SCHURZ ON SUMNER.

A Magnificent Tribute to the Memory of the Massachusetts Senator.

The Career of the Great Champion of Freedom.

Analysis of His Character, and Summary of His Work.

Full Text of the Oration Delivered at Boston on Wednesday Last.

When the news went forth, "Charles Sumner is dead," a tremor of strange emotion was felt all over the land. It was as if a magnificent star, a star unlike all others, which the living generation had been wont to behold fixed and immovable above their heads, had all at once disappeared from the sky, and the people stared into the great void darkened by the sudden absence of the familiar light.

On the 16th of March a funeral procession passed through the streets of Boston. Uncounted thousands of men, women, and children had assembled to see it. No uncommon pageant had attracted them; no military parade with glittering uniforms and gay banners; no pompous array of dignitaries in official robes; nothing but carriages, and a hearse with a coffin, and in it the corpse of Charles Sumner. But there they stood,—a multitude immeasurable to the eye, rich and poor, white and black, old and young,—in grave and mournful silence, to bid a last sad farewell to him who was being borne to his grave. And every breeze from every point of the compass came loaded with a sigh of sorrow. Indeed, there was not a city or town in this great Republic which would not have surrounded that funeral procession with the same spectacle of a profound universal sense of great bereavement. Was it love; was it gratitude for the services rendered to the people; was it the baffled expectation of greater service still to come; was it admiration of his talents or his virtues, that inspired so general an emotion of sorrow?

He had stood aloof from the multitude; the friendship of his heart had been given to but few; to the many he had appeared distant, self-satisfied, and cold. His public life had been full of bitter conflicts. No man had aroused against himself fiercer animosities. Although warmly recognized by many, the public services of no man had been more acrimoniously questioned by opponents. No statesman's motives, qualities of heart and mind, wisdom and character, except his integrity, had been the subject of more heated controversy; and yet, when sudden death snatched him from us, friend and foe bowed their heads alike. Every patriotic citizen felt poorer than the day before. Every true American heart trembled with the apprehension that the Republic had lost something it could ill spare. Even from far distant lands, across the ocean, voices came, mingling their sympathetic grief with our own.

When you, Mr. Mayor, in the name of the City Government of Boston, invited me to interpret that which millions think and feel, I thanked you for the proud privilege you had conferred upon me, and the invitation appealed so irresistibly to my friendship for the man we had lost, that I could not decline it. And yet, the thought struck me that you might have prepared a greater triumph to his memory had you summoned, not me, his friend, but one of those who had stood against him in the struggles of his life, to bear testimony to Charles Sumner's virtues. There are many among them to-day, to whose sense of justice you might have safely confided the office, which to me is a task of love.

Here I see his friends around me, the friends of his youth, of his manhood, of his advancing age; among them, men whose illustrious names are household words, as far as the English tongue is spoken, and far beyond. I saw them standing round his open grave when it received the flower-decked coffin, mute sadness heavily clouding their brows. I understood their grief, for nobody could share it more than I.

In such a presence, the temptation is great to seek that consolation for our loss which bereaved friendship finds in the exaltation of its bereavement. But not to you or me belongs his memory now that he is gone. His deeds, his example, and his fame, he left as a legacy to the American people and to mankind; and it is my office to speak of this inheritance. I cannot speak of it without affection. I shall endeavor to do it with justice.

THE STORY OF MR. SUMNER'S EARLY LIFE.

Among the public characters of America, Charles Sumner stands peculiar and unique. His Senatorial career is a conspicuous part of our political history. But, in order to appreciate the man in the career, we must look at the story of his life.

The American people take pride in saying that almost all their great historic characters were self-made men, who, without the advantage of wealth and early opportunities, won their education, raised themselves to usefulness and distinction, and achieved their greatness through a rugged, hand-to-hand struggle with adverse fortune. It is indeed so. A log cabin; a ragged little boy walking barefooted to a lowly country school-house, or sometimes no school-house at all; a lad, after a day's hard toil on the farm or in the workshop, poring greedily, sometimes stealthily, over a volume of poetry, or history, or travels; a forlorn-looking youth, with elbows out, applying at a lawyer's office for an opportunity to study; then the young man, a successful practitioner, attracting the notice of his neighbors; then a member of a State Legislature, a Representative in Congress, a Senator, maybe a Cabinet Minister, or even President. Such are the pictures presented by many a proud American biography. And it is natural that the American people should be proud of it, for such a biography condenses only in the compass of a single life the great story of the American nation, as, from the feebleness and misery of early settlements in the bleak solitude, it advanced to the subjugation of the hostile forces of Nature; plunged into an ardent struggle with dangers and difficulties only known to itself, gathering strength from every conflict and experience from every trial; with undaunted pluck widening the range of its experiments and creative action, until at last it stands as one of the greatest Powers of the earth. The people are fond of seeing their image reflected in the lives of their foremost, representative men.

But not such a life was that of Charles Sumner. He was descended from good old Kentish yeomanry stock, men stalwart of frame, stout of heart, who used to stand in front of the fierce battles of Old England; and the first of the name who came to America had certainly not been exempt from the rough struggles of the early settlements. But already, from the year 1723, a long line of Sumners appears on the records of Harvard College, and it is evident that the love of study had long been hereditary in the family. Charles Pinckney Sumner, the Senator's father, was a graduate of Harvard, a lawyer by profession, for fourteen years High Sheriff of Suffolk County. His literary tastes and acquirements, and his stately politeness, are still remembered. He was altogether a man of high respectability. He was not rich, but in good circumstances, and well able to give his children good opportunities to study, without working for their daily bread.

Charles Sumner was born in Boston, on the 6th of January, 1811. At the age of 10 he had received his rudimentary training; at 15, after having gone through the Boston Latin School, he entered Harvard College, and plunged at once with fervor into the classics, polite literature, and history. Graduated in 1830, he entered the Cambridge Law School. Now life began to open to him. Judge Story, his most distinguished teacher, soon recognized in him a young man of uncommon stamp; and an intimate friendship sprang up between teacher and pupil, which was severed only by death.

He began to distinguish himself, not only by the most arduous industry and application, pushing his researches far beyond the text-books,—indeed, text-books never satisfied him,—but by a striking eagerness and faculty to master the original principles of the science, and to trace them through its development. His productive labor began; and I find it stated that already then, while he was yet a pupil, his essays, published in the *American Jurist*, and the *Boston Law Quarterly*, were "always characterized by breadth of view and accuracy of learning, and sometimes by remarkably subtle and ingenious investigations."

