LECTURES

AND

SPEECHES

BY

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Preface.

THE author, during his several sojourns and long residence in England, having addressed probably more public audiences in the kingdom on various topics than any other American, dedicates and presents this volume to those who have listened to him with that attention, respect, and sympathy which he will remember to the last with sincere and deep satisfaction. The four Lectures and the short Speeches here dedicated and tendered to their goodwill, in token of his pleasant remembrance of it, contain a kind of *résumé* of the sentiments and views he has laboured to put forth, by tongue and pen, on both sides of the Atlantic, during the last twenty-five years, and which are as apposite and applicable now to the questions to which they relate when he first essayed to address the public mind upon them. Although he devoted several years to the advocacy of an Ocean Penny Postage, and presented the

subject at a public meeting in almost every considerable town in England, Scotland, and Ireland, he gives in this collection no extracts from his speeches on those occasions, because he anticipates that the postal reform proposed will soon be realized, and that, consequently, the arguments he used to advance it would lose the interest or propriety which they might otherwise possess. For the same reason he has not taken a page from his speeches on "Compensated Emancipation," a proposition on which he addressed a public audience in nearly every town and considerable village in the Northern States of America, travelling for this purpose ten thousand miles in one season. Though still believing as fully as he did then that if the offer had been made on the part of the Free States to buy out slavery by compensation from the National Treasury or the National Domains, the "domestic institution" of the South might have been extinguished without being drowned out in human blood, still the author refrains from preserving in this collection any of the arguments he urged in favour of the peaceful mode of adjustment which he laboured so long and so hard to promote. It is now too late to question or discuss "what might have been." The great problem has been solved—in blood; tears may have been too late, if the nation had wept them.

The four Lectures embrace a rather wide range as well

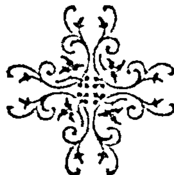
as diversity of topics, which the learned and critical reader may regard as rather superficially treated. But if he has ever essayed to address a public audience on any similar subject, he will appreciate the difficulty of presenting a full development of it in the space of a single hour and to a miscellaneous audience, including even children in years as well as intellect. In endeavouring to make the subject interesting as well as intelligible to his hearers, he must often employ homely figures and language, which would not be customary nor necessary to the professor's chair. In fact, a popular lecturer must be superficial, measured by the standard of a college professor; but the cream of a subject is generally superficial, and if he skims it successfully for his popular audience, he contributes perhaps as much to their instruction and entertainment as they are able to receive or he to give. This unpretentious merit is the only one the author aspired to in the Lectures which form the first half of the present volume.

The Short Speeches at the various Peace Congresses, and at the Anniversaries of the London and American Peace Societies, will embody the principles and sentiments which the author has laboured for nearly thirty years to bring before the public mind in Europe and America, in the various publications he has edited, as well as by living speech on the platform. Many who

listened to them at the time of their utterance, and far more who first read them now, may not be able to sympathize with the doctrines they express, but it is the hopeful prerogative of faith to believe that the day will come when Governments and peoples will recognise their truth and force, and act upon them in local and international society.

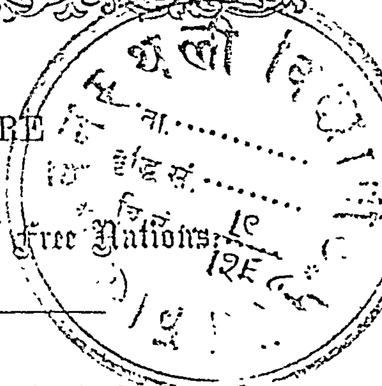
On the whole, whatever defects in style, diction, or logic a learned criticism may detect and condemn, the author believes the spirit that pervades the volume will be generally recognised and approved.

BIRMINGHAM, *May 20th*, 1869.



LECTURES.

LECTURE
ON
The Physiology of Free Nations.



WE have reached a point in the intellectual progress of mankind at which the mysteries of science have been opened wide to the comprehension and use of the great masses of society. The most subtle agencies, principles, and combinations in nature's realm have been brought forth from the dreamy mysticisms in which they were enveloped for centuries. They have become incorporated with the occupations of common life. They have been domesticated with the farmer, mechanic, and merchant, to serve as helpmeets in every department of human industry. The command given to the father of the race, to subdue the earth and its elements to their service, has been carried out by his posterity to such extraordinary ramifications of that injunction, that nearly the whole of Christendom has taken to a habit of boastful exultation at what has been done in this direction. What next? what more? are natural and popular questions, in view of past achievements. Are there any new forces in the dynamics of nature to

be discovered and applied to the use of man? Are there any new and subtle combinations in its wide laboratory which science may invent or analyse to the advantage of the world? There may be such; time will determine it. But enough has been developed already to show that there are central principles and concentric combinations which not only run through the entire domain of nature, but through the whole compass and constitution of human society, widening outward, and ascending upward, until, for aught we know, they cross over the circumference of human interests and destinies, and carry their sway into the central realm of celestial existencies. "Order," said one who made the saying sound like a Divine axiom, "Order is Heaven's first law." But order would need no law, nor even exist as a notion, were there no diversity of essences and agencies. Order is not the rigid exactness of one mind's motion, of one life's sphere of action. or of one wheel's revolution. It is the grand law of *society*, of companionship in the world of mind, and of combination in the world of matter; and it runs through both on parallel radii to the centre throne of Divine government. It matters not whether we trace the working of this law from the circumference to the centre, or from the centre to the circumference, we shall see in either direction the series of concentric harmonies which it was designed to establish. Let us, then, begin, not at the centre, but at the circumference, of this cardinal law of order, and follow it up from the primary combinations of nature's realm to that point where it intersects with the constitution of human society, and determines the Physiology of Nations.

One hundred years ago the primary elements of the material world were apparently but a little better known to the great majority of the people than they were to Noah and his family when they left the ark. All the available, popular knowledge in regard to them was generalized and comprehended in the terms, earth, air, fire, and water. A few men, scattered over Christendom, of suspected learning, pretended to analyse these things, and to say that they were not independent substances, but composed of different elements, existing in different forms of combination. But these men were *chemists* or *alchymists,* the first-cousins to soothsayers and conjurors, men suspected of improper intimacy with the black arts, and with the prince of darkness himself. The facts they developed lay sterile for years as impracticable curiosities, fit only for discussion in the secluded schools of cloistered science. How slowly and painfully they worked their way into popular comprehension and use! What a head-sea of suspicion and doubt they encountered! What pertinacious and unreasoning obstinacy of the common mind rejected and reviled their teaching! The history of what may well be called the martyr-age of science is so familiar, so often cited, that it has come to be regarded as trite and hackneyed. We will not trace back the long and painful process by which the most important, the most helpful forces, laws, and combinations of nature have been developed and brought into active service for man's comfort. It will suffice to say that some of the most abstruse and mysterious sciences which the common people, two centuries ago, regarded as allied to witchcraft, are now working hand in hand

with the most common and rustic occupations. Those principles and combinations which the chemist evolved in his dark and bolted cabinet, have been brought to the comprehension and daily use of millions. And what is rather singular and promising withal, that class of the community which seemed at the very antipodes of this science and its investigations, are now making the greatest use of its teachings in their avocations. The farmers, at the time when chemistry was closeted with its crucible under the ban of their suspicion, were probably the most depressed and benighted class of society everywhere. They had but recently emerged from serfdom, were rarely able to read, and still constituted the peasantry of different countries. A whole century had seldom witnessed any accession to their knowledge, even in regard to their own occupation, though it had absorbed all their thoughts. Many of them still turned the earth with the butt-end of a beech sapling for the plough-beam, and with its toughest root for the ploughshare. All the skill, economy, and judgment they applied to agriculture were hereditary, coming down to them through a thousand years. What could the chemist do for such a class, for such an occupation? When and how could they ever be brought within the reach of his mysterious science? to comprehend and apply its principles? to take hold of its complicated abstrusities, its delicate and subtle combinations, and turn them to their own advantage?

Well might the chemist and farmer of the seventeenth century ask these questions with mutual surprise and incredulity. But the chemist and farmer of to-day can give these questions an answer containing the most astonishing

fact in the progress of human knowledge. The two men, one representing the most abstruse science, the other the most common department of manual labour, who were sundered by the widest mental disparity and disfellowship two centuries ago, now stand in the closest affinity and companionship. Now, no man in the community has such a wide and varied interest in the law of combination as the farmer; no one has such motives to consult the chemist and apply his teachings; no one has such practical reasons for knowing the different properties of the soil, the composition of plants, the elements of air, water, and fire, and the action of these elements in different forms of co-working. Books and periodicals without number are published expressly for his guidance in this law of combination. They teach him to apply it to the fertilizers prepared for his fields. They show him what mineral elements enter into the structure of various plants; what are the respective proportions of phosphates and potash in the straw of wheat, barley, rye, and oats; of gluten, sugar, and starch in different kinds of grain; what are the nutritive properties of potatoes, carrots, and turnips. When his own science will not solve the question, it is no uncommon thing for the farmer of the present day to box up a square foot of the common soil of his farm and send it to some distant university, to be analysed by an agricultural chemist, in order to ascertain what quality it lacks for the growth of this or that kind of grain or roots, and how he may supply the wanting element. He ploughs and sows by the law of combination. He applies it in every direction by a process which he calls *crossing*. He *crosses* his *soils*, and obtains new

capacities of production. He *crosses* his seeds, and produces new varieties of grain and roots. He *crosses* his fruit-trees, by grafting or innoculation, and obtains better kinds of apples, pears, and peaches. He *crosses* the blood of his horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, and gets improved varieties of barnyard stock. *Crossing* is the simple, Saxon term which the farmer gives to that great law of combination which runs not only through the whole world of matter, but through the whole world of mind, shaping all its moral and political structures.

Not one in a thousand, even of the most scientific men of the present day, has attained to any definite idea of what this cardinal law of creation has wrought from the beginning of its action upon the elements; what new forms of beauty it has produced in the vegetable domain of nature; what new petals, leaves, and tints it has given to our choicest flowers; what new forms and qualities to plants we most prize for use and ornament; what new dimensions, complexions, and delicious flavours to the fruits of our orchards and gardens; what new shapes, sizes, and properties to grains and roots for man and beast. Following this central, ever-working law across the *vegetable* domain of Nature into her *animal* kingdom, we see it producing there the same important and beautiful transformations. What it has already wrought in this department, few, even of the most inquisitive and curious, have ever undertaken to ascertain or describe. Every body knows, even children of ten years, that, some day or other, the most enormous, unsightly, unsymmetrical monsters and reptiles have lived upon the globe and infested its waters. The very pictures of these ugly,

ill-formed brutes are enough to throw sensitive natures that dream of them into a nightmare. But when they are represented as large as life in rude statuary of brick and mortar, as in the park of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, they outrage all our ideas of animal propriety of form and character: compared with the most ungainly creature that now walks the earth, the best of them is like Satyr to Hyperion. These creatures had their day and generation. They doubtless grew by that on which they fed; and that on which they fed was unquestionably as gross as the flesh and form which that feeding made. The law of combination was probably as undeveloped in the vegetable as in the animal kingdom at that epoch of the earth's history. But it worked on and upward, until the earth was not only covered with new vegetation, but with a new set of animals to feed upon it. And all those animals which have been subjugated to the service of man have doubtless come to their present character and value through that long, slow process of development which the farmer would call *crossing* or grading. And yet, after a thousand years of this process, there were never so many new forms of combination suggested and adopted for the further improvement of these animals as at the present moment. Horses, cattle, sheep, swine, and even poultry, are conveyed by steam and sail over the widest oceans and continents for this express purpose. *Savants*, statesmen, ambassadors, men of the highest culture and refinement, make long journeys to attend conventions of these animals, and enthusiastic connoisseurs run almost into a rhapsody in describing their qualities when pure or mixed.

We have now followed the law of combination through the two outermost circles of the material world — the vegetable and animal. We are now to ascend into the third and last circle into which I shall venture to introduce you at this time. That is, the circle of humanity, with some of its varieties and combinations, actual and prospective. On entering this broad area of investigation, let us carry with us those standards and similes of measurement and valuation which we applied to the lower circles of vegetable and animal life. The simpler the terms we adopt, the more clearly defined and intelligible, to young and old, will be the facts and ideas we may evolve in regard to the great problem before us. In other words, let us take the farmer's homely manual, and apply its simple, Saxon *formula* to this important and complicated subject. There are two or three rules and characteristics of his standard of estimation which we should remember on the threshold of our reflections and inquiries. He draws no invidious comparisons between elements of those spontaneous or artificial combinations so important to his occupation and interests. He deals fairly with them all, allotting to each its proper use, value, and honour. He does not undertake to say which is the most important ingredient of his soil, *silex* or *marl;* or which is the most valuable property of his wheat, *gluten*, *starch*, or *sugar;* or which is the best blood of his graded stock, *Devonshire* or *Durham*. Nor does the chemist tell us which is the most vital element of the blood that circulates in our veins, *albumen* or *fibrin;* or which is the most essential to the air we breathe, *oxygen* or *nitrogen*. The aggregate result of the *combination* is

the great paramount interest. There is one more circumstance I would ask you to bear in mind, as we proceed, which is familiar to every household. The most useful of all our combinations are those of elements which are as repugnant to each other as possible; which effervesce and splutter with the most obstinate antagonisms when brought together; which, to use a common simile, are as unlike as oil and water, or honey and vinegar, but which, by the mediation of a third element, unite and form a harmonious and valuable compound. Thus, in many cases, the more antagonistic are the elements, the more useful and necessary is their combination. This fact let me again ask you to keep in mind, and to apply, as we now advance to the main department of our subject.

In the family circle of mankind, there is a certain number of distinct races at the present day. How many there were three thousand years ago no one will undertake to say. We will not now stop to consider the peculiarities of climate, soil, and occupation, which have tended to individualize these races, and to perpetuate that difference of form, stature, complexion, and character, which now distinguishes one from the other. One great fact will serve us as a point of departure. They all received the first elements or aspects of their individuality on the continent of Asia. A mystery, which we will not undertake to fathom, is involved in the movements by which they scattered themselves over the globe, and produced such varieties of religions, language, habits, physical, mental, and moral characteristics. We know that many of these races have disappeared from the face of the earth altogether; that, in fact, nearly all the

aboriginal inhabitants of the various continents, and of the islands of the world, seem destined, like the inferior orders of the animal creation we have noticed, to be extinguished, either by absorption into more vigorous races, or by that slow process of mortality which has melted away their predecessors. One thing, however, is evident and inevitable: it is the will and working of Divine Providence that this law of combination, irrespective and independent of human antagonisms, shall move onward and upward through the whole domain of mankind, until the earth shall be covered and cultivated by higher orders of humanity than inhabited it in the first centuries of its existence. The will and working of Providence are the only voluntary agencies perceptible in these slow but mighty transformations. Neither the individual man, nor the confederate nation, is a willing or conscious party to the process. In the lower circles of vegetable and animal life, man is as busy as a bee, full of enthusiasm and ingenuity in blending different properties and qualities, and producing new forms of beauty and perfection; but, in the great circle of his own physical nature and existence, he is a silent, passive, and almost unconscious subject of the law of combination. With all his immense and intense interest in his own physical character and well-being, he never thinks of grading *human* blood by any blending in order to make a more perfect man, in strength, stature, or complexion. The nation, of which he is a component individual, never absorbs nor amalgamates itself with another in order to acquire capacities which it lacks and needs, or to impart them to a neighbouring community. On the contrary, no combinations

in the realm of nature have encountered such mutual antagonisms, or have produced such protracted and vehement repulsions, emotions, and effervescence, as the union of contiguous races of mankind. And what is a striking fact, those races to which amalgamation is the most necessary, which, without it, can never attain to that *status* of national vigour and civil liberty to which they individually aspire, are pitting themselves against each other in the sharpest forms of repugnance. At this very moment the whole of Europe, and half of America, are passing through a profound emotion, in consequence of these hereditary and almost invincible antagonisms between conterminous races, on which, in some cases, the same sun of civilization has shone for a thousand years. And it is for this reason that I have ventured, on this occasion, to ask your attention to a few thoughts on the Physiology of Nations, or of those nations with which we have most to do.

At this stage of our subject, we may safely take it for granted that all those mental and moral capacities upon which humanity must depend chiefly for its destined development and progress are concentrated in races elaborated by Providence in Europe. The Star of the East has not set; it has risen to a meridian from which its light has flooded another continent, leaving the lands illuminated by its morning beams in the dim and dusky twilight of civilization. All that can move or impress mankind has left Asia, and followed the star of empire in its westward course. Even the Star of Bethlehem shone but a brief period over the favoured region that saw its first rays of mercy and glory, and it, too, followed the

movement of the world's energetic mind in the same direction. The centres of Christianity and civilization shifted to another continent, where their light and life might be fed with more vigorous qualities of human character.

History has transmitted to us but little accurate knowledge of the aboriginal inhabitants of the various countries of Europe. Their tribes doubtless differed from each other in language, character, and customs as much as did the North American Indians when that continent was first discovered and settled by our ancestors. They evidently occupied the same scale of moral and intellectual being; they were equally pagan and benighted, and equally unable to compete in vitality with the more vigorous races that subdued them. Most of them have shared the same fate with the aborigines of America. They have been extinguished or absorbed, until few vestiges of their distinctive existence remain. The populations that supplanted or succeeded them present a long list in history; but they may all be generalized in two grand divisions, one of which we will call the *Latin*, the other the *Teutonic* race. On the character and combination of these two races hangs the progress of civilization, science, liberty, and all the great temporal interests of mankind. No two contiguous portions of the human family ever differed more widely in character and career. The Latins made Rome the boasted metropolis and mistress of the world. Its gates and temples were hung from year to year with the fresh trophies of their victorious arms. Their terrible legions trod down the effeminate and demoralized nationalities of Asia and

Africa, and the rude Celtic tribes of Western Europe. But there was one race they never could subdue,—a light-haired, blue-eyed race that peopled Central and Northern Europe to the frigid zone; a race whose rude energy of character and will a century's struggle with the vaunted conquerors of the world could not bend nor tame; a race whose rugged virtues no temptations could seduce or undermine, whose moral nerve and sinew grew stronger by endurance, as Rome grew weaker by every disease of internal corruption; a race which had no written language when Cicero was in his glory, which had no capital nor centre of population equal to a three-year-old American village when its allied tribes smote the Roman legions in the forests of Germany, or when the Eternal City tottered to its fall before the uncivilized hordes of Northern Europe; a race which to this day never has had a Rome, nor a Paris, nor a St. Petersburgh, which has no distinctive capital now, neither in Vienna, nor Berlin, nor Frankfort, nor Hamburgh, nor in Copenhagen, nor Stockholm. This remarkable race, with its German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, and Icelandic families, we call the *Teutonic.* What this element has done, and is yet to do, in the mental and political career and character of modern nations, is not left to fanciful deduction, but is established in the capital facts of their history.

When Rome fell, the Latin race possessed nearly all the elements of Christianity and civilization in Europe. The Germans or Teutons were still pagan, wandering tribes, with no science, literature, nor even a written language. The log or leaf cabins of Germany, compared

with the magnificent architecture and sculpture of Italy, would seem to measure the intellectual difference between them. But as the humble fishermen of Galilee were chosen the Apostles of Christianity to the world, so were the rude hunters of German forests honoured by Providence with a mission of kindred dignity in the development of Christianized civilization. From that time to the present moment the Divine hand and will may be most strikingly seen in combining the Teutonic and Latin races to form a people that shall cover the globe, and carry forward universal humanity to the acme of its earthly destiny. Although the union of these two races is to be the grandest result of the law of combination in the history of mankind,—although it is to remould the moral and political condition of the world, and to affect intensely and for ever the character and relationships of the earth's populations,—still not one statesman, not one political philosopher in a hundred has kept his eye on the process, or measured the consequences of its consummation.

No sooner had Rome, the great Latin metropolis, been uncrowned as mistress of the world, than the Teutons inaugurated that unconscious mission to which Providence had assigned them. Their populations multiplied with a fecundity hitherto unknown to the world; and, as they increased in number, their inherent and indomitable energy of character seemed to take new thews of moral vigour. In the full apostolic number of twelve tribes, they went forth in every direction, absorbing other races, or imparting to them their own qualities of character. The Scandinavian branch of the family

pushed their expeditions over the seas that almost surrounded them, and. crossing over into Russia, planted a race of kings at its metropolis. A Saxon branch, from the other extremity of its territory, crossed over to Great Britain. From Schleswig Holstein and Friesland others pressed eastward and southward, each doing its part in the process arranged by Providence to mould a new character for the nations.

The island of Great Britain was the great elaboratory for working the law of combination to its grandest issue. That small sea-girt territory was selected for this mighty and magnificent operation. There the Teutonic and Latin races were to be blended in a people which should combine the best qualities of both, and colonize them all over the world. In the first place, the territory chosen for this extraordinary amalgamation was the most favourable that could be found in Europe. It was an island, just large enough for the purpose, of a good northern latitude, and at a convenient distance from the Continent. Its climate, never subject to quick and severe extremes of heat and cold, was most auspicious for building up a new and powerful race. The qualities of its soil, and the minerals beneath it, all combined to fit it for the grand design of Providence. A series of seemingly incoherent events might appear to the superficial observer to have determined the different stages of the process; but to the mind that studies the order and significance of these occurrences, they are the consecutive links of the chain by which the grand result was to be reached. It was indispensable to the character of the new people to be formed, that the *agricultural* branch of

the Teutonic family should first migrate to Britain, and establish their character and occupation there on a basis which should never be subverted nor seriously affected by any subsequent population; for, without agriculture, sea-faring enterprise would have become piracy. If the Scandinavian Teutons, or the Danes, had come first to England, they would have made it a nest of pirates preying upon the plunder of neighbouring countries. But such was not the ordering of Providence. The rural, home-loving, patient, plodding, blue-eyed, and light-haired Saxons came first. They had not the slightest maritime genius in the world, but took to farming with all the natural predilections with which their northern cousins, the Danes, took to the sea and to a corsair life.

For nearly five centuries the Saxons had the best part of the island of Great Britain to themselves, and established their character upon it for ever. Its fertile soil they could plough at all seasons of the year, and sow in months when snow covered the old homeland of Germany. For nearly twice the space of time that the American continent has been settled by the English race, they had the full sway of their genius and will without any hostile interruption from the continent of Europe. During this period they probably absorbed the aboriginal tribes of England proper, which were branches of the Celtic family, partially *Latinised* by the Romans. If they were substantially the same as the Welsh family of Celts, their amalgamation with the Saxons must have contributed to the result several energetic and valuable qualities.

About a thousand years of the period which Providence employed in elaborating a new race for the future peopling of the globe had now passed away. Two capital events had marked and formed each a stage of the process. First, the Roman conquest and occupation, which lasted about four hundred years, or just long enough to impress upon the more advanced populations of the island some of the elements of Latin civilization, blood, language, and religion. The second event was the Saxon immigration, conquest, and rule, which lasted nearly five hundred years, at the end of which we have a race occupying an island, and yet without the slightest maritime genius or propensity in the world. While the Saxons in England were ploughing its rich soil, the Scandinavian Teutons of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden were ploughing every league of sea from the North Pole to the equator, from Iceland to Greenland, from Copenhagen to Constantinople, carrying the barbarous and daring raids of *corsairs* to every accessible shore. Their indomitable and ubiquitous *sea-kings* were everywhere a terror, and in the litanies of more than one country the prayer was introduced, "From the Devil and the Danes, Good Lord, deliver us!" Their Ruricks, and Erics, and Canutes, and Harolds were carrying their prowess in every direction,—one crossing over into Russia, and wielding that sceptre now held by his lineal descendant, the imperial Alexander; one crossing the Northern Ocean, and exploring the coast of North America four hundred years before Columbus was born; and a third invading England with nearly a thousand little ships. They differed but little, morally or physically, from

the Saxons. Indeed, the latter evidently emigrated to England from Schleswig Holstein and Friesland, or districts more contiguous to Denmark than to other portions of Germany. Their great distinctive individuality was the most hardy and indomitable seafaring genius that had ever distinguished any people on the earth. There was not enough industrial commerce at the time to satisfy or employ this propensity, so they took to piracy on the largest scale. Their most celebrated corsairs were called *sea-kings*, and well did they earn that name for several centuries. As they were virtually of the same blood and language, they united somewhat easily and speedily with the Saxons, or the *Saxonised* people of England.

About one hundred and fifty years were allotted to the amalgamation of the Danes with the Saxonised populations of England. We now come to the introduction of the fourth element numerically, which was to give to the race under elaboration those supplementary properties which it needed to fit it for its mighty mission on the earth. I mean the Norman Conquest. With this event began the union of the Teutonic and Latin races on the island of Great Britain. The slow but ever-working process of preparation for this union had covered the space of a thousand years, and now it came in its order, the grandest combination ever wrought in the history of mankind. In this union the two races were not brought together in their absolute individualities. Both had been considerably modified and prepared for fusion by intermediate elements,—the English Teutons, by their amalgamation with the partially Romanised Celts of Britain;

the Latins of Normandy, by a large infusion of the German element. Indeed, when William the Conqueror first landed in England, not only his own immediate followers, but the whole population of Northern France, were at least one-fourth *Teutonic* in blood and language. France had had its Hengis and Horsa too, its Eric and Rurick, and at about the same time as England. Northern chieftains had conquered portions of the country, and established their rule over them. For several centuries all the kings and queens of France bore Scandinavian or Teutonic names. The Latins, Celts, and cognate tribes predominated in the population of the country at the time, but the strong thews of their moral energy and power were Teutonic. Nearly all the science and civilization of Western Europe was *Latin*. The literature, the arts, refined tastes, and mental cultivation were Latin in origin and language. All these the Normans brought to England, and imparted to the nation they conquered, and which afterwards absorbed them.

Four hundred years were allowed for the amalgamation of these Celtic, Teutonic, and Latin elements on the island of Great Britain, and then, and not till then, a New World was discovered, to be peopled by a race which Providence had been preparing for fifteen centuries for the mission. Every one of these elements has its place and power. No one can say to the other, "I have no need of thee." No one can say to the other, "I have a more honourable function than thine." Indeed, it is difficult to form a compound term of only two words which shall fairly designate this composite race. Whoever analyses its combination cannot honestly call it

Anglo-Saxon. Nor can it be called much more justly *Anglo-Norman.* The two great elements blended in the amalgamation are the *Teutonic* and *Latin*, and one is just as important to the grand result as the other. France has just as much reason to be proud of that result as England, or Germany, or Scandinavia. She contributed to it as many vital qualities as any other population, Celt, Saxon, or Dane.

Let us now glance at what this race has already become and done. In the year 1600, the population of the island of Great Britain, including England, Wales, and Scotland, was but a little more than *five* millions, or less than the present population of New York and Pennsylvania. At that date there were not a thousand persons who spoke the English language residing in all America, Africa, Asia, and the distant islands of the ocean. About two hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the permanent settlement of the oldest English colony in North America, and now there are full forty millions of English lineage and language on that continent and its contiguous islands; an equal number in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the Indian and Pacific Oceans, making in all full eighty millions, who speak the language of Shakespeare and Milton, and call England their motherland with filial pride and affection. Counting in the East India subjects of the British Crown, full one-fourth of the entire population of the earth is embraced in the empire of this English-speaking race, thus elaborated on the island of Great Britain, and which did not equal in number the present inhabitants of London when America was first discovered. Within forty years from the present moment, or by the year 1900, this race

will double itself, or number 160,000,000, and by that time 160,000,000 more of the aboriginal inhabitants of Asia, Africa, and America will probably speak the English tongue. These facts prove the unparalleled vigour of vitality which distinguishes the Teuton-Latin race from any other in the world. A single comparison will show this remarkable characteristic in a striking light. In 1831, the population of France was, in round numbers, 32,500,000; in 1851, it was 38,800,000. In twenty years it gained only 3.300,000. The populations of English lineage in the Old World and the New increased by over 20,000,000 in the same period, or about *six* times as fast as the *French*. In one hundred years they must number 300,000,000 if they increase at the present ratio; and one-half of these myriads will, doubtless, occupy this western hemisphere.

Here are some of the physical characteristics resulting from that combination we have considered. But this great power of vitality is only one of the elements of strength with which this extraordinary people are fitted for working out the great mission of Christian civilization. The English language has more self-expanding and absorbing power than the English blood. It precedes that blood in this mission. It is a voice crying in the wilderness, "Prepare the way of the Lord!" come to the light of civilization; come to the sources of knowledge, and drink to the stature of cultivated men. Nearly three-fourths of all the commerce that floats upon river, lake, sea, and ocean belong to Great Britain, its colonies, and the United States. They own full three-fourths of all the ships propelled by sail or steam. They trade with

every accessible tribe of mankind. No human being has anything to sell which they are not ready to buy, and trade cannot be carried on without language; and thousands of heathen men are at this moment learning English words to use in trade. From isolated words they will go on to sentences, and gradually they will be brought within the range of larger knowledge. Schools by the thousands are being established for their children; and, within a century, there may be as many Hindoos and Chinese able to read the Bible, Shakespeare, and Milton, in our mother tongue, as there are now those of English blood who speak that tongue in both hemispheres.

This educational feature is one of the leading characteristics developed by the combination we have described; and it may be justly ascribed to the Latin or Norman element. The Normans introduced a higher civilization into England and Scotland. They brought with them all the science and arts of southern or Latin Europe. England is full of the magnificent embodiments of their architectural taste and skill in the grand old cathedrals, nearly all of which were founded soon after the Norman Conquest. Hundreds of parish churches, which are now the pride of city, village, and hamlet, were built at the same time. Colleges, universities, public schools, and institutions of every kind of learning, were established within the same period. If this feature of English civilization may be justly ascribed to the Norman element, that element has not lost one iota of this educational character. It is just as distinctive and prominent now, in the movements and habits of the English race all over the globe, as it was eight hundred years ago, when fifty

magnificent cathedrals, abbeys, and colleges were arising simultaneously on their foundations in England, though the whole population of the country did not equal that of London to-day, and were poor and scattered at that. If England, her colonies, and the United States should ever modernise their national flags, so as to represent, not the habits and dispositions of beasts and birds of prey, but the great distinctive elements of their prosperity and power, they would emblazon upon their common banner the *Pulpit, Printing Press,* and the *School-house,* surmounted by those words which Constantine saw encircling the flaming banner of the cross: "Εν τουτο Νικῶ,"—"In this I conquer." In this they have conquered gloriously. With these immortal and irresistible agencies they will march on from conquering to conquer, until the whole world shall be filled with the light and life of Christian knowledge and civil liberty. I think we of the North American branch of the English race have illustrated this characteristic in our own course. Already there are more newspapers and periodicals published on this continent than in all the rest of the world put together. Wherever our English-speaking populations go, they plant on the demolished walls of paganism and moral darkness the Printing Press, as the symbol and agent of their power. I believe the second journal in all the British empire for wealth, circulation, and influence, is issued in Australia, a region represented on the map, when many of us studied geography in childhood, as a blank, unknown portion of the globe. One of the richest journals in the United States is published in California, a country as little known as New Holland

twenty years ago. The Printing Press and Common School, linked to the Pulpit as the centre of the triad, are the *Red, White, and Blue* of our common banner. Under that flag may the future republics, kingdoms, and colonies of our English-speaking race march on and on for ever, to the Bible beats of one common duty and destiny, until every benighted tribe and every dark corner of the earth shall be brought up to the life and light of Christian civilization.

As we pass the eye from one result to another of this combination of races in Britain, we cannot but notice the fact that no element that entered into it was extinguished by the process. Each one retains its distinctive character to-day. The sturdy, indomitable bone and muscle and mercurial temperament of the Celtic are as perceptible now as a thousand years ago. The rural and agricultural predilections of the Saxon are as strongly developed over all the continents and islands of our race as they were in England under the Saxon heptarchy. This great continent, waving in summer with harvests sufficient to feed half a world, proves that American climate and soil have not weakened our Saxon habits. Full three-fourths of all the shipping that floats on ocean, sea, river, and lake, all over the globe, belong to the different branches of our great family. They prove that we are as Danish now as when the Danes established their rule and maritime genius in England. Our churches, colleges, common schools, and newspapers show that we are as *Norman* now as when the Normans conquered England, and established there the science, arts, and institutions of Latin civilization.

But we have not yet noticed that great cardinal characteristic of the combination which constitutes its capital feature. I mean that capacity of self-government and civil freedom which results from the union of these elements. On the threshold of this department of the subject, let me ask you to bear in mind that it would be equally unfair and unphilosophical to assign more value and importance to one of these elements than to another. Let me ask you to apply the farmer's and chemist's honest standard of estimation which we have already noticed. Neither one nor the other suggests an invidious comparison between various properties of useful and vital substances. The farmer does not even admit into his thoughts the speculation which is the most valuable element of his grain—sugar or starch, or which is the most valuable quality in his graded stock—*Durham* or *Devonshire.* Nor does the chemist, after the severest analysis, say or think which is the most vital to the air we breathe—oxygen or nitrogen, nor to the blood that circulates in our veins—*Albumen* or *Fibrin.* And thus far in our analysis of the Physiology of Nations no one can justly say that we have suggested any comparison to the disparity or disadvantage of the *Celtic, Teutonic,* or *Latin* element in the composition of our English-speaking race. I have endeavoured to point out some of the finger-prints of Divine Providence impressed upon the process of this combination, to show that a grand aggregate result was intended, and that one element was as essential to that result as another. Let us adhere to this fair and generous rule as we proceed just one step further in this investigation. I am aware of

the discrepancy of parallels and analogies instituted between agents and laws of the natural world on one side and of the moral world on the other. But I think a thousand years of history will justify us in putting these two propositions together as honest parallels. The air we breathe would be inflammable, and liable to awful and universal combustion, if it were all oxygen; the atmosphere of political life all over Christendom would be inflammable, exposed to frequent combustion, revolution, faction, and anarchy, if it were all *Latin*. In saying this, we do not disparage the vital functions of *oxygen* in the air, nor of the *Latin* in the political life of nations; and when we say that *nitrogen* is indispensable to the safety, salubrity, and vitality of the air, we do not set up that element above the value of *oxygen;* and when we say that the Teutonic element is equally indispensable to the life and being of any nation on earth that would attain to the summit-level of self-government and civil liberty, we do not set up that element above the Latin in its value to mankind. On the broad basis of these fair and honest analogies we may rest the position, that it is the Teutonic element that gives to a people that capacity of self-control, patience, faith, and hope which is absolutely necessary to constitute a law-making and a law-abiding nation. The history of ten centuries has proved that no people in Christendom has been able to attain to a high form of constitutional government and civil freedom, and to maintain it, without being thoroughly permeated with this Teutonic element; and the history of two thousand years proves to the man who reads it with comprehensive and candid study, that Providence has determined

and arranged that this element shall work its way into all co-existing races of mankind, imparting to them those physical and moral qualities which they need to fit them for one common *status* and rank of Christian civilization and civil liberty. Not for the space of two thousand years has there been any break in the outgoing and operation of this element; not for a thousand years to come, if the earth abides so long, will it suspend this permeating process. "The heathen may rage, and the people may imagine a vain thing; the kings of the earth may set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together" against this process; but it can never be arrested until it has accomplished its divinely-appointed work. Neither Napoleon nor Alexander, neither the Pope nor the Sultan, nor any coalition of earthly potentates, can arrest its progress. It moves on in every direction, infusing itself into the most antagonistic families of mankind. It is slowly and irresistibly working its way eastward, southward, and westward. As it comes in contact with repugnant masses, there is commotion, effervescence, hissing, and seething. The *Teuton* is now coming into more direct and unmodified contact with the *Latin* than it ever did in Britain, where the mutual antagonism was softened by the mediation of a third element. It is now pressing upon the Spanish, Italian, Greek, and Sclavonic populations of Southern Europe. In spite of their sharpest antagonism, it is infusing nitrogen into the oxygen of their fiery, inflammable temperaments, imparting to them slowly that capacity of self-control without which no people is fitted for self-government or constitutional freedom.

And here let me remind you of a principle we noticed in the circle of the natural world. We there saw it proved, by a simple household illustration, that some of our most common and useful compounds result from the combination of the most antagonistic elements in nature, or those which we say are "as unlike as oil and water." So in the constitution of nations. At this moment there are no populations in Europe to which the *Teuton* is so repugnant as to the Italians, Spaniards, Poles, and Hungarians; and there are no populations in Europe to which the *Teuton* is so vitally necessary as to these. Without being *Teutonised*, they can never attain to the highest level of civil freedom, or sustain a constitutional government free from periodical paroxysms of revolution and anarchy. And yet the whole of Europe has been for months in bewildering commotion in consequence of the vehement antagonism of these peoples to just such a combination of races as was accomplished in Britain, and which was of such immeasurable advantage to all the parties concerned, and to the world at large. And, what is somewhat remarkable, no people on earth apparently sympathise so heartily with these populations in their opposition to this combination as the English-speaking race on both sides of the Atlantic, and that, too, in face of the most salient facts in their own physical and political history. It is for this reason that I put forth these views with deference and diffidence. I know that they do not coincide with the opinion of the great majority of an English or American community. Still I venture to believe that many intelligent minds in this audience, after giving dispassionate thought to the

principles I have endeavoured to develope, will see them justified and illustrated by the history of modern nations. I think that on looking at all the aspects of this great and difficult question now agitating Europe, and America too, they will say with me, let this irresistible law of combination go on to the mighty issue designed by Providence. It is not a fortuitous concurrence of opposite elements. A Divine mind and hand are guiding the process and ordering the result. I think we may take one step further without wounding the most delicate sensibility. Look at the history of the Italians for the last five hundred years, and see what they have done for themselves and the world in that period. Test the strength and stamina of their mental stature, their moral life and national being. Apply the mining rod to all the literature they have produced since Columbus was born; take the guage of their songs and sonnets, their ballads and ditties, their novels and novelletes; measure, with some moral standard, their amusements, their habits, their social life, and the whole compass of their intellectual being; and then compare them, at all these points, with the Germans, and I think most of you will see and concede that their amalgamation with the race they so obstinately oppose would tend more to their true well-being, dignity, and worth to mankind than any benefit which all the other nations of the earth could bestow upon them.

What is true of the Italians is equally true of all those "oppressed nationalities," as they are called, which have been the objects of so much solicitude and sympathy in Christendom. No great Powers can give them free-

dom and independence, any more than one man can give to another a new heart and eternal salvation. Armies and fleets flying to their rescue cannot impart to them those moral qualities which can alone fit them for self-government and national independence. A probation of five hundred years has proved that, although they possess several good and admirable characteristics, they lack one element, which is vitally necessary to that political being to which they aspire. No treaty stipulations, no compact of Great Powers, can prevent, nor even long postpone, this great consummation. The hand that guides it holds the mightiest of earth's nations in its palm, and all their puny antagonisms are like the strugglings of cradled infants to its power. Spain Italy, Hungary, Poland, Russia, and Turkey must be *Teutonised* before they can ever attain or even approximate to the political condition of the people of Great Britain and of the United States; before they can ever rise even to the middle rank of constitutional governments. France itself must have a larger infusion of that element in order to attain to that position. The law of combination has already achieved more difficult results than this amalgamation. If Celts and Saxons in England could be blended in an age of mutual paganism, surely the Teutons and Latins, at this advanced period of civilization, may be united with far less difficulty and delay, to the immeasurable advantage of themselves and the world at large.

Let me ask you if time, experience, and observation have not already changed your impressions in regard to system and events which you once regarded as disastrous

to mankind? For instance, what in all the history of modern nations has moved the two great branches of the Teuton-Latin family to such distrust and dissatisfaction as the growth of the Russian empire? What eloquent denunciations have been launched by English and American orators and writers against its one-man power, against the linking of a hundred half-pagan populations, from the Baltic to the Pacific, in one chain-girdled organization! But when we come to the second sober thought of candid reflection, it is easy to perceive a divinity shaping the inception and end of that huge hyperborean empire. We may see even in its one-man power the leverage which God has chosen for lifting the serfed millions of that empire out of the bog of their degradation up to that hard ground for their footing on which the oppressed populations of every land and age have worked their way upward to the social dignity and political power of peoplehood. What chance would there have been for the immediate and universal emancipation of the serfs of Russia if the question had been submitted merely to the votes of the Muscovite and Asiatic aristocracy of that country? What prospect or possibility of freeing those bond millions if the breaking of their fetters had been left to the voluntary action of their owners and oppressors?

But what has turned the one-man power of Russia to this uplifting of serfed millions to that footing of freedom from which they may ultimately arise, like the emancipated serfs of England, Germany, and other countries, to the rank of that mighty middle class which now governs nearly the whole of Europe? The motive force to this

grand act of justice and humanity is the Teutonic element and genius operating upon the Russian executive. For a hundred years and more the Teuton and Muscovite have had a hand-to-hand struggle for mastery in the Russian Government. The Teuton has at last won the day; and a new day is dawning upon the moral and political life of the empire. This is only one of the victories won by the Teuton. It is working like the leaven of a new life through the whole Russian body politic. It is working perceptibly in the upbuilding and expansion of municipal institutions throughout the empire, those primary schools in which peoples acquire the habit and capacity of constitutional government. The day may come—I believe it will—when St. Petersburgh shall become a working centre of the Teutonic influence and institutions second only to London itself; when England and Russia shall divide the whole continent of Asia between them, one *Teutonising* the Southern, the other the Northern half, while all the outside nations, seeing and sharing the benefits of the arrangement, shall say, "Grace, grace unto it!"

The Teutonic blue eyes are fast coming to the meridian of Europe's firmament, to shine out of its tranquillised depths like the morning stars of a better future to mankind. The fair young sister of England's future Queen is to put the white soft hand of her influence to the sceptre of the Russian realms. Who shall say that the graceful and gentle touch of those young fingers shall not take the iron out of that sceptre, and give it a silver sway over the millions who shall own and bless its rule?

Now, then, turn your eyes toward another point of the compass of Europe, and see what a lodgement the Teutonic element has obtained in the heart of Greece. At the end of two thousand years of tempestuous experience and history of that unhappy country, one of the fair-haired, blue-eyed men of the North is at last seated upon the throne of Pericles at Athens. The young brother of the fair mother of all England's kings to be now wields that sceptre once studded with the most brilliant histories of the old world's civilization. The young Dane is not there alone. He is surrounded and guided by wise men of that northern race whose sea-kings and land-kings once ruled the ocean, and wore the iron crown of their vigour and will on the thrones of England, France, and Russia. Athens will become a new working centre of attraction and irradiation of that element which gives such an energetic vitality to our English-speaking race. Alexandra on the British throne, Dagmar on the Russian, and their brother George sceptred at Athens, will form an equilateral triangle of stars, shining with equal ray serene of those northern lights which have haloed the horizon of the dark ages of the world with the golden aurora of a better morning for mankind. So much for the Dane; and who shall say that in mounting to this equilateral triangle of Europe's thrones, it is not amply compensated for all it lost in its recent and unfortunate trial of the arbitrament of the sword?

The Teuton recently essayed to win a new foothold in the Western Hemisphere. Had it been a spontaneous and voluntary movement on the side of both parties,

that essay would have succeeded to their mutual and immeasurable advantage, and the advancement of the best interests of mankind at large. The Teuton at one sudden and unexpected bound leapt sheer across from the Mediterranean to the Mexican shore. It ascended to the throne of the Montezumas, and put on the imperial crown of Mexico. But it was an unbidden and unwelcome *regime*, forced upon the country by foreign bayonets. Had it been otherwise, had the Mexicans chosen Maximilian to be their sovereign by universal suffrage, there is no reason to doubt, that he would have made them the most able, sagacious, and beneficent ruler they ever had. His amiable and accomplished wife would have made them a new centre and source of moral refinement and virtuous cultivation. Thousands of Germans would have settled in Mexico, and mixed and intermarried with the population, and little by little they would become Teutonized, and fitted for stable, constitutional government, free from those periodical paroxysms of lawless violence and anarchy which have hitherto marked their career. But if the Teuton failed in this unfortunate attempt to impress its character and institutions upon the mercurial Mexicans, that element will be sure, at an early day, to get the moral and political ascendancy in that country. Americans, English, and Germans are making headway in all its chief centres of population and commerce, and the leaven of their habits, ideas, and energy must gradually affect the Government and transform the character of the nation.

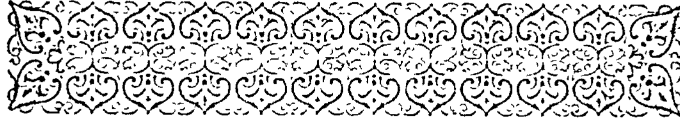
And here we may notice the groundlessness of that

apprehension which Americans and Englishmen have entertained in regard to the ascendancy or extension of the Latin races. Those of Spain and Portugal have already permeated and virtually absorbed the aboriginal populations of Central and Southern America from the boundary of the United States to Cape Horn. They have also established their blood, language, institutions, and religion on some of the finest islands of the Southern Seas. The French branch of the Latin family may establish their ascendancy over the northern half of Africa; and English, and perhaps American, writers will deprecate this extension of the Latin element. But in the end it will only prepare the way for the English-speaking race to occupy the entire American and African continents, and to plant them from sea to sea with all the institutions, the liberty, and life of their civilization. The Latin, pure and simple, has no repugnance to amalgamation with the aborigines of South America and Africa. We see this fact in the movements of that race in Mexico, Central America, and Brazil. In those countries a mixed race has thus been produced, with which the Teuton-Latin may be easily combined. Thus, by these primary and preparatory combinations our English-speaking race will acquire physical qualities which will enable them to thrive with vigour in tropical regions, thus fitting them to people the whole habitable surface of the globe, as well as to establish their language and institutions on all its continents.

We have thus taken a bird's-eye view of the outgoing and operation of that element of our English-speaking race to which we owe so much of what we most value

in our moral character and political institutions. Even the large space of time you have allowed me for the development of these aspects of the subject has only been sufficient to point out a few of them. But perhaps I have advanced suggestions which may induce some of you to give more extended and elaborate thought to this interesting question than I have been able to present within an hour's space.

In conclusion, I would express the earnest hope that all the sea-divided branches of our English-speaking race will ever cherish a sentiment of physical and moral solidarity; that, though diverse like the waves, they shall be one like the sea,—one in the great aspiration and effort to uplift and uplighten the benighted and depressed populations of the earth to their own level of civil and religious freedom and vitality,—one above all in the everlasting blessing and glory of that people whose God is the Lord, and whose crown of honour is that righteousness that exalteth a nation.



LECTURE

ON

The Benevolent Associations of the Day:

THEIR PHILOSOPHY AND POWER.

THIS truly and beyond all precedent is an age of Association. Never before could the social principle be seen working so perceptibly throughout the world of mind and matter and motion. We can now look across these three great domains of its operation at the same glance, and see its action in each, and its reflex and combined movements in all. The wheel within wheel, the circle within circle, revolve before our eyes simultaneously and evenly in a series of combinations as wide as the material world with its organizations, as deep as human nature with its attributes and histories. That force and law which attach atom to atom, planet to planet, which constellate the stars in their sublime and everlasting companionships, are as old as the creation itself. They act with no new nor additional impulse upon matter or motion. In them we have the social principle operating as a *physical law*.

Crossing over into what may be called the outer circle

of animal being, we see the social principle acting, almost with the force of human intelligence, in the unreasoning communities that move upon the earth, in the sea and sky. In the ingenious and industrial commonwealth of the bee-hive; in the amphibious republic of the beaver-dam; in the well-ordered battalions of the buffalo herd; in the measured flight of wild geese, with wings drilled to military beat; in the submarine squadrons of monstrous whales, charging in snorting triumph through the ocean; in all these representative classes of animal life, we see the working of the social principle as an instinct, in forms so varied and perfect that it seems to border closely upon the line of human reason. But herein is the difference: it borders, but never advances. It is no nearer reason now than when the first brute couple walked away from the hand of the Creator upon the new earth, or housed themselves in the untrodden caves of the ocean, or mounted, on wing of bee or eagle, to the blue and peaceful pathways of the firmament above. Such as it was in the beginning, such is it now, and such will it continue to be to the end of time, without accession of force, change of direction, or difference of phenomena.

Let us now cross over into the circle of humanity, and notice the development of the same central principle of society, working through the concentric series of its associations, first, as a prime necessity and law of human nature; then as a motive of political economy; then as a sentiment or sympathy of the heart of man. First, we see it in the oldest and most sacred association formed on earth—the Family Circle. Within this primal sphere of its action, it lived, and moved, and had its being, in the

perennial outflow of parental and filial affections, long before the first political organization was called into existence. Here it acted as a necessity, as a law inwrought in the moral structure of human nature itself. Slowly and feebly it radiated outward beyond the circumference of the individual home, and associated families in little communities, chiefly to regulate the conditions on which they should own and occupy certain districts of country, and defend them against foreign aggression. Here we have the social principle acting as a motive of political economy. Through all the centuries that preceded the Deluge, its movement was comparatively weak and slow. If individuals were long-lived giants in those days, States were pigmies. There was no antediluvian nation. Up to the day that Noah entered the ark, the earth was evidently peopled only with small hostile tribes or clans, as fiercely bent on each other's extermination as were those of ancient Scotland. It was doubtless several centuries after the Flood that the social principle, acting as a political motive, first produced what might be called a *nation*. To this extent, no further, did it go for four thousand years or more. Associations of sentiment and sympathy were unknown to the palmiest days of Grecian and Roman civilization. The ages of Pericles and Augustus shine through the centuries to us, brilliant with the glory of their sculpture, rhetoric, and *belles-lettres;* but Demosthenes never presided at the anniversary of a benevolent society, nor Cicero at a public meeting convened in behalf of some depressed class of the Roman people. The family, the school, the Church and State, were the only permanent

forms of social organization for full seventeen centuries after the birth of the Christian era. At what precise period the social principle passed beyond these concentric circles of its action, and produced the first philanthropic society, it would be difficult to ascertain. When in London, in 1855, I had the curiosity to count up the benevolent societies that held their anniversaries within a fortnight's space in that metropolis, and found they numbered about ninety, and not more than half-a-dozen of these were fifty years old. These were *national* associations. If we add those of the provincial towns and villages of the same character, what a host of organizations, representing, filling, and conducting all the minute ramifications of philanthropy! The same is true of America to a still larger degree. If the census of all our religious, educational, and benevolent associations were taken this month, I doubt if half-a-dozen of them would be found over twenty-five years old.

If, then, the enamoured students of Greek and Roman lore are disposed to ask what has the boasted civilization of this age to show as proof of superior progress compared with preceding periods of human history, let England and America point to their benevolent associations, and say, what the sublime memorial of Sir Christopher Wren says in St. Paul's: "If you would seek a monument, look around you."

They are more than a monument; a thousand times more than mere way-marks of civilization in these latter days. They are a living power among men, chosen and worked by Omnipotence to the mightiest issues. The Divine mind and hand may be seen most clearly, shaping

them to their present development, and to that stupendous expansion which they must reach ere the sun of this century sets behind the dead years of the past. They are full of a philosophy few have studied as it deserves. We are told that the light of some distant stars is forty centuries and more in reaching our eyes. So the social principle has been as long in travelling through the generations to this way-point of its progress.

