

THE GENIUS AND POSTURE OF AMERICA.

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ORATION

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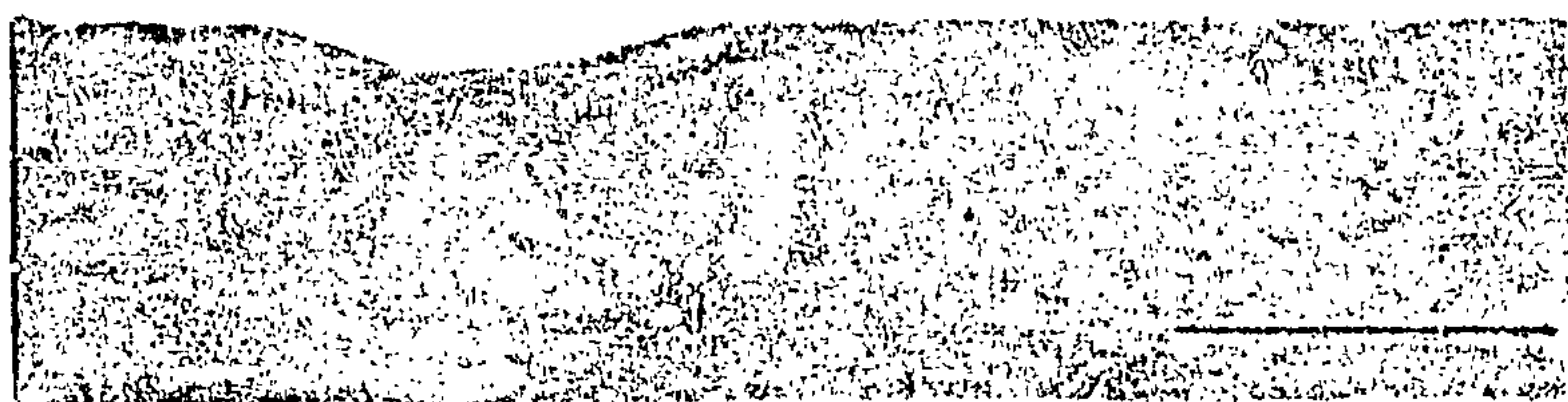
DELIVERED

BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF BOSTON,

JULY 4, 1857,

BY

WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER.



WITH PREFACE AND APPENDIX.

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P R E F A C E .

ABSENT among the mountains of New Hampshire for a week after the Fourth of July, I knew not what a turmoil had been raised over my innocent Oration. The bitter attacks it had drawn forth did not disturb my enjoyment of the charm and peace of nature there. But the abuse heaped on me by an unscrupulous press, has now become a matter of notoriety ; and, in yielding to many requests for an authorized pamphlet edition of the Oration, a few prefatory remarks will be appropriate

I was certainly surprised to find that the deterioration of sentiment and the inversion of principle in our country had gone so far that an Oration strictly adapted for a celebration of the Declaration of Independence and the legitimate institutions of the Republic, should be considered unfit for the Fourth of July, and should prove so distasteful to "men who stand high in the community." How far we must have drifted from the principles which the country publicly professes, when a Fourth of July Oration, in order to be palatable, and to win "thanks," must be filled with subserviency to Slavery, and with praise or silence towards the nefarious acts of a corrupt administration ! There are men, it seems, by whom an oration, fit to be delivered on the Fourth of July, cannot be listened to with comfort. Is the fault in the truth, in the utterance of it, or in the men whose vice and dishonor it smites ?

To retort the satire, falsehood, and insult with which some of the newspaper attacks on my Oration are filled, would not be difficult, though it would be tedious : but the scurrilous spirit of wounded hatred which they betray is beneath the dignity, as it is contrary to the principles, of a Christian man. To the high-minded lovers of right, freedom, and humanity, it would be suffi-

cient reply to those articles to state the names of the papers in which they were published. What slight force they have, even there, is due to their anonymousness. If the authors' names were appended, in most instances they would serve as discharging conductors, immediately emptying the sentences of influence.

A person asked to deliver an oration on the Fourth of July may accept the invitation as offering an opportunity either for mere self-display and self-advancement, or for the utterance of thoughts and sentiments which he believes to be true and useful. Had the former been my aim, I should have launched into an indiscriminate glorification of the country, office-holding partisans, office-seeking demagogues, slavery, and all. The latter being my motive, I tried to praise what is worthy in the country, censure what is vicious, recommend what is right, and warn against what is wrong and ominous. It is for a straightforward fulfilment of this purpose that I have been so harshly censured. Knowing that I have done but my duty, the attacks are harmless and welcome, and should be even were they a thousand times as numerous and bitter.

One journal, with characteristic decency, and with characteristic manliness, insinuates that my motive in writing the Oration was a pecuniary one, and insinuates it anonymously. "Let us have the whole hundred dollars' worth," it cries. That paper is hereby informed that the city government of Boston do not pay their Fourth of July orators any thing for the three or four weeks' labor required of them to prepare for those occasions. In other places such performances are paid for; but a judicious economy is exercised here. The reward of the orator here is either in having earned the approval of his own conscience, by uttering patriotic counsels, or in receiving an official vote of thanks from the city authorities. The former is amply sufficient. But it is rather hard to attempt to deprive the speaker of both. A Mr. Wightman said, in a reported debate of the board of aldermen, "The orator was invited to deliver an address carrying out the views of the Declaration of Independence." The sequel shows that I was *not* invited to do any such thing. For it was precisely that which I did. O, it is sickening to hear men eulogize the Declaration of Independence, while they are trampling its propositions under their feet; to hear men scream for "liberty" and the "rights of man," in sonorous phrases, while in spirit and deed they scoff the

reality; to hear demagogues talk of patriotism, while their whole conduct proves that their highest idea of serving the country is to fawn on the ruling party for the sake of getting a support from the national treasury!

It is easy on the Fourth of July to praise the dead heroes of a past age, and magnify their meritorious achievements, as the Pharisees whitened the sepulchres of the prophets: but it is nobler to breathe their spirit, emulate their consecration to the same great cause of justice and freedom, and so to re-enact their parts amidst the altered emergencies of the present age.

It is easy, on the Fourth of July, to indulge in boastful generalities which have been in all men's mouths, and to please the majority with selfish flatteries which need no thought and no courage; but it is nobler to grapple with the subjects belonging to the occasion, and to utter the convictions which are the result of independent reflection. The only defence of my Oration which respectable minds will ask, is, that in the spirit of the day, in full harmony with the memories of the Revolution, and the genuine principles of the Republic, I expressed those views which, as a Christian and a patriot, I believed to be true and needful for the country, and which I felt bound in honor to express. That is defence enough.