Leaving the Law School, he entered the office of a lawyer in Boston, to acquire a knowledge of practice, never much to his taste. Then he visited Washington for the first time,—little dreaming what a theatre of action, struggle, triumph, and suffering, the National City was to become for him; for then he came only as a studious, deeply interested looker-on, who merely desired to form the acquaintance of the Justices and practicing lawyers at the bar of the Supreme Court. He was received with marked kindness by Chief Justice Marshall, and in later years he loved to tell his friends how he had sat at the feet of that great magistrate, and learned there what a Judge should be.

Having been admitted to the Bar in Worcester, in 1834, 23 years old, he opened an office in Boston; was soon appointed Reporter of the United States Circuit Court; published three volumes containing Judge Story's Decisions, known as "Sumner's Reports;" took Judge Story's place from time to time as lecturer in the Harvard Law School,—also, Prof. Greenleaf's, who was absent; and edited, during the years 1835 and 1836, Andrew Dunlap's Treatise on Admiralty Practice. Beyond this, his studies, arduous, incessant, and thorough, ranged far and wide. Truly a studious and laborious young man, who took the business of life earnestly in hand, determined to know something, and to be useful to his time and country.

But what he had learned and could learn at home did not satisfy his craving. In 1837 he went to Europe, armed with a letter from Judge Story's hand to the law magnates of England, to whom his patron introduced him as "a young lawyer, giving promise of the most eminent distinction in his profession, with truly extraordinary attainments, literary and judicial, and a gentleman of the highest purity and propriety of character." That was not a mere complimentary introduction; it was the conscientious testimony of a great Judge, who well knew his responsibility, and who afterwards, when his death approached, adding to that testimony, was frequently heard to say, "I shall die content, as far as my Professorship is concerned, if Charles Sumner is to succeed me."

In England, young Sumner, only feeling himself standing on the threshold of life, was received like a man of already achieved distinction. Every circle of a society ordinarily so exclusive was open to him. Often, by invitation, he sat with the Judges in Westminster Hall. Renowned statesmen introduced him on the floor of the Houses of Parliament. Eagerly he followed the debates, and studied the principles and practice of Parliamentary law on its maternal soil, where from the first seed-corn it has grown up into a magnificent tree, in whose shadow a great people can dwell in secure enjoyment of their rights. Scientific associations received him as a welcome guest, and the learned and great willingly opened to his winning presence their stores of knowledge and statesmanship.

In France he listened to the eminent men of the Law School in Paris, at the Sorbonne and the College de France, and with many of the statesmen of that country he maintained instructive intercourse. In Italy he gave himself up to the charms of art, poetry, history, and classical literature. In Germany he enjoyed the conversation of Humboldt, of Ranke the historian, of Ritter the geographer, and of the great jurists, Savigny, Thibaut, and Mittermaier.

Two years after his return, the *Quarterly Review* said of his visit to England: "He presents in his own person a decisive proof that an American gentleman, without official rank or wide-spread reputation, by mere dint of courtesy, candor, an entire absence of pretension, an appreciating spirit, and a cultured mind, may be received on a perfect footing of equality in the best circles, social, political, and intellectual." It must have been true, for it came from a quarter not given to the habit of flattering Americans beyond their deserts. And Charles Sumner was not the Senator of power and fame; he was only the young son of a late Sheriff of Suffolk County in Massachusetts, who had neither riches nor station, but who possessed that most winning charm of youth,—purity of soul, modesty of conduct, culture of mind, an earnest thirst of knowledge, and a brow bearing the stamp of noble manhood, and the promise of future achievements.

He returned to his native shores in 1840, himself like a heavily-freighted ship, bearing a rich cargo of treasures collected in foreign lands. He resumed the practice of law in Boston; but, as I find it stated, "not with remarkable success in a financial point of view." That I readily believe. The financial point of view was never to him a fruitful source of inspiration. Again he devoted himself to the more congenial task of teaching at the Cambridge Law School, and of editing an American edition of "Vesey's Reports," in twenty volumes, with elaborate notes contributed by himself.

A NEW FIELD OF ACTION.

But now the time had come when a new field of action was to open itself to him. On the 4th of July, 1845, he delivered before the city authorities of Boston, an address on "The True Grandeur of Nations." So far he had been only a student,—a deep and arduous one,—and a writer and a teacher; but nothing more. On that day his public career commenced. And his first public address disclosed at once the peculiar impulse and inspirations of his heart, and the tendencies of his mind. It was a plea for universal peace,—a poetic rhapsody on the wrongs and horrors of war, and the beauties of concord; not, indeed, without solid argument, but that argument clothed in all the gorgeousness of historical illustration, classic imagery, and forvid effusion, rising high above the level of existing conditions, and picturing an ideal future,—the universal reign of justice and charity,—not far off to his own imagination, but far beyond the conceptions of living society: but to that society he addressed the urgent summons to go forth at once in pursuit of this ideal consummation; to transform all swords into plowshares, and all war-ships into peaceful merchantmen, without delay; believing that thus the nation would rise to a greatness never known before, which it could accomplish if it only willed it. And this speech he delivered while the citizen-soldiery of Boston in festive array were standing before him, and while the very air was stirred by the premonitory mutterings of an approaching war.

The whole man revealed himself in that utterance; a soul full of the native instinct of justice; an overpowering sense of right and wrong, which made him look at the problems of human society from the lofty plane of an ideal morality, which fixed for him, high beyond the existing condition of things, the aims for which he must strive, and inspired and fired his ardent nature for the struggle. His education had singularly favored and developed that ideal tendency. It was not that of the self-made man in the common acceptation of the word. The distracting struggles for existence, the small harrassing cares of every-day life, had remained foreign to him. His education was that of the favored few. He found all the avenues of knowledge wide open to him. All that his country could give he had; the most renowned schools; the living instruction of the most elevated personal associations. It was the education of the typical young English gentleman. Like the English gentleman, also, he traveled abroad to widen his mental horizon. And, again, all the foreign countries could give he had,—the instruction of great lawyers and men of science, the teaching and example of statesmen, the charming atmosphere of poetry and art which graces and elevates the soul. He had also learned to work, to work hard and with a purpose; and at 34, when he first appeared conspicuously before the people, he could already point to many volumes containing the results of his labor.

But his principal work had been an eager accumulation of knowledge in his own mind,—an accumulation most extraordinary in its scope and variety. His natural inclination to search for fundamental principles and truths had been favored by his opportunities, and all his industry in collecting knowledge became subservient to the building up of his ideals. Having not been tossed and jostled through the school of want and adversity, he lacked what that school is best apt to develop,—keen, practical instincts, sharpened by early struggles, and that sober appreciation of the realities and possibilities of the times which is forced upon men by a hard contact with the world. He judged life from the stillness of the student's closet and from his intercourse with the refined and elevated, and he acquired little of those experiences of life which might have dampened his zeal in working for his ideal aims, and staggered his faith in their realization. His mind loved to move and operate in the realm of ideas, not of things; in fact, it could scarcely have done otherwise. Thus nature and education made him an idealist; and, indeed, he stands there as the most pronounced idealist among the public men of America.