The thinnest segment of a fruit-tree reveals to the microscope the buds, leaves, blossoms, and fruit in their undeveloped perfection. We have all heard of the century-plant; some of us have seen its flower. Only once in a hundred years it puts forth its white blossom. The human heart is an older plant. It has been six thousand years in putting forth the blossoms of these beautiful and variegated associations, which are dropping such healing leaves and fruits for the nations. In Adam, as he went out childless from the garden with the wife God gave him, there was pulsating a social nature endowed with the latent attributes, sympathies, and sensibilities which constitute the web and woof of these social organizations. In Noah, as he left the ark, and presided over the whole human race grouped around his family board, that social nature had progressed more than a thousand years towards the development we now see and admire. For centuries after Noah's day, the largest expression of the social sentiment was the *clan*-feeling, or that peculiar attachment that grouped into tribes the descendants of certain representative fathers of mankind. The highest form of this clan-feeling ever attained was by the twelve tribes of Israel, who lived in fraternal relationships, and

formed one great federated people for centuries. The clans of ancient Scotland, and the tribes of heathen countries in both hemispheres, present lower types of this social sentiment. But, through all the races and generations that preceded the Christian era, it seemed a fundamental and common law written upon the heart of man to hate all outside the circumference of his own tribe or nation. The leading languages of the era are full of terms expressing this feeling of jealousy and enmity towards all outsiders. In Latin, even, the same word was used to designate an outside man as an enemy. The word *alien* means literally nothing more nor less than *other*, or a man or people *other* than one's self or nation. Retaining this significance, to *alienate* means literally to make a friend or neighbour *other* than yourself in sentiment or interest. Thus, for several thousand years, the various tribes and nations of the world isolated themselves one from the other. Caste feeling and religious antipathies strengthened other forms and forces of mutual repugnance. Up to the evening anthem of the angels, singing over the plains of Palestine that new song of love and human brotherhood, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," all the earth's peoples were pagan, except one small, subjugated population; and they had no society nor sympathy with the rest of mankind, but shut themselves up against all outside companionship with the most rigorous seclusion. The weak and stinted life of charity breathed and moved in a nutshell. There was no benevolence that radiated outward beyond self, or one's kindred, clan, or nation. There was a species of barbarous and heartless courtesy between monarchs and

minor potentates, who occasionally exchanged presents of even value, and visits of equal ostentation. Intellectual pursuits and affinities brought together philosophers and their pupils in the great capitals of learning, such as Thebes, Athens, and Rome. There were ships of different flags that sailed to Tarshish, Tyre, and other ancient ports. Nomadic traders of different nationalities made long journeys by land to the chief marts of the world. But there was no heart-warmth in the movement of these social elements of self-interest. No sentiment of philanthropy pulsated in this stinted intercourse; no flow of sympathy or fraternal interest softened this rigid isolation of the peoples. Their knowledge of each other's condition was dim and uncertain, and acquired incidentally through indirect mediums of communication. Despotism was virtually at a dead level over all the earth, and there was nothing in the political condition of one people to excite emulation or envy among the masses of a neighbouring nation. *Alienation*, in its thousand forms of repugnance, was the universal rule. Heaven and earth, time and eternity, were seemingly alien to each other; and a starless night of darkness and doubt obscured the immortal existence and destinies of the human soul.

This darkness was deepest just before the break of day. A sun arose with light and healing on his wings. Before his rising rays the mysteries of life and immortality were brought to light. The Saviour of mankind bridged with His cross the chasm of alienation between the two worlds of guilt and glory,—between God and man, time and eternity. Up to the great moment of His advent

all the motives that affected the conduct or moved the heart and hopes of man were bounded by the limits of his temporal existence. His soul found no anchorage in the great hereafter; no fact nor condition to which it might attach its eager and sleepless longings, and steady the throbbing pulses of its immortality. With the exception of a few divinely-illumined men scattered through the ages, human nature had been left to its own impulses. No regenerating life-element had been breathed into it from without to increate new dispositions and capacities of elevated sentiment and action. The religions even of Greece and Rome did not rise above the level of human nature's lowest moralities. The very gods of their worship and adoration were not only of like passions and lusts with common men, but often surpassed the most reprobate of human villains in acts of impurity and injustice.

In the bow of Christian faith that now diademed the darkness, a new principle and power were revealed to the benighted world. From the apex of Calvary that iris of hope and salvation bent outward either way, encircling all the alienated families and all the future ages of mankind with that great central glory of its brightness and blessing.—*the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men.* At first, no living man was gifted with the vision to see the stupendous dimensions of that truth. Even that favoured disciple who lived nearest and leaned closest to the bosom of his Master, could grasp at first but a small segment of that bow. Peter, the very van-leader of the great apostleship, had a shorter vision still of its compass. Like a boy who thinks he can count the

fields lying within the span of a summer rainbow, so that ardent apostle measured the span of the great revelation by the same standard. He almost contended with his Lord in the vision that the bow of Divine mercy and salvation should only encircle Judea, and that all outside barbarians should be excluded from its promise. Three times the vision of four-footed beasts let down from heaven had to be repeated before he could be made to see and feel that the Christian religion was to level all the partition-walls between Jew and Gentile, bond and free, and place them all on the same footing in regard to the even value of human souls, and the precious possibilities of immortality. Paul himself needed the overwhelming manifestation that smote him to the earth, and the voice and the power that melted him to a child's meekness, not only to convert him to the Christian faith, but to make him willing to preach it to outside peoples,—to aliens from the commonwealth of Israel.

A new and mighty force was now imparted to the social principle. For the first time in the history of humanity it crossed the icy boundaries of clan-feeling and national antipathy, and melted them in its passage and its power. The new affinities, hopes, and destinies, inspired and revealed by the Christian faith, united estranged thousands of different lands and languages, and formed them into brotherhoods of most intimate communion. The social principle, acting under a Divine impulse and guidance, crossed the boundary of time, and swept the range of eternity for new forces of attraction wherewith to draw together more closely the preparatory companionships of the earth. The grand and glowing

apocalypse to John of Patmos revealed the rapturous and everlasting fellowships of the spirit-world in communions so pure and lofty, in such anthems of quiring cherubim, in such choral songs of countless millions raised from the tribulations of time, in such forms and fulness of social happiness, as Paul's inspired tongue dared not essay to describe. All these splendid and thrilling realities of another existence, which the new faith made accessible to men of every tribe and tongue, colour and condition,—all these new motive forces of sympathy superadded, applied to the inherent social sentiment of human nature, melted down caste feeling and clan prejudice, uniting kindred minds of different races in the happiest fellowships, and producing, for the very first time in the history of mankind, a disinterested benevolence, as a mighty, ever-working, ever-expanding power among men. In less than ten years after Peter was rebuked by his fellow-disciples for sitting down to the table of a converted Roman captain, the Christian Church had gathered into its scattered folds men of nearly all the races then known to the world. The Jewish Christians, who at first thought it a sin to eat bread with a Gentile proselyte, were fed in their need by contributions from the young Churches of Greece, sent with hearty and brotherly sympathy by the hands of Paul.

Thus, that disinterested benevolence, that good-will to men which knows no caste, nor colour, nor condition, that works by love, and walks by faith, that has breathed into being every institution, every association, and every enterprise of pure philanthropy, is the emana-

tion and effluence of the Christian religion. It has worked its way through the centuries in a thousand self-multiplying forms of human kindness, creating everywhere new social forces and sympathies. The little Churches that radiated slowly outward from Jerusalem in every direction, reaching onward, further and further, among peoples of different race and language, were each the centre of social as well as religious influence. They were connected by a bond of unity that never before existed between human communities. They constituted societies which had no parallel nor resemblance in any pre-existing organizations, religious or political. None ever formed were in such free and frequent communication. The apostles who planted them, and those who succeeded in the ministry, visited these little Christian commonwealths from time to time, inspiring them with a livelier sentiment of their oneness in faith and hope, and creating new friendships, sympathies, and charities. The fiery and bloody persecutions they endured, when their influence began to sap the cruel systems of paganism, only gave new strength to this social feeling. The blood of the martyrs not only became the seed of the Church, but the cement of intense sympathy between communities scattered over the known world. In the long wrestle with Christianity, Grecian and Roman paganism came to the ground. The process was long and slow, but sure. The old gods of heathen mythology were dethroned one by one; the superstitions and sacrifices of idolatry were gradually replaced by the simple and spiritual forms of Christian worship. The symbol of the Cross, which once was hardly allowed to designate a little upper-room conven-

ticle, now floated in triumph from the capitol of a mighty empire, and was borne aloft at the head of victorious legions as the ensign of conquest. Christianity, like Samson in the temple of the Philistines, pulled down upon itself a vast and almost stifling avalanche of heathen populations and structures. It took a thousand years and more to permeate the incumbent mass, to emasculate its pagan elements, and remould it even to the outward form of Christian faith. But, through all these twilight ages, the socializing forces generated by that faith operated in a constantly widening range of action. They brought governments and peoples into the new affinities and alliances of a common religion. The whole Christian world was moved as the heart of one man in the Crusades. Latin and Teuton, Icelander and Polander, Celt and Saxon, marched shoulder to shoulder to the holy wars. This companionship of nations, in the most extraordinary alliance and enterprise known to their history, worked out for them a new social and political condition. New elements of civilization were infused into their public life and institutions. Their forms of government became gradually assimilated. Feudalism yielded to the pressure of civil necessities. The rights and values of the individual man came slowly to recognition, and the people to a larger participation in framing the laws they obeyed.

All these changes strengthened the fellow-feeling between the peoples they affected. They learned to interest themselves in each other's progress and well-being. The acquisition and intercommunication of intelligence became a public and pressing necessity. That necessity

was the mother of an invention which has blessed the world beyond the measurement of language itself. The *Printing-Press* was brought out, and was wheeled into the van of all human discoveries to lead and multiply the forces of science and civilization, to make ubiquitous and immortal the thinking minds of all ages, and fill the world with the atmosphere of living and working thoughts. Some persons have ventured to liken a certain potentate or policy to a "second Providence." Considering its mighty capacity of affecting the moral and political condition of mankind, the printing-press was only second to the advent of Christianity to the world. The enginery it brought to bear against the strongholds of ignorance, superstition, sin, and despotism was more nearly like the working instrumentalities of Omnipotence than anything ever before given to human hands. I say it with reverence :—its rude wooden types, like the fingers of God on Sinai, reduplicated the tables of His law by millions, and the grace-breathing sermon of His Son on the other mount like autumn leaves among the people. Where they fell, they carried the germinal principles of civil and religious liberty. They worked like a new life in the institutions of Christendom. All the cloistered science and knowledge locked up in manuscript libraries was brought out, and put almost in atmospheric circulation among the masses. The literature of the Bible, of Greece and Rome, and of the middle ages, was brought within the reach of common men; and a kind of social intercourse was established between them and the great thinkers and actors of the world's history. Family and fireside reading made mil-

lions of humble homes new centres of knowledge as well as social enjoyment.

All these new instrumentalities quickened and expanded the social sentiment to a new range of interest and action. And now the discovery of a new world, with its strange populations and productions, was brought before the nations of Christendom to thrill them with the startling experiences of Columbus, Cortes, Cabot, and De Soto, to entertain them with the novelties and romances of the new hemisphere,—with the history of its colonization, the daring and dangers of the first settlers, the growth of towns, and the upbuilding of various structures of civil society. On the other hand, the home feeling of the colonists,—whether English, French, or Spanish,—their correspondence with their fatherlands, and all the enterprises and changes in which they were mutually interested,—all this widened and warmed the social sympathies of sea-divided peoples, and brought distant lands and populations within the range of daily thought and personal interest.

The *Newspaper* was the inevitable necessity and result of all these new forces of intelligence and international sympathy. The advent of the newspaper made and marked a new era in the public life of Christendom. It quickened the pulse of society, and vitalized its social elements with new animation and activity. Brief and few were the weekly records of its scant and narrow columns; but they were read with eagerness and delight. As its pages lengthened and widened with the news of the world, the public mind expanded in the same proportion, and expected to hear from every accessible nation at weekly intervals.

All these new and vigorous movements culminated in successful struggles for popular rights and religious liberty. The systems that had suppressed both were shaken down from their power in the contest. He who fashioned alike the hearts of individual men made the hearts of peoples to beat with kindred sympathies. Moved by this fellow-feeling, the masses of one country were stirred to the liveliest emotion by popular movements in another. This interest in events affecting each other ultimately assumed an organized form. Armed sympathisers, or *volunteers*, as they were called, from different nations, rallied to the revolutionary standard of an oppressed people, uprising to dethrone a despotism that enslaved them. England, the capital and focus of these popular sympathies with what have been called "*oppressed nationalities*," became at once the asylum of fugitives from European tyranny, and the recruiting-ground for men and means to carry on the warfare with the iron-heeled dynasties of the Continent. Permanent and powerful societies were organized under the names of "Friends of Poland," "Friends of Greece," "Friends of Hungary," "Friends of Italy," and the like. English statesmen, writers, officers, and soldiers, men of every rank and condition, gave their emphatic and vigorous adhesion to the popular cause in those countries, and some of them died sword in hand fighting its battles. The American Republic was not one whit behind England in sympathy with these struggles for liberty, especially in Greece, Poland, Hungary, and Italy, although the field of action was too distant for such active participation in it.

The advent of steam and electricity gave tenfold

energy and action to the social sentiment and intercourse of nations. To use a hackneyed, but truthful phrase, they "annihilated time and space," and, as it were, *domesticated* foreign events. They brought all the countries of a continent within whispering distance of each other, so that a startling occurrence at one extremity thrilled the other almost simultaneously and equally. This nearness of every point in Christendom to the great transactions of the present day gives them fourfold effect upon the heart of nations. For instance, how the almost daily news from Italy lately thrilled the millions of this American continent with the most intense interest in the cause and conflict of that country, just as if they could put their fingers to the pulse of that young nation's life, and tell off the beats of its political aspirations. In America we were twelve days distant from the scene of these events in Europe, when, in a single hour, we were brought within twelve minutes of their occurrence. Suddenly a whisper of intelligence ran at lightning speed through the Atlantic. Far down along the ocean's bed, beneath the roar and roll of its billows, it sped its way to our shores, and was flashed through thirty States and provinces on the net-work of our electric wires. That lightning-lipped whisper touched the tongues of ten thousand church-bells from sea to lake and from river to mountain. From ten thousand belfries they poured upon the air of heaven a glad response to the greetings of England's Queen, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!" But while the bells of the Continent were ringing out their glad acclaim at the nuptials of the two worlds, that subtle line was severed: the still depths of the blue sea

felt no longer the pulse of the passing whisper. But now it comes again. Again they feel the lightning-thrill of human thought flashing from shore to shore. The submarine telegraph shall tie in faster noose the nuptial knot between the two hemispheres. The old Atlantic, that has interwebbed them with the warp-and-woof cords of commerce, shall make the electric wire their wedding-ring, and fold them side by side so close that one shall feel the heart-beats of the other. Then indeed shall the throb of new affinities run through the hearts of nations, and they shall warm to quicker beats of sympathy with the great sentiments and interests of human brotherhood.

We have noticed the socializing tendencies of political events and scientific achievements. But events divested of all political significance have touched the hearts of nations to finer emotions of their common humanity. The earthquake that engulfed Lisbon thrilled the civilized world with a fellow feeling in the great catastrophe, and, like Moses' rod at Horeb, smote the rock-ribbed boundaries of jealous nations, and set them running with rivulets of benevolence towards the suffering city. The fire at Hamburgh lit up many a distant league of land and sea with its midnight glare, but it kindled an illumination that compassed continents and crowned them with an aurora of large-hearted sympathy and kindness towards the houseless thousands of that desolated German town. The Irish famine was grievous to the millions it pinched almost to starvation, but it moved the populations of Christendom to such a feeling of oneness in the great experiences of humanity as no event of modern times

had ever produced before. Then came the *Great Exhibition* of 1851, when all the arts and industries of the world fraternised in London, and joined hand in hand to spread and equalize their benefits among the nations far and near. Next we have an experience of individual daring and suffering that warms and unites the Governments and peoples in both hemispheres with a common sentiment. The heroic Franklin and his dauntless band of braves push their frosty prows between the icebergs of the Polar Sea, to explore the mysteries it has locked from human knowledge through all earth's ages. The grim and giant ice-kings seemingly make way, and allow the bold adventurer to penetrate into the arcana of their realm. Then they close in upon him with mountain bars of eternal winter, and shut him up to a trackless fate. "*To the rescue! to the rescue!*" runs the appeal across continents. Expeditions from different countries, and men of different tongue and race, volunteer to scale the barriers and bastions of the frozen sea, to pluck, living or dead, the incarcerated captives from its castles of ice. English, American, French, Dane, and Russian join with a common sentiment in the search. A noble woman, worthy the imprisoned hero, sends out of her wife's heart words of such moving eloquence as only stirred the lips of Peter the Hermit when mustering the hosts of Europe to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. Her appeal makes new heroes in this Holy War of humanity against the North Pole's despotism and darkness. Their adventures are read in all lands and languages of Christendom, producing everywhere one and the same feeling of interest and sympathy.

Then comes another event of entirely different elements of interest, yet working beyond any antecedent occurrence to unite the hearts of kindred millions scattered over the earth's surface. During the summer months of a recent year, two gentle-voiced, mild-eyed boys, the sons of England's world-honoured Queen, go forth to bear her greeting, to wear her face, and be her voice to the subjects of her sceptre on two distant continents. Human characters have their orbits as well as stars. They project an illumination or shadow over certain spaces around them. The pure and womanly virtues of Queen Victoria put out a mild reflection that not only reaches the extremest corner of that dominion on which the sun never sets, but also pervades regions lying outside of her rule. The faces of her two young sons beamed with that reflection simultaneously on two distant continents. Millions saw in them the features of a Queen and a mother they revered. The young prince who visited this hemisphere received first, as was his due, the affectionate homage of his future subjects in America. He then put off the prince in name, and crossed over to a kindred nation, wearing a humbler title. That nation arose with its millions and looked into his face. They saw in it a higher and purer image and superscription than Cæsar's at the summit of that Roman's glory. They did not look for the lineaments of kingly power, but for the mild features of that royal mother whose name and character are known and honoured from ocean to ocean. In the touch of his little hand they felt hers, and in their own the quickened pulses of the grand histories and affinities of a common race. As he stood

uncovered in pensive reverence at the tomb of Washington, the last unpleasant memory between the two grand empires of that race seemed then and there to be buried for ever, and the two rivers of their destiny to flow into each other in one harmonious course.

These and the like of these incidents and events quicken, multiply, and strengthen the social bonds of nations. Then to every new silken thread of social sentiment commerce adds one of material interest to double the web of their connection. The last few years have witnessed a new and wonderful interlinking of nations by a process quite outside and beyond the province of common trade. When the net-work of English railways, canals, and telegraphs had been completed, and there was no more field in that country for large investments in public works, its capitalists, trusting to those principles which make honesty the best policy, and financial honour the common law of civilized communities, invested their wealth in the material well-being of other nations. Through all the political antagonisms and suspicions that have been aroused in England towards some of those countries, this confidence in their financial integrity has never waned in the minds of British capitalists. The millions of money they have invested in French, American, Continental, and Colonial railways is at this moment almost beyond computation. All the current value and income of this vast amount depend upon the business prosperity of the countries in which it is employed. Thus the actual well-being of those countries, the successful and growing development of their resources, become to the monied men of England,

and indirectly to its whole population, nearly of the same importance as the prosperous trade and agriculture of the United Kingdom itself.

We have now traced the growth of the social sentiment through some of its principal sources and ramifications. But a few minutes remain for considering those peculiar forms of operation which it virtually began to assume about the beginning of the present century. For, as we have already noticed, there are hardly a dozen different benevolent associations in Christendom sixty years old. The first charitable society, founded on the Christian principle of disinterested benevolence, was incorporated in the structure of the first Christian Church. On the very eve of the Pentecost, even when the disciples of the new faith were so united in heart and interest as to have all things in common, the old leaven of Jewish exclusiveness still worked perceptibly against the Gentile converts. It went against the grain of Abraham's children to admit alien born proselytes to the same position with themselves. Thus, says the Scripture account, "There arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministration." This circumstance led to the first charitable organization on record. The twelve apostles immediately convened a public meeting; and, at their direction, an executive committee of seven men was appointed to take charge of the charities of the Church, and distribute them fairly among its needy members, Greek and Jew, bond and free. Through all the dark and middle ages, a standing committee or deaconry for the dispensation of its charities was a part of the organi-

zation of the Church. As Christianity emerged from the lumbering ruins of paganism, in which it had been entangled for a thousand years, it put forth other blossoms of its vitality, in the form of new organizations, all ensouled with the same spirit of good-will to men. Up to within reach of the memory of living men, all the benevolent associations in Christendom were founded to alleviate the poverty and physical sufferings of the friendless and helpless; to establish hospitals, collect and distribute aid to the destitute, and for like offices of home charity. These primary and preparatory institutions were not only indispensable for the immediate objects of their organization, but equally necessary to foster, train, and educate the benevolent spirit in the heart of the community, and set it running in other directions of good-will and good works to men. Herein are the Philosophy and Power of these associations. Herein lie their chief strength and value. They train the faculties of human sympathy for action in a thousand different forms. They organize Christian benevolence into a thousand working instrumentalities, and virtually generate for each its own supply of vital vigour. Thus one set of faculties or sympathies was stimulated into exercise and growth by the associated efforts of a few kind-hearted individuals to alleviate some particular form of suffering in the community. The benevolence thus educed and apprenticed to action grew by that on which it fed. It took new thews of vigour, and warmed its life of love to new activity, from the very process of continuous exercise. As a single, small-winged bird, flying over hill and dale, often drops the seeds of trees of ample shade and delicious

fruitage, so the first benevolent association, on its outward flight of good-will to man, dropped the germs of kindred societies. Little by little, the spirit of philanthropy, thus trained in the meek and unopposed ministrations of home charity, was strengthened for bolder action. Conscience allied its dictates to the impulses of the heart. Men, moved by both these moral forces, began to see that there were civil wrongs to be righted, as well as guiltless suffering to be alleviated. Then Philanthropy, which had been somewhat praised and popular for its meek walks of mercy among the sick and poor, took the rod of Moses, and stood before some grim Pharaoh of oppression, and said, in Moses' voice, "*Let this people go!*"

For more than a hundred years after the first settlement of this continent, the human conscience, in both hemispheres, winked at the wickedness of the slave-trade. The despotism of self-interest seemed to wield its iron sceptre over the system unrebuked, and to sear or silence every humane sensibility in regard to its iniquities. It silenced, but did not totally extinguish it. In here and there a conscience there was secret misgiving. In here and there a heart there beat a fellow-feeling for the slave. A signal fire alone was needed to rally hundreds to any standard raised against the oppression. That standard was lifted by a female hand, which, from the time it washed the thorn-prints from the brow of the crucified Saviour, has ever been first and foremost in ministrations of mercy to the children of suffering and sorrow. In a retired town in England there lived a modest and retiring woman, whose kindly sympathies had been well trained

for action by preparatory discipline in benevolence. She had thought of the poor and suffering around her. That was her first duty and impulse. She raised her eyes to sweep a larger horizon; and the slave with his wrongs came within the disc of her vision. He came frequently; came at last morning, noon, and night, and she heard the clanking of his fetters in her dreams. Seemingly, it was a venture of hopeless hazard for a single-handed woman to plead his rights against the great governments and peoples combined to enslave him. Whose voice would join her's against a system entrenched behind a hundred breast-works of self-interest and custom? She knew not; no one could tell her. But she made the venture. What the spirit said in her heart she wrote. Thoughts came to her, like a revelation, at midnight; and at midnight she arose and penned them down, lest they should be lost behind intervening dreams. Her little pamphlet went forth in the irresistible power and truth of those inbreathed thoughts; and hundreds said to their individual selves and to others, "That is all true; those are my sentiments; I have long thought the same." They said the truth. Hundreds and thousands were waiting for some one who should have the courage to express their thoughts, without involving themselves in the responsibility of their utterance. They now gathered courage and strength to own them, and to array them against the system of slavery. They formed themselves into a permanent society, not only for continuous and united effort, but for that continuous and united faith and hope on which depends the success of every great undertaking, and which such associations are indispensable to produce.

Soon statesmen of great ability and influence espoused the cause, and on a certain first of August, some thirty years ago, every slave in the British dominions was unfettered from his bondage, and sang his first song of deliverance and freedom.

This was virtually the first instance and triumph of associated effort in righting a great civil and social wrong. The success, the machinery, and *modus operandi* of this unprecedented enterprise of philanthropy supplied the working capital of scores of new associations. "Union is strength" became the preliminary sentiment, as well as the ultimate fact, among benevolent men. In the first place, thousands had been awakened, by these long anti-slavery discussions, to new sensibilities of the heart and conscience in regard to their relationships and duties to the suffering, benighted, and oppressed at home and abroad. Then they acquired an almost certain assurance of success, as the ultimate result of associated effort, provided they had truth and right on their side. Then the process and machinery for moving the public mind were rendered familiar to them. Thus they entered upon the organization and action of a society with a stock of faith and faculties as well defined and as well adapted to success as the working capital of commercial houses.

Immediately after the final and glorious triumph of the Anti-Slavery Society in Great Britain, associations of every species of benevolence sprang into existence and multiplied rapidly. Even the rights and wants of the brute creation were not overlooked. A powerful society was formed, and is now in vigorous operation, for the "Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." Some humane

heart had been touched to earnest utterance at the atrocities perpetrated daily by the drovers of Smithfield. That utterance found an echo here, there, and almost everywhere. An association was formed to develop and organize this sentiment against the brutal cruelties inflicted upon domestic animals that could give no speech to their sufferings. Almost simultaneously with this, "The Aborigines' Protection Society" was formed, to look after the well-being of North American Indians, African Hottentots, and all the differently-coloured and differently-tongued races within the British rule.

Thus, one may justly reply to Dickens's satire on Mrs. Jellaby's benevolence, that, if there was much *telescopic* philanthropy developed by these associations, there was an equal amount of *microscopic* good-will to man and beast set in action by them. At the very moment that he was delineating the character of that diffusive lady, and satirising through her the propensity to search out objects of charity on distant continents, thousands of English men and women were searching, as with lighted candles, the very sewers of poverty, ignorance, and sin at home, bringing up their hungry and degraded tenants to the light and life of Christian companionship, establishing ragged schools, coal and blanket societies, soup kitchens, cheap lodging houses, social industries, and other institutions, for the uplifting of the most reprobate and forsaken victims of ignorance and vice. It is a truth founded on the divinest authority, that the poor we have always with us, and shall doubtless have them to the end of time, not so much for their good as for ours. It seems to be the ordering of

Providence that certain conditions of misfortune shall be perpetual in human society for the culture and exercise of a benevolent spirit among men. Were it not for these conditions, and the sensibilities, institutions, and efforts they stimulate and produce, this world of ours would be a wide and arid waste of selfishness, unmoistened by a dew-drop, unrelieved by a spring floweret of human charity. Thus, most of the Benevolent Associations of the present day are designed to co-exist with all coming time. They are organized to work a daily and yearly amount of good, without expecting ever to outlive the necessity of continued exertion, because the poor, the suffering, and sorrowing we are to have with us to the end of earth's history. Thus, no grand and final triumph is to stimulate and reward these societies. They walk and work by faith, in the steady and continuous overflow of a philanthropy which is not bribed into action by the premium of some crowning victory. But occasionally some temporary association takes in hand a work it can fully accomplish, sing a pean of triumph, then disband in a blaze of glory.

As the most powerful and illustrious of these temporary societies, we way cite the Anti-Corn Law League in England. The whole of Christendom is familiar with the fact and feat accomplished by that association. But few, perhaps, remember the incipient incidents of its organization. About half a dozen individuals, mostly young men, and unknown to the public, met in a little upper room in Manchester, and, assuming the name of "Sundry Citizens" of that town, passed formal and solemn resolutions against the Corn Laws, which were

then upheld by the whole aristocracy, the great agricultural interest, and by the hereditary policy of the British Government. To all human seeming, the still small voice of those upper-room resolutions was as the breath of a child essaying to check the influx of the ocean's tide. But those young men were strong in the faith that right and truth must prevail in the end. They each contributed a half-crown to pay for the insertion of their resolutions in the London *Times*, which would only admit them as an advertisement. The next day the whole reading community of the kingdom saw what "Sundry Citizens of Manchester" thought and intended in regard to the Corn Laws. Soon afterwards another meeting was held, and another resolution was voted and signed on that little baize-covered table, announcing the organization of a society to rescue the bread of the poor from the tax that put it almost beyond their reach. Another guinea was to be raised to pay for its admission into the Jupiter Tonans of the British press. One of the first six in the movement related to me several interesting incidents connected with that second meeting,—how, having contributed all they could spare from their own small means, they were constrained to go out the same night to solicit, from those most likely to favour the cause, a few shillings towards the guinea for the London *Times*. This second *pronunciamento* from "Sundry Citizens of Manchester" convinced hundreds, far and near, that a bold and honest standard had been raised against the time-honoured tax on bread. Men of substance rallied to that standard by scores at first, and hundreds afterwards. The little upper-room organization expanded from month to month, until

it assumed dimensions, put forth efforts, and won a victory unparalleled in the history of political economy.

The experience of the British Anti-Slavery Society, and of the Anti-Corn Law League, was worth more to the moral world than even the extinction of slavery, and the abolition of the Corn Laws. It threw down in the people's mind the whole ideal fabric of brute-force movements for righting political, social, or economical wrongs. It proved the irresistible power, and the ultimate triumph, of an enlightened public sentiment, brought to bear against an evil in the continuous, concentrated efforts of a well-organized Association. It gave tangible and vivid reality to the old axiom: "Truth is mighty and will prevail"—prevail against the strongest panoply of error and wrong, without shedding a single drop of human blood, or committing a single act of violence. It is this popular faith in the power of truth and right, in the motive forces of moral suasion, that has raised the people of England, head and shoulders, above all the other nations in Europe, in the prerogatives of civil freedom, and the dignity of political being. Thus, not only have these Associations set running a thousand streams of benevolence for the alleviation of all forms of suffering and want, but they have raised the whole nation to a new *status* of political life. They have taught the common people to trample upon the very idea of the bayonet and barricade, on which Continental populations have so often immolated themselves in vain. They have inspired the toiling masses of Britain with the belief that every right and privilege due to them may be and will be obtained for them through those moral

influences now operating on the mind of the nation in their behalf.

Viewed in this light, we see that the collateral or incidental results of these Societies are almost as important as the attainment of the direct objects of their organization. They are the great distinctive institutions of our English-speaking race in both hemispheres. They are mightier far than the strongest governments in the world for the moral well-being of mankind. They penetrate with their powerful but peaceful agencies lands that governments cannot enter with their armies and navies. What are the conquests that fired the ambition of Alexander, Cæsar, or Bonaparte, compared with the aims and achievements of some of these quiet Associations? What conqueror, of the Napoleon stamp, would essay to lift the pall of paganism from half earth's millions? Just fifty years ago, two young students in a New England college went out by night into a meadow, and, kneeling beside the new-made hay, prayed for faith, strength, and wisdom to put their feeble hands to this stupendous undertaking. One by one others joined them. Their midnight communing in the fields was transferred to the conference room. In a few months a Society was formed, and the first couple of missionaries sent to heathen lands from America. That little Society grew year by year, until it is now the most extensive organization on this continent. Almost simultaneously, a similar movement took place in Great Britain, and expanded to a still larger compass of power and operation. These two great Missionary Societies are now moving hand in hand around the globe, raising the beacon lights of immortality

among its most benighted populations, revealing to them the vital verities and beatitudes of the Christian faith, as it were, by the light of their own burning idols. Look abroad over Christendom. See how every stronghold of iniquity, ignorance, and error is besieged by some Association mining its foundations and sapping its bulwarks! See how the grim Moloch of War is bearded at the bloodiest altar of its human immolations by a Society, lifting up the remonstrance of God and nature against the abitrament of the sword. See what a standing army of Temperance Societies, on both sides of the Atlantic, is engaged in close action to rescue millions from the bondage of their own appetites. Look at the Anti-Slavery Societies, and their long struggle to break the manacles of the enslaved African, and to raise him from the degradation of his chattelhood to the full stature of a free man.

Such is the meaning and such are the mission and power of the Benevolent Associations of our day. They are the flowering and fruitage of the social principle working through all the centuries from Adam. They are the instrumentalities chosen from the beginning to come into action in these latter days, and work out the great distinctive interests of humanity. As such let us all hail and support them with the best homage of our sympathy. Let us regard even the least of them as a link of that mighty chain of agencies by which all the culminating realities predicted by the holy seers of old shall be reached by future generations of our race.

LECTURE

ON

The Higher Law and Mission of Commerce.

IN venturing to submit a few thoughts on the subject announced for your consideration, I do not propose to enter upon that department of it which contains the ledger and the iron safe. I will not hazard any crude remarks, which I could only make, upon the science of double or single entry, or of limited partnerships, or of exchanges, foreign or domestic, or of securities, slippery or solid. Nor could I approach the science of cent. per cent., or of trade profits, with one iota of personal experience to commend my observations to your respect. Leaving these rudimental branches to those who have made them a professional study, I would invite your attention to those elements and aspects of Commerce which, if less practical in a money-making sense, are still fraught with facts and interests which every intelligent merchant and man and woman should fully understand and appreciate.

Although the term Commerce is frequently applied to mercantile transactions between individuals of the same country, we will, if you please, on this occasion, give it

that meaning to which it should be properly confined, and consider it only as referring to the trade carried on between *nations*, or large and distinct communities of men, divided by physical, political, or ethnical boundaries.

Ever since Bacon's day, the effort to systematize and reduce to popular comprehension and use the abstract sciences has become more and more common and successful. The leading facts and functions of the solar system are now taught and illustrated in juvenile school books, and mastered, too, by many a little Miss hardly ten years of age. Geology has put off its pompous obscurities and reduced its stupendous revelations to the dimensions of the common school; so that boys and girls of ordinary comprehension may understand the structure of the globe on which we dwell. Chemistry has set aside its heathenish gibberish and machinations, and come out as a sober, utilarian science, and taught the common people how to make soap and candles, how to light their dwellings, fertilize their fields, and compose durable paints and healthful medicines. Physiology has followed the other sciences into the school-room, and made its bow to the children; and children, looking up with their bright believing eyes into the face of their teacher, have comprehended the structure of the human system. Children have mastered the main facts and laws upon which these various systems are based and perfected.

Similies, analogies, and contrasts, drawn from these various departments of general science, are coming more and more into popular vogue. You will seldom listen to a sermon from the pulpit, or to a political speech from the platform, or to a school-boy's first composition, without

abundant proof that the central facts of what were once regarded as abstruse and cloistered sciences have become "as familiar as household words." We may presume that those who thus comprehend and use them are aware that they are not *new* facts, though, in some cases, recently discovered. They must comprehend that the forces and laws that shape the orbits and regulate the motions of the planetary bodies are as old as the solar system itself; that they were the same on the sixth-day morning of the creation as at this moment. The physical mechanism of the human system was doubtless the same in Adam as in every man of to-day. The heart occupied the same position, and performed the same functions. His organs of sense were the same in number, faculty, and location. The sight, hearing, smelling, taste, and touch poured into his being their varied and mingled tributaries of enjoyment through the same avenues. Although the earth was made first, it was made expressly for man. Everything that breathed and moved upon it before his heart's first throb was made directly or indirectly for him,—all that was fair to look upon, for his eye, all that was delicious to the taste, for his palate, all that was delightful in the concord of sweet sounds, for his ear. The faithful dog at his side could hear distinct sounds as far as he, but it had no organs behind the ear to blend the voices of men and birds into music. The patient ox, standing in the furrow, with summer rain-drops cooling his round and heated sides, as he raised his large eyes towards the retiring cloud, could see it spanned by an arch of different colour; but he could not see the rainbow in all the glory of its mingled hues. The bees that sipped the honeyed

dew from the first flowers that bloomed on the new earth could find them by instinct among the green herbs, but could not *see* the tinted beauties of their glory. Man alone was gifted with that organism of the brain which, lying behind the mere outward organs of the senses, which he had in common with the brute creation, gave to him the capacity to group and grasp, in one panoramic vista of beauty, all the varied objects of Nature's domain around him. Landscapes, cloudscapes, and waterscapes, in combination and contrast, in all their picturesque alternations of light and shade, moved from morning till night across the speculum of his eye, and flooded his soul with the joy of its terrestrial existence. Thus this glorious beauty of the outward world was not positively and independently *objective*, but *perceptive*. It was not so absolute as a *fact*, as real and thrilling to him as a *sense*. The sharp-sighted lynx could not see it, nor could the soaring eagle bring it within his ken. It was not Nature that dipped her pencil in the rainbow and mingled all its tints in the rose-leaf, in that blending so delicate and delightful to his sight. It was Nature's God, who formed the eye of man, and put behind it organs of colour, comparison, faculties of perception and sensation that virtually gave to the white face of that flower the pencilling so exquisite and admirable. Just so with sounds. The sweetest singing-bird that poured the melting rapture of its song upon the morning air heard distinctly its own voice and the treble of its rival songsters, but further could not go. It was the ear of man or the organs and faculties behind it which alone could blend those bird-notes into music.

Phrenologically considered, doubtless the first created man was the same as man at this moment. His mind acted and was acted upon through the same faculties of perception and sensation. He not only possessed the same organs of individuality, location, comparison, invention, weight, sound, and colour, but these were susceptible of those peculiarities of development, combination, and co-working which constituted the first cause of the endless varieties of taste and occupation in the world. All the minute divisions of human industry may be traced back beyond the Deluge to this cause, operating in the two oldest sons of Adam. The first elements of manufacture and trade may be referred to the same origin. No sooner were there three men living upon the earth, than we have a diversity of occupation, occasioned evidently more by a difference of *taste* than by the absolute necessities of their mutual relationships. The motive forces which made a farmer of Cain, and a shepherd of Abel, most probably resulted from a different development of the organs of the brain. Were it not for this difference, most likely both would have been keepers of sheep or tillers of the soil, separately or in company. This was the first division of human labour, and it was provided for by the Creator in the physical mechanism of the mental faculties.

The development of mechanical skill, taste, and occupation must have been exceedingly slow in the antediluvian age, hardly introducing a new element into trade. In the first place, the mental faculties needed a longer course of discipline to attain to that inventive capacity indispensable to the manufacture even of the rudest

implements of labour, or the simplest article of clothing. But if this mechanical skill required a longer training of the conceptive faculties, the Creator had made proportionate provision for educating it into a capacity which should steadily increase up to the last year of time. When Adam opened his eyes upon the new earth, he found himself surrounded by objects which addressed themselves to each particular faculty of his mind, and stimulated it to activity. They contained not only the *material*, but the *suggestion* for the exercise of that mechanical skill which was to become such an element of power and progress to his race. God's lesson books were opened to him from morn to dewy eve,—in the leaves of every tree; in the texture of the herb; in the structure of the mountain; in the blue sky above, and in the blue water beneath, that mirrored his face among the golden stars of heaven; in the eagle's wing; in the foot of the fly; in the carol of the lark; in the roar of the lion and the tints of the rose. All the elements and laws, and even suggestions, of mechanical science, of the finest arts to which man has attained, were presented to him in these primary manuals of instruction in a thousand living illustrations. All the immeasurable forces which his race should suborn into their service in remote ages were operating around him in ever-varying modes of action, as if offering the necks of their power to his yoke in mute suggestion. The air, in its mild and mighty moods, now breathing in breezes that scarcely lifted the leaves of Eden, now in the hurricane that bent and rent the distant forest, said to him, in its whisper and whirlwind, "See what I could for you by sea or land!" The little

sunbeams of summer, that warmed the dormant insect to life, and raised its wings to greet them in the air, that played like a smile of God's love upon the infant face of his first child, these contained at that moment the force and law that should one day be developed to such a mighty ministry in the service of human necessities. They were beautiful as they lay upon the golden locks of his sleeping boy, and filled the great round world with glorious light; but the hiding of that power with which they permeate and lift the granite shaft of Bunker Hill, and the iron structure of the Britannia Bridge, adding inches to the stature of great cathedrals, was not revealed to him, but left for later lessons in the hand-book of nature. The placid rivers, that threw their silver arms around his garden home, refreshed and gladdened him with their taste and sight. It made him a pleasant pastime to see the white, long-necked swans rowing to and fro, with erected plumage, before the breeze: but he was not yet ready for the lesson and law which this interesting sight presented. He was not yet competent to grasp the motive power of that element, or the structure and movement of ships upon the sea, suggested by the delicately-rounded bows and broad-webbed oars of the graceful bird. The vapour, that rose from the moist ground on which he first kindled a fire to warm him when the sun was low, contained its law and lesson; but sixty centuries of intermediate observation and experiment were necessary to their comprehension and application. The lightning, that rent the mountain side of the black tempest with such fearful explosion, was to him, from the moment his first sin brought his first fear, an awful pheno-

menon, that made his whole being quake and tremble. For more than five thousand years it was the red gleam of the Almighty's sword cleaving the clouds and the mountains. Even to this day the most familiar term in the Hebrew language for thunder is "*Kol Elohim*," or the "*voice of God*." The quick cross-currents of electricity that amazed Adam and his race to so many generations contained a law and lesson which the human mind has but just reached and utilized in the Text Book of Creation.

Thus the progress of the mechanic arts was exceedingly slow in the antediluvian ages, notwithstanding the life of centuries then accorded to man, perhaps in compensation for the small stock of knowledge which he inherited from his predecessors. Although nature's volume was full of the teaching of these arts, in lessons suited to infant faculties, the human mind mastered the simplest of them with difficulty, and made such child-like progress, that on several occasions it pleased the Divine Mind to help the human from one rudiment to another, from words of one to words of two syllables in this educational process. This is illustrated in the case of our first parents when they first felt the guilt and shame of sin. As the consciousness of their personal condition came to their agitated minds, they looked around for the instruction of some easy lesson which they could master at once, or for the material and model of some kind of covering. The large, tough leaves of the fig, concealing its graceful limbs, comprised nature's baby-lesson, and this they grasped with eager haste and applied to themselves. They contrived to sew these leaves together, probably

with bark threads from the branches from which they plucked them, "and made themselves aprons." Here, in the precipitate action of these hours of distress and mental excitement, the human mind took its first lesson in one of those mechanic arts which now employ and support such toiling myriads of the race. The sudden pressure of a new necessity, humanly speaking, was the mother of this invention. It evidently cost the unhappy twain the highest effort in this direction of which they were capable without Divine assistance. Having made it, they were apparently satisfied with its small measure of success. Where could they find better materials and patterns for their garments? They evidently sought no better, and perhaps would have worn fig-leaf aprons for years, if God had not interposed directly to help them over the space between this first lesson and the next in His great model-book of instruction. With a pitying father's hand, He pointed them to more perfect patterns, to clothing more durable and fitting than that in which the summer fruit-trees clad their limbs. He raised their eyes from the lower or vegetable to the animal domain of nature, and showed them the texture and fashion of those beautiful garments in which He had clothed the sheep, the beaver, bear, and buffalo;—how perfectly, without visible seam or wrinkle, these garments were fitted to the body and limbs. He not only pointed out the lesson with its illustrations, but He actually applied it to their own case. In the simple language of Scripture, "God *made* both unto Adam and Eve coats of skins, and clothed them."

Here and thus commenced the art of garment-making.

It is the only one of all the list that bears the finger-prints as well as verbal directions of the Creator as its Teacher. To whatever frivolous ends and influences the art may have degenerated in these days of exaggerated fashions, it may show a Divine origin of which no other mechanical art can boast. The lesson through which it was taught to Adam is still full of infinite wisdom. Its instruction will never be exhausted, even when some future generation shall have exhausted the refinements of human skill and taste. At that far end of improvement no fabric of the loom or needle will equal in fineness and perfection the warp and woof of the ermine's skin. The youngest mind will easily understand that, if necessity is the mother of invention, this garment-making must have been the first of her children. Clothing, if not the first, is at least the *third*, of the great quartet of man's physical necessities, which may be ranked thus,—*food*, *drink*, *clothing*, and *shelter*. To obtain the first two required no special revelation. The trees of Eden dropped fruits that were nutritious as well as pleasant to the taste. The rivers that compassed it were ready to quench the thirst. The platted branches of the long-armed cedar, or overhanging rocks or caves in the mountain sides, furnished shelter already made, easily improved with the feeblest capacity of invention. Still, it is doubtful whether the manufacture of clothing ever constituted a distinct occupation before the Flood, as every family would naturally make its own supply, one using the skins of their sheep and cattle, the other the skins of wild beasts taken in hunting, thus indicating their several occupations. The farmer, herdsman, and

hunter divided the antediluvian world of labour between them, and all the elements of trade consisted in the simple articles exchanged between these three classes of the community.

With the murder of Abel commenced that reign of violence that filled and overwhelmed the whole peopled earth. The rude bludgeon of Cain blossomed and brought forth war-clubs. The hunter became a warrior, and doubtless the whole mechanical genius of the race took the same direction as among the North American Indians in later times. It all ran to the elaborate construction of weapons of war, and to the fanciful decorations of the hunters of men and beasts. Little of it was devoted to agricultural implements or to the development of the peaceful arts. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether iron had been very much applied to common uses before the Deluge. The length of time occupied in building the ark would seem to denote that axes and adzes of stone were the sharpest edgetools employed in felling and fitting the timbers for that vast structure. It is quite evident that, up to this event, the art of ship-building was entirely unknown. Doubtless its necessity had not yet been felt. The human race had not spread far and wide upon the surface of the globe. We have no *data* whereby to estimate their population. Taking into consideration the fearful violence and bloodshed that prevailed among them, they could not have exceeded, at the time of the Deluge, the present population of the City of Glasgow. The rivers of that region, as now, were fordable at the distance from the sea at which the Scriptures intimate they were located.

They had no pressing occasion even for boats, and probably none had been constructed. The Bible history clearly demonstrates the fact that no vessel capable of living upon the sea had ever been built or conceived by man. For here, again, God interposed with a special revelation, and gave to Noah specific directions for building the ark. He specified the very timber of which it was to be made, its length, breadth, and depth, and all the minute particulars of its structure. He then taught him how to make the great hull impervious to the water, by *pitching* it within and without.

As the patriarch preserved specimens of the animal creation that every useful bird and beast might be perpetuated, so in his mind were treasured all the mechanical skill, taste, and intellectual progress that had been developed in the antediluvian world. The waters that covered the earth so many cubits deep, extinguishing every breath of life outside the nutshell of humanity that danced upon their dark surges, made no breach in human advancement; they put out the light of no human thought worth anything to man. All the occupations into which the race had been divided were represented in Noah and his sons. When the green earth re-appeared with its seed-time, he went forth and resumed that occupation which he had previously followed, and became a husbandman. As soon as his sheep and cattle had increased to flocks and herds, their keeping became the business of one of his sons, who was a shepherd on the other side of the Flood; when the wild animals he preserved had multiplied in the forests and mountains, another son became a hunter. Thus all

the occupations of the old world went on in the new at more rapid strides of progression. If the age of man was shortened, he lived longer now in fifty than his antediluvian ancestors lived in five hundred years. In steamboat parlance, the human mind made as many revolutions in half-a-century as it did once in five centuries. This new and restless vigour soon produced those characteristics that mark our own times to a higher degree. "*Westward-ho!*" was first heard as a motto and march-word; and westward they travelled until they found, on the Plains of Shinar, the El Dorado of their imagination,—the very place, as they conceived, for the permanent habitation of the human race. Here was the site on which to locate its present thousands and future millions in one compact, mighty nation. The brief record of this unprecedented undertaking reveals a new era in the mechanic and industrial arts, or the manufacture of brick from clay, and the construction of permanent houses and compact cities. Here, too, commenced the era of *trade*, as a distinct and indispensable occupation. It no longer consisted in incidental exchanges between farmers, shepherds, and hunters of their respective productions. It was the continuous supplying of bread-stuffs, mutton, beef, butter, milk, poultry, game, wool, and peltry for a dense population shut up within a walled town, making brick, building houses, and manufacturing rude articles of furniture and convenience. Occupations became rapidly subdivided by the simplest necessities of a community thus situated. Trades multiplied; competition in the manufacture of the same article followed, developing skill and taste in design and execution. Every

improvement in the fashion of a garment, in an article of furniture, in the structure of a cabin, in the weaving or braiding of grasses, hair, wool, or filaments of bark, under this new pressure upon the inventive faculties, presented the model and imparted the capacity for another and larger step of progress. Thus, by the time that the rude tenements of the city and its ruder wall had been constructed, and before the foundations of the great citadel or tower were laid, the second class of trade elements was instituted, or those articles which range next to the four absolute necessities,—food, drink, raiment, and shelter. The articles embraced in this second class are usually called articles of convenience,—such as utensils for cooking, contrivances for lighting and warming houses, couches and seats for repose and rest, and the like,—constructed for positive use, without reference to the material or style of fashioning them. These two classes of articles constitute what may be called absolute or aboriginal trade. From the building of Babel to the present day, they have been found in every community, pagan or civilized. Everywhere and always they constitute the firmest, broadest basis of mercantile transactions. Every business built upon them has a foundation which no other department of trade can ever attain. Man must have food, drink, clothing, and shelter. These are inexorable necessities. His life hangs upon them, and all that he has will he give for his life. The next in the rank of his wants are the simple articles of convenience we have mentioned. These he will have as soon as his labour has satisfied the first demands of his physical being. In all ages and countries both these classes of

human wants have been and may be supplied by *home* production, without one iota of commerce with distant or distinct communities. When the whole race was gathered within the mud walls of one city, and their farming and hunting grounds were probably within twenty miles of its centre, the supplying of these aboriginal necessities constituted a domestic trade of no inconsiderable extent and variety.