I have been abused, repeatedly and foully, for calling "men who stand high in the community" flunkeys. It is a falsehood, a mean attempt to awaken prejudice, and fasten odium. The writer who speaks of my "ungentlemanly slander of Mr. Winthrop," ought to be ashamed of so disengenuous an attempt to turn the popularity of a favorite name into disgust and hatred against me. He is welcome to the honor of it. However richly a large number of "men who stand high in the community" *deserve* the epithet, flunkey, for their cowardly silence and contemptible servility before the Slave-Power of the South, I have not applied it. I did characterize the act of introducing James M. Mason to a Massachusetts audience on Bunker Hill, under the circumstances, and in the peculiar manner in which it was done, as an act of "complimentary flunkeyism." And I deliberately maintain that the phrase fitly characterizes the act. I thought the words ought to be used. They were used; and they will stand. Look at the facts. This slaveholder has grossly insulted our Congressional delegation in private and in public, carrying his insults so

far, on at least one occasion, that our distinguished Senator, whose forbearance is great, was forced openly to rebuke his "plantation manners:" he has deliberately belied and insulted the whole body of New England clergy, adding, that any sort of connection with them would "contaminate" the clergy of the South: he wrote a letter of admiration and love to the "Brooks Festival," * the ovation given to that saint and hero of South Carolina, on his triumphal return from an attempt to murder an unwarned and defenceless Senator in the national capitol. This man, the open approver of one who proposed that the South should march to Washington with an army, seize the executive power, and rule the

* MASON'S DISUNION LETTER TO THE BROOKS FESTIVAL.

[From the Charleston Mercury, October 9, 1856.]

SELMA, FREDERICK COUNTY, VA., }
29th September, 1856. }

GENTLEMEN:—I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 13th inst., inviting me, on behalf of the constituents of Col. Preston S. Brooks, to a dinner to be given to him by them, on the 3d of October next, in, "*testimony of their complete endorsement of his Congressional course.*"

It has been my good fortune to have enjoyed the acquaintance of your *able and justly honored* Representative, on terms both of social and political intercourse, from his entrance to the House of Representatives: and *I know of none whose public career I hold more worthy the full and cordial approbation* of his constituents than his.

He has shown himself alike able and prompt to sustain the rights and the interests of his constituents in debate and by vote; OR TO VINDICATE IN A DIFFERENT NODE, and under circumstances of painful duty, the honor of his friend. *I would gladly, therefore, unite with you, were it in my power, in the testimonial proposed by his generous constituents;* but regret that the distance which separates us, and my engagements at home, must forbid it.

Perhaps it may not be unacceptable, in closing this letter, to say a few words to my fellow-citizens of Edgefield District, whom you represent, on the condition of the country.

None can mistake, or in the South can remain insensible to the times that are upon us.

The issue (until now averted) between a numerical majority on the one side, and sworn faith to a written compact on the other, is about to be tried. The Southern States represent the minority, both in States and in people, on this issue. Not their property alone, but their honor and safety are at stake in the result; for I look on the pending election of a President interesting chiefly to the South, as it will be a type of opinion and purpose at the North. Reason and argument are exhausted—we have done whatever lay with us to bring the majority back within the pale of constitutional power; and can now only await the popular vote.

Should it be found to stand by, and to uphold the Constitution, then we should once more look forward with confidence and hope to the continuance of a Union established in mutual and patriotic sacrifices, and having its sanction in fraternal faith.

But in reverse of all this, should a dominant sectional vote be directed to bring into power those pledged in advance to break down the barriers interposed by the compact of federation for the security of one section against the other, then, in my calmest judgment, but one course remains for the South: *Immediate, absolute and eternal separation.*

Better, far better, to stand toward the Northern States as we stand to the rest of the world—"Enemies in war, in peace friends"—than to remain halting under a common government, enemies under the guise of peace, friends at war.

Again regretting, gentlemen, that I cannot be with you,

I am, with great respect,

J. M. MASON.

country henceforth—finds honorable gentlemen who are “proud” to introduce him where he ought to have been ashamed to come—to introduce him with gratuitous politeness, and with deferential compliments, both to him and to the State which he represented—a State particularly celebrated now for four things, ruins, bankruptcy, arrogance, and slave-breeding. And he, to show his sense of propriety and good taste, proceeded to give Massachusetts the most exquisite insult she ever received, telling her, in almost so many plain words, not to send to Congress any more such Senators as Charles Sumner, but to send men who would submit to the dictation of slave-holders! It *was* an act of “complimentary flunkeyism,” and ought to be so styled. Is a Southern disunionist, who recommends a miserable minority by force to rend the country, that Slavery may be preserved, to be banqueted and applauded by the aristocrats of the country, while a Northern man, who wishes the majority, by legal voting, to acquire preponderance in the government, that liberty may be secured to all, and the country thereby be saved forever, is denounced as a traitor! One of the writers who has attacked me in support of Mr. Mason, says: “A bruiser who should kick his antagonist, or strike him when down, or attempt to gouge him, would be mobbed on the spot by the ruffians of the ring.” This is precisely what Brooks did to Mr. Sumner, and which *Senator Mason approved in a deliberate letter*. If this man saw fit to show himself at Bunker Hill, he should have been treated with austere decorum. He received much more. How would Mr. Garrison have fared at a public celebration in Richmond? Mr. Mason, judging from his antecedents, would have headed the mob. The one is not more identified with Northern fanaticism for Freedom, than the other is with Southern fanaticism for Slavery.

During the very time when, in old Faneuil Hall, Charles L. Woodbury, United States District Attorney, was saying: “If we are true to ourselves, and true to the principles of the Constitution, this Union will defy all monarchs, all tyrants, and all bayonets,” and was greeted with vehement applause—during the very time when Charles A. Phelps, Speaker of the House of Representatives, after “hymning the blended glories of Saratoga and of King’s Mountain, of Bunker Hill and of Yorktown,” and after alluding in complimentary terms to “that distinguished son of Virginia,” Senator Mason, “who very properly reminded us the other day at

Bunker Hill," etc., was declaiming: "The lesson which comes in fiery volleys from Bunker Hill to kings and cabinets, and principalities and powers, is, that they must not *dare* to outrage the sentiments of a free people"—at that very time, America was holding over three millions of people in the cruelest bondage known on earth. Aye, more than that. While the above words were pronounced to yells of tumultuous applause, three fugitive slaves who had fled to Nashville, Illinois, and had been pursued thither in the strength of the Bill which "that distinguished son of Virginia" devised, were seized, and one of them, in the spirit of Patrick Henry, resolved on liberty or death, and resisting capture, was shot dead. This was the accompaniment to our bells and cannon; this the echo of agony, crime, and horror, which made response to the sentiment of Faneuil Hall on the eighty-first anniversary of the glorious independence of the United States of America. I should have scorned myself forever after, had I suffered the opportunity of that day to pass without an uncompromising protest both against the Slave-Power of the South and its flunkeys in the North. If this be "treason," "vulgarity," "bad taste," or "malignant abuse," let the most be made of it. Some persons seem incapable of discriminating patriotic ardor from partisan zeal,—the eager attempt to compass a selfish end from the disinterested fulfilment of duty,—generous indignation from poisonous hate. The attacks of such are harmless, and their own punishment is in them. Those persons who take every hearty word against corruption, demagogues, and slavery, or in behalf of purity, principle, and freedom, as a personal insult, and the speaker of it as a personal enemy, are surely as much to be pitied as they are to be despised.

In reply to one attack on my Oration, I shall only say that the meanest and most spiteful of my assailants is W. W. Wheildon, editor of the *Bunker Hill Aurora*.

