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# THE NATIONAL ERA.

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## WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

### "WHAT AILETH THEE, HAGAR!"

BY MARY IRVING.

'Round me rolled the pathless desert, piled in billows blank and high—
Save a single stunted palm-tree, where I laid my boy to die!
When a Voice, that stilled my pulses, spoke from out the scorching sky,
"What aileth thee, Hagar?"

Roaming o'er the rocks and thistles, with my bleeding fainting feet,
I had reached the line of darkness, where despair and misery meet;
Where the Foe of all but anguish is the only friend to greet!
"What aileth thee, Hagar?"

I had borne the wrong of woman—I had borne her grief and care!
But there came a maddening sorrow woman was not made to bear!
And I scorned to sue for pity even to Sarah's God in prayer!
"What aileth thee, Hagar?"

Drop by drop my life was ebbing to that poisoned, rankling dart;
And a green and fruitful garden, watered well in every part,
Was the desert all around me—to the desert *of my heart!*
"What aileth thee, Hagar!"

Was it nothing thus to perish, outcast from the tents of men—
Covering up the quivering face I could not look upon again?
Was the Mighty One in mockery calling to my madness then,
"What aileth thee, Hagar?"

"Rise! thou faithless and despairing! daughter of the desert, rise!
Bowed in want, and wo, and weakness—mighty in thy Maker's eyes!
Exile from the tent's poor shelter—underneath Jehovah's skies!
What aileth thee, Hagar?

"Wipe the tears of woman's faltering! I have heard thy fainting boy!
Take him back from Death's dim portal, far from insult and annoy,
With thee in the wilds untrodden! heir of freedom, hope, and joy!
What aileth thee, Hagar?"

Then a vision flashed before me, sweeping countless centuries o'er;
And I saw the son of Sarah—outcast, mocked from shore to shore—
Wandering even as *I* had wandered in the wilderness before!
"What aileth thee, Hagar?"

But the desert round me budded; fountains leaped in groves of bloom,
And the melting air grew heavy with its burden of perfume,
Where my Ishmael stood triumphant in his never-conquered home!
"What aileth thee, Hagar?"

Clasped I then my only darling—bore him where the rock was riven—
Watched his pale lips wake in smiling to the better life new given!
Knelt, and cried with tears of praising, "While thou hast a God in heaven,
What aileth thee, Hagar?"

Hagar of the Nations! fainting in a desert doubly dry!
Wailing o'er the well-beloved, stricken from thine arms to die!
Rise! The God of Abraham's servant lives, and waits the hour to cry,
"What aileth thee, Hagar?"

For the National Era.

### MIRTH AND MELANCHOLY.

BY MARY IRVING.

CHAPTER IV.

*The Anodyne to Mirth.*

"Her lot is on you—bitter tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour;
And sumless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
Meekly to bear with wrong—to cheer decay—
And oh! to love through all things—therefore—pray!"
*Mrs. Hemans.*

Two weeks had passed. It was Saturday afternoon—and Esq. Hope was just rising from his hasty-swallowed dinner, to prepare for his usual weekly up-river trip, now doubly important. A ring at the door—and a card, whereon Kitty started to read the finely-pencilled name, "Mrs. Grey."

"What—who is it?" questioned her brother-in-law. A word would have choked her; she passed the card to him in silence.

"How is this! how is this?" was his sharply-uttered comment.

"Probably the lady can answer for herself," said Kitty, with a violent effort, leading the way to the parlor as she spoke.

A lady in black veil and travelling dress, of whose dusty, disordered folds, she seemed to take little heed, was pacing the rich carpet with quick though noiseless steps. As she turned, flinging back bonnet as well as veil, in her impatience, Kitty started, in spite of her firm grasp upon her own heart.

It was a young, graceful, soul-lighted face, that looked into hers—one that told, at a glance, of a heart well nursed in sorrow and privation, beyond the common lot—one that, though shrinking from braving the lightest wind in its own behalf, would dare storm and flood without flinching, to save or to serve the beloved.

Kitty stood calmly, though she felt her blood freezing at its source as she gazed.

"Pardon me, dear lady, and you, good sir, if I use very little ceremony," said the stranger, in a sweet, sad, musical tone, slightly foreign in its accent. She passed her small hand over her snowy forehead, to clear it of the tangled, wavy locks that floated about it.

"Have I been told rightly," she went on, "that one Mr. Hamilton Grey is with you here, sick, very sick?" and the voice trembled.

"You have; that is, he is with my family on the river. But how—may I ask—?" and Esq. Hope hesitated.

"I know!" she replied, with an earnest, deprecating glance, as if to answer his implied question, "I know he did not send for *me;* but his father was away, and how *could I* stay at home, when it was my right as well as my duty to come and nurse him? Oh, please tell me where to find him!" she exclaimed, with suddenly renewed eagerness.

"Have I—is it possible—the pleasure of addressing the *wife* of Hamilton Grey?" inquired Esq. Hope, with an accent almost severe in its surprise.

"Yes, sir, I am Mrs. Grey," she answered; while large tears, which had gathered in her pleading eyes, dropped down her colorless cheeks; for colorless they were, though the brunette face was faultless in its clearness and contour.

"His father will be here soon," she went on to say, after apparently swallowing some strong impulse to a sob. "I sent a servant to him, who will travel day and night until he brings him. But I could not wait; I must not, now. Will you not take me at once to poor Hamilton?"

"Certainly, madam! I am on the way thither myself; and, by the way," exclaimed he, glancing at his watch, "we must lose no time in reaching the wharf! Kitty, child, ring for the carriage this very moment!"

Kitty moved like a machine to do his bidding. The world seemed, to her, to have turned a cycle of ages since the last hour struck. Bewildered, shocked, heart-stricken, she stood like a breathing statue, long after the two had vanished from her sight. She raised her eyelids at last, with a painful contraction—staggered, and, dropping upon an ottoman close by, pressed her dizzy forehead against the cold, hard, oaken frame of a chair. One heave of the chest told of reviving animation, and then—"Who is there in all the world *to trust?*" burst from her white lips. "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee!"

Was it angel that passed by, that breathed these words into the very heart of the crushed, bending girl. Never before had the comfort which the world neither giveth nor taketh away flashed upon the mind, so joyous hitherto, so lightly clouded. It was her first, full draught of the bitterness of life's cup.

The tide of her thoughts dashed with a sudden revulsion back upon her own spirit. "Whom *have* I in heaven?" she moaned. "*What* right to *that* comfort, *that* Friend? Oh, Father! forgive and pity!"