Thus, *Trade* is two thousand years older than *Commerce* in the sense to which we have limited the latter term. *Commerce*, in this sense, has nothing to do with the absolute, aboriginal wants of man, but with his *acquired* wants,—with *contracted* appetites and tastes, with new perceptions of the beautiful in nature and art. The Bible history gives us no clue to the number of years that the posterity of Noah resided in the city of Babel before the confusion of tongues. But when that dispensation of Divine wisdom and benevolence came upon them, they were well fitted for peopling the earth with the germs of great nations. Each nation-family went out to establish its name and local habitation with the same stock of practical knowledge as any other. They were all respectively equal inheritors of that patrimony of antediluvian observation, experience, and advancement which Noah had preserved and bequeathed to them, together with all the progress that had been made since he stepped from the ark upon the dry land of the new world. With this event commenced the era of Commerce. The various sections of this homogeneous population took up their lines of march in different direction, leaving behind them the crumbling monument

of the first and last home of mankind as a compact, unbroken family. "*Westward-ho!*" was still the favourite watchword of their migrations, and their vanguards soon reached the Mediterranean, and, in a few centuries, planted small communities on the Asiatic, African, and European coasts of that sea. The Syrian shore was, of course, first reached and settled by a section most generally called Phœnicians. Here the science of navigation was first developed. The first craft that ever touched salt water with a helm attached to it was doubtless launched upon that sea. The imagination can only measure the feeble and uncertain steps by which this great agency of commerce advanced in the first century of its discovery. We can only conjecture how slowly the human mind worked out the successive figures in nature's model-book. Having fashioned the hull and oars of the first little vessel after the breast and webbed paddles of the swan, how long were they in adopting other features of the graceful model, or in fitting the small fabric with a plumage to be raised to make the wind it caught a propelling agency cheaper and more powerful than human sinews? However slow this progress in ship-building, it is certain that, in a few centuries, vessels were constructed that not only coasted for hundreds of miles along the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, but crossed and re-crossed them at their widest breadth, and even sailed far out into the mysterious and boundless ocean, exploring distant regions, and bringing back their novel productions. Every vessel-load of these articles made the seaport to which they were brought a centre of greater attraction and larger population. Thus, one by

one, the migratory tribes of mankind were planted in populous towns, and brought under the action of that civilization and progress which nomadic life could no more attain than the rolling stone can gather moss. Houses were built not only of brick, but of stone,—rough hewn, and awkward in proportions, but gradually assuming more symmetrical aspects and dimensions. Then followed temples, monuments, and even ornamental and elaborate architecture. After three thousand years of apprenticeship in subduing the earth and its elements to their service, mankind here, on the Phœnician shore of the Mediterranean, first weathered as it were the Cape Horn of absolute necessities, and entered the Pacific Ocean of what are called the *comforts* of life. Here, for the first time, perhaps, they felt the force of *acquired* wants,—the eager appetite for something that another country and climate must supply. Up to this date, they had lived under those local laws of nature which had but slightly diversified their occupations and tastes, and supplied them with the raw materials of home trade. But now, for the first time, they entered the circle of those superior, sublime arrangements which the Creator had provided to bind country to country, nation to nation, by relationships that should grow in strength and variety to the last day that should dawn upon the earth.

We have dwelt upon the physical mechanism of the human mind, and the living leaves of nature's text-book opened wide to develop the perceptions and tastes and supply the wants of the individual man. Nations, also, have their peculiar phrenology, mental and moral characteristics which give to each an individuality as marked as

that which distinguishes man from man in every civilized community. To diversify thus the human race by planting them in almost isolated populations, until each should develop a distinctive character for itself, was doubtless the chief object of the confusion of languages. As one unbroken community they had lived up to this event in one and the same climate, and subsisted on the same productions of the field and forest. But as they now diverged north, south, and west, they entered upon different climates and soils and local circumstances, and these operated immediately upon each nation-family, giving its mental faculties a peculiar direction and determining its chief occupations. The camel by land, and the little oared vessel by sea, began to head in opposite directions towards the same centres of trade, bringing the peculiar productions of distant countries. The two faculties of conception and perception began to act upon society, producing new tastes, inspiring new wants, and creating new capacities of enjoyment. The patriarchs of earlier centuries were superseded by princes of populous tribes, and from these came kings of little nations with princes for their courtiers. Kings' houses were built, not so elegant and comfortable as those of many journeyman mechanics of the present day, but still employing all the architectural skill of the times. Robes, sceptres, and regal insignia, and articles of ornament for princes and nobles, employed all the inventive or conceptive genius of the country. The designing and manufacture of these articles conferred high honour as well as large pay, and employed a numerous class of what were called "cunning workmen." Concentrating all their mental

forces in the faculty of invention, with their eyes poring over the green or gilded leaves of nature's model-book, their hammers, chisels, pencils, and needles were busy day and night bringing out new conceptions in art. The very sight of these designs developed the corresponding faculty of *perception* in the higher ranks of wealth and nobility, or a capacity to realize, grasp, and enjoy their superior excellence and beauty. These two faculties, conception in the artist and perception in the patron, have worked on, hand in hand, from the planting of the first hamlet on the Mediterranean to that of the last Nebraska village on the Missouri, producing designs and tastes for them by reciprocal action. As there is no appetite for wine, sugar, tea, or coffee until those articles are touched by the lips, so there is no *mental* appetite or taste for ornamental architecture, dress, or furniture until they are presented to the eye, and become fair to look upon, like the forbidden tree of Eden. Thus, the first vessel that put out from a Phœnician port did not go in search of bread, water, clothing, or materials of shelter. It did not bear the flag of these absolute and primitive wants. Nor was it sent forth for a supply of the second class of necessities, or articles of sheer convenience, such as implements of agriculture, utensils for cooking, &c. All these things the inhabitants of that village possessed already. It went forth on its first voyage of discovery for the productions of a different climate or country; things that should create new tastes, and gratify them when created; things new and pleasant to the eye, to the palate, to the ear, to the touch. In a word, as it felt its way along the coasts of that sea, it cruised only

for a cargo of what we call *comforts*, which constituted then, as they constitute now, the first and richest elements of Commerce. League by league, as these expeditions by sea, and migrations by land, penetrated new regions in the north, south, east, and west, they came within the range of those grand and beautiful economies of nature ordained in the plan of creation to supply the *acquired* wants, the self-producing and self-multiplying tastes of the nations; to make the desire, the appetite for each other's productions living and everlasting bonds of peace and brotherhood. This friendly commerce between different countries, individualized by peculiarities of climate, soil, and productions, is not an incidental intercourse upon which they stumbled in a temporary mood of good humour. It is a condition provided and established in the very anatomy of the globe. The earth's orbit, even, was shaped expressly to produce this condition, or make it inevitable. All the agencies and arrangements to make the sun shine more vertically upon one region than another, to produce different climates and subdivide them by slight distinctions of temperature, the location and functions of seas and oceans, the distribution of mountains, the rise and flow of rivers, the diversification of soils, the deposition of minerals, were all perfected before the first created man opened his eyes upon the new-created world. They were no more designed to divide and alienate his posterity of nations than were the nerves, bones, blood, and muscles of his own body designed to break up the unity of his animal life or divide and alienate his physical members or mental faculties. Society is the voluntary intercourse, not the

stagnant amalgam, of individuals. God broke up the human race at Babel into different communities, that there might be a voluntary and brotherly *society* of nations, instead of a conglomerate, dead sea of corporate humanity. These great economies of nature were designed to co-work with His Gospel of grace and salvation to produce and perfect that society, to bring in that condition of peace, harmony, and universal brotherhood described by the holy seers of old, when "the wolf and the lamb shall lie down together; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither learn war any more; when they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; when your officers shall be peace, and your exactors righteousness; when every man shall sit under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make him afraid."

These stupendous and minute arrangements of the material world constitute the physical system of Commerce. They are its bone, blood, vein, and muscle. With such a constitution, with such a part to act in the destiny of mankind; chosen to such lofty companionships, to go side by side with the angel of the everlasting Gospel from nation to nation; to preach in the market of Athens what Paul preaches in the midst of Mars Hill, to head the ends and ethics of trade with the typified truth that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell upon all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times (or seasons) before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation;" to minister also to those wants which new perceptions and emotions of spiritual life have awakened in the minds of millions; to convey Bibles and all the

rich literature of Christian knowledge and civilization to populations just emerging from heathen darkness; to mark every upward step and tendency of island tribes, and supply them with stepping-stones, with material helps and suggestions—all this makes a mission for Commerce which every merchant and every merchant's apprentice should study and prize as one of the first dignities that God has conferred upon human industry. Every young man who fits himself for this honourable profession should study the physiology of the globe with as much assiduity, with as much enthusiasm, as the young surgeon studies the anatomy of the human frame. The analogies between the two bodies are not imaginary nor incidental, but natural, inevitable, and instructive. The Earth, too, has its spinal column and osteology in the great ranges of its rock-ribbed mountains. Its rivers are as numerous and have as much to do with its vitality as the veins in man. The great palpitating ocean, with its veins, arteries, and saline properties, occupies the same position and performs the same functions for the earth as the human heart does for man. The different soils that cover the habitable globe have the same diversified characteristics and purposes as the various muscular portions of our physical system. This *diagnosis* of the Earth should be an important element of Commercial Education. It will give not only to "those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business upon the great waters," but to those who more indirectly take part in the trade of nations, a system of laws governing Commerce as well-ordered, fixed, and definite as those that obtain in the physical constitution of the individual man. It will

expand the vision of the merchant to a larger comprehension of the origin, nature, and dignity of his occupation. It will supply him with a code of first principles as precise and infallible as those upon which the most accurate science is based. With this *diagnosis* of the earth's anatomy in one hand, and Paul's sermon on Mars Hill in the other, he will be able to bring to the solution of unsettled questions in political economy rules and standards of higher wisdom than the axioms of Adam Smith or Horace Say. He will see it written on every page of Nature's world-book, and prescribed by every statute in the organic act of Creation, that the Commerce of nations was designed to be as free as the course of rivers, or the flow and reflow of seas. He will see that perfectly *Free Trade* is the only condition provided for in the constitution of nature; that it is prescribed by the political economy of the seasons, soils, and climates; and that the policy of restriction is and must be a temporary and exceptional arrangement, for a temporary and exceptionable object. He may consent to this temporary departure from Nature's laws; he may approve and advocate it, to meet a special and abnormal emergency; just as a physician may administer large doses of opium to an individual at a certain stage of prostration, although he knows such drugs run counter to the constitutional laws of the human system in its normal state.

It is interesting and instructive to observe how Commerce has revealed, little by little, the laws that it has created and obeyed. In spite of all restrictions and burdens, it is vindicating its prerogative and mission of *universality*, as an interest belonging in joint ownership

to the whole family of nations. See how it is knitting up the rents which the sword and spirit of war have made between them. The seas and oceans are covered with white-winged ships working upon this web of brotherhood by night and day, in calm and tempest. Every vessel that spreads its canvass-pinions for a foreign shore, laden, bee-like, with the productions of a different climate and soil, contributes to that web a silken thread, both on its outward and homeward flight. Commerce has no country but the world, no patriotism but an earnest interest in the well-being of all the nations. Its genius, in this respect, runs parallel with the genius of Christianity, though in a lower course, just as subterranean rivers run parallel with those that show their silver currents to the sun. Commerce repudiates war as an outrage upon its domain. It will not obey the laws of war, nor recognise any nation as an enemy with which it has or may have intercourse. It presses against, through, and around the *chevaux-de-frise* of hostile restrictions, just as rivers press against dams of wood, hay, and stubble, designed to arrest their currents. It spurns blockades, and regards war-ships of any flag as bandits on the highway that God made for its mission. It claims that highway as its own domain. The ocean belongs to all nations just as much as the air of heaven. It is the great heart of the globe that supplies the air with its most vital elements; that purifies the waters which its river-arteries bring into its vasty deep, and sends them back through its cloud-veins to fall in soft rains and dews upon the earth. In addition to all these sanitary and germinating functions, it stretches

out its thousand palms to the sea-divided nations, and in the murmuring cadence of its waves against their shores, asks them to join hands across its blue and palpitating bosom. Commerce, the Prime Minister of Christianity, in this department of human brotherhood, lifts up all her white flags of truce against the sacrilege of reddening the ocean's breast with the blood of those nations. The late W. L. Marcy, a great man, of unostentatious worth and statesmanship, whose memory America will yet delight to honour, proposed to the Governments of Europe to abolish this sacrilege, and to let commerce have free course upon the sea, with no war-kites and war-vultures to pounce with bended beak upon its dove-winged carriers. That magnificent proposition may be held in abeyance a few years longer, but in the end the foremost nations of the earth will be constrained to adopt it. It must, it will come at last. Commerce must and will be free, by sea and land, in peace and war, if war shall still be possible when Commerce is freed from the last restriction. In spite of edicts and Orders in Council, in face of declarations of non-intercourse and blockaded ports, nations at war will continue to trade with each other, if the exchange of their productions has become a recognised necessity. They will buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market, though armies and fleets lie across their pathway. If gold is worth three per cent. more in New York than in London, it will cross the ocean, no matter what mischief its abstraction from the Bank of England may produce at home. If flour will bring a shilling a barrel net more in Liverpool than in New York, it will go to

that port, irrespective of the consequence of that exportation to the poor and breadless on this side of the ocean.

As we have said, Commerce recognises no war, nor any national predilections. This, perhaps, was never more fully and forcibly illustrated than during the recent war with Russia. The trade between that country and England was comparatively but very small, but certain Russian productions were indispensably necessary to the people of Great Britain, and such as they could not well obtain elsewhere. An interesting struggle of antagonistic interests ensued. All the Russian ports in the Baltic and Black-Sea were blockaded by the largest naval forces ever combined. Russian merchant vessels were scuttled and sunk by the hundreds. It seemed impossible for Commerce to penetrate the meshes of this terrible embargo. But these allied and embattled navies might as well have prevented the exhalations from river, lake, and sea, as to have prevented the trade of the two countries from finding veins of circulation. In fact, it was nearly as large between them at the fiercest stage of the conflict as in times of peace, though carried on through circuitous channels. Virtually, the very sails and ropes of the huge British war-ships before Cronstadt were made of Russian hemp that found its way to England in spite of all blockades and steaming cruisers. The British soldiers in the Crimea were partly fed with Russian grain which London drew to her market, just as "the sun draws rain," to use a familiar phrase. Under the awful bombardment of Sebastopol, while cannon-balls weighing one hundred pounds each were battering its

bulwarks, a bag of Russian corn for every bombshell stole out towards England by a winding way. But, what to a young mind must be singular and striking, Commerce not only held her own against these tremendous odds, but she made the two countries pay a heavy fine for blocking up her usual path. Every farthing's difference in the cost of transporting Russian produce by land through Germany, instead of by sea through the Baltic and Mediteranean, the people of England had to pay themselves. Their most eminent political economist, Mr. Ricardo, estimated that this enhancement of the price of Russian produce cost Great Britain £10,000,000 or $50,000,000 during the war. Nor was this trade a one-sided transaction. In return for hemp and corn to fit British ships, and feed British soldiers invading that country, there is no doubt that English manufacturers sent powder, lead, and muskets to Russia, to enable her to resist that invasion. Not directly, not intentionally, was this done. It merely followed the irresistible laws of Commerce, that knows no patriotism that works or wishes ill to a neighbour. It happened that there was a great demand for firearms, saltpetre, and lead at the neutral ports just on the Continental side of the British Channel—a very great demand, indeed, at large prices. As the sun draws rain, these prices drew to those ports the implemental machinery of war from England, to be turned against her fleets and armies. The British Government endeavoured to prohibit the exportation of these articles by severe and repeated edicts, but doubtless found it impossible to suppress the trade. In view of the immense cost and utter futility of attempting to arrest the trade of nations even at war with each

other, meetings of political economists were held in London, advocating the policy of letting Commerce have its own way by sea and land under all circumstances. I was present myself at some of these meetings, and listened to elaborate and complete demonstrations of the utter folly of endeavouring to nullify laws of trade as irrepealable and unchangeable as the course of rivers, or the flux and reflux of the ocean tides. See the working of the peace-making element of Commerce. Notwithstanding the Governments of Great Britain and Russia were engaged in a war to the knife, it was proposed that the people of these two countries should go on and trade with each other just as if nothing had happened! And still the commerce between the two countries is exceedingly small relatively. England sells more goods to the United States in one month than to Russia in a whole year. If such a small amount of mercantile intercourse will produce such bonds of interest between countries alien to each other in blood, language, and religion, what mighty cables of connection must hold together two nations united by such commercial, moral, and blood relationships as those that exist between England and America! It is instructive to see the occasional action of those giant hawsers that connect them on the great sea of human experience. Like members of even, well-regulated families, they sometimes fall out with each other, and for awhile seem to drift off into a hostile attitude. Ties of blood, oneness of language, the precepts of their common religion, in a word, all moral and political affinities appear to give way before the angry waves of prejudice or jealousy. The wind rises; the

head-sea of difficulties grows more and more boisterous; the helmsmen and pilots on both sides are at their wits' ends. But, at the very moment of the apprehended catastrophe, the two drifting ships of state feel the giant hawsers of Commerce. The great cable of COTTON holds them fast. Its twisted fibres are stronger than the winds and waves of passion.

The Father of all the families of the earth has not left the intercourse and intimacy of nations to the mere attraction of social or political affinities. He has connected them by vital, life-breathing bonds, increasing in strength and variety with the distance that divides them. Permit me to introduce an illustration which will enable the younger portion of this audience to comprehend more clearly the nature and operation of this connection.

Let us suppose that the island of Great Britain is the only tract of habitable land on the globe, and possessing its present climate, soil, and population. Now, then, imagine a line drawn through the centre from east to west, and the island cut into two equal parts. The people on one side of the line can grow just what their neighbours can produce on the other. There is no *table-tie* to connect them. But we will suppose that the southern half of the island begins to float southward, leaving the other fast anchored in its present position. It has receded two degrees, and the sun shines more blandly upon it, and the morning dews are warmer upon its green things, and fruits will come to more delicious maturity upon it than on the other half of the island. In a word, better peaches, pears, and apricots can be grown in South Britain than in North Britain. This difference creates a

delicate table-tie between them. It is a mere *string*, but it is something which they feel binding them together. But watch that string, as the southern section recedes from the other, and you will see it expand into a mighty cable, which all the swords of the world cannot cut in twain. South Britain slowly approaches the equator, and anchors for a season under still warmer skies. The warm night winds of the south breathe balmily on its vineyards and orange groves. It can now send back to its sister island fruits which its people never saw before—delicious grapes, figs, oranges, &c. The taste and sight of these products of another clime delight every sense, and every sense yearns for them. The children ask longingly for them; some of the younger ones, perhaps, cry for them. And now these beautiful, novel fruits, which the North Britons never dreamed of, never asked or wished for before, become an *acquired want*, almost an *absolute* necessary, to satisfy the appetites they have created. Thus the grape, the orange, and fig, and all of the other fruits sent by the South Britons to their brethren, constitute each a new table-tie to be twisted in with that solitary string which we had before into a rope which holds the two islands more firmly together the farther they recede from each other. See how that rope grows in size and strength, as South Britain nears the equator. It anchors again for a year in a still warmer clime, and its fields are covered with the luxuriant sugar-cane, cotton, coffee, and rice. It now sends back to its northern sister a stock of these wonderful productions, over and above its oranges, pine-apples, and other delicious fruits. The sugar is tasted, and declared the very thing.

for the table; and the children wonder how they could ever have been comfortable without it. Gradually it finds its way to every table, however frugal, and all at last declare that it is not only a luxury but a *necessary*. The coffee is tried—a little suspiciously at first—but is soon found to be an excellent substitute for cold water or beer for breakfast. Hundreds of ingenious people are set to work making nice cups to drink it from. It soon finds its way from the tables of the rich to those of the poor, who drink it from tin, iron, or pewter basins, or ruder vessels of earthenware. Gradually the people all begin to feel that they cannot get on well without coffee; so *coffee* becomes a *necessary*, of the second degree, or an *acquired* want. The *rice* is fair to look upon, and at first is served up delicately to invalids and to people of debilitated appetites, and then gradually to persons of common appetites, and is found to be an excellent article of food; and where a man once bought it by the ounce at the apothecary's for a child recovering from the measles, he now buys a pailful of it at a time of the grocer, for puddings of a family size. At last, mothers and matrons decide unanimously that they cannot get on well without *rice;* so rice becomes a *necessary*, of the second class. Here, then, we have three more table-ties, each larger and stronger than the whole cord which connected the two islands before. But we have another larger still to twist from the *cotton*. The arrival of this new production is hailed with wonder. Queer ideas are circulated about it; and many children are of the notion that it is a kind of wool that grows on *wooden* sheep. Some of it is spun into thread and sold in little balls for needle-

work. Some is woven with common sheep's wool into cloth; and even garments are made of it entire, and found excellent. The next year more of it comes from South Britain, and machines are made for spinning and weaving it, until hundreds and thousands of men, women, and children are employed in working it up for common use. And soon *cotton* is voted an absolute *necessary* to the North Britons. Cotton becomes the first *wardrobe*-tie between the two islands—a larger and stronger rope than either of the table-ties we have described. Every one of these ties grows larger and stronger every year. Let us twist them all into one great cable, and then compare it with the little string that connected the two islands when divided only by the distance of two or three degrees. We shall see how clear it is that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," in just such a way that the countries most widely divided by distance shall be the most firmly bound together by the necessity of each other's productions.

It is a beautiful feature of this economy that the spontaneous or superfluous productions of one country frequently rank among the first luxuries of another. For example, the thick and solid ice, which binds as with fetters of iron our New England rivers and lakes, and which has been the complaint of many mournful strains of early poetry, is becoming not only a luxury but a *necessary* of the first water to millions in southern climes. The mahogany and other precious woods, and the coarse plants which seem to encumber the ground, and to be standing evils of those regions, become even *necessaries*

to us, rendered almost absolute by the tastes and habits of these northern countries. Almost every year the continents and islands of the earth throw to each other a new line of connection in the form of some new article of manufacture or agricultural production, which first becomes a luxury to the rich, then a common necessary to the poor.

There is another striking feature of this arrangement which the enlightened statesman as well as merchant should study and admire. The strongest commercial ties that connect countries do not run parallel nor perpendicular to national boundaries. A map of the civilized world, giving the relative number, size, and strength of these cables of commerce, would show that portions of distinct, sea-divided countries are bound to each other by larger hawsers than parts of the same nation. For instance, the two sections of the globe most intimately and vitally connected by these bonds are not the two halves of Great Britain, nor the two halves of France, nor the two halves of the American Union, but they are the Southern States of this Republic and the manufacturing districts of England. Those States produce for England a greater value of raw material in the three articles of cotton, rice, and tobacco than she imports from the continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa all put together. And you will observe that not one of these three articles belongs to the first class of human necessities. Not one of them is absolutely indispensable for food, drink, clothing, or shelter. Not one of them was found by mere logical deduction from either of these four positive and primitive wants. No one ever dis-

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covered tea, coffee, cotton, rice, tobacco, or any of the tropical fruits, as the astronomers discovered the last planet, by certain aberrations or fluctuations of the human appetite which could not be accounted for otherwise. No, every one of these articles was stumbled upon by sheer accident. There was no pre-existing appetite that set men hunting after them. They themselves created the appetites which they now gratify.

Another fact is worthy of special notice, as indicating the constantly-increasing commodities that different countries are producing for each other, and for which their new tastes and appetites create a constantly-increasing demand. The articles which now constitute three-fourths of all the commerce that floats upon the sea were almost entirely unknown to the trade of nations two hundred years ago. Take coffee, for example. It was as late as 1714 when a single plant was brought from Arabia to Paris as a mere curiosity. That plant became the parent-stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into the East Indies, and the Spanish and French into all the West Indies and most of South America. In 1750 it is doubtful if all Christendom put together consumed so much coffee as Montreal, or Boston, or Sheffield does now. But in 1850, Europe and the United States imported over 270,000,000 lbs. of it. So it is with all the other articles I have mentioned. Cotton, which now exceeds in value every other raw production that crosses the ocean, was almost unknown to commerce within the memory of living men. In 1801, Great Britain imported about 54,000,000 lbs.; in 1852, she imported 930,000,000 lbs.

Luxury and fashion are constantly producing new articles of commerce—articles which many uneducated but honest minds can hardly rank among the *comforts* of life. I hope I may refer delicately to the new department of manufacture and trade which Her Majesty Queen *Crinoline* has instituted in these latter days of elegant habits. I recently visited an establishment in a small village in New England, which was working up, every day, about a ton of rolled cast steel into springs for *hoop-skirts.* I was told by the proprietor that at least 3,000 tons of this steel were thus manufactured in the United States alone, and probably *ten thousand* tons annually in the whole of Christendom. His own establishment turned out daily about *twenty-five* miles of this *hooping,* or enough to *skirt* the solid globe itself in a year, should Nature be tempted to come out in the ruling fashion.

England must always be the most commercial nation on the earth, because she must import more of the productions of different and distant countries than any other state or people. She must continue to be the greatest worker and consumer of their raw materials. In the first place, every house, barn, and shed, erected on her island for all the centuries to come, must be built of timber brought to her from across the sea. Every pound of cotton, silk, fur, tea, sugar, coffee, rice, and Indian corn, and every bottle of wine, which her future millions may consume, she must import from distant lands. To purchase for these millions a full supply of these articles, the God of nature has stowed the cellerage of her island with a stock of iron, coal, tin, and lime, sufficient to last to the end of time, besides a large store of copper and other

useful minerals. Then, superadded to these rich deposits, she possesses a vital and boundless wealth in her mechanical skill and industrial sinews for manufacturing and coining all this raw material into values as current and precious as gold.

In view of all these elements and influences of commerce, it can no more fairly be called *trade*, in the local, mercenary sense of the term, than the circulation of blood through the human system can be called a trade between the veins and arteries. The commerce between England and the United States, for example, is a vital condition of their very life and being as nations. It is a mighty life ligament, like that between the Siamese Twins, once exhibited in our cities, which would bleed both to weakness and comparative ruin if severed by the sword. The bonds of this commercial connection can no more be loosed than "the bands of Orion." The strength and terms of their compact were fixed in the ordination of the seasons, soils, and climates, five thousand years before either nation was born. Every year new reciprocal necessities and interests are strengthening and multiplying these bonds. Already two-thirds of all *Jonathan* has to sell, after supplying his own family, he sells to his brother *John*. Thus, two-thirds of the land, capital, and labour which the United States employ in what is called foreign trade, are invested in the business carried on under the firm of Messrs. *John and Jonathan*. Here, then, is a bond of immense compass and strength superadded to all the manifold interlacings of sympathy and fraternal associations which connect the two great empires of the English-speaking race. Here, in the taut and twisted

cords of this mighty hawser, Commerce has connected the two great kindred peoples together by bonds which, let us hope and pray, will hold them fast under the sudden strain of angry excitement and passion.

As one who has watched with the liveliest interest all that makes for the kindly brotherhood of nations, I am not willing to conclude without adverting to that new bond of peace which the recent commercial treaty has established between England and France. Who can measure, even in imagination, the good that may flow to the whole family of mankind from this inter-linking of two great neighbour nations, whose cordial union and mutual confidence might do so much for the peace and best interests of the world, especially for putting down that terrible war-system which is now devouring the industrial earnings of Christendom, and bleeding all its populations at every vein?

All hail, then, to the Higher Law and Mission of Commerce. Give it free scope and play to co-work with the sublime verities and vitalities of Christian faith, and some who hear me now in the golden locks of youth may live to see as a reality what the poet described as a possibility :—

> "Down the dark future, through long generations,
> The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
> And, like a bell, with solemn sweet vibrations,
> I hear the voice of Christ again say, Peace!
> Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
> The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
> But beautiful, as songs of the immortals,
> The holy melodies of love arise."

LECTURE

ON THE

Dignity and Comfort of the Farmer's Life.

DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF A COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY IN CENTRAL NEW YORK, IN OCTOBER, 1858.

IT is with great diffidence that I appear before you at this time. When I was first invited to present a few thoughts on this occasion, I shrank from the undertaking. I felt myself a mere novice in those occupations and interests which you have met to advance. Even if I had been a New England farmer all my days, our operations in that section of the country are so small compared with yours, that it would hardly have been appropriate for me to have ventured any suggestions with the expectation that they could be useful or interesting to the owners and tillers of those grand and fertile farms which constitute the wealth and glory of this great productive State. How much less could I hope to interest you by any observations I could present, when I recollected that I was merely serving the third year of my apprenticeship in agricultural life, and that all the farm I owned was a small sterile hill in Connecticut,

so poverty-stricken and exhausted when I acquired possession of it, that only a few sickly daisies and jaundiced weeds showed their diminished heads above the stones which, in many places, covered the ground three deep! With such antecedents, how could I have the face to come before the three-hundred-acre farmers of Central New York, and talk to them about any aspect or interest of their position? How could I come with a handful of weeds under my arm, and put on the airs of a wheat-grower or stock-raiser before such an assembly? Why, I had been laughed at by my nearest neighbours for my small and inexperienced undertakings in the farming line, and that, too, by men whose whole estates would not measure so many acres as one of your large wheat-fields. I think I may say, however, especially now that I am so far from home, that I stood up unflinchingly against all these jeers and gibes, and put the best possible face on my rude essays at agriculture. For a year or more I had but one reply to their wondering questions, and it was this—that I wished to go into co-partnership with Divine Providence in the work of creation; and that if, by virtue of that co-partnership, I could make two spires of grass grow where one did not before, it was as near a work of creation as man could well attain to. To one, who measured the satisfaction of farming only with a bushel-basket, I said there would be no merit in growing corn, rye, and potatoes in the rich and mellow acres of the valley; for there Nature would carry off seventy-five per cent. of the merit of the crop, and I was not willing to allow her such a lion's share. To another, who pretended to have a cultivated eye for

picturesque scenery, I observed that some rich men would pay several thousand dollars for a landscape-painting looking as much like life as a stuffed bird with glass eyes. But compare his costly painting with the glorious panorama of living, speaking scenery painted by nature from the stand-point of my stony hill, and it was a mere cold, lifeless daub. This, then, I would say, is my picture, painted and framed by Nature, and worth all I paid for the gallery to see it from. Instead of hanging this painting to the parlour-wall, I intend to hang the wall to the painting.

With these ideas I have followed the plough mostly for the last three years; and while its iron share turned over the sod, my mind turned up a few thoughts on—

The Dignity and Comfort of the Farmer's Life.

I know they are crude; and many of them may seem visionary and impracticable to you. But if such an association will commend them to your indulgence, I can truly say that they were all written on the head of a lime cask in my little barn, with no other editorial chair than a nail keg, covered with a handful of hay for a cushion. So I think you will admit that they bear the outward seal of agricultural life, if they do not contain any of its practical experience.

Still, it is not in the enthusiasm of a mere amateur or novice that I venture to present a few thoughts on the dignity, comfort, poetry, and patriotism of the farmer's life. They have come from considerable reflection on human occupations, their moral tendencies and results. If they are correct, I wish every man and boy who follows the plough would make them his own.

Persons in certain professions or businesses are full of what the French call *esprit de corps.* They pride themselves on the dignity of their occupation. There is the banker: see with what self-complacency and self-estimation he stands behind the cashier's counter, or in the director's chair, and decides, like a grave judge, upon the value and discountability of that I O U, handed over with timorous deference and trembling expectancy by a small trader, manufacturer, or farmer. With what a grace-dispensing air the money is counted out to the applicant, as if the ten or twelve per cent. per annum interest charged him did not diminish his debt of humble gratitude for such a dispensation! There are the three grades of merchants,—the Importer, the Factor, and Retailer. Every mother's sôn of them is full of the spirit of his order, and prides himself on the rank of his position. In all countries, an aristocratic vein runs through the sentiment of their profession. In the aristocracy of trade, the Importers are the *Dukes*, the Wholesale Dealers the *Earls*, and the Retailers the *Baronets* of the order. You will find traces of this sentiment in the smallest log-cabin grocery in Nebraska, as well as in the largest marble-palace warehouse in New York.

Now, I am not going to find fault with this animating sense of dignity which pervades the classes we have noticed. But I would say, in the fullest assurance of belief, that no class of men on earth have a better right to a distinctive *esprit de corps*, or to an elevating sense of the dignity of their occupation, than the owners and tillers of the soil. To say that, humanly speaking, they stand at the fountain-head of all sustenance for man and

beast, that they are the bankers God has chosen for discounting food and the raw materials of raiment and shelter to all the millions of His children upon earth, may sound like an old and hackneyed truism. To say that the productions of their industry constitute the prime values of the world's wealth, and that, without them, diamonds would be of no more worth than common pebbles, would be to run into questions of political economy, and it would not be proper to run in that direction on this occasion. But there is a sentiment that well becomes the honest, intelligent, and industrious farmer; not an idle pride of order, but a grateful and gladdening appreciation of the dignity of his occupation, of its elevating tendencies and surroundings.

There are but three *poets* in the family of man, using that term in its literal Greek significance, or that which conveys the idea of *creating*. If the intelligent, cultivated farmer is not the first, he is not the last of the trio. What the word-poet does with the spoken language of thought, the farmer does with the physical syllables of creation, or its green acres given to man. Take the grandest epic of any language or age, and place it side by side with the great agricultural poem of the American continent; contrast the prose material of the one with the prose material of the other; take the elements that Homer found ready prepared for his pen, and those the American farmer found ready for his plough, and then compare the merits of the two superstructures, and say which of the two epic poems should rank first in human estimation. The painter is a *poet*, in its literal signification, because he can *create* as well as imitate a landscape. But what

he can do on canvass with his pencil, the farmer can do on the broad earth with his plough. The best colours of the rainbow, the softest, choicest dews that come down out of heaven, sunbeams, moonbeams, and starbeams, and balmy south blowings, summer showers and lightnings, come and commingle on his easel of themselves, and make a picture of his cornfields which the painter, with his oils and chemical preparations, cannot rival. Look at Old England. There is landscape-painting for you that will beat Landseer's "all hollow," the painting of the *plough*, done with artistic touches of exquisite beauty. Look at that hill, declining so gently into the meadow, with its grass so green, soft, and silky, that the great pied cows are mirrored in it more distinctly than in water. What was that hill three centuries ago? What was it before the artistry of the farmer's broad hand touched it with his toil? Covered with coarse brakes or briers, doubtless the lair of reptiles and noisome vermin. Is it not a *painting* now, of as fine order of genius as ever hung in a royal gallery? See those green hedges running over it from base to base, breathing and blooming with sweet-brier blossoms and hawthorn flowers. See the grouping and contrast of colours, of light and shade, which those fields present. There is one of wheat, yellowing to harvest. How the vivid greenness of the oat-field adjoining contrasts with it! Next comes one in fallow, with its lake-coloured furrows lying as even and as straight as if turned by machinery. Then comes a field of barley, followed by one of English beans all in their gorgeous flower, looking like a little Eden of *forget-me-nots;* then the meadow, with its tall grass so thick,

soft, and green. Every one of these fields, surrounded by its hawthorn hedge, looks like a framed landscape-painting, hung against that hill by an artist in a way to make the whole a gallery of living pictures arranged to show their contrasts with the greatest effect upon the traveller. Old England is one continuous gallery of this agricultural artistry; and she will, doubtless, for a century to come, be the normal school of the world for the education of landscape-painters with the plough.

There is no country in the world that can be made more picturesque by the artistry of agriculture than New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, notwithstanding our long winters; in no country, not in England at least, are the hills more grand and varied, and the valleys more extensive and adapted to a greater diversity of vegetation. Now, in all this, I would not advocate *picture*-farming, or the collocation of crops merely to produce an artistic effect, or a landscape-painting, which people passing may stop to admire. No farmer in England ever did that, or thought of doing it. All this scenic effect in that country is merely an incidental result of profitable industry. It comes from that rotation of crops that *pays* best. It is a gratuitous drapery which nature throws around the best cultivated fields as a token of her approbation and co-partnership.

But there is a higher dignity than that of poetry or painting that attaches to the farmer's profession; a dignity which should make him walk as erect and look the blue heavens as proudly in the face as any man who treads the earth. No industry to which human hands were ever set since the first pair were made is deserving of higher

estimation than his. For, of all the toilers of the earth, he stands in the closest co-partnership with Divine Providence in its realm of nature. See now the conditions of this co-partnership, the capital which each invests in one summer's crop. Here, for example, is a cultivated farm of one hundred acres of land. The Creator might have made that land bear stout crops of wheat and corn all of itself, without man's help; but He did not, and would not. He condescended to admit man to a partnership with Him, in variegating the verdure of those acres, in covering them with waving grain and yellow harvests. He would not let nature produce any crops for human sustenance without the co-working of human sinews. The wheel of the seasons might turn on for ever, scattering rain, dew, light, and heat, and every germinating influence; but, unless it was *belted* on to man's industry, it would not turn out a sheaf of wheat or a loaf of bread. But see what comes of the connection, when a pair or two of hands and hoping hearts join their activities to the revolutions of that wheel. How generously nature divides with man the honour and joy of the crop! How she works with all the sublime and minute economies of the seasons in this partnership of toil! The very shape of the earth's orbit, and all its million-miled march-stages around the sun, as well as the fine dew-distillery of the evening sky, are brought to bear upon the production of those fields. See how the light and heat are graduated to the growth of those acres of Indian corn. See the temperature that nurses it into the blade, then into the stalk, then into the silken settings of the ear. See what purple curtains are hung around the

horizon; what drying, jocund, fall winds blow; what a ruddy-faced sun glows upon the ripening ears, reddening them to Indian summer tints, as they peer from the white lace drapery that enfolded them! Look at that sight, and never more let a murmur of discontent stir your lips when you talk of merchants, manufacturers, or joint-stock companies, or any other occupation or profession whatever. Joint-stock companies, indeed! What company of that sort ever formed on earth can compare with the joint-stock company that carries on the smallest farm? What a firm of active partners have we here! What a diversity of capital is invested in the enterprise! What sympathy and co-working! Where falls one drop from the moistened brow of the farmer, there fall a thousand of germinating dew from heaven; and the combination touches the life of every plant and blade with a new vitality and verdure.

There is another quality of the farmer's position which should be noticed in this connection. Of all the utilitarian producers who work for human comfort, he is the only one who feels an interest in the productions of his industry above, and independent of, their *money* value. The manufacturer sees in his wares the representatives of so many dollars. They are mostly the production of a single day, or of a week at longest. In this short period, twenty-five per cent. of human, and seventy-five of machine, labour have brought them from inception to perfection, ready for market, all labelled, packed, cased, or baled. Doubtless he feels no little satisfaction at the quality as well as value of his goods, and estimates the worth which their high reputation may realize to him.

To this extent, no further, goes out his heart-interest towards them. As he walks among his well-corded bales or banded boxes, the main chance is in his eye and in his mind. There is no impulse to a cosy patting, or any expression of attachment to them, by word or look. Reduce bale, box, or package to its constituent and positive value, and you have, as the *residuum*, a certain number of red cents.

Now let us turn to the farmer and his productions. Every animal he houses in winter, and pastures in summer; every crop of grain, grass, or roots of different names; every tree that flowers for him in spring or fruits in autumn, radiates outward from his heart in so many concentric circles of attachment, and it attaches itself to them by nicely-graduated sentiments of interest. They are a concentric extension of his family relations; and they all resemble, in growth and development, the family characteristics. They all have an infancy to be nurtured with tenderness, care, hope, and faith. The first circle of his family relationships, outside the human one of wife and children, of which he is the centre, is the barn-yard community of his horses, cattle, sheep, &c. Look at the family *horse*, a little grayish about the eyes with age, but still called the *colt*, most likely. He was young when the farmer set his first baby-boy on his back for a ride around the yard. For ten years or more that homely horse has borne the brunt and burden of family service. His very neigh, as he hears the farmer stirring in the morning, is a voice half human to every member of the family circle, and has a speech in it the youngest child understands. Half a dozen infants, within that

period, have been held up in those broad, thick hands to "pat pony" on the neck, or dabble their little fingers in his mane. What recognitions of sympathy have passed between him and his master in toiling, burning hours of summer, or when plunging through drifted snows towards a common home in winter; in the stable, in the field, and on the road! Does not the owner of that horse see in him a worth that copper cents cannot represent? Then there is that pair of broad-horned Devonshire oxen. They were born under his roof—his barn-roof, which is socially a continuation of that under which his children were born. They are six years old, of the same age as his second boy. His mother weaned him and his father weaned them at the same time. How many morning and evening hours he gave to the work! And now they are large, staid, dignified oxen, with necks hardened to the yoke. Their great round eyes beam with intelligence and honesty. As he unchains them from the plough, and lets down for them the pasture bars, the uncouth and odd words he utters by way of benediction may not be in the dictionary, but they bring a new light to those horned faces, like the sunshine of gladness. There is something more than the sheer value of coined copper in those oxen which he sees and feels. So it is with the remoter circles of his interests and relationships—with the trees he plants, whose life is to outlast his own and bear fruit for his children. They have their infancy and their nursing. Almost next to the baby's footing the carpet space erect for the first time, is the ripening of the first apple, peach, or pear on one of those little trees he has tended and nursed with such care.

So it is with the growth, gathering, and enjoyment of all his crops. The shortest-lived one of the whole requires three months or more of skilful cultivation. Thus, all he sows and reaps has a resemblance to the different stages of human existence, and begets within him an interest in his productions unknown to the banker, merchant, and manufacturer.

There is another point of view in which the farmer's position and occupation may be considered to his advantage. The strongest love of country attaches itself to the home he makes for himself and his children. Here the most enduring forms of fervid patriotism have their birth and culture. What a country would be if it were one continuous city, and fed from foreign lands, we know not; for no such case has ever existed. But it would be impossible to conceive how strong local attachments could ever be formed under such circumstances; and where they do not exist, the love of country must be a weak and uncertain sentiment. Take one of our large cities, for example, and walk for half a mile along a street of "brown stone fronts," or of stately brick houses, all after the same pattern, insomuch that a child born in one of them could not distinguish it from a dozen others without the help of its nurse or companion who can read the number. Here are houses, inside and out, as much like each other as if cast in the same mould. One may be a little nearer the end of the street than the other, and that may tend to individualize it from the rest. But how is a child to throw the tendrils of its young affections around such a residence, and cling to it with growing attachment through life? If travelling in distant

lands in young manhood, how is he going to individualize No. 10 from No. 11 or 12, and make it as distinct from all other earthly localities as his own being is from all other forms of human existence? What a small object for his yearning affections that stream homeward over the ocean is the engraved plate over his father's door, differing only in one figure from its fellow on either side! Then add to this faint and undeveloped localization the contingency of rentage and removal two or three times in a dozen years to other brick houses of the same mould, and you have the poorest school under the sun for the education of home attachments and strong-hearted patriotism. Now, turn to the farmer, wherever he owns and tills the soil, especially in New England and the Middle States; go where you will, however few or many the acres he calls his own, whether they lie in valley, on hill-side, or mountain, his home is as strongly individualized from that of his neighbour as his own face is from that of the same man. His homestead stands out distinct, in prominent features, from all other inhabited localities on earth. It is marked with rocks, nooks, and dells that differ from all others ever grouped within a mile's circuit. The very brook that threads the meadows with its rippling music runs through his with a different curve, under differently-jutting banks, making different coves for the little speckled and red-gilled fishes, which his children watch with eager-eyed interest, as if they belonged to the farm as much as the pied calves in the pasture, or the chickens in the barn-yard, or the honey-bees by the garden-wall. The very birds and squirrels that house themselves on the great walnut-tree on one

side and the cherry-tree on the other, are regarded as a part of the family circle by his boys. The mountain or valley scenery from his door, or from the opening in his orchard, is all unlike the view that any other point commands in the whole country round. Here, then, is a home that the heart, in infancy or age, in joy and affliction, in all the vicissitudes of human life, can cling to, with a separate object for every one of its thousand tendrils to clasp in yearning embrace. Here is a home that it can individualize, and grasp in its dreams in far-off countries. His youngest child, before it can pronounce the word, recognises, with its short-sighted vision, this birthplace of its existence; and its little bead-eyes and baby-hands and voice run out after it, beaming and bouncing and twittering with gladness in its mother's arms as they return from a visit to their nearest neighbours. The love of country—that patriotism that endures to the end, though that end be on the scaffold—grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of these home attachments. In view of these results and characteristics of his occupation, who has a right to say that the farmer is not entitled to rank himself in the very vanguard of society?—to feel that he stands as near as any living man to the great virtues and destinies of the nation?

There is an aspect of the farmer's position seldom noticed, though it is well worthy of thoughtful attention. I have already adverted to his co-partnerships. Let me now ask you to consider those virtuous companionships of nature, those peculiar surroundings, designed to shape his character, and make him the noblest work of God,—

an honest man. It is not a fancy, but a fact, proved by the character and experience of mankind, reaching back to that early day when Jacob tended the flocks and herds of double-dealing Laban. Not only sheep and cattle, but men, are greatly affected and modified by their surroundings, animate and inanimate. In building a house, we must have base lines, or perpendicular lines, or standards to square and measure by. In building up a strong, well-compacted moral character, we must have also a great variety of outward circumstances to give a shaping bias to the structure; not only written precepts of unerring wisdom, and instructive examples of great human lives, but *material* measures and models, contrasts and comparisons drawn from the lower orders of creation. For illustration: after counting in, at its full value, every moral element that mingles in the character of the people of England, it is easy to notice a peculiarity which must have come from one of these material surroundings. There is no wood on the face of the earth so enduring, so iron-hearted, brave, and unbending as the old English *Oak.* There is no people in the world so distinguished for hardy, invincible, everlasting *pluck* as the English race, especially in grappling with the elements, in wrestling down the wrath and fury of the ocean with their ships, in spanning straits, levelling mountains, and in other similar enterprises. All their old indomitable houses have a show of *pluck* about them, as if they said to Time, "Now do your worst for three centuries to come, and see what impression you can make upon us." You see this *pluck* illustrated in the very wheels of pleasure carriages and pony phaetons, which are as broad-

rimmed and heavy as those of our horse-carts and stage-coaches. After allowing all that any one ought to claim for the higher grade of shaping influences, I believe that this peculiar *pluck*-characteristic comes, to a large extent, from the influence of the English *Oak* upon the mind of that people, from generation to generation. There it stands for a thousand years, with its heart of iron, and its leaves green with the dew of youth—a perpetual model and illustration of all that is unbending, strong, and sturdy in tempest and trial. Generation after generation unconsciously *square* to it in building up a character. Their most animating songs refer to its virtues. "*Hearts of Oak!*" has been sung or shouted by British soldiers and sailors in the breach of stormed cities and on the reddened billows at Aboukir and Trafalgar. "I am a chip of heart of oak" is another stirring battle-cry in the conflict with the elements or with human enemies. Now, can anyone believe that the English people would ever have had this peculiar characteristic so fully developed, if all the trees of their island had been *poplar*, *palm*, or *palmetto?* What heroic inspirations to noble daring could come out of a song beginning with, "*Ye hearts of poplar!*" "*I am a chip of willow!*" Just think of it! of the effect of such comparisons upon the mind! Now, then, if the farmer is not the most stable, honest, truthful, upright man in the community, it is because he sins against his surroundings, as well as against those moral precepts and obligations which are addressed to him in common with his neighbours of other occupations. In the first place, there are the broad, blue heavens above his head, with all their glorious purities, from morning

till night, in spring, summer, autumn, and winter. He has more opportunity and occasion to study their features than any other living man. He ploughs, sows, and reaps by them. They are his weather-manual, and he peers into their cloud-leaves for hints and instructions. The sweep and revolution of planets, and all the sublime phenomena of the sky-world, are familiarly associated in his mind with seed-time and harvest. No one has such a variety of inducements "to look erect at heaven" so frequently, so inquiringly as he. Then he is out all day, and returns at night, in the companionship of birds and bees, that teach and illustrate the happiness of honest and hopeful industry, and sing him their best songs to cheer his own. Then there are his horse, cattle, sheep, and dog, with their large and honest eyes, all illustrating faithfulness, truth, and patience. These are virtuous surroundings of a human life. They are outside helps to the formation of that sterling, honest, well-rounded character which should distinguish the farmer, and raise him in the estimation of the community.

Let us next glance at his personal comforts and capacities of enjoyment as compared with those of other positions. His face is tanned and swart. His hands are broad and hard, with large blunt fingers. He wears heavy boots in summer, of cow-hide, stiff and strong, with heels shod with stout iron nails. Grant that he may walk a little clumsily in haying and harvest, and his shirt-sleeves be a little autumnal in shading in hoeing time. Make the worst of all that, and then compare these external appearances, at their most unfavourable contrast, with those of the merchant, manufacturer, and

men of indoor occupation. There is something as an offset on the page of personal comforts which may be quoted to his advantage. We have all heard of persons called *epicures*, men who make it the study of their lives to please their palates with the most delicious viands and drinks; men who would hunt a whole day for a couple of tender birds, weighing an ounce each when dressed; who are great amateurs in *juleps* of different flavour, and *punches* iced and seasoned after an *élite* fashion. Now compare all the relish with which such men pamper their appetites with the personal enjoyments of that man of the bronzed face who earns and eats his bread by the sweat of his brow. Why, the fabled deities of Olympus, who breakfasted on ambrosia and nectar juleps, never knew anything of the pleasure of appetite compared with the farmer. See him now with his boys on a cloudless July day in the meadow. See the strong and graceful sway of those stalwart arms as they swing their sharp and crooked scythes through the serried ranks of herdsgrass and clover, tinted with daisies and buttercups, and moistened by the last drops of dew that shall freshen them under the morning sun. Listen to the crispy ring of those long-curved blades, as at each stroke they gather against their keen edges a three-feet sweep of standing grass, and lay it down on the clean-shaven sward, each severed stalk breathing out its life of fragrance on the morning air. Of all human activities and employments, what one compares, for manly strength and grace of motion, with the mower's steady swing and tread through his meadows? It is the poetry of labour, the crowning epic of human industry. Never are dews

so pearly and pure, never is the air of heaven perfumed with such fragrance, never sing the birds with such extacy in their little palpitating hearts, as in haying time. Did you ever note the happy things at this peculiar season? How they bring out their best songs, and sing "Sweet Home," "Over the Daisies," "On the Cherry Tree," "The Bumble Bee's Anthem," "The Bobolink's Waltz," "The Moss Nest," and other popular bird-airs from the old masters that sung to Eve in Eden! Master Bobolink is the Monsieur Julien of the meadow-choir, and does up the facetious with inimitable grace and special gusto in haying time. He never flies across the meadow so many times a day as when he hears the morning clip and cling of the scythe. He always brings out his best songs for the mowers, in his most loquacious and incomprehensible Dutch. Sticking to the court dress of the middle ages, with the white lappets of his coat touched up with the early dew, what a song he pours down into the farmer's ears, as he swaggers through the air, playing off, in his roguery, the half-drunken harlequin!

So much for bird and brook music provided for the farmer, by which to regulate the beats of his industry. Now look at him at one of his epicurean enjoyments, at the half-past nine morning luncheon. Luncheon! I hope you all know the meaning of that delicious institution of agricultural labour. If not, you may learn a little of its significance at the sight under that wide-spread elm. The farmer and his sons have girdled that meadow with twenty swaths, and they are now seated in a circle on the soft, cool grass under that ample shade.

See him now remove the white cloth from the top of that basket, and spread it over the circular space they enclose. See him lift out one by one the articles of food and refreshment the good wife and mother at home has put up with such neatness and care,—bread and butter, cold meats, a few pieces of pie, and dried beef cut in thin and even slices. Then there is a plate of pickled beans or cucumbers just struck through. Just think of the six appetites that encircled that basket before it was uncovered, and of the appetites they became at the sight and savour of those delicious morsels! Talk of *epicures!* of broiled woodcock, and pies of pheasant tongues! What is all that, with its highest seasoning, compared with the relish with which three hours' mowing has seasoned these bits of common food to that ruddy-browed farmer and his sons? The ambrosia of the idle deities of Olympus was mere bean-porridge compared with the dainty luxury of brown bread to the man who grows and eats it by the sweat of his brow. It is in this seasoning of toil that Nature and Providence bless the humblest food to the farmer with a relish unknown to the epicures of regal courts.