In an Appendix may be found the speeches of Colonel Isaac H. Wright and myself at the Dinner, in Faneuil Hall, as they were reported in the *Boston Daily Bee*: also reports of the debates and votes in the board of aldermen and common council, upon the proposition to pass a vote of thanks to the Orator of the Day. It will be seen that we have men among us who are unwilling that *any body shall face the music*. The Appendix also has an account of the Fourth of July celebration in South Carolina.

ORATION.

THE first duty of every American on this day, after he has reverently owned the kind providence of God, is to remember with grateful honors the heroic men who achieved our national independence. They deserve our honor for the firmness of their characters, and the devotedness of their deeds. They claim our gratitude for the examples they set before us, and the privileges they obtained for us. Brought up ourselves in the enjoyment of freedom—surrounded by safety, prosperity, and the fulness of every human right—having never known any thing of the aggravating trials of despotic dictation, nor any thing of the sufferings and perils of an unequal conflict with it—it is hard for us to appreciate the appalling position of our fathers when they hoisted the standard of rebellion, and resolutely planted themselves at its foot. It is hard for us to appreciate the merits of their bearing in the thick and dark emergencies of the strife that ensued. To do this fully, we need to have experienced something like it ourselves: and *that*, owing to them, we have never been called upon to do.

At the very outset their property sunk to half its value, and the whole trembled on a desperate risk.

At every turn the penalty of high treason—the black gibbet with its ghastly cord, the deathman's block and axe—gloomed in their imaginations. With each successive step, for a long time, their embarrassments and hardships grew heavier, discouragements flocked upon them, pitfalls lurked athwart their way, and deepening darkness covered the close. Still they yielded not; but with wills like adamant, faith like inspiration, and self-sacrifice like martyrdom, they bore up the burden of the land, cheered the faint-hearted, and maintained their cause until a brighter day. If we could in imagination reproduce their circumstances, and place ourselves in their situation, and see what spirit and nerve it required calmly to confront, as a helpless handful of them did on the church-green, the minions of tyranny who coldly shot them down, their blood staining the April swards for many a hundred springs to come—without experience or discipline unflinchingly to face the serried and blazing ranks of the most veteran soldiery in the world, as they did in the sun of Bunker Hill with no weapons but their clubbed muskets and no defence but their farmers' frocks over their beating bosoms—to stand by the cause with incorruptible integrity and irrepressible hope when staggering bribes beset them in field and forum, when traitors swaggered in the camp and tories swarmed in the town, and when the overwhelming forces of the foe, flushed with victory, drove them at every passage—still to hold unfalteringly by their holy purpose, with no end but duty and no motive but freedom, vanquishing the temptations which must have assailed them when, defeated, neglected, disheartened, their numbers fearfully thinned by battle, disease and hardship,

hunger reduced them to the gaunt verge of starvation, the winter's cold benumbed their emaciated limbs, and they reddened the snow over which they walked with their bare and bleeding feet;—if by mental experience of this we were able for a moment actually to feel the merit implied in undergoing what they underwent, daring and struggling as they dared and struggled, and accomplishing at last what they finally accomplished, we could not help setting their names on high, and often reverting to read their story with thrills of admiration. And when we thought, in addition, of the illimitable benefits resulting from what they did, we could not help celebrating their memories with perennial praises. “Yea,” we should exclaim, “so often as the anniversary of their triumphant crisis rolls round, let the jubilant bells peal, and the thunderous cannon boom, and the gay flags flutter, and the people's jocund shouts greet the sun as he mounts in the morning: let the voices of eloquent orators, and the chanting of hymns, and the thrilling blasts of martial music, and every sort of rejoicing, all over the land, freight the air at noon, while the statues of departed heroes and statesmen are set up amidst acclamations, and emulous purposes are kindled in fresh aspirants, and groups of young men in athletic sports form living pictures on grass and stream, and innocent children with flowers and mottoes move in lovely procession through the streets; and, when night falls, let gorgeous illuminations and pyrotechnics put out the stars! Let all this be done, for it is right and well!” we should say.

Fortunately for us, and for the world, their fidelity needed not the prophetic incentive of posthumous

honors. They were of that stuff heroes are made of; and, enduring all things, hoping all things, they clung to their original objects till the stormy and disastrous night of their feebleness rolled away, and the morning light of promise broke, and successive triumphs followed, and independence rose upon the land where, in the foreground, two groups reflected its earliest lustre in the adoption of the Constitution and the inauguration of Washington. They lived—the most of them—to see their desperate enterprise crowned with complete success. And afterwards, year by year, as long as they lived, they saw more than the fulfilment of more than their most brilliant expectations. And when, attended by the benedictions of their country, they went to the house appointed for all the living, they were comforted with the reflection that they had fought a good fight, and should leave their children an unparalleled heritage.

Rapidly, too rapidly, the years have fled, and the grey revolutionary sires are nearly all gone. Only a few now linger, here and there, time-hallowed memorials of other days and of other men. Only a few scattered and tremulous stalks are left in the great field that has been reaped and garnered by death. Soon none at all will be left. Well, they will sleep in honored dust. The historian and the poet shall hand down their fame. As long as time endures, with this returning day their story shall be recalled, and votive wreaths be freshly twined around their names. Pious hands and fond hearts shall guard and deck their graves, and keep their monuments whole, and their memories green. This is little, but it is all they ask, and all that we can give. Shall we

ever fail to grant it? No, not until we forget that while they rest beyond the touch of mortal feeling, the magnificent comforts we enjoy are the lineal fruits of what was willingly purchased for us by them at the price of their prayers, toils, tears and blood. Peaceful, then, be the slumbers of those who have fallen on sleep. "Dying, they have but exchanged their country's arms for their country's heart," wherein they shall live forever. Long may the survivors be spared to enjoy the public prosperity, and to read their reward in a grateful nation's eyes! And when at length all shall have gone—when the whole country, amidst the mighty dirge of a people's grief, shall have poured its tears around the fresh grave of the last one—green be the turf above them, and hallowed the spots where they lie. Let the feet of happy children tread lightly there, and there the pilgrim patriot pause as he passes to invoke a blessing on their souls, and breathe a prayer for the land they served so well.

Our distinct national existence began with the flinging forth of the daring and lofty manifesto known throughout the world as the American Declaration of Independence. We observe to-day the eighty-first anniversary of that proclamation. The theme best fitting such an occasion is obviously the characteristic privileges, duties and dangers of the country. To the treatment of that theme one reluctant word must form the introduction. Every honest patriot who this day speaks the praises of America must first confess—though it be wrung from him in shame and anguish—that so far as slavery extends its dismal anomaly over our soil, it is an unmitigated contradiction to his boasts. Where this welded mis-

fortune and sin exists, and while it lasts, our picturesque displays fade out in sable groups of woe, weary coffles and Sundered families; and the pæans of the platform die away in the wails of the plantation. But slavery is not *properly* any part of our national government—not an element in our organic life, but a sectional disease, a temporary excrescence. It is rightfully no more a part of our country than a snake's nest is a part of a granite cliff. The Free States alone fairly represent the true genius and historic posture of the Republic.

With the exception now stated, let us see in what particulars we, as a people, are favored beyond the subjects of other nations. It will be useful to answer this question with distinct thoughts and feelings. For then we shall understand definitely what we have to be thankful for, to cherish, and to guard.