He was an ardent friend of liberty,—not like one of those who have themselves suffered oppression and felt the galling weight of chains; nor like those who, in the common walks of life, have experienced the comfort of wide elbow-room and the quickening and encouraging influence of free institutions for the practical work of life. But to him liberty was [the] ideal goddess, clothed in sublime attributes of surpassing beauty and beneficence, giving to every human being his eternal rights, showering around her the treasures of her blessings, and lifting up the lowly to an ideal existence. In the same ethereal light stood in his mind the Republic, his country, the law, the future organization of the great family of peoples. That idealism was sustained and quickened, not merely by his vast learning and classical inspirations, but by that rare and exquisite purity of life, and high moral sensitiveness, which he had preserved intact and fresh through all the temptations of his youth, and which remained intact and fresh down to his last day.

Such was the man when, in the exuberant vigor of manhood, he entered public life. Until that time he had entertained no aspirations for a political career. When discussing with a friend in his youth—now a man of fame—what the future might have in store for them, he said: "You may be a Senator some day; but nothing would make me happier than to be President of Harvard College." And in later years he publicly declared: "With the ample opportunities of private life I was content. No tombstone for me could bear a fairer inscription than this: 'Here lies one who, without the honors or emoluments of public station, did something for his fellow-men.'" It was the scholar who spoke, and no doubt he spoke sincerely. But he found the Slavery question in his path; or, rather, the Slavery question seized upon him. The advocate of universal peace, of the eternal reign of justice and charity, could not fail to see in Slavery the embodiment of universal war of man against man, of absolute injustice and oppression. Little knowing where the first word would carry him, he soon found himself in the midst of the struggle.

The idealist found a living question to deal with, which, like a flash of lightning, struck into the very depth of his soul, and set it on fire. The whole ardor of his nature broke out in the enthusiasm of the Anti-Slavery man. In a series of glowing addresses and letters he attacked the great wrong. He protested against the Mexican War; he assailed with powerful strokes the Fugitive Slave law; he attempted to draw the Whig party into a decided Anti-Slavery policy; and, when that failed, he broke through his party affiliations, and joined the small band of Free-Soilers. He was an Abolitionist by nature, but not one of those who rejected the Constitution as a covenant with Slavery. His legal mind found in the Constitution no express recognition of Slavery, and he consistently construed it as a warrant of freedom. This placed him in the ranks of those who were called "Political Abolitionists."

He did not think of the sacrifices which this obedience to his moral impulses might cost him. For, at that time, Abolitionism was by no means a fashionable thing. An Anti-Slavery man was then, even in Boston, positively the horror of a large portion of polite society. To make Anti-Slavery speeches was looked upon, not only as an incendiary, but a vulgar occupation. And that the highly-refined Sumner, who was so learned and able; who had seen the world and mixed with the highest social circles in Europe; who knew the classics by heart, and could deliver judgment on a picture or a statue like a veteran connoisseur; who was a favorite with the wealthy and powerful, and could, in his aspirations for an easy and fitting position in life, count upon their whole influence, if he only would not do anything foolish,—that such a man should go among the Abolitionists and not only sympathize with them, but work with them, and expose himself to the chance of being dragged through the streets by vulgar hands with a rope around his neck, like William Lloyd Garrison,—that was a thing at which the polite society of that day would revolt, and which no man could undertake without danger of being severely dropped. But that was the thing which the refined Sumner actually did, probably without giving a moment's thought to the possible consequences. He went even so far as openly to defy that dictatorship which the great Daniel Webster had for so many years been exercising over the political mind of Massachusetts, and which then was about to exert its power in favor of a compromise with Slavery.

SENATOR SUMNER.

But times were changing, and, only six years after the delivery of his first popular address, he was elected to the Senate of the United States by a combination of Democrats and Free Soilers.

Charles Sumner entered the Senate on the 1st day of December, 1851. He entered as the successor of Daniel Webster, who had been appointed Secretary of State. On the same 1st of December Henry Clay spoke his last word in the Senate, and then left the Chamber, never to return. A striking and most significant coincident: Henry Clay disappeared from public life; Daniel Webster left the Senate, drawing near his end; Charles Sumner stepped upon the scene. The close of one and the beginning of another epoch in the history of the great American Republic were portrayed in the exit and entry of these men. Clay and Webster had appeared in the councils of the nation in the early part of this century. The Republic was still in its childhood,—in almost every respect still an untested experiment, an unsolved problem. Slowly and painfully had it struggled through the first conflicts of constitutional theories, and acquired only an uncertain degree of national consistency. There were the somewhat unruly democracies of the States, with their fresh revolutionary reminiscences, their instincts of entirely independent sovereignty, and their now and then seemingly divergent interests; and the task of binding them firmly together in the bonds of common aspirations, of national spirit and the authority of national law, had, indeed, fairly progressed, but was far from being entirely accomplished. The United States, not yet compacted by the means of rapid locomotion which to-day make every inhabitant of the land a neighbor of the National Capital, were then still a straggling Confederacy; and the members of that Confederacy had, since the triumphant issue of the Revolution, more common memories of severe trials, sufferings, embarrassments, dangers, and anxieties together, than of cheering successes and of assured prosperity and well-being.

The great Powers of the Old World, fiercely contending among themselves for the mastery, trampled, without remorse, upon the neutral rights of the young and feeble Republic. A war was impending with one of them, bringing on disastrous reverses, and spreading alarm and discontent over the land. A dark cloud of financial difficulty hung over the nation. And the danger from abroad and embarrassments at home were heightened by a restless party spirit, which former disagreements had left behind them, and which every newly-arising question seemed to embitter. The outlook was dark and uncertain. It was under such circumstances that Henry Clay first, and Daniel Webster shortly after him, stepped upon the scene, and at once took their station in the foremost rank of public men.

The problems to be solved by the statesmen of that period were of an eminently practical nature. They had to establish the position of the young Republic among the powers of the earth; to make her rights as a neutral respected; to secure the safety of her maritime interests. They had to provide for national defense. They had to set the interior household of the Republic in working order. They had to find remedies for a burdensome public debt and a disordered currency. They had to invent and originate policies to bring to light the resources of the land, sleeping unknown in the virgin soil; to open and make accessible to the husbandman the wild acres yet untouched; to protect the frontier-settler against the inroads of the savage; to call into full activity the agricultural, commercial, and industrial energies of the people; to develop and extend the prosperity of the nation so as to make even the discontented cease to doubt that the National Union was, and should be maintained as, a blessing to all.