Drink is it? juleps? nectarine punches, and other artistic mixtures to delight the taste? Look into that deep, dark well, with the cold water just perceptible. That is a more delicious drink to the farmer than was ever distilled from nectar for Jupiter. He wants no golden or silver goblet to drink it from. The old oaken bucket, swinging on its iron swivel, is better to him than all the chased ware of luxury. See him at the windlass or well-sweep, with his face red and dusty, and his

mouth, eyes, and throat chafed with hay-seed. Hear the big-bottomed bucket bump against the moss-covered stones as it descends. There is the splash, and the cold, gurgling sound at the filling; and now it slowly ascends, with a spray of water-drops dashing against the wall, every one giving a new edge to the farmer's thirst. There it is, standing on the curb before him, and it mirrors the moistened and reddened face which bends to the draught. There is a drink for you that nature has distilled for the farmer's lips the like of which fabled Olympus never knew.

So with sleep. How many thousands of men clothed in fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, in the most gorgeous abodes that wealth can furnish, would give half their fortunes for the deep enjoyment of the farmer's slumber!

Let us now consider that aspect of the farmer's position which he is most apt to view in a disparaging light, to his own disadvantage and discomfort. No impression has been more hurtful to his mind than the ungrateful notion that his earnings are small, slow, and hard, when compared with those of other occupations. The disturbing question often creeps into his heart and comes to his lips, how many merchants and manufacturers make more money in one year than he can in ten with all his close economy and hard toil. Who can tell? He cannot, nor can we. Their number may be quite large, but not half so large as the list of merchants and manufacturers, each of whom has lost more in a single month than all the farmers in ten miles square for fifty years. There is something on the other side of the account current of

these occupations. The principle of *compensation* runs through and underlies all their issues. In the scrub race for riches, a few will win the prizes at the end of the course. They will record their names among the *upper ten* or the lower twenty. But the hundreds who started with them, and swamped their hopes and fortunes in utter bankruptcy, are hardly noticed by an incidental mention. If there were not some, if there were not *many* men of great wealth in these precarious and hazardous occupations, the odds against their line of business would be greatly disproportionate compared with the farmer's gains. He greatly underrates the comfort and dignity of his own position to envy them. Wherein has Providence ordained that his condition should equal theirs? How does the compensation principle of nature's laws work in his behalf, to equalize the long run of his life with their average career? It does it in this way: it makes his earnings *sure*, however *slow* they may be. Are his yearly returns smaller than theirs? They are merely less the *discount* that Providence charges him as compensation for guaranteeing to him a safe and steady income; for sheltering his earthly all against the sudden hazards and sweeping ruin to which the merchant is exposed every year of his business life; for shutting out of his lot the heart-wearying perils of protested paper, bank payments, and the thousand annoyances of expanded credit and fraudulent debtors. Think of that. How can he have the heart to murmur at the discount he must allow from his yearly income for all these blessed exemptions? Slow earnings! small fortunes! O, neighbour Broadback, never give place to that ungrateful thought for a single

moment. It is unworthy of you. It suggests a most unjust comparison with the lot of others not half so favoured as your own. "Did I not agree with you for a penny a day?" asked the master of the vineyard, in Scripture, of the envious and complaining labourer. When a similar murmur nestles among your morning, noonday, or evening thoughts, realize that Providence puts the same question to you, slightly altered: "Did I not engage to protect you against those harrowing anxieties, those daily perils of property which eat into the souls of men of other occupations, and enslave them all their lives long to the fear of poverty and the love of riches? Did I not invest your little earthly all in the bank of nature, which never suspended a dividend to a human stockholder since the first dew-drop fell on the trees of Eden? When the paper banks of cities contracted or suspended their issues, when fortunes built upon fictions crumbled to the dust, and alarm and ruin reigned in all the great centres of trade, were not your deposits safe? Did nature contract its dividends to you by a single dew-drop? by a single sunbeam? by scanting the issues of a single rain-cloud? Did the disaster that overwhelmed thousands of merchants, manufacturers, and bankers touch the sustenance of your family by a single kernel of corn? Did one blade of it pale and droop in your field for all the withering of ostentatious wealth you witnessed at a distance?"

But I am confident that this murmuring at slow earnings has been largely cured by the experiences of the past year; that the most complaining farmer, seeing the sudden crash and ruin to which the mercantile and

manufacturing interests are exposed, has come to a clearer perception of the comfort and dignity of his position; that he feels more than reconciled to that discount charged on his income, as an offset for the guaranty of Providence against the corroding cares, hazards, and dangers through which a comparative few obtain larger fortunes by other occupations.

There are a great many kinds of property that constitute wealth, its equivalent or representative. Take those fortunes which farmers are most tempted to envy, and you will find hay, wood, and stubble alternating in them from bottom to top, or values which are fictitious, arbitrary, and precarious. A breath of suspicion, a whisper on 'Change, may wither some of these elements of wealth in a moment. They are appropriately and expressively called *fancy stocks;* and millions of money and tens of millions of *promises* to pay are invested in them. They are soap-bubbles, brilliant with the gorgeous hues of money of all metals, but they collapse to a sediment of froth at the first adverse wind. Then there is another set of *securities*, ranking higher in the scale of reality, but based upon mutable values and subject to sudden and sweeping deterioration. They include shares in joint-stock companies, and in speculating enterprises, in which one stakes his money almost on a game of chance. In these two classes of reputed property we have the hay and stubble of wealth. Next comes the *wood* element, or the ownership and rentage of city buildings, corner lots, "brown stone fronts," and the like. This is so substantial and permanent in seeming, that it is called *real* estate. But it is not fairly entitled to that term. It may produce a

large income to the owner in times of reckless speculation, luxurious living, and expensive show. But in times of depression and financial collapse, it may not produce the taxes upon it. The whole of it yields no positive or independent values to the occupant. The rentage is an outgo to him, a bill of expense, to be charged over against the profits he may derive from his capital and labour invested in other species of property. The owner pockets money entered on the wrong, the unproductive, the debit side of the debtor's ledger. I repeat, therefore, that such property is not strictly entitled to the term *real* estate, because it is not positively and independently *reproductive.* It may be so much more substantial and safe, in the long run, than *fancy stocks* and paper bonds of moonshine companies, embellished with beautifully-engraved *vignettes,* as to be called *real* in comparison; but the only *real* property, in an absolute sense, is that represented by cultivated farms. It is in this intrinsic value of land, ploughed, sown, and reaped for generations, that the farmer has the advantage over every other property-owner in the community. All his hard-soiled acres are on the right side of the ledger. His revenues from them are positive values to himself and to the world around him. They are food for man and beast; vital sustenance, without which money would have no value and wealth no existence. The productions of his farm are *real,* absolute, and independent, in positive worth, of all the fluctuations to which mercantile property and stocks of every kind are subject. His lands will not burn nor blow away, nor founder in the tempest. There they are for ever, softened and moistened by the

same rain and dew, warmed to green and exuberant life by the same sunbeams, ready to give back to the tiller's hand manifold rewards for his toil. If he and his descendants deal honestly with them, they never weary nor wane, but wax more abundant in production for a thousand years. Go to old England, to the parts settled and cultivated by the rural Saxons ten centuries ago. From the time they first turned the virgin sod with their rude wooden ploughs to the present moment, those lands have become more and more productive in their revenues, until, at this moment, they stand unrivalled on the globe. A thousand consecutive harvests have not exhausted but enriched them. There is a *real* estate for you. Go to that old Saxon farm in Sussex, on which some follower of Hengist or Horsa *squatted* before the English language was born; reckon up the value of its thousand harvests, including that which has just been gathered, and compare the productive value of those acres to mankind with the worth of *fancy stocks*, or the rent of a brown stone front, or of a marble palace for the sale of calicoes. The only estate which Divine Providence ordained to be a real and everlasting value, in the material world, it has entrusted, as the highest honour of human industry, to the stewardship and occupancy of the farmer.

After all that has been said, felt, and secretly murmured of the slow earnings and small properties of American farmers, after all the disparaging comparisons with merchants, manufacturers, and bankers, which they have been in the habit of arraying against themselves, they constitute, if they did but realize it, the great aristocratic democracy of the country. Please admit the

term—an *aristocratic* democracy—the *hoi polloi* of even fortune; the independent owners and tillers of nearly all the productive acres of this great continent; that fast-anchored yeomanry that mediate between Providence and all other classes of the community, and feed them daily with the productions of their industry. It is for this mission and position that I would say to them: Cultivate and cherish a proper sense of your dignity. Give up the habit of dividing yourselves into individual atoms, and comparing yourselves, thus isolated, with men of city wealth and standing, with the *Girards, Astors,* and the merchant princes of commerce. You see what comes of such comparisons—first, a depressing sense of disparity of fortune; then a sense of littleness and insignificance, which is all unworthy of you. Don't take off your hat in obsequious reverence to the Girards, Astors, or any speculating capitalists of the country. Who were they, or who are the men that have succeeded them, in the ranks of wealth? They are the oligarchy, are they, that own all the banks, warehouses, factories, and shipping of the nation? Grant that. But why should this show of wealth impress you with a sense of inferiority as a class? Empty the vaults of all those banks into one great depository, and all the goods in those warehouses, and all the bales, wrought and unwrought, in those factories, and all the value of those ships, and the worth of all the city lots and edifices from one end of the Union to the other; take an inventory of all the real and personal estates of all other classes in the land, and compare it all with the active, indestructible wealth of the farmers of America, and see how small it is

in comparative value. Why, the whole continent, with all its millions upon millions of cultivated acres, belongs to the farmers. See how the plough is breaking up the measureless solitudes of the Western World. To watch the movement of one share, the process seems slow. To watch the growth of one farmer's estate, the accumulation seems slow. But unite farmer to farmer, and measure the furrows they turn, the harvests they reap, the homes they build, the wealth they win as a class, and you will have an approximate idea of their relative position in society. See how these noiseless, industrial hosts are subduing hill, valley, and prairie from ocean to ocean. I believe the farmer can still wield the axe who felled the first tree north of the Ohio. Middle-aged men can remember when the whole population of Northern Illinois was gathered at night within one picket-fort for protection against the Indians; when all the great fertile world west of the Mississppi was, virtually, an unexplored country. See how the farmer's plough has turned and overturned, until millions have followed in its wake, and planted great and populous states, with cities, towns, and villages of almost fabulous growth. The plough moves on in its God-honoured mission and might, turning *back furrows* against the Rocky Mountains on either side. All the vast space between those mountains and the Mississippi is but one land or *stetch* for the farmer yeomanry of America; all west of those mountains to the Pacific is but another. The child, doubtless, lives who will see, ere his locks are grey, both these almost measureless intervals turned by the farmer's share, and reaped by his sickle. What chiefly gives power and position to the

aristocracy of Great Britain? Why, the ownership of the land of that island. Well, the farmers of America own a continent, containing the space and agricultural capacity of a hundred such islands; and they will own it to the end of time. Without any laws of primogeniture, all the arable acres of the northern half of the New World will be their possession and heritage.

Class-feeling is un-American, undemocratic. Still, the farmers of America, in justice to themselves, should be animated with that *esprit de corps*, with that sense of the dignity of their occupation and position, that shall raise them above all self-disparaging comparisons with other classes of the community, measured by any standard whatever.

We have noticed several distinguishing aspects of the farmer's position,—the dignity, comfort, poetry, and patriotic tendencies of his life and occupation. What he has been in past years of self-depression as a citizen is no criterion whereby to measure the mental status and stamina to which he ought and is yet to attain. Surrounded by such influences, standing in such relations to Nature, Providence, and his fellows of other occupations; living and labouring, from morning until night, in such close companionship with the seasons, with all the beautiful economies and picturesque sceneries of creation; with all the living literature of its glory-bound volume turned over by day-leaves before his eyes; with all these perpetual and gratuitous teachings of the outward world on one hand, and with all the fountains of human literature which stream towards him on the other, he sins against his duty and privilege if he does not reach and

sustain the best-rounded mental character, the strongest stature of sterling common sense and general knowledge, of any member of the community.

Let by-gones be by-gones. "Let the dead past bury its dead." Let the farmer put off the fetters of its associations and measurements as Samson put from his limbs the hampering cords of the Philistines. Let him come forth and stand in the sunlight of this mighty present that is dawning upon the world, and take his true position in its dignities and duties as a man best qualified to fill them by his large compass of practical and varied knowledge. Shall the cockney upstarts of fashion, luxury, and city-life call him a *clodhopper* hereafter?—*him*, a prime landlord of this great and beautiful creation, on whom its Almighty Architect has conferred such high trusts, and such pre-eminent means and motives of self-culture and elevation? He a "*clodhopper*," whom God has put to the highest school of heart-and-mind education ever opened on earth? Let by-gones be by-gones, I say again. Let the obsolete standards of the past be buried with it as the tomahawk and scalping-knife of Indian warriors are buried with them. Look at the educating agencies and influences which the present has brought to the American farmer. We have glanced at the schooling which Nature gives him in her three-quarters' term of outdoor instruction from seed-time to the ingathering of his year's harvests. When his barns, cellar, and garret are filled with the produce of his fields, Nature looks abroad for a few days with the ruddy smile of Indian summer, as if she said to the Earth, "Well done; thou hast been faithful to man. Wrap thy white

mantle around thee, and enter upon thy winter's rest; while man, whom thou hast so bountifully fed and clothed for his daily toil, shall enter upon his, and gather, until spring, intellectual strength and enjoyment from the living world of thought which the printed page of its varied literature shall bring to him at his fireside." To all men the God of Providence and grace has given one day in seven for rest and religious devotion. To the farmer, He has not only given this day with a peculiar relish for its enjoyment, but also the three winter months of the year, in which to store his mind from those boundless sources of knowledge which the Press has brought to his door. In the first place, the literature connected with his occupation exceeds, in extent and variety, that of all other industrial professions in the world,—a literature to which great and cultivated minds, in all civilized countries, are contributing their best thoughts and learning. Doubtless there have been more gifted pens and tongues employed upon the subject of agriculture within the last five years than there were, half a century ago, upon all the other sciences, arts, and occupations put together. Just glance at the contributions which these three autumnal months will bring to the storehouse of this agricultural literature. Think of the thousands of town, county, state, and national fairs, conventions, and *conversaziones* that have taken place in Europe and America since the first of last September, of the thousands of eloquent orations and elaborate essays these occasions have brought forth. And "a chiel was amang them tacking notes," and, "faith, he has printed them, too," for the farmers of the world. The "chiel" of the

Printing Press—the man who, with his alternating bits of inked pewter, gives ubiquitous immortality to human thoughts—was at them all, and he has *printed* them. He has printed for the farmer's library the grand oration of William Ewart Gladstone at old England's Chester,—the most splendid orator in Europe; the deep-thoughted and brilliant essay of Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Old Massachusett's Concord; and hundreds upon hundreds of other speeches on the same subject. Glance at the millions of these new pages contributed to the farmer's instruction and enjoyment. See how all the "*ologies, onomies*, and *osophies*" of the world of science pour their treasures into this annual offering to his mind. See with what gifts they do homage to the first human occupation inside and outside of Eden. See how these sciences and arts—these Oriental Magi of the intellectual world—bring their frankincense and myrrh to the cradle of the great primeval industry in reverence for its mission on earth. See them come, with God's great Bible leading the procession, and lighting the way. Here is chemistry with its crucible, geology with its hammer, and astronomy with its telescope, followed by all the *ologies* both great and small, each opening its cabinet of jewels for the general offering.

Thus, the *professional* literature provided for the farmer, or that pertaining to his occupation, embraces a vast range of varied and elevating knowledge. But all this is merely the literature of his *manual*, of his handbook, which he may consult daily in seed-time and harvest, just as the mariner consults his chart and navigation-manual while guiding his vessel across the sea.

The farmer need not give his winter months, with their long evenings, to this agricultural, this professional reading, but to every department of general literature that can interest, cultivate, and expand his mind. In this respect he has an advantage over all who are called *professional* men. The lawyer, physician, the college professor, and even the minister, must each confine himself mainly to professional reading, in order to fit himself for the position he fills. Not so with the farmer. The rainy days and corner moments of the spring, summer, and autumn months will suffice generally for the perusal of those books and periodicals containing the principles and suggestions he is to apply to his occupation, leaving his winter for the enjoyment of works of history, poetry, *belles lettres,* and general literature. It is for this peculiar advantage that the farmer of the present and the future day ought to be the best-read man in the community, the best fitted, by a wide range of practical knowledge, for those civil posts and duties to which such knowledge is indispensable.

Then there is another circumstance which enhances the value of this advantage. No man in the community can establish and maintain such a regular routine of reading as the farmer. He generally resides at some distance from the thickly-settled town or village, and is less subject to those interruptions to which men of the town are exposed. His books and periodicals are profitable and enjoyable substitutes for the social life and entertainments which occupy so many evening hours in the cities. Evening after evening, for consecutive months, he can sit down to the companionship of these books,

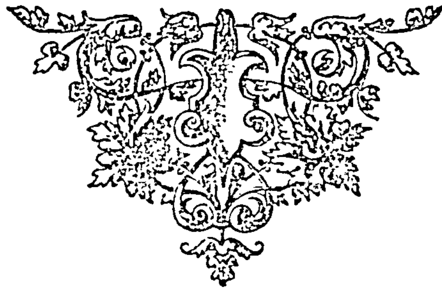
and commune with the most brilliant minds of all ages, and feel his own illumined and enlarged by every evening's fellowship with their thoughts.

I would earnestly press this regular system of reading upon the farmer as that source of enjoyment which flows more freely for him than for men of other occupations. I would say to him: Regulate your business so as to take full advantage of this enjoyment. Do not let late night work in the field or on the road rob you of these reading hours. Make them rank among the first values of your life. Let the thoughts you harvest from the printed page rank in duty and worth next to the golden sheaves of wheat you garner into your barns. Take a lesson of life from the old adage, "It is the last ounce that breaks the camel's back." It is the late hour that breaks the farmer's, and makes the drudgery of his occupation. It is the extra effort and the extra time that bend his constitution and sap the sinews of his life. It is the last, extra acquisition of property he cannot enjoy that virtually enslaves him to unrequited toil.

One word in regard to the acquisition of books, and I have done. Every body is familiar with the saying of the poor cottage-renter in Ireland, "The pig pays the rent." The poorest occupant of a mud-walled cabin in that country manages to buy a young pig, and to feed it to the value of fifteen or twenty dollars, without feeling very sensibly the little daily expenditure. I would say to every farmer: Adopt the same economy in regard to the ownership or rentage of useful literature for yourself and family. Do for the God-built temple of your mind what the poor Irish peasant does for his

mud-walled cottage. Set apart something that shall yield a certain revenue every year for books. Adopt his source of income, if you please, for nothing could be more easy, convenient, and sure. Take a young pig early in March or April of every year, and say, what this shall bring in the market next Christmas shall go for books. With honest feeding, it will buy at Christmas twenty volumes of useful and entertaining reading for your winter evenings. In a few years you will have a library for your home that would do honour to any professional or literary man at the nation's capital. Take in your children as partners with you in all the enjoyments and anticipations which that library-pig will purchase, and you may be certain that they will feed it with extra care, to make it buy at Christmas a thousand extra leaves of literature for their enlightenment and profit. Is there any young farmer or farmer's son present, just entering upon agricultural life for himself? Let me urge him to adopt this simple plan at the outset, and watch the process and result, and see if he does not realize all I have predicted. Come, now; just try it at once; try it this year; commence this very month; and what a library you will have at Christmas for the evenings of next winter!

In conclusion, let by-gones be by-gones, I thrice repeat. Whatever the farmer may have been in the past, if the young generation of North American agriculturalists, who will soon come to possess the landed estate of this continent, shall not be men taking the first rank in mental capacity and cultivation, it will be for the reason that they have ignored or trampled underfoot their golden opportunities for attaining to such a standing in the world.



SPEECHES,

SHORT ADDRESSES, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

As a considerable number of readers of this volume may be interested in some of the incidents connected with the author's personal history and experience, he introduces these "Short Speeches, Addresses, &c.," with those delivered at a Testimonial Meeting in Manchester, and at a Public Welcome given him by the people of his own native village in Connecticut. The reports of these meetings are reproduced *verbatim*, as they appeared in the newspapers at the time; though the author would have preferred, if it had been proper, to have modified or omitted many of the flattering terms applied to himself on those occasions. But it is not for these flattering references to his own labours that they are introduced here, but to show that the spirit and object of such labours were regarded with so much sympathy both at home and abroad. The expression of that sympathy and approbation which he received from the neighbours and friends of his youth in his own native town, as the reader may easily conceive, were especially gratifying, and the welcome they gave him will ever be held in his memory as the most precious experience in his personal history.

Testimonial Speeches at Manchester,

OCTOBER 5TH, 1849

Copied from the "Examiner and Times" of October 6th, 1849.

A MEETING of the friends of peace was held at the League Rooms, Newall's Buildings, Market Street, on Thursday afternoon, with a view of adopting a series of resolutions, to be embodied in an address, or testimonial, to the transatlantic advocate of "Peace and universal brotherhood," Elihu Burritt, on this his final visit to Manchester, before returning to his native land.

The meeting was most numerously and respectably attended. Mr. George Wilson presided. Mr. Burritt was attended by Mr. Amasa Walker, a banker, a member of the legislature of Massachusetts, but better known as a writer on political economy in America.

The Chairman said: "Gentlemen, we are met together this afternoon for the purpose of presenting to our distinguished friend, on the eve of his departure for his native land, some memorial showing the profound interest we have taken in his proceedings since he visited this country. We are about to take our leave of one of

that class of truly great men to whom humanity, the cause of civilization, and the human race are more indebted, in my humble judgment, than to nine-tenths of the professed conquerors since the days of William the Norman downwards. Gentlemen, these men appear amongst us when least expected, when most needed, and from places most distant and dissimilar. They show that human nature, under whatever circumstances,—even under the greatest disadvantages, as of place or birth,—produces men who, whether coming from the wild prairies, or the back woods of America, or born in the back streets of some of the thronged cities of Europe, spring from obscurity by the innate force of character within them, to become the great moral pioneers of civilization, to sow the seeds of intelligence and thought amongst us, and to incorporate their opinions, after many struggles, in the laws which govern society and the world. Gentlemen, I need not tell you that the present age, above all others, has been prolific of such men. I need not say in this room that the present time, above all others, has produced such men and given them occupation. I need not say that, thanks to steam and science, the present age has given us facilities for bringing such men into closer contact, in order that, by concentrated opinion, their powers might be felt to a greater extent throughout the world. I need not tell you that in the first rank of these men stands our friend Mr. Burritt. And be the information pleasant or unpleasant to him, it is my duty to tell him to-day that he has been arraigned at the bar of public opinion in this country; it has tried his merits and measured his

strength, and by an irrevocable judgment, against which there is no appeal, it has decided that he shall take his place with the Clarksons, and Howards, and Frys of our native country. Gentlemen, there are people in this room, as there are many external to it, who agree, in all probability, with Mr. Burritt in nine-tenths of his opinions. There are some who take the liberty of dissenting from him on the abstract principle of peace. They are under the impression that, do what you will, occasion will arise when all nations are called upon, from some cause or other, to apply physical force to the solution of difficulties. We are not met to discuss this question now, but I take the liberty of saying this, that I have scarcely met any person whose opinions did not in some degree accord with those of Mr. Burritt; and I have scarcely met any man, whether he agreed with the whole of Mr. Burritt's opinions or stopped half way, who hesitated to tell you that he was on the right track; that whether he should secure a world's convention which should settle peace for ever, or give us treaties with arbitration clauses binding all nations to submit their future differences to arbitration, he is undoubtedly on the right track, and they cannot refuse to follow him whom previously they refused to allow to lead them. Gentlemen, I don't know what were his expectations when he first came amongst us. I cannot tell to what extent he expected a return for his labours; how it was, whether he saw around him the materials of which he should form those two great Conventions which he alone almost was instrumental in forming, and carrying on successfully his pursuits, until he held one

of the greatest and most memorable congresses; yes, I will say, and I can say as a spectator from a distance, one of the greatest congresses ever held, and that amongst one of the most brilliant and most martial peoples in Europe.

"I cannot say what were his impressions when he first visited this country. Doubtless, like all those who visit England, he visited St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, and beheld two noble structures, erected for the worship of God, and the propagation of the Gospel of peace, converted into little better than exhibitions, where the highest efforts of human art had been devoted to surround with glory the death of some of our great warriors; and if he passed through their aisles, and surveyed them, he would find how few of these monuments there were dedicated to that class of men whom he most delighted to honour. Very little, therefore, would he take from those places, in my opinion, which would lead him to expect that the people of England were a peace-loving and a peace-seeking people. From Westminster Abbey, in all probability, he crossed to the House of Lords, where were assembled 'the finest aristocracy,' as it is described, in the world. There he found amongst the representatives of the highest offices of religion, and the highest officers of law, the Tudors and Plantagenets scattered around him; there he would find the highest man in the whole House of Lords, the man most respected, the man who had possessed the greatest political power in that house, perhaps in Europe—that man was a soldier. Gentlemen, he then passed to the House of Commons. 'This,' says he, 'at all events, this is the

people's House; here I shall find the representatives of the great manufacturing and commercial and agricultural classes of the country.' He makes inquiry, and finds that 148 belong to the two branches of the profession. It happens to be the supply night, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer brings forward his Budget of Ways and Means for the year; he says, £46,000,000—£28,000,000 for interest on the debt, £18,000,000 for the army, navy, and ordnance. 'Rather more than usual this year,' says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 'but these are not times, you know, to reduce any of our armaments.' The House cheers the sentiment, and the Chancellor sits down. In five minutes, some honourable member, seeking economy, rises in his place to propose some economical measure, and there is a general rush towards the door. That is his experience of the people's House. In all probability, he went home. Next day he takes up the daily papers. He sees five columns of names before him: the Queen has had a *levée*. He looks over those names, and finds, here and there, a stray mayor or two; here and there a few others are looking out, perhaps for promotion, and the great bulk of these names are comprised in the army and navy lists. Well, Gentlemen, I say, after he looked at this superstructure of society, this higher part of society, the Corinthian capital, as they call themselves, his heart must have been sick if he ever expected, in this country, with such materials, to build up the mighty fabric which he has erected. But, Gentlemen, Mr. Burritt looked further and deeper, and knew better; he knew that these were the ornamental parts, and the ornamental parts alone; he knew that

they might be the Corinthian capital, but that the plinth, the base of the column, were sound to the heart's core, and he found it so. And it was from these classes—the shop-keepers and the manufacturers, the men who dig your docks and your mines—who make your railways and your machines—it was from the merchants and traders, and, if you will, agriculturalists of this empire,—it was to that class he appealed, and from them he found support in his noble mission. Gentlemen, at all times such a visit as Mr. Burritt's would have been delightful; but at this time to us, as financial reformers, it is peculiarly so. He knows very well that the struggle is coming on, deny it, and try to escape it, as they will, and that very soon it must come to close quarters. He knows that there is a large class in this country who are heart-sick of war taxes, and heart-sick of paying them; and that it is their intention, be they right or wrong, to apply the pruning-knife with very little mercy whenever they get the opportunity. They have never disguised their sentiments, and I see no reason why they should disguise them on the present occasion. Now, on all their applications, they have been invariably told that this is not the time to reduce our armaments. 'You would not leave us unarmed, subject to the mercy of any tyrant in Europe?' 'Why,' Mr. Burritt says, 'follow me, Gentlemen: I will provide you a remedy. There are, if you like, the financial reformers to provide you a remedy, by which you shall settle your differences; by which you shall, if you like, simultaneously procure a disbandment of the forces; by which, without sacrificing one iota of the protection you at present enjoy, you shall get other

countries to join with you in reducing their armaments.' Under these circumstances, I say, the visit of Mr. Burritt is to us particularly gratifying, and as financial reformers, as friends of humanity, aye, as friends of civilization in every shape, we welcome his visit to this country. Gentlemen, to me it looks nothing more than a dream. I recollect when he announced his coming by what he called his *Sparks from the Anvil.* Why, since he has been amongst us, he has struck off many sparks, not material sparks which glitter and expire in a moment, but sparks from his soul's anvil within him—lights, if you like, and corruscations of true genius, which shall burn as the lights of truth, brighter and brighter, and unextinguished for ever. Gentlemen, he leaves this country, I will say, much improved by his mission and by his visit; and when on winter's nights he shall sit by his own fireside, reviewing his labours, and seeing good seed springing up and taking root, let him take this consolation to himself —that, although no great column has been erected to celebrate his visit, no *Gazette* has chronicled his career, there are thousands whose thoughts will follow him across the Atlantic, and who will have already erected him within their own hearts monuments far more noble, far more enduring, than any of those splendid works of art he leaves behind him."

John Bright, Esq., M.P., then said: "I have, on very many occasions, been permitted to offer observations in this room to gentlemen who have assembled here. But I know not that on any past occasion I have felt a more perfect sympathy with the objects of our meeting than I feel at this time. We are called together for a very

interesting purpose,—that of testifying our sympathy and regard for our friend Elihu Burritt, from the United States; and by that act also to show how strong is our reverence and regard for that great principle of universal peace of which he has become so distinguished an apostle. Mr. Burritt came to this country about three years ago. I had the satisfaction of hearing him the very first time he spoke in public, which was in the presence of a considerable number of persons in the employ of my brothers and myself, at Rochdale, and who were gathered together on that interesting occasion, when we celebrated the total abolition of the Corn Laws. I don't know that there was anything in Mr. Burritt's position which should have led us to expect such results as have followed from his visit. He was not a native of this country; and yet, I believe, amongst Englishmen, we never consider Americans to be foreigners. I never heard the term 'foreigner' applied to an American, and I hope it never will be. But Mr. Burritt came here a stranger. He was not a native of the country; he was not a man whose reputation for his public actions had much preceded him; he was not a man of reputed wealth. He came as 'The Learned Blacksmith,' and we found out, not that he had all the learning he was reputed to possess—though we never had any reason to doubt it—but we found that he had that which was much better than learning—a disinterested and unquenchable zeal for the advancement of those great principles with which his name is now for ever identified. I confess I am myself much surprised at the results of his visit. The conference at Brussels, and the conference at Paris, are events of no ordinary kind. They show that,

notwithstanding the ridicule which ignorant or evil-disposed persons wish to throw upon this movement, it is now one in which a large class of intelligent and excellent individuals in all countries take a deep and lasting interest. The Paris Congress has had its speeches, its documents, and its resolutions published in all parts of the world, and it was attended by men from various countries, who must necessarily, in after years, exercise a great influence upon the populations amongst which they reside. In this country, more especially, we all know that, wherever we travel, we find a number of most excellent persons who are becoming absolutely enthusiastic on behalf of this question. It is now beginning to be discussed at the fireside, as all other great questions have been discussed before they have finally triumphed; and it is obtaining a hold amongst the people, which certainly gives us the strongest ground for believing that it not only cannot die, but it must grow and grow until it becomes ultimately successful. I spoke of the ridicule which has been thrown upon this question. But every good thing since the world began has had ridicule to contend with, and nothing had more than Christianity itself; and there is nothing which has succeeded in our own times for which the same up-hill fight has not had to be made. Yet, if true, and if laid hold of and worked out by earnest, zealous, devoted men, we find that ridicule dies away, and sometimes those who were most loud and constant in their ridicule have afterwards been loudest in their acclamations and praises. But they tell us that war is of so very great antiquity. We know that, and so is vice of every kind; and it would be an equally good argu-

ment that we should not endeavour to extirpate vice, because it had existed for so long a time, as that we should allow war to exist because of its great antiquity. But all these fleets that are afloat, and all the armies that are now enrolled, are not arguments against the peace movement, but in its favour. The most which those who advocate their continuance can say in their favour is, that they are 'necessary evils;' but if they are evils at all, surely we ought to do our best to support those who are trying to remove them. Now, the English have been a very warlike people, and I confess the details of their wars are the page of history which I least like to peruse, and which I derive the least profit from reading. But there are no reasons why, if we have been warlike in past times—that is, approximating to the savage state—why we should not, since we are improving in other things, make ourselves less savage than we were; and having paid so much for war, and finding so little as a result, there is good reason for all men to take up the cause of peace in future.

"Now, I maintain it is impossible to have peace in Europe with two millions of men in arms. It is impossible to avoid squabbles and conflicts, where you have ships of war, with petty despots on their decks, traversing every ocean, and coming into contact with foreign fleets about one matter or another. It is impossible to avoid this if you have light-headed, hot-headed men—as we have had—as envoys from one country to another, who, by foolish expressions or irritating language, provoke the same in return. When quarrels are bred, the honour of the nation is said to be at stake, and war and bloodshed

are the only mode in which they are to be settled. But war destroys everything that is good—national credit, national prosperity. The world never saw a devastation equal to that which war produces; while, on the other hand, industry and peace are the circumstances under which everything that is good on earth grows and becomes distributed amongst and enjoyed by the great mass of our fellow-creatures on the earth's surface. Now, I believe our friend Mr. Burritt is not here to-day, strictly, upon any other ground than as a missionary in the great cause of universal peace. He came from the United States to this country, and he has devoted three years to the most disinterested and arduous labours,—arduous, because he was fighting against all these obstacles which interested and selfish men offer to any movement like this; and I think the results of his labours during those three years must have equalled his expectations, unless they were indeed unreasonable; for they have exceeded any expectations that I could have formed as to the amount of success with which he was destined to meet. He is now going back to the United States. He is not, it is true, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Court of St. James's to the capital at Washington; but he may be said to be an envoy from the people, and the hearts of the people of this country to the peace-loving people and the hearts of the people in the United States. And he may tell them that there is growing up a strong and a constantly accumulating feeling against the barbarities of the past, and in favour of peace, love, and harmony, which we hope will, some time or other, prevail all over the world.

"I can say, on behalf of this meeting,—and we speak on behalf of vast numbers in this country,—that we hope Mr. Burritt's voyage will be a prosperous one, and that, on his arrival at home, he may find that the principles which he has done so much to spread are growing up beyond the Atlantic with tenfold vigour. I have been requested to take an active part in the proceedings of this meeting, and to ask Mr. Burritt's acceptance of a testimony to the opinion which we entertain of him; and, if the meeting will allow me, I will read the resolution which it is proposed to present to him :—

"'At a meeting of the friends of peace, held in the League Rooms, Manchester, October 5th, 1849, it was moved by John Bright, Esq., M.P., seconded by Sir Elkanah Armitage, and resolved unanimously,—That the heartfelt thanks of this meeting are due to Elihu Burritt, whose great intellectual powers and high moral faculties, regulated and directed by a deep sense of religious duty, have been devoted, regardless of his own ease, and health, and worldly prospects, to promote the principles of peace; and whose eloquent utterance, by speech and pen, has placed before the nations of the earth, in attractive beauty, the doctrine that war is repugnant to the spirit of the Gospel, and destructive to the best interests of mankind. That its thanks are especially due for his recent indefatigable and successful labours to bring together, in the capital of a warlike and powerful nation, a great Congress at which arbitration, instead of war, in the settlement of disputes between nations, was recommended with a force of truth and eloquence which could not fail to carry conviction to the

millions hitherto looking for no wiser or better arbitrament than sanguinary conflict. That, regarding the influence he may continue to exercise in promoting peace on earth and goodwill towards men as the great promised result of the Christian dispensation, this meeting rejoices that he is now about to enjoy, in his native land, and amongst his early friends, some relaxation from his exhausting labours, and expresses its ardent hope that he may soon be enabled, re-invigorated in health, and endued with fresh energy, to resume the good work in a field of world-wide usefulness to which he has set his mind.'

This expresses, in very moderate language, the feelings which I entertain with respect to Mr. Burritt and his mission; and I have great pleasure in proposing to the meeting that that resolution be adopted.

Sir Elkanah Armitage, fully coinciding in the views expressed by the Chairman and the mover of the resolution, begged to second the motion.

James Kershaw, Esq., M.P., said he might perhaps be allowed to say a word on this very interesting occasion. Enough had perhaps been already said, but certainly too much could not be said, in commendation of the motion, and of the exertions of their friend Mr. Burritt. Until he came to this country, the question of peace amongst nations was very little studied and understood, at all events by the great majority of the people. But now Mr. Burritt had raised up a degree of attention to the subject which could never hereafter cease to operate on the minds of nations. Until this discussion arose, he (Mr. Kershaw) did not very distinctly know what his

own opinions were upon the subject; but now, having given the question his best consideration, he was prepared at all times, and upon every opportunity, to give in his adhesion to all these objects which should tend to promote peace amongst the nations of the world.

Christianity has been referred to, and he thought, if they had faith in Christianity, they must have faith in the principles their friend Mr. Burritt had endeavoured to propagate in this country. He firmly believed that the time would come when those principles would prevail, and when the nations that had quarrelled would "learn war no more."

Since they had the clear testimony of prophecy that that time would come, they ought to do everything in their power to aid the accomplishment of the Divine prediction. He heartily joined in those expressions of earnest sympathy towards Mr. Burritt to which his friends the Chairman and Mr. Bright had given utterance. He admired the man, he admired his mission, and he admired the manner in which he had conducted it.

There was not a man in this country who could lay his finger on a single act in Mr. Burritt's life during his residence in this country, and say that it was at all inconsistent with the principles which he had advocated. Mr. Burritt came to England as a Christian man, as a messenger of peace and mercy to this and other countries, and he had conducted himself in such a manner as to call for the expression of the gratitude of the people of this country, and he was glad to find that in that room such testimony was now to be publicly borne to his character and his mission.

Mr. Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, said he had enjoyed the privilege of Mr. Burritt's acquaintance almost ever since his arrival in this country, and he was therefore extremely gratified at being able to bear testimony to the manner in which he had filled his high and holy work of peace. He (Mr. Sturge) wished to take that opportunity of saying that if they wished to do anything which, more than another, would gratify their friend, it would be to aid him in his scheme for the establishment of an Ocean Penny Postage. He was very much gratified to see that the Manchester Chamber of Commerce was likely to take it up, for though it might seem little in itself, he doubted whether there was any means in the present state of society by which national and universal peace could be more promoted. Although Mr. Burritt might shrink from the acceptance of this testimony, he trusted he would look upon it as a testimony to the great principles which he had advocated, as well as a tribute personally to himself.

Mr. John Watts said he did not feel at liberty to let the present occasion pass over without addressing to the meeting a few words. The difficulty with him had always been to know how people could approve of war at all, more especially when we considered this and the other European nations as professedly Christians. One thousand eight hundred and forty-nine years ago, when the birth of Jesus Christ was announced, we read that it was announced by the singing of angels, and the burden of their song was, "Peace on earth, and goodwill towards men." And if there was one thing in the life of Christ which shone to us brighter than another, it

was most certainly when He was engaged in the work of peace. He (Mr. Watts) did not know a more beautiful sentence than that which followed the representation of the storm at sea, and the waking of the Saviour, when He arose, and said to the waves, in the calmest language, "Peace, be still!" And if he wished to point to another picture, he would refer to the raising of the dead man Lazarus from the grave, to his being called forth and restored to his family, and thus, as a matter of course, there was a restoration of peace where there had been before time of great trouble. It was, therefore, difficult to conceive how nations, knowing that the principal mission of Christ upon earth was peace, could go to war. And yet upwards of 1800 years had elapsed, and we found speculations afloat at the present day as to the probability of a European war, while most of the nations likely to be involved in it professed a religion of peace. However, he (Mr. Watts) did not believe in the possibility of any such thing. At the present day the desire for peace was taken up and felt by the majority; the objectors to peace were not the masses, but the governors of the people, those who supposed themselves to be directly interested in national squabbles. It appeared to him somewhat strange at the moment when Mr. Bright spoke of the influence of war, he mentioned "national credit" as the first thing which it destroyed. It savoured somewhat of pounds, shillings, and pence, and seemed hardly high enough ground to commence upon. Yet, upon consideration, it was proper, because whatever held good in political economy would hold good also in morals; and when we say national credit is destroyed, we may say

national morality is destroyed, and national good of every kind is withheld from the country. He (Mr. Watts) had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Burritt deliver his first lecture in England, and he had now great pleasure at assisting in the presentation of the address which had been read, and in expressing his heartfelt wish that Mr. Burritt's mission might not be in vain. Indeed, he felt convinced that the seed which Mr. Burritt had sown would spring up and grow until it covered the earth even as the waters covered the deep. He trusted that those waters would give him a safe passage to his native land, and that at some not distant day we might see him again, and that he would everywhere be hailed as the harbinger of the universal peace which was to arise in the world.

Mr. Archibald Prentice said he thought Mr. Burritt, having only attended meetings for the purpose of giving expressions to peace principles, did not know the exact feeling of the people of this country upon that great subject; but he (Mr. Prentice) had, within the last few months, had opportunities of incidentally observing the working of the peace principle. He had held a great number of meetings for financial reform, at which were present almost all classes of the community, from the large capitalist to the humble workman, and—although he often made them a promise of a saving of ten millions in the public expenditure as a sort of reward for their labours in the cause of financial reform—he found that that appeal to the pockets was not half so successful as the peace principle.

The people were no doubt glad to think that a saving

of ten millions per annum could be effected by a partial disbandment of our forces; but they were more pleased to hear that that would be followed out by a disarmament of other forces in the world, and lead to the accomplishment of the promise that the nations of the earth would at last learn war no more, and turn the sword into the ploughshare, and the spear into a pruning-hook. He mentioned this as an encouragement to Mr. Burritt, for he believed he had not seen the full power of the peace principle in this country. The people were well-informed upon the point, and now, if any effort was made to go to war, we should not see, as on former occasions, the working classes coming forward, with their vulgar love for novelty, and their desire to hear of bloodshed, to urge on the ministers, who were always too willing to go into the work of destruction; but, instead of that, we should have a universal protest from the people of this country against entering into any war with any nation on the face of the earth.

The Chairman then put the resolution, which was unanimously carried, and followed with great approbation.

Mr. Bright then said it was his duty, as well as his sincere pleasure, to offer to Mr. Burritt the resolution which had just been past, as a testimony of their appreciation of his character. Mr. Burritt had come into this country a stranger; but he would go back to his native land bearing with him the respect and love of thousands to whom he had been formerly unknown.

Elihu Burritt rose and acknowledged the testimonial in a tone expressive of much feeling. He said: "I can assure you, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, that I am

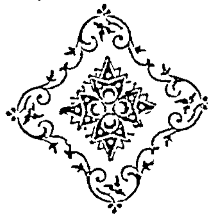
deeply affected at this token of your goodwill and esteem. I beg you to accept of my most grateful thanks for the distinguished and unexpected honour which you have conferred upon me on this occasion. Indeed, I shall carry back with me to America this testimony of your sympathy and approbation as the choicest *souvenir* of my experience in this dear old fatherland.

"Every circumstance associated with this mark of your consideration will enhance its interest. In the first place, it has been so unexpected—and perhaps I ought to add so unmerited—on my part; then, coming to me as it does, the free expression of the heart of the Anti-Corn Law League, which has done more than any other association that ever existed to demonstrate to the world the irresistible might of associated mind and moral purpose,—these are conditions that impart a precious value and significance to this expression of your favour and regard. But, Mr. Chairman, there is one consideration, above all those that may be personal to myself, which invests this tribute of your esteem with a higher importance than can attach to any token of personal regard—that is, the expression of the sympathy of this great and influential body with the sublime and sacred cause with which my humble labours have been connected since I have been in this country; and it is this consideration which breathes a soul and a spirit into this occasion, which, I trust, will expand it into an event of permanent and vital importance to objects which involve all the material and moral interests of individuals, communities, and nations. Gentlemen, the idea, 'permanent and universal peace,' has passed through the feeble and flicker-

ing state of its inception; it has descended from the little upper-room condition, and it has become a movement which the innate sympathies and combined activities of earnest men of different countries will ere long propel into expansion and power which must affect the mutual relations and dispositions of all governments and peoples of the civilized world. And no body of men could more fully comprehend the interests which depend upon the fixed prospects and conditions of universal peace than the Council of the Anti-Corn Law League. No Association could do more to organize peace into a fixed and permanent system of international society than yours. And, in conclusion, may I not ask on behalf of the friends of humanity on both sides of the Atlantic, who have laboured in this cause, through days of small things up to the present time, may I not ask if the time has not come when they may hope that the men of Manchester, that you, the champions of the Anti-Corn Law League, will join the movement which has been so recently and so magnificently inaugurated at the Peace Congress at Paris, and bring into it the whole force of your combined energies, and of your unrivalled experience? Again, Gentlemen, I offer you my heartfelt thanks for this precious testimony of your sympathy and approbation. I accept it with the liveliest sentiments of pleasure as a proof of your willingness to recognise in me a humble co-worker with you in the promotion of unrestricted commerce, friendly intercourse, and fraternal relations and dispositions between all nations and governments of the world. In that capacity I hope to labour in my own native land, and to aid in

the adoption of those principles of free trade which you have taught the world, and which should be carried into the completest practice between these two great nations which God hath made not only of one blood, but of one language, lineage, and religion, so that they may not only excite others, but themselves become an example of peace and fraternal concord,—the two great benefactors of the human race,—blessing all the people of the world with the combined activities of their genius and philanthropy."

This terminated the proceedings, which lasted about an hour and a half, and after a vote of thanks to Mr. Wilson for his services in the chair, the meeting separated.



Reception Speeches at New Britain, Conn., U. S., A.

From the "New Britain Advocate."

ON Friday our village was honoured by a visit from her distinguished son, Elihu Burritt, known the world over as "The Learned Blacksmith" and Christian Philanthropist. The cordial reception given him by our villagers was only exceeded by the hearty response of the distinguished guest. The preparations made by the New Britain people for this interesting occasion were almost unlimited, and reflected the greatest credit upon our villagers, as well as upon the gentlemen who constituted the committee of arrangements.

At two o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Burritt was introduced to a densely-crowded assemblage at the North Church, where he was listened to with the closest attention for the space of about three-quarters of an hour, upon his favourite theme—Peace.

This meeting afforded to every auditor "a good season;" yet it was but a slight foretaste of what followed in the evening. Our splendid new Town Hall was brilliantly illuminated from basement to attic, and most tastefully decorated with evergreens woven into webs of

rare beauty by the hands of the New Britain ladies. The arrangement of the upper hall as well as the lower was indeed beautiful. On the wall immediately at the back of the speaker's stand was formed an arch of evergreens, with the inscription—"*Quisque suæ fortunæ faber*," the English version of which is, "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." On the north side of the hall stood forth in conspicuous letters the pacific motto, "Arbitration *versus* War," which was most appropriate for the occasion. The gallery, perhaps, was the most imposing portion of the hall; especially was it rendered so by the dense crowd of ladies who resorted thither, and whose beaming countenances lit up the whole area below. On the south side wall was ingeniously wrought from evergreens the motto, "Ocean Penny Postage;" and in the centre of the hall was suspended a splendid chandelier, which was also entwined with evergreens, and which added to the gorgeous appearance of the room. Every window in the house bore unmistakable marks of the ladies' handiwork, and was trimmed in the most exquisite manner with evergreens richly interspersed with bouquets of artificial flowers which would almost bear comparison with the inimitable productions of nature itself; and the intervening walls, as well as the panels in the gallery, were ornamented with the most finished works of art.

Before the hour of seven, hundreds of ladies, gentlemen, and children congregated on the side-walk and near the entrance, impatiently awaiting the time for the doors to open, that they might secure a place inside. Not till near eight, however, were their desires gratified, when

the throng poured into the hall like a resistless flood, entirely filling it, and excluding hundreds from admission.

About this time an accommodation train arrived from Hartford, bringing some of her most distinguished citizens, to whom our villagers are indebted for no small share of the interest and hilarity which attended this enthusiastic meeting.

The grand-marshal on the occasion, James N. Lewis, Esq., called the meeting to order; and after quiet had been restored, Marcellus Clark, Esq., our highly-esteemed postmaster, stated, in a brief and pertinent address, the object of the meeting, which in substance was as follows:—

"Will the audience give their attention?

"Ladies and gentlemen, fellow-citizens, and you who have favoured us with your attendance from abroad. You all probably well know the object of this assemblage: it is to greet with social and festive welcome our distinguished fellow-citizen, Elihu Burritt, Esq., who is of us, has long been from us, and, I rejoice to say, is now, *in person*, with us.

"'Order is heaven's first law;' and to the end that such system and regularity shall be observed on this occasion as shall prevent confusion and enhance the enjoyment of the same, the gentlemen whose names I am about to mention have been selected to preside, and have kindly consented so to do, viz., Professor E. A. Andrews, President, assisted by Messrs. Seth J. North, Noah W. Stanley, and Horace Butler, Vice-Presidents. These are your officers for the evening."

Our worthy and distinguished fellow-citizen, Professor Andrews, then welcomed the gentleman for whom this bril-

liant demonstration was made, in behalf of the villagers of New Britain, in the following appropriate language :—

"Friends and fellow-citizens,—Before adverting to the great purpose for which we have this evening assembled, and for which all the tasteful preparation which we see around us has been made, permit me, for a few moments only, to allude to one or two other topics of mutual interest to which our minds must naturally be drawn on this occasion.

"And first, the welcome presence of so many of our friends from the neighbouring capital reminds us that an object long cherished, amidst alternations of fear and hope,—the object of securing for ourselves an easy and rapid communication with the wide world from which, by our retired situation, we have been in so great a degree excluded,—has been at last successfully accomplished. How much in regard to our prospects of future prosperity is comprehended in this single announcement!

"The place, too, in which we meet reminds us of the accomplishment of another cherished purpose. We have long desired to open wide the door of education to all the children and youth of our industrious and teeming population. In this enterprise also discouragements have sometimes sorely tried us; but at last we are standing within the massive walls of a building reared with special reference to this great object. Nor is this all. For many weeks past we have contended with earnest, but, I trust, with fair and generous, rivalry for the honour of furnishing to the State a location for its projected Normal School. This object, too, has been accomplished, thanks to the noble liberality of our fellow-

citizens, and especially to one who, first in means, gained by his own enlightened enterprise, is ever first in generous impulses and in liberal beneficence to his fellow-citizens. The magnetic needle seldom indicates the true meridian, and even the polar star wheels in its daily course and circles around the earth's true pole; but though the needle has its variations, and the mariner on the ocean and the traveller on the trackless desert may often hesitate in regard to their proper course, we are never at a loss when seeking to find the true *North*.

"But, ladies and gentlemen, I come now to that which is our great purpose on this occasion. We have met to welcome the return of one of our townsmen, who in other States and in other lands has conferred lasting honour on the humble village which gave him birth—of one who has evinced that the attainment of literary eminence is not inconsistent with the daily routine of labour in the shop, and at the anvil. We have, in a word, met this evening to take once more by the hand our friend and fellow-citizen, Elihu Burritt, 'the Learned Blacksmith,' the Friend of Freedom, and the Friend of Peace.