That night, and many nights, Kitty Clayborne "communed with her own spirit, and was still." Peace, even happiness, was stamped on her face; but oh, so *changed* a happiness! The gaiety, the effervescence, was gone, for the time, from lip and eye; but its place was filled by a nameless something, a new feature of the soul, remoulding all the outward features. Something it was that spoke the promise of

"A perfect woman nobly planned—
A spirit, breathing thoughtful breath."

So Laura thought, when, after a month's separation, she met her at the gate of the riverside cottage. Mrs. Grey, whose devotion to the patient had been unremitting, had entreated that Kitty should be called from the city. "Hamilton asks after her *so* much," she had urged; "and who knows what good it may do him?" So a brief note from Laura had summoned her.

"Is he better, sister?" she asked, calmly drawing aside her travelling veil, to return her sister's warm kiss.

Mrs. Hope slowly shook her head; and Kitty let her veil as slowly drop its shadow again over her face.

"Not yet, poor young man! but the crisis is yet to come, and Dr. C. still says 'hope!' Oriana's untiring attendance and skilful nursing might almost raise the dead. She has scarcely drawn breath outside of that sick room."

"Oriana!" repeated Kitty, as if thinking aloud.

"You know—Mrs. Grey. By the way, it is curious. But stop, here she comes."

Oriana glided forward with the same pleading earnestness in her face that had first struck Kitty's heart so harsh a blow, and laid both hands on her arms, as she said, simply,

"I am *so* glad you are come! Will you go *now* to Hamilton?"

Kitty's eyelids drooped for one instant. The next moment she raised them, with a clear, unselfish, sympathizing glance into those of the young wife.

"I will," she replied, and followed her. Oriana stopped on the threshold, and gazed again into her face, with an artless curiosity in her eyes, from which the other shrank.

"It was good of you to come, bless you for it!" said she. "I know *he* loves you, Miss Clayborne, for he speaks no other name beside his mother's, so often as yours; and *mine* sometimes. Ah! I have done him a wrong that I would give my life to undo! and now, if I can only save him! Help me!"

With her assumed calmness strongly shaken, Kitty scarcely knew how she reached the pillow of the fever-spent sufferer. But all thought of herself was soon lost, in looking upon the change that so few weeks had wrought. She shuddered at the sight of the pale, sunken forehead, where Death's seal seemed too surely set.

"Lay your hand upon his head, dear," whispered Oriana; and Kitty, as she did so, drew back into the shadow of the bed-curtains.

As her light touch fell on his brow, he unclosed his eyes, unnaturally bright, and fixed them on the large, patient eyes of his weary, loving nurse.

"Where did you get *her* look?" he asked, hastily. "*Her* eyes froze in the grave, long ago! But their light burns in heaven! Oh, yes! and down it floats through the arches of the universe, deep into the heart of the evening star. I know it! and oh! if it would only flow into *my* heart! But I *never* will forget!"

"It is of his mother, now," whispered Oriana.

"*Mother?* who calls *her* mother?" he exclaimed, in a tone of withering contempt. "Oriana! shame on the traitor's heart! Aye, though I curse myself, I will curse"——

"Hamilton, Kitty has come," here hastily interrupted Mrs. Grey, leaning forward to draw her within his range of vision.

"Kitty?"

He gazed with a bewildered look into the quivering face, and his voice softened.

"Ah!" he breathed mournfully, "the earth holds two worlds—one for the wretched, one for the happy—yes, yes! Mother! ask God to bless her! Kitty can never be mine!"

The despairing pathos of those last words was more than the poor girl's heart could bear. She sprung from the bedside, pale and trembling; and reaching the outer door, supported herself by its panels, while she struggled to regain her breath. Fortunately, it was several minutes before Laura came to seek her.

"You are tired, Kitty, I know," said the sister, kindly; "you look so unlike yourself. Go up into your room and lie down awhile. Mrs. Grey has occupied it, but there is no danger of her interrupting you. I must attend to matters below."

It might have been an hour that had passed, when Kitty's chamber door was softly opened, and the watcher, with upraised hands, and a whole soul of joy glowing in her face, exclaimed:

God bless you! Oh, thanks! *he sleeps* at last!"

"Thank God, indeed!" breathed Kitty, with strange calmness, though with a sickening thrill at her heart.

But Oriana, like one spent beyond endurance, had dropped upon the couch, and was sobbing convulsively as a grieved child. Kitty arose, and, seating herself at her side, tenderly and silently soothed her; pressing her icy fingers on the throbbing temples, parting and threading the dark tangled masses of her hair. As she did so, she noticed, with wonder, a few silver threads spangling the brown bands.

"She must have *suffered* much," thought Kitty; and her stricken heart yearned over the pale, devoted watcher, with an intense longing to comfort her.

A tap at the door interrupted both.

"Please, ma'am, Mr. Grey has just arrived, and asks for you."

"*My husband!*" exclaimed Oriana, bounding from the bed, through the open doorway and down the stairs, before her startled companion could collect her senses.

In the hall stood a stranger, past middle age, with a slightly bowed figure, and singularly mild, melancholy countenance, in whose lineaments other eyes than Kitty's might have read him to be the father of his name-child, Hamilton Grey.

"Oh, I am glad you did not come before!" and dropping into the gentleman's arms, Oriana sobbed upon his shoulder.

"Hamilton?" asked the father, in a stifled tone, vibrating between hope and fear.

"Thank our God! the crisis has passed!"

He did not answer; but a big tear dropped upon Oriana's bending head, as the father's heart sent up its silent gratitude.

"My poor, pale little Oriana," he said at last, untwining her arms, and gazing into her thin face as a gardener might look on a drooping bud, "you have worn yourself out completely, in nursing him. But you *must* reap your reward," he added, fervently.

"I shall, oh, I shall, *sometime*, God willing!" said she, warmly.

"I have found the last link in *our chain*, Oriana!" said he, bending lower, and speaking emphatically.

"I knew you would! Oh, I am glad, for *his* sake! But, before God, and you, it makes no difference, nor ever did!"

Mrs. Hope had joined the group unobserved, even by Kitty, who, screened by the white blossoms and green leaves of a magnificent Calla Ethiopica, had been gazing, as one spell-bound, upon the half-understood scene.

"Oh, my dear friend!" cried Oriana, turning to Laura, with a start, "I have too much joy for one day! This is my husband, Mrs. Hope; Hamilton's father."

"Your husband!" echoed Laura.