First among our national advantages is to be reckoned an organized political equality. No unjust and irritating favoritisms are interwrought with the order of our habits and the substance of our institutions. Among us is no legal distinction between peer and peasant, prelate and mechanic; but before the laws of the land, and before the possibilities of life, all are politically equal. In the fixed and wonted enjoyment of this great right we have but the faintest conception of its importance, and of the bitter grievances imposed on those who are deprived of it. What should we think if compelled to submit, as so many still are, to the law of primogeniture, by which nearly all the wealth of a family goes to the eldest male descendant, leaving the others dependent, and introducing, without a reason, the cruelest inequalities of social standing and

public opportunity even among members of the same household? How should we feel if a large class, with no claim but ancient prescription, covered with hereditary titles and honors, should lord it over the mass of the people, making thousands, far their superiors in every attribute of real greatness, cringe at their bidding? What should we say if a set of men were born to be our rulers, whether fit or unfit, and if the chief offices of authority and emolument among us were filled by the incompetent favorites of pompous dignitaries, without consulting us in the least? The trial would be greater than we could bear. Heaven be thanked that we can choose our own men for our own offices; that with us the condition of rank and glory is not the accident of family descent, but the possession of personal merit; that there are here no impassable limits of caste, and hedges of grinding prerogative; that with us the incentives to effort are diffused, and the doors of preferment are open to all, leaving every poor man's boy free to rise in proportion to his genius, virtue and labor, even till they bear him to the chief throne in the nation. This republican equality of all classes, and universal accessibleness of honors, is a glorious thing, that we do not think enough of, and cannot prize too highly.

The next prominent ingredient in the happiness of our people, is the enjoyment of untrammelled speech and printing. We write, talk, and publish, without the galling interference of a despotic censorship. The press is free on these shores, however broadly it shines or threateningly it fulminates. There is no dictating official clique here, armed with absolute power by the government, to whom every author must submit his

book before he dares to publish it, and at whose condemnation it must be instantly suppressed. No; our poets freely breathe forth the sentiments of their souls,—our historians and essayists discuss their subjects as they please,—our novelists write tales with what moral they choose,—our reviewers criticize books, men and measures, according to their consciences or their fancies,—our wildest reformers scatter their fierce invectives and appeals in every mode and quantity,—and none of them has the slightest fear of a spy or an arrest. God made the heart and the intellect free, and consistent republicanism leaves the lips without a padlock, and the press without a hinderance, trusting that preponderant common sense and right feeling will, in the long run, evolve the best results from full, unmolested argument. But it is not left so everywhere. There are countries where sleepless, heartless tyranny, made cowardly and cruel by its peril, watches to suppress free thought, and to tread out the generous sparkles of its ashes. Official informers, paid and fed for the purpose, prying in every corner, snuff the first breath of heresy, catch the first whisper of liberty, and straightway the word goes forth from the priestly and political censors;—the press of the printer is confiscated, the editors are fined and degraded from their post, the authors go to the dungeon or into banishment. How galling such dictation must be to men of genius, compelled, on peril of every comfort, perchance of life itself, to hold down the words which burn for utterance, and which every honest thought and noble impulse tell them to shout aloud to heaven and earth! Can we be half grateful enough that we are free to say and print, on any subject, what we believe is true

and ought to be proclaimed, with no dread of despotic supervision or judicial penalties ?

The third benefit we owe to our American form of government, is theological freedom, an escape from religious disabilities and hierarchical tyranny. Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Orthodox and Heterodox—all possess the same unrestricted rights and immunities, all alike are eligible to every elective office; equal facility of access to every source of education, business, and preferment is afforded to all. In other ages it was not so. In other lands now it is not so. Even in free and favored England, bigoted religious proscriptions weigh on the whole realm, from the monarch,—who must be a sworn Episcopalian, and whose conscientious avowal of a different opinion would convulse the empire, and perhaps cause a discrownal,—to the peasant, who, if a dissenter, finds the national colleges shut from him, the appointing power of the State, the dread influence of the Church, and the vast patronage of the nobility, frowning upon him, and closing every door of privilege against him. . The temptations to falsify his genuine convictions are thus brought to bear terribly on every gifted and ambitious man, and it is notorious that many of the ablest men in the Establishment, for the sake of retaining their places, sign articles which they both disbelieve and loathe ! What are a man's chances of executive recognition and preferment if he be a dissenter ? Though his eloquence shake forum and temple, and his genius illumine the earth, and his virtues awaken the admiring love of men, yet shall the government and its lackeys sneer at him and overlook him, and—unless the people defiantly lift him on their throbbing heart

to a level face to face with earls and dukes—he shall remain in neglected obscurity, while supple mediocrity, by conforming to the orthodox statutes, rises from station to station, receives title after title, and rolls through princely parks in the envied wealth and pomp of a state-minister, or flaunts its bloated luxury in metropolitan sees. Such a state of things arouses the indignation of the good, ruins the souls of the weak, disturbs the religious peace, and corrupts the moral health of the kingdom. In this respect how favored are we! Every person may follow and avow his real religious preferences without any public disability or social injury, according to the provisions of the constitution and the hearted customs of the people. So ought it to be. What a man shall believe, as he lives in this solemn universe, is a sacred thing between him and his God. No tampering of bribes and threats should ever be suffered to interfere with it. The deliberate organization of such an influence is a gigantic outrage, so old and so common on the earth that we ought to rejoice heartily at being free from it.

Fourthly, we enjoy in this country a whole class of priceless privileges which may be comprised under the general description of exemption from all those enormous, unrighteous, vampire burdens of accumulated debt, war-establishments, feudal laws, tythings, brooding antiquity and fear, which crush the over-crowded populations of the old world to the earth, and drain out the energy of their life-blood. From the intolerable load of these transmitted and growing ills we are delivered. A form of government marvellously cheap, nearly all the business being transacted by the people themselves in their primary town meetings, at small

expense of time, and less of money,—makes our taxation light. We are neither goaded by the arrogant whims and ruled by the selfish policy of an autocrat, nor insulted with the mockery of a royal family on whom we are obliged to lavish millions a year, for no service they render, but simply that they may honor us by living in magnificence and riding in state, being guarded by bayonets and gazed at by gaping crowds! No interest on immense debts, unjustly incurred ages ago, bearing only the fruit of blood, wretchedness, and starvation,—no swollen salaries paid to locust hordes of useless officials,—no priestly tythes enforced whether we will or not, wring away the honest earnings of our independent laborers; but a simple, self-ruling democracy, peace and plenty, the common school, the open church, and all the natural rights of the individual, unfringed, make them happy and contented. In this refulgent summer day, as they pause, leaning on their scythes, and wipe the sweat from their brows, and look around on the teeming fields to be distrained by no cormorant landlords; or as they quaff refreshment from the mossy old bucket poised on the well-curb,—deeply should they sympathize with the suffering peasantry of other lands, and bless the unrivalled institutions of their own.

