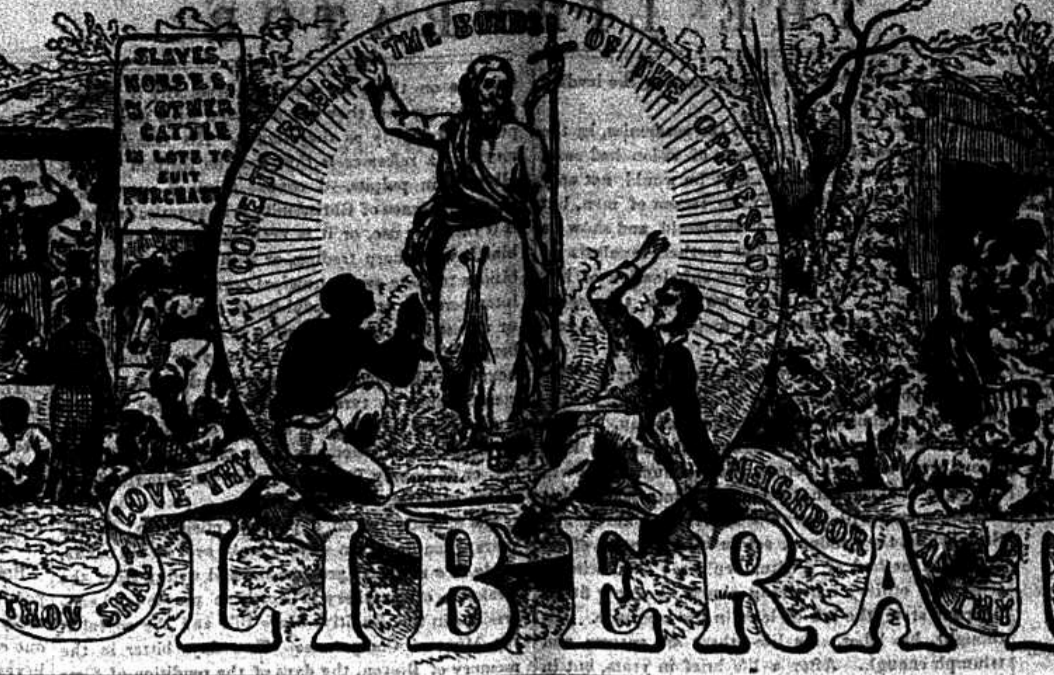


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Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind.  
BOSTON, FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1860. WHOLE NUMBER, 1539.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.  
The United States Constitution is a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell.  
The free States are the guardian and essential supports of slavery. We are the fathers and founders of the institution.  
There is some excuse for communities, when, under a generous impulse, they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States, and by force restore their rights; but they are not excusable in aiding other States in holding on to an unchristian policy. On this subject, our FATHERS, in framing the Constitution, GAVE THEMSELVES AN OATH. We their children, at the end of half a century, are the path of duty more clearly than they, and must walk as they. To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and Christian resolution.  
No blessing of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures; not ought this bond to be perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it can only continue through our participation in wrong doing. — TO THIS CONVICTION THE FREE STATES ARE TENDING.  
— WILLIAM KELLEY CHAMBERS.

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### REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

#### MR. SUMNER'S POSITION DEFINED.

The question raised as to Mr. Sumner's politics has been settled definitively. The Republican Legislature of Massachusetts, which was called together last week to legislate on the cow disease, last night passed resolutions defining Mr. Sumner's position, and legislating him a Republican of the highest rank. This was done in order promptly to rebuke those in New York, which, by their silence, insinuations and open assertions, undertook to make the name of the Senator from Massachusetts a name to be despised by the Republicans, and to make him no more responsible for what Mr. Sumner said in the Senate, than they were for what Mr. Garrison said in the Liberator. The General Court has decided this controversy; and decided it in such a way as not to leave doubts. The decision is much clearer than the "protection" clause of the Lincoln platform. It has not only legislated that Mr. Sumner is a Republican in good standing, but it has legislated his speech, which the N. Y. Times described, which the Tribune would not read, and which the Courier & Enquirer characterized as an "admirable" performance. The Times's denunciations were deserved, the Tribune's silence was an abridgment of "evil deeds," but the Courier's characterization was unjust and improper. Mr. Sumner is no more an abolitionist than those who support him, and we have the authority of the Legislature for this. The accredited and hitherto recognized Republican party of New England, let me undertake to persuade Mr. Sumner and the late speech; but the Legislature of Massachusetts endorse him and it. — Boston Courier.

The endorsement of Mr. Sumner's speech, by the Black Republican Legislature of Massachusetts, is a bold adoption of the rank and file abolition sentiments as the creed of the Black Republicans — the supporters of Lincoln and Hamlin. It accepts Garrison as the Black Republican prophet and leader, with all his diabolical heresies, and gives unequivocal assent to his avowal that "the United States Constitution is a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell." Sumner's speech contained the highest eulogy of Garrison he could utter, and the Black Republicans of Massachusetts place their seal of approbation upon what Sumner said, by solemn Legislative resolve, which they direct to be sent to the officers and members of the Republican party of New England. Garrisonian Abolitionism has been formally adopted as the Black Republicanism, and what the Massachusetts Legislature has joined, let no man put asunder. Now we have Black Republicanism in its pure state — without mask or disguise of any kind — it is admitted to be the twin brother of Garrison-Phillips Abolitionism, united by the strong ligament of solemn, formal, Legislative declaration. The people will understand the Republican party of New England, they are asked to call to pass, but the Union split with Abolitionism for his wedge. — Boston Post.

Mr. Sumner's speech has made a bad impression. There are none who do not regard it as ill-timed and ill-judged in every respect. Friends wish that he had had a three-hour trade upon an impracticable theory, at a time when practically it is in special demand. It illustrates no less his total unfitness for public station than his utter inaptitude for political warfare. It will prejudice his party without benefiting his cause. Enemies are exasperated by it to an extreme degree, and the current of sympathy which circumstances had enlisted in his behalf, is changed to a virulent flow of hostility toward him personally, and towards the sectional sentiment which he assumes to represent. It unites the Black Republicanism and the white and the black Republicanism, and strikes it to the ground. It pretexts upon which its more and its more prudent advocates depend for success. It is an insidious and faithless blow at the Constitution, and in its insidious import is thoroughly dishonored. In his incoherence at Faneuil Hall, against the Fugitive Slave Law, Mr. Sumner invoked the forcible resistance to that measure which virtually annulled and repealed the Statute. And in no case is no case analogous, because without any pretext of a warrant whatever. "But, mind you," he added, "I do not counsel violence." So now, while ostensibly deprecating the sectionalism which threatens the permanence of our institutions, his speech is the essence and aggregation of doctrines which can have no realization but in the overthrow of the Constitution and the disruption of every national bond. The speech, in a word, has indignantly rebuffed the embittered feeling of the South; and the North, who are justly or not, will be held responsible for its reckless and unfriendly sentiments. The Republican party will have something to do to counteract its effects upon their prospects in the approaching campaign. — Washington correspondent of the Boston Courier.

Charles Sumner's recent speech is a curiosity that has no parallel, at least on our Senatorial record. Patience, egotism, fatuous hypotheses, malice, disparagement and verbiage stripe and emblazon it with disgusting consequences. His chronic distemper, his implacable hatred of South Carolina, poisons almost every paragraph, and struts about with indelible arrogance. The full reservoir of his vituperation is poured out upon South Carolina, the brave Palmetto State, unwearied with the sacred memories of Fort Moultrie and Camden and Cowpens, and whose history towers proudly among the noblest. Well, indeed, may Massachusetts blush, as her memory reveres to the days when Webster and Choate honored the chamber now occupied by Sumner and Wilson. Well may she regret that that spirit that animated her, then, and made her the true representative of the mandates of the Constitution in the days of Thomas Jefferson, as she witnesses the debasement of her once brilliant history — as she polls her sentiments to be misunderstood by the allied misrepresentation of Sumner and the simulating demagogues of the North. Well may she regret, as she perceives the malignant address of Sumner, that her views are assumed to be shared by her more by the frenzied declamation of the Abolitionist theologian than the dispassionate, representative logic of the practical statesman; more by the fanaticism of the opinionated moralist than the self-sustaining spirit of the true patriot. The speech of our Senatorial essayist makes apt the lines that

The ruling passion, be it what it will,  
The ruling passion conquers reason still.  
— Boston Post.

### SELECTIONS.

#### SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS, OF MASSACHUSETTS, ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION, MAY 31, 1860.