But Kitty heard no more. She had unconsciously crushed the choicest blossom of the lily in her convulsive grasp, as that word was spoken. And now she darted away, breathless, faint, bewildered—heedless whither she was going, until she found herself at the door of Laura's room. It was empty; and falling on her knees, she buried her face, while her heart overflowed in a gush of the gladdest tears that ever welled from a maiden's eyes.

The group below were pursuing their inquiries and explanations.

"Why, how is it?" cried Mrs. Hope; "what made you tell us—that is, how could we have understood you to be *Hamilton's* wife?"

The young wife's face was a study for a moment, but suddenly cleared, with a bright smile.

"I see! I see it all now! Esq. Hope asked me that question. But his father's name is Hamilton, too; and I was never thinking that you, knowing all the circumstances of his estrangement from home, could mistake me for his wife. His wife, indeed!" she repeated, turning her beaming eyes suddenly. "Where's your sister?"

"Kitty? She was here a moment ago. I will call her."

"Mrs. Hope, did *she* believe it? How could she?"

"We all thought it strange, as you may suppose; but knowing, as we did, very little of Mr. Grey's history, were led into this mistake."

"I see that some explanation is needed yet," remarked the elder Mr. Grey, "and the sooner it is given the better. Tell your friends all, Oriana, while I take a long look at my sleeping boy."

## HON. CHARLES SUMNER'S LECTURE.

### THE ANTI-SLAVERY ENTERPRISE:

ITS

### NECESSITY, PRACTICABILITY, AND DIGNITY;

WITH

### Glimpses of the Special Duties of the North.

*Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens of New York:*

You have aptly said, Mr. President, that we are on the eve of a contest, and I shall be happy if any words that may fall from my lips may invigorate a single soul to perform the duty which becomes a freeman. History abounds in vicissitudes. From weakness and humility, men ascend to power and place. From defeat and disparagement, enterprises are lifted to triumph and acceptance. The martyr of to-day is gratefully enshrined on the morrow. The stone that the builders rejected is made the head of the corner. Thus it always has been and ever will be.

Only twenty years ago—in 1835—the friends of the slave in our country were weak and humble, while their great Enterprise, just then showing itself, was trampled down and despised. The small companies then gathered together in the name of Freedom were interrupted, and often dispersed by riotous mobs. At Boston, a feeble association of women, called the Female Anti-Slavery Society, convened in a small room of an upper story in an obscure building, was insulted and then driven out of doors by a frantic crowd, politely termed, at the time, an assemblage of "gentlemen of property and standing," which, after various deeds of violence and vileness, next directed itself upon William Lloyd Garrison—known as the determined editor of *The Liberator*, and the originator of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise in our day—and, ruthlessly tearing him away, amid savage threats, and with a halter about his neck, dragged him through the streets, until, at last, guilty only of loving liberty, if not wisely, too well, this unoffending citizen was thrust into the common jail, for protection against an infuriate populace. Nor was Boston alone. Even villages in remote rural solitude belched forth in similar outrage; while the large towns, like Providence, New Haven, Utica, Worcester, Alton, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, became so many fiery craters, overflowing with rage and madness. What lawless violence failed to accomplish was next urged through the forms of law. By solemn legislative acts, the Slave States called on the Free States, "promptly and effectually to suppress all associations, within their respective limits, purporting to be Abolition Societies;" and Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and New York, basely hearkened to the base proposition. The Press, too, with untold power, exerted itself in this behalf, while the pulpit, the politician, and the merchant, conspired to stifle discussion, until the voice of Freedom was hushed to a whisper, "alas! almost afraid to know itself."

Since then, in the lapse of a few years only, a change has taken place. Instead of those small companies, counted by tens, we have now this mighty assembly, counted by thousands; instead of an insignificant apartment like that in Boston, the mere appendage of a printing-office, where, as in the manger itself, Truth was cradled, we have now this Metropolitan Hall, ample in proportions, and central in place; instead of a profane and clamorous mob beating at our gates, dispersing our assembly, and making one of our number the victim of its fury, we have now peace and harmony at unguarded doors, ruffled only by a generous competition to participate in this occasion; while Legislatures openly declare their sympathies, villages, towns, and cities, vie in the new manifestation; and the Press itself, with increased power, heralds, applauds, and extends, the prevailing influence which, overflowing from every fountain, and pouring through every channel, at last, by the awakened voice of Pulpit, politician, and merchant, swells into an irresistible cry.

Here is a great change, worthy of notice and memory, for it attests the first stage of victory. Slavery, in all its many-sided wrong, still continues; but here, in this metropolis—aye, sir, and throughout the whole North, freedom of discussion is at length secured. And this I say is the first stage of victory—herald of the transcendent Future.

"Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity!"

Nor is there anything peculiar in the trials to which our cause has been exposed. Thus in all ages has Truth been encountered. At first persecuted, gagged, silenced, crucified, she has cried out from the prison, from the torture, from the stake, from the cross, until at last her voice has been heard. And when that voice is really heard, whether in martyr cries, or in earthquake tones of civil convulsion, or in the calmness of ordinary speech, such as I now employ, or in that still, small utterance, inaudible to the common ear, then is the beginning of victory! "Give me where to stand, and I will move the world," said Archimedes; and Truth asks no more than did the master of geometry.

Viewed in this aspect, the present occasion rises above an ordinary course of lectures, or series of political meetings. It is the inauguration of Freedom. From this time forward, her voice of warning and command cannot be silenced. The sensitive sympathies of property may, in this commercial mart, once again recognise property in man; the watchful Press itself may falter or fail; but the vantage-ground of free discussion now achieved cannot be lost. On this I take my stand, and, as from the Mount of Vision, behold the whole field of our great controversy spread before me. There is no point, topic, fact, matter, reason, or argument, touching the question between Slavery and Freedom, which is not now open. Of all these, I might perhaps aptly select some one, and confine myself to its development. But I should not in this way best satisfy the seeming requirements of the occasion. According to the invitation of your Committee, I was to make an address introductory to the present course of lectures, but was prevented by ill health. And now, at the close of the course, I am to say what I failed to say at its beginning. Not as caucus or as Congress can I address you; nor am I moved to undertake a political harangue or constitutional argument. Out of the occasion let me speak, and, discarding any individual topic, strive to exhibit the entire field in all its divisions and subdivisions, with all its metes and bounds.