Thus we find the statesmanship of those times busily occupied with practical detail, of foreign policy, national defense, financial policy, tariffs, banks, organization of governmental departments, land policy, Indian policy, internal improvements, settlements of disputes and difficulties among the States, contrivances of expediency of all sorts to put the Government firmly upon its feet, and to set and keep in orderly motion the working of the political machinery, to build up, and strengthen, and secure the framework in which the mighty developments of the future were to take place.

Such a task, sometimes small in its details, but difficult and grand in its comprehensiveness, required that creative, constructive, organizing kind of statesmanship, which, to large and enlightened views of the aims and ends of political organization and of the wants of society, must add a practical knowledge of details, a skillful handling of existing material, a just understanding of causes and effects, the ability to compose distracting conflicts and to bring the social forces into fruitful co-operation.

THE MEN OF THE DAY.

On this field of action Clay and Webster stood in the front rank of an illustrious array of contemporaries: Clay, the originator of measures and policies, with his inventive and organizing mind, not rich in profound ideas or in knowledge gathered by book-study, but learning as he went; quick in the perception of existing wants and difficulties, and of the means within reach to satisfy the one and overcome the other; and a born captain also,—a commander of men, who appeared as if riding through the struggles of those days mounted on a splendidly-caparisoned charger, sword in hand, and with waving helmet-plume, leading the front; a fiery and truly magnetic soul, overawing with his frown, enchanting with his smile, flourishing the weapon of eloquence like a wizard's wand, overwhelming opposition, and kindling and fanning the flame of enthusiasm; a marshaler of parties, whose very presence and voice, like a signal blast, created and wielded organization.

And by his side Daniel Webster, with that awful vastness of brain, a tremendous storehouse of thought and knowledge, which gave forth its treasures with ponderous majesty of utterance; he not an originator of measures and policies, but a mighty advocate, the greatest advocate this country ever knew,—a king in the realm of intellect, and the solemn embodiment of authority,—a huge Atlas, who carried the Constitution on his shoulders. He could have carried there the whole moral grandeur of the nation, had he never compromised his own.

Such men filled the stage during that period of construction and conservative national organization, devoting the best efforts of their statesmanship, the statesmanship of the political mind, to the purpose of raising their country to greatness in wealth and power, of making the people proud of their common nationality, and of imbedding the Union in the contentment of prosperity, in enlightened patriotism, national law, and constitutional principle. And, when they drew near their end, they could boast of many a grand achievement,—not indeed exclusively their own, for other powerful minds had their share in the work. The United States stood there among the great Powers of the earth, strong and respected. The Republic had no foreign foe to fear; its growth in population and wealth, in popular intelligence and progressive civilization, the wonder of the world. There was no visible limit to its development; there seemed to be no danger to its integrity.

THE PROBLEMS OF THE DAY.

But, among the problems which the statesmen of that period had grappled with, there was one which had eluded their grasp. Many a conflict of opinion and interest they had succeeded in settling, either by positive decision, or by judicious composition. But one conflict had stubbornly baffled the statesmanship of expedients, for it was more than a mere conflict of opinion and interest. It was a conflict grounded deep in the moral nature of men,—the Slavery question.

Many a time had it appeared on the surface during the period I have described, threatening to overthrow all that had been ingeniously built up, and to break asunder all that had been laboriously cemented together. In their anxiety to avert every danger threatening the Union, they attempted to repress the Slavery question by compromise, and, apparently, with success, at least for a while. But, however firmly those compromises seemed to stand, there was a force of nature at work which, like a restless flood, silently, but unceasingly and irresistibly, washed their foundation away, until at last the towering structure toppled down.

The Anti-Slavery movement is now one of the great chapters of our past history. The passions of the struggle having been buried in thousands of graves, and the victory of Universal Freedom standing as firm and unquestionable as the eternal hills, we may now look back upon that history with an impartial eye. It may be hoped that even the people of the South, if they do not yet appreciate the spirit which created and guided the Anti-Slavery movement, will not much longer misunderstand it. Indeed, they grievously misunderstood it at the time. They looked upon it as the offspring of a wanton desire to meddle with other people's affairs; or as the product of hypocritical selfishness assuming the mask and cant of philanthropy, merely to rob the South and to enrich New England; or as an insidious contrivance of criminally-reckless political ambition, striving to grasp and monopolize power at a risk of destroying a part of the country, or even the whole. It was, perhaps, not unnatural that those interested in Slavery should have thought so; but from this great error arose their fatal miscalculation as to the strength of the Anti-Slavery cause.

No idea ever agitated the popular mind to whose origin calculating selfishness was more foreign. Even the great uprising which brought about the War of Independence was less free from selfish motives, for it sprang from resistance to a tyrannical abuse of the taxing power. Then the people rose against that oppression which touched their property; the Anti-Slavery movement originated in an impulse only moral. It was the irresistible breaking out of a trouble of conscience,—a trouble of conscience which had already disturbed the men who made the American Republic. It found a voice in their anxious admonitions, their gloomy prophecies, their scrupulous care to exclude from the Constitution all forms of expression which might have appeared to sanction the idea of property in man. It found a voice in the fierce struggles which resulted in the Missouri Compromise. It was repressed for a time by my material interest, by the greed of gain, when the peculiar product of slave-labor became one of the principal staples of the country and a mine of wealth. But the trouble of conscience raised its voice again, shrill and defiant as when your own John Quincy Adams stood in the halls of Congress, and when devoted advocates of the rights of man began and carried on, in the face of ridicule and brutal persecution, an agitation seemingly hopeless. It cried out again and again, until at last tones and echoes grow louder than all the noises that were to drown it.

HOW SLAVERY WAS PUSHED ON.

The Anti-Slavery movement found arrayed against itself all the influences, all the agencies, all the arguments, which ordinarily control the actions of men. Commerce said: Do not disturb Slavery, for its products fill our ships, and are one of the principal means of our exchanges. Industry said: Do not disturb Slavery, for it feeds our machinery and gives us markets. The greed of wealth said: Do not disturb Slavery, for it is an inexhaustible fountain of riches. Political ambition said: Do not disturb Slavery, for it furnishes us combinations and compromises to keep parties alive, and to make power the price of shrewd management. An anxious statesmanship said: Do not disturb Slavery, for you might break to pieces the Union of those States.