"Mr. Burritt: Your fellow-citizens here assembled have authorized me, as their representative, to express to you their most cordial welcome on your return once more to your native village, and to the scenes and companions of your early life. You will see, sir, in the circle which surrounds you, not a few of those who here commenced life with you, whose childhood was inured to similar toils, who shared in the same active sports, and who daily resorted to the same humble school-room where your literary ardor, which ever since those days

has burned so brightly, was first enkindled. In the name of each of these, and of all your old associates and early friends here present, and, above all, in the name of your fair friends, who in such numbers grace this large assemblage, and by whose hands these rooms have been so beautifully adorned for this occasion, I bid you, sir, a hearty welcome, after long absence, to your native land, and to these scenes endeared to you by the memory of kindred and of home. These all, in common with distinguished friends here present from other towns, men to whom our State looks for counsel, and on whom its freemen ever delight to bestow their highest honours, rejoice in this opportunity of manifesting their respect to one who, by eminent success in the pursuit of knowledge, in circumstances of unusual difficulty, has reflected so much honour upon his native land. Arduous indeed is that student's path, who, trusting to his own unaided efforts, firmly resolves to win for himself that wreath of fame, which, like the crown of Israel's first king, is bestowed on those alone who tower in stature far above the surrounding multitude. Such a path, sir, we have seen you tread; and with mingled emotions of joy and pride we now congratulate you upon a success so complete, that it may well satisfy the loftiest ambition. We especially rejoice that a literary reputation so well earned is now fully known and recognised, not in our own country only, but equally so in foreign lands.

"But, sir, we would not, in our admiration of intellectual cultivation, forget the still more important culture of the heart. We have witnessed with the highest satisfaction, that, while eagerly devoted to the pursuit of

knowledge, and while ministering to your own necessities by labouring daily with your own hands, you have cheerfully devoted your powers and attainments to the task of elevating the social and moral condition of mankind. To do this, and to do it wisely, is the greatest problem of this and of every age; a problem to be solved in no other manner than by following the teachings of unerring Wisdom. Amidst the conflicting views of mankind, in relation to the proper means for the attainment of this great end, we can still rest in the assured confidence, that the long night of error will at last draw to its close, and the dawn of that better day will beam upon the nations. To co-operate with the plans of Infinite Wisdom in hastening forward this consummation, is the proper mission of man. The day, we trust, may even now be near, when organized systems of oppression and violence will vanish away; when the feebler shall find in the more powerful, not oppressors, but friends and protectors; and when the controversies of nations—if such controversies shall then exist—shall be settled, not by violence, but by the eternal principles of justice.

"We are gratified, sir, that your efforts have been directed, with such flattering success, to the means for removing from the minds of men a belief in the necessity of a final appeal to arms in adjusting national disputes. In this enterprise the wise and good of all nations will bid you God-speed; and surely the blessing of the Prince of Peace will rest on those who, in imitation of His example, seek to promote 'Peace on earth.'

"We are happy to believe that on your return, after so long an absence, you find your fellow-citizens, each in

his own department, labouring, not unsuccessfully, to advance the prosperity of our native village. Where, at a period which many here present can well remember, stood only six plain farm-houses, you now see a large and still increasing village. As you now pass along its streets, where but recently the ploughman pursued his labour, or the harvest waved in the field, you witness the ceaseless activity of a busy population, and hear the rumbling of machinery, impelled by the untiring giant, steam, the lineal descendant and sole heir of the magic powers of the far-famed genius of Aladdin's lamp. As you stand musing upon the past, you are startled from your reverie by the shrill whistle of the locomotive, as, with resistless speed, it hurries forward its long train of railroad cars through meadows, fields, and groves, where recently was heard only the rustling of the leaves, or the carols of the birds.

"But turning from all these indications of prosperity and of increasing wealth, we think you will especially rejoice at the cheering prospect that this village may soon become not less distinguished for its love of literary and scientific pursuits, than it now is for its manufacturing skill and industrial enterprise. We trust, sir, that the privileges of a thorough education will soon be offered freely to every child inhabiting these our native hills and valleys; and that, from the Normal School established here, an impulse will be imparted to the cause of education throughout the State.

"Once more, sir, in the name of my fellow-citizens, and, may I be permitted to add, in my own name also, I bid you a hearty welcome to your native town. We

regret that your visit is to be so brief, but hope that, short as it is, it will serve to impress the conviction still more deeply upon your heart, that whatever honours may await you abroad, in the society of the learned and the noble of other lands, you can nowhere be regarded with more sincere affection than by the people of this village, and by the circle of the friends by whom you are now surrounded."

After Professor Andrews had concluded, all eyes were directed towards the great "Peace Advocate," who spoke in a feeling and audible manner as follows :—

"I can assure you, friends and fellow-citizens, that I know not how to find words to express the emotions inspired by this remarkable occasion. I cannot realize that I am the special guest of these magnificent hospitalities, the subject of this overpowering demonstration of welcome. I can hardly realize my own experience, which has been crowned this evening with the most memorable and precious incident of my life. It seems like a dream to me to find myself in the midst of the neighbours and friends of my boyhood under these wonderful circumstances. While listening with deep emotion to the warm and flattering words which have been so feelingly addressed to me in your behalf, and while reading in your faces the evidence that these were the expression of your sentiments towards me, I have been trying to think what I have done or been, since I left my native village, to have merited, in the slightest degree, this brilliant, bewildering testimonial of your respect and goodwill. And can all these beautiful and touching circumstances, and these faces, so familiar to my boy-

hood, and now beaming on me with lively expressions of welcome; can these magic symbols, these fair-wrought illustrations of Peace and Brotherhood; can all the dazzling and affecting features of this spectacle be a reality? And who am I, and what was my father's house, that you have assigned to me such a place, such a part to act, and such a condition to enjoy, in this splendid scene? It seems to me but as yesterday that I went out from your midst, a timid young man, with the meekest aspirations and humblest hopes. I went away pensively on foot, carrying under my arm all I owned in the world, tied up in a small handkerchief. So far as I can recall the thoughts which passed my mind during the long walks of that pedestrian journey, I can truly say that a life of contented and obscure usefulness was the height of my earthly ambition. My anticipations had this extent, no more. And I can say with equal truth and sincerity, and I desire to say it gratefully, on this the most distinguished occasion that I have ever seen or ever expect to see in life, that if my course has diverged from that condition in which I had expected to pass my days, not unto me be the merit or honour of the change, but to that kind and overruling Providence which has led me, by a series of almost imperceptible stages, into a field of labour and experience of which I had no conception when I left New Britain in 1837. When I look back over some of the passages of my experience for the last twelve years, and dwell upon the succession of apparently trivial incidents which gave direction and impulse to my course, I can see revealed, in distinct manifestations, that

guiding Hand which has bent my path to its purpose from my youth up, and to which I would commit the conduct of my future days. I can see how all my settled predilections and purposes were changed by these incidents, and concentrated upon objects of pursuit which I had never contemplated with special interest.

"For the first five years of my residence in Worcester, I devoted all the leisure hours which occurred in the intervals of manual labour to the study of languages, and to other literary pursuits, rather as a source of enjoyment than as the means of future usefulness. When my tastes for these recreations had strengthened almost to a passion, my mind was biased in a new direction by an incident which impressed it with the conviction that there was something to live for besides the gratification of a mere curiosity to learn; that there were words to be spoken with the living tongue and earnest heart for great principles of truth and righteousness, as well as to be committed to a silent memory from the dead languages of the ancient world. To that conviction I yielded the literary predilections and pursuits which had engrossed my hours of leisure, and nearly all the thoughts I could divert from my daily avocation.

"In 1844 I commenced the publication of a weekly paper in Worcester, devoted to the advocacy of Peace, Human Freedom, and Brotherhood. A new field of labour gradually opened before me, and introduced me almost to a new life. The principles and conditions of permanent and universal Peace and Brotherhood gradually enlisted my convictions and sympathies, and I

gave myself to their advocacy with increasing interest and devotion.

"After labouring in this field for two years, an incident connected with the Oregon controversy between this country and Great Britain brought me into communication with several devoted friends of Peace in England. It was this circumstance which led me to visit that country in 1846. I designed to be absent only four months; but on my arrival in England most unexpected opportunities of useful labour were opened up before me; and here again all my pre-arranged plans were changed. I had formed, as it were, a programme of operations in the mother-country before I left America, which I most resolutely determined to carry out. One of the plans was to travel on foot through the kingdom, and meet small circles of the labouring classes of the people in small upper rooms, in the different villages through which I passed. And after having spent two or three weeks in Manchester and Birmingham, I buckled on my knapsack, and started on my pedestrian tour. I walked about one hundred and fifty miles in this way, holding these social conversational meetings at night. But I was soon induced to come down from these little upper rooms, and to address large audiences assembled in public halls. Everywhere I met with the kindest reception, and found kind and generous friends.

"A year rolled around, and wider doors of successful labour opened before me. A series of remarkable incidents transpired to create new opportunities, not only for indoctrinating the public mind in England with the principles of Peace and Human Brotherhood, but also for

disseminating those principles on the Continent of Europe. It was one of these incidents which suggested the idea of a Peace Convention in Paris; but how small was that idea at its inception compared with the result!

"It was in Manchester, the next day after the recent French Revolution, that, in conference with a few individuals in that city, it was resolved to try the experiment of holding a little upper-room meeting in Paris, of such friends of Peace from different countries as should be disposed to attend it. At that time we dared not aspire to call the proposed meeting a Peace Convention, but a Peace *Conference*. That idea resulted in the Peace Congress at Brussels in 1848, held in the most magnificent hall in that city, under the immediate auspices of the Belgian Government. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no human hope ventured to expect such a result from the first attempt to raise the white standard of Peace on the Continent. It was a grand demonstration, which made a deep impression upon the public mind in Europe, and gave the Peace Movement a new phase and impetus. Distinguished men of different countries came into it, and operations on a grander scale were instituted, to press the subject upon the attention of all governments; and last August ushered into the world the grand Peace Congress at Paris, which has been accepted as an illustrious event in the history of nations. This impressive and august demonstration is to be followed by another of greater importance still, in the month of August next, at Frankfort on the Main in Germany; and we are now endeavouring to secure at least a hundred delegates from the United States, to represent

this country in that great Peace Parliament of the World. We are holding two or three State Peace Conventions every week, for the purpose of appointing these delegates. Yesterday the friends of Peace met in convention at Hartford, and there voted that you, sir, should be requested to represent this State in the Peace Congress at Frankfort. And I trust, sir, that no unpropitious circumstances will constrain you to decline this noble mission; but that the high moral principle, the profound attainments, dignified urbanity, and mature judgment, which render you an honour to our native village, will at Frankfort redound to the credit of this State and nation, and to the advancement of a cause with which you were so early identified.

"Friends and fellow-citizens, neighbours of my youth, what shall I say to you for this most wonderful and unexpected manifestation of your generous esteem and sympathy? I am sure that no words of mine are needed to enable you to understand the emotions which I experience at this moment. There cannot be a mind, within the circle of these happy circumstances, that could doubt for a moment that this is the happiest, the proudest moment of my life. I have received many flattering testimonials of consideration and esteem in Great Britain; but the little village of New Britain is the world of my childhood, the birthplace of my first hopes and aspirations, of my first affections; and all the tendrils and fibres of my young and earnest love are thrown around it, and all its interests, and all its inhabitants, with all the glow and warmth of its first strength. Think you not that it is a crowning moment of rejoicing to my heart,

that the course of life and labour which Providence has made for my feet has elicited from you, friends of my childhood, this remarkable testimonial of your approbation and esteem? I cannot form into words the feelings of gratitude and gratulation with which this scene and occasion inspire me. I know you will accept the sentiment for the expression. I can only say, that in that future of life and labour which may be reserved for me, I shall remember this evening, and try, by Divine help, so to act as not to tarnish this illustrious token of your favour, or give New Britain cause to regret or forget that I also was her son."

Next in order was the reading of the letters from the absent invited guests, which was done with much spirit by our enterprising newly "adopted citizen," Dr. Philo Rockwell. We subjoin a number of them, and would gladly give publicity to the whole, were it not for their prolixity :—

"KENSINGTON, *March 22nd*, 1850.

"GENTLEMEN,—I feel grateful for your invitation to me and my family to attend the festival to be given this evening by the citizens of New Britain, in honour of their fellow-townsman, Elihu Burritt. Though, for reasons which need not be detailed, I cannot be personally present, yet I am with you in spirit, and in appreciation of the object you have in view.

"It is a just and noble purpose to celebrate, in an appropriate manner, the achievements of industry, intellect, and philanthropy. Our townsman, Mr. Burritt, presents a remarkable instance of these attributes, and we are all proud to know that they have given him a

world-wide celebrity. Though I have scarcely the honour of a personal acquaintance with him, yet my admiration of his achievements in virtue, knowledge, and usefulness is intense. To show our respectful attention to such a man, is to do credit to ourselves.

"Gentlemen, your village, adorned by art, and enriched by mechanical ingenuity and manufacturing enterprise, will be still more distinguished hereafter, as the place where Smalley preached; where E. Burritt was born and reared, and laid the foundation of the immense stores of his erudition; where his scarcely less able brother, E. H. Burritt, mapped out the heavens; and where a scholar, whom delicacy forbids me to name, is spending, in his native place, the evening of his days, in classic retirement and useful studies.

"Let such trophies of genius and goodness, as are recognised on this occasion, be ever the distinction of our beloved New England. May here be verified more fully than it now is the flattering eulogium not long since pronounced by Ex-Governor Seward, of New York, viz., that though vice and irreligion might advance elsewhere, yet 'they will wither in the atmosphere of Saybrook, and die on the rock of Plymouth.' Yours, with great respect,

"ROYAL ROBBINS."

"NEW YORK, *March 20th*, 1850.

"GENTLEMEN,—It is with pleasure that I acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to myself and family to join you at your festival on the 22nd instant. Nothing

short of the sad and irreparable loss I have sustained, by the death of my beloved wife, could have prevented.

"It is a mark of attention which I have considered fully due Mr. Burritt, and already too long deferred. I rejoice that talent and industry are appreciated. In the years 1819–20 I took charge of the school in the same district where Mr. Burritt then lived. Upon recording the names of the scholars on opening the school, I called up a comical looking lad of some ten years of age, and demanded his name. He told me that some of the boys called him Tow-Head, and some of them Now-Dad, but that his mother called him Elihu. I soon perceived that he had an inquiring mind and retentive memory. At the end of the second season he stood the best scholar in his class. At the end of the term he told me he did not expect to attend school any more, but had concluded to learn the blacksmith trade. I said to myself, the lad is to be turned afloat upon the world; and sure enough he did float. Soon after, I had a flattering account of him from Governor Lincoln. Shortly after, I received a letter from himself, stating that since he left my school he had become acquainted with fifty different languages. I afterwards heard of him afloat upon the seas—then in Europe, where he was esteemed by the good and by the learned.

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen, very respectfully, your friend and fellow-citizen,

"O. R. BURNHAM."

"HARTFORD, *March* 20*th*, 1850.

"GENTLEMEN,—I feel highly gratified by your invita-

tion to attend the festival to be given by the citizens of New Britain in honour of their fellow-townsman, Elihu Burritt, on Friday, the 22nd instant; and I deeply regret that other engagements will deprive me of the pleasure of being present on an occasion of so much interest.

"Since Mr. Burritt left the place of his birth, he has not sought distinction in the pursuits which, in the estimation of most men, lead to honour and happiness. He does not return to his native village covered with glory won on the field of battle. It is not for high official promotion, nor yet for great success in the acquisition of wealth, that you tender him this festival; but because he has, in the silent lapse of the long years since he went out from among you, acquired, under circumstances of great disadvantage, vast stores of knowledge, and has devoted his great acquirements to the good of the human race. For this you honour him; and, in honouring him, you equally honour yourselves.

"Permit me, Gentlemen, to offer you the following sentiment:—'The State Normal School of Connecticut; the birth-place of Elihu Burritt is its most fitting location. May his example raise the aspirations, encourage the hearts, and stimulate the exertions of its pupils.'

"I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

"JAMES DIXON."

"FAIR HAVEN, *March 21st,* 1850.

"GENTLEMEN,—The card of the Committee, inviting myself and lady to be present at a festival to be given by the citizens of New Britain in favour of their fellow-

townsman, Elihu Burritt, on Friday, the 22nd inst., at the Town Hall, was received yesterday.

"I should be proud to honour myself by attending a festival in honour of New Britain's distinguished son—one whose name is not more familiar in that place of his nativity than in the fatherland, and among the men of other languages. As a man, and as a minister of the Prince of Peace, I have watched the disinterested and devoted career of our fellow-townsman, in our own land, and in other lands, in behalf of 'Peace and Universal Brotherhood,' with no slight degree of sympathy and enthusiasm. In the warm welcome which greeted him on the shores of England, among the homes where our fathers knelt of old, and in the high honour which hailed his presence when he stood up among the men of Germany and France, I, as I have no doubt you all did, seemed also humbly to share.

"It would be a pleasure to me to meet Elihu Burritt on the occasion referred to, as well as the other citizens of New Britain, among whom are many old friends whom I value, did not other engagements prevent. Accept, with my thanks for your invitation, the assurance of my continued regard.

"BURDETT HART."

The slight confusion which succeeded the reading of these somewhat lengthy epistles, caused by the restlessness of a portion of the audience, was immediately hushed by the sweet voice of Miss Booth, in a song, which we believe was selected expressly for the occasion. Then followed the addresses.

Mr. Chapman, of Hartford, being called on, arose and

addressed the audience in a strain of eloquent remarks. He alluded, in a beautiful manner, to the wonderful growth of the place, and contrasted its present condition with its past, in such a way as brought to the minds of the old residents, in the most vivid manner, all the improvements which had been made. He alluded also to the character and intelligence of the population, and spoke of the moral effect of such a demonstration as the present. He supposed that there had never been witnessed upon the continent a similar scene, of an individual going out from the home of his childhood unnoticed and almost unknown, and, in the lapse of years, returning crowned with the honours won by his achievements in the field of philanthropic effort. It was not that Mr. Burritt had come home laden with stores of gold; it was not for his learning, talent, or genius, that this great testimonial of your regard is bestowed, but it is to his moral worth. You honour him for what he has done and is doing for humanity, and in honouring him you honour yourselves.

Mr. Chapman sat down amid great applause, and

Dr. Woodward, of Middletown, then addressed the assemblage. He was glad to be present upon an occasion like this. It was something new in the history of the times to see a whole population rising up as one man to do honour to one whose career had been marked by no exploits upon the battle-field, who had not striven for success in the usual paths of distinction, but had laboured as a man with his whole heart, mind, and strength, for the elevation of the whole world of humanity. He (Dr. W.) was not accustomed to make speeches, but upon

the present occasion, though there were those present of all parties and sects, he must say a word or two as a politician. In other words, according to the current phraseology of the day, he would "define his position." And first, then, he would sa, that he was a great admirer of nobility. He loved, admired, and reverenced a noble man, and when he saw one, he was always ready to do him homage. But there were three kinds of nobility. One was the nobility of birth, of which he would not say much here; another was the nobility of accident, of wealth, &c.; and the third, and what he conceived to be the highest nobility, was that by the possession of which the individual could elevate himself to a level with the highest. It was nobility of soul which he reverenced and recognised as the true nobility, which takes its attributes from the Creator Himself. It was because of this love and admiration of this kind of nobility that himself and many other citizens of Middletown had come over to-night to welcome, with a hearty greeting, their friend, and the world's friend, Elihu Burritt. It was indeed a joyful occasion, and they all felt it good to be here.

Professor Andrews, the President of the evening, then remarked that public consent and the common custom of mankind had arranged the learned professions in the following order: first, Law; second, Physic; third, Divinity. We had heard from the two former, and now he hoped that the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, would speak for the latter.

The Rev. Gentleman then came forward, amid the cheers of the audience, and spoke in his usual felicitous

manner. He congratulated the citizens of New Britain upon the circumstances under which they were assembled, and expressed his high admiration for the devotion, earnestness, and untiring zeal with which Mr. Burritt had laboured in the cause of peace and human brotherhood. The scene before him at this time carried him back to that day, near two thousand years ago, when the angel-messengers of God, above the plains of Bethlehem, sang, "Peace on earth, and goodwill to men." That same song was now being taken up and reproduced in the ears of all the nations of the world by one whom God has raised up from a lowly sphere in life to accomplish His work. Your little town of New Britain is perhaps little known abroad, but who shall say that what she has given to this cause, in the person of her illustrious guest, will not make her famous among the cities of the world? It was a noble mission, this beating of swords into ploughshares; and he knew of no one so competent to do it as the blacksmith who is here to-night.

After the conclusion of the Rev. Dr. Bushnell's address, the vast concourse of people—estimated at about two thousand—repaired to the dining-hall below, to partake of the refreshments which the ladies had provided in such endless profusion. Here the ladies had not only displayed their great good taste in decorating the hall, but evinced their practical knowledge of one of the principal branches of housekeeping by the elegant and *tasty* manner in which the tables were arranged and furnished with every variety of delicate edibles. The principal objects of attraction in this apartment, aside

from the fair preparers, were at the head of the provident tables, where stood a large and beautiful pyramid of flowers, surmounted by a dove holding in his beak an olive branch; and on either side of this significant design were two other pyramids of smaller magnitude exhibiting equal skill and ingenuity in their construction. We must not fail to notice, in this connection, the huge Johny-Cake which appeared in the distance like a *small mountain of copper*, and which occupied a territory something less in extent than the *free soil* of California. It bore at its peak the quaint motto,— "Yankee, not English, Johny-Cake!" This emphatically "used-up" corn-field was undoubtedly the product of some one of our Yankee farmers who glories in his inclusion in the numerous family of "Brother Jonathan."

On the east side of the house, directly opposite the entrance, we noticed an exemplification of the ladies' skill in the art of printing. Here were two excellent mottoes neatly lettered with evergreens, which read, "Peace and Penny Post"—"Brotherhood the World Over." We presume that other portions of this hall were equally ornamented; but the dense crowd that thronged the centre completely hid them from our view, and almost totally eclipsed the beauty of the whole. After regaling themselves with the luxuries which covered the tables, the multitude again assembled above, where they were addressed by the Hon. J. M. Niles. The speech of this gentleman is highly spoken of, and we should like to give a synopsis of it, if nothing more; but we unfortunately lost the train of his remarks by our absence from the hall when he commenced speaking.

After this gentleman had taken his seat, a song was loudly called for from Mr. Page, of Hartford, who made the whole house echo with his powerful voice in the song, "Pilgrim Fathers." The sentiment in this beautiful piece of music always inspires the descendants of this Puritan band with the most patriotic emotions, and the effect produced throughout the assembly was indeed pleasing. We almost imagined that we could see the twigs of evergreen beat time to his enrapturing strains. He was succeeded by Madame Bothe, of Hartford, a German lady, of rare musical attainments, in an appropriate ode, in the performance of which she exhibited great compass and power of voice.

Thomas Drew, Esq., the editor-associate of Mr. Burritt, being called upon, was introduced to the audience by the latter gentleman in a most complimentary and happy manner.

"Mr. President and Ladies and Gentleman,—I cannot express to you the feelings which pervade my heart upon this joyous occasion. I can find no words to convey to you the grateful emotions inspired by this cordial greeting to myself, which I feel to be all unmerited and undeserved in consequence of the too kind and flattering mention of my humble labours by your friend and fellow-townsman whom you have this night met to welcome. Not unto me but to *him* belongs all the honour and all the praise you have to bestow for the success which has crowned his labours. Mine has been a more humble sphere of duty, and I have no claim to such favourable regard.

"Since I have been here to-night, and witnessed the

happy scenes which this great gathering presents, while I have looked upon these happy faces and bright eyes, I have wished a thousand times that I, too, was a citizen of New Britain; for the spirit which pervades this meeting is the highest indication that the hearts of your whole population are deeply imbued with the spirit of human brotherhood. But, fellow-citizens, if I have not the honour to be a native of your thriving village, I can at least claim this perhaps equal honour: I learned my trade of a New Britain man, who was, I believe, the very first in that department of industry,—the only one I have ever heard of or read of who has undertaken the literal fulfilment of prophecy *as a business.* I have always felt it to be an honour to be the first *apprentice* in such a calling as this, of beating swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks. In the letter which has been read from the schoolmaster of our friend, we have been told that, on his first entrance into the school-room, when asked his name, he answered, with characteristic candour, that the boys called him 'Tow-head,' but his mother called him Elihu. This little anecdote reminds me of a circumstance in my own experience. Shortly after the departure of our friend across the Atlantic on his mission of peace and goodwill, as I went to the post-office one day, I heard a stranger inquire of one of our prominent citizens (alluding to me) who that little fellow was. 'Oh,' exclaimed the person inquired of, 'that is Elihu Burritt's striker, the bellows-blower for the Learned Blacksmith.' Fellow-citizens, you may well believe that I felt proud of the title, though it was put upon me in scorn; and to the latest

day of my life, while it will be the source of the highest satisfaction that I have had opportunity to fill such a position in this great and good work, I shall also feel that I could leave no more priceless legacy to my children than the approbation and regard of your distinguished townsman, earned by co-operating with him in some humble manner for the furtherance of peace on earth and goodwill to men. All that has been prophesied by the holy men of old will surely be fulfilled; and when that day comes,—

> 'When the drums shall beat no longer,
> And the battle-flags are furled,'

when there shall be no more war or preparation for war, and when the world over every man shall sit under his own vine and fig-tree with none to molest or make him afraid, then will pious pilgrims, who love God and love humanity, perform their pilgrimages to this spot; then will the path to the cottage of the humble shoemaker, up on yonder hill, be worn with the footsteps of those who will wish upon such a shrine to lift up their voices in holy thanksgiving to Almighty God for what He has accomplished by humble instrumentalities for the regeneration of the world."

Mr. Pierce, of Norwich, being invited to speak, arose and made some very interesting remarks respecting our village and the objects of the meeting.

Mr. Chapman was again called for, and, on coming forward, said, that amidst all that had been said in honour, and well-deserved honour, of men, of this great man and of that great man, and the greatest of all, their

illustrious guest, not one word, as yet, had been heard in honour of women. He then paid an eloquent tribute to the ladies present, and went on to say, that woman was the great arbiter and former of man's destiny. After all that, few, if any, among all the great spirits who have stamped their impress and image upon the world's history, could be found who would not, upon inquiry, turn out to be the sons of noble mothers, no matter who might be the father. It was the mother who made the man; and he would venture to say, that the plastic hand and noble spirit of a mother, applied in infancy, and breathed into the soul in youth, had been chiefly instrumental, under God, in casting the character and forming the career of the world-renowned and illustrious guest of this festive gathering. But he did not rise for a speech, and would only take the liberty of saying, that he should retire from the ring; and after the example in country wrestling matches, would call in a better man in his stead.

Mr. Morgan was thereupon vociferously called for, and came forward. He said he was taken by surprise by the gentleman last up, for he came here with no expectation of contributing to the interest of the occasion, further than to make a note of the passing events for the eyes of others. If it be true, said he, as the eloquent and facetious gentleman who so unceremoniously dragged me before you, has said, that the great characteristics of the man, mental and moral, are impressed upon him by the mother, and in the great features of his mind he bears her lineaments, what a prodigy of wit, humour, and eloquence combined must the mother of that gen-

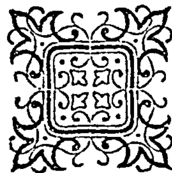
tleman have presented, and what a tongue, too, for its utterance!

He would take occasion to say, however, since he had been thus forced up, that the words he had then listened to, and the spectacle he had that evening witnessed, had moved all the nobler emotions of his soul to their profoundest depths. To him it was the sublimest scene he had ever contemplated on earth; and as he had listened to the fervid words of others, and looked at the great mission of the great man before them, he had seen more clearly than ever how God-like man might be, not only in moral image, but in his works and aims; and as in the beginning the great Creator spoke the word over chaotic darkness—"Let there be light," and there was light, so now, the great Creator creates in the same image, with His eye and His heart stretching over the same world, beholding the darkness of ignorance and passion and war and rapine which shrouded the world in sorrow and gloom, had sounded forth again the same mandate—"Let there be light," and there shall be light. Nay, I think we do not any of us as yet at all appreciate the full meaning of all that we see here and around us. It is beyond our feeble powers of comprehension, how Providence, by the humble instrumentality of such means, is yet surely and rapidly working out great ends, and fulfilling the glorious promise that a day shall come when, all over the earth, the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and the nations of the earth shall learn war no more. Nearly two thousand years ago, a choral song of angels was heard over the little village of Bethlehem, in the Old World, and a

voice—"Peace on earth, goodwill to men." And here in our day, before our eyes, in the little village of New Britain, in the New World, one of us, a blacksmith, of humble origin, has caught, at last, the full import of those glorious words, and has uttered his note responsive, and echoed back to Heaven the glorious chorus, "Amen! Peace on earth, goodwill to men;" and the whole earth is not only listening to the sublime echo, but becoming itself vocal with the glorious chorus.

The closing addresses were made by our townsmen, Messrs. Clark and Rockwell, who were very enthusiastic in complimenting the New Britain ladies; they were not, however, too lavish in their praises, and bestowed upon them no more compliments than they really merited.

The festival closed up near the "little hours" with six hearty cheers for the ladies, a circumstance which proved that the "lords of creation" appreciated their untiring efforts to administer to the conviviality of the occasion.



Speech at the Peace Congress at Brussels,

September 21st, 1848,

On the Question of a Congress of Nations.

THE first great object which is sought to be obtained by a Congress of Nations is a well-defined Code of International Law. This has been acknowledged by eminent jurists, and proved by centuries of painful experience to be a prime necessity in the community of nations. A forcible writer, in demonstrating this necessity, says, "Few persons are aware how unsettled and imperfect is the present law of nations. We have, in truth, no such law; and what passes under the name is of recent origin and insufficient authority. This code, scarcely recognised at all by Greece or Rome, or little heeded or known in Christendom itself till after the Reformation, owes more to Grotius than to all other writers put together. He was its grand architect. He found it a chaos of clashing precedents and principles; but his learning, and his powers of analysis and combination, reduced its heterogeneous materials to a system which has won universal admiration, and exerted a benign influence over the intercourse of all civilized

nations. Still, neither Grotius nor his commentators have furnished a Code of International Law. They possessed not the requisite authority, and they have given us only a compilation of precedents, opinions, and arguments. It is the work not of legislators, but of scholars; no law-making power was ever concerned in enacting any of its statutes, and all its authority has resulted from the deference spontaneously paid to the genius, erudition, and wisdom of its compilers. It is not law, but argument; not decrees, but rules; not a code, but a treatise; and the nations are at liberty, except from the force of custom and public opinion, to adopt or reject it as they please. A Code of International Law is still a *desideratum;* to supply this deficiency would be one of the first and highest duties of the tribunal which we propose."

In asking for the creation of this tribunal and fixed Code of International Law, we do not necessarily ask for any serious innovation upon the established usages and acknowledged principles of nations. We do not directly ask that what is now called unconstitutionally the law of nations should be modified by a very material alteration. We do not propose to set aside the system of maxims, opinions, and precedents which Grotius and his successors or commentators have produced for the regulation of international society, or to weaken the homage which the world has accorded to that system. But if it is to continue to be the only recognised basis of international negotiation, treaties, intercourse, and society, if it is to be accepted in the coming ages of civilization as a universal common law among nations, then we do

insist that it shall not only retain the spontaneous and traditionary homage accorded to it by the different Governments of the civilized world, but that it shall also acquire the authority which the suffrage of nations can only give to it through the solemn forms of legislation. That legislation cannot be secured in this constitutional age without an International Legislature, or a Congress of Nations, in which each shall be equitably represented. The first great work of this International Assembly would be to revise and reconstruct the present Code of International Law, and present it to the National Legislatures which they represent, for their adoption and ratification. Is there anything Utopian, visionary, or impracticable in the supposition that such a task might be satisfactorily performed by a body containing, we might assume, the aggregated wisdom of the world? Or, in the language of a lucid writer, "If a single man, like Hugo Grotius, was able in the early part of the seventeenth century, by his unaided talents, to create from the chaos of the past an almost perfect system of international jurisprudence, and, by the mere force of his genius and learning, to give to that system almost universal authority, have we not every reason to believe that a chosen body of wise and learned men, selected from among many nations, enlightened by all the experience of the past, and by the lofty principles of the present age, and devoting their combined energies to the great work, would give to the result of their labours such perfectness of finish, such clearness of reasoning, such force of illustration, as would at once render the work of universal authority and obligation?"

But let us reduce our proposition to a present reality, and suppose that we have already carried all the preliminary stages of the measure; that we have poured a flood of light upon the public mind throughout the civilized world in regard to the guilt and ruin of war; that we have roused the millions of the people to pour their united voices upon the ear of Parliaments, National Assemblies, and Cabinets, until statesmen and legislators have been constrained to take up the work in earnest. Let us suppose that the basis of national representation has been fixed, and that it assigns a representative in the Congress of Nations to every million of inhabitants. If all the nations of Christendom accept this basis, and elect their representatives, then we have an assembly of about three hundred and fifty members, or one about as large as the average British House of Commons. But if only Great Britain, France, Germany, the Italian States, and the United States accept it at first, then we have an assembly of about one hundred and sixty members, embracing the most profound statesmen and jurists that these five nations can produce. They meet at Frankfort or Brussels, or at some convenient point on the Continent of Europe, a few weeks before their own National Legislatures open their sessions for the year. The first work of this august Senate, after its proper organization, is the appointment of a Committee on International Law, composed of the most profound statesmen and jurists from the different countries. This Committee sit down to the examination of all that Grotius, Puffendorf, Vattel, and others have produced on the subject. They apply to the work all the legal wisdom of the world, all that the

light of the world's experience can reveal, all that the world's wants and future necessities can suggest. One by one they present to the Congress the statutes of that common law which it is expected to provide for the nations. One by one these statutes are discussed, amended, and adopted, and then transmitted for discussion and adoption to the National Legislatures in session at London, Paris, Frankfort, Turin, and Washington. The popular mind throughout Christendom is fixed with deep interest upon the proceedings of this International Senate, and the journals of all countries are filled with the reports of speeches made in that and in their own Legislative Assemblies on the ratification of the different clauses of the new Code of International Law. At the end of six months, perhaps, the last clause has been discussed and ratified at London, Paris, Frankfort, Turin, and Washington, and we have a fixed, well-digested code, created, sanctioned, and solemnized by all the moral prestige and authority that can be acquired from human legislation. No law ever enacted on earth can surpass this in the vital attributes of moral obligation. Into no law on record has there been so much suffrage of the public mind compressed as into this new code of nations. The Congress that elaborated and adopted it was a Constitutional Congress. It was called into existence by the people; it was composed of the people's representatives. They sent to it their greatest and best men,—the most profound statesmen and jurists that their countries could produce. They sent them there for the express purpose of preparing this code; they empowered them with full authority to give

it all the force that legislation can give to law. The august Senate assembled, and, under a solemn sense of the responsibility and magnitude of their mission, they performed their task. The most sublime Legislative Assembly that ever met on earth, they gave the result of their deliberations to their respective National Legislatures for examination, amendment, and ratification. Here, again, the people participated in the enactment of this code. Here, again, they affixed to the statutes the seal of their suffrage, and it was finished. It is the common law of the people; it bears the superscription of their sovereignty; it is the *chef-d'œuvre* of constitutional legislation; the sublimest manifestation of the public mind that can be achieved by the representative principle. It is the law of nations in every popular, legislative, and moral sense; and in each of these senses it is the particular and popular law of each of the nations that participated in its enactment. Then have we not every reason to believe that the constituent people would not permit any of its statutes to be violated without their energetic reprobation?

But let us return to our Congress of Nations. The code which they produced as the result of long and serious deliberations has been accepted by all the nations represented in the assembly. It has received its last seal of authority. The illustrious Senate now enters upon the second department of its labours, and provides for the erection of a Grand International Tribunal, or permanent High Court of Nations, which shall decide all serious questions of controversy between the nations represented, according to the code thus adopted. After

mature deliberation, they provide for the appointment, for life or otherwise, of three jurists from each nation, to compose the Bench of Judges forming the High Court of Arbitration, Honour, and Equity. If it is deemed necessary that this tribunal shall immediately replace the Congress that created it, then the latter, we will suppose, continues its sessions, until the Judges are appointed by the different National Legislatures entitled to a representation in the Court. Having accomplished the two great objects for which it was called into existence, it is instructed to apply its deliberations to minor matters of international interests, until the Judges shall arrive to open the High Court. For instance, they digest a plan for establishing a universal and permanent uniformity of weights and measures throughout the civilized world, which would be a great boon to mankind. In effecting this object, the Congress will do what individual nations have frequently essayed to achieve without success. Many other obstructions to international trade and intercourse may occupy its attention while waiting for the High Court to open its tribunal. The opening of this High Court of Nations, with the imposing solemnities befitting the occasion, must open a new era in the condition of mankind. A seat for life or for any period on this bench of judges is the highest appointment within the capacity of any nation. It is a post of duty, honour, trust, and dignity, which has no parallel in the presidency of a republic, or in the office of ambassador to any foreign Court. Still it cannot be the place for the ambitious politician, factious diplomatist, or reckless

demagogue; consequently, we may believe that three profound statesmen or jurists have been appointed by each nation to represent it in this grand tribunal. Filling the sublimest position to which the suffrage of mankind could raise them, we may presume that they would act under a proper sense of the dignity and responsibility of their vocation. Constituting the highest Court of Appeal this side of the bar of eternal justice, they would endeavour, we might hope, to assimilate their decisions, as nearly as possible, to those of unerring wisdom. Linking the great disconnected circles of human society into the chain of universal order, they would watch with jealous eye all that could disturb the harmony of nations, the links of which that chain is composed. Such a body, in several senses, would be to the great orbit of humanity what the sun is in the solar system; if not in the quality of light, at least in that of attraction. A presentiment of union would pervade the nations, and prepare them for a new condition of society. Whenever a question arose between two of them, the thought of war would not occur to either. The note of martial preparations would not be heard along their coasts. The press would not breathe thoughts among the people calculated to stimulate sentiments and presentiments of hostility. Each party would say to its Government, "There is the Law; there is the Court; there sit the Judges: refer the case to their arbitrament, and we will abide by their decision." Instead of the earth being shaken with the thunder of conflicting armies, and deluged with blood, to settle a question of right or honour, we should see reported,

among other decisions of this Supreme Court of Nations, the case of England *versus* France, Prussia *versus* Denmark, or Mexico *versus* the United States. Thus, all those cases of war, under the old *regime* of brute force, might be settled as legitimately and satisfactorily as any law case between two sovereign States of the American Union. The Supreme Court of the United States is frequently occupied with a law-suit between two States; and cases entitled New York *versus* Virginia, or Ohio *versus* Pennsylvania, will often be found on the list of cases presented for trial. A resort to arms never occurs to the inhabitants of either of the litigant States, however grave may be the difference between them. The first results, then, of the erection of this High Court of Nations would be the expulsion of the idea of war from the popular mind of Christendom; and all preparations for war would disappear in like manner. All the Continental Governments are now undergoing the process of renovation or reconstruction upon a popular basis. New political affinities have already been created between nations. Freedom of the Press, right of public meeting, of association, and other great popular prerogatives, have been acquired. The community of nations is slowly approximating to the condition of the family circle. Now is the time to organize these social tendencies and national affinities into a fixed system of society. Everything favours the proposition. The great obstructions that would have opposed it a year ago have been removed. Nations are gravitating into union, not giving up any essential qualities of independence or individu-

ality, but confederating with each other under the attraction of mutual affinities. Then, why may we not link these large circles of humanity into one grand system of society, by creating for it a common centre and source of attraction in the establishment of a High Court of Nations?

Speech in the Salle du Jeu de Paume, Versailles,

August 25th, 1849,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE PEACE CONGRESS AT PARIS.

RICHARD COBDEN IN THE CHAIR.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—I am happy to resume my character as an American citizen, and to add my testimony to the lively sentiment of pleasure which all my countrymen must experience who have to-day been specially honoured with the generous and delicate amenities of their English brethren. Every circumstance which could impart interest to this token of their good-will, and enhance its appreciation, and endear its memory, has contributed to the felicity of this novel and interesting occasion. The place of this meeting, the parties here assembled, and all the incidents and emotions of the last great week in the history of the world—a week of years —a week crowded full of those bright realities which even the most hopeful heart in our midst had deemed the inaccessible and inalienable heritage of a distant future; all these are circumstances which give a precious significance and value to this hour of kindly fellowship. I regret that so few of my countrymen are present, to participate in the enjoyment of this happy occasion, and

to respond to those generous and brotherly sentiments of esteem on the part of our English colleagues. But there are enough of us to accept this expression of their good-will on behalf of all the Americans who were prevented from assisting at the great Peace Congress in Paris, by obstacles which they could not overcome. And I am sure we may go further still, and accept it as an evidence of that kindly feeling which is entertained by the whole people of England towards the people of the United States. And what more appropriate time or place than this could we find for connecting with a new bond of brotherhood the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family divided by the Atlantic? or, to use those familiar personations which a long and friendly custom has sanctioned, where and when could John and Jonathan more becomingly shake hands before the world, in token of their brotherly love, than on this very spot, and under that standard of universal peace which we have assisted to raise aloft in the great metropolis of European civilization, to signal a better era to all the peoples of the earth? What time or place more fitting than this to unlearn the lessons that were taught them in the old years of that mutual alienation which made enemies of nations which God had made of one blood, to dwell upon all the face of the earth in the bonds of peace and amity? Among these ruinous estrangements, perhaps the most unnatural of all was the one between England and her colonial children on the other side of the Atlantic. In the course of the long struggle that ensued, the young Anglo-Saxon nation became intimately connected with France by strong bonds of friendship and alliance. The remembrance of

that connection, with all the affecting circumstances under which it was formed, has perpetuated a profound sentiment of goodwill towards France in the heart of the American nation. But it is to me a sad reminiscence that the original basis of that friendship was a common hostility to England. But, if such a lasting amity could be established on such a foundation, what a condition of brotherhood may we not expect when the hands of France, England, and the United States shall be united in fraternal embrace, and when they shall go forth together to vanquish the insane and unnatural enmities which divide and embitter other nations! How it would accelerate the advent of the good time coming if the Peace Congress in Paris should result in the union of these three great peoples, not against the rest of the world, but for its pacification, prosperity, and progress! And which of the nations which have recently submitted the highest interests of their existence to the sanguinary and unreasoning arbitrament of the sword, will lift up its bleeding head from the dust and forbid the banns of this union, and say that might shall continue to decide the right of the people? For myself, I believe that a few more Peace Parliaments of the people, like the one we have just terminated under such happy auspices, will not only unite England, France, and America, but all the civilized nations of the earth, in the pacific dispositions and relations of one vast commonwealth. The hand of America is ready and warm for such a union, and we may pledge its best activities to promote a consummation so devoutly to be wished. And I beg to say, on behalf of the friends of peace on that side of the Atlantic, that

no efforts within the compass of their ability will be spared to ensure a large and respectable delegation to the next Congress on the Continent. It is our intention to return to the United States in the course of a few weeks, and to commence forthwith to canvass the country for delegates, whose principles, talents, and position shall be worthy of their important mission to Europe. One or two of us will make the tour of the free States for this purpose; and with the prestige and precedent of the magnificent demonstration just brought to a close in Paris, we may promise ourselves and you a good measure of success. In conclusion, let me say, that we hope that most of those present on this interesting occasion may meet again next year at some town on the Rhine, to raise our white standard of Peace in Germany, and to rally to its support our brethren of that portion of Europe.

Speech at the Peace Congress at Frankfort,

August 24th, 1850.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—I deeply regret that the task has devolved upon me to present to this assembly a proposition which has been denominated American, from the attention which the friends of peace in the United States have given to its development and advocacy during the last twenty years. I refer to the convocation and establishment of a Congress and High Court of Nations for the regulation of the intercourse and for the adjustment of the difficulties which may arise between them, according to the principles of justice embodied in a well-defined code of international law. I had hoped that some one of my countrymen would have been prepared to bring to the discussion of this question a force of argument and clearness of illustration befitting a subject of such grave importance. But as no other member of the American delegation is thus prepared to develop the proposition, I beg leave merely to state, as succinctly as I can, the principal points and considerations which it involves.

In the first place, then, permit me to say that the measure proposed is not American, either in origin or argument. It had taken shape and form in the public mind before America was discovered as a world, or born as a nation. It is as old as the idea of international law; and, with that idea, it has come down to us from the earliest times, expanding as it descended, through Egyptians and Persians, through Greeks and Romans, through the chaos of the dark ages, through confederacies and councils, leagues and diets of later periods, down to the congresses and conferences of the last century. In 1622, before a single English colony was fairly established in North America, and nearly one hundred years before the Abbé de St. Pierre had written a word upon the subject, a French author, in a work entitled "Le Nouveau Cygne," elaborated the proposition which is submitted to your consideration to a fullness of development far surpassing the limits which the present advocates of the measure would prescribe to its operations. He proposed the convocation and establishment of a great International Senate, composed of a representative from every recognised kingdom or Government in the world,—a body which should not only serve as a perpetual Court of Equity and Arbitration, but also as a standing convention or congress to project and propose great international works of improvement, such as the connection of rivers, seas, and oceans by ship-canals, and enterprises of a similar character.

About a century and a-half after the publication of this work, a higher authority and more distinguished name than that of the anonymous writer to whom I have

referred, invested the proposition with all the dignity that profound legal erudition and experience could confer upon it. The name of Emanuel Kant is identified with it, and it would be an act of injustice to the memory of that remarkable man to ascribe to the American mind a plan which he had presented to the world with such clearness and force before it was ever mentioned on that side of the Atlantic. He says, "What we mean to propose is a General Congress of Nations, of which both the meeting and duration are to depend entirely upon the sovereign wills of the League, and not an indissoluble union, like that which exists between the several States in North America, founded upon a political covenant. Such a Congress and such a League are the only means of realizing the idea of a true public law, according to which the differences between nations would be determined by civil proceedings, as those between individuals are determined by civil judicature, instead of resorting to war,—a means of redress worthy only of barbarians."

Other distinguished authorities might be cited to prove that the proposition is not an American idea. To France and Germany belongs the joint honour of its paternity; to France and Germany belongs the joint duty of expanding it to the full stature and perfection of a world-embracing reality. Here is a sublime work for the united energies of their mighty mind. Whatever we have done in America in reference to this question, we have done as their disciples. For twenty years we have wrought upon their idea, and endeavoured to induce our Government to propose its adoption to all the other Governments of the civilized world. Large public meetings

have been held from year to year for its consideration. More than fifty essays have been written to demonstrate its necessity and practicability. The Legislatures of several of our States have addressed memorials in its favour to the General Congress and Government at Washington. The resolutions adopted by the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1844 embrace the propositions almost exactly as defined by Emanuel Kant in 1794. This is its language:—

"That it is our earnest desire that the Government of the United States would take measures for obtaining the consent of the powers of Christendom to the establishment of a General Congress of Nations for the purpose of settling the principles of international law, and of establishing a High Court of Nations to adjudge all cases of difficulty which may be brought before them."

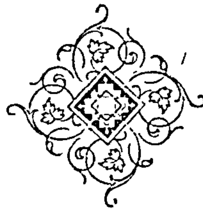
This scheme proposes, to use the terms of that distinguished writer, "to realize the idea of a true public law," by the only process by which such an important object could be attained; first, by defining and settling the principles of international law; and then by establishing a High Court of Nations, which should interpret and apply those principles to the adjudication of such questions as should be submitted to its arbitration. Here, then, are two great and distinct steps to be taken to organize the society of nations upon a basis of fixed law and order. The resolution before us limits our deliberations to the first of these steps; and to that I will confine my remarks, feeling assured that the one must inevitably follow the other in quick succession. The sole object of a Congress of Nations, according to the

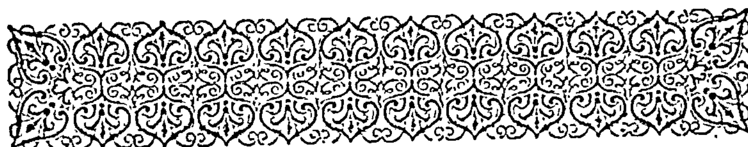
language of the resolution, is to provide the world with a well-defined, authoritative code of international law. This has been acknowledged by eminent jurists, and proved, by centuries of painful experience, to be the great want of the commonwealth of nations. * * *

The resolution before us seems to invite rather timidly the friends of peace in different countries to prepare the public mind for the adoption of such a code, and for the condition which it involves. It seems to intimate that this preparation is a work yet to be commenced, or, at least, in the incipient stage of progress. Now, all the signs of the times that I can distinguish indicate that this preparation is already far advanced. The morning light of the good time coming is everywhere breaking upon the eyes of those who are looking and longing for its appearing. Everywhere new hearts and new hopes are gained to our cause. Everywhere new agencies and tendencies are combining to propel it forward. The great necessities and interests of the age unite to make peace the first want and predilection of the nations. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men are coming to be recognised by civilization and science, as well as by Christianity. This great central principle of Divine revelation is taking effect upon the peoples of the world. The bristling barriers of nationality, which once divided and estranged them, are gradually disappearing, and they are beginning to fraternize across the boundaries that once made them enemies. The great transactions of nations, the mightiest works of human skill and energy, are becoming international, in origin, operation, and ownership. Is it a canal that is proposed? It is a

great channel for the ships of all nations across the isthmus of Panama or Suez to shorten the passage to India. Is it a railway that is projected? It is one 4,000 miles in length, across the continent of North América, to open to all the nations of Europe a north-west passage to China of thirty days from London. Is it an electric telegraph? It is one to reach round the globe, crossing Behring's Straits and the English Channel, and stringing on its nerve of wire all the capitals of the civilized world between London and Washington. Is it a grand display of the works of art and industry, for the encouragement and development of mechanical skill and genius? It is a magnificent Exhibition opened without the slightest distinction to the artists and artisans of all nations, just as if they belonged to one and the same country, and were equally entitled to its patronage and support. Is it an act affecting navigation? It is to place all the ships that plough the ocean upon the same footing as if owned by one and the same nation. Is it a proposition to cheapen and extend the facilities of correspondence between individuals and communities? It is to give the world an Ocean Penny Postage, to make home everywhere, and all nations neighbours. These are the material manifestations of that idea of universal brotherhood which is now permeating the popular mind in different countries, and preparing them for that condition promised to mankind in Divine revelation. They are the mechanical efforts of civilization to demonstrate that sublime truth—"God hath made of one blood all nations of men." They represent the preparation of the public mind of the world already accomplished for a Congress of Nations to elabo-

rate for the regulation of their society and intercourse a well-defined and authoritative code of international law. All the tendencies of the times, the grandest ideas and instrumentalities developed by science and civilization, combine to favour this consummation. The means are adequate; the necessity is urgent and universally felt; the sentiment of the age is in sympathy with the proposition; a flood of energetic influences is setting in at full tide in favour of the undertaking. Let us seize this happy juncture with faith and courage, and I am confident that the great idea and institution which we have so long laboured to see established may soon be realized to the full of all the beneficence to mankind which we have anticipated.