My subject will be, THE NECESSITY, PRACTICABILITY, AND DIGNITY, OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY ENTERPRISE; WITH GLIMPSES AT THE SPECIAL DUTIES OF THE NORTH. By this enterprise, I do not mean the efforts of any restricted circle, sect, or party, but the cause of the slave, in all its forms and degrees, and under all its names, whether inspired by the Pulpit, the Press, the economist, or the politician; whether in the early, persistent, and comprehensive demands of Garrison, the gentler utterances of Channing, or the strictly constitutional endeavors of others now actually sharing the public counsels of the country. To carry through this review under its different heads, I shall not hesitate to meet the objections which have been urged against this Enterprise, so far at least as I am aware of them. And now, as I address you seriously, I venture to ask your serious attention even to the end. Not easily can a public address reach that highest completeness which is found in mingling the useful and the agreeable; but I desire to say that, in this arrangement and co-ordination of my remarks to-night, I seek to cultivate that highest courtesy of a speaker which is found in clearness.

I. I begin with the NECESSITY of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise. In the wrong of Slavery, *as defined by existing law*, this necessity is plainly apparent; nor can any man within the sound of my voice, who listens to the authentic words of the law, hesitate in my conclusion. A wrong so grievous and unquestionable should not be allowed to continue. For the honor of human nature and for the good of all concerned, *it should at once cease to exist.* On this simple statement, as on a corner-stone, I found the Necessity of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise.

I do not dwell, sir, on the many tales which come from the house of bondage; on the bitter sorrows there undergone; on the flesh galled by the manacle, or spirting blood beneath the lash; on the human form mutilated by the knife, or seared by red-hot iron; on the ferocious scent of bloodhounds, in chase of human prey; on the sale of fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, little children—even infants—at the auction-block; on the practical prostration of all rights, all ties, and even all hope; on the deadly injury to morals, substituting concubinage for marriage, and changing the whole land of Slavery into a by-word of shame, only fitly pictured by the terrible language of Dante, when he called his own degraded country a House of Ill-Fame; and, last of all, on the pernicious influence upon the master as well as the slave, showing itself too often, even by his own confession, in rudeness of manners and character, and especially in that blindness which renders him insensible to the wrong he upholds, while he,

"—— so perfect is his misery,
Not once perceives his foul disfigurement,
But boasts himself more comely than before."

On these things I do not dwell, although volumes are at hand, of unquestionable facts and of illustrative story, so just and happy as to vie with fact, out of which I might draw until, like Macbeth, you had supped full of horrors.

But all these I put aside; not because I do not regard them of moment in exhibiting the true character of Slavery, but because I desire to present this argument on grounds above all controversy, impeachment, or suspicion, even from slave-masters themselves. Not on triumphant story, not even on indisputable facts, do I now accuse Slavery, but on its character as revealed in its own simple definition of itself. Out of its own mouth do I condemn it. By the *law of Slavery* man, created in the image of God, is divested of his human character, and declared to be a mere chattel. That this statement may not seem to be put forward without precise authority, I quote the law of two different States. The civil code of Louisiana thus defines a slave:

"A slave is one who is in the power of a master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, and his labor. He can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire anything, but what must belong to his master."—*Civil Code, Art.* 35.

The law of another polished slave State gives this definition:

"Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, reputed, and adjudged in law to be *chattels personal* in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators, and assignees, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever."—2 *Brev. Dig.*, 229.

And a careful writer, Judge Stroud, in a work of juridical as well as philanthropic merit, thus sums up the law:

"The cardinal principle of Slavery—that the slave is not to be ranked among *sentient* beings, but among *things;* is an article of property, a chattel personal—obtains as undoubted law in all these (the slave) States."—*Stroud's Laws of Slavery*, 22.

Sir, this is enough. As out of its small egg crawls forth the slimy, scaly, reptile crocodile, so out of this simple definition crawls forth the whole slimy, scaly, reptile monstrosity by which a man is changed into a chattel—a person is converted into a thing—a soul is transmuted into merchandise. According to this very definition, the slave is held simply for the good of his master, to whose behests his life, liberty, and happiness, are devoted, and by whom he may be bartered, leased, mortgaged, bequeathed, invoiced, shipped as cargo, stored as goods, sold on execution, knocked off at public auction, and even staked at the gaming table, on the hazard of a card or a die. The slave may seem to have a wife, but he has not, for his wife belongs to his master; he may seem to have a child, but he has not, for his child belongs to his master. He may be filled with the desire of knowledge, opening to him the gates of hope on earth and in heaven, but the master may impiously close this sacred pursuit. Thus is he robbed not merely of privileges, but of himself; not merely of money and labor, but of wife and children; not merely of time and opportunity, but of every assurance of happiness; not merely of earthly hope, but of all those divine aspirations that spring from the fountain of light. He is not merely restrained in liberty, but totally deprived of it; not merely curtailed in rights, but absolutely stripped of them; not merely loaded with burdens, but changed into a beast of burden; not merely bent in countenance to the earth, but sunk to the legal level of a quadruped; not merely exposed to personal cruelty, but deprived of his character as a person; not merely compelled to involuntary labor, but degraded to be a rude thing; not merely shut out from knowledge, but wrested from his place in the human family. *And all this, sir, is according to the simple law of Slavery.*

Nor is even this all. The law by cumulative provisions positively forbids that a slave shall be taught to read. Hear this, fellow-citizens, and confess that no barbarism of despotism, no extravagance of tyranny, no excess of impiety, can be more blasphemous or deadly. "Train up the child in the way he should go," is the lesson of sacred wisdom; but the law of Slavery boldly prohibits any such training, and dooms the child to hopeless ignorance and degradation. "Let there be light" was the Divine utterance, at the very dawn of Creation—and this commandment, travelling with the ages and the hours, still speaks with the voice of God; but the law of Slavery says, "Let there be darkness."

But it is earnestly averred that slave-masters are humane, and that slaves are treated with kindness. These averments, however, I properly put aside, precisely as I have already put aside the multitudinous illustrations from the cruelty of Slavery. On the simple letter of the law I take my stand, and do not go beyond what is there nominated. The masses of men are not better than their laws; and whatever may be the eminence of individual virtue, it is not reasonable to infer that the masses of slave-masters are better than the law of Slavery. And since this law submits the slave to their irresponsible control, with power to bind and to scourge—to shut the soul from knowledge—to separate families—to unclasp the infant from a mother's breast and the wife from a husband's arms—it is natural to conclude that such enormities are sanctioned by them, while the brutal prohibition of instruction by supplementary law gives crowning evidence of their complete complicity. And this conclusion must exist unquestioned, just so long as the law exists unrepealed. Cease then to blazon the humanity of slave-masters. Tell me not of the lenity with which this cruel law is tempered to its unhappy subjects. Tell me not of the sympathy which overflows from the mansion of the master to the cabin of the slave. In vain you assert these instances. In vain you show that there are individuals who do not exert the wickedness of the law. The law still endures. The Institution of Slavery, which it defines and upholds, continues to outrage Public Opinion, and within the limits of our Republic upward of three millions of human beings, guilty only of a skin not colored like your own, are left the victims of its unrighteous, irresponsible power.