MR. CHAIRMAN:—On the third day of the present session, a gentleman from Mississippi, distinguished for his perspicacity of statement, but in a spirit more defiant than my untutored sense seemed to be called for by the occasion, used the following language:—  
"One gentleman said we had brought the negro in here, and that he must be put out. Let us see you do it!"  
Sir, there are twenty members from the South standing upon the floor by virtue of the negro, not as property, but as "persons not free." Put them out will you? Sit your fathers and my fathers did not put the negro out. They put him, as an institution of property, and of society, and of government, in the Constitution which you, gentlemen, swore to support."  
Of course, this putting in of the negro is a mere figure of speech. If he were veritably here in propria persona, I presume nobody would be more indignant than the gentleman himself. No. It is his name that stands here by virtue of the negro. And it is in this sense that the gentleman's remark is forcible; for in this sense it is true. We cannot put the negro out. This remark serves as a complete stopper to all the crimination and recrimination so freely indulged in between parties on the solemn point—which of the two first brought the negro in. Let them rest quiet hereafter on this point. The negro was in before they began to talk about him at all. He will stay in, whether they choose to talk about him or not. He will grow in more and more, even while they are sleeping. To deprecate the misfortune is as idle as to complain of the force of the waters of Niagara. The subject is before us, and it is our duty to face the consideration of its proportions like statesmen, and not to imagine that, if we only shut our eyes to it, it is not there; still less to suppose that either lamentation or anger, agitation or silence, will in any respect materially change the nature of the great problem which North America is inevitably doomed to solve. From the decree of Divine Providence there is no appeal.  
An important particular, however, the gentleman from Mississippi has fallen considerably below the fact. He says that twenty members stand upon this floor "by virtue of the negro." If this were so, I should be glad to see and to identify them—to see them apart, and to define the precise limit of the political power which the Constitution has thus created. Even twenty members would constitute no insignificant element in the struggle which will always be carried on for the attainment of power in every free government. But the negro is dwarfed when he is measured only by the scale of twenty members. The real fact is, that by virtue of the negro, ninety members stand upon this floor, each of whom derives a sufficient proportion of his political right from that source to listen him firmly as the pole, to the maintenance of a policy which will keep that negro before our eyes, whether we determine to look upon him or not.  
Neither does the proposition of the gentleman stop at this point. The negro does not remain stationary. He multiplies all day and every day. The sun never rises without finding him increased by hundreds. And the earth never completes its annual circuit without adding enough almost to place another member on this floor. Time does nothing to diminish the magnitude of this experiment. On the contrary, it makes it only more and more colossal. One gentleman, at this session, in venturing to stretch his range of vision only a quarter of a century, thought he saw eight millions; whilst another, a bolder spirit, doubling the period, imagined the presence of the existence of sixteen millions. Yet what are fifty years in the record of the existence of a great nation? I think I have seen, in the printed remarks of a distinguished member of the other House, a calm anticipation of the time when his section of country might contain a population of two hundred millions of negro slaves! How many members, I ask, will then stand upon this floor "by virtue of the negro"? The imagination is founded on human freedom, professing to be founded on human freedom, and yet containing within itself all the ramifications of a power capable of being as absolute as any other in the world. And yet it would be difficult to point out the error in this proposition, always supposing the current of human life to run in its ordinary and established channels. "Put the negro out, will you?" asks the gentleman from Mississippi. For my part, I know not what other answer to give than his own words, "Let us see you do it."

#### OLD WORLD UNITS IN AN ATTEMPT TO DEPRIVE AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS, AND TO EXPOSE THIS COUNTRY TO THE DISREPUTE OF THE PEOPLE.

The question raised as to Mr. Sumner's politics has been settled definitively. The Republican Legislature of Massachusetts, which was called together last week to legislate on the cow disease, last night passed resolutions defining Mr. Sumner's position, and legislating him a Republican of the highest rank. This was done in order promptly to rebuke those in New York, which, by their silence, insinuations and open assertions, undertook to make the name of the Senator from Massachusetts a name to be despised by the Republicans, and to make him no more responsible for what Mr. Sumner said in the Senate, than they were for what Mr. Garrison said in the Liberator. The General Court has decided this controversy; and decided it in such a way as not to leave doubts. The decision is much clearer than the "protection" clause of the Lincoln platform. It has not only legislated that Mr. Sumner is a Republican in good standing, but it has legislated his speech, which the N. Y. Times described, which the Tribune would not read, and which the Courier & Enquirer characterized as an "admirable" performance. The Times's denunciations were deserved, the Tribune's silence was an abridgment of "evil deeds," but the Courier's characterization was unjust and improper. Mr. Sumner is no more an abolitionist than those who support him, and we have the authority of the Legislature for this. The accredited and hitherto recognized Republican party of New England, let me undertake to persuade Mr. Sumner and the late speech; but the Legislature of Massachusetts endorse him and it. — Boston Courier.

But the gentleman says that "his fathers and my fathers put him in the Constitution, which we are sworn to support." So they did, in one sense, I am ready to admit. Let me consider for a moment the way they did it. Was it not by creating, through him, in the legislative department of the government, a steady and permanent political power, exceeding at this moment one-third of the gross number of the lower branch? I say nothing here of the other features of the system. But I only ask, if it had so happened that any of the other well-known interests of property, such as the agricultural, or the manufacturing, or the commercial, or the banking interest, had secured anything bordering upon a similar influence in the public councils, would it not naturally have awakened some attention, and excited some uneasiness? How can we measure the power of three or four, of twenty, or of two hundred millions of human beings held in slavery, by virtue of whom, not as property, but as persons not free, to use the gentleman's phrase, one section already controls more than a third of the popular branch, nearly one-half of the aristocratic branch of the Legislature, more than half of the Cabinet officers in the executive department, and five out of nine of the judges of the supreme judicial tribunal? Apportion the increase of population, according to the Constitution, as you may; concede to the free regions all the advantages in relative growth that you can, the stern fact remains of the constant presence of an influence, animated by one will, and looking to one purpose—that is, the preservation of its claims, both to the pecuniary and the political advantages it holds "by virtue of the negro." Even if considered in the secondary light of a commercial corporation, we have been told this session, by a distinguished member from Alabama, that the joint stock of capital, even now, amounts to the enormous sum of \$3,500,000,000, and, unlike most other corporations, this capital is not only susceptible of constant enlargement, but is constantly enlarged. In comparison with this, what was the Bank of the United States? What is the Bank of England? Nay, what has been the East India Company? The complaint was made of the latter that its members controlled a few favored boroughs in Parliament. But here the shareholders sit constantly by virtue of their stock, in both Houses of Congress, in the Cabinet of the executive, and on the bench of the highest judicial court. They help make, they execute, and they expound the laws of the land. For my part, I must say that I have observed nothing in the pages of history so skillfully adapted to the establishment of a stupendous oligarchy as this interlarding of the interests of a single species of what is denominated property, with the ramifications of the political agencies in a State.

Truly, then, has the gentleman said, we cannot put the negro out, whom his fathers and our fathers consented to put into the Constitution. I, for one, admit very frankly, I do not seek to put him out. Whatever benefit may have been obtained by him and his friends, from a fair construction of the instrument, I have no intention to cut off. But, on the other hand, it should be observed that no advantage such as that which can ever be long secured without the experience of a corresponding drawback. It is of the nature of power, when concentrated overmuch, to produce the necessity of an equally great force to balance it. In a free government, this is particularly true. No man, or set of men, can hope to direct and control it a great while, without stirring up fears that they may abuse their privileges, to the injury of their fellows. Now, if we ever conceded that such a power has been erected under the present Constitution, "by virtue of the negro," it is not necessary to show proof of any past abuse of it, to justify measures of precaution against such abuse in the future. We recognize the truth of the old maxim, that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," as well as of that other one, which in my youth I remember to have been familiarly used in quarters in which it seems to me that I seldom hear it now-a-days, "Power is ever stealing from the many to the few." I say, then, that even if the control which has been gained "by virtue of the negro," could be shown to have been exercised for the benefit of all classes of people in the United States alike; if it could be proved to have done nothing to undermine the pillars of our Temple of Liberty, still, the very fact that it might do the utmost possible injury at some unguarded moment, and that nothing but its own unguardedness could prevent it, would be ample justification for an immediate resort to the most energetic measures of association to ward off the peril.

There is no need, then, of further explaining the reasons for the rise of the Republican party. We have indeed been told that it is a standing menace to our brethren of the slaveholding States, and that nothing will quiet them but its immediate dissolution. But apart from the singular absence of acquaintance with the philosophy of party politics in a free country, which such a demand betrays, I should be glad to see and to identify them—to see them apart, and to define the precise limit of the political power which the Constitution has thus created. Even twenty members would constitute no insignificant element in the struggle which will always be carried on for the attainment of power in every free government. But the negro is dwarfed when he is measured only by the scale of twenty members. The real fact is, that by virtue of the negro, ninety members stand upon this floor, each of whom derives a sufficient proportion of his political right from that source to listen him firmly as the pole, to the maintenance of a policy which will keep that negro before our eyes, whether we determine to look upon him or not.

### OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD, OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

It is not only justifiable as a precaution against the possibility of an abuse of power, but it is indispensably necessary to the actual salvation of our free institutions. Nobody is yet hardy enough to deny that the idea of a tyrant against all assaults of mere arbitrary power, has been, since the days of the Revolution, the darling idol in the American mind. "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," was a maxim which, nowhere more than in the Ancient Dominion, served the arms of the fathers to the struggle that placed us here in this Hall, the Representatives of a free people. It found its expression in the celebrated Act of Union for the common defence, proclaimed to the world in language too familiar to need quotation. Nobody at the time misunderstood its meaning. Nobody undervalued the heroism which made the cause of the oppressed colonist the cause of all mankind. Half a century passed away, and not one of the countless number of statesmen and

creators who, each in his turn, joined to swell the note of exultation in the proud position attained by his country as the champion of that cause, ever thought to cast a doubt upon the universality of the grand doctrine which the Declaration of Independence had enunciated. It was reserved to the men of the present day to discover a new version which, in limiting its application to a special and favored class, at one stroke dwarfs the stature of the revolutionary patriots, and sinks the noblest conquest in history down to the level of the late encounter of pugilism, for the possession of a belt, on the other side of the water. If their view of it be the right one, they was the whole of the great controversy a deliberate fraud; then has the world been cheated by false pretenses, and our fathers were rogues who deserved to suffer the penalties of the law for rebellion against the constituted authorities of the mother country, instead of earning the glorious meed of the patriot's crown.

The cardinal principle of the Revolution, that which makes a real advance in the progress of political institutions, is that the individual man, whether in or out of the social organization, whilst doing no wrong, has certain rights which his fellow-men all over the globe is bound to respect. The general establishment of this maxim in the practice of the nations of the world, is, or ought to be, the mission of America during the present century of her growth. In 1776 there was a bright prospect of its speedy accomplishment. For some years it spread both at home and abroad; for it is not to be denied that the effect of her instruction has been and is still felt, not here alone, but in every quarter of the world. Nobody can have failed to observe the progress that has been since made in the recognition of popular rights in every civilized country down to the present time. It would doubtless have been still more rapid, but for the astonishing fact that the very people which was the first to enunciate the great truth has been slowly but steadily withdrawing itself from all sympathy with the prosecution of it. Imperceptibly at first, but very distinctly within a short time, this reaction has gone on until the term of this Administration, when the respective representatives before the world of this great nation have united in one grand counter-declaration, and that is, that there are men bold of the world whose rights no white man is bound to respect.

It does indeed appear as if this grave and solemn decree of Judges, of Presidents, of Senators, and Representatives in a free country, did fly in the face of the Declaration of Independence, long acknowledged among us as undoubted authority for political doctrine. But we are now given to understand, in these high quarters, that there is no difficulty in reconciling this apparent contradiction. The way of it is this: the language of the Declaration runs thus:—

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."  
The new version is, that Mr. Jefferson, when he wrote the words "all men," clearly intended only all white men. But here is an obstacle at the threshold of the necessary implication, in that the rest of mankind are not endowed with the same inalienable rights which the Creator bestowed on whites. Hence the latter are justified in regarding the former as inferior creatures, whom they may subject to their will if they can. I understand this consequence to be distinctly admitted by the friends of the new view. Now, the fact is well known that Mr. Jefferson owed his position, as the draftsman of this celebrated paper, mainly to his reputation as a writer capable of expressing his meaning with distinctness and force. But if this construction of the passage be true, what are we to think of his skill, when he said that "all men are created equal," instead of declaring what the new version means, and that is, that "all men are not created equal," and hence that the rights which he pronounces inalienable in all, are in fact alienable in a great majority of the human race, at the will and pleasure of a minority who happen to be in possession of the pen? Surely it is pretty hard to believe that so lucid a writer could, with his eyes open, have fallen into such a delusion as to mean, in a public paper which he regarded as the crowning merit of his life, the precise reverse of what he actually said. Still more difficult is it to imagine that, though he lived for half a century afterward in the midst of discussions and disputes particularly calculated to keep alive his recollection of what he did mean, he should have whispered to any living soul, either privately or publicly, a single doubt of his having been correctly understood. He well knew the sense which his contemporaries universally attached to his words. If he had any other in his mind, why did he not disclose it?

Fortunately for the reputation of the distinguished son of Virginia, whose noblest work I, a son of Massachusetts, am proud to defend against the cruel assaults of citizens of his own State, there is no evidence in the context of this immortal paper conducing to prove that he meant exactly what he said, and that the new version is an invention of a later age. So far from narrowing his application of the words "all men" to white men only, as having inalienable rights to life and liberty, he goes on, in the original draft, to make a solemn charge against the King of Great Britain; for what, pray? Why, to use his own language, "because he has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people."

It appears, then, by this, that Mr. Jefferson thought it was human nature itself that possessed the most sacred rights which he denominated inalienable, and not the small portion of it included in the white population. Ay, and that is not all, either. Who are the "persons of a distant people" to whom he refers as deprived of these most sacred rights under this cruel tyranny? They are the very blacks of the African race whom the King had sold to the colonies of America. They are the very people of whom we are now told by the highest court, who would seem by their argument completely to justify that monarch, that they "have no rights which a white man is bound to respect." And, singularly enough, as if to mark, beyond the possibility of the most ardent faculty to misconceive it, Mr. Jefferson's intent, in charging the sovereign with the crime of his determination to keep open a market where men should be bought and sold, he takes pains, in the original manuscript, with his own hand, to write the word "MEN" in capital letters; the only word so written, it should be observed, in the whole body of the document. I would humbly submit, then, upon this evidence, that if any narrower application is to be made of the words "all men," than that which they naturally bear, a much stronger argument could be made from the context in favor of limiting it to a black man of the African race, than in defense of the attempt to twist it exclusively for the benefit of the white. But when Mr. Jefferson appeals to the comprehensive term of "human nature," as possessing these rights, it is

plain enough that he, at least, was for covering all of every race equally under the shelter of this beneficent national proclamation.  
But the question now is not what Mr. Jefferson or his compilers intended. The fact is beyond contradiction, that the judiciary and the executive head of the Federal government have practically adopted the opposite construction, and a very large number of people are prepared to confirm it. The reason for this remarkable revolution of opinion leads us at once to the source of our present divisions. Passing over all secondary disputes about Fugitive Slave Laws or Squatter Sovereignty, about Positive Slave Laws or protection of the rights of so-called property, as the mere incidents, let us look the real issue clearly in the face. The construction put upon the Declaration of Independence for the first half century of our career is favorable to the liberty of human nature throughout the world. The construction now put upon the same language is designed to overthrow it, by setting up one portion of mankind so far above another as to justify in compelling the latter to perpetual subjection to its will, and such as, though it may be affirmed that the white race are created equal, and possessed of certain inalienable rights, this affirmation must be understood as made by themselves, exclusively for their own benefit, and with the deliberate intent to deny to every other class on earth any privilege which shall avail them against a successful attempt to enslave them, whether by force or fraud. If it be once assumed by the white, that the blacks of Africa has no rights which he is bound to respect, by parity of reasoning, it inevitably follows that a report to the same processes of violence and crime which brought him to this mournful condition may be had by him in his turn, wherever he can get the power, toward the white. And the same remark will apply to any and every other race of mankind which chooses to set itself up as the arbiter of the rights of the creature. There is then, by this theory, no such thing on earth as liberty to all alike of any right, but such as we may maintain by our own right arms. It is the American sanctification of the sovereignty of force, under the old argument of prescription. It is the tyrant's plea of necessity, varnished over with the thin gilding of modern politico-judicial Democracy.

If I am right in my deductions, then the case stands thus at the moment; a great and powerful combination in the United States has been so far to control political opinion as to carry the Government clean away from the acknowledgment of the soundness of doctrines of liberty universally recognized in the first half century of our career; and, furthermore, to make that Government justify and defend, for certain purposes, a law founded originally on nothing but fraud and force. Surely, if this be admitted, it can be no further cause of surprise that those among the people who still remain attached to the old and cherished principles of the better days of the Republic, who yet believe that the mission of the Government is to promote the law of liberty, and to resist oppression, and who mean to make it such, if honest efforts will effect it, should associate in an organization having for its object the restoration of the ancient and true ideas, and the overthrow of the false one. If anything is to be done with effect, it is high time to set about it. Nearly all the avowed power are guarded by opposition. The strongest political organization known in our history has been made subservient to its will. Nothing will avail against the omnipotence of the power acquired "by virtue of the negro," as I have already described it, but union, energy, and ceaseless vigilance in resisting its further progress. Here stand in antagonism once more the old enemies—liberty and authority. Here is renewed in a modified shape the "irrepressible conflict" that is as ancient, at least, as the days when Moses striped the Egyptian. Are we, then, to be told that the organization must be dissolved, because it is a standing menace to the slaveholding States? What! the doctrine of liberty a menace to the slave States! Your fathers did not think so, when they proclaimed them years ago; and we are doing no more now, than your fathers did then!