Extract from a Speech at Birmingham,

In 1851.

"I agree with him (Mr. Cobden) in thinking that there could not, perhaps, have been a more appropriate time than the present for a demonstration of this nature, because we have now converted this country, I may say, into the Temple of Peace of the whole world." —*Lord Palmerston.*

THERE! that will do pretty well. And who could have expected so much, so soon? There are a scope and compass of significance, of the Crystal Palace order, in this sentence. Among the most auspicious and important of the coincidences that transpire in human affairs, is fitness of time and place to a great event or undertaking. "Time," said the eloquent Abbé Deguerry, in his grand and powerful speech in the Peace Congress at Paris, "Time is the Prime Minister of God's Providence." And, surrounded and over-arched with the bright manifestations of Providence in these latter days, with all the signs that betoken, and the songs that are greeting, the dawn of a new era, there are thousands and tens of thousands of prudent, far-seeing persons, standing

with their backs to the future, and warning the friends of Peace that time is not with them,—that the time has not come to favour their efforts and realize their aim. Look into the columns of the London *Times*, which arrogates to its unstable temporeity some of the minor attributes of Time. What has been its standing charge against the advocates of Peace, and their efforts? Why, that they were "counting without their host;" that they were working in advance of time, and expecting and trying to realize the practicabilities of a distant age. And many sincere, Christian men have gone further still, and said that our endeavours and expectations were outrunning the prophecies; that, in labouring to bring in an era of permanent and universal Peace, we were seeking to realize, prematurely, one of the prime conditions of the Millennium. It is a pleasant thing, and full of promise, therefore, that a statesman in Lord Palmerston's position, acting as janitor to the Temple of Janus, so far as its custody is consigned to Great Britain, has turned his face to the future, and read its auguries, and the indications of the present, with such clear-sighted and liberal interpretation, that he has not hesitated to arise in his place, in the foremost Parliament of the world, and say that, in his opinion, "there could not, perhaps, have been a more appropriate time than the *present* for a demonstration of this nature." What a full and unequivocal testimony this to the fitness of time! "There could not, perhaps, have been a more appropriate time than the present for a demonstration of this *nature*." Of what nature? Why, an effort to induce the British Government to adopt one of the measures advocated by the Peace Congress last year;

to lead the leading nations of the earth, by simultaneous induction, into the path of mutual disarmament, and reciprocal confidence and amity. And is not the approaching Peace Congress "a demonstration of this nature?" Come, now, all you hesitating and doubting, who profess to be as sincere friends of Peace, at heart, as its warmest advocates, let us reason together. You say, what you have said for years, that no one could be more honestly opposed to war than you, and that you intend to do something for its abolition, "when the proper time comes. *But*"—hold there!—no *but*, please. Are you really willing to lend a hand to this great work, even on the eve of its final consummation?—to thrust in your silver-mounted sickles, and reap the rich sheaves of a harvest which others, in patient faith, sowed almost in tears, in the midst of the sneers and jeering obloquy of the world? Are you willing to come in, even at the hour of triumph, and share the brilliant and bloodless spoils of the great victory of Peace?—to say and sing with the advocates you have contemned, "God hath gotten *us* this victory. He hath established the work of *our* hands, and given *us* the desire of *our* hearts over the great destroyer of mankind?" After having stoutly abjured all sympathy or association with these premature enthusiasts in their efforts to banish war from the earth, are you willing to *we* yourselves with them, as they are bringing into the harbour of humanity the Golden Fleece, for whose tressed blessings they struggled for years, with tempest and flood? Then listen to Lord Palmerston. Does he not say to you, as plainly as language can speak, that "there could not, perhaps, be a time more appropriate than

the present," for you to participate in "a demonstration of this nature?" for you to attend the Peace Congress, and take an honest and active part in its proceedings; to identify your sympathies and convictions with the spirit, principles, and objects which it will illustrate, teach, and attain? Can you wish better or safer authority than this clear, emphatic testimony of the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the fitness of the present time for your full and sincere adhesion to the cause of Peace?

So much for the felicitous appropriateness of the present for "a demonstration of this nature." Nothing could equal the fitness of *time*, save the peculiar adaptation of *place*, for this demonstration. And the last feature of this happy harmony is portrayed by the noble Lord, in language more elysian than even the very sanguine and poetical of the friends of Peace are wont to employ, in describing the reality of their aspirations. Let us listen to him again. The reason why the present is such an appropriate time "for a demonstration of this nature," he says, is "because we have now converted this country, I may say, into the TEMPLE OF PEACE of the whole world." There now! what do you think of that? How hampered and halting are the best conceptions which the prosy and plodding workers in the cause could form of the fitness of place for the coming Peace Congress compared with this brilliant illustration of the British Minister! It mirrors the reality as through the Crystal Palace itself. Full of clustering images of blessedness and beauty as is this comprehensive and splendid figure, who can say that he has invested the vista and signifi-

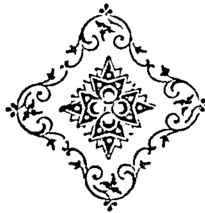
cance of the facts spread out before him with a colouring, compass, or a meaning which they do not deserve? Yes, Lord Palmerston, the sober, unpoetical judgment of the world shall not check the exuberance of your faith nor limit its expression, though expanding and warming into the poetry of enthusiasm. You *may* say that "we have now converted this country into the Temple of Peace of the whole world," for is not this true in almost every sense and direction? As a place of mere congregation and social fellowship, is not the Crystal Palace as much a centre and source of attraction to all the nations of the earth as Solomon's Temple was to the twelve tribes of Israel? Do not the people of all lands and languages hie and home to it as the doves of Judea did of yore to their windows in that Temple? Do not they remain as long together at its shrine of peace and concord as did the Jewish worshippers that assembled beneath the arches of that hallowed edifice? In this sense, then, Lord Palmerston may say that this country has now been converted into a temple. But, if it be a temple, what less or else can it be than the Temple of Peace, universal and permanent? At the inception and end of the work, was there any ambiguity or reservation in regard to its design and dedication? No; Peace was enthroned, like a living, speaking, and heavenly presence in the highest place in that temple, with an inauguration such as a world, with its potentates and peoples, could only offer in homage to her sceptre. It were an easy thing to construct some vast edifice, and surmount it with a cold master-piece of marble statuary, and call it Peace or Freedom, or Plenty. But such is not the Crystal Palace; such is not the

Temple of Peace into which this country has been converted, in the language of Lord Palmerston. It is a living temple, and not an Oriental monument, crowned with dead, idolatrous sculpture, in honour and glory of Peace, like the Athenian image dedicated to "The *Unknown God.*" Peace is in her Industrial Temple; not in the cold personation of worshipped marble, but as a moving, speaking, animating presence; as a life, in the highest, widest, and warmest condition of activity and inspiration. Peace is "at home" here; magnificent beyond the most gorgeous pageantry of earthly potentates, but not in state; not overawing; benignly "at home" to all her multifarious and multitudinous Court of Industries; blandly and blessingly "at home" to all the ingenious artists and hard-handed artisans of the world; alike "at home" in the suavest benevolence of her countenance, to the sons of toil of every clime, kindred, and colour, who have crowned her brow and hung her neck with the choicest jewellery of their genius; who, with labour patient and hopeful, have made the wildernesses of the world to blossom as the rose, have dompted and domesticated the winds and lightning to message-birds of business and friendship; bridged seas, linked continents, subdued elements, and co-worked with God in bringing back beauty to the earth, and unity to the scattered families of His creation. Peace is "at home" with these, and these with her, not as the object of their worship, but of their love and mutual fellowship.

Then there is another generous admission in the language of Lord Palmerston in his recent speech on Mr. Cobden's Peace motion. He says, "*We* have now,

I may say, converted this country into the Temple of Peace of the whole world." It is something hopeful when a statesman in his position, speaking for a great Government, or for himself, is disposed to say *we* with the workers in a great cause. Nothing is more patent to the world, in connection with this Great Exhibition, than the fact that it did not originate in the British Parliament, but was an undertaking of individual enterprise. Neither was it a sudden and brilliant conception, bowled in among the events of the age, like an unpredicted comet. It came in its due time and order, in the right line of succession of great ideas. The still small voices that uttered thoughts of peace and human brotherhood among the people, whether they would hear or forbear; the men of faith, who stood up and took twenty years of the world's ridicule for the sowing of these principles; the harmless enthusiasts who persevered in the enunciation of these doctrines against satire keen and bitter;—these prepared the way, and hastened the coming of this event. The friendly and fraternal addresses from the towns of England to the towns of the United States and France; the international visits which succeeded; then the great Congresses of the friends of peace, of different nations;—these have done their work in bringing in this grand consummation of the influences they set in motion. The achievement is made to occupy time, as well as to include a vast range of co-operation, by the language of Lord Palmerston. "We have *now* converted this country into a Temple of Peace." *Now*, after so long a time, after so many years of labour in changing the habits and disposition of the country, "we have *converted* it into the Temple

of Peace of the whole world." Looking at the long educational process by which this change has been effected, tracing back the august demonstration to the tributaries of public sentiment which produced it, we cannot think it is too much to regard the Peace Congress as the parent, and not the parasite, of the Great Exhibition.



Extract from a Speech in the London Peace Congress,

July 24th, 1851.

TIME and Providence, in all the vicissitudes and events which mark the experience of individuals, or measure the progress of nations, bring but one *now* to man, or to any human enterprise. Every great event or undertaking that has blessed the world with its beneficence has had its own peculiar *now;* its own providential preparation of the popular mind for its reception and fruition; its own contemporaneous coincidence of auspicious circumstances, co-working to facilitate its realization. And if the present year is not the *now* which God has given us for the consummation of the hopes we entertain and the measures we propose, that *now* will come; "for the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it." It will come; but not by observation. It will come; but the star of its advent will be recognised only by a few shepherds longing and looking, with skyward eye, for its appearing. It will come; but the faith of the few will only discern and hail its approach, while the million will persist in their incre-

dulity, and ask in derision, "Where is the promise of its coming?" What was true in regard to the great event of this year, will be true in reference to the more august reality towards which we look and labour. Who discerned the fact that this year was the *now* of the Great Exhibition? Was it the spontaneous and universal conviction of the public mind, that the set time had come for this magnificent demonstration in the Crystal Palace? No: its advent was comprehended by the faith of the few. Even to them it did not come by observation. They did not walk by sight or certainty. They had no pathometer wherewith to test the sentiment of the world towards their proposition. It was not in their power to feel the pulse of the divided populations of the earth, to ascertain whether their multitudinous heart beat in sympathy with the idea of this grand gathering of the nations. And without this spontaneous sympathy of the people of different lands and languages, without the animated, consentaneous co-operation of their best will, genius, and activity, no human legislation could have produced the event which now fills the mind of the world with delight and admiration. How, then, did the princely author of this monarch-thought of the age, and his dauntless coadjutors in the conception, ascertain that its *now* had come? that the mind of the world was ripe and ready for its realization? that the predilections of peoples and the pathway of Providence were in happy conjunction for this brilliant consummation? The circumstances under which they put out their great thought are full of instruction and encouragement to our faith. Ten years ago, there were no interests in the common-

wealth of nations so mutually antagonistic, so jealous of competition, so adverse to reconciliation, so ambitious of precedence, or determined to rise on the ruins of another, as the mechanical and agricultural industries of the different populations in Christendom. Years of elaborate legislation had arrayed these interests against each other in lynx-eyed and tireless hostility. The artisans of one country were taught to regard their brethren of the spindle, hammer, and spade of another as their natural enemies in the battle of life and labour. They were taught to conceal their skill; to lock away their mechanical genius in close, dark laboratories, lest it should be purloined by foreigners. "*No admittance here except on business*" was written, in barking, bull-dog capitals, over their factories and workshops. Abundant admittance to *buy*, but none to *learn*, was the meaning of this threatening monition. Even to the first day of 1851, the jealous tariffs of different countries seemed "like lime-twigs set to catch" and cripple the thought of bringing the arts and sciences of all nations into one Central Palace of Peace and Concord. In addition to this circumstance, a deluge of angry agitation was rolling over the Continent of Europe. During the last months of 1850, thousands and tens of thousands of the well-skilled artisans of Prussia, Austria, and other German States had laid down the peaceful implements of their handicraft, and were training their fingers to the bloody trade and weapons of war. And was this the time? was this the juncture of favouring opportunities for the Great Exhibition of the Arts and Industries of all nations? So its originators believed. Against the mind of the

million. they believed it steadfastly. To their faith, the *now* had come for the complete realization of the magnificent conception. Unaided by legislation, with no governmental power or authority to lean upon, they sent out their idea, dovelike, among the divided populations of the earth. It dropped into the hearts of peoples like a still small voice of Divine inspiration. It permeated the minds of the masses, and touched their sympathies to the finest issues. It worked upward into the highest ranks of human society, and downward into its lowest conditions; and pervaded and united all with the common sentiment, that the great day of UNIVERSAL LABOUR had come, when it was to be crowned with glory and honour, and the homage of potentates and peoples. Away upon the sea, to distant islands and continents, flew the summons of that thought; and the sons of toil of every handicraft, and clime, and colour opened their hearts to its message; and it thrilled their fingers with such ingenious activities as never before wrought in the mechanical creations of human skill. The great day of LABOUR had come. The queen of all the earthly conditions of humanity was to be brought to her throne, with kings and queens as her train-bearers, with shoutings of grace and glory to her sceptre from the many-tongued myriads of her subjects. Labour, patient, peaceful Labour, that from the closed gates of paradise went forth weeping into the wilderness of life, and tracked it with the red pathway of her bleeding feet; Labour, that had made bricks without straw in Egypt, and lain pale and hungry, and begged for crumbs on the door-stones of palaces, which her blistered hands had filled with dainties

which the eye and appetite of ungrateful luxury could not enjoy; Labour, that had walked and worked her way through the barbarisms and feudalisms of the past, with the fetter-prints of bondage still fresh and crimson around her limbs; meek, lowly-minded Labour had come to her immortal *now*, to the day of her august coronation. And her lowly men of might, who bore in their sunburnt foreheads and in their horny hands the dusky signets of their loyalty, felt that her day was come. And with a new sentiment of dignity, the pearl-divers of distant seas, with strong and downward beat, descended to deeper fathoms of the ocean's depths, and searched its shining bed for "gems of purer light serene" than ever shed their lustre on regal courts; the diamond-diggers of different zones hunted with new ambition for the costliest stones of the earth's treasury to stud the coronation jewellery of Labour; and the trappers of frozen regions, and the fishermen of the Poles, the men of the mines of deeper fathom than the sea; the diggers and workers of all the precious and useful metals and minerals which the earth contains; the workers of the spindle, shuttle, and needle; the artisans of hostile countries forgot their nationality in the sentiment of the dignity of their common condition, and all wrought, with the highest enthusiasm of their genius, to bring the master-pieces of human art to the crowning of Labour. And the kings and queens of the earth felt that the first jewels of their crowns owed their lustre to Labour, and they brought them forth to shine among the gems of her coronation, in the great Temple of Peace and Concord. And the first queen of the world acted as bridesmaid at the royal

robing of Labour, and in sight of the congregated nations she set the tiara of the world's homage on her brow, and gave her, a glorious bride, to the dignity of universal humanity, as the first-born and fairest of the earthly offspring of Omnipotence. And who among the thousands that filled, or the exulting millions that surrounded, the Crystal Temple on that august occasion, could doubt that its illustrious *now* had come, with its world-full of the finger-prints and finger-guidings of Divine Providence; with its favouring sympathies beating fellowship in the bosoms of nations; with attractions and unprecedented opportunities for the realization of this magnificent scheme of peace and human brotherhood?

But the result of this grand experiment has a bearing upon our efforts and expectations far beyond the value and significance of an illustration. The wonderful demonstration which has congregated the peoples of the earth in fraternal fellowship in yonder Crystal Temple of Peace is not a mere collateral event, by which we may prove the existence and force of a current of public sentiment running parallel with that which this Congress represents. Great as are its triumphs, immeasurable as may be its consequences, it did not transpire on a line of human progress which may, in some dim, distant future, converge into the road which we are pursuing. No; the lines of the Great Exhibition and the annual Peace Congress of Christendom have already merged into the same highway of peace and human brotherhood. It is not our doing. It is the work of Divine Providence, and it is "marvellous in our eyes." It is not our saying. Let no one charge us with the ambitious assumption of

this fact. Others have said it for us; others of the highest authority, and in the audience of the listening world. At the grand inauguration in the Crystal Palace, on the 1st of May, Prince Albert declared to the assembled thousands of different kindreds and climes, and to the millions of Christendom who caught responsive the echo of his words, that "the undertaking had for *its end* the promotion of all branches of human industry, and the strengthening of the bonds of peace and friendship among all nations of the earth." Peace, permanent and universal; peace, rooted in the well-being of nations; peace, with its tendrils clasping all the sensitive and nourishing fibres of human industry; peace, interwoven with the mutual affections and interests of the peoples of the earth, is the object of the Congress of Nations, now holding its pacific sessions in the Crystal Palace. All the ideas and associations connected with the event merge into this grand object and result. The originators of this demonstration, and those who glory loudest in its triumphs, claim for it, as its highest honour, this result. Their fervid orators, in the glow of enthusiastic eloquence, point to the Great Exhibition, and say, this is the true Peace Congress. They claim for it the character and object of our annual Peace Parliament of the People. They promise to realize the result for which we labour; to be first at the goal, and carry off the prize. They do not say that they are against us, or competing with us in a parallel race-course, but that they are far in advance of us, on the same high-road toward the object of our efforts and aspirations. Then, what becomes of the charge that we are going too fast and too far, when

the originators of the Great Exhibition are almost boasting that they have taken the cause of peace out of our hands, and are carrying it forward to its final consummation with railway speed, because that our expectations and progress are so slow? The world, almost without a dissenting voice, admits that the set time had come for this event; that the preparation of the popular mind of Christendom was complete for the realization of this scheme, even beyond the boldest expectation of its originators. And it had but one single end from the beginning, and that was peace. Let us grant it gladly and gratefully. That is the only end of our annual Peace Congress. Then will not the sympathies and activities of nations, and the co-operation of Divine Providence, which have crowned their undertaking with such mighty success, accrue to the realization of our aim and efforts? If their *now* has come, with such a superabundance of happy circumstances, can ours be far off? We trow not.

Speech at the Annual Meeting of the American Peace Society, Boston,

May, 1861.

PEACE, said one who made the saying sound like a Divine axiom, peace has its victories as well as war. It might be said with equal truth that peace has its heroism, too, as well as war. When the wrathful spirit of uprising nations is at its flood, when the fountains of the great deep of human passions are broken up, and the rush and the roar of the deluge seem to overwhelm and silence all the still small voices of charity and human brotherhood, it requires a courage more elevated and dauntless than that of the warrior's to go out into the storm and rebuke the tempest, to put against the tide of the world's opinion the quiet remonstrance of reason and humanity. The last five years have been an ordeal-period for the friends of peace, the like of which was never before concentrated in an equal space of time. The order of the old hopeful adage has been reversed: the darkness has been deepest just after the break of day. In the five years beginning with 1848, peace, permanent and universal, seemed on the eve of its

coronation as the reigning condition among men. Its advocates—of different countries, voice, and language—met in the first capitals on the Continent of Europe, and urged upon the peoples and Governments principles and measures which, if adopted, would for ever banish the barbarism of war from the civilized world. At each succeeding Congress, new and distinguished adherents to the holy cause came in and rallied to its standard. The great masses of society began to give the suffrage of their sentiments to the policy of perpetual peace and goodwill among men. The tide of the world's national interests and the social intercourse of nations set in in the same direction. The Great Exhibition of 1851 seemed the very efflorescence of all preceding efforts to establish a lasting and universal brotherhood.

But the last five years, with their momentous and startling events, have brought back the deluge of the war-spirit even beyond the high-water mark of its inun dations in earlier epochs of civilization. First came the terrible contest of the Crimea; then, ere yet the rains and dews of a single year had blanched its battle-fields of the blistering crimson of human blood, the horrible uprising in India startled the world with its murderous and malignant conflicts. Before its sanguinary records were closed, the war in Italy burst upon the world, and such armed hosts as were never before marshalled in Europe met at Magenta and Solferino, and reddened them with a carnage unknown to Austerlitz or Waterloo. Then, with scarcely a month's breathing-space of peace, the war in China followed, and, ere that was fully closed, arose the new war in Southern Italy, the achievements

of Garibaldi, and the exciting events and the excited hopes predicated upon the result of the struggle. Never, since the first organization and associated efforts of the friends of peace, has such a deluge of antagonistic events and dispositions overwhelmed their labours, hopes, and faith as during the past five years. Especially have our brethren and co-labourers in Europe been subjected to a testing-furnace of trial seven times heated beyond the pressure of any preceding experience. Each of the wars mentioned came with a peculiar temptation to many who felt themselves well-grounded in the principles of peace. What one war left unshaken, another swept into the current of popular sympathy and opinion. Thousands who stood firm against the conflict in the Crimea yielded to Garibaldi's struggle in Italy. Still, a brave, heroic band of good and true men in our mother-land have stood the sifting of these successive trials, and, through them all, have borne aloft, with steady hands and steady hopes, the white, pure banner of peace, like the morning-star of Christian faith among the red and fiery planets of Mars.

And now we, who have enlisted under that same white banner, have come to our trial-hour; and who shall be able to stand? Thousands in our country have felt and acted with us, to a certain degree of interest and activity, when the skies were fair and tranquil over our own land, and when the great evil of war seemed a distant and foreign eventuality. But now our turn has come with a pressure of trial which our friends abroad never experienced. The very structure of our republican institutions makes this test of our faith and duty

the more intense and perilous. Here the people rule; their sentiment and will are the great governing power of the land. He who opposes that power, when it lifts itself up in its might, as in a crisis like the present, rushes against the thick bosses of the strongest force this side of Omnipotence. I say it with reverence:—this people-power, somewhat resembling Omnipotence, pervades all our nation's space, listens unseen, operates unspent, and presses to the earth the man who dares to lift his opinion against the morality and justice of its rule. He who ventures to enter his protest against this awful conflict, now about to engulf our country in the carnage and desolation of a civil war, becomes instantly subject to the charge, if not the punishment, of treason. He finds the enemy and avenger of his sentiments in his own house or his neighbour's house. His own familiar friend, with whom he took sweet counsel and walked to the house of God in company, rises against him as a member of the great Government of the people, and taunts him with treason to its authority.

In a time like the present, where shall we go to find a rock on which to stand unmoved in the sweeping flood of public sentiment roaring around us, like the voice of many waters, for the wild tempest of war? The stronghold of our faith, the guide-lights of our duty, the panoply of our principles, are in the spirit and the teachings of the Christian religion. If these teachings do not condemn war, and make it a sin against God and man, where shall we go for arguments against the bloody and delusive arbitrament of the sword? Shall we be turned out of the doors of the Bible, to find those arguments in

the lower moralities of commerce, or of political economy, or of material or humanitarian interests? To my mind, one of the most painful phases of the present conflict in our country is the attitude of Christian Churches in the two sections towards each other. Three years ago, in the great revival of 1857, they were one in the unity of spirit and the bond of Christian faith and love. Then the lightning fingers of the telegraph, now busy with the plans and doings of war, transmitted from sea to lake, and from river to mountain, intelligence of noonday prayer meetings in the various towns and villages of the Union; of the conversion of thousands and tens of thousands among all classes and ages of the people. Now, thousands of those converts, fresh from the affecting memorials of the sacramental table, are marching towards each other, not to the music of that hymn sung by their Saviour and His disciples on the Mount of Olives, but to the sound of the fife and drum, with fixed bayonets and lighted matches, to the work of mutual slaughter. And the Churches to which they belong are cheering them on, blessing their banners, and praying for their triumph. How sad and saddening is all this! Is Christ thus divided? Are His teaching, His spirit, and His life susceptible of such antagonisms as these? How completely unanimous are all the Christian Churches, of all denominations, in the Southern States, in the conviction that their cause is holy, just, and true, and that they can ask God, with a clear conscience, to crown that cause with triumph! Witness their fast days, and especial seasons of public prayer for the sympathy and aid of the Almighty. The whole Christian Church in the North, without a

dissenting voice, is equally unanimous and united to sustain the war, and in every place where prayer is wont to be made, in town, village, and hamlet, there is earnest supplication that the Divine power may side with the Federal Government in the struggle. This shows how much remains to be done, and how long it will take to do it, to bring the conscience of the Christian Church to one common, fixed, and unchanging standard of sentiment and duty on the subject of war. Until those who profess to be actuated by the spirit and live by the rule of Christian faith shall be enlightened to see that it excludes them from all participation in war, we shall see, when the trial comes, just such a scene as the country now presents.

But, strong as is the Christian foundation of our cause, it does not rest exclusively upon what some may please to call abstract principle or benevolent sentiment. It is also based upon a policy sustained by arguments and interests which we may urge in season and out of season upon the Governments and peoples of Christendom. It is the policy of universal law and order; it is the policy of equal and impartial justice and equity; it is to banish lynch law between nations, and to make them amenable to the jurisprudence of reason and humanity in their dealings with each other. What constitutes anarchy in a community? Is it anything more or less than the taking of the law into their own hands by the individuals of that community, or making the rule and impulse of their passions and prejudices the law of their action towards their fellows? Do not Governments exist for the purpose of preventing this sway of

private passions and interests among men, for transferring their controversies to impartial tribunals, whose decisions shall not be biased by any personal favour towards one of the parties to the detriment of the other? Well, the first and distinctive aim of our Peace policy is to apply the same rule to Governments themselves; to induce them to set a good example of law and order to their own subjects, not by taking the law into their own hands, not by arrogating to themselves the right of being their own judges and executioners in cases of controversy with each other, but by submitting those cases to the arbitrament of impartial justice, equity, and reason; it is virtually to place all the nations of Christendom, both great and small, on the same footing in regard to their rights and interests; to give as strong a guaranty to the weakest as the strongest.

This policy embraces three distinctive measures which have been developed and urged with great force for many years by able men on both sides of the Atlantic. Of course, we can only re-state them here, to justify the hope within us to see them at some future day adopted by the leading Powers of the civilized world. First in the rank of these measures, it may be proper to place Stipulated Arbitration. This plan may be stated in a few words. It merely proposes that the leading Powers of Christendom, in a time of goodwill and mutual confidence, when no mote of irritation is chafing their sensibilities, shall enter into a special and solemn treaty to refer to the arbitration of disinterested parties the adjudication of every question of controversy that may arise between them in the future, which they cannot settle

amicably by the usual process of negotiations. Now, one of the first and best results anticipated from this measure is this, that when any serious difficulty shall arise between the two countries, an honourable provision for its ultimate settlement would be pre-existing and available; consequently we believe that the people of the two nations who sanctioned or approved this provision would rest quiet in the opinion that it would afford a satisfactory solution of the question; and they would, therefore, not yield to that excitement of the war-spirit which, more than any other influence, is calculated to embarrass and thwart the ordinary process of negotiation. Thus the very existence of such a treaty of arbitration, without directly invoking its interposition, would probably render simple negotiation effective and satisfactory between the two Powers.

Such is one of the measures contemplated in our policy of Peace. We are not afraid to submit it to the most rigid examination of the most astute and casuistical statesmen and diplomatists of the world. The second measure in order of application is based upon the same practical common sense. It is easy, simple, direct, available, and effective at any moment that it shall be adopted. It is what we call Simultaneous and Proportionate Disarmament of nations. It proposes merely to reverse the process by which they have brought themselves to the threshold of bankruptcy by constantly increasing military armaments. The proposition is based upon one of the clearest principles of Euclid. If from equals you take equals, the remainders will be equals. In other words, if by treaty stipulation England and France agree to

reduce their navies by so many guns and their armies by so many regiments, the remainders will be equals, or bear precisely the same proportion to each other as they do now. Thus, by a series of equal reductions, their amount might be safely brought down to one-tenth of their present expenditure. We propose that the same policy of reduction should be adopted by all the Powers of Christendom.

The last and third measure is a Congress of Nations, to construct a code of international law, and to establish a High Court to apply these laws to all difficult cases of controversy that may be referred to its adjudication. This is peculiarly a proposition of American origin or adoption, and is based upon the structure and functions of the Supreme Court of the United States. Here, then, are three practical measures for the abolition of war between nations, which the friends of peace have pressed upon the attention of the Governments and peoples of Christendom for more than a quarter of a century. Can any man of common sense say that these measures are the chimeras of visionary enthusiasts? They have stood the severest analysis and criticism of statesmen, and the first powers of Christendom have done homage to their wisdom, by applying some of their vital principles to the solution of great and perilous controversies. There is an aspect of these plans of pacification which gives a distinctive character to the aims and efforts of the friends of peace. They are all preventives of war. They are measures designed to intercept the first uprising of the war spirit between nations.

Now, many persons misapprehend our position entirely.

They frequently ask, in a kind of triumphant tone, "What would you do in such and such a case, when two nations, aroused to the highest pitch of the war-fever, are clutching at each other's throats?" As well might you ask a physician what he would do when he is first called in to a patient nine days gone with the most malignant fever, which has been set on fire by poisonous liquor, until the pulse is at the rate of 150 a minute. If he can do nothing for the recovery of such a person, does it tell against his professional ability? Whatever he might attempt to do in such a case, it is quite certain what he would say: "It is too late; you should have called me in sooner. I have no medicines that will break this fever." That is a parallel case with ours. The measures I have described are our "medicines for the mind diseased" of nations. They are preventives. If adopted when the pulse of reason beats steady and even, the two parties will never clutch at each other's throats on the battle-field. Such an extreme emergency will never transpire.

There is another feature of these measures which it may be well to make prominent at a time like the present. They are designed to be applied exclusively to the settlement of controversies between independent and sovereign nations; between powers which, at the fiercest stage of hostilities, recognise each other on the same footing as independent sovereignties. Indeed, it is only the hostile collision of such parties that can be legitimately called war. It may be said with much force and propriety, "Your measures are all very well for preventing or arresting war between nations, but what

have you to meet the case of revolution in a nation against an oppressive Government? What plan have you for the settlement of such a difficulty between the ruling power and its subjects? I think we must say frankly that we have no specific and direct measure to interpose between a Government and the people it has wronged to the extremity of revolution. In asking a Government to accept arbitration to settle a difficulty with another Power, we recognise and honour its complete independence. We touch not a single prerogative of its jurisdiction over its own internal affairs. We do not ask it to modify a single domestic function, to change a single feature of its own policy towards its own subjects. But when we step in between it and a portion of those subjects in open revolt or revolution, to propose that their respective relationships shall be changed, that it shall forego certain prerogatives, or modify certain political institutions, we immediately touch to the quick its sovereignty; we contravene the very principle which we recognise and honour when we ask that Power to settle a difficulty with another Government by arbitration. Thus, as I have said, we have no direct plan to interpose between a Government and a portion of its subjects who have resorted for redress to that *ultima ratio gentium,* the right of rèvolution. But we have much that is indirect and effective to meet such cases. It is one of the fundamental conditions of tyranny, that with the oppressors there is power, that with power there is the disposition to use it despotically. This is illustrated in the character of individuals and sectional communities. For instance, when it was the custom for civilians to

wear side-arms, daily murders and homicides were the commonest occurrences. Quick tempers were aroused to strike fatally at the first impulse. With the hasty will there was power to destroy life at even trivial provocations. Take the slaveholders of this or any other country. Nearly all the atrocities and iniquities of the system come from the fact, that with the oppressors there is power; and the very possession of this power stimulates its exercise to any degree of cruelty or lust. Thus, as all the world knows, the slaveholder becomes overbearing and irascible, not only towards his slaves, but towards his equals. The same is true of Governments. Those in possession of the greatest military armaments are always and everywhere the most despotic towards their own subjects. The very means they possess for oppression make them tyrants at home. Now, then, by reducing their armaments as proposed, we relieve their subjects just in the same measure from their liability to oppression. When a Government takes the law into its own hands, and follows its own revengeful impulse to its utmost bent in warring with another Power, it educates itself to be overbearing and irascible towards its own people. In making that Government amenable to law and equity, and impartial justice, by our system of stipulated arbitration, we just to that extent dispose it to treat its own people with equity and moderation. By our plan of a Congress and High Court of Nations, we make, to a certain degree, all the Governments represented constituents and subjects of the most august tribunal ever erected on earth. Now, we can insist, without straining any inference, that all these measures are better

calculated than any other projects that could be devised to prevent revolutions, by taking away all just cause for them.

Such, then, is our programme, and such our principles and policy, for putting an end to the stupendous wickedness and folly of war between civilized nations. It would almost be irreverent to the great and solemn crisis of the hour, if I closed without reference to its origin and issues. Before saying a few words upon this exciting and difficult question, I would earnestly disclaim any desire to commit this Society, or any other member of it, to the slightest sympathy with the opinions I may advance. I may be perfectly alone in these views, and I put them forth deferentially, as those I have been led to entertain. For fifty years and more men of the highest intelligence, both in the Northern and Southern States, have had a foreboding that the system of slavery would eventuate at some future day in some great catastrophe to the nation. Thousands in both sections of the country, without believing the system to be inconsistent with religion and humanity, have entertained this presentiment. For the last quarter of a century, the portents of this disaster have thickened upon the country. This tempest that has blackened our heavens has been the steady gathering of fifty years. I think the nation should not have waited until the storm burst over our heads with such a rain of ruin. As the North is so deeply implicated in the planting of slavery on this continent, it would have been an act of moral duty on its part, as well as enlightened policy, to have come forward and made a generous and magnanimous overture to the

Southern States, to compensate them honourably, from the national treasury, for the emancipation of their slaves. If this offer had been made five or ten years ago, I am confident that we should never have come to the present crisis and complexion of affairs. In making this offer, we should have divested the anti-slavery sentiment of the North of all ambiguity in the view of the Southern States. The offer once made as a standing proposition, would constitute the *ultimatum* of that anti-slavery sentiment. It would be saying to the South, " However we may grow in power and population, even if we should number fifty free States against your fifteen, and however opposed to slavery we may all become, we will never go any further towards the extinction of slavery than by holding out to you this generous offer of Compensated Emancipation. Nothing would have been more calculated than this overture to banish the strong and honest apprehensions of the Southern mind that the political ascendancy of the North would lead to the disastrous overthrow of slavery. The *animus* of such an offer, the disposition that would precede and produce it, its direct and reflex influence, would all tend to reduce the antagonism of the two sections, and to the final removal of the only source of their dissensions. Thus, this old alienation might have been healed and our great Republic have become the most illustrious and beautiful example the world ever furnished of peace, prosperity, and brotherly concord.

Speech at the Annual Meeting of the London Peace Society,

May, 1863.

I HAVE been requested to make a few remarks on this occasion. But the circumstances under which we meet to-day are so extraordinary, the Past, Present, and Future seem to converge at the present moment into such cross-tides of momentous events and startling apprehensions, so many thousands of men, whom we once counted in our ranks, have been washed from the moorings of a great principle at which we believed they were fast anchored; there has come over Christendom such an inbreaking flood of the old animus of the dark ages, and the war spirit has so overwashed the highest water-mark of its ancient inundations; in short, looking in every direction, across both hemispheres, and at all the salient aspects of the present crisis, it is rather difficult to find words that shall be appropriate to the conditions of this anniversary hour. Truly the times have changed, and many have changed with them. About ten years have elapsed since our last great Peace Congress. The decade just closing never has had a parallel in the modern history of the world for the succession of distinct

and wide-raging wars. In this narrow space in the life of nations, the great, bloody Abaddon of our race has swept with its black and blighting wing all the continents of the earth. Within this short period it has belted the Globe with its track of fire and blood. The conflict in the Crimea seemed to unlock the pent-up furies upon which the Great Destroyer rides forth to the desolations it works among men. From the Crimea, they flew eastward and westward. Their fiery tongues hissed for the nations; and the nations rushed into the battle-field with all the new and terrible death-reapers which human science could invent. One by one, every first rank nation, and every considerable people of the earth, has passed under the chariot-wheels of this heathen Juggernaut. England, France, Austria, Italy, Spain, Russia, Turkey, India, and China, bloodied their hands, red and dripping, in this work of human slaughter. Then the fiery tide rolled back from the eastern shore of China, and broke, with all the accumulated impetus of its ground swell, upon America; and a vast continent is engulfed in the tremendous maëlstrom. There, the area of a great republic, which had boasted that civil war had never reddened a square inch of its soil with human blood, is now the scene of the most terrible and sanguinary conflict that ever sundered and desolated a people of the same race, tongue, and country. All the mutinies, rebellions, and revolutions of past ages, put in one struggle, could not compare with the dimensions of this fearful conflict. And the end is not yet. What that end shall be is hidden, deep and dark, in the unrevealed dispensations of the future.

Here, then, we stand to-day, looking back to such a Past, confronting such a Present, and overbrowed by such a Future. Truly the out-look is not animating to the friends of Peace. But the greatest days in human history are the days in which the few walk by faith. This is the great trial-day which is to test our faith in the principles we have espoused. Solomon was a wise man above all his predecessors; but the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he in that wisdom which was not revealed to him. He enumerates a long series of seasons for certain sentiments and actions; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up; a time to love, and a time to hate. But he omitted one time from his list, which the man of Christian experience can only supply. That is, a time to believe when the multitude doubt; a time for a man to gird up his loins and stand firm and strong in the sturdy valour of a great faith; a time to plant his foot more stoutly upon the rock of a great principle, and feel its everlasting strength against the winds and floods that sweep thousands, on the right hand and left, from their sandy foundations; a time to wait as well as to advance; to wait to see our judgment brought forth as the noonday; to see the mighty and immortal truth on which we stand justified against a deriding world, even by the logic of these stern and terrible events.

Courage and faith! let us strengthen our hearts, for this trial season, with these words of cheer. Courage and faith! We need both, in great measure, to carry us over this great gap in the ages; to carry us across the shadow of these dark, Middle-Age years that have been resuscitated from ten centuries of slumber, and hurled

across the pathway of human progress at a time when that pathway seemed brightening with a most glorious promise. We shall ere long reach the shore of a better future if we faint not. There has been a great falling off in the number of nominal adherents to our cause. Hundreds and thousands who walked with us, when our white banner seemed to be upborne by the breath of popular favour, have gone away backward before the influences of these untoward events. Still, I would say, courage! We have been *thinned*, but not *weakened*, by their secession. The band of Gideon was not weakened by the test that thinned its scanty ranks, nor shall ours lose strength or activity from this severe winnowing. What is the lesson of these trial years to us? What else than this—that all our strength is in a great, an everlasting principle,—a principle permeated and pulsating with all the precious vitalities of the Christian religion,—a principle as immutable and immortal as the attributes and doctrines of the Saviour of the world,—a principle which He gave to His followers to enter into the very life-work and structure of their faith, to be a living power in their belief and practice which should win and crown one of the grandest victories of His kingdom on earth? The experience of the last ten years has taught us how little we can trust to men who base their adhesion to the cause of peace on the sandy foundation of policy or expediency. When the adverse wind and flood of public sentiment come, they are washed away into the current of popular emotion. We must dig down to a deeper and stronger foundation than this ere we can expect to see that great victory won which is

to bless the world with permanent and universal peace. We must get a stronger hold upon the consciences of Christian men, and make them feel that war is a heathen usage, that it is a thing to be put under the everlasting ban of a Christian's faith, to be put in the same moral category as idolatry, or as oblations to heathen deities in which he cannot participate even by indirect acquiescence or toleration.

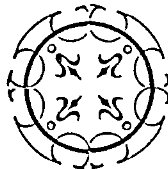
Can we bring Christian men to this full and steady conviction, to incorporate the great principle upon which our cause is founded into the very letter, life, and soul of their religious creed, so that they shall no sooner countenance war than they would assist at the immolation of a human being to the idol of some pagan cannibal? Through many years of labour we have worked to this end on both sides of the Atlantic, and we can to-day almost ask with the prophet, "Who hath believed our report?" It is a slow work, for it is a work against forty centuries of adverse influences, against the education and habits of the popular mind through all the foregone ages. But other works are slow, and they who bear their heat and burden have equal cause with us for discouragement. Let us remember that intemperance and slavery are as old as war, and that the awakening of the Christian conscience to the sin and wrong of these two great cognate evils was slow in both hemispheres. The transformation of the opinion even of the Christian world in reference to these great moral evils is wrought out by almost imperceptible degrees, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." Six days were long enough for the Almighty hand to

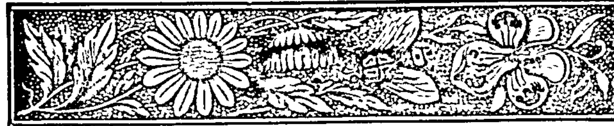
build a world and launch it all perfect in its physical laws and functions. But six thousand years will be too short a space in which to heal the desolations that sin has wrought, to shake down from their power these stupendous systems of wickedness and folly, and to erect upon their ruins that glorious kingdom of righteousness and peace predicted by the holy seers of old.

Again let me say, *courage* and *faith!* It is not the time to measure the permanent and even tide-mark of the sea when some unprecedented tempest is dashing its waters far inland upon wheat-fields never before moistened with the brine of the ocean. It is not the time to measure the actual progress of our cause at this moment of temporary reaction. It is the language of unmanly despair to say that the fields we have cultured and sown with hope shall never be green again, because, for a moment, the sudden tempest of human passions has blown over them the corroding spray of the dark ages. In the closing chapters of Divine Revelation, it was given to the saint of Patmos to see that, for a certain season, Satan should be unloosed among men, and have the full swing and sway of his malignant will. But that period of mischief was to be his last on earth. So war has been unloosed, with all its sharp-teethed bloodhounds, to prey for a period upon all that is most precious in the moral world. Its bloody and unbroken reign lacks but one year of a full decade. But one year —let us take hold of the great hope that this one remaining year shall be its last in the Christian world; that, when the last of these intervening months shall have finished its record, this great Red Dragon shall

be gagged and bound to go no more abroad for ever.

Courage and faith! we may be within twelve months' distance of a future rich with the best realities of our brave hopes in these days of darkness. When, after ten years of terrible experience, the great Governments of the world shall make up the balance-sheet of these bloody wars, depend upon it they will find an immense disparity between the debit and credit sides of the account; that the beggarly gain against the tremendous loss will impress them with a deeper conviction than they ever had before of the utter unreality of any seeming good attained by the sword. Then we may reasonably hope that a reaction of the public mind will set in favourable to our cause. Let us all be up and waiting to take that tide at its flood, to make the most of the new and terrible lessons which these ten years of wars must impress upon the people of Christendom. What a new volume of pungent teaching these years will fill! What an array of text-facts and vivid illustrations, all alive with recent experience, will be at hand to point our arguments and give new effect to our appeals! What new and startling examples shall we be able to cite of the utter futility and folly of resorting to the sword, either for secession or for union, for empire or for independence, for revolution or reaction, for national honour or civil freedom!





Speech at the Anniversary Meeting of the London Peace Society,

May, 1864.

ANOTHER year has rolled around since most of us met in this place to review the gloomy records of one that had just given its unhopeful history to the past. The firmament of that unhappy present was hung with clouds heavy, thick, and dark and muttering. A future was arising upon us like a cold and sunless morning of winter. The black rim of the rising year was flushed with no golden twilight of promise. Such another day as that the friends of peace had never seen. It was the best question we could make to each in face of the prospect: "Watchman, what of the night?" It was the most searching crisis in our cause that it had ever encountered since it was first admitted into the goodly fellowship of Christian philanthropies. It had sifted our ranks and thinned them like the test that reduced Gideon's army to the scanty roll of a village train-band. The best and bravest pass-word we could utter under the ordeal was, Courage and faith! to stand firm to our principles, to plant our feet stoutly on the rock of truth,

and hold up our white banner steadily against the sweeping tempest of error and passion. It needed courage and faith, in large inspiration, to do even this. It needed the inward thrill of that ringing cheer of the little Hebrew band, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"—not to impel us forward into the thick of the conflict, but to quicken the vigour of our faith to hold our own against the pressure of the world's antagonism. Those present to-day who were here on our last anniversary may remember that "Courage and faith!" were the words of cheer that I addressed over and over again to the friends of Peace then assembled within these walls.

We meet again to-day after the lapse of a year that has staggered to its end, with all its gloomy months laden, like Bunyan's pilgrim, with the burden of the wild and wicked passions of contending nations. Still "it rains, and the day is dark and dreary." There is a red rain of ruin falling in blistering drops of wrath upon many a green land which heaven's sun and dew lighten and moisten with all their old loving-kindness, as if to show the thoughts of God and the thoughts of man in as wide a contrast as the two opposite poles of eternity itself. Since we last met here, war has widened and deepened its work of desolation. With its sickle keen, it has reapt the bearded grain of human lives on fields that had not felt its teethed and curved edge before. The graves of nearly a million of men, cut off in the golden summer of their days, are the stubble which that sickle has left behind. It is still dark enough to ask, "Watchman, what of the night?" Is there any ray or sign of a better morning to mankind? Is this the deep

darkness that closely precedes the break of day? Is there even a thin rift in the clouds opening upon a streak of light or a ruddy flush of the upcoming sun?

It is the most hopeful incident of this occasion that we can say *yes* to these questions. We could not say it last year, but we can say it now with a sentiment of gladness and hope which no event in the history of our cause could have inspired before. I think, even in view of all the painful symptoms of the present hour, we may believe that we have come to a turning-point in this long malignant fever of the nations. Their pulses are still hot and quick with the emotions of the disease, but we may hope its power is broken, and the great vitalities of the heart are coming back to healthier action.

A very remarkable event in the history of Christendom has taken place during the past year. Seemingly it was the last and most unlikely that the most hopeful and sanguine optimist would have expected under the circumstances. Half the western hemisphere was engulfed in war. Between thirty and forty millions of our English-speaking race were fighting over the mangled body of a national being which was once their common hope and glory. The whole Continent of Europe was tremulous with the throes of a suppressed volcano. War surcharged the very atmosphere in which the nations breathed and moved. War was everywhere the thought and talk of men in public and private life. War went up into the pulpit, and blended its unsanctified figures with the Parable of the Good Samaritan, and even with the gentle similes of the Saviour's Sermon on the Mount. War went to ball-rooms, and pic-nics, and bedizened and

bedazzled concerts and coteries with the blazonry and blandishments of its gaudy plush and fustian, and the piping symphonies of its brazen music. Volunteers, iron-clads, Armstrong guns, steel-cased batteries, sea-rams, iron-snouted leviathans, and the most infernal machines for the destruction of human life, were apparently inspiring the science and genius of Christendom with as much enthusiasm and ingenuity as did the worship of the Virgin Mary and the building of cathedrals and abbeys in the Middle Ages. Both Governments and peoples were giving their power, wealth, and homage to this beast. Nations were loading themselves to the water's edge with expenditures for war. Three or four questions of imminent peril were pressing upon Europe for solution, and becoming more and more complicated daily. In a word, it was just the juncture of untoward events at which the friends of Peace who had laboured and hoped so many years for better things might be tempted to feel that their cause was swamped in the great reflux of barbarism rolling again over Christendom. It was just the time for them, if ever, to go up into the clefts of the rocks, and look out in silence and sadness upon the storm to see if it would leave any of the slow-built structures of their hope standing when it had blown out its violence.

Well, in the very thick of the tempest they saw this sight; and the world never witnessed its like before. They saw the great central sovereign of Christendom take their storm-beaten banner, which was swaying almost to the ground in their worn and trembling hands. I will not say he stooped in his imperial throne to reach it. Not that. Not that. He arose on tiptoe in the

highest place of earthly monarchs. He reached it with his sceptre's end, and held up its white folds before the nations.

It was our own flag. That makes the special and gladdening significance of the event to us. It was not a parallel; it was a continuity of the same line. It was not a coincidence; it was an incidence; it was the falling into our path and purpose of action of the very sovereign whom we should have chosen above all others in Europe to lead the way in the work of organizing permanent and universal peace. I think it is both our right and our duty to dwell upon this identity, and make it clear and conclusive on this occasion; to show and believe that the French Emperor's plan for organizing peace, and providing for the disarmament of the nations, was, pure and simple, that which the friends of Peace on both sides of the Atlantic had advocated continuously for nearly half a century. A Congress of Nations to settle the more serious difficulties arising between them has been the culminating measure which we, and those who preceded us in this cause, have held up before the public mind from the beginning. For nearly fifty consecutive years this proposition has been kept before the Governments of Christendom in every available form of utterance and action. Here, to begin with, is a large volume of essays on the subject written and published in America, before half of this assembly were born. Copies of this volume were sent years ago to all the crowned heads, and to nearly all the great libraries and leading statesmen, in Europe. The proposition, with its main arguments, has been put

in the tract form, and circulated widely on both sides of the Atlantic. In that quiet but effective operation, which many present will recognise under the name of the "Olive Leaf Mission," the project of a Congress of Nations was brought before millions on the Continent of Europe, from Madrid to St. Petersburgh, and from Copenhagen to Constantinople, in their own languages and journals. At our great Peace Congresses at Brussels, Paris, Frankfort, and London, we presented the triad of our measures for organizing peace in this order,—"Stipulated Arbitration," "Proportionate and Simultaneous Disarmament," and a "Congress of Nations." The third and last was the top and crowning-stone of the edifice. The other two were the scaffolding on which we built upward to this great culmination. Many here to-night were at the Peace Congress at Paris. They will remember to their life's end what manner of meeting that was, the reception we had from the French people, the homage paid to our cause by the French Government. They will remember that at the conclusion of those memorable days in the Salle de St. Cecile, an address was drawn up to all the Sovereigns, and Governments, and peoples of Christendom, commending to their earnest consideration the three measures I have mentioned. A deputation of members of the Congress from different countries waited upon Louis Napoleon, and read the address to him, and urged the most forcible arguments they could elaborate to induce him to accept the plans proposed for the total abolition of war. The deputation numbered in its list two men as likely to influence his mind as any other two individuals that could be found in Europe. One was

that man of "unadorned eloquence," Richard Cobden, whom this country and the world delight to honour with their admiration and esteem for what he has achieved for human good and progress. The other was, as it were, the premier of Continental journalists, Emile de Girardin.

Such, then, were the antecedents of the Emperor's proposition of a Congress of Nations. Such were the voices crying in the wilderness to prepare the way for this imperial utterance. Such were the shoulders peeled and bent, such were the hands weary and worn, that had laboured for a quarter of a century to cast up this highway through the bog of the Old World's barbarisms, on which the nations might walk dryshod into the Canaan of perpetual peace. I say again, and I think you will agree with me in the opinion, that it is both our right and our duty to appreciate this connection, to regard it as the grandest result which Divine Providence has yet been pleased to give to fifty years of toil and trial on the part of those who have borne the heat and burden of this great reform in face of ridicule and sarcasm, and the interested opposition of those who make war their profession. It is our privilege and duty to take hold of this result as a leverage for new faith and activity, as a coign of vantage in this holy cause, as a standpoint which brings us almost within arm's-reach of the great consummation to which we have so long looked with hope, even in the darkest and wildest tempests that have swept over the nations.