Power divorced from right is devilish; power without the check of responsibility is tyrannical; and I need not go back to the authority of Plato, when I assert, that the most complete injustice is that which is erected into the form of law. But all these things concur in Slavery. It is, then, on the testimony of slave-masters, solemnly, legislatively, judicially, attested in the very law itself, that I now arraign this institution, as an outrage upon man and his Creator. And here is the Necessity of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise. A wrong so transcendent, so loathsome, so direful, must be encountered *wherever it can be reached*, and the battle must be continued, without truce or compromise, until the field is entirely won. Freedom and Slavery can hold no divided empire; nor can there be any true repose until Freedom is everywhere established.

To the necessity of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise there are two, and only two, vital objections—one founded on the alleged distinction of race, and the other on the alleged sanction of Christianity. All other objections are of an inferior character, or are directed logically at its practicability. Of these two leading objections let me briefly speak.

1. And first of the alleged *distinction of race.* This objection itself assumes two different forms—one founded on a prophetic malediction in the Old Testament, and the other on the professed observations of recent science. Its importance is apparent in the obvious fact, that, unless such distinction be clearly and unmistakably established, every argument by which our own freedom is vindicated, every applause awarded to the successful rebellion of our fathers, every indignant word ever hurled against the enslavement of our white fellow-citizens by Algerine corsairs, must plead trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of Slavery, whether white or black.

It is said that the Africans are the posterity of Ham, the son of Noah, through Canaan, who was cursed by Noah, to be the servant of his brethren; and that this malediction has descended upon all his posterity, including the unhappy Africans, who are accordingly devoted by God, through unending generations, to unending bondage. Such is the favorite argument often put forth at the South, and more than once directly addressed to myself. Here, for instance, is a passage from a letter recently received: "You need not persist," says the writer, "in confounding Japheth's children with Ham's, and making both races one, and arguing on their rights as those of man broadly." And I have been seriously assured that, until this objection is answered, it will be in vain to press my views upon Congress or the country. Listen now to the texts of the Old Testament which are so strangely employed:

"And he (Noah) said, Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. And he said, Blessed be the Lord God of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant. God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant."—*Genesis, chap.* ix, 25—27.

That is all; and I need only read these words in order to expose the whole transpicuous humbug. But I am tempted to add, that, to justify this objection, it will be necessary to maintain at least five different propositions, as essential links in the chain of the African slave; *first*, that by this malediction Canaan himself was actually changed into a chattel, whereas he is simply made the servant of his brethren; *secondly*, that not merely Canaan, but all his posterity, to the remotest generation, was so changed, whereas the language has no such extent; *thirdly*, that the African actually belongs to the posterity of Canaan—an ethnographical assumption absurdly difficult to establish; *fourthly*, that each of the descendants of Shem or Japheth has a right to hold an African fellow-man as a chattel—a proposition which finds no semblance of support; and, *fifthly*, that every slave-master is truly descended from Shem or Japheth—a pedigree which no anxiety or audacity can prove! This plain analysis, which may fitly excite a smile, shows the five-fold absurdity of an attempt to found this revolting wrong on

"Any successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the musty rolls of Noah's ark."

The small bigotry, which could find comfort in these texts, has been lately exalted by the suggestions of science, that the different races of men are not derived from a single pair, but from several distinct stocks, according to their several distinct characteristics; and it has been audaciously argued that the African is so far inferior as to lose all title to that liberty which is the birthright of the lordly white. Now, I have neither time nor disposition, on this occasion, to discuss the question of the unity of races; nor is it necessary to my present purpose. It may be that the different races of men proceeded from different stocks; but there is only *one* great Human Family, in which Caucasian and African, Chinese and Indian, are all brothers, children of *one* Father, and heirs to *one* happiness—alike on earth and in Heaven. "Star-eyed science" cannot shake this everlasting truth. It may vainly exhibit peculiarities in the African, by which he is distinguishable from the Caucasian. It may, in his physical form and intellectual character, presume to find the stamp of permanent inferiority. But by no reach of learning, by no torture of facts, by no effrontery of dogma, can it show that he is not *a man*, and as a man he stands before you an unquestionable member of the Human Family, and entitled to *all the rights of man.* You can claim nothing for yourself, *as man*, which you must not accord to him. *Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*—which you proudly declare to be your own inalienable, God-given rights, and to the support of which your fathers pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor—are his by the same immortal title that they are yours.

2. From the objection founded on the alleged distinction of race, I pass to that other, founded on the alleged *sanction of Slavery by Christianity.* And, striving to be brief, I shall not undertake to reconcile texts often quoted from the Old Testament, which, whatever may be their import, are all absorbed in the later New; nor shall I stop to consider the precise interpretation of the oft-quoted phrase, *Servants obey your masters;* nor seek to weigh any such imperfect injunction in the scales against those grand commandments on which hang all the law and the prophets. Surely, in the example and teachings of the Saviour, who lifted up the down-trodden, who enjoined purity of life, and overflowed with tenderness even to little children, human ingenuity can find no apology for an institution which tramples on man, which defiles woman, and sweeps little children beneath the hammer of the auctioneer. If to any one these things seem to have the license of Christianity, it is only because they have first secured a license in his own soul. Men are prone to find in uncertain, disconnected texts, a confirmation of their own personal prejudices or prepossessions. And I—who am no divine, but only a simple layman—make bold to say, that whoever finds in the Gospel any sanction of Slavery, finds there merely a reflection of himself. On a matter so irresistibly clear, authority is superfluous; but an eminent character, who as poet makes us forget his high place as philosopher, and as philosopher makes us forget his high place as theologian, has exposed the essential antagonism between Christianity and Slavery in a few pregnant words which you will be glad to hear—particularly as I believe they have not been before introduced into this discussion: "By a principle essential to Christianity," says Coleridge, "a *person* is eternally differenced from a *thing;* so that *the idea of a Human Being necessarily excludes the idea of property in that Being.*"

With regret, though not with astonishment, I learn that a Boston divine has sought to throw the seamless garment of Christ over this shocking wrong. But I am patient, and see clearly how vain will be his effort, when I call to mind that within this very century other divines sought to throw the same seamless garment over the more shocking slave-trade; and that, among other publications, a little book was then put forth, with the name of a reverend clergyman on the title-page, to prove that "the African trade for negro slaves is consistent with the principles of humanity and revealed religion;" and thinking of these things, I am ready to say, with Shakspeare,

"—— In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text?"