It must be admitted that in this, as in all sharp contests for the right, the respective antagonists often rush into extremes of opinion, mix up their feelings with their reasoning, and perpetrate crimes against each other as guilty of aggressions, just as if either side could resist the force of the circumstances that surround them. No doubt many errors have been, are, and will be, committed on both sides, which calm and judicious patriots are ready to deplore. They, in the main, spring from the nature of a popular government, which breeds classes of men whose disposition it is to distinguish themselves by stimulating the prevailing passion of the moment. No where is this more likely to be the case than in the treatment of the slave question, in which the fears for the safety of a pecuniary interest greatly aggravate the customary irritation attending purely political conflicts.

This is one reason why changes in the doctrines of the slaveholding party from time to time have so rapidly taken place. The most material of these, and that which made the present position of parties inevitable, happened about thirty years ago, when the old revolutionary dogma, that slaves were an evil imposed upon one portion of the country, against its will, which it tolerated only from the necessity of the case, gave place to the modern dictum that slavery was a benefit to the African, and a positive blessing to the master, and that the social system evolved from this relation could justly boast of being the highest type of civilization.  
I have no manner of doubt that this novel, and, to me, shocking doctrine, always has been and is yet repudiated by many of the wisest and the best of the citizens of the slaveholding States, just as it was rejected by Washington and Jefferson, by Madison and Mason (Virginia can boast of no greater names) in the early, and by Henry Clay in the later days of the Republic. But they find themselves powerless against the progress of an idea that seems to relieve people from the necessity of excusing a wrong which they are at all events determined to commit. It is much easier to turn the doubtful act into a positive merit, and claim credit as a virtue for steady perseverance in what they desire to do.  
Be this as it may, it is this change which has brought the country into its present difficult situation; for just so long as slavery was conceded to be an evil in the social system, just so long was it unreasonable to demand its establishment in regions where it had never existed. The law of liberty as an acknowledged blessing, as the rule, and slavery as only tolerated as an exception, from the necessity of the case, in countries from which it could not be safely eradicated. But so soon as this theory was exploded, and the notion that slavery was a positive advantage, not only to both master and slave but to all the members of a civilized community, became prevalent in its place, another act of faith immediately devolved upon the conscientious believers of the new faith.  
The right to separate has less than a year since remained confined within the borders of actual slaveholding States. If it spreads itself abroad, not merely

### THE FREE STATES ARE THE GUARDIAN AND ESSENTIAL SUPPORTS OF SLAVERY.

ly over the plains yet untrod by the foot of the settler, but into long-established and populous communities which do not yet see the light of conviction on this point. It, indeed, the proposition be once admitted, the source of our present divisions is understood. It does not legitimately follow that every free State in the Union—nay, every free State in the world—is not doing itself a positive injury by refusing to harbor the blessed institution in its bosom. If slavery be good in itself, why not diffuse it everywhere?  
Here, then, we see the practical consequence of the abandonment of the fundamental principles of the Declaration of Independence; and here we see the absolute necessity for the establishment of a great associated organization which shall be potent enough to overthrow this false doctrine, and to resist every practical form of its development. I say it not in any spirit of menace or of unkindness to those who disagree with me on this matter, but because I feel it to be a solemn duty incumbent upon me as a Representative of a State pledged by all its past history to maintain the cause of freedom and of just institutions. There can be no compromise whatever on this issue.

So long as it remains undetermined—and that is equivalent to saying so long as the people of these States remain themselves free—so long an organized party will continue in the field, having for its main object the restoration, as a cardinal principle of the Federal Government, of the ancient doctrine of the inalienable rights of man. If this be a standing menace to the people of the slaveholding States, so be it. We may regret that they regard it, and love them too, but we must love liberty more. So said Brutus and Cassius in their hour of peril, Mark Antony, when he was deserting the sacred cause they had sworn to support: "Vocemus te ad nulles inimicitias; sed tamen parvis nostrum libertatem quam tuam amicum estimamus."  
The party thus associated has no purposes which it seeks to conceal. It harbors no hostile designs against the rights of any of the States. Its leading idea is narrow, total and fundamental, in the spirit in which the government has of late been administered—reform; also, in the details, which appear of late to have been suffered to run into many grave abuses. It is not to be concealed that all over the country there is a well-defined impression that, for the sake of retaining power, corruption has been tolerated, if not actively encouraged, in high places; and the various efforts at investigation made within a few years, so far from removing that uneasiness, have gone far to increase it. Without undertaking to judge of the truth or the error of the reasons for the feeling, I do yet maintain that, for the honor of the country, and of all who may be concerned in the administration of the government, there is an overriding necessity for a complete change of the persons now responsible for its direction.

The reform must be wide enough to restore freedom as the guide of the Federal policy, and to set aside the new idol which has usurped her throne. It must be wide enough to relate honestly above suspicion in the disposition of the means and contracts incident to the possession of great places. If the execution of such a policy as this constitutes good ground for a resort to extreme measures of resistance by any portion of the people of these States, then is there no hope of further harmony in America; for the evils which would ensue to us, if we were deterred from action by such considerations, would be far more fatal to the public peace and prosperity, in the ultimate result, than any which could grow out of perseverance in a course of such demands. Once more may the words of the great Roman patriot be applied to us: "Nulla enim minantis auctoritas apud liberos est."  
And the remedy is occasion, or, in plainer words, a dissolution of the Union, and a disruption of the Constitution! So we are told. In a word, the people who defy us to put the negro out of this hall, who claim that, by virtue of that negro, twenty of their number stand upon the floor of the Supreme Court; who have, time out of mind, wielded in their own favor the executive influence of the Federal Government, imagine that they are about to better their condition by abandoning all these enormous privileges, and by setting up another government, without any similar advantages, among themselves. Perhaps there might be some plausibility in this idea, if you could fence yourselves all around with a high wall, and shut out a complete non-intercourse with the world without.

But the day for these fancies is passing off, even with the Chinese and the Japanese, who have held to them the longest. Your slaves will not be made safer at home, or less aggressive when abroad, by the withdrawal of the power of reclamation; neither will your internal condition be less an object of anxiety to your neighbors than it is now. The mere fact of the existence or the non-existence of a common bond of government may modify, but it cannot materially change the conditions of your great social problem. If the Constitution were expunged by agreement to-morrow, its difficulties might, indeed, be aggravated, but none would be removed.  
Whatever we may choose to think or say of one another, either for good or evil, a higher Power above us has raised up on this continent a people common, whether united or divided, whether praying or cursing, whether loving or fighting, are destined to remain, in all the changes of fortune, religion, language, thought, feeling, habits, customs and manners, one and the same. Whatever seriously touches the condition of one portion of us, does and will have its effect upon the rest. In spite of all efforts to the contrary, there is and will be a common sympathy having its root in that universal principle, a simple allusion to which by a great dramatist of antiquity is said to have instantaneously elicited a burst of enthusiasm from the thousands who crowded the Roman theatre. I am a man; nothing that touches me can fail to move me.  
Do you say that you can and will resist all this, that you will shut yourselves up at home, and see no more of the light of reason than is consistent with the preservation of what you are pleased to denominate your property; then try it while if you are bent upon the experiment, but permit me to predict, at this time, that it will immediately fail. You cannot separate from us, unless you blot from your memory all the traces of a common descent; a common literature, social affinities cemented by the dearest ties, and one common faith.  
The violent men, who are counselling this extreme policy, and in whom you now put your trust, will not retain their hold upon your confidence when you open your eyes to the consequences of their work, and to the extent which they assign in their justification. It may then be too late unitarily to resist the damage; but, whether late or not, you shall not have it to say that there was not at least one voice, however humble, among those of your fancied opponents, which did not warn you of the folly of throwing off friends and fellow-citizens, only because they preferred to follow the doctrines taught by you and their fathers, rather than to desert from your country, as you would have us do, when you go for us, we will add to the ancient faith.  
The most marked attention was paid to the delivery of this speech, throughout, by the House.

FAREWELL WORDS OF THEODORE PARKER.