But the proposition of the French Emperor failed of its intended effect. It broke down without any good result, say many, and say it almost in a tone of exulta-

tion. It would, indeed, be a bold expectation on the part of the most sanguine friend of peace to look for a full success of such a magnificent project at its first essay. Such has not been the experience of the great moral enterprises that have already blessed the world. Even those espoused by powerful emperors against systems that came in with Cain, and his murderous bludgeon, must be subject to this everlasting law of "Try and try again." The world knows the nature of Louis Napoleon in this regard; that, when he casts his all upon the hazard of an idea, he does not let it drop out of his heart or hand at the first rebuff. We may rest assured that he will push this idea to its consummation with that steady, unswerving persistence which distinguishes his character.

But why did the Emperor's proposition fail at its first essay? The whole world knows the reason why, and has had deep cause to deplore it. Of course, it could not succeed without the cordial co-operation of England. Had she joined France as heartily, hopefully, and trustingly, in this great work of organizing peace, as she united with her in organizing war in the Crimea and in China; if she had brought her solid and practical wisdom to bear upon the project, to smooth away the difficulties it inevitably encountered, to elaborate and define the programme, and to compose the *agenda*;—if she had done this with an open heart and hand, there is every reason to believe that this Dano-German question would have been settled without a drop of blood, that several other difficulties now threatening Europe with the fell calamities of war would have been solved, and a

broad and firmer foundation would have been laid for the peace and the simultaneous disarmament of nations.

But I think that thousands, of all political parties, in this country believe that the temporary influence of a personal characteristic gave a determinating bias to the official decision of England. I am inclined to think that no living British statesman stands higher in the estimation of Christendom for purity and honesty of purpose, and for general goodwill towards human progress, than Earl Russell. But in declining to co-operate with the French Emperor in organizing a Congress of Nations, he revealed a feature of his mind which his warmest friends and admirers must admit to be disproportionately developed in the structure of his intellect; that is, his profound reverence for *history*, for historical precedents and prescriptions, for historical citations and equations. Thus, among the objections he adduced to the Emperor's project, this stood in the front rank—that it was out of the direct line of history; that such a Congress had always come at the end of a war, not before it, as in the case of that of Vienna, or of that of Paris at the end of the Crimean conflict. The ante-bellum, or war-preventing Congress, proposed by Louis Napoleon might possibly be all very well in its way, but Lord Russell preferred an old-fashioned, historical Congress after the Vienna pattern of 1815,—a post-bellum Congress, to accept and establish the *fait accompli* of the field of battle; as it were, to legalize the verdict of the sword, still red with its fierce judgment, to pass an act of moral indemnity in a Parliament of the nations, for drawing it without justice and without mercy.

Louis Napoleon yielded to this historical predilection of Earl Russell with unexpected and admirable grace. So we have had in London a regular historical Congress on the single Dano-German question,—a *bonâ-fide post-bellum* Congress to recognise and regulate the *fait accompli* of the sword, to adjust and establish the future relationships between the exacting victors and the irritated vanquished. Still, I doubt if England and the world in general will be convinced that this historical Congress of the noble Earl has worked out a better result for Denmark or for mankind at large than would have been realized from the great Council of the Nations which Louis Napoleon proposed to convene. History is doubtless a great thing, but it is not the autocrat or dictator of human destiny. I believe Lord Russe might even have added wisdom as well as vigour to h. sagacity by listening to "what the young man said to the psalmist"—

> "Let the dead past bury its dead;
> Act, act in the living present,
> Heart within, and God o'erhead."

At the time when the French Emperor put forth his grand proposition, England and France united were powerful enough to make a new history for the world, to sever the leading-strings of a barbarous and dying past, and to lead the great family of nations by the gentle and quiet path of new principles and precedents into the permanent condition of peace and progress. But perhaps, after all, the world needed one more trial of the old past, one more Congress like that of Vienna or of Paris, one more test of the policy of nailing up the

stable door after the horse has been stolen. If the world needed just one more experience of this kind, it has had it in this London Conference, and the world, let us hope and trust, will now cry, enough! *O jam satis!* enough, enough!

In conclusion, I think we may believe that the field is now pretty well cleared for our old proposition of a Congress of Nations. In the hands of the French Emperor, we may expect that it will carry the day against History, that great Giant Despair that has built a huge Doubting Castle athwart the upward path of nations, and confined in its sunless *donjon* many a statesman who should be out, free and bold in heaven's glad light, leading the van of human progress. Courage and faith! let me say once more. Surely both should offer us their inspiration now. Let us not abandon the flag we raised in other years as it were from the gable of a thatched cottage because the most powerful Emperor in the world has nailed it to the highest pinnacle of his palace. Depend upon it, it shall be lifted again as the most glorious ensign ever unfurled to the nations. They shall yet gather gladly under its outspread folds. Under it they shall build up a temple which shall be to all peoples, kindreds, and tongues what Solomon's was to the Hebrew tribes. And when the top-stone shall be raised to its place, the acclamation, "Grace, grace, unto it!" shall run like a pass-word of universal joy over the awakening continents of the world.

Speech at the Annual Meeting of the London Peace Society,

May, 1867.

I ESTEEM it both a privilege and a duty to stand on this platform once more, and testify in a few words the undiminished interest I feel in the cause which has assembled us within these walls on this new Anniversary. I feel that this platform has been consecrated to that cause by the feet of earnest workers shod with a holy preparation for preaching the Gospel of Peace and brotherhood to mankind, but who walk with us no more on earth. We miss such an one to-day who stood with us here on the last anniversary of this Society.* No one present could feel his loss more deeply than myself. In all brotherly sympathy and companionship we were most intimately associated for nearly twenty years. In all that time, from the first to the last day of our acquaintance, his beautiful and gentle spirit seemed to be the very indwelling and outbreathing of those principles which this Society has laboured to promote among men and among nations. His lips were sealed for ever on earth in the middle of an unfinished sentence he was uttering in public advocacy of those principles. On

* Edmund Fry.

another platform, but a little way from this, he fell in the middle of that sentence. His loving and gentle spirit ascended to Him who gave it with the living sentiment which had been cut short of utterance on his palsied tongue. The transition was as quick and sudden as that of good Joseph Sturge to his rest and reward. It is the Christian's privilege to believe that the companionship of such spirits, begun in these lower fields of toil and trial for the glory of God and the good of man, will be resumed and continued and purified through all the bright ages of that better life to which these and other and earlier friends of our cause have been raised. These sudden breaches in our thin ranks should admonish us who remain behind that the afternoon of our day of labour is far advanced, and that we must do quickly what our hands can find time and strength to do for this great work of universal Peace and Brotherhood.

On two or three former anniversaries of this Society, I endeavoured to extract some gleams of hope and promise from the dark clouds which seemed to spread their raven wings clean around the civilized world. I tried to show to those inclined to despond that there was here and there a break in the clouds, revealing the sunny sky of a better future to mankind; that, when the temporary darkness rolled away, we should see a brighter firmament than Christendom ever beheld before; that we should find that the precious seed that we had carried forth and sown with toil and tears, even by the stony pathways and thorny waysides of the nations, had not perished for lack of earth or for lack of moisture, but that, like the immortal vitalities of eternal truth, it had taken root,

and was germinating to a glorious harvest, though seemingly crushed under the iron heels of war stalking over the green lands it was blackening with its curse. On the last occasion on which I spoke from this platform, I dwelt upon that token of promise which I believed every friend of Peace should recognise in the proposition of the French Emperor to the nations of Christendom, to meet in general Congress assembled, not only with the view to arrange peaceably and satisfactorily several European questions then assuming a serious aspect, but also to come to some mutual agreement for a proportionate and simultaneous reduction of those armed peace establishments that are bearing with such crushing weight upon their industrial populations. It is too late and too futile to say now "what might have been." But there is much reason to believe, and there are many who now believe it, that, if the Congress had been held at the time and in the spirit proposed by the French Emperor, not only the Danish war would have been intercepted, but the great German war that resulted from it would have been prevented. Still, these two lamentable wars, following each other in such quick succession, have not swept away the growing structure of peace or blocked up the progress of our cause. They established two facts or principles which belong to our programme. In the first place, they proved that the doctrine of Non-Intervention has been at last pretty fully adopted by the leading Powers of Europe. It is difficult to conceive how any case can hereafter arise which shall more strongly tempt and move England to interfere in a foreign quarrel than the Danish question. It is doubtful if the people of this

country were ever so unanimous in their sympathy with another people as they were with the Danes. Still, England held fast her mooring to the great and solid principle of Non-Intervention. The French people were moved by the same sympathies with the weak and oppressed party, but their Government held fast to Non-Intervention. Now, this and other recent experiences in the family circle of nations give us fair reason to believe that *Non-Intervention* has become a well-recognised and a well-settled policy among the Powers of Christendom. Here, then, is one of the great measures so long advocated by the friends of Peace adopted by the foremost Governments of the world. Even the youngest adherents to our cause will remember what importance that great international patriot, Richard Cobden, attached to this measure, and how he laboured in Parliament and out of it to induce his own and other Governments to adopt it.

Then we have another principle, which we have advocated from the beginning of the Peace movement, accepted and acted upon by the leading nations of the world. From the very first operations of Peace Societies in England and America, they have proposed and urged as a substitute for war a recourse to arbitration, or to a Conference or Congress of Nations, which should bring to bear upon the question of controversy the principles of equity and the dispassionate opinions of a disinterested and unprejudiced mind. At hundreds of public meetings, and in thousands of publications, we have advocated on both sides of the Atlantic this plan of adjustment. Well, the experience of the last few years has proved that no war can again take place in Europe without a sincere and

persistent effort on the part of outside Powers to prevent it by a resort to this very substitute, by the arbitration of a third or disinterested party, or by a Congress of Nations convened for the express purpose of settling the dispute without bloodshed. Now, are not these fair and full signs of hope and promise for the future? Are they not patent, practical proofs of progress which should encourage even the most timid and despondent friends of our cause?

Then there is still another and most important measure which we have advocated from the beginning, now in process of realization, indeed, almost within arm's-reach of its consummation. That is, a well-defined basis of law and equity on which a Conference or Congress of Nations might satisfactorily adjust a difficult and aggravated question of controversy between two or three of their number. In other words, we have laboured to bring about this enterprise and result; to enlist the best legal talent and authority in Christendom to take that jumble of discrepant opinions, customs, and precedents, called *international law,* and elaborate from it a well-constructed code, strong and clear with common sense and common honesty, which should have the spontaneous adhesion of the common conscience as a rule of equity. We have all along laboured to demonstrate the indispensable necessity and the immeasurable value of such a code, clothed with all the legal authority that the best jurisprudence of Christendom could give to it. It has seemed to us to be the indispensable basis of action for any Congress of Nations called to settle a question of international difficulty. Well, as I have said, this measure

is now progressing towards a consummation which we may possibly realize before the close of the present year. At the last meeting of the Social Science Congress at Manchester, Mr. Dudley Field, an American lawyer of great eminence, brought forward the subject of such an international code in a masterly argument, demonstrating its importance to the peace and amity of nations. After the full discussion which followed his address, a committee of eleven of the first legal authorities in Christendom was chosen to develop such a code, and bring it forward at the next meeting of the Social Science Congress. So, before this year comes to a close, we shall perhaps see a work accomplished which ought in itself to make war impossible hereafter in Christendom.

Then we have a new source of hope in two or three new influences brought to bear upon the question of peace and war. There are two kinds of forces that operate in different ways, both in matter and in human society. There are the volcanic force, the earthquake force, and the lightning and thunder force. These are all noisy, impulsive, spasmodic forces. They sometimes split a mountain, anon open the earth, and rend a forest. Then there are noiseless, sleepless, gentle forces, like light and heat, and the night distilleries of heaven's dew. These quiet forces are the breathings of Omnipotence in nature, regenerating a dead world, clothing it with beauty, and setting it beating with all the pulses of spring and the green and golden glory of summer life. The thundering tornado may smite a great cathedral with all its boisterous fury, and not displace a stone; but the summer sunbeams, coming as noiseless as the footsteps

of light, shall permeate and expand the vast structure, and add inches to its morning stature. So, in human society, all the brute forces that operate upon it are noisy, impulsive, and spasmodical, and war is the most brutish and boisterous of them all. It is a tornado that gathers into itself all the violent elements of human passion and prejudice as it sweeps over the scene of its fury. It is a tempest full of the thunder and lightning of mad and wild indignation. All the strong and impetuous forces of anger and jealousy, all the worst vices of a nation's mind, are poured into it. Then all the histories of military fame, the aspirations of ambition, the unreasoned impulses and vague notions of patriotism, and lower ideas and interests, give a kind of variegated halo of attraction to the gathering storm. When it has accumulated all these forces into one compact power, it seems ready to burst with all its fury upon the world, one might well look around in dismay, and ask where and what are the forces to arrest it? But such forces do exist, though they be as noiseless and gentle as the sunbeams of summer. What sunbeams do to vast structures of stone or iron, these quiet moral forces do to the greatest structures of human society. They permeate, expand, and lift great nations to the stature of a higher and a better mind. How the gentle touch of a single woman's hand may turn the helm of a mighty foreign Power away from the maëlstrom of war! Who may say what earthquakes of fury and red ruin were turned away from Christendom by two notes penned by Queen Victoria to the King of Prussia and the French Emperor on the Luxemburg question? The influence she brought to

bear upon that most perilous a..operation of their French,
was as gentle and noiseless as the..r on the Luxemb-
beams or the foot-fall of heaven's dew..the Paris..
and softened both the iron and the stone. ... day is
coming and now is when this influence, put forth by England's Queen, will curb and control the iron forces of brute power. The day will come when the great nations of the world shall not listen for the walk or voice of God in the earthquake or in the whirlwind, but in such words as she uttered to the two great and angry potentates of Europe. The day may come when a single tear from Eugenie's eye, falling upon the council table of France at the thought of a threatened war, may drown the fires of the volcano just ready to deluge the nations with its hot lava. The day may come, if it has not already arrived, when the interlaced fingers of Queen Victoria and her daughters and daughters-in-law shall hold the great Governments of Europe together in bonds of peace which war shall never break. Sitting on the throne of England, with one hand folded in her daughter's on the Prussian, and the other in Dagmar's on the imperial throne of Russia, .. batten the Empress Eugenie's clasping the three, ..s preyed on the..of Europe will feel such a restraining heir bread, and degrad arms when raised for war as they never ..brute force fore.

Then another and powerful influence has been recently brought into action in favour of Peace. The unhappy Luxemburg question, with all its evils, has produced much incidental good. It brought out the new or latent sentiment of the great masses of the French nation, not only against a war on that question, but against war on

of light, shall permeate not vital to the interests and and add inches to it[illegible]. Such a movement of the popular [illegible]ciety, all the br[illegible]h in France before. Spontaneously, and wi[illegible] apparent concert, petitions were sent up simultaneously to the French Emperor from opposite extremes of the Empire, imploring him not to draw the sword on the Luxemburg question. A volume might be compiled out of these petitions and memorials, which would be a most valuable and interesting addition to the literature published by the English and American Peace Societies. Indeed, these memorials from the French people against war reproduce the very sentiments and almost the very language which we have put forth during the last twenty-five years in advocating the cause of universal peace and brotherhood. And I think we have every reason to believe that the ideas and principles we enunciated to the world at our great Peace Congresses in Paris, Brussels, and Frankfort did not fall upon the rock and die; but they have been germinating in the mind of the French people, and have greatly promoted this wide out-growth of French sentiment against war. This is no strained and unnatural [illegible]ral for[illegible] Why, in the material world seeds may li[illegible]iety. They per[illegible] on its surface for scores of years and [illegible]o the stature of a [illegible] When one of the primeval forests o[illegible]ntle touch [illegible]own in America, and the bright warm sun of heaven let in upon the dead leaves, a thrifty growth of chestnut-trees rapidly appears from seed-nuts that have lain covered up in the cold shade for perhaps half a century. So with these ideas we have sown broadcast over the shaded lands of the nations. As the sun of truth reaches them with its rays,

they spring up to a noble growtl -operation of their French
their good fruitage. r on the Luxemb
I must notice still another, and pe[illegible] the Paris pow-
erful, influence of all I have mentioned which is being organized in behalf of peace as the permanent and guaranteed condition of the nations. We have all seen the development of those vast organizations of labour and labouring men which are now attracting so much attention both in Europe and America. Thousands are looking upon this movement with concern and doubt as they watch its rapid progress. The events of the last few months seem to show that this organization of working men is extending its affiliations and ramifications so as to embrace the main body of the artisans of Christendom. But there is one aspect of this movement full of hope to the cause of Peace. These allied armies of artisans are organizing a *strike* for the well-being of mankind which shall benefit all the ages to come. They are organizing a mighty and magnificent *strike* against war and the whole war system. They begin to see and feel how war, in all ages and countries, has been the horse-leech that has battened at the veins of the working classes, that has preyed on their blood, filched their earnings, taxed their bread, and degraded them into the veriest tools and victims of brute force and brute furies. They begin to feel that their humanity is worth something more to them and something more to the world than to become food for gunpowder; they begin to see and feel that they belong to and form one great industrial brotherhood, and that the sword cannot be drawn in any war without their feeling its keenest edge. The working classes in

of light, shall permeate [illegible]ir fellow working men in Ger- and add inches to it[illegible] [illegible]urg question, utter these senti- me[illegible], all the br[illegible]iestness which shows how fully they adopt them. However capitalists and the upper classes of society may regard trades' unions and the strikes of working men, let the hard-toiling, industrial artisans of Christendom organize one vast trades' union and strike against war, and capital and commerce, and all the great interests and enterprises of wealth, might well say, "Grace, grace, unto it!"

And now, as it were to crown these influences we have noticed with a glorious consummation, we have the great Exhibition in Paris. From every part of France comes the earnest wish and prayer that the grand Palace of the Arts and Industries of the World shall really and truly be made the Temple of Peace; that it shall inaugurate the advent of that better time coming which has been so long predicted and sung. The French Government and people have been unanimous in this sentiment. Prizes have been offered for the best songs dedicated to Peace, and over six hundred poems have been written by different persons under the impulse of this sentiment and motive. One of the leading Paris journals has put forth the proposition and basis of a Peace League, and editors, political leaders, and men of all professions and occupations are sending in their adhesions to it.

I beg leave to read two or three sentences from two addresses from two different parties in France on this subject. The first is from the Co-operative Societies in Paris, and signed by fifteen hundred of their members. It is in answer to a communication from the mechanics

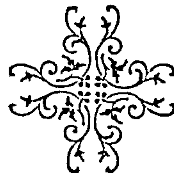
of Berlin, asking the earnest co-operation of their French brethren in preventing a war on the Luxemburg question. These are the sentiments of the Paris working men on the subject. They say to their German *confrères*, "You are in the path of justice and truth. We have read your address with tears in our eyes and joy in our hearts. Let our German brethren be convinced that we all wish for peace, that we all detest war, and that we all hold the struggle between nations for liberty against the enemies of liberty as the only struggle worthy of us. With you we protest against the oppressive force of might; we repudiate all idea of conquest and territorial aggrandisement; we wish the will of nations should be respected like the will of citizens. Like you we wish that public opinion alone should govern States, and that the spirit of fraternity should alone animate the relations of peoples with each other. They who tell you of our ambition deceive you. We are your friends. They who strive to sow discord between us are our common enemies; and if the blood of two peoples is to be shed on the fields of battle, it will be shed in spite of you and us. We declare it loudly, while there is yet time, that the responsibility of this enormous crime should fall on the authors of it."

Such is the language of the working men of Paris to their German brethren on the subject. Now, see what merchants, advocates, professors, and other leading men of Strasburg say in sending in their adhesion to the French Peace League organized in Paris:—

"Let us not expose the lives of our children. Let us not cause our fields to be laid waste, our towns and

villages given to the flames. Let us avoid the ruin of our commerce; let us preserve our industry from destruction; let us live in fraternity with other peoples; and let us not imperil the conquests of civilization for the sake of a barren glory which has cost the world so much blood. Such are the sentiments which we are anxious to make public while declaring our adhesion to the League of Peace."

Here, then, are new and powerful influences, converging into a flood of public opinion, in favour of permanent and universal peace. If there ever was a time in the history of our cause for its friends to be up and doing with courage and faith, that day has come. Not for a whole century long has there been such an auspicious juncture for a grand movement against the barbarism of war. Let us take this flood at its tide, and see if it will not lead on to a greater fortune for mankind than all the money-wealth of the world can measure or express.



Speech at the Annual Festival at Hartwell Park, Aylesbury,

August 25th, 1864.

I HAVE been invited to say a few words on this occasion, and I hope I may say them without running off into a long speech. In the first place, I am glad to be here to-day, to stand on this platform again, and to speak to such an audience as I see before me. It has been, I think, about fifteen years since I stood here last. Great changes have taken place since that time; changes in the life of nations, and in the lives of individuals; changes in all of us who meet here to-day. Some of these have been happy, some sad. Fifteen years added to fifteen or ten have made a great change in scores whom I am now perhaps addressing. Fifteen years ago a large number of those present in this assembly were boys and girls bubbling over with the exuberance of young life. The best speeches that could be made from this platform could not draw them from the amorous sports they had set on foot under yonder trees. It was better enjoyment to them to run foot-races in the park, or hunt the handkerchief in a ring of lads and lasses under yonder great oaks

and elms. Many of those young men and maidens, who then hunted the handkerchief with such glee and glow of mirth, found a noose at the end of it which caught them in happy couples. I can fancy that many of such pairs are in this assembly to-day, sitting here with that silken noose not only around their necks, but around their hearts; and that they hope and intend to wear it to their life's end as the pledge and proof of the highest form of domestic happiness. And it is quite probable that some of them have children old enough to hunt the same old handkerchief in the ring, as candidates for the same matrimonial bonds in which their parents now stand before us.

So, then, in face of all the changes of the past which bring a shade of sadness over some of us, here is one very pleasant augury for this Annual Festival. Here is a very promising provision for keeping it up from year to year on its first footing; for making it a happy occasion for old and young, for men and women, and boys and girls, in fact, for all ages and conditions between eight and eighty. The brave little boys who now run their prize races in this park, when they come to manhood, will, we may hope, send up some of their number to stand on this platform, to speak for the great principles that make and underlie the well-being of mankind. The young handkerchief-hunters of the ring to-day will replenish the audience assembled here with thoughtful listeners and active workers, while the ring will be kept full and happy with their children; thus renovating and perpetuating both circles from generation to generation. This is looking into the future a long way; but I am sure you all join

with me in the hope that this Festival may be made one of the permanent and perpetual institutions of the country; that the mantle of its venerable and generous founder and father may fall upon the shoulders of his successors, and that they may carry on the same work in the same spirit, and be held in the same reverence and esteem by all the people of the surrounding country.

But there is another circumstance of higher consideration still connected with this festival; and it is this: With all the changes that have taken place in our fresh remembrance, this platform remains the same. It has not been narrowed by an inch. It is as broad and catholic as ever. It is as broad as the law and life of love, peace, and universal brotherhood. It is wide enough for the advocacy of every good word and work for man as a race or as an individual, for the peace and well-being of nations, for the prosperity of smaller communities, and for the happiness of individual families. In fact, this is the only platform I know of on which all the great philanthropic movements of the day have each an equal space and an equal hearing. On no other platform do the advocates of Temperance, Peace, Universal Brotherhood, and of every moral and social reform, meet on such even and united footing as here. Thus, this platform from the beginning has been a standing proof and illustration of the oneness of true philanthropy. It has held up the standard of this great fact from the outset, that, though the great field of human improvement was divided into many allotments, and the labourers into many bands, the spirit of their work was one and

the same; that it was the breathing and the beating of a heart of goodwill to man.

Temperance and Peace should always be found on the same platform. We may say reverently of them, "What God has joined let not man put asunder." The subjects and objects of their efforts are as nearly alike as possible. One is to hold an individual back from getting intoxicated and mad with liquor; the other, to hold a nation back from getting intoxicated and mad with passion. One is to prevent private murder and wife-beating; the other, to hold back a nation from human slaughter and widow-making by tens of thousands. One is to save the earnings of a father for the comfort and happiness of his family and his home, instead of wasting them on the means of misery and ruin to them all; the other is to save the earnings of a nation for its own people, for the means of their elevation, prosperity, and progress, instead of squandering them upon armies and navies, and bloody and savage war. One is to make a man walk abroad in society in his right mind, and clothed in his right dress, sober, quiet, respected, and loved by his fellows, instead of swaggering out into the streets, swearing, threatening, and brandishing a club at his neighbours; the other is to make a nation behave itself like a gentleman in the society of other nations, to walk soberly and righteously, dressed as a Christian gentleman should be dressed, in civilian clothes, in civil speech, with no huge bowie-knife stuck in his belt, wielding no savage war-club, and with no sharp-bitted war-dogs following at his heels. In a word, Peace is only Temperance

applied to nations. We are only trying to get them to take the pledge of total abstinence from war.

Now, I am not going to make a Temperance speech, or a Peace speech, or any formal speech at all on reform. But I should like to say a few words on a movement which I think might be made common to both these great causes. Within the last two or three years the friends of Temperance have taken hold of a new and mighty leverage-power for lifting the victims of drink, and the class most exposed to the drunkard's ruin, up out of the low grounds of their temptation and danger. This new leverage-power is the social principle; and this power has hitherto been the mill-stone weight which has dragged millions into the lowest depths of the misery of intemperance. Drinking has always been a social habit, drunkenness a social vice, and its guilt and wretchedness a social condition. The companionship of the public-house, the social gathering, the social song, the social glass, the social pipe, the social stagger, the social fall, and brawl, and even the social wife-beating, have been so many workings of the social principle which have brought unnumbered thousands to the most hopeless ruin. Now, the friends of Temperance have made a great move in advance of all their other efforts. They have grasped hold of this social principle, and are turning it against the poor man's enemy with great, almost wonderful success. As one said once of setting sabbath-hymns and psalms to military music, "Why should we let the devil run away with all the best tunes?" so have said our friends in reference to the social principle, "Why should we let the enemy of human souls

and bodies run away with a power which we could wield with such blessed effect to their rescue and salvation?" They never said a better thing, and the word they said was a deed. They looked around them, and saw that thousands of the most highly educated and wealthy men in London and other great towns were not even contented with the elegant and comfortable homes which they had or could make; that they could not be social enough in private homes; so that great and luxurious club-houses were multiplying rapidly in order to enable them to carry out the social principle more largely in their daily life and intercourse. If such men, with such private homes, needed a club-house, how much more the thousands and tens of thousands of the working classes, who had no homes at all of their own, or homes unfitted for any social enjoyment!

Well, the experiment was tried. A Working Men's Club was established. A Society House for them was opened, which had more social attraction than fifty beer-shops. All the social enjoyment they ever had at the public-house, barring the drink, they had in this new social home multiplied tenfold. Here were all the means and appurtenances of social enjoyment, seasoned with self-respect and mental and moral cultivation. It was a grand success. It went beyond the most sanguine expectations. The Working Men's Club has become one of the permanent institutions of the country. They have been opened in nearly all the large towns in the kingdom, and even in many villages. The social principle works capitally in them. I have seen its working in several, and it is most wonderful. I happened to be in

a large town in the north of England about the first of last March, where a very spacious building had just been opened for a Working Men's Club. Forty-two names had been entered on the registry of members. I was there again a short time afterwards, and found that the list of members numbered twelve hundred names! that the club-house had become too small, and it was proposed to open a second one in another part of the town for their accommodation.

The Working Men's Club is hardly two years old in this country as an institution, and yet the good it has done and the good it promises to do "cannot be meted out in words or weighed with language." We see in this great success what our Temperance brethren have done with the social principle. Now, I am confident that the friends of Peace may lay hold of the same principle, and work it to as great result in their cause. I think many friends of that cause, who have watched the current of public sentiment for the last few years, will join with me in the opinion that the Volunteer Movement has done more to diffuse a war-spirit among all classes of the community than all the wars that this country has been engaged in for the last half-century. I am led to this conclusion by personal experience and observation. During the two winters I have been in England on my present visit, I have lectured on various subjects in a great many towns all the way from Land's End to John O'Groats. On these occasions I have always put forth, in some one passage of my address, a peace sentiment, which, twelve years ago, would have been almost certain to call out an expression of assent and hearty sympathy. But on

nearly every one of these occasions to which I now refer, the sentiment has been received with a dead, cold silence. It seemed to fall upon the audience and to bound back like a hailstone on a floor of marble. Now, I do not believe that the wars that have taken place in the last ten years have produced all this change in public sentiment. I am sincere in the opinion that, to a large extent, it may be attributed to an influence which the friends of Peace have overlooked or under-estimated. I believe it comes from the fact that the enemy of our cause has got hold of the social principle and worked it against us most powerfully. The Volunteer Movement has made soldiering a social institution. It has given to military organizations a pic-nic and ball-room character and influence; it has thrown a martial spirit, dress, music, pomp, and circumstance over social parties and excursions of young men who need an organized companionship, athletic exercise, and the exhilaration of scientific evolutions and movements. These they find in their drills, parades, reviews, in their target shootings, in the rollicking enjoyments of gipsy camps and half-gipsy life. All this gives to the external organism of war a fascination that has taken hold of the mind of a vast majority of the people. It wreathes the brow of war with flowers to hide its own natural hair of living serpents. It turns away the people's heart from the thoughts and words of Peace, and gives a martial spirit and bias to the public mind. Indeed, I believe that it does more to cripple the efforts of the friends of Peace than any other influence. Now, it has been said that Peace has its victories as well as war. We all believe that, I hope; even

military statesmen and leaders have said it and believed it. Well, I am of the opinion that it would be one of the greatest victories yet achieved by Peace if it should rescue this social principle from the hands of war, and turn it against the enemy, just as our Temperance friends have done in the establishment of club-houses for working men. Why should the young men of this or any other country be obliged to go to the drill-room, or to the dress-parade, or to the regimental muster, for social enjoyment, for physical exercise of bone and muscle, for social instruction in physical education, for uniform step and grace of motion, for uniform dress, for stirring music to enliven and measure their march? I am convinced that nine in ten of all the young men in the kingdom who have enrolled themselves as Volunteers do not in their hearts mean war; that when they are firing at human forms in wood or canvass, they do not really contemplate the work of shooting their fellow-beings through the heart or of running their sharp bayonets through their quivering bodies. I am not sure that nine in ten of them would not say to us, Give us a substitute that will yield us the same amount of social enjoyment, physical training and exercise, blended with a patriotic purpose, and we will adopt it: give us the organization, the evolutions and movement, the music, the dress, the drill, the tented field, the target, the trial of strength and skill, the prestige and popularity which the Volunteer movement procures for us, and we will accept your substitute.

Well, I am confident that such a substitute can be found; that it has been already; a substitute that meets, in every particular, every feature of attraction, and

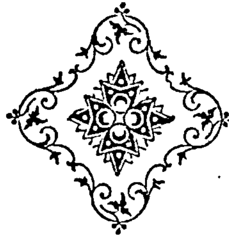
every quality of enjoyment which the military system supplies. It is an organization that almost wholly displaced the military system in America before this deplorable war broke out. I mean the organization of Volunteer Fire Companies. These furnished all the exercise, all the enlivening music, the brilliant show of dress, the measured step, the piercing fife and spirit-stirring drum, the eager competition, and every other attraction that attaches to military training. And over and above all, there is one of the noblest objects aimed at that could nerve the manhood of brave men. The great battles they train themselves to fight are midnight battles with the consuming fire,—battles fought amid snow and ice in mid-winter against the devouring element; charges, hose in hand, to pluck the burning homes of widows and orphans from destruction; battles in which there are ample scope and play for the best bravery of the human heart and for the best strength of the human arm. These Volunteer Fire Companies became so popular and numerous that there was one in almost every village in New England. In my own native town, with a population of about 6,000 souls, there were three of these train-bands, besides a juvenile company, for even boys of twelve years of age who would not wait, but formed a band by themselves for the drill and exercise. Every company had its own distinctive uniform. So, at the mustering of a Fire Brigade, there was a greater variety of dress than any military review ever presented. Each company had its own engine, and prided themselves on its brilliant appearance. It was drawn into the field in the highest lustre that could be given to iron, brass, and

silver, and even gold. Each company had its band of music, and its silken banner floating on the breeze. In everything except fire-arms they were a military organization, and went through a military drill. They had their target-shooting, too, and it was a competition that brought into play all their ambition and all their strength and endurance. Their target was generally a tall church-spire. Several companies would plant their engines before this, and, pointing the muzzle of the hose towards the belfry, would put their stoutest men at the brakes, and shoot a column of water high up against the steeple. The shout and the cheer with which the men bent to the work, and lifted the stream higher and higher, had more glow and excitement in it than all the target-shootings at Wimbledon. The engine that made the highest water-mark on the steeple carried off the prize. Occasionally a competition would be opened for all the fire companies in the country, and some would come from a distance of several hundred miles to enter the lists of the tournament. A grand muster of these companies marching in review, each drawing its brilliant engine, with banners waving and bands of music playing alternately the most enlivening airs, presents a spectacle which I never saw equalled by any military display in England or in France. I am inclined to think that the Prince of Wales came to a like opinion when the fire brigades of New York gave him that grand night-ovation when he visited that city. An army of ten thousand firemen thus uniformed and drilled, marching in open columns through Hyde Park by night, each with a

lighted torch in his hand, would make such a display as no military review ever presented on those grounds. Nor would another powerful influence be wanted to give this new organization eclat and attraction. I mean the influence which fair women have given to the military system. As I have said, all these fire companies have their distinctive banners, and these are often the work and the gift of female hands. And the captain of each band has his speaking trumpet, and this is often presented by the ladies of the town. I once attended one of these presentations, when a stalwart artisan received a richly-embossed trumpet from the hands of one of the first ladies of the place, and the speech he made at the reception would have done honour to any general at the head of an army. Now, I beg you all to believe that I am speaking in downright honesty on this subject. I am sincere and earnest in the opinion that it would be one of the greatest victories that Peace has yet won to take hold of the great social principle, and work it to this issue. It would realize a pretty large instalment of the promised work of beating swords into ploughshares. It would exorcise from military organization the idea of human slaughter. It would convert the accessories of war to peaceful, social, and civil ends. We should have a new set of cold-water armies in the field. We should have fire-engine cartridge-boxes filled with a hundred rounds of cold water. We should have shooting-matches that would beat anything done on Wimbledon Common. The towers of Westminster Abbey and the dome of St. Paul's would make excellent

targets for the best shots with the engine-hose, and it would improve the appearance of those buildings very much to be shot at in this way once a week. There is also a great deal of statuary erected here and there in the City to the memory of illustrious sovereigns and statesmen, and these might get a gratuitous ablution occasionally which would do them good, and show the world whether they were made of marble or cast iron,—a question which few could determine in their present condition. And I think there are some hopeful indications that Volunteer Fire Companies will be organized in this country. Several noblemen and gentlemen of wealth and influence in this country are beginning to interest themselves in the system. It is said that the Prince of Wales has manifested considerable interest in it. Perhaps what he saw of it in America will predispose him to look favourably at its introduction into England. I have noticed also that it is making a little stir in France, and I read the other day of the Emperor's reviewing a fire company at Vichy. One good company paraded in Hyde Park, well drilled, in attractive uniform, and with a highly-finished engine, and going through all the exercises and evolutions adopted on such occasions, I am sure would excite lively admiration, and that similar companies would be formed in all the large towns in the kingdom. And now, in conclusion, I would appeal to all the true friends of Temperance here to lend a hand to this transformation of the Volunteer movement. Certainly this is in your line of reform. This is a cold-water movement. Depend

upon it, this new *régime* proposed would help the cause of Temperance as well as Peace. The two causes should ever go hand in hand. They both are based upon that great central principle of philanthropy,—the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men.



Speech at the Anniversary of the Parish Schools, Harborne,

May 24th, 1866.

I AM to say a few words to you on the general subject of education, which these schools are founded to promote especially in this parish and neighbourhood. Now, education is a subject so large, that, in venturing to speak for a few minutes upon it, I feel like a boy drawing his bow at the stars, and not knowing which he shall aim at with his single arrow. Indeed, the points of interest embraced in the subject are almost as numerous as the stars in one of the largest constellations we see in the heavens; so that I will direct my single arrow at only one of the group, leaving the others to the well-filled quiver of the learned and reverend gentleman who will follow me.

It is a beautiful and benevolent arrangement of Divine Providence that the most precious gifts to man are the most common, cheap, and accessible to all. Nay, more, they are inalienable gifts, which cannot be sold or taken for debt, which cannot be given away again or parted with. No man, however poor or tempted, can sell away

from himself the air in which he breathes, or the light in which he walks, or the rain or dew that falls upon the little piece of land he owns or tills. We have heard a good deal about the inalienable rights of man, which human governments must concede, respect, and defend. Human governments may or may not do this, just as they are disposed to regard the justice or policy of those claims on the part of the individual. But the inalienable gifts of nature are under the administration of a higher and better government—the government of Providence, which regulates the revolutions of planets and the fall of dew-drops by the same rule of even and impartial benevolence to man.

Now, as we ascend from the natural to the moral world, as we go up from the air, light, rain, and dew, which are given to nourish and delight our physical being, and consider the air, light, rain, and dew which are provided to nourish and delight our mental and moral nature, we shall see the same beautiful and benevolent arrangement to make these latter and higher gifts inalienable to all who value them. Indeed, the higher and more precious they are to the intellectual mind or moral soul, the more strongly they are guaranteed to the possessor. A man may be imprisoned for debt. All his property may be sold away from him, so that he is stripped to the last penny's worth. He may be shut up in a dark cell, and thus be robbed of the very light of heaven, robbed of the sight of dew upon the grass, of the breathing of the air upon his cheek. Nearly all these common and precious gifts of nature may be filched from him, or be dealt out to him in such stinted measure

as just to keep him alive. But the higher treasures of his mind and soul no sheriff nor jailer can take away, touch, or diminish. There may be no window in his cell, but the light of his knowledge will shine as brightly as ever in the stillest and blackest midnight of his prison. The turnkey may take away every article from his pockets, and leave him not a needle, pin, or button; but he and all the force at his command cannot carry away from the prisoner a single iota of his knowledge. They cannot rifle his mind of a single fact or thought it has treasured. They cannot, by any burglar's implements, break into his spiritual being, and purloin one of the immediate jewels of his soul. They cannot rob him of a single memory, of a single affection, of a single sentiment of love to God or man. They cannot bar the pathway of communion with the Father of his spirit, or shut out of his heart a single ray of the life that comes from above.

But if these priceless treasures of the mind and soul cannot be sold away from a man, if they cannot be taken for debt, or stolen from him by burglars, there is this great and most essential difference between them and the richest and most common gifts of nature: they are not spontaneous nor universal. They do not come to any man, woman, or child like the air, light, rain, and dew. Every one of them, even the smallest, has to be acquired by an effort on the part of the possessor. A great and good man may have his mind and heart full of the precious jewels of knowledge, and the brighter jewels of grace and heavenly wisdom and of a holy life; but he cannot give one of the least of them to his child without

an effort on the part of that child to receive and retain the gift. Sir Francis Bacon could not give two letters of the alphabet to his little son without this labour of the child's mind to take in the gift. So it has been from the beginning and so it will be to the end of time. Great monarchs may bequeath empires and kingdoms to their children, but not the proudest, richest, or wisest of them all can bequeath the A B C of an alphabet to the heirs of their crowns. There is no royal road to knowledge or virtue or religion. There is no rich man's road to the shortest syllables in our language. All the human minds that have come into the world since Adam have begun their intellectual life on the same line and level. Every mind, however favoured by outward circumstances, has had to obtain its stock of knowledge by its own labour. It has had to pick up all its intellectual wealth thought by thought, gleaning often among the very thorns and briers of difficulty.

Now, in all this there is something very encouraging to the children of the poorest parents in this and every other community. An allwise and gracious Providence has put knowledge and virtue so far above all other human acquisitions and properties, that it has ordained that all the children born into the world shall begin in the race of learning exactly even; or, in words sometimes used, that they shall all begin on nothing; that not one of them, however rich and powerful be his parents, shall inherit from them a single letter of the alphabet, to set him at the slightest advantage at the first start over the poorest peasant's son. And now just see how the people of this country, and the people of other Christian and

enlightened countries, have tried, if I may so say, to imitate the benevolence of Providence in the provisions they have made for the education of the children of all classes. If Providence has so ordained the structure of the human mind that the children of the prince and peasant, of the rich and poor, shall be brought up to the first letter of the alphabet, and start there perfectly even in the race after knowledge, this school and other schools in the land are designed so to help the young racers that they shall run neck and neck as long as possible. And they often do run abreast a long way. They dash through the short syllables together, and they are not far apart when they plunge, with inky fingers, into the pot hooks and trammels of their writing books ; and even in small sums in addition, a ploughman's son may come out half a head before the son of a duke. Indeed, I am not sure that many a poor man's boy in this village did not make as good time through the alphabet as the Prince Imperial of France did with all the extraordinary advantages which that highly-favoured youngster had to start with. I will go further still. I believe there is more than one boy or girl of the same age sitting daily on these seats, who would give the sole heir to the imperial crown of France a tight pull in arithmetic or geography, or in other rudimental branches of useful education.

But the pursuit of knowledge is not a steeple-chase. It is not an amateur beating of the air as an occupation for children, half labour and half amusement, stimulated by the ambition to excel, and carry off the largest number of prizes and certificates of merit. It is the acquiring

of the working capital of a useful life when the learner comes to act for himself or for others. It is the laying up of a little fortune, without which the richest man's son is poor indeed, and with which the poorest man's son is rich. It is an old saying that knowledge is power. It is equally true that knowledge is wealth, in a broader, better sense than the mere possession of money or land. A young man, on setting out in life, may not own a single acre or a single pound sterling, yet if he have a mind well stored with practical knowledge, if he has fitted himself to fill any position that may fall in the way of an intelligent, trusty, virtuous man, if he has acquired a taste and habit for reading, and delights in the companionship of the best books of the day when his hours of labour are done, that young man begins in the world with a little fortune, which is both power and wealth. It is more. It is the well of a mental life which never dries up, from which he may draw thoughts of rich and varied enjoyment at every hour and in any occupation. More than this, it will not only enable him to enjoy any occupation in which he may happen to labour, but it will qualify him to fill any honest occupation with credit to himself and satisfaction to his employer.

Now, on this point there has been a good deal of difference of opinion. Many intelligent and well-meaning, and even benevolent, people have maintained, and still believe, that a certain amount of education unfits persons for certain occupations or positions; that it makes them feel themselves above their business; that it encourages them to take on airs, as it is called, and gives them a certain look, deportment, and disposition

that do not become their position. This is a very wide-spread impression, which it is difficult to reason away. It is a secret prejudice against universal education, which resembles the prejudice against colour in some countries, and against the admission of coloured men to the common rights of citizenship. Now, I am inclined to believe one of these prejudices has just about as good a foundation as the other. If the truth could be known, you would find that no persons are more disposed to complain of stupidity and insensibility in their servants than those who are opposed to the universal education of the children of the poor, on the ground that it unfits them for the position they are to fill. I would not entertain an uncharitable thought towards such persons, but I think they do lay themselves open to the suspicion that they object to intelligent, reading, thinking, self-respecting servants or *employés*, because they cannot treat them as they can the stolid, insensitive men or women of mere muscle, who cannot read or write, and are capable only of the single thought of drawing a straight furrow, or of setting a table and serving up a meal in a way to please the mistress of the house. And this fact in itself proves the spontaneous and universal respect paid to intelligence and virtue. You will see this everywhere and in all conditions of life. Even in the dark days of slavery in America, the proudest master felt constrained to deport himself towards an intelligent negro as he did not toward the more ignorant of his slaves. And there were two very important reasons for this difference of treatment. In the first place, sheer intelligence always commands a

certain degree of respect on the part of the employer or master. Then, intelligence makes the servant or *employé* more sensitive to praise or blame, more susceptible of being moved by higher motives or quicker sensibilities than stolid and ignorant men or women. If I may so say, a lash of silken string cuts as deep into his nature as a cow-hide does into the nature of a stupid, pig-headed son of ignorance. He needs no sharp, harsh words to bring him to a sense of duty or to a perception of what is right and wrong.

And here I must again refer to an aspect of this universal education of the masses which is too generally overlooked. We hear a good deal about the upper classes of society, sometimes of the cream of society. Now, I think you will find that the elevation which these classes attain depends upon the elevation of the classes beneath them in the social scale. I believe that they are not lifted up from above, but raised from below, and raised by the upward movement of what are called the lower classes. I believe I once used the homely figure here, that as the cream rises and falls with the milk that produces and sustains it, so the upper classes of society rise in education and refinement of mind and manners with the masses of the people who produce and sustain them. This must be so in the nature of things. If the common labouring men of the country should, by dint of self-cultivation, reach, ten years hence, the level of intelligence on which the middle class stand to-day, what must happen? Why, this, almost inevitably—the two classes would fuse into one. The intellectual distinction between them would be erased, and they would stand on the same footing of

knowledge and virtue. Well, suppose it were felt and known to be a certain fact that the working classes should so avail themselves of the abundant means of instruction now, as it were, pressed upon them almost without money and without price, as to attain, ten years hence, to the high-water mark of education and intelligence reached by the middle class of to-day, could you conceive of any impulse or motive more powerful than this fact to impel the middle class to raise the standard of their own education, so that, ten years hence, they should be as far above the working classes in learning, knowledge, and mental culture as they are now? If you see and admit this, then I think you will see it equally clear that nothing in the world could more tend to raise all the upper classes of the country than the universal education and elevation of the masses of the people. I say all the upper classes, for all must be raised simultaneously by this elevation of the strata on which they rest. This is not a mere theory. It is a fact rendered patent to the world by a hundred illustrations. Men occupying the highest social and political positions in society, men belonging not only to the Upper Ten, but Upper Five, feel this universal movement of intelligence beneath and around them. They feel that the tide of this mental life is arising; that it is coming in and coming up like a flood; that they too must make a personal effort to rise; that they must either sink or swim, and if they swim at all, they must swim on the surface. See how the foremost men of the age, occupying the highest social rank that society can confer or prescription create, are moved by these great impulses of popular

intelligence, by the very shaking of the uppermost branches of the tree of knowledge which the million-handed masses of the people are feeling after. See how great political and party leaders like Derby, Russell, and Gladstone, each with half the load of an Atlas on his back, are entering the lists of the learners and teachers, accoutred as they are, and, as it were, wrestling for the prize with the strongest athletes of literature. See how the most powerful monarch that ever sat upon the imperial throne of France, with such governmental responsibilities and burdens on his back as perhaps no other human sovereign ever shouldered, see how he feels the pulse and the power of this mighty uprising tide around him; see what a prodigious effort he has put forth, under the mountainous load of his political cares, to make himself as great a Napoleon of the pen as his uncle made himself the Napoleon of the sword.

Some one has said there is no frontier to humanity. It is equally true that society is not a six-story structure, with a floor of cold, immovable marble between one and the other from bottom to top. No; society is a great organized life, stirred with the same human pulses from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head; and when the foot rises the head rises, and in the same proportion. A school like this adds its pulse to this great mental life that moves the world, that not only raises the masses of the people, but uplifts all classes of society, the gentry, aristocracy, the Lords and Commons, and the throne itself.

A Tribute to Richard Cobden,

THE DAY AFTER HIS DEATH,

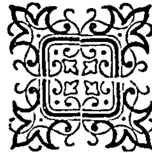
At the conclusion of a Lecture on the "Higher Law and Mission of Commerce," before the Leed's Mechanics' Institute, April 6th, 1865.

AS one who has watched, with the liveliest interest, all that makes for the brotherhood of nations, I am not willing to conclude without adverting to that new bond of peace which the recent commercial treaty has established between Great Britain and France. What mind can measure, even in imagination, the good that may flow to the whole family of man from this interlinking of two neighbour-nations, whose mutual confidence and cordial co-operation might do so much for the peace of the world, and for the putting down of that terrible war system which is now devouring the industrial earnings of Christendom. And when that consummation shall be realized; when these two great countries shall walk hand-in-hand in the beautiful and enduring fellowship of mutual confidence and generous thoughts towards mankind; when the whole family of nations shall become one peaceful brotherhood, moving on together in the

happy harmony of friendly sentiments and blended interests; when the heavy burdens which mutual suspicions have imposed upon them shall be lifted from their shoulders, and those suspicions shall be lifted from their minds, like sombre mists of winter before the rising sun of May, then shall the memory of Richard Cobden come up out of the past like the sweet smelling savour of one of the great lives which God gives now and then to the world to brighten and bless it with their light. Then shall that wide-reaching life, now seemingly ended among men, live and move and have a glorious being in the life of nations. Then, with new forces and faculties of vitality, its immortal breath shall be felt in the pulse of the world's prosperity and progress, in the principles and policies that shall sway at the helm of Governments, and haven the domestic happiness and social intercourse of peoples.

When such a man lies dead in the land, while the shadow of a great sorrow is on a nation's face, and millions in other countries feel the penumbra of the same grief moving over their spirits; while the electric wires of the world are yet thrilling with the news that one of the very foremost workers in the world's history for the well-being of mankind has gone to his rest, I could not refrain on this occasion from offering a small tribute of reverence to the memory which, I trust and believe, the English-speaking race in both hemispheres will ever hold and cherish as a common treasure. If, in the grand words of the ablest of his political opponents, such a man, in the working presence of his great mind, is still a member of Parliament, "independent of disso-

lutions, of the caprice of constituencies, and even of the course of time," he is in a wider sweep of influence an immortal citizen of the great commonwealth of States that speak the earth-engirdling tongue whose latent power his peerless logic unlocked and strengthened to its utmost capacity of expression in the advocacy of principles that shall live for ever among men—among the brightest immortalities of truth and right. All the millions that inhabit the American continent shall hold the life of Richard Cobden as one of the great gifts of God to a common race, and cherish and revere his memory as one of the priceless heir-looms which the Motherland has presented to the multitudinous family of States she has planted on the outlying continents and islands of the globe. In the proud and grateful sentiment of his relationship, they shall say *we* with her in the common patrimony of such a life, and feel they have a children's right to light the lamp of their experience by its light, and follow its guidance, without abstracting from the beams it sheds around her feet.



Conclusion of a Paper read at the Social Science Congress, Birmingham,

August, 1868,

On the Necessity and Feasibility of an Authoritative Code of International Law.