Unlike some nations, where a mob in a single city has repeatedly built and unbuilt the entire government in twenty-four hours, we are not at the mercy of local excitements. The safe and extended stability of our country is such that before one of these surprising effervescences can spread far enough for serious alarm, it cools and dies. Therefore we are not afraid of sudden explosion and revolutionary overthrow. Our

government has an expansiveness, a flexibility, a recuperative power, that mock at such fears. No legitimate evil can reach a really dangerous pitch before the popular election may redress it. As, when winter comes, the snow flakes easily and gently descend, and clothe the fields with a garment of freshness, hiding the filth of decay and the ruggedness of the rocks; so, without difficulty or turmoil, when the majority wish it, the ballots of this free people fall, and spread a new law over society, beneath which the ugliness of wrong and the noise of contention disappear. In the old-world countries the antiquated customs, dead traditions, burdensome rules of bygone ages still cramp the minds and hearts of men, as the crushing armor of those times would their bodies if they now wore it. With us no such things remain. We have thrown them away, never more to shackle with the iron bigotries of the past, the buoyant movements of our free spirits. Here, on this young western strand, exempt from the ills that curse and paralyze other nations, bidding a frank good-by to the worn-out things of old, we have taken possession of a new country, victoriously fought a new battle and founded new institutions, and are now training ourselves up, a newly commingled people, who, animated with new plans and faith, the morning sunlight of heaven's guiding favor on their foreheads, and the great clock of time striking a new hour in the affairs of mankind, shall press forward to new destinies, resplendent with unimagined boons of freedom and love.

In view of the fact that we are enjoying such glorious advantages, what is the true mission of America? Evidently it is to preserve, increase, and perpetuate these

blessings here, and to try to secure them elsewhere. The work providentially brought before this people, in the line of the testamentary ages and experimenting nations, plainly is the organization of political and social liberty in just and beneficent institutions. And how clear it is that to do that well, and establish the perfect result firmly, setting its grand and shining success on high before the unimpeded gaze of mankind in such unstained brightness and towering eminence that purblind tyrants shall own that they see it, and lynx-eyed critics confess that they discern no flaw in it—is the way to do the utmost good for the other nations of the earth! Regarding this point as admitted—namely, that the mission of our country, both for her own lasting salvation and for the redemption of her groaning brother-lands, is to achieve, and enthrone in dazzling exhibition to the world, a national example of political perfection—the most important part of our theme at once opens upon us. The question, charged with those grave considerations which ought to occupy the attention of every citizen, irresistibly rises—What are our immediate duties as constituents of the Representative Republic of the world?

The indispensable work reaching through the whole scale of our obligations, is to secure *national righteousness at home*. In the first place this is the most immediate requisition of morality. The essential thing for a man or for a nation to do is to put away vices, and cultivate virtues. This is the eternal claim whose light and sanction no one can avoid seeing and feeling, whether he obeys or not. We as a people are bound to strive with banded earnestness to purify the land

from every removable iniquity, and fill it with all attainable righteousness: because by the terms this is the very meaning of the word *duty*, the vitality of the moral law. If an individual who was cruel and selfish in his family, careless and fraudulent in his business, should go about urging the claims of domestic love and mercantile integrity, every one would say that he had perversely mistaken his vocation, that his real duty was to reduce right principles to practice in his own sphere. So with a nation: its first obligation, its very function, is to organize justice, freedom, and beneficence in its own laws and life; to plant liberty on its public hills, joy in its private valleys, holiness in its courts, and mercy in its highways. The nation that recklessly disregards that, tramples on the elements of ethics, insults mankind, and defies God. A genuine patriotism will, therefore, labor to destroy the wrong and build up the right in its country, for the same reason that a pure and undefiled religion visits the afflicted, and keeps itself unspotted from the world: namely, that that is the very essence of its being.

But, secondly, we must endeavor to establish national righteousness at home, because that is the only possible way of securing permanent success and prosperity. Without internal holiness—conformity to that rule of right which is the will of God, in its institutions, laws, character and conduct—no nation can long stand. Every reality of things and of morals is unchangeably leagued and invisibly arrayed against it. Every omen is sombre, the perilous portents of retribution swarm around, and the day of downfall moves fatally on. Crime inevitably breeds trouble. Sin is necessarily cumulative and destructive, like an

obstructed river. Injustice is essentially disorganizing and revolutionary. It is the nature of evil that it cannot stay quiet, but must work, and grow worse, spreading and dilating till it snatches the flash of revelation and shudders with the bolt of judgment. Let a palpable wrong be in the working machinery of the State, and, if it be suffered to continue, it will produce friction, interference, extending disorder, till all is stopped in a general crash. Wherever there is, in the political fabric of society, an organized unnecessary evil of any kind, it infallibly provokes hostility, awakens dissension, and causes deepening danger and alarm, till it is removed. Those whose moral convictions it offends, must protest and strike against it. Those whose interests it injures, will be indignant towards it. Those whose selfishness it subserves and whose prejudices it pleases, with reckless fierceness will seek to uphold it. And so all passions are enlisted, and the debate gets loud, and animosities are inflamed, and plots and counterplots are laid. Meanwhile, if it be an actual wrong, and be forcibly maintained, the elements of explosion are mustering and muttering, and at last break out in the lurid upheaval of mobs, insurrection and mutual terror,—to result, perchance, in successful revolution, perchance in suppressal by a four-fold heavier despotism, or, perchance, in utter ruin. The history of the past reads us many a dread lesson like that.

The dead nations whose giant skeletons now lie bleaching and crumbling on the sands of time, all died of sin. It was their crimes that dug their graves, and pushed them in. Licentious luxury sapped the strength and rotted the virtue of one—and it disap-

peared beneath the green pool of its own corruption. Brutal war, made a business of, and carried in every direction, drew upon another the wrath of the world—and it was dashed upon the rock of its own barbarous force. Domestic bondage, grown enormous, trodden under foot, and goaded to madness, rose on another—and buried it in the conflagration and slaughter of its own provocation. Internal antipathy, based on sectional differences, fed by selfish interest and taunting debate, finally exploded in the quarrelling parties of another—and hurled its dissevered fragments to ruin by the convulsive eruption of its own wrong and hatred. Of all the mighty empires whose melancholy ghosts now pace the pallid margin of oblivion, not one ever sunk but its fall was through internal iniquity in some way or other. Shall the stately shade of republican America too, go down to join the doleful company of crowned spectres, moving them beneath to rise up at her coming with the sardonic mock, “Art thou also become as we?” If we would avoid their doom of vengeance we must not tread their path of guilt.

In complete opposition to this nature and effect of wickedness, righteousness in a nation's politics and dwellings has a vivifying power, an assimilating and preservative tendency. The people whose rights are equally secured to them all, whose interests are well protected, who, free from irritating wrongs and jealousies, may all alike approach the sublime gifts and opportunities of nature and society, can hardly help dwelling in contentment, and flourishing in progressive strength. The secret causes of convulsion or decay do not exist there, but all are sympathetically

happy—from the counting-room millionaire, watching his complex web of enterprise, to the hillside plough-boy, whistling an echo to the lark in the clouds—and their country may well hope to survive forever.