In the support of Slavery, it is the habit to pervert texts and to invent authority. Even St. Paul is vouched for a wrong which his Christian life rebukes. Great stress is now laid on his example, as it appears in the Epistle to Philemon, written at Rome, and sent by Onesimus, a servant. From the single chapter constituting the entire epistle, I take the following passage, in ten verses, which is strangely invoked for Slavery:

"*I beseech thee for my son Onesimus*, whom I have begotten in my bonds; which in time past was to thee unprofitable, but now profitable to thee and to me; whom I have sent again; thou, therefore, receive him, that is mine own bowels; whom I would have retained with me, that in thy stead he might have ministered unto me in the bonds of the Gospel; but without thy mind would I do nothing, that thy benefit should not be as it were of necessity, but willingly. For perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldest receive him forever; *not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved*, specially to me, but how much more unto thee, both in the flesh and in the Lord? *If thou count me, therefore, a partner, receive him as myself.* If he hath wronged thee or oweth thee aught, put that on mine account. I, Paul, have written it with mine own hand, I will repay it; albeit, I do not say to thee how thou owest unto me even thine own self besides."—*Epistle to Philemon, verses* 10—19.

Out of this affectionate epistle, in which St. Paul calls the converted servant, Onesimus, his *son*, precisely as in another epistle he calls Timothy his son, Slavery has been elaborately vindicated, and the great Apostle to the Gentiles has been made the very tutelary saint of the Slave-hunter. Now, without relying on minute criticism, to infer his real judgment of Slavery from his condemnation, on another occasion, of "men-stealers," or, according to the original text, *slave-traders*, in company with "murderers of fathers and murderers of mothers," and without undertaking to show that the present epistle, when truly interpreted, is a protest against Slavery and a voice for Freedom—all of which might be done—I content myself by calling attention to two things apparent on its face, and in themselves an all-sufficient response. First, while it appears that Onesimus has been in some way the servant of Philemon, it does not appear that he had ever been held as a slave, much less as a chattel; and how gross and monstrous is the effort to derive a wrong, by which man is changed to a chattel, out of words, whether in the Constitution of our country or in the Bible, which do not explicitly, unequivocally, and exclusively, define this wrong! Secondly, in charging Onesimus with this epistle to Philemon, the Apostle announces him as "not now a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved," and he enjoins upon his correspondent the hospitality due only to a freeman, saying expressly, "If thou count me, therefore, a partner, *receive him as myself;*" ay, sir, not as slave, not even as servant, but as a brother beloved, even as the Apostle himself. Thus with apostolic pen wrote Paul to his disciple, Philemon. Beyond all doubt, in these words of gentleness, benediction, and emancipation, dropping with celestial, soul-awakening power, there can be no justification for a conspiracy, which, beginning with the treachery of Iscariot and the temptation of pieces of silver, seeks, by fraud, brutality and violence, through officers of the law armed to the teeth, like pirates, and amid soldiers who degrade their uniform, to hurl a fellow-man back into the lash-resounding den of American Slavery; and if any one can thus pervert this beneficent example, allow me to say that he gives too much occasion to doubt his intelligence or his sincerity.

Certainly I am right in thus stripping from Slavery the apology of Christianity, which it has tenaciously hugged; and here I leave the first part of my subject, assuming against every objection the Necessity of our Enterprise.

II. I am now brought, in the *second* place, to consider the PRACTICABILITY of the Enterprise. And here the way is easy. In showing its Necessity, I have already demonstrated its Practicability; for the former includes the latter, as the greater includes the less. Whatever is necessary must be practicable. By a decree which has ever been a by-word of tyranny, the Israelites were compelled to made bricks without straw; but it is not according to the ways of a benevolent Providence, that man should be constrained to do what cannot be done. What must be done can be done. Besides, the Anti-Slavery Enterprise is Necessary because it is right; and the right is always Practicable.

I know well the little faith which the world has in the triumph of principles, and I readily imagine the despair with which our object is regarded; but not on this account am I disheartened. That exuberant writer, Sir Thomas Browne, breaks forth in the ecstatic wish for some new difficulty in Christian belief, that his faith might have a new victory; and an eminent enthusiast went so far as to say that he believed because it was impossible—*credo quia impossibile.* But no such exalted faith is now required. Here is no impossibility, nor is there any difficulty which will not yield to a faithful, well-directed endeavor. If to any timid soul the Enterprise seems impossible because it is too beautiful, then I say at once that it is too beautiful not to be possible.

But, descending from these summits, let me show plainly the object which it seeks to accomplish, and herein you shall see and confess its complete Practicability. While discountenancing all prejudice of color and every establishment of caste, the Anti-Slavery Enterprise—at least so far as I may speak for it—does not undertake to change human nature, or to force any individual into relations of life for which he is not morally, intellectually, and socially adapted; nor does it necessarily assume that a race, degraded for long generations under the iron heel of bondage, can be lifted at once into all the political privileges of an American citizen. But, sir, it does confidently assume, against all question, contradiction, or assault whatever, *that every man is entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and with equal confidence it asserts that every individual who wears the human from, whether black or white, should at once be recognised as man.* I know not, when this is done, what other trials may be in wait for the unhappy African; but I do know that the Anti-Slavery Enterprise will then have triumphed, and the institution of Slavery, *as defined by existing law*, will no longer shock mankind.