There never was a more formidable combination of interests and influences than that which confronted the Anti-Slavery movement in its earlier stages. And what was its answer? "Whether all you say be true or false, it matters not, but slavery is wrong." Slavery is wrong! That one word was enough. It stood there like a huge rock in the sea, shivering to spray the waves dashing upon it. Interest, greed, argument, vituperation, calumny, ridicule, persecution, patriotic appeal, — it was all in vain. Amidst all the storm and assault, that one word stood there unmoved, intact, and impregnable: Slavery is wrong.

Such was the vital spirit of the Anti-Slavery movement in its early development. Such a spirit alone could inspire that religious devotion which gave to the believer all the stubborn energy of fanaticism; it alone could kindle that deep enthusiasm which makes men willing to risk and sacrifice everything for a great cause; it alone could keep alive that unconquerable faith in the certainty of ultimate success which boldly attempted to overcome seeming impossibilities. It was indeed a great spirit. As against difficulties which threw pusillanimity into despair, it painfully struggled into light, often baffled, and as often pressing forward with devotion always fresh; nourished by nothing but a profound sense of right; encouraged by nothing but the cheering sympathy of liberty-loving mankind the world over, and by the hope that some day the conscience of the American people would be quickened by a full understanding of the dangers which the existence of the great wrong would bring upon the Republic. No scramble for the spoils of office then, no expectation of a speedy conquest of power,—nothing but that conviction, that enthusiasm, that faith in the breasts of a small band of men, and the prospect of now uncertain struggles and trials.

At the time when Mr. Sumner entered the Senate, the hope of final victory appeared as distant as ever; but it only appeared so. The statesmen of the past period had just succeeded in building up that compromise which admitted California as a free State, and imposed upon the Republic the Fugitive Slave law. That compromise, like all its predecessors, was considered and called a final settlement. The two great political parties accepted it as such. In whatever they might differ, as to this they solemnly proclaimed their agreement. Fidelity to it was looked upon as a test of true patriotism, and as a qualification necessary for the possession of political power. Opposition to it was denounced as factious, unpatriotic, revolutionary demagogism, little short of treason. An overwhelming majority of the American people acquiesced in it. Material interest looked upon it with satisfaction, as a promise of repose; timid and sanguine patriots greeted it as a new bond of Union; politicians hailed it as an assurance that the fight for the public plunder might be carried on without the disturbing intrusion of a moral principle in politics. But, deep down, men's conscience, like a volcanic fire, was restless, ready for a new outbreak as soon as the thin crust of compromise should crack. And just then the day was fast approaching when the moral idea, which so far had only broken out sporadically, and moved small numbers of men to open action, should receive a reinforcement strong enough to transform a forlorn hope into an army of irresistible strength. One of those eternal laws which govern the development of human affairs asserted itself,—the law that a great wrong, which has been maintained in defiance of the moral sense of mankind, must finally, by the very means and measures necessary for its sustenance, render itself so insupportable as to insure its downfall and destruction.

So it was with Slavery. I candidly acquit the American Slave-Power of wilful and wanton aggression upon the liberties and general interests of the American people. If Slavery was to be kept alive at all, its supporters could not act otherwise than they did. Slavery could not thrive and live in an atmosphere of free inquiry and untrammeled discussion. Therefore, free inquiry and discussion touching Slavery had to be suppressed. Slavery could not be secure if slaves, escaping merely across a State-line, thereby escaped the grasp of their masters. Hence an effective Fugitive Slave law was imperatively demanded. Slavery could not protect its interests in the Union unless its power balanced that of the Free States in the National Councils. Therefore, by colonization or conquest the number of Slave States had to be augmented; hence the annexation of Texas, Mexican War, and intrigues for the acquisition of Cuba. Slavery could not maintain its equilibrium of power if it permitted itself to be excluded from the National Territories. Hence the breaking down of the Missouri Compromise and the usurpation in Kansas.

Thus Slavery was pushed on and on by the inexorable logic of its existence; the slave-masters were only the slaves of the necessities of Slavery, and all their seeming exactions and usurpations were merely a struggle for its life. Many of their demands had been satisfied, on the part of the North, by submission or compromise. The Northern people, although with reluctant conscience, had acquiesced in the contrivance of politicians, for the sake of peace. But when the Slave-Power went so far as to demand for Slavery the great domain of the nation which had been held sacred for freedom forever, then the people of the North suddenly understood that the necessities of Slavery demanded what they could not yield. Then the conscience of the masses was relieved of the doubts and fears which had held it so long in check; their moral impulses were quickened by practical perceptions; the moral idea became a practical force, and the final struggle began. It was made inevitable by the necessities of Slavery; it was indeed an irrepressible conflict.

THE SUCCESSOR OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

These things were impending when Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, the architects of the last compromise, left the Senate. Had they, with all their far-seeing statesmanship, never understood this logic of things? When they made their compromise, did they only desire to postpone the final struggle until they should be gone, so that they might not witness the terrible concussion? Or had their great and manifold achievements with the statesmanship of organization and expediency so deluded their minds that they really hoped a compromise which only ignored, but did not settle, the great moral question, could furnish an enduring basis for future developments? One thing they and their contemporaries had indeed accomplished; under their care the Republic had grown so great and strong, its vitality had become so tough, that it could endure the final struggle without falling to pieces under its shocks. Whatever their errors, their delusions, and, perhaps, their misgivings, may have been, this they had accomplished; and then they left the last compromise tottering behind them, and turned their faces to the wall and died. And with them stepped into the background the statesmanship of organization, expedients, and compromises; and to the front came, ready for action, the moral idea which was to fight out the great conflict, and to open a new epoch of American history.

That was the historic significance of the remarkable scene which showed us Henry Clay walking out of the Senate-Chamber, never to return, when Charles Sumner sat down there as the successor of Daniel Webster. No man could, in his whole being, have more strikingly portrayed that contrast. When Charles Sumner had been elected to the Senate, Theodore Parker said to him, in a letter of congratulation: "You told me once that you were in morals, not in politics. Now I hope you will show that you are still in morals, although in politics. I hope you will be the Senator with a conscience." That hope was gratified. He always remained in morals while in politics. He never was anything else but the Senator with a conscience. Charles Sumner entered the Senate not as a mere advocate, but as the very embodiment of the moral idea. From this fountain flowed his highest aspirations. There had been great Anti-Slavery men in the Senate before him; they were there with him,—men like Seward and Chase. But they had been trained in a different school. Their minds had ranged over other political fields. They understood politics; he did not. He knew but one political object; to combat and overthrow the great wrong of Slavery; to serve the ideal of the liberty and equality of men; and to establish the universal reign of "peace, justice, and charity." He brought to the Senate a studious mind, vast learning, great legal attainments, a powerful eloquence, a strong and ardent nature; and all this he vowed to one service. With all this he was not a mere expounder of a policy; he was a worshiper, sincere and devout, at the shrine of his ideal. In no public man had the moral idea of the Anti-Slavery movement such overruling strength. He made everything yield to it. He did not possess it; it possessed him. That was the secret of his peculiar power.

