past time; does there now exist a truly civilized society in which woman does not enjoy a FREE life in the presence of mankind? The moment she fully escaped from the life of the harem she took her place and shed forth the sweet effluence of her grace on the destinies and happiness of the world. In her long existence she has not sought for that political equality and power which she could better exercise as she sat in the narrow circle of the home. That magic circle contains the whole area of her dominion. It is there she moulds, and there that she forms the will and shapes in just proportion the elements of the life of the FAMILY; the municipality; of

the very State itself. Who was it that taught your infant lips to pray? who drew your wayward faltering steps ever back to paths of virtue? who sternly yet lovingly reproved your errors, and rewarded your good actions with the unspeakable boon of her smile, with the rest and security of her matronly embrace?

Would you now possess morals, truthfulness, manners, had we not been taught at *her* knee? Men are distracted with too many and various cares to keep over us that unceasing supervision which alone could hold back our young feet from sliding, or inspire our hearts with sincere devotion to the immutable principles of truth and justice.

Whether we scan her position amidst the ornate circles of the highest social conditions, or look at her in the less elevated paths of life, while we must admit that her intellectual characteristics are different from those of her master and lord, we behold in her the dominant power in our land. The great administrative faculties are not hers. The forum is not the fitting theatre for her silver tones, full of tenderness and sensibility. She reigns in the heart. Her seat and throne are by the hearth and the altar. The representative hall is too loud and boisterous and her voice is not for brawling; its tender tones are for soothings and caressings; the sweetest music is that soft breathed lute of her voice by which she stifles and assuages the rage of her master, and reduces back to the gentlest flowing the furious tide that is boiling in his veins.

It is by the mere contrast of *her* gentleness, *her* docility, *her true* and immortal affection, that she makes herself the queen and the arbitress of the fate of him she adores, and whose best reward for all the pains, the hazards, and the toils of existence are ever to be found, and *only* to be found, in the narrow circle of her domestic reign.

Soon as she issues from the privacy of the harem to take up her coequal existence in the face of society, she, like an uprisen dawn, sheds on all around the light of civilization.

She dies a willing martyr for home, for religion, for country. Who shall number the Portias and the Lucretias? We owe to her life, home, peace, liberty, social order. She built up this great frame of civilization. Religion is propagated by her suasion and example.

The loom is *her* work, and the tapestried hall is of *her* imagining. But for woman we should now be clothed with sheep-skins or goat-skins, and should have our refuge in the dens and caves of the earth. To her we owe the looms of Cashmere, the silks of China, the gauzes of Hindustan, the mousselines of Lyons, the laces of Flanders, the carpets of Ispahan, Cornelius' blazing chandelier, and all the gems of Caldwell. The diamond is shaped to flash in impotent rivalry with her eyes. All that man hath beyond his brute and savage nature is of her, and to her, and for her. Drive her out and all her sex to the primitive barbarianism of our nature, leaving man alone in the world, what should, what could man ever afterwards do, save follow, like the lion and the tiger, his brutal instincts—more monstrous than theirs, since he reasons in his evil; but they are only instinctively monstrous.

Has the history of the world exhibited such examples of charity and patriotism as woman has here displayed since the opening of the rebellion? How many are the thousands who have devoted themselves to the consolation of the sick and wounded soldiers who are defending our existence as a people? The watchful eyes of Miss Dix—the very impersonation of charity—are ever open, ever seeking where relief can be extended to the fainting or bleeding warrior, to lend the aid indispensable in his danger.

I do believe that the great heart of the nation is kept in more vigorous motion by the patriotism and devotion of the liberalized women of the North, and that we shall finally triumph over the traitors, if the women of America, whose love is inseparable from their children, will still more firmly resolve to transmit to their offspring, for the generations that are yet unborn, the inestimable blessings of liberty, equality, and peace, under this glorious banner.

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