In this work, the first essential practical requisite is, that the question shall be openly and frankly confronted. Do not put it aside. Do not blink it out of sight. Do not dodge it. Approach it. Study it. Ponder it. Deal with it. Let it rest in the illumination of speech, conversation, and the Press. Let it fill the thoughts of the statesman and the prayers of the Pulpit. When Slavery is thus regarded, its true character will be recognised *as a hateful assemblage of unquestionable wrongs, under the sanction of existing law*, and good men will be moved at once to apply the remedy. Already even its zealots admit that its "abuses" should be removed. This is their word, and not mine. Alas! alas! sir, it is these very "abuses" which constitute its component parts, without which it would not exist, even as the scourges in a bundle with the ax constituted the dread fasces of the Roman lictor. Take away these, and the whole embodied outrage will disappear. Surely that central assumption—more deadly than the ax itself—by which man is changed into a chattel, may be abandoned; and is not this practicable? The associate scourges by which that transcendent "abuse" is surrounded, may, one by one, be subtracted. The "abuse" which substitutes concubinage for marriage—the "abuse" which annuls the parental relation—the "abuse" which closes the portals of knowledge—the "abuse" which tyrannically usurps all the labor of another, now upheld by positive law, may by positive law be abolished. To say that this is not practicable in the nineteenth century, would be a scandal upon mankind. And just in proportion as those "abuses" cease to have the sanction of law, will the institution of Slavery cease to exist. The African, whatever may then be his condition, will no longer be *the slave* over whose wrongs and sorrows the world throbs, at times fiercely indignant, and at times painfully sad, while with outstretched arms he sends forth the piteous cry, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

In pressing forward to this result, the inquiry is often presented, to what extent, if any, shall compensation be allowed to the slave-masters? Clearly, if the point be determined by *absolute justice*, not the masters, but the slaves, will be entitled to compensation; for it is the slaves who, throughout weary generations, have been deprived of their toil and all its fruits, which went to enrich their masters. Besides, it seems hardly reasonable to pay for the relinquishment of those disgusting "abuses" which, in their aggregation, constitute the bundle of Slavery. Pray, sir, by what tariff, price current, or principle of equation, shall their several values be estimated? What sum shall be counted out, as the proper price for the abandonment of that pretension—more indecent than the *jus primæ noctis* of the feudal age—which leaves woman, whether in the arms of master or slave, always a concubine? What bribe shall be proffered for the restoration of God-given parental rights? What money shall be paid for taking off the padlock by which souls are fastened down in darkness? How much for a quit-claim to labor now meanly exacted by the strong from the weak? And what compensation shall be awarded for the surrender of that egregious assumption, condemned by reason and abhorred by piety, which changes a man into a thing? I put these questions, without undertaking to pass upon them. Shrinking instinctively from any recognition of *rights founded on wrongs*, I find myself shrinking also from any austere verdict which shall deny the means necessary to the great consummation we seek. Our fathers under Washington did not hesitate, by act of Congress, to appropriate largely for the ransom of white fellow-citizens enslaved by Algerine corsairs; and, following this example, I am disposed to consider the question of compensation as one of expediency, to be determined by the exigency of the hour and the constitutional powers of the Government; though such is my desire to see the foul fiend of Slavery in flight, that I could not hesitate to build even a bridge of gold, if necessary, to promote his escape.

The *Practicability* of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise has been constantly questioned, often so superficially as to be answered at once. I shall not take time to consider the allegation, founded on considerations of economy, which audaciously assumes that Slave Labor is more advantageous than Free Labor—that Slavery is more profitable than Freedom—for this is all exploded by the official tables of the census; nor that other futile argument, that the slaves are not prepared for Freedom, and therefore should not be precipitated into this condition—for that is no better than the ancient Greek folly, where the anxious mother would not allow her son to go into water until he had first learned to swim. But as against the Necessity of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise there were two chief objections, so also against its Practicability are there two—the first, founded on its alleged danger to the master; and the second, on its alleged damage to the slave himself.

1. The first objection, founded on the alleged *danger to the master*, most generally takes the extravagant form, that the slave, if released from his present condition, would cut his master's throat. Here is a blatant paradox, which can pass for reason only among those who have lost their reason. With an absurdity which finds no parallel except in the defences of Slavery, it assumes that the African, when treated justly, will show a vindictiveness which he does not exhibit when treated unjustly; that, when elevated by the blessings of Freedom, he will develop an appetite for blood which he never manifested when crushed by the curse of bondage. At present, the slave sees his wife ravished from his arms—sees his infant swept away to the auction block—sees the heavenly gate of knowledge shut upon him—sees his industry and all its fruits unjustly clutched by another—sees himself and offspring doomed to a servitude from which there is no redemption; and still his master sleeps secure. Will the master sleep less secure when the slave no longer smarts under these revolting atrocities? I will not trifle with your intelligence, or with the quick-passing hour, by arguing this question.

But there is a lofty example, brightening the historic page, by which the seal of experience is affixed to the conclusions of reason, and you would hardly pardon me if I failed to adduce it. By virtue of a single Act of Parliament, the slaves of the British West Indies were changed at once to freemen, and this great transition was accomplished absolutely without personal danger of any kind to the master. And yet the chance of danger there was greater far than among us. In our broad country the slaves are overshadowed by a more than sixfold white population. Only in two States, South Carolina and Mississippi, do the slaves outnumber the whites, and there but slightly, while in the entire Slave States the whites outnumber the slaves by many millions. But it was otherwise in the British West Indies, where the whites were overshadowed by a more than sixfold slave population. The slaves were 800,000, while the whites numbered only 131,000, distributed in different proportions on the different islands. And this disproportion has since increased rather than diminished, always without danger to the whites. In Jamaica, the largest of these possessions, there are now upward of 400,000 Africans, and only 37,000 whites; in Barbados, the next largest possession, there are 120,000 Africans, and only 15,000 whites; in St. Lucia, 19,500 Africans, and only 600 whites; in Tobago, 14,000 Africans, and only 600 whites; in Montserrat, 6,000 Africans, and only 150 whites; and in the Grenadines, upward of 6,000 Africans, and less than 50 whites. And yet, in all these places, the authorities attest the uniform good behaviour of the Africans. Sir Lionel Smith, the Governor of Jamaica, in his speech to the Assembly, declared that their conduct "proves how well they deserve the boon of Freedom." Another Governor of another island dwells on the "peculiarly rare instances of the commission of grave and sanguinary crimes among the emancipated portion of these islands;" and the Queen of England, in a speech from the throne, has announced that the complete and final emancipation of the Africans had "taken place without any disturbance of public order or tranquillity." In this example I hail new confirmation of the rule that the highest safety is in doing right; and thus do I dismiss the objection founded on the alleged danger to the master.

2. And I am now brought to the second objection, founded on the alleged *damage to the slave.* It is common among the partisans of Slavery to assert that our Enterprise has actually retarded the very cause it seeks to promote; and this paradoxical accusation, which might naturally show itself among the rank weeds of the South, is cherished here on our Northern soil by those who anxiously look for any fig-leaf with which to cover their indifference or tergiversation.