He introduced himself into the debates of the Senate—the Slavery question having been silenced forever, as politicians then thought—by several speeches on other subjects,—the reception of Kossuth, the Land Policy, Ocean Postage;—but they were not remarkable, and attracted but little attention.

MR. SUMNER'S ATTACK ON THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

At last he availed himself of an Appropriation bill to attack the Fugitive Slave law, and at once a spirit broke forth in that first word on the great question which startled every listener. Thus he opened the argument:

> Painfully convinced of the unutterable wrong and woe of Slavery,—profoundly believing that, according to the true spirit of the Constitution and the sentiments of the fathers, it can find no place under our National Government,—I could not allow this session to reach its close without making or seizing an opportunity to declare myself openly against the usurpation, injustice, and cruelty of the late intolerant enactment for the recovery of fugitive slaves.

Then this significant declaration:

> Whatever I am or may be, I freely offer to this cause. I have never been a politician. The slave of principles, I call no party master. By sentiment, education, and conviction, a friend of Human Rights in their utmost expansion, I have ever most sincerely embraced the Democratic idea—not, indeed, as represented or professed by any party, but according to its real significance, as transfigured in the Declaration of Independence, and in the injunctions of Christianity. In this idea I see no narrow advantage merely for individuals or classes, but the sovereignty of the people, and the greatest happiness of all secured by equal laws.

A vast array of historical research and of legal argument was then called up to prove the sectionalism of slavery, the nationalism of Freedom, and the unconstitutionality of the Fugitive Slave act, followed by this bold declaration: "By the Supreme Law, which commands me to do no injustice; by the comprehensive Christian Law of Brotherhood; by the Constitution I have sworn to support, I am bound to disobey this law." And the speech closed with this solemn quotation: "Beware of the groans of wounded souls, since the inward sore will at length break out. Oppress not to the uttermost a single heart; for a solitary sigh has power to overturn a whole world."

The amendment to the appropriation bill moved by Mr. Sumner received only four votes of fifty-one. But every hearer had been struck by the words spoken as something different from the tone of other Anti-Slavery speeches delivered in those halls. Southern Senators, startled at the peculiarity of the speech, called it, in reply, "the most extraordinary language they had ever listened to." Mr. Chase, supporting Sumner in debate, spoke of it "as marking a new era in American history, when the Anti-Slavery idea ceased to stand on the defensive and was boldly advancing to the attack." Indeed, it had that significance. There stood up in the Senate a man who was no politician; but who, on the highest field of politics, with a concentrated intensity of feeling and purpose never before witnessed there, gave expression to a moral impulse, which, although sleeping perhaps for a time, certainly existed in the popular conscience, and which, once become a political force, could not fail to produce a great revolution.

Charles Sumner possessed all the instincts, the courage, the firmness, and the faith, of the devotee of a great idea. In the Senate he was a member of a feeble minority,—so feeble, indeed, as to be to the ruling power a mere subject of derision, and, for the first three years of his service, without organized popular support. The slaveholders had been accustomed to put the metal of their Northern opponents to a variety of tests. Many a hot Anti-Slavery zeal had cooled under the social blandishments with which the South knew so well to impregnate the atmosphere of the National Capital, and many a high courage had given way before the haughty assumption and fierce menace of Southern men in Congress. Mr. Sumner had to pass that ordeal. He was at first petted and flattered by Southern society; but, fond as he was of the charms of social intercourse, and accessible to demonstrative appreciation, no blandishments could touch his convictions of duty. And, when the advocates of Slavery turned upon him with anger and menace, he hurled at them with prouder defiance his answer, repeating itself in endless variations: "You must yield, for you are wrong."

A TYPE OF NORTHERN FIRMNESS.

The slave power had so frequently succeeded in making the North yield to its demands, even after the most formidable demonstrations of reluctance, that it had become a serious question whether there existed any such thing as Northern firmness. But it did exist, and in Charles Sumner it had developed its severest political type. The stronger the assault, the higher rose in him the power of resistance. In him lived that spirit which not only would not yield, but turn upon the assailant. The Southern force, which believed itself irresistible, found itself striking against a body which was immovable. To think of yielding to any demand of Slavery, of making a compromise with it, in however tempting a form, was, to his nature, an absolute impossibility.

Mr. Sumner's courage was of a peculiar kind. He attacked the Slave Power in the most unsparing manner, when its supporters were most violent in resenting opposition, and when that violence was always apt to proceed from words to blows. One day, while Sumner was delivering one of his severest speeches, Stephen A. Douglas, walking up and down behind the President's chair in the old Senate-Chamber, and listening to him, remarked to a friend: "Do you hear that man? He may be a fool, but I tell you that man has pluck. Nobody can deny that, and I wonder whether he knows himself what he is doing? I am not sure whether I should have the courage to say those things to the man who are scowling around him."

Of all men in the Senate-Chamber, Sumner was probably least aware that the thing he did required pluck. He simply did what he felt it his duty to his cause to do. It was to him a matter of course. He was like a soldier who, when he has to march upon the enemy's batteries, does not say to himself, "Now I am going to perform an act of heroism," but who simply obeys an impulse of duty, and marches forward without thinking of the bullets that fly around his head. A thought of the boldness of what he has done may then occur to him afterwards, when he is told of it. This was one of the striking peculiarities of Mr. Sumner's character, as all those know who knew him well. Neither was he conscious of the stinging force of the language he frequently employed. He simply uttered what he felt to be true, in language fitting the strength of his convictions. The indignation of his moral sense at what he felt to be wrong was so deep and sincere that he thought everybody must find the extreme severity of his expressions as natural as they came to his own mind. And he was not unfrequently surprised, greatly surprised, when others found his language offensive.

As he possessed the firmness and courage, so he possessed the faith, of the devotee. From the beginning, and through all the vicissitudes, of the Anti-Slavery movement, his heart was profoundly assured that his generation would see Slavery entirely extinguished.