We ought to strive towards this end also because it is the direct way to exert the strongest influence for good upon foreign countries. Indeed without the realization of internal integrity, we can do very little good abroad. Our example will be so sullied and compromised as almost to be spoiled and powerless. Our brave preaching will be flung back to us with the taunt, "Physician, heal thyself." But let us lift up a front of unmarred holiness above all our hearths and altars—let there not be a single shackled bondsman in our territory—let there be an entire consistency between our organized customs and our glorious professions—let us show here a vast land with no lowering military, because peace and safety are so stable; with no sickening almshouses, because there are no paupers to need them; with no dismal prisons, because there are no criminals to require them; bounteous fruits loading the fields, smiling faces lining the streets, the awful and resplendent ægis of righteousness extended firmly over all—and the spectacle of that spotless Republic would be an omnipotent "*power on earth*"—would set the gazing nations delirious with one common accord to imitate it.

The first duty, therefore, of every American, is to cleanse his country from wrong, and to establish impartial righteousness at home. He must lend his aid in every proper method to those reforms which aim to remove human bondage, intemperance, the gallows, and every other legal crime and shameful custom

fastened on us in the pagan night of the past : that no more manacled hands and streaming eyes may be upturned, pleading to us for pity and to heaven for justice ; that no more corpses, swinging in the gibbets of our jail yards, may curdle the blood of Christianized humanity in its veins ; that the matted and seething masses of licentiousness and pauperism, abated from their degrading dens, may no more infect and upbraid our civilization. Let this be done, and we shall indeed be blessed within, and influential without. Our country will be an impregnable fortress, furnished to stand the eternal seige of the elements ; and our people, if ever alien hosts should threaten, animated by one resistless impulse, will gather at the landing, and either whip them from the shore, or bury them in the strand.

But if our institutions and conduct are righteous, there will be no occasion for any thing of that sort. For, the second emphatic obligation resulting from the American posture is to *preserve national fraternity in its relations abroad*. To such an attitude, unless absolutely driven from it, we are pledged by the historic policy of our wisest men, urged by the force of interest, and bound by the sanctity of right. There may be different opinions upon some particulars touching our duty towards foreign races, but a few points are unmistakably clear. In the first place, we cannot help sympathizing profoundly with the victims of oppression in Italy, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Ireland, and elsewhere. Their children starving, their hands tied, their mouths stopped, their noblest representatives pining in prison, or wandering broken-hearted in exile ;—in our favored circumstances to view these facts, and then to withhold all commiseration

tion from the sufferers, and refuse them a welcome here, would be to prove our souls alien from every moral attribute of God, and recreant to every generous fibre of humanity. Exempt here, under the palladium of our democracy, and in the citadel of our independence, from all the stinging wrongs heaped on the persecuted laborers and patriots of despotic countries, cold and mean is the heart that will not waft them a sigh of sympathy, and offer them a cheerful invitation. Our forefathers meant this land should be an asylum where the hunted exile might come and find shelter and brotherhood. So may it ever be! Let the mighty doors of the West, through which the setting sun rushes in floods of gold and purple, stand wide open for the longing multitudes to come in. What though they share our plenty and lessen our monopoly? They are our brothers; and their coming diminishes the average wrong and misery of humanity; and, mingling with our republican population, there will be so many happy freemen the more. Ay, let them come, with our hearts' greeting, for we have room enough. Let their axes wake the echoes of the primeval forests, their ploughs and spades encroach on the boundless prairies, and the smoke of their cabins curl to the astonished clouds, in those teeming regions where lonesome nature yet waits for the ornament and hum of man's companionship.

But this sympathizing reception of the spurned laborers and flying refugees of other lands does not bind our country to be made a common sewer and receptacle for the offscourings of the old world, the emptyings of its jails, hulks, almshouses, and hospitals. This indecent outrage has been deliberately

inflicted upon us too long. Have we not a right to protect ourselves against the ravenous dregs of anarchy and crime, the tainted swarms of pauperism and vice Europe shakes on our shores from her diseased robes? When this naked mass of unkempt and priest-ridden degradation, bruised with abuse, festering with ignorance, inflamed with rancor, elated with blind expectations, has sprung on our continent, and turning round, shakes its offcast fetters and rags in one hand, brandishes sword and torch in the other, its eyeballs glaring vindictive rage upon the governments which have expatriated it,—shall we, without the slightest regard to its preparedness, our own safety, or the peace of the world, give this monstrous multitude instantaneous possession of every political prerogative, letting it storm our ballot-boxes with its drift of mad votes, and fill half our offices with its unnaturalized fanatics? Our own sons serve an apprenticeship of twenty-one years to republican institutions before they can throw a ballot or occupy an elective seat. Should not the banished insurgents, the honest immigrants, the unfortunate exiles, who seek a new home here be willing to undergo a probation in some degree proportionate? Above all, should not that foreign spawn, which, with fierce and idiotic stubbornness, persists in remaining foreign in the midst of us, keeping alive all its old clannish peculiarities, and refusing to blend itself, by assimilating processes, with our composite and hospitable nationality,—should not this alien horde be compelled to refrain from ruling America until it has become a little Americanized? This should be insisted upon, for a few such viperous traitors as those whose incendiary appeals and fiendish curses against their

native country have thickened our air ever since they landed—if admitted to influential public posts among us, might transform the Genius of America, now standing tiptoe on the kindling mountains of the West, a halo on his serene forehead, and a peace-branch in his hand, into a stamping Fury, mustering a fleet of war-ships, and foaming through the sea towards the cliffs of England.

Not only are we to give a friendly reception to those deprived of what we enjoy, considering them as good as ourselves, and entitled to all our privileges just in the degree that they become a part of our nationality; we may, furthermore, utter the earnest expostulation of our public sentiment against the injustice under which they groan in their native countries. But we ought, before doing this, to clear our skirts of the glaring inconsistencies which will provoke retort and rob our appeals of their divine point. And we ought to make our protest in a moral tone, without arrogance or threats. After all, we shall have to trust for real influence in improving the old world despotisms, to the power of our example. Set before the rulers and their people the example of our exuberant and diffused natural wealth, the rapidity of our unrivalled growth, the self-directing quietude of our prodigious power, our enthusiastic popular patriotism,—set this in significant contrast with their starving poverty, overshadowing alarms, revolutionary outbreaks, compulsory standing armies, general disaffection, and retrogression or paralysis. Let that contrast be seen and felt, and it must work far more mightily than any other agency we can devise.

Let not Americans be deceived with the vain notion that by a propagandist war they could overthrow monarchy and establish republicanism abroad. While the people in despotic countries are unequally pitted against their prescriptive oppressors and need military help from without, obviously the fit time for a forcible change has not come. Any physical interference on our part, upon whatever pretext, would be equally a mistake and a tragedy. There is hardly a government in the Eastern hemisphere which would not, at the first signal of such a thing, join a coalition of crowned heads against us; and after wading in carnage up to our horses' bridles, we should reap only a disastrous discomfiture. I know the specious plea which may be made, under certain circumstances, in behalf of such an enterprise. I know the attraction with which a generous heart, full of faith and sympathy, will respond to it. The blood must tingle and jump when one of our chivalrous countrymen, in answer to the magic voice of Kossuth, cries: "Unfurl the stars and stripes on the plains of Hungary in front of a hundred thousand American freemen, and then welcome be the armies of perjured Austria to the shock." The soul stirs wildly at the thought. But ah! the Angel of Humanity would hover o'er the death-strown field, and when the night-damp fell, bedew the mangled forms of her children with her tears. Long enough has this sort of experiment been tried; long enough have men sought redemption by battle, rending the nations with hate, and baptizing the new-born children of liberty in blood! Now, let a different course be fully tested. Let us improve the unparalleled opportunity Providence has given us, to try the policy of

peace and magnanimous example. From all mortal contests—in the name of righteousness—in the name of humanity—in the name of Christ—in the awful name of God—stand we aloof, henceforth, with clean hands! If our brethren of the old countries cannot gradually win democratic emancipation by ripening steps of reform, but are compelled to snatch the prize with violence, when, at length, the rising regiments of the populace strike, we shall best keep the laws of wisdom and right, and best subserve the real interests of the world, not by plunging into the murderous struggle, but by tilling our fields and tending our tasks, praying God to preside over the issue which we may not arbitrate, and when the last great tempest of revolution has passed, to span the Eastern firmament with a bright republican bow, like that which soars across our Western.