Now that the brave, manly, unflinching Theodore Parker has seen the last of earth, and ascended to a higher and nobler sphere of existence, the following concluding passage (full of thrilling pathos and deep serenity) from his "Experiences as a Minister," contained in a Letter from him to his Society, will be read at this time with special interest:

To compose sermons, and preach them to multitudes of men of one sort but many conditions, thereto setting forth the great truths of Absolute Religion, and applying them to the various events of this wondrous human life, trying to make the Constitution of the Universe the Common Law of men, illustrating my thought with all that I can gather from the World of Matter, its use and beauty both, and from the World of Man, from human labors, sorrows, joys and everlasting hopes,—this has been my great delight. Your pulpit has been my joy and my throne. Through Press and State, Market and Meeting-House, have been hostile to you, you have yet given me the largest Protestant audience in America, save that with Orthodox Mr. Beecher, who breaks with no theological tradition of the New England Church, inspiring with his deep emotional nature, so devout and so humane, and charms with his poetic eloquence, that is akin to both the sweet-temper and the rose, and all the beauty which springs up wild amid New England hills, and to the loveliness of common life; I have given you my sermons in return, at once my labor and delight. My life is in them, and all my character, its good and ill; thereby you know me better than I can tell myself,—as a man's words and his face when excited in sermon and in prayer tell all he is, the reflection of what he has done. Sermons are never out of my mind; and when sickness brings me to the consciousness that I have ought to do, its most painful part, still, by long habit all things will take this form; and the gorgeous vegetation of the Tropics, their fiery skies so brilliant all the day, and starry at night, with such exceeding beauty all the night; the glittering fishes in the market, so many-colored as a gardener's show, these Josephs of the sea; the silent pelicans, flying forth at morning and back again at night; the strange, fantastic trees, the dry pods rattling their historic bones all day, while the new bloom comes fragrant out beside, a noiseless prophecy; the ducks rejoicing in the long-expected rain; a negro on an ambling pad; the slender-legged, half-naked negro children in the street, playing their languid games, or flencer screaming with their mother's blows, amid black swine, hens and uncouth dogs; the never-ceasing clack of women's tongues, more shrill than female in their shrill violence; the unceasing, multifarious kindness of our hostess; and, overtopping all, the self-sufficient, West India Creole pride, alike contemptuous of toil, and ignorant and impotent of thought,—all these common things turn into poetry as I look on or as they come into my mind; and I am transfused into sermons, which come also spontaneously by night, and give themselves to me, and even in my sleep they are meant for you. Shall they ever be more than the walking of

A sick man in his sleep, "Three paces, and then faltering?"

The doctors cannot tell; I also know not, but hope and strive to live a little longer, that I may work much more. Oh, that the truths of Absolute Religion, which Human Nature demands, and offers, too, from the infinitely Perfect God who dwells therein, while He transcends the Universe, Oh, that these were an idea enlightening all men's minds, a feeling in their hearts, and action in their outward life! Oh, that America's two and thirty thousand ministers, Hebrew, Christian, Mormon, knew these truths, and to mankind preached Piety and Morality, and that Theology which is the Science of God and his two-fold Universe, and forgot their mythology and misguiding dreams! Then what a New World were ours! Sure I would gladly live to work for this.

I may recover entirely, and stand before you full of brown health, equal to the manifold labors of that position, live to the long period of some of my fathers, and at last die naturally of old age. This to me seems most desirable, though certainly not most probable.

Or, I may so far recover, that I shall falter on a score of years or so, one eye on my work, the other on my body, which refuses to do it, and so upon my weak and balky horse along a miry, broken road. If this be so, then, in some still, little rural nook, in sight of town, but not too nigh, I may finish some of the many things I have begun, and left for the afternoon or evening of my days; and yet, also, from time to time, meet you again, and, with words of lofty cheer, look on the inspiring face of a great congregation. With this I should be well content; once it was the ideal of my hope.

In either of these cases, I see how the time of this illness, and the discipline alike of disappointment and recovery, would furnish me new power. Several times in my life has it happened that I have met with what seemed worse than death, and in my short-sighted folly, I said, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest!" Yet my griefs all turned into blessings; the joy I had planned came up Discipline, and I wished to tear it from the ground; but in its place, I found a sweeter, sounder fruit than I expected from what I set in earth. As I look over my life, I find no disappointment and no sorrow I could afford to lose; the cloudy morning has turned out the fairer day; the wounds of my enemies have done me good. So wondrous is this Human Life, not ruled by Fate, but Providence, which is Wisdom married unto Love, each infinite. What has been, may be wholly, or in part, or in part, I see new sources of power beside these waters of affliction I have stooped at; I shall not think I have gone through "the Valley of Baca" in vain, nor begrudge the time that I have lingered there, seeming idle: rainy days also help seed the ground. One thing I am sure of: I have learned the wealth and power of the grateful, generous feeling of men, and I know them not before, nor hoped on earth to find so rich. But if I have thought of Human Nature, I had not quite done justice to the presence of these beautiful faculties. Here and now, as so oft before, I have found more treasures than I dreamed lay hidden where I looked.

But if neither of these hopes becomes a fact, if the silver cord part soon about the fountain, and the golden bowl be broke, let not us complain; a new bowl, and a stronger cord, shall serve the Well of Life for you. Though quite aware how probable this seems, believe me, I have not yet had a single hour of sadness; to me, I shall not. True, it is not pleasant to have the plough broken, or the furrow just begun, while the seed-corn smiles in the open sack, impatient to be sown, and the whole field promises such liberal return. To say farewell to the thousands I have been wont to preach to, and pray with, now joyous, and fearful now,—has its bitterness to one not eighty-four, but forty-eight. To undo the natural ties more intimately knit of long-continued friendship and of love,—this is the bitter part. But if I may yet live, I shall not complain. Death comes to none except to bring a blessing; it is no misfortune to lay aside these well-loved weeds of earth, and be immortal. To you, as a Congregation, my loss may be easily supplied; and to me it is an added consolation to know that, however long and tenderly remembered, I should not long be missed; and some other will come in my place, perhaps without my defects, possessed of nobler gifts, and certainly not hindered by the ecclesiastical and social evils which needs must oppose a man who has lived and wrought as I. It will not always be unpopular justly to seek the welfare of all men. Let us rejoice that others may easily reap golden corn where we have but sowed the wild weeds away, or hewn down the savage woods, burning them with dangerous fire, and make the rich, rough ground smooth for culture. It was with grimmer fight, with sorer sweat, and blacker smoke, and redder fire, that the fields were cleared where you and I now win a sweet and easy bread.

What more shall I say to sweeten words of farewell, which must have a bitter taste. If I have taught you any great Religious Truth, or roused therewith knowers that are good, apply them to your life, however humble or however high and wide; convert them into Deeds, that your superior Religion may appear in your superior industry, your Justice and your Charity, coming out in your housekeeping, and all manner of work. So when you

Course  
is true, some faithfulologist may say  
He sought not praise, and praise did overlook  
His unobtrusive merit; but his life  
Grew to himself, and he was kind in deed  
That shall survive his name and memory."  
Let not fondness for me, now heightened by my illness, and my absence too, blind you eyes to crowd

which may be in my doctrine, which must be in my life; I am content to serve by warning, where I cannot guide by example. Mortal, or entered on Immortal Life, still let me be your Minister, to serve, never your Master, to hinder, and command. Do not stop where I could go no further, for when I am no longer, I feel that I have just begun to learn, begun my work. "No man can feed us as a Minister," contained in a Letter from him to his Society, will be read at this time with special interest:

To whom is given  
The joy that shows your heart to Heaven  
Who, moving hard against the stream,  
See distant gates of Eden gleam,  
And never dream it is a dream,  
But hear, by some transparent lot,  
Even in the channels of the dead,  
The murmur of the Fountain-head?

Who will accomplish this? Dear  
Bear and forbear, and never tire,  
Like Stephen, an unquenchable fire,  
As looking upward, full of grace,  
He prayed, and from a happy place  
God's glory smote him on the face!

Here they add to my joy; perhaps their remembrance will add to my delight in Heaven.  
"May you be faithful to your own souls; train up your Sons and Daughters to lofty character, most fit for humble duty; and for catholic heights of excellence, build up the Being that you are, with Feelings, Thoughts and Actions, that become a glorious Human Creature," by greatly doing the common work of life, heedful of all the Charities, which are twice blessed, both by their gifts and their forgiveness too. And the Infinite Perfection, the Cause and Providence of all that is, the Absolute Truth, transcending all time and space it fills, our Father, and our Mother too, will bless you each beyond your prayer, forever and forever. Bodily absent, though present still with you by the Immortal Part, so hopes and prays  
Your Minister and Friend,  
THEODORE PARKER.

FREDERICKSTEDT, West-End, Santa Cruz, April 19, 1869.

DEATH OF THEODORE PARKER—COMMÉMORATIVE MEETING AT MUSIC HALL, SUNDAY, JUNE 17, 1869.