While traveling in France to restore his health, after having been beaten down on the floor of the Senate, he visited Alexis de Tocqueville, the celebrated author of "Democracy in America." Tocqueville expressed his anxiety about the issue of the Anti-Slavery movement, which then had suffered defeat by the election of Buchanan. "There can be no doubt about the result," said Sumner. "Slavery will soon succumb and disappear." "Disappear! In what way, and how soon?" asked Tocqueville. "In what manner I cannot say," replied Sumner. "How soon I cannot say. But it will be soon; I feel it; I know it. It cannot be otherwise." That was all the reason he gave. "Mr. Sumner is a remarkable man," said De Tocqueville afterwards to a friend of mine. "He says that Slavery will soon entirely disappear in the United States. He does not know how, he does not know when; but he feels it, he is perfectly sure of it. The man speaks like a prophet." And so it was.

What appeared a perplexing puzzle to other men's minds was perfectly clear to him. His method of reasoning was simple; it was the reasoning of religious faith. Slavery is wrong,—therefore it must and will perish; Freedom is right,—therefore it must and will prevail. And by no power of resistance, by no difficulty, by no disappointment, by no defeat, could that faith be shaken. For his cause, so great and just, he thought nothing impossible, everything certain. And he was unable to understand how others could fail to share his faith.

A LEADER, BUT NO ORGANIZER.

In one sense he was no party-leader. He possessed none of the instinct or experience of the politician, nor that sagacity of mind which appreciates and measures the importance of changing circumstances, or the possibilities and opportunities of the day. He lacked, entirely, the genius of organization. He never understood, nor did he value, the art of strengthening his following by timely concession, or prudent reticence, or advantageous combination and alliance. He knew nothing of management and party-manoeuvre. Indeed, not unfrequently he alarmed many devoted friends of his cause by bold declarations, for which, they thought, the public mind was not prepared, and by the unreserved avowal and straightforward advocacy of ultimate objects, which, they thought, might safely be left to the natural development of events. He was not seldom accused of doing things calculated to frighten the people and to disorganize the Anti-Slavery forces.

Such was his unequivocal declaration, in his first great Anti-Slavery speech in the Senate, that he held himself bound, by every conviction of justice, right, and duty, to disobey the Fugitive Slave law, and his ringing answer to the question put by Senator Butler, of South Carolina, whether, without the Fugitive Slave law, he would, under the Constitution, consider it his duty to aid the surrender of fugitive slaves, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" Such was his speech on the "Barbarism of Slavery," delivered on a bill to admit Kansas immediately under a free State Constitution; a speech so unsparing and vehement in the denunciation of Slavery in all its political, moral, and social aspects, and so direct in its prediction of the complete annihilation of Slavery, that it was said such a speech would scarcely aid the admission of Kansas. Such was his unbending and open resistance to any plan of compromise calculated to preserve Slavery, when, after Mr. Lincoln's election, the Rebellion first raised its head, and a large number of Northern people, even Anti-Slavery men, frightened by the threatening prospect of civil war, cast blindly about for a plan of adjustment, while really no adjustment was possible. Such was, early in the War, and during the most doubtful hours, his declaration, laid before the Senate in a series of resolutions, that the States in rebellion had destroyed themselves as such by the very act of rebellion; that Slavery, as a creation of State law, had perished with the States, and that General Emancipation must immediately follow,—thus putting the programme of Emancipation boldly in the foreground, at a time when many thought, that the cry of Union alone, Union with or without Slavery, could hold together the Union forces. Such was his declaration, demanding Negro Suffrage even before the close of the War, while the public opinion at the North, whose aid the Government needed, still recoiled from such a measure.

Thus he was apt to go rough-shod over the considerations of management, deemed important by his co-workers. I believe he never consulted with his friends around him before doing those things, and, when they afterwards remonstrated with him, he ingenuously asked: "Is it not right and true, what I have said? And, if it is right and true, must I not say it?"

And yet, although he had no organizing mind, and despised management, he was a leader. He was a leader as the embodiment of the moral idea, with all its uncompromising firmness, its unflagging faith, its daring devotion. And in this sense he could be a leader only, because he was no politician. He forced others to follow, because he was himself impracticable. Simply obeying his moral impulse, he said things which, in the highest legislative body of the Republic, nobody else would say; and he proved that they could be said, and yet the world move on. With his wealth of learning and legal ability, he furnished an arsenal of arguments, convincing more timid souls that what he said could be sustained in repeating. And presently the politicians felt encouraged to follow in the direction where the idealist had driven a stake ahead. Nay, he forced them to follow; for they knew that the idealist, whom they could not venture to disown, would not fall back at their bidding. Such was his leadership in the struggle with Slavery.

Nor was that leadership interrupted when, on the 22d of May, 1856, Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, maddened by an arraignment of his State and its Senator, came upon Charles Sumner in the Senate, struck him down with heavy blows, and left him on the ground bleeding and insensible. For three years Sumner's voice was not heard, but his blood marked the vantage-ground from which his party could not recede; and his Senatorial chair, kept empty for him by the noble people of Massachusetts, stood there in most eloquent silence, confirming, sealing, inflaming all he had said with terrible illustration,—a guide-post to the onward march of Freedom.

SECESSION DAYS.

When, in 1861, the Republican party had taken the reins of Government in hand, his peculiar leadership entered upon a new field of action. No sooner was the victory of the Anti-Slavery cause in the election ascertained, than the Rebellion raised its head. South Carolina opened the Secession movement. The portentous shadow of an approaching Civil War spread over the land. A tremor fluttered through the hearts even of strong men in the North,—a vague fear such as is produced by the first rumbling of an earthquake. Could not a bloody conflict be averted? A fresh clamor for compromise arose. Even Republicans in Congress began to waver. The proposed compromise involved new and express constitutional recognitions of the existence and rights of Slavery, and guarantees against interference with it by constitutional amendment or national law. The pressure from the country, even from Massachusetts, in favor of the scheme, was extraordinary, but a majority of the Anti-Slavery men in the Senate—in their front Mr. Sumner—stood firm, feeling that a compromise, giving express constitutional sanction and an indefinite lease of life to Slavery, would be a surrender, and knowing, also, that even by the offer of such a surrender, Secession and Civil War would still be insisted on by the Southern leaders. The history of those days, as we know it, confirms the accuracy of that judgment. The War was inevitable. Thus the Anti-Slavery cause escaped a useless humiliation, and retained intact its moral force for future action.

But now the time had come when the Anti-Slavery movement, no longer a mere opposition to the demands of the Slave-Power, was to proceed to positive action. The War had scarcely commenced in earnest when Mr. Sumner urged General Emancipation. Only the great ideal object of the liberty of all men could give sanction to a war in the eyes of the devotee of universal peace. To the end of stamping upon the War the character of a War of Emancipation, all his energies were bent. His unreserved and emphatic utterances alarmed the politicians. Our armies suffered disaster upon disaster in the field. The managing mind insisted that care must be taken, by nourishing the popular enthusiasm for the integrity of the Union,—the strictly national idea alone,—to unite all the social and political elements of the North for the struggle; and that so bold a measure as immediate Emancipation might reanimate old dissensions, and put hearty co-operation in jeopardy.