LET any fair and honest man of common sense rake among the hay, wood, and stubble of those ambiguous precedents, contested opinions, and antiquated customs which constitute the semblance of an international code, and he will be surprised that the heterogenous fabric could ever have received such a name. He will find that it embodies not one rudimental element of legal authority; that it presents not a single aspect of an act of legislation, jurisprudence, or representative deliberation. The precedents which lie at the base of the unstable and shapeless structure are the acts of States pure and simple, appreciated and applied by no fixed and recognised rule of morality and justice. The opinions which are interwoven with these precedents, like reeds into a wall of clay, are the varying conclusions of men of different countries, who have written in different languages, and

at wide intervals apart. We cannot ascertain whether any two of them all ever saw each other's face, or interchanged a single note, view, or idea before sitting down to his argument. Thus, what is called, by a liberal stretch of imagination as well as courtesy, the international code, neither contains nor presents a single element or aspect of law, such as the people of every civilized state are taught to regard and revere as law. This pretended code has never passed through the process of any species of legislation, international, national, or local. It has never passed through any deliberation or consultation of even unauthorized individuals met in council. It has never been defined, adopted, or sanctioned by diplomacy or by treaty between even two nations. In a word, it lacks every element and aspect which the common mind of the people ascribes to law.

It may set the anomalous character of this so-called international code in clearer light, if we place it in comparison with the great conclusions, principles, and systems which have been elaborated and clothed with a moral authority to which nations yield spontaneous and common homage. For instance, compare this shadowy international code with the creeds of Christian faith and worship which have been discussed, constructed, and sanctioned with an authority which the largest communities of mankind have recognised as almost divine. What great assemblies, councils, or congresses of the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries have met in different ages and countries for this purpose! What a vast difference between the elaboration of a creed for Christian Churches of different countries and the elaboration of a code for

Christian nations! Look at the commonwealth of science; and the principles and laws it has given to the world. What congresses of the greatest savans of Christendom meet from year to year to give authority to these conclusions! Consider the character and object of this new voluntary parliament for the promotion of Social Science. What a vast range of principles and measures for the well-being of every class and every interest of the community is brought under discussion in the sectional departments of this great parliament of utilitarian philanthropists! What is the first and greatest object of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and of this Social Science Congress? Undoubtedly it is to give to the deductions and conclusions of both bodies that moral authority which the mature and grave deliberations of great representative assemblies must always impart to the solution of the most important questions. Otherwise the discussion of these questions might be carried on merely in printed pamphlets or the public press, without these great and impressive annual congresses. And this consideration brings me to the practical proposition which I would deferentially submit.

The last twenty years have been marked, beyond any preceding period, by voluntary international association and enterprize. The Great Exhibition of 1851 proved most illustriously what the peoples of Christendom could do on the voluntary principle of representation as well as co-operation. Even populations outside the circumference of Christendom were represented personally as well as industrially in that great Parliament of the Peoples. What a succession of People Parliaments fol-

lowed, ended, and crowned by the magnificent International Exposition of Paris in 1867 ! How all the arts and industries of the wide world, and all its diversified populations, were convened and represented in that grand temple of universal brotherhood! Then see what permanent international associations have sprung into existence since 1851, to work for the common weal of nations. Look at the growth and moral power of this Social Science Congress. It is only twelve years old, but see what an institution it has already become in the land; what manner of men from all parts of the kingdom come up to its councils; what manner of measures, what range of utilitarian questions, are here discussed with an ability which would honour any legislative assembly on earth. And this Social Science Congress, with all its rapid growth and moral power, does not stand alone; it could not stand alone. At such an age of consentaneous intelligence and sympathy, it must produce its like in other countries. It has already produced its like on the Continent and in America. On both continents Social Science Congresses, organized and acting to promote the same objects which this was founded to advance, have become permanent institutions. Among the objects they have in hand and heart is the construction of a well-defined code of International Law out of the hay, wood, and stubble of that delusive fabric which now passes by that name.

Seeing, then, that this Social Science Congress, and those organized and acting on the Continent and in America, recognise the intense necessity and value of such an international code, seeing that at every annual

meeting the elaboration of such a code is urged by new arguments and by new authorities, I submit more confidently this proposition :—

"That this Congress elect a Committee of Nomination, whose duty it shall be to nominate and invite a certain number of the most eminent jurists of Great Britain to meet similar jurists and statesmen of other countries, in the course of 1869, at Brussels or the Hague, there to discuss and utilize all the raw material of precedent and opinion now existing, and to elaborate an international code clothed with all the authority which such an august assembly and such erudite and judicial deliberation could give to it.

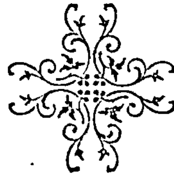
"Secondly, That this Nomination Committee enter immediately into communication with the Social Science Congresses on the Continent of Europe and in America on the subject, inviting them to take the same step, and to elect and send a certain number of the most profound jurists of their respective countries to this international convention, all of whom shall not only be regarded as fitted by their talents and experience to fill the highest seats of justice at home, but shall receive for their services a compensation befitting the dignity of their position and the value of their labours to mankind."

Such an assembly of jurists and statesmen would inevitably make a profound impression upon all the Governments and upon the whole public mind of Christendom. The code which they would construct would be clothed with an authority which no Government in Christendom could put aside or ignore. The nations of the civilized world would be recovered from their present anomalous

and unseemly condition, and the sentiment of law, and of organized order and peace, would pervade and govern their relations, as it now does the relations of individual towns and counties within a single well-ordered state.

This is the practical proposition which I would commend to the consideration of this Congress. I submit it pure and simple. I will not add to it a suggestion of what an international assembly of jurists might do or become after such an international code had been given to the world. Still, I beg, however, merely to hint at a subsequent function which the Social Science Congresses of Christendom might legitimately perform after having provided such a code of international law. It has become the custom and law in all civilized countries to hold a coroner's inquest at the loss of life by any sudden accident or disaster. The inquests held over the terrible explosions of the fire-damps of coal mines, which blast scores of human lives, and people whole villages of the poor with widows and fatherless children, are read with painful emotion by a whole nation. Every cause of the calamity, and all its incidents, are brought under the most searching investigation. With what intense and painful interest the proceedings of the inquest over the terrible Abergele catastrophe were read wherever the English language is spoken! Well, after having provided such an international code as we have contemplated, if nations shall be so insane, lawless, and wicked as to go to war, and destroy millions of money and half a million of precious human lives, then I think the Social Science Congresses of Christendom might well institute a solemn Coroner's Inquest over the calamity, and investigate and

report to the world the cause and guilt of the stupendous crime. If the Great Powers could be made to feel that if they shall dare to cast the torch of war into the fire-damps of human passion, and involve a continent in the horrid combustion of the battle-field, such a Coroner's Jury would be summoned to hold a searching and solemn inquest over the catastrophe, and pronounce an impartial verdict to the world, it would be to them like that voice which Macbeth so much feared; as if in very deed Heaven did "peep through the blanket of the dark to cry, Hold! hold!"



The Olive Leaf Mission.

AS the enterprise designated by this title is referred to several times in the foregoing Speeches, and as the author earnestly desires that all his readers may form some definite idea of its object and operation, he states here a few facts which may suffice to explain it. After the Peace Congresses at Brussels and Paris in 1848 and 1849, being anxious to disseminate more widely over the Continent the principles, sentiments, and doctrines enunciated at those great meetings, and by the advocates of Peace in England and America for nearly half a century, he arranged first with a widely-circulated Paris journal to insert, once a month, about a column and a half of matter on the subject, under the title of "An Olive Leaf for the People." It was made up of about half a dozen extracts from the speeches and writings of distinguished statesmen and divines, such as Cobden, Chalmers, Robert Hall, Dr. Channing, &c. The publication of this "Olive Leaf" cost 100 francs a month, or for each insertion; but for this sum 30,000 copies of it were circulated all over France with the responsibility and commendation of the editor. Besides, they generally

went to the same persons from month to month, bringing them under the continual dropping of the powerful thoughts of such eminent men. It was the cheapest and most effective agency that could be possibly adopted, not only for disseminating most widely among, but for impressing most deeply those ideas upon, the masses of the people on the Continent. The author, being then in Germany, easily effected a similar arrangement with all the leading journals of the various German States, and subsequently with those of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Spain, and Italy, and with one journal even at St. Petersburgh. Thus, at the beginning of 1852, the "Olive Leaf" appeared monthly in seven different languages and in forty of the most influential journals on the Continent, from Stockholm to Madrid and from Copenhagen to Vienna. The best thoughts of such writers as have been mentioned were brought in this way before at least a million readers scattered through all those countries, and there is every reason to believe that they made an impression which has found utterance and effect in the organization of Peace Societies, and in the remonstrances of the masses in France, Germany, and other Continental countries against war.

The whole expense of this "Olive Leaf Mission" was defrayed by ladies of all denominations in Great Britain, who, for disseminating these principles at home as well as abroad, formed themselves into what were called "Olive Leaf Societies," of which about one hundred and fifty were organized in England, Scotland, and Ireland. These raised the money for paying the Continental journals for the insertion of the "Olive Leaves," which cost about

£300 a year. This was only part of the work they performed for the cause of Peace; for while, as it were, with one hand they dropped unseen these beautiful truths into the minds of the millions on the Continent, with the other they diffused the same as gently and effectively at home. The author was present and assisted at the formation of all these Societies, and no memory from his past experience will be dearer to him at the end of life than that of their earnest sympathy and generous co-operation in this most blessed work.

During the author's long sojourn in America, from 1855 to 1863, this "Olive Leaf Mission" was suspended, and the Societies formed to support it were mostly disbanded. But as a pleasant *souvenir* of the enterprise, within the last two years, and while engaged in consular duties at Birmingham, he has undertaken at his own expense to publish an "Olive Leaf" monthly in two or three leading German journals. Several generous friends of the old "Foreign Mission of the Dove" have contributed to assist him in this small revival of the work which they so liberally supported when it was carried forward on such a large scale. He subjoins some of the new "Olive Leaves" which he has thus published in the *Augsburg Gazette* and the *Cologne Gazette*. The first is given in German, for a reason which perhaps some of those able to read it may infer.

Olive Leaves for the People.

No. 1.

EIN OELBLATT FÜR DAS VOLK.

VOR ungefähr fünfzehn Jahren machte ich meinen ersten Versuch damit, in Deutschland meine Ansichten über Frieden zwischen den Völkern und Freundschaft unter den Menschen bekannt zu machen. Durch viele Journale und Zeitungen gingen diese meine Gedanken, welche auf kleinen gedruckten Blättchen unter dem Titel: "Oelblätter für das Volk" ihre erste Verbreitung fanden. Jeder, der nur einmal meine Blättchen gesehen oder gelesen hat, weiss, was ein Oelblatt bedeutet, und wie und wann es zuerst ein Symbol des Freidens und der Freundschaft wurde. Wenn es mir schon immer grosses Vergnügen machte, meine Ideen so vielen Lesern in den verschiedenen Deutschen Staaten vorzulegen, so gewährte es mir doch noch grössere und herzinnigere Freude, zu erfahren, dass meine Oelblätter [illegible] Vielen mit Nachdenken gelesen wurden. Während meiner ausgedehnten Wanderungen in Amerika, meiner Heimath, habe ich mehr als einen Deutschen begegnet,

der von den "Oelblättern" sprach, die er im Vaterlande in verschiedenen Zeitungen und Journalen gelesen hatte. Und nun—nach dem Verlauf von so vielen Jahren—gereicht es mir daher nicht nur zur grössten Genugthuung, nein, macht es mich wahrhaft glücklich, dieselbe Taube wiederum mit einem Oelblatt des Friedens und der Freundschaft an wenigstens einige wenige Leser in Deutschland abzusenden.

Von wem ich besonders wünsche, dass er seine Thüre meinem Oelblatt öffnen, und dasselbe einnehmen und lesen möge, das ist der Arbeiter, die Klasse des Volks, die im Swchweiss ihres Angesichtes ihr Brod verdient. Ich selbst bin in Amerika von meiner frühesten Jugend an ein Arbeiten gewesen. Es giebt kaum ein Werkzeug, welches von Ackerbauern oder Handwerkern gebraucht wird, mit dem ich nicht gearbeitet, und über dessen Benützung ich nicht die Bedeutung der Arbeit kennen gelernt habe. Lederschuhe für Menschen, wie Hufeisen für Pferde habe ich neu gemacht, wie ausgebessert, und den Hammer des Shuhmachers wie den des Grobschmidt's geschwungen. Ich habe an der Drehbank und am Schmelzofen gestanden, Messing und Eisen gegossen, und in Sand Formen für alle Arten metallener Waaren modellirt. Ich habe die Feile viele Sommer- und Wintermonate hindurch gehandhabt, Eisen gekupfert und Messing verlöthet, Pflüge, Hacken, Feuerböcke, Schaufeln und Zangen geschmiedet; kurz, ich habe in fast jedem Handwerkszweige gearbeitet. Darum nun glaube ich dass ich mit den Handwerkern jedes Landes mit einiger Sachkenntniss und nöthigem Mitgefühl sprechen kann.

Dann aber bin ich auch einmal Handelsreisender ge-

wesen, und habe manche lange Tagereise durch die verschiedenen Staaten Amerika's gemacht, Nähereien und Stickarbeiten und andere Manufacte auf dem Lande an Händler abgesetzt, hierauf einen eigenen Laden angefangen, und Specerei, Schnitt-, Kurzwaaren, Lebensartikel und Grünzeug hinter dem Ladentische verkauft. So darf ich vielleicht auch ein Paar Worte an Deutsche Händler, Handlungsdiener, Kaufleute und andere Personen mit kaufmännischen Beschäftigungen richten, und hoffen, dass man mir freundliches Gehör schenken wird, als Einem, der gewissermaassen mit ihren Arbeiten und Wünschen vertraut ist.

Endlich auch giebt es kein im Ackerbau und in der Gartencultur benütztes Werkzeug, mit welchem ich nicht manchen lieben langen Tag und manches Jahr gearbeitet hätte, und viele Werkzeuge waren darunter, die vielleicht in dem herrlichen Deutschen Vaterlande noch Niemand gesehen. Ackerbau war meine letzte und Lieblings-Beschäftigung, ich habe noch jetzt Vergnügen daran, und hoffe, mich ihm ganz wieder hinzugeben, wenn ich erst von diesem Aufenthalt in Europa in meine Heimath zurückgekehrt sein werde. Doch man denke ja nicht, dass ich immer bloss ein Amateur-Landbauer gewesen bin. Das letzte Jahr, ehe ich die Vereinigten Staaten verliess, um nach England zu gehen, bebauete ich mein eigenes kleines Gut, ohne auch nur einen Tag einen Arbeiter zu dingen. Ich pflügte selbst, säete, eggte und hackte selbst, mähete 16 Morgen eigenhändig, schnitt, rechte und fuhr das Heu ein. Ausserdem schwang ich gar manchen Tag die Sense für meine Nachbarn, und that andere Feldarbeit, trotzdem ich schon damals über

fünfzig Jahre alt war. Während ich mit diesen Handarbeiten beschäftigt war, gab ich Zeitungen und monatliche Revuen heraus, und schrieb und veröffentlichte verschiedene Bücher, die sich seitdem bedeutender und oft wiederholter Auflagen zu erfreuen hatten.—

Genug! Ich habe hier mehr aus meinem Leben erzählt, als ich jemals vorher dem Papier anvertraute, und ich würde es nicht geschrieben haben, wenn ich nicht überzeugt wäre, dass diese meine Autobiographie nirgends anders als in Deutschland gelesen werden würde. Nur Wenige meiner Amerikanischen und Englishchen Freunde sind fähig, Deutsch zu lesen, und so werden sie nie erfahren, dass ich jemals eine solche Seite aus meinem Tagebuche, meiner Privatgeschichte der Oeffenlichkeit übergeben habe, wie ich es nun in diesem ersten "Oelblatt für das Volk" gethan. Dasselbe geschah aus keinem andern Grunde, als dem, die verschiedenen mit Handel und Gewerben aller Art beschäftigten Personen, die hiernach die in ihrer Sprache gedruckten Oelblätter zu Gesicht bekommen mögen, davon zu überzeugen, dass dieselben von Jemandem kommen, der persönlich mit ihren Beschäftigungen und Interessen, mit ihren Sympathien und Wünschen bekannt ist.

No. II.

PEACE A WORKING MAN'S QUESTION.

In my last "Olive Leaf," I referred to some facts in my own life and experience. I did this merely to show that I felt a natural and personal interest in every class of readers

that I addressed, especially in working men, because I had handled nearly every tool known to manual labour. I do feel a deep and honest sympathy with labouring men in all countries. I know how much sweat of the brow it costs them to feed, clothe, and house their children; how many years of parental care, hope, and affection, mingled with affliction and sorrow, it requires to rear a son to the stature and strength of young manhood. I place such a son before my mind's eye—a poor man's son. Then I multiply him by three millions, or by the whole number of soldiers serving in all the armies of Christendom. I say to myself, These are all the sons of poor labouring men. Who can compute the toil, the trials, the tears, the privations it cost their parents to rear them for this military service, even in time of Peace! They are all the picked men of the nations, strong, well-made, and healthy. By and by there is a war for some cause they perhaps do not understand. Fifty thousand sons of English working men and fifty thousand sons of French working men are marched up face to face, and pour in upon each other deadly volleys from their breech-loading rifles. Five thousand are left dead on the field, and three times that number are maimed for life. Here, at one battle, twenty thousand young men are destroyed outright, or by slow degrees of suffering and death. Who can calculate and feel the loss? Go and ask the twenty thousand parents of the slain and wounded what is the cost of that battle to them. Go to the twenty thousand humble cottages in which all those young men were born or reared, and count the cost of that battle in the tears, and sobs, and broken hopes of weeping fathers,

mothers, brothers, and sisters. There is the place, those are the human hearts, that will give you the truest reckoning of the costs of war. I never read of a battle, or a rumour of a war between two countries, without estimating its cost in the blood and tears, in the bruised hearts and broken hopes, of poor labouring men. Whenever I hear of some new and more deadly missile of death invented for war, I think of the kind of men that it is designed to mow down, rank by rank, and I also put the expense of it in this way:—Here is a new shell which is to cost eleven pounds sterling each, beside the powder. Well, the average weekly wages of an English labourer is ten shillings. Then it would cost him full five months of hard labour at the plough, scythe, sickle, and hoe to pay for one of these shells to burst among a company of soldiers taken from the plough, scythe, sickle, and hoe, and armed to slay the poor men's sons of another nation. Nine-tenths of those who fight and fall in war are poor men's sons. Is not Peace, then, a poor man's question, a working man's question, in a special sense?

No. III.

THE HUSBANDRY OF THE PLOUGH AND THE SWORD.

In my last "Olive Leaf," I said that I had used almost every implement known to manual labour in the field or workshop. I said this merely to show that I knew, by long experience, the feelings, the trials, wants, and interests of working men. In travelling in different

countries I think of them, and try to ascertain their welfare; to learn how much they earn per week, how well they can feed, clothe, and lodge their families, and educate their children. I try to weigh the burdens which war and armed peace establishments saddle upon their shoulders. I have got into the habit of measuring the cost of these armaments against the earnings of working men; and I do it in this way.

When we are told that over three millions of men in the prime of manhood are trained in the armies of Europe for war, I say to myself, Nineteen out of twenty of all this host are poor men's sons. Think how much hard toil in the field and factory, in mine and mountain—what parental tears, and trials, and anxieties—it cost to raise up these three millions of young men to the age of eighteen or twenty years! Then I look at them while they are at drill; I see they are all picked men—all chosen for perfect health, strength, and stature. The military surgeon has examined them all, and declared them all very good for war. We have no surgeons to examine candidates or recruits for the plough, axe, hammer, or spindle. Bow-legged men, asthmatic men, one-eyed men, rheumatic men, are deemed good enough for the great industrial armies of the world; just as if War must have the flowers, and Peace the weeds, of mankind.

I have walked all over England, from Land's End to John o' Groats, in the spring and summer months. It is a beautiful country. Nearly the whole island is cultivated like a garden. The amount of labour applied to its cultivation is perfectly wonderful, especially to an

American like myself. And while I wonder, I put this and that together in this comparison. They say it takes 700,000 agricultural labourers to make this island such a great garden of beauty and fertility. Their wages average ten English shillings a week. Then the labour of the whole 700,000 men and women for the year cost £18,200,000; and what a glorious show of green and golden crops they spread over the whole island for that sum! I look at it with admiration. But I cannot help looking at something else at the same time. I look at the English war budget for 1866, a year of armed peace. I see £26,000,000 put down for the cost of mere armaments for war in that year! That is, £2 for the plough against £3 for the sword in the time of peace! This comparison stirs up sad reflections about producers and consumers.

I once heard it stated in the British Parliament that a certain bombshell of a new pattern cost £11 when ready for use. Then it would cost the labour of an able-bodied man at the plough, sickle, and hoe, for six spring and summer months, to pay for one of these death-dealing shells! How much honest, patient labour is swallowed up in the wolfish maw of war!

No. IV.

THE VALUATION OF HUMAN LIFE IN WAR.

If there is one sentiment that more than another marks the civilization of the present day, it is the interest felt in human life. Sympathy with human suffering is the

most distinctive characteristic of our age. Never before in the world's history were there such associated efforts to diminish or prevent suffering. The societies organized for this purpose are almost innumerable. Great calamities by fire, pestilence, or famine are almost drowned by the flood of benevolence thus brought to bear upon them. The great heart of the community has thus become very sensitive to every kind of suffering, want, or wrong. How the whole nation is distressed at the news of an explosion of fire-damp in a coal mine, by which a score—perhaps a hundred—working men lose their lives! The Queen on her throne telegraphs to the scene of the disaster to make inquiry or express her sympathy. In thousands of family circles the fate of the poor colliers is deplored with deep commiseration. Money pours in from all directions to support and comfort the mourning widows and orphans. A shipwreck, a railway accident, or any other catastrophe which destroys human life, produces the same feeling in the community. Sometimes a single life put in peril will fill a nation's heart with anxiety and grief. For instance, look at the case of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer. What intense and painful interest has been felt, not only in England, but in other countries, in his fate! What costly expeditions have been fitted out to seek for him in the hot wilds of that distant continent! Then think of Sir John Franklin, and of the feeling which his fate has inspired throughout the civilized world.

Now compare the feeling with which the community hears of the loss or peril of a few human lives by these accidents, with the feelings with which the news of the

death or mutilation of thousands of men, equally precious, on the field of battle is received. How different is the valuation! how different in universal sympathy! War seems to reverse our best and boasted civilization, to carry back human society to the dark ages of barbarism, to cheapen the public appreciation of human life almost to the standard of brute beasts. This has always seemed to me one of war's worst works, because it destroys also the sense of the ruin and misery which the sword makes in the world. And this demoralization of sentiment is not confined to the two or three nations engaged in war; it extends to the most distant and neutral nations, and they read of thousands slain or mangled in a single battle with but a little more humane sensibility than they would read of the loss of so many pawns by a move on a chess-board. With what deep sympathy the American nation, even to the very slaves, heard of the sufferings in Ireland by the potato famine! What shiploads of corn and provisions they sent over to relieve that suffering! But how little of that benevolent sympathy and of that generous aid would they have given to the same amount of suffering inflicted by war upon the people of a foreign country! This, I repeat, is one of the very worst works of war. It is not only the demoralization, but almost the transformation, of human nature. We can generally ascertain how many lives have been lost in a war. The tax-gatherer lets us know how much money it costs. But no registry kept on earth can tell us how much is lost to the world by this insensibility to human suffering which a war produces in the whole family circle of nations.

No. V.

THE INHERITANCE OF NATIONAL MISTAKES.

If I draw my facts and ideas about war and war-establishments from the experience of the English people, it is because I know them better than any other people except my own. I also know that they are very generous, and quite willing that the people of other countries should learn what to avoid as well as what to imitate in their past history. I do not think there is any nation more ready to own past mistakes and to deplore them. And I sometimes fear that there is no other nation so liable to fall into such mistakes, and to fall into them so honestly at the time of the temptation. And no other nation has to carry on its shoulders such a heavy burden of mistakes, some of the load being over a hundred years old. And although they bear this load patiently and bravely, few of them will confess that a pound of it ought ever to have been put upon them. But nearly the whole burden is the inheritance which has come down to them from a past generation. It is a terrible national debt of mistakes made in the course of about fifty years, from 1774 to 1815.

The first great mistake in that period of time, which the whole English nation now admit and deplore, was that which led to the long revolutionary war in America. After deducting all that was paid in precious English blood and treasure in the seven years of that long struggle,

that war bequeathed to the present generation in England a debt of over £100,000,000, or more than £3 to every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom; and I do not think that Great Britain ever waged a war which she deems such a mistake and misfortune as this war with her American colonies.

But the mistake in regard to the American revolution was very small, when estimated in money only, compared with the next one made by England, almost before the grass was green upon the graves of tens of thousands of her soldiers who fell in that war. This was the great and lamentable mistake which involved her first in a war with the French Republic, and next in the terrible conflict with the French Empire. And now, while thousands are still living who remember those wars and all that led to them, the majority of the English people will confess to you that they were all a mistake. Indeed, there is no principle more hateful to the whole nation than that on which England first interfered with the French in the formation and establishment of the government which they preferred for themselves. This was the first mistake which led to all the wars with France that followed. Had it not been for this interference, Napoleon I. would perhaps have died a colonel, and there would never have been an Austerlitz, a Jena, or a Waterloo, as a field of battle. British statesmen of all political parties now admit that this interference with the French was all a mistake, and ought to have been avoided. But who can estimate the cost of that mistake to the generation now living in England, and the generations to follow? At least £800,000,000 of the national debt of Great Britain is the

inheritance of what her people regard and condemn as mistakes. The annual interest of this sum is more than twenty shillings sterling on every man, woman, and child on the island.

Such is the heavy heritage of mistakes saddled by one generation upon another. How watchful ought a nation to be against making such mistakes, to send down as a crushing load to innocent, unborn millions!

No. VI.

THE GREAT FAMILIES OF THE FATHERLAND.

ONE of the grand old seers of Israel once saw a startling vision, which he described in the exclamation, "*O wheel!*" I am not a prophet nor the son of a prophet. But sometimes, like other men who walk with their eyes open, I see things that suddenly spread out a great meaning before me. I have just been to Paris, and there I saw the grandest vision I ever beheld. And as I looked and looked at it, smitten with great wonder, I exclaimed to myself, like the prophet of old, *O wheel!* It was such a wheel as no Hebrew seer nor king nor people ever saw before. They call it the "Grand Exposition of the Arts and Industries of all Nations." But it was in the form of a vast wheel with its hub uppermost. Between its spokes, from the hub to the rim, the different nations of the world displayed the best specimens of their art and industry. The spectacle was almost bewildering. The progressive thought, skill,

genius, labour, and wealth of all the ages were there in works which seemed to embody the highest perfection that the human hand and mind could reach. Nature was there, too, with all the infinite productions of land, sea, and sky. The most costly jewelry she elaborates on and under the surface of the earth, the precious stones and pearls, the woods and wools, the metals and minerals, the fruits, seeds, plants, and flowers of all climes and countries, were there arranged side by side with the machinery—infinite, vast, and varied—which the nations had invented for working up all this raw material for man's use and ornament.

There were no spaces between the spokes of this mighty wheel more gloriously filled than those allotted to the great German fatherland, including Scandinavia and Holland; for I love to group the whole Teutonic race in one grand family circle, as they are virtually of one blood and language, and occupy a coherent territory which the Baltic is too narrow to divide. I walked through this vast Teutonic section with the liveliest admiration and delight. It was full of the mighty speech of that German mind which has so shaped and guided the thoughts of the nations. When I passed through the Prussian and Austrian sections, locked arm in arm as they were, I saw it clearly that there were natural and spontaneous fraternities that the sword, drawn in sudden anger, could only sever for a moment. As I gazed upon their splendid feats of mechanical genius and Titan-handed industry, I was touched with the sentiment of that fraternity. What well-minded Prussian, said I to myself, can walk through this Aus-

trian department and not feel proud that Austria, too, is one of the sisters of the great German family circle? Or what Austrian, even with the unhappy memories of the recent past fresh within his breast, can walk from end to end and side to side of this Prussian section and not feel the glow and stir of a generous pride in his heart that Prussia stands so gloriously in this grand competition of the nations?

Painters of different ages and countries have won great fame for painting family groups, or groups of happy children playing or sitting on flowery lawns, green meadows, or golden fields of harvest. But the skilled artisans of the great fatherland, with their pencils of steel and brazen easels, have produced such a group of German States in Paris as all the artists of the world could never have painted on canvas. Would that the magnificent picture could be photographed entire, and a copy hung up in every house from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, and from the Baltic to the North Sea, in which the Teutonic tongue is spoken! When were Bavaria or Wurtemberg, Hesse and Saxony, and the other sisters of the circle ever painted before with such features and expressions of countenance as in the great Exposition? How little did we of America and other distant countries know what they were and what they could do until we saw both, in their art and handiwork, in this great palace of the world's industries! One might well wonder if they knew themselves what they were and what they could do until their mechanical skill, genius, and labour grouped them together in such a *tableau vivant* in Paris.

And while I looked with wonder and delight at the

great German group of States, presented in such a *tableau vivant*, this thought came to my mind,—How can any animosities or jealousies ever arise again to mar the harmony and happiness of such a family circle? Surely this grand *réunion* at Paris must make them feel, as they never felt before, what bonds of brotherhood connect and entwine them. Permanent and universal Peace extends itself outward by concentric circles,—from town to province, from province to state, and from state to the great commonwealth of nations. When all the German States shall be united in one harmonious family circle, Peace will have made the conquest of one-third of Europe, and the rest must all the sooner yield to its benign sceptre. Should the Paris Exposition thus tend to promote not only German, but Teutonic, unity, it will be worth to the cause of Peace throughout the world all that it has cost.

No. VII.

THOUGHTS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

WHILE wandering with wonder and admiration through the mazes of machinery in the Great Exhibition, I saw some engines that I felt at first ought never to have been admitted into that glorious company of agricultural and mechanical implements. Among the reaping, mowing, sewing, printing, planing, and pumping machines, among the lathes, looms, anvils, hammers, and the best tools ever invented to lighten and economise honest human labour there were monstrous cannons with awful throats, mortars,

bombshells, guns, and bayonets, made for the swiftest destruction of human life. I stood and looked into the huge mouths of those black cannon, and the great globes, of solid iron, that lay beneath their lips to show what death and desolation they could pour across the space of miles into beleaguered towns. I thought of what was said in the book of Job, that when the sons of God came together, Satan came also with them. And these cannons and rifles, bayonets and swords, said I to myself, are the reaping machines of the Governments of Christendom! These are the implements they contribute to this Great Exposition of honest, patient art and industry! With these they plough the green lands of the peoples! With these seed-drills they sow the furrows made by those red-hot ploughshares! With these they reap their harvests and garner in their sheaves! Oh, if these machines were set at work for five minutes upon this great living army of the world's working men and utilitarian manufacturers, and upon all these glittering forests of their handiwork, what a scene would they produce! what a contrast between their work and the work of all this labour-doing and labour-saving machinery of peaceful industry! While thinking of this contrast, I found myself in the great picture circle, hung with the master-pieces of the world's living painters. And there I saw some of the harvests that war has reaped with its reaping machines. There I saw, painted to the life, the battle scenes before Sebastopol—at the storming of the Redan, of the Malakoff, and on the field of Inkermann. They made me shudder with horror. Still, I thought it was well that these terrible pictures of death and destruc-

tion should be hung up before the eyes of thousands and hundreds of thousands of different nations. It was well that these harvests of the battle-field should be painted to the life, and hung up before the reaping machines of war to show their manner of work, to show what kind of sheaves they reap, and what kind of grain they thresh out for mankind. It was well that the thinking, intelligent multitudes of different lands thronging the great Palace of Art and Industry could have placed before them all this enginery of war, and such horridly vivid representations of what it could produce. So I did not regret that this Satan was allowed to come with the sons of God into this magnificent assemblage for once, that they might see his fiendish features all the more distinctly for the contrast. Surely thousands must have been struck with the thought that war destroys myriads of strong active men, who might make the best artisans and labourers of the nations; that its murderous machinery destroys what the looms, anvils, and ploughs of a great kingdom can earn. If this is one of the lessons which the peoples of different land and tongue shall learn at the Great Exhibition in Paris, they will be well repaid for meeting together in that grand Palace and Parliament of Industry.

No. VIII.

A FRIENDLY ADDRESS OF CITIZENS OF BIRMINGHAM

To the People of France and Germany,

Adopted at a public meeting held in the Priory Rooms, on Tuesday, September 3rd, 1867.

Brethren,—We beg you to receive kindly a few words of fraternal greeting which we citizens of Birmingham, in public meeting assembled, desire to address to you.

We wish to tender to you an expression of the deep sentiment of gladness and delight with which we and thousands of our fellow-countrymen have read the friendly communications which communities in France and Germany have recently addressed to each other deprecating every act and utterance of ill-will, and every disposition and effort calculated to put in peril the peace existing between the two countries. In this friendly correspondence we recognise, with hope and joy, a new power and a new era in the commonwealth of nations. We see in it the great, intelligent, industrious peoples of Christendom brought face to face and hand to hand, in the full force of their enlightened reason and common humanity, to pledge each other that they will not suffer themselves to be led like sheep dumb to the slaughter without opening their mouth against the bloody and useless sacrifice, to insist that the sacred rights and interests of nations shall not be decided by the blind hazard and arbitrament of war, to constrain their Governments to

submit every dangerous question of controversy that may arise between them to the passionless tribunal of reason, equity, and humanity, rather than to that fiery and windy tempest of fury and destruction which war summons forth with its consuming breath.

Brethren of France and Germany,—We trust that you also will see in the fraternal communications which you addressed to each other on a recent question of much peril a moral force which you may and will employ at the shortest notice whenever a question shall arise to endanger the peace between the two nations. We express this hope not without some experience in the use and influence of such correspondence. On more than one occasion, different towns and communities in Great Britain have put themselves in direct communication with the citizens of another country on questions which threatened to lead to a desolating war. In 1846, when a case of this nature arose between England and the United States in connection with the Oregon question, a number of large and influential towns in the United Kingdom addressed similar towns in America in communications breathing the same spirit that inspired the addresses which you interchanged on the Luxemburg question. Again, on the accession of the Emperor of the French to the Imperial throne, a sentiment was aroused in Great Britain which, under the influence of certain journals and public men, assumed such force, and expressed itself in such forms, as to alarm thousands of thoughtful men lest it should break the bonds of peace between the two nations. To counteract this sentiment, and to convince the French people that it was

not the feeling of the great masses of the nation, the large towns of the kingdom resorted to this very system of friendly international addresses. London, Dublin, Glasgow, and Edinburgh sent each an address to Paris; Liverpool to Lyons, Manchester to Marseilles, Birmingham to Bordeaux, Leeds to Lille, Sheffield to Strasburg. Fifty of the large towns in Great Britain addressed the same number of towns in France, deprecating the expression of any sentiment of distrust or illwill towards the French people, and earnestly inviting their fraternal co-operation in strengthening and multiplying the bonds of peace and mutual interest between the two countries. So far from drifting into a war with each other, France and England soon became more closely united than they had ever been before.

Brethren of Germany and France,—Let us pledge each other that war shall not rob us of one of the glorious victories which peace has won for us in this great year of progress. This year the peoples of Christendom have met in a grand Parliament of their arts and industries in Paris. We have shown to each other and to the world at large what we have been thinking and doing for the well-being of mankind. We have exhibited such combinations and results of science, art, and mechanical skill as have filled even their contributors with wonder. What fraternities of capital, genius, and labour every department, section, and stall has represented! How the coarsest toil of the miner's pick and the forger's hammer has been blended with the finest touches that the human hand ever gave to the working of the precious metals! What an exposition of the seeds, grains,

roots, and fruits, and all the agricultural implements with which the patient and laborious millions of all latitudes plough, sow, and reap their lands for food for man and beast! With this magnificent spectacle before our eyes, let us enter into a solemn bond and covenant with each other that war shall never more be allowed to cut the sinews of these splendid industries, to disperse the peaceful armies of these honest artisans of the field, forest, mine, and factory, or to array them against each other with the barbarous instruments of the battle-field. Let us raise aloft, over all the populous continents of the world, this white banner with a new device,—"The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Men!" Let us rally the taxed and toiling peoples under this flag; under its glorious and victorious folds let us organize one grand and decisive crusade to expel war, and all its spirit, and all its horrid machinery, from the face of the earth.

(Written by E. Burritt.)

Letter to the New Britain Agricultural Club.

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND,
May 13*th*, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR,

I beg you to accept my best thanks for your very interesting and welcome letter, which not only conveyed to me the expression of your own kind feeling, but also the pleasant remembrance of the Agricultural Club to their first Secretary, who holds that connection with them in sunny memory. Indeed, I am truly rejoiced to learn, not only from your letter, but from our village paper, that the Association lives whilst so many once organized in Connecticut have died out of existence. I have read the reports of your social and business meetings with as much satisfaction and enjoyment even as I would feel at the prosperity and happiness of a little Benjamin in a family of a dozen children. I am sure you will all pardon me in speaking of the Club in these parental terms. I do not pretend to be more than one of its godfathers. You know that in the last twenty years I have stood in this sponsorial relation to a good many schemes and enterprises which I thought might work to a common good. I think they will count up to

the full number of Jacob's children, and I can truly say, that our New Britain Agricultural Club has been the Benjamin of them all. This assurance will convince you, if any new one be necessary, how glad I was to hear that the Society had lived and moved on through all the thrilling and absorbing events that have broken like an avalanche upon our beloved country in the last four years. I do, indeed, rejoice that while for this period the promise and prediction of the holy seer have been reversed, and the ploughshare has been beaten into swords, and while New Britain has carried as many of them into the great struggle as any other town of its size in the Union, the young farmers of our Club have not valued less the peaceful and happy husbandry of our hills and valleys, where the dews are white instead of red. I am sure, now the great conflict is ended, they will enter upon this husbandry with new zeal and enjoyment; that many of our young men who have wielded the sword in the bloody battles of the war will again put their hands to the plough with a satisfaction they never before experienced.

I do not wish to suggest an invidious thought by the preference, but I cannot help expressing the wish that the sons and descendants of the first fathers of New Britain should especially give themselves to the cultivation of those fields which their ancestors ploughed, sowed, and reaped from generation to generation, and which still bear their family names. In those early years, the soil they cultivated was hard and sterile. It was an almost heroic struggle of faith and patience with them to feed, clothe, and educate their large families from the

stinted production of our stony hills and cold and peaty lowlands. They neither possessed nor could obtain capital to invest in improvements, which should not pay back the outlay in the first or second subsequent crop.

When we think of what a population they reared upon the productions of their small farms, we ought to be thankful to them that they were able to hand over to us their uplands and lowland fields in as good condition as they did. With all our advantages, if we do not bring them up to a high culture, we shall fall short of the merits of our fathers. We have a great many noble hills in New Britain, from the highest one in Stanley Quarter to the one that stands on the line between us and Kensington. Compared with what they should be and with what we may make them, they stand like a row of ragged heathens before us, with their bald Indian pates stuck with feathery weeds, neither useful nor ornamental. I believe the aspects of these stony hills are improving under the influence of our Club. But a great work remains to us—to take them in hand, and make them the glory of the town; to scrub and shave their faces, to give them a new suit of verdure from head to foot, so that our village people shall look up to them, as well as from them, for the beautiful scenery of cultivated fields and varied and luxuriant vegetation. It is one of my latest-born ambitions to do a little in this great work of transformation, to make my little hill farm, the most stony and sterile in New Britain, put on a new dress, and set a good example to its neighbours, or follow theirs if it is better.

I have read the reports of your meetings, and noticed with lively interest the subjects you have discussed. You really seem to have inaugurated a new branch of agriculture, the growth of Sorghum. I always felt that the introduction of this crop would be of great importance to our Northern communities. At first thought it seems like acclimatising a tropical exotic, or transferring to our climate and soil a production for which we have hitherto been dependent upon Southern latitudes and countries. I know of no crop that could be added to our New England list which would be more valuable to our people. It is better to us than cotton, if any species of it could be grown on our soil. For Sorghum gives us an article that every family requires almost at every meal. Then it can be raised so easily, is so hardy in its growth, and grows in such common soil, and can be so quickly and cheaply converted into syrup and sugar, that it meets a want and adds to our resources a value which no other single production could supply. Really, with Sorghum sugar and chicory coffee, and all the other articles of comfort and luxury a New England farmer can grow on his own land, he may set up one of the most independent tables in the world. I think our friend and neighbour Wells proved this in the banquet he set before the Club at your social meeting at his house. It would be interesting and instructive to publish the inventory of that family feast, just to show our community what nature will do for us, if we will only do the right thing for her. From your pleasant description I doubt if ever a festive board were opened in New England before, which served up so many different articles grown on one farm. All honour to our

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barley, beans, vetches, and other grains, grasses, and pulse, but seed potatoes, which might make a profitable change for those we cultivate, and which, perhaps, generate the germs of disease from their continuous cultivation on the same soil. I could also send you drawings of all the agricultural implements used in England, the plans of barns, stables, piggeries, and houses of all kinds, hurdles, fences, hedges, &c.; also engravings of cattle, sheep, and swine, of all breeds, represented in the highest stage of perfection. Thus we might make our library and museum a centre of great interest and usefulness, not only to the farmers of New Britain, but to neighbouring towns, and gradually to the whole State and country. I hope you will take this proposition into early and earnest consideration. Should you adopt it, I should be glad to perform my part of the undertaking promptly and fully.

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our fellow-workers with a copy. Had the agricultural library proposed been then established, I could have got the book more largely into their hands.

Soon after my "Walk from London to John o'Groats" left the press, I set out on another pedestrian tour on the 1st June last year, and made a "Walk from London to Land's End and Back." This is the title of another volume the same size as the first, and a companion to it. In the course of a month or six weeks it will leave the press, and then I shall endeavour to forward a few copies of both books to the Club. They will comprise nearly a thousand pages octavo, and I hope they present facts and observations which the members will read with some interest and profit. It would enhance my enjoyment in forwarding them if they should form the first contribution from abroad to the agricultural library which I trust you will be able to establish.

This is indeed the longest letter already that I ever sent to New Britain. But I cannot conclude without saying something about our beloved country. Truly, I can mingle my joy of heart with yours that the flames of this fiery furnace have at last burnt themselves out, and, if I may say it with the reverence I feel, that One like unto the Son of Man may be seen standing over the life of the nation, which has breathed with a great and unwavering pulse of vitality under His protection through all this long and terrible ordeal. I rejoice with a joy no words I can find may fully express at the termination of a conflict which, in common with thousands, I had felt for years must come upon the nation unless averted by an act of national duty and justic

that should put an end to slavery, the cause of this and nearly all our national woes. I felt with others of clearer vision and greater experience that the God of justice and of the oppressed was suffering us to run ourselves as a nation at bay between two alternatives, either to drown slavery in *tears* or drown it in *blood.* I hoped and prayed that He would give the nation grace and a softened heart to wash out and extinguish the great iniquity with tears of repentance, by putting it upon the consciences and shoulders of the entire nation as a common guilt, and by expiating and removing it at the cost of the National Treasury. With this hope and this prayer I laboured in season and out of season, as you well know, in the advocacy of *compensated emancipation.* But Providence decided that it was too late, that the nation's sin was riper for blood than for tears; and what rivers of blood have reddened the land within the last few years! The two rivulets that have made each smoking river have equalled each other in depth and current. The cost in blood has been spread pretty evenly over all sections of the nation. In the red overflow of this great judgment the North and South have not been divided. They sinned together, and they have suffered together, and may the God of our Israel grant that they may arise together to a new life out of the sackcloth and ashes of this compulsory and costly repentance, putting away and purifying from their garments even the smell of slavery slain in the conflict. We ought to have a national thanksgiving, that should cover the entire continent, and last a month, that we have at last got beyond, on the sunny side of the event

which millions have looked forward to in gloomy foreboding for nearly half a century. "The irresistible conflict" has come and gone. It is behind us. We can now face a new future, and see God's face in it with hope and comfort. There is one event just gone to the record of these great years, so sublime in its working upon the mind of the world, that it seems to be taken up into the rank of those Divine Providencies and Revelations that have come at intervening spaces, a thousand years broad, to mark the history of God's dealings with mankind. Certainly not for a thousand years has the death of one man produced such an impression upon the whole of Christendom as the sudden and most atrocious taking off of Abraham Lincoln. No American life ever had such a burden put upon it; none that has breathed on our continent ever performed a greater work. But he was stronger in his death than in his life. Living, he saw the wide and ensanguined rift in the American Union close for ever its devouring jaws to open no more; dying, he closed the wider chasm between the two hemispheres. I say it reverently, by his death he made of twain one, abolishing the enmity between the Old World and New, between England and America. The fires of indignation that burst forth from the heart of the English nation at his martyrdom, and the surging flood of sympathy with our country at the bereavement which it unlocked, seemed in one day and night to burn up and drown every unfriendly sentiment toward our nation that ever found expression in Great Britain.

I should be much obliged and greatly pleased if you

would communicate this letter to the New Britain Agricultural Club in any way that may appear to you best calculated to reach the largest number of its members.

Ever and truly yours,

ELIHU BURRITT.

WILLIAM WHITTLESEY, Esq.,
President of the New Britain
Agricultural Club.

THE END.

M. S. Rickerby, Printer, 4A, Walbrook, Mansion House. E. C.

WORKS OF ELIHU BURRITT,

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the late Jonas Webb, so well known in America for the breeding of Southdown sheep and Short-horn cattle. I saw and heard so much on this tour, that I found it would take four years to publish my notes in the New Britain paper at the rate of two columns a week. So I concluded it would be the quickest and easiest way to put them into a volume, and send them to you in the form of a book. This was brought out by a London house in May of last year. The first edition was very elegant and rather expensive for its size; fine paper, binding, and illustrations; for it contained five photographic portraits, a number which had never, I believe, appeared before in one volume. This made the retail price twelve English shillings, or about three dollars of our money at its usual value. One hundred copies were sent to a house in New York for sale, as they desired to bring out a cheap American edition. Under the existing circumstances of the country, the heavy duties charged upon them and the heavier tax of exchange brought up the selling price of the books in America to six dollars or more. This entirely prohibited their sale, and I believe they were nearly all sent back to London. I succeeded in getting about half a dozen copies sent to friends and relatives in New Britain, one being deposited in the library of the New Britain Institute. As many of our members of the Club are also members of the Institute, I hoped that some of them would see and read the volume, which I had virtually written for the association, of which I had acted so long as its first secretary, trusting that an American edition would be published at a price which would enable me to present many of

our fellow-workers with a copy. Had the agricultural library proposed been then established, I could have got the book more largely into their hands.

Soon after my "Walk from London to John o'Groats" left the press, I set out on another pedestrian tour on the 1st June last year, and made a "Walk from London to Land's End and Back." This is the title of another volume the same size as the first, and a companion to it. In the course of a month or six weeks it will leave the press, and then I shall endeavour to forward a few copies of both books to the Club. They will comprise nearly a thousand pages octavo, and I hope they present facts and observations which the members will read with some interest and profit. It would enhance my enjoyment in forwarding them if they should form the first contribution from abroad to the agricultural library which I trust you will be able to establish.

This is indeed the longest letter already that I ever sent to New Britain. But I cannot conclude without saying something about our beloved country. Truly, I can mingle my joy of heart with yours that the flames of this fiery furnace have at last burnt themselves out, and, if I may say it with the reverence I feel, that One like unto the Son of Man may be seen standing over the life of the nation, which has breathed with a great and unwavering pulse of vitality under His protection through all this long and terrible ordeal. I rejoice with a joy no words I can find may fully express at the termination of a conflict which, in common with thousands, I had felt for years must come upon the nation unless averted by an act of national duty and justic

that should put an end to slavery, the cause of this and nearly all our national woes. I felt with others of clearer vision and greater experience that the God of justice and of the oppressed was suffering us to run ourselves as a nation at bay between two alternatives, either to drown slavery in *tears* or drown it in *blood.* I hoped and prayed that He would give the nation grace and a softened heart to wash out and extinguish the great iniquity with tears of repentance, by putting it upon the consciences and shoulders of the entire nation as a common guilt, and by expiating and removing it at the cost of the National Treasury. With this hope and this prayer I laboured in season and out of season, as you well know, in the advocacy of *compensated emancipation.* But Providence decided that it was too late, that the nation's sin was riper for blood than for tears; and what rivers of blood have reddened the land within the last few years! The two rivulets that have made each smoking river have equalled each other in depth and current. The cost in blood has been spread pretty evenly over all sections of the nation. In the red overflow of this great judgment the North and South have not been divided. They sinned together, and they have suffered together, and may the God of our Israel grant that they may arise together to a new life out of the sackcloth and ashes of this compulsory and costly repentance, putting away and purifying from their garments even the smell of slavery slain in the conflict. We ought to have a national thanksgiving, that should cover the entire continent, and last a month, that we have at last got beyond, on the sunny side of the event

which millions have looked forward to in gloomy foreboding for nearly half a century. "The irresistible conflict" has come and gone. It is behind us. We can now face a new future, and see God's face in it with hope and comfort. There is one event just gone to the record of these great years, so sublime in its working upon the mind of the world, that it seems to be taken up into the rank of those Divine Providencies and Revelations that have come at intervening spaces, a thousand years broad, to mark the history of God's dealings with mankind. Certainly not for a thousand years has the death of one man produced such an impression upon the whole of Christendom as the sudden and most atrocious taking off of Abraham Lincoln. No American life ever had such a burden put upon it; none that has breathed on our continent ever performed a greater work. But he was stronger in his death than in his life. Living, he saw the wide and ensanguined rift in the American Union close for ever its devouring jaws to open no more; dying, he closed the wider chasm between the two hemispheres. I say it reverently, by his death he made of twain one, abolishing the enmity between the Old World and New, between England and America. The fires of indignation that burst forth from the heart of the English nation at his martyrdom, and the surging flood of sympathy with our country at the bereavement which it unlocked, seemed in one day and night to burn up and drown every unfriendly sentiment toward our nation that ever found expression in Great Britain.

I should be much obliged and greatly pleased if you

would communicate this letter to the New Britain Agricultural Club in any way that may appear to you best calculated to reach the largest number of its members.

Ever and truly yours,

ELIHU BURRITT.

William Whittlesey, Esq.,
President of the New Britain Agricultural Club.

THE END.

M. S. Rickerby, Printer, 4a, Walbrook, Mansion House. E. C.

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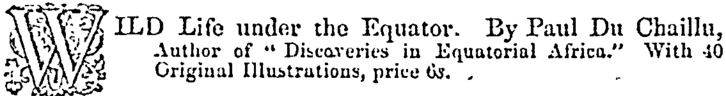
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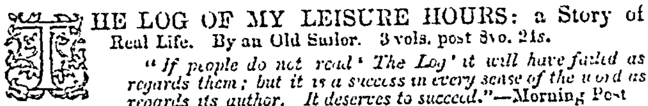
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