This peculiar form of complaint is an old device, which has been instinctively employed on other occasions, until it has ceased even to be plausible. Thus, throughout all things, has every good cause been encountered. The Saviour was nailed to the cross, with a crown of thorns on his head, as a disturber of that peace on earth which he came to declare. The disciples, while preaching the Gospel of forgiveness and good will, were stoned as preachers of sedition and discord. The reformers, who sought to establish a higher piety and faith, were burned at the stake as blasphemers and infidels. Patriots in all ages, who have striven for their country's good, have been doomed to the scaffold or to exile, even as their country's enemies. And those brave Englishmen, who at home, under the lead of Edmund Burke, even against their own country, espoused the cause of our fathers, shared the same illogical impeachment which was touched to the quick by that orator-statesman, when, after exposing its essential vice "in attributing the ill effect of ill-judged conduct to the arguments used to dissuade us from it," he denounced it as "very absurd, but very common in modern practice, and very wicked." Sir, it is very common in modern practice. In England, it has vainly renewed itself with special frequency against the Bible Societies, against the friends of education, against the patrons of vaccination, against the partisans of peace, all of whom have been openly arraigned as provoking and increasing the very evils, whether of infidelity, idleness, disease, or war, which they benignly sought to check. And, to bring an instance which is precisely applicable to our own, Wilberforce, when conducting the Anti-Slavery Enterprise of England, first against the slave trade, and then against Slavery itself, was told that those efforts by which his name is consecrated forevermore, tended to increase the hardships of the slave, even to the extent of riveting anew his chains. Such are the precedents for the imputation to which our Enterprise is exposed; and also are the precedents by which I exhibit the fallacy of the imputation.

Sir, I do not doubt that the Enterprise has produced heat and irritation, amounting often to inflammation, among slave-masters, which to superficial minds may seem inconsistent with success, but which the careful observer will recognise at once as the natural and not unhealthy effort of a diseased body to purge itself of existing impurities; and just in proportion to the malignity of the concealed poison, will be the extent of inflammation. A distemper like Slavery cannot be ejected like a splinter. It is perhaps too much to expect that men thus tortured should reason calmly—that patients thus suffering should comprehend the true nature of their case, and kindly acknowledge the beneficent work; but not on this account can it be suspended.

In the face of this complaint, I assert that the Anti-Slavery Enterprise has already accomplished incalculable good. Even now it touches the national heart as it never before was touched, sweeping its strings with a might to draw forth emotions such as no political struggle has ever evoked. It moves the young, the middle-aged, and the old. It enters the family circle, and mingles with the flame of the household hearth. It reaches the souls of mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, filling all with a new aspiration for justice on earth, and awakening not merely a sentiment against Slavery such as prevailed with our fathers, but a deep, undying conviction of its worng, and a determination to leave no effort unattempted for its removal. With the sympathies of all Christendom as allies, it has already encompassed the slave-masters by a *moral blockade*, invisible to the eye, but more potent than navies, from which there can be no escape except in final capitulation. Thus it has created the irresistible influence which itself constitutes the beginning of success. Already there are signs of change. In common speech as well as in writing, among a *slave*, but a *servant*—thus by a soft substitution concealing and condemning the true relation. Even newspapers in the land of bondage blush with indignation at the hunt of men by bloodhounds—thus protesting against an unquestionable incident of Slavery. Other signs are found in the added comfort of the slave, in the enlarged attention to his wants, in the experiments, now beginning, by which he is enabled to share in the profits of his labor, and thus finally secure the means to purchase his freedom; and, above all, in the consciousness among slave-masters themselves that they dwell now, as never before, under the keen observation of an ever-wakeful Public Opinion, quickened by an ever-wakeful Public Press. Nor is this all. Only lately, propositions have been introduced into the Legislatures of different States, and countenanced by Governors, to mitigate the existing law of Slavery; and, almost while speaking, I have received the drafts of two different memorials—one addressed to the Legislature of Virginia, and the other to that of North Carolina—asking for the slave three things, which it will be monstrous to refuse, but which, if conceded, will take from Slavery its existing character: I mean, first, the protection of the marriage relation; secondly, the protection of the parental relation; and thirdly, the privilege of knowledge. Grant these, and the girdled Upas-tree soon must die. Sir, amid these tokens of present success and the auguries of the future, I am not disturbed by any complaints of seeming damage. "Though it consume our own dwelling, who does not venerate fire, without which human life can hardly exist on earth?" says the Hindoo proverb; and the time is even now at hand when the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, which is the very fire of Freedom, with all its incidental excesses, will be hailed with a similar regard.

III. And now, in the *third* place, the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, which I have shown to be at once Necessary and Practicable, is commended by its inherent DIGNITY. Here the reasons are obvious and unanswerable.

Its object is benevolent; nor is there, in the dreary annals of the Past, a single enterprise which stands forth more clearly and indisputably entitled to this character. With unsurpassed and touching magnanimity, it seeks to benefit the lowly, whom your eyes have not seen, and who are ignorant even of your labors, while it demands and receives a self-sacrifice calculated to ennoble an enterprise of even questionable merit. Its true rank is among works properly called *philanthropic*—the title of highest honor on earth. "I take goodness in this sense," says Lord Bacon, in his Essays, "*the effecting of the weal of men*, which is what the Grecians call Philanthropeia—of all virtues and dignities of the mind the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and, without it, man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin." Lord Bacon was right, and perhaps unconsciously followed a higher authority; for, when Moses asked the Lord to show unto him His glory, the Lord said, "I will make all my goodness to pass before thee." Ah! sir, Peace has trophies fairer and more perennial than any snatched from fields of blood; but among all these, the fairest and most perennial are the trophies of beneficence. Scholarship, literature, jurisprudence, art, may wear their well-deserved honors; but an Enterprise of goodnes deserves, and will yet receive, a higher palm than these.

In other aspects its Dignity is apparent. It concerns the cause of Human Freedom, which, from the earliest days, has been the darling of history. By all the memories of the Past; by the stories of childhood and the studies of youth; by every example of magnanimous virtue; by every aspiration for the good and true; by the fame of the martyrs, swelling through all time; by the renown of patriots, whose lives are landmarks of Human Progress; by the praise lavished upon our fathers—you are summoned to this work. Unless Freedom be an illusion, and benevolence an error, you cannot resist the appeal. But our cause is nobler even than that of our fathers, inasmuch as it is more exalted to struggle for the Freedom of *others* than for *our own.*

Its practical importance at this moment gives to it additional eminence. Whether measured by the number of beings it seeks to benefit, by the magnitude of the wrongs it hopes to relieve, by the difficulties with which it is beset, by the political relations which it affects, or by the ability and character it has enlisted, the cause

[SEE FOURTH PAGE.]