Under the leading of a manifest destiny, fate sitting on our helms, a demonic audacity possessing our wills, inevitable victory following our march, we have already fought no less than seven wars. First we contended with the jealous Aborigines; secondly with the allied French and Indians; then with the British, first when we were a colony, afterwards when we were an independent nation; next with the pirates of Barbary; then with the despairing Seminoles; and finally with the weak and bewildered Mexicans. Our cannon have volleyed, our banners have flapped, our sabres have dripped, our bugles have sung triumph, from the wigwams of the Pequot and the fortress of Tripoli, to the swamps of Florida and the heights of Monterey. From the death of king Phillip to the fall of Vera Cruz, our eagle, with fatal swoop and

clutch, has pounced on his quarry, and slowly floated off, gorged and incarnadined. Surely we have done enough of this bloody business. It is time we were sick of it. We are strong enough not to fight any more. By straightforward justice, conciliating heed, and intelligent industry, we can amply protect ourselves and conquer opposition. Let us now distrust and check the passion for military aggrandizement. For the future, let us swear by our altars, our homes, our thriving villages, our fruitful fields, and the lovely canopy smiling over them, that we will cherish *peace* as the central duty of our posture, and the blessedest boon of Heaven. However numerous and astonishing our victories in the past, however ascendant our fatalistic star in the present, let us remember it is still recorded in holy writ, that sooner or later "*God scatters the people that delight in war.*"

The same extravagant self-estimate, lawless passion, uneasy and audacious vanity, which have been eager for a foreign crusade, have also broken forth in fillibustering expeditions, winning favor from a large class of the population. The fact that such forays, insulting the civilization of the century, have been so powerfully aided, so openly applauded, so generally winked at, is disgraceful and ominous. It reflects infamy on our government that an iron hand of suppressal was not promptly laid on these marauding parties. The unprincipled characters, the cruel and treacherous conduct of their leaders, are helping to bring on them the odium they deserve. The atrocious violation of all law which they directly propose in their predatory programme, is their unmitigated condemnation. The shocking massacres and utter failure which have

resulted thus far, check them for the present. But new expeditions are threatened. The very spirit of the enterprise riots in the breasts of thousands. And unless the indignation of the higher public, or the too long slumbering arm of the executive interfere, we may soon see the tragedy of the last year re-enacted on a vaster scale by a fresh irruption of United States ruffians upon the unhappy fields of South America. If we must have for our own that mighty country, so wretched with misrule, so rich in array of tropical splendors, so neglected and undeveloped,—how much better to win its voluntary entrance, State after State, into our Union, by the overpowering attraction of an example of universal liberty, justice, peace and happiness, than to harass and repel it by sallies of brigands, who track every step of their way with pillage and murder! Let superior advantages of stable rule, freedom and prosperity, be plainly attainable from annexation to us, and Central America may be drawn to us and absorbed by her own desire. But gangs of outlaws, robbing and claiming by sheer crime and force, will hardly add any more to our territory than they will to our reputation. If henceforward we could so quicken the moral sentiments and sanctify the will of the nation as to curb its rampant pride, prevent filibustering, and avoid war, we should escape one of our greatest dangers—an easily besetting danger, which has proved the downfall of many a powerful people before us.

The next palpable danger of our country is from the prevalence of egotistic demagogues, who crave notoriety and spoils, but care not for principle, the honor of the nation, or the good of the world. Such

a style of character is apt to appear in leaders and aspirants among a constituency whose ignorance and coarseness, taken with low qualities, make idols of the mere declaimer and braggadocio. This evil is fearfully rife in many parts of the land, and thoughtful men must put forth strenuous efforts against it; for when the voters, through crudeness of mind and degradation of feeling, select for their offices the showy sophists and rough champions who cater to their prejudices and wheedle their simplicity, then peril is imminent. Between the vile example of immorality and insubordination set by those in high places, and the mobocratic spirit in the sovereign herd below, what can be expected but pitched battles between rival claimants for the functions of favoritism and the emoluments of patronage, and the summary execution of its own behests by every excited multitude? Herein lies the deadliest foe to a democracy. And when a public functionary, from sinister motives of rewarding partisan service foully rendered, gives an office to a brutal bully—be he the mayor of a city appointing a policeman, or the President of the United States appointing a marshal—he insults the majesty of his prerogative, disgraces himself, and should be smitten with popular disapprobation. Whoever in any degree or manner helps to keep alive and pamper the spirit of bludgeonry, is the worst curse of his country. Under republican institutions, where equal law has its way, where the free ballot-box can swiftly end any grievance, and establish any right, a resort to insurrectionary violence is absolutely inexcusable. Whoever, therefore, incites a mob is guilty of the most aggravated offence possible to a citizen. There is no telling where the evil will

stop. Every ringleader in such an outbreak deserves instantly to have a bullet in his brain.

General culture is the solid foundation beneath free institutions, the guardian wall around them, and the high watchtower upon them ; because, where educated intellect and refined sentiment are prominent traits in electors, they quickly discriminate between the philanthropic statesman who is to be revered and followed, and the reckless adventurer who would welcome in any form an eruption of the worst passions of the populace, hoping in the confusion to snatch the reins of notoriety, and ride into power ;—between the demagogue who flatters and cajoles the people, making use of them to compass his own ends, and the patriot who disinterestedly seeks, by reason and right alone, to enhance the welfare of his countrymen. They accordingly take good care to secure for their leaders, teachers and rulers, men of enlarged views, elevated principles, peaceful spirit, honest and generous policy. The eagle is the national symbol, common to both our demagogues and patriots. By stigmatizing every appearance of the demagogue spirit, and applauding every manifestation of genuine patriotism, let us see that our country be truly represented, not by the imperious fierceness of that majestic bird, but by his royal courage ; not by his terrible talons and ravening beak, that drip with the blood of the lamb and the sparrow, but by his peerless eye, that never blanches in the blazing beams, and his wondrous wing, that outwearies the tug of the tempest and sails above the thunder.

For the healthy state and administration of affairs in a democratic country, it should be found that the common sentiment is formed and guided by the wisest

and best, from above the level,—not by the most conceited and unprincipled, from below it. Scholars, divines, civilians, statesmen, authors—the most competent students of subjects—those whose lives are devoted to moral and intellectual pursuits, in their several spheres, should try to correct and lead, not echo and flatter, public opinion. It is alike shameful and alarming that the press, the pulpit, the forum, are so often occupied by men who, either from want of mind, or from selfish and cowardly subserviency, do not *give* the direction which is needed, but *take* that which suits the majority. Every man in a public post who falls in with this common meanness and evil, should be hissed from his place, to make way for one of nobler aim and sterner stuff. In this respect it seems as if there were a growing degeneracy among us. Have we not editors, who form no opinion of their own, or, forming one, never stand by it? Clergymen, who say a man need not follow his sense of right? Representatives, who make speeches of hollow fustian, cast votes for unqualified infamy, diversify the tedium of Congress by the interpolation of drunken brawls, and profane the steps of the capitol with murderous assaults? Upon their debauched brows a nation's scorn should be branded while they live, and out of their avoided graves, when they die, nightshade should grow. The indifference of a large part of our population to the character and fitness of the men they elevate to stations of trust and power is wicked and insane. Its consequences may at any time plunge us headlong into the flaming abyss of civil strife, or the Charybdean jaws of foreign war. Verily a new proclamation is wanted in our national hustings, of what are the first

rudiments of morality, manliness, and merit; affirming in every ear and conscience, what appears not to be understood, that the true qualifications for office are not drunkenness, pugilism, licentiousness, and bribery; but virtue, intelligence, loyalty, experience and patriotism.

Another danger to which we are exposed, is, from the craft and ambition, the stealthy plots and cruel oppressiveness, of the priestly spirit, claiming that its ritual holds the exclusive means of salvation, and that its head is vested with supreme authority. We have among us, powerless at present, but diligent, unscrupulous, selfish and arrogant as ever behind its feigned meekness, sleeplessly biding the time when it may unsheath its claws, and assume total supervision of school, pulpit and press, and make the State its supple instrument—that priesthood, which, wherever it may roam, still preserves its denationalized unity, paying fealty to one celibate old man; remaining always a separate body in the midst of the people; seeking its own corporate ends at the expense of every thing else. Romanism is as much a grasping political, as it is an irresponsible spiritual, power. Flourishing best among a people characterized by superstitious peurility of thought and abject dependence of condition, it establishes eternal ignorance and beggardom that it may possess eternal dominion. Its unearthly pretensions and persecuting mind necessarily make it an enemy to the genius of republican institutions; and it must at any cost be kept from seizing here those coveted privileges which it so tyrannically exercises in Catholic countries. Could the prisons of the Papacy this day burst, and show their contents to the light, America

would stand aghast at the gigantic cruelty, and oppose, with leagued conscience and heart, the insinuating advances of so fell and remorseless a power. If it only had authoritative sway, no Protestant teacher or author would for a day be allowed to exercise his functions unmolested, nor could the secular government ever be free from its Jesuitical intrigues and its theocratic assumptions. It has boasted that the Pope shall yet set up his chair on the Rocky Mountains, and it will spare no pains to compass that fond consummation. Its propagandist zeal flits from the damp mould of mediæval vaults—a helpless and malignant bat—and hangs over the open nest of America in the democratic sunlight of the nineteenth century, from its wings dripping sacerdotal poison on our young eaglets. Let care be taken that neither the papal, nor any other hierarchical priesthood, ever obtains power on these shores to apply the rack and faggot, which are legitimate and eternal contents equally of its faith, its logic, and its spirit!

But such are the elastic strength and remedial vitality of our national organism,—such are the conspiring agencies of providential destiny combined to neutralize the hurts and shocks, and aid the victorious course, of this country,—so irresistibly do our palpable interests, as well as our solemn duties, plead for a policy of internal development by the arts of peaceful industry, casting discredit on the crimson lures of conquest,—so spontaneously do the affairs of our thrifty and energetic people prosper, whether fostered or neglected by legislation,—so smoothly do the wheels of our governmental mechanism run and achieve its functions, easily recovering from any friction or strain

resulting from the carelessness or rashness of unfit overseers,—such a tremendous check and healing power for the abuse and damage inflicted by demagogues and traitors, exist in the limited prerogatives and brief tenure of our officials, and in their condign dependence on public opinion and the electoral urn,—and so rootedly averse is the whole genius and operation of our institutions to the domination of a priestly hierarchy whose history is hateful to the mind of democracy, whose antiquated dogmas, heartless formalism, and Pharisaic haughtiness, are irreconcilable with the fresh thought, practical taste and social generosity of our people,—that America might laugh to scorn all the evils threatened by her irritable, pugilistic pride, by her army of selfish politicians, pledged to mere party, and every four years, clamorously knocking at the official doors, as if they were inscribed, “Ask, and ye shall receive,” and by the determined encroachments of a cunning sacerdotal ambition—did not that fearful curse and danger, the problem of slavery, lower over the land, the prodigious horrors its bosom holds big with portents of explosion, the rasping hostilities its relationship engenders charging the sultry atmosphere with angry lightnings of debate.

For three-quarters of a century, the constitution has re-enacted for America the part of Amphion, to whose charmed strain the spontaneous stones moved and built the capital of Bœotia. So, to the music of the Union, our more than Theban walls have been rising, and are rapidly building still. On this, the anniversary day of the first triumphant prelude of that edifying music, it were a delightful privilege, if we

might, for one hallowed hour, forget every later alienation, turn from every unwelcome sight, listen not to a single dissonant note, but revive the old concord that made our fathers one, and let the souls of our people, from the lumberers of Aroostook to the miners of Mariposa, all flow together in common memories, loyalties and hopes. Alas, that patriotism, honor and religion should unite to dispel the vision, and forbid the dream!

The fierce clamor of the slaveholding interest for more room, fresh prey, new chains and whips, and a longer lease of power, drowns the voices of the Revolutionary Fathers, vilifies the Declaration of Independence, incenses the country, disgraces the age, and insults the world. The madness of these retrograde fanatics, facing directly into barbaric night, seriously threatens the disruption of our Union, the extinguishment of the world's latest, brightest expectations. This is no exaggeration. The infinite wrong the institution of slavery is in itself; the inexpressible wrongs it inflicts on its victims; the insulting arrogance it breeds, the deteriorating sloth it pampers, the loathsome lust it inflames and feeds, in the master; the generous sympathies and moral sentiments it outrages in the contemplator;—all these facts are necessarily fraught with the combustible elements of strife. Besides, the want of educational institutions, of high culture, of diffused skill and enterprise—a want obviously attendant on Slavery—naturally leads to exhaustion of the soil, decay of wealth, and decrease of society, where it is long established, and so forces it to seek new territory. The North and the West, by their comparative enlightenment, liberty, and progressive

thrift, are girding the South as with a ring of sacred fire. She must either get new life and land in Nebraska, Cuba, South America, or else die of inanition. The ruffian clutch on this resource by the Slave States is not more tenacious than the opposition by the Free States to such a profane seizure, is resolved. The contest between the obstinacy and aristocratic passions on one side, the firm convictions and clear lights on the other, is grave already, and more ominous ahead.

Under these circumstances, appointed to speak on the Fourth of July to the citizens of Boston, I should deem myself a recreant son of old Massachusetts, guilty of a contemptible trick of cowardice,—the blood of the Fifth of March, 1770, would cry against me from the pavement of yonder street,—did I, while treating of our exposures, evade, through fear of touching a delicate subject, a frank reference to the chiefest evil and