SPEECH OF CHARLES M. ELLIS, ESQ.

Friends: I must speak; but least of that which my heart is full. I knew Mr. Parker well from the time of his going to West Roxbury. In his last letter to me he writes: "There has never been a day since I left home that I have not often thought of your father and his dear ones. He is one of my oldest friends. His is the last house I was ever in at home, except my own." Again that trembling hand wrote; and the mortal eye of that friend, the first to welcome him there and here, was not to read the written words. Would that I could venture to try to pay tribute due to the friendship of so many years. But the day of his first illness, and that of his death, the very hymn he chose, which we have just sung, open such recent sorrows and quick associations, that I must turn away from old memories of his house at Spring street, over which the pines were always whispering; his library there, where that great soul was trained, mastering tools where with to do the work of the world, and the fair-berden on which it looked; of his love for all without, within; of the village church, with its silent fane, and its little band; the Sabbath School; of Brook Farm, where we lived—its woods and fields, and stream of gold and gems, dearer and fairer in the pictures which the child, the boy daguerotypes, than the poet or romancer can make them; of the old home—the of the strolls there; of the free communion with men of the past and the present there opened; and from later and fresher things, for they would lead to that of which I could not speak.

I remember, even before that, how his stalwart frame swept along the avenues of Divinity Hall. I remember the manner of his early preaching. In that was shown what I always thought was the chief element of his character and source of his power. He was often overcome by emotion; his utterance choked; tears flowed; his frame shook. It was beyond what was natural, even at that age. He has told us that "he preached only what he had himself experienced." Gigantic as his developed intellect became—great as were the treasures of learning he diffused—his greatest power was the native impulse of his soul—his affectional nature. No mind, no learning could express it. Though to the world they seemed solid as the ground, they only floated on its bosom.

Born on soil sacred to freedom—of stock culled in England, and trained for two centuries in the best physical and moral culture of the world—himself reared in schools not the costliest, but the best—taught the love of labor, self-reliance, absolute reverence for God and conscience—he surprised the world by the intellect that embraced, the will that moved it. But these only beat with the pulses of his mighty heart. It do not wish to vindicate all. But as the dust of earth shall fall, this element will justify much that is questioned now. He did not believe in calling black, white. Let time and truth judge his sayings. What he spoke in love will live. Do you not remember how, in his discourse on Adams—when he was building shook, and his voice was silenced as the ice and snow fell like an earthquake before the sun of Spring—he wished *Jo* with the character he was discussing—with what joy he reviewed the glorious labors of the long Indian summer of that life, the repature with which he hailed its closing act, summed up in the Saxon sentence, "the great load No of an old man going home to his God?" Is the will of a true heart ever powers perverted—the woe of him who speaks in the cause of Humanity and God, to those who smite what they might save—to be condemned?

The Resolve that Theodore Parker should have a chance to be heard was more than the word of a friend, or a protest for religious freedom, or a plan for a free church. Before the South Boston sermon, it was known who and what was coming in this young preacher, who had said: "God still lives; man has lost none of his high nature"; and in his parable of Paul: "I shall walk by God's light, and fear not." It was thought that the new truth would be spread by his voice; perhaps not dreamed that one man could spread it so widely. But that simple Resolve, the seed of this Society, was dropped in faith that that truth would prevail—the mover of it having a year or two before, in a little book now forgotten, shown how it was the basis of all true art, criticism, society, morals, laws and religion. But, of this Society, I first—We may be content to leave almost all that is matter of discussion at this day whilst partisans define their positions, priests their creeds, with a word which covers it all, *Vere pro gratis*. If truth be started, let old errors go.

Next—Let us look at what he created and did. He ascended to the sublime heights of philosophy and religion; by thought and study made clear to the intellect the truth that fired his soul, that "God is Infinite Perfection, Power, Wisdom, Justice, Love," and plainly showed it to the world. He saw and showed how, historically and by nature, man grows in the light of love, and has his eyes opened to spiritual truth, as flowers beneath the sun. He took Truth from books and scholars, Religion from the temples and priests, and showed them to the world.

Calmly, and at length, also with labor too great for that falling frame, thinking deep, near,—so he said, "up to his shoulders in his grave,"—he reviewed his work. He wished to live to round it off, hoping for the length of years and strength of his ancestors, but ready to pass the golden gates to immortal life. His work is fragmentary in relation to his idea, though so much is in itself complete. He tells us, that after his discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion, he formed a plan, and prepared for the afternoon and evening of his days to deliver the "History of the Pro-

gress of Development of Religion among the leading Races of Mankind.

What a life in the groves of the academy, by the lamp of philosophy, in moments of vision had seen, had become to him so clear, that he would not only make it plain and prove it to the reason of man, but would traverse the history of the world, and show its growth; show how, by either method, analysis or synthesis, this one truth was the culmination of human thought. Will many we have theologians, Christianists, creeds, statutes, societies, to take care of themselves.

Success! For almost years a free church. This truth embodied in labor for the dangerous, wretched, criminal classes; for education, woman, temperance, freedom, peace; its light thrown on the lives of our great men and heroes, put in volumes that will live with the English tongue; put into labor that now moves and will move the American Church and State while they endure; set forth in a system of religion; a method of spiritual culture; showing a scheme of ethics; containing almost the only attempt to state the law of laws in the language. His thought, his labor, his life—these are success, and triumph enough. After a life brief in years, but in labor how long! In stature how great! In purity how glorious on earth! His mortal robes lie under the skin of Italy. There let them repose, that pilgrims and patriots of the Old World and the New may go to rest consecrated by blood that flowed thither from English through American veins.

He strove to give them up for a few years labor more in the service of God and man, but in vain. The soul that were them was the world's. It speaks yet, and shall speak in pulpit and senate. Boston will thank him for the unequalled magnificence of his charity; the Herculean labors of his ministry; the unassailed purity of his life. May he grow to see and live by his truth last to have a just pride in being the home of this spiritual Columbus; forget his errors.

Men may raise monuments of stone; they will frame memorials more during in adamantine speech; but he who stood here above the world's fading honors, and his labors will outlast them all.

Our best tribute, here in the presence of the living spirit, the fittest in his sight, and the most lasting, will be the quiet vow not to falter in his work, and, as we may, in Church, or Court, or State, or common life, to keep in sight the light he showed us, and follow his heavenly guidance.

SPEECH OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

At the death of a good and admirable person, we meet to console and animate each other by the recollection of his virtues.

I have the feeling that every man's biography is at his own expense. He furnishes not only the facts but the report. I mean that all biography is autobiography. It is only what he tells of himself that comes to be known and believed. In Plutarch's lives of Alexander and Pericles, you have the secret whispers of their confidence to their lovers and trusty friends. For it was each report of this kind that impressed those to whom it was told in a manner to secure its being told everywhere to the best, to those who speak with authority to their own times, and therefore to ours. For the political rule is a cosmic rule, that if a man is not strong in his own district, he is not a good candidate elsewhere.

He whose voice will not be heard here again, could well afford to tell his experiences; they were all honorable to him, and were part of the history of the civil and religious liberty of his times. Theodore Parker was a son of the soil, charged with the energy of New England, strong, eager, inquisitive of knowledge, of a diligence that never tired, upright, of a haughty independence, yet the gentlest of companions; a man of study, fit for a man of the world; with decided opinions and plenty of power to state them; rapidly pushing his studies so far as to leave few men qualified to sit as critics. He elected his part of duty, or accepted nobly that assigned him in his rare constitution. Wonderful acquisition of knowledge, a rapid wit that heard all, and welcomed all that came, by seeing its bearing. Such was the largeness of his reception of facts, and his skill to employ them, that it looked as if he were some President of Council to whom a score of telegraphs were ever bringing in reports; and his information would have been excessive, but for the noble use he made of it, ever in the interest of humanity. He had a strong understanding, a logical method, a love for facts, a rapid eye for their historic relations, and a skill in stripping them of traditional lustres. He had a sprightly fancy, and often amused himself with throwing his meaning into pretty apologies; yet we can hardly ascribe to his mind the poetic element, though his scholarship had made him a reader and quoter of verses. A little more feeling of the poetic significance of his facts, would have disqualified him for some of his severer offices to his generation. The old religions have a charm for most minds which it is a little uncanny to disturb. To some times a question, shall we not leave them to decay without rude shocks? I remember that I found some harshness in his treatment both of Greek and of Hebrew antiquity, and sympathized with the pain of many good people in his auditory, whilst I acquitted him, of course, of any wish to be flippant. He came at a time when the irresistible march of opinion, the forms still retained by the most advanced sects showed loose and lifeless, and he, with something less of affectionate attachment to the old, or with more vigorous logic, rejected them. "This objected to him that he scattered too many illusions. Perhaps more tenderness would have been grateful; but it is vain to charge him with perverting the opinions of the new generation. The opinions of men are organic." Simply, those came to him who found themselves expressed by him. And had they not met this enlightened mind, in which they beheld their own opinions combined with zeal in every cause of love and humanity, they would have suspected their opinions and suppressed them, and so sunk into melancholy or malignity—a feeling of loneliness and hostility to what was reckoned respectable. "It is plain to me that he has achieved a historic importance here; that he has so woven himself in these few years into the history of Boston, that he can never be left out of your annals. It will not be in the acts of City Councils; nor of obsequious Mayors; nor, in the State House, the proclamations of Governors, with their falling virtues—falling them at critical moments—that the coming generations will study what really befel, but in the plain lessons of Theodore Parker in this Music Hall, in Faneuil Hall, or in Legislative Committee Rooms, that the true temper and authentic record of these days will be read. The next generation will care little for the chances of elections that govern Governors now; it will care little for fine gentlemen who behaved ably, but it will read very intelligently in his rough story, fortified with exact anecdotes, precise with names and dates, what part was taken by each actor; who threw himself into the cause of humanity, and came to the rescue of civilization at a hard pinch, and who blocked its course.

The vice charged against America is the want of sincerity in leading men. It does not lie at his door. He never kept back the truth, for fear to make an enemy. But, on the other hand, it was complained that he was bitter and harsh, that his real burned with too hot a flame. It is so difficult, in evil times, to escape this charge—for the faithful preacher most of all. It was his merit, like Luther, Knox, and Latimer, and John Baptist, to speak tart truth, when that was necessary, and when there were few to say it. But his sympathy for goodness was not less energetic. One fault he had,—he overestimated his friends. "I may well say it," and sometimes veered them with the impetuosity of his good opinion, whilst they knew better the ebb which follows unbounded praise. He was capable, it must be said, of the most unmeasured

eloquence on those he esteemed, especially if he had any jealousy that they did not stand with the Boston party as highly as they ought. His commanding merit as a reformer is this: that he insisted beyond all upon his pupils,—I cannot think of one trial,—that the essence of Christianity is in practical morality; it is there for us, or it is nothing; and if you combine it with sharp trading, or with ordinary city ambitions to please over-municipal corporations, or private intemperance, or unscrupulous fraud, or immoral politics, or unjust war, or the cheating of Indians, or the robbery of Guiney nations, or leaving your principles at home to follow on the high seas of Europe a supple complaisance to tyrants,—it is a hypocrite, and the truth is not in you; and no hope of religious music, or of streams of Swedenborg, or praise of John Wesley, or of Jeremy Taylor, can save you from the States which you are.

His ministry fell on a political crisis also; on the years when Southern slavery broke over its old banks, made new and vast pretensions, and wrung from the weakness or treachery of Northern people fatal concessions in the Fugitive Slave Bill and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Two days bitter in the memory of Boston, the days of the rendition of Sims and of Burns, made the occasion of his most remarkable discourses. He kept nothing back. In terrible earnest he denounced the public crime, and meted out to every official, high and low, his due portion. By the incessant power of his statement, he made and held a party. It was his great service to freedom. He took away the reproach of silent consent that would otherwise have lain against the indignant minority, by uttering in the hour and place wherein these outrages were done, the stern protest.

But whilst I praise this frank speaker, I have so much to accuse the silence of others. There are men of good powers who have so much sympathy, that they must be silent when they are not in sympathy. If you don't agree with them, they know they only injure the truth by speaking. Their faculties will not play them true, and they do not wish to squeak and gibber, and so they shut their mouths. I can readily forgive this, only not the other, the false tongue which makes worse appear the better cause. There were, of course, multitudes to censure and defame this truth-speaker. But the brave knock the brave, Pops, whether in hotels or churches, will utter the foe's opinion, and faintly hope for the salvation of his soul; but his manly enemies, who despised the foe, honored him; and it is well known that his great hospitable heart was the sanctuary to which every soul conscious of an earnest opinion came for sympathy—like the brave slaveholder and the brave slave-rescuer. These met in the house of this honest man,—for every sound heart loves a responsible person, one who does not in generous company say generous things, and in mean company base things, but says one thing—now cheerfully, now indignantly—but always because he must, and because he means that, whether he speak or refrain from speech, this is said over him; and history, nature and all souls testify to the same.

Ab, my brave brother! it seems as if, in a frivolous age, our loss were immense, and your place cannot be supplied. But you will already be consoled in the transfer of your genius, knowing well that the nature of the world will affirm to all men, in all times, that which for twenty-five years you valiantly spoke; that the winds of Italy murmur the same truth over your grave; the winds of America over those bereaved streets; that the sea which bore your mourners home affirms it, the stars in their courses, and the inspirations of youth; whilst the polished and pleasant traitors to human rights, with perverted learning and disgraced faces, rot and are forgotten with their double tongue saying all that is sordid for the corruption of man.

The sudden and singular eminence of Mr. Parker, the importance of his name and influence, are the verdict of his country to his virtues. We have few such men to lose; amiable and blameless at home, feared abroad as the standard-bearer of liberty, taking all the duties he could grasp, and more, refusing to spare himself, he has gone down in early glory to his grave, to be a living and enlarging power, wherever learning, wit, honest valor and independence are honored.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

The lesson of this death is Truth! That your brave teacher dared to speak, and no more. It is only two or three times in our lives that we pause in telling the whole merit of a friend, from fear of being thought flatterers. What the world thinks easily done, it believes; all beyond is put down to action. I find myself hesitating to speak just all I think of Theodore PARKER, lest those who did not know him should suppose I flatter, and thus I mar the massive simplicity of his fame.

Born on the 24th of August, 1810, he died just before finishing his fiftieth year. He said to me, years ago, "When I am fifty, I will leave the pulpit, and finish the great works I have planned." God ordered it so! He has left this desk, and gone there to finish the great works that he planned! Some speak of his death as early; but he died in good old age, if we judge him by his work,—full of labors, if not of years,—a long life crowded into few years; as Bacon says, "Old in hours, for he lost no time." Truly, he lost not an hour, from the early years when, in his sweet, plain phrase, he tells us "his father left the baby pick up chips, drive the cows to pasture, and carry mads of corn to the oxen"—far on to the closing moment when, faint and dying, he sent us his blessing and brave counsel last November, dated fitly from Roxbury. God granted him life long enough to see of the labor of his hands. He planted broadly, and lived to gather a rich, ripe harvest. His life, too, was an harmonious whole.

When brought  
Among the tasks of real life, he wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought."

The very last page those busy fingers ever wrote tells the child's story, than which he says, "no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me." "A little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, my father sent me from the field home. A spotted tortoise, in shallow water, at the foot of a rhodora, caught his sight, and he lifted his stick to strike it, when "a voice within said, "it is wrong." I stood with lifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, till rhodora and tortoise vanished from my sight. I hastened home, and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong. Wiping a tear with her apron, and taking me in her arms, she said, "Some men call it conscience; but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark and without a guide."

Out of that fearful mother's arms grew your pulpit. Here in words—every day in the streets, by deeds, during a hard life, he repeated and obeyed her counsel.

Of that pulpit, its theology, and its treatment by Unitarian divines, mainly and Christian life spoke to us two weeks ago. It is not for me, even if there were need, to touch on it. Born in that faith, and nurtured in similar maxims of the utmost liberty and the duty of individual investigation and thought, I used to enter other paths. Mine is the old faith of New England. On those points, he and I rarely talked. What he thought, I hardly know. For myself, standing beneath the Gospel rails of judging men by their fruits, "I should have felt stronger in defending my own faith, could I have pointed to any preacher of it who as gently judged and as truly loved his fellow-men. As to doctrines, we both know that "the whole of truth can never do harm to the whole of virtue"; that, of course, a man's conception of truth is only

his opinion, and not, necessarily, absolute truth. But it is always safe and wise for honest and earnest men to seek for truth everywhere and at all hazards. The results, if not wholly and only good, are yet the best things within our reach.

The lesson of Theodore Parker's preaching was love. Let me read for you a sonnet still among his poems.

O, brother! who for us didst meekly bow  
The Crown of Thorns about thy radiant brow;  
What Gospel from the Father didst thou bear,  
Ours hearts to show, making us happy now?  
Thy faith alone, the immortal Gospel price,  
To all thy hearers with earnest love;  
Love for the wicked as in sin he lies,  
Love for thy Brother here, thy God above;  
Love making ill, will finish in its day,  
Live for the Good, taking the ill thou must;  
Toil with thy might, with manly labor pray,  
Loving and loving learn thy God to trust,  
And He will shed upon thy soul the blessings of the just.

Standing in these old ways, I cannot but suspect these Unitarian pulpits of some latent and avowed distrust of their own creed, when I see that if one comes from them to our Orthodox ranks, and believes a great deal more than they do, he is treated with reverent respect; but let him go out on the other side, and believe a very little less, and the whole startled body join in begging the world to think them naturally the parents of such horrible and dangerous heresy!

But there is one thing every man may say of this pulpit. It is a live reality, and no sham. Whether tearing theological idols to pieces at West Roxbury, or here, battling with the every-day evils of the streets, it was ever a live voice, and no mechanical or parrot trust; ever fresh from the heart of God, as these flowers, these lilies,—the last flower ever which, when daylight faded him, with his old gesture, he passed his loving hand and said, "How sweet!" Like that story he loved so much to tell, of Michael Angelo, when in the Roman palace Raphael was drawing his figures too small, he sketched a colossal head of fit proportions, and taught Raphael his fault. So Parker criticized these other pulpits, not so much by censure as by creation; by a pulpit proportioned to the hour—broad as humanity, frank as truth, stern as justice, and loving as Christ.

Here is the place to judge him. In St. Paul's cathedral, the epiphany says, if you would know the genius of Christopher Wren, "look around." Do you ask proof how full were the hands, how large the heart, how many-sided the brain, of your teacher—listen, and you will hear it in the glad, triumphant certainty of your enemies, that you must close these doors, since his place can never be filled! Do you ask proof of his efficient labor and the good soil into which that seed fell—gladden your eyes by looking back and seeing for how many months the impulse his vigorous hand gave you has sufficed, spite of boding prophecy, to keep these doors open! Yes, he has left those accustomed to use weapons, and not merely to hold up his hands. And not only among yourselves. From another city, I received a letter, full of deep feeling, and the writer, an orthodox church member, says—

"I was a convert to Theodore Parker before I was a convert to —. If there is anything of value in the work I am doing to-day, it may, in an important sense, be said to have had its root in Parker's heresy. I mean the habit, without which orthodox standards emasculated and good for nothing, or independently passing on the empty and rotten pretensions of churches and churches, which I learned earliest and more than from any other, from Theodore Parker. He has my love, my respect, my admiration."

Yes, his discourse is broader than Massachusetts. His influence extends very far outside these walls. Every pulpit in Boston is freer and more real to-day because of the existence of this. The fan of his example scattered the chaff of a hundred sapless years. Our whole city is fresher to-day because of him. The most sickly and timid soul under yonder steeple, hide-bound in days and forms and beggarly Jewish elements, little dreams how ten times worse and narrower it was before this sun warmed the general atmosphere around. As was said of Burke's unsuccessful impeachment of Warren Hastings, "never was the great object of punishment, the prevention of crime, more completely obtained. Hastings was acquitted, but tyranny and injustice were condemned wherever English was spoken." So we may say of Boston and Theodore Parker. Grant that few adopted his extreme theological views—that not many sympathized in his politics; still, that Boston is nobler, purer, braver, more loving, more Christian to-day, is due more to him than to all the pulpits that vex her Sabbath air. He raised the level of sermons intellectually and morally. Other men were compelled to grow in manly thought and Christian morals in very self-defence. The droning routine of dead metaphysics or dainty morals was gone. As Christ preached of the fall of the tower of Siloam the week before, and what men said of it, in the streets of Jerusalem, so Parker rung through our startled city the news of some fresh crime against humanity—some slave hunt, or wicked court, or prostituted official—little frightened audiences actually took bond of their new clergymen that they should not be tormented before their time!

Men say he eyed on that great question of our age—the place due to the Bible. Perhaps so. But William Craft, one of the bravest men ever fled from our culture, to Victoria, writes to a friend: "When the slave-hunters were on our track, and no other minister, except yourself, came to direct our attention to the God of the oppressed, Mr. Parker came with his wise counsel, and told us where and how to go; gave us money—but that was not all—he gave me a weapon to protect our liberties, and a Bible to guide our souls. I have that Bible now, and shall ever prize it most highly."

How direct and frank his style—just level to the nation's ear! No man ever needed to read any one of his sentences twice to catch its meaning. None suspected that he thought other than he said, or more than he confessed.

Like all such men, he grew daily—never too old to learn. Mark how closer to actual life, how much bolder in reform, are all his later sermons—especially since he came to the city—every year a step forward, persevering to the last.

From well to better, daily self-surpassed. There are men whom we measure by their times—content and expecting to find them subdued to what they work in. They are the chameleons of circumstance; they are Eolian harps, toned by the breeze that sweeps over them. There are others, who serve as guide-posts and land-marks—we measure their times by them. Such was Theodore Parker. Hereafter the critic will use him as a meta-measure, to measure the heart and civilization of Boston. Like the Englishman, a year or two ago, who suspected our great historian could not move in the best circles of the city, when it dropped out that he did not know Theodore Parker, distant men gauge us by our toleration and recognition of him. Such men are our Nilometers; the harvest of the future is according to the height that the flood of our love rises round them. Who cares now that Harvard vouchsafed him no honors! But history will save the fact to measure the calculating and prudent bigotry of our times.

Some speak of him as only a bitter critic and harsh prophet. Pulpits and journals shelter their plain speech in mentioning him under the example of what they call his "unparing candor." Do they feel that the strenuousness of their free speech, their unusual frankness, needs apology and example? But he was far other than a bitter critic; though thank God for every drop of that bitterness which came like a whole-some rebuke on the dead, saltness of American life. Thank God for every indignant protest, for every Christian admonition that the Holy Spirit breathed through those manly lips! But if he deserved any single word, it was "generous." Generous *Vere* is the description that keeps to the lip of every scholar. He

was generous of money. Born on a New England farm, in those days when small incomes made every dollar a matter of importance, he no sooner had command of wealth than he lived with open hands. He even the darling ambition of a great library ere tempted him to close his ear to need. O, Paris, or Vienna, or Frankfurt, or to Paris, and let the refugees who have gone home,—to Paris, and let the exiles be for him,—under whose roof they find no home! One of our oldest and best teachers writes me, that telling him once, in the care, of a young lad of rare mathematical genius, who could read Latin, but whom narrow means debarr'd from the University,—"Let him enter," said Theodore Parker; "I will pay his bills."

No sect, no special study, no one idea bound his sympathy; but he was generous of judgment, when a common man would have found it hard to be so. Though he does not go down to dust without his fame, though Oxford and Germany sent him messages of sympathy, still, no word of approbation from the old grand names of our land, no honors from University or learned Academy, greeted his name; diligent, earnest life; men can confess that they regret against his admission to scientific bodies for his learning, feeling all the while that his brain could furnish had the Academy;—and yet, thus ostracized, he was the most generous, more than just, interpreter of the motives of those about him, and looked on the motives which he sowed, with most generous joy in their success. Patiently analyzing character and carefully in marshalling facts, he stamped with generous justice the world's final judgment of Weber, and now that the soreness of the battle is over, friend and foe allow it.

He was generous of labor,—books never served to excuse him from any, the humblest work. Though "living wisdom with each student's year" and passionately devoted to his desk, as truly as was said of Milton, "the lowliest duties on himself he laid." What drudgery of the street did that scholarly and ever refuse? Who so often and constant as he to the trenches, when a slave case made our city a camp? Loving books, he had no jot of a scholar's indolence or timidity, but joined hands with labor everywhere. Erasmus would have found him good company, and Melancthon got brave help over a Greek manuscript; but the likeliest place to have found him in that age would have been at Zwingle's side, on the battle-field, pierced with a score of fanatic spears. For, above all things, he was terribly in earnest. If I sought to paint him in one word, I should say he was always a earnest.

I spoke once of his diligence, and we call it tireless, unflagging, unceasing. But they are common-place words, and poorly describe him. What we usually call diligence in educated men does not exist. No scholar, not even the busiest, but lingers out from his weary books, and feels ashamed by the hedges of the plough-boy. The society and amusements of easy life eat up and beguile one-half our time. Those whose lips and motions hang crowds of busy lies, submit to life-long discipline—almost every hour a lesson. Those on whose tones float the most precious truth, disdain an effort. The table you write on, the fruit of more toilsome and through discipline than the brain of most who deem themselves scholars ever knew. Let us not cheat ourselves with such a lie. But no poor and greedy mechanic, no farm tenant, "on shares," ever distanced this unerring brain. He brought into his study that conscientious, loving industry which six generations had handed down to him on the hard soil of Massachusetts. He loved work, and I doubt if any workman in our empire equalled him in thoroughness of preparation. Before he wrote his review of Prescott, he went conscientiously through all the printed histories of that period in three or four tongues. Before he ventured to paint for the portrait of John Quincy Adams, he read every line Adams had ever printed, and all the stacks upon him that could be found in public or private collections.