But Mr. Sumner's convictions could not be repressed. In a bold decree of Universal Liberty he saw only a new source of inspiration and strength. Nor was his impulsive instinct unsupported by good reason. The distraction produced in the North by an Emancipation measure could only be of short duration. The moral spirit could not fail to gain the upper hand.

But, in another direction, a bold and unequivocal Anti-Slavery policy could not fail to produce most salutary effects. One of the dangers threatening us was foreign interference. No European Powers gave us their expressed sympathy except Germany and Russia. The governing classes of England, with conspicuous individual exceptions, always gratefully to be remembered, were ill-disposed towards the Union cause. The permanent disruption of the Republic was loudly predicted, as if it were desired, and intervention—an intervention which could be only in favor of the South—was openly spoken of. The Emperor of the French, who availed himself of our embarrassments to execute his ambitious designs in Mexico, was animated by sentiments no less hostile. It appeared as if only a plausible opportunity had been wanting to bring foreign intervention upon our heads. A threatening spirit, disarmed only by timely prudence, had manifested itself in the Trent case. It seemed doubtful whether the most skillful diplomacy, unaided by a stronger force, would be able to avert the danger.

But the greatest strength of the Anti-Slavery cause had always been in the conscience of mankind. There was our natural ally. The cause of Slavery, as such, could have no open sympathy among the nations of Europe. It stood condemned by the moral sentiment of the civilized world. How could any European Government, in the face of that universal sentiment, undertake openly to interfere against a Power waging war against Slavery? Surely that could not be thought of.

But had the Government of the United States distinctly professed that it was waging war against Slavery, and for Freedom? Had it not been officially declared that the War for the Union would not alter the condition of a single human being in America? Why then not arrest the useless effusion of blood; why not, by intervention, stop a destructive war, in which, confessedly, Slavery and Freedom were not at stake? Such were the arguments of our enemies in Europe; and they were not without color.

It was obvious that nothing but a measure impressing beyond dispute upon our war a decided Anti-Slavery character, making it in profession what it was inevitably destined to be in fact, a War of Emancipation,—could enlist on our side the enlightened public opinion of the Old World so strong as to restrain the hostile spirit of foreign Governments. No European Government could well venture to interfere against those who had convinced the world that they were fighting to give freedom to the slaves of North America.

Thus the moral instinct did not err. The Emancipation policy was not only the policy of principle, but also the policy of safety. Mr. Sumner urged it with impetuous and unflagging zeal. In the Senate he found but little encouragement. The resolutions he introduced in February, 1862, declaring State suicide as the consequence of Rebellion, and the extinction of Slavery in the insurrectionary States as the consequence of State suicide, were looked upon as an ill-timed and hazardous demonstration, disturbing all ideas of management.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

To the President, then, he devoted his efforts. Nothing can be more interesting—nay, touching—than the peculiar relations that sprung up between Abraham Lincoln and Charles Sumner. No two men could be more alike as to their their moral impulses and ultimate aims; no two men more unlike in their methods of reasoning and their judgment of means.

Abraham Lincoln was a true child of the people. There was in his heart an inexhaustible fountain of tenderness, and from it sprung that longing to be true, just, and merciful to all, which made the people love him. In the deep, large humanity of his soul had grown his moral and political principles, to which he clung with the fidelity of an honest nature, and which he defended with the strength of a vigorous mind. But he had not grown great in any high school of statesmanship. He had, from the humblest beginnings, slowly and laboriously worked himself up, or rather he had gradually risen up without being aware of it, and suddenly he found himself in the foremost rank of the distinguished men of the land. In his youth and early manhood he had achieved no striking successes that might have imparted to him that overweening self-appreciation which so frequently leads self-made men to overestimate their faculties, and to ignore the limits of their strength. He was not a learned man, but he had learned and meditated enough to feel how much there was still for him to learn. His marvelous success in his riper years left intact the inborn modesty of his nature. He was absolutely without pretension. His simplicity, which by its genuineness extorted respect and affection, was wonderfully persuasive, and sometimes deeply pathetic and strikingly brilliant. His natural gifts were great; he possessed a clear and penetrating mind; but, in forming his opinions on subjects of importance, he was so careful, conscientious, and diffident, that he would always hear and probe what opponents had to say, before he became firmly satisfied of the justness of his own conclusions,—not as if he had been easily controlled and led by other men, for he had a will of his own,—but his mental operations were slow and hesitating, and inapt to conceive quick resolutions. He lacked self-reliance. Nobody felt more than he the awful weight of his responsibilities. He was not one of those bold reformers who will defy the opposition of the world, and undertake to impose their opinions and will upon a reluctant age. With careful consideration of the possibilities of the hour, he advanced slowly, but, when he had so advanced, he planted his foot with firmness, and no power was strong enough to force him to a backward step. And every day of great responsibility enlarged the horizon of his mind, and every day he grasped the helm of affairs with a steadier hand.

LINCOLN AND SUMNER.

It was to such a man that Sumner, during the most doubtful days at the beginning of the War, addressed his appeals for immediate Emancipation,—appeals impetuous and impatient, as they could spring only from his ardent and overruling convictions. The President at first passively resisted the vehement counsel of the Senator, but he bade the counselor welcome. It was Mr. Lincoln's constant endeavor to surround himself with the best and ablest men of the country. Not only did the first names of the Republican party appear in his Cabinet, but every able man in Congress was always invited as an adviser, whether his views agreed with those of the President or not. But Mr. Sumner he treated as a favorite counselor, almost like a Minister of State, outside of the Cabinet.

There were statesmen around the President who were also politicians, understanding the art of management. Mr. Lincoln appreciated the value of their advice as to what was prudent and practicable. But he knew also how to discriminate. In Mr. Sumner he saw a counsellor who was no politician, but who stood before him as the true representative of the moral earnestness and the great inspirations of their common cause. From him he heard what was right, and necessary, and inevitable. By the former he was told what, in their opinion, could prudently and safely be done. Having heard them both, Abraham Lincoln counseled with himself, and formed his resolution. Thus Mr. Lincoln, while scarcely ever fully and speedily following Sumner's advice, never ceased to ask for it, for he knew its significance. And Sumner, while almost always dissatisfied with Lincoln's cautious hesitation, never grew weary in giving his advice, for he never distrusted Lincoln's fidelity. Always agreed as to the ultimate end, they almost always differed as to times and means; but, while differing, they firmly trusted, for they understood one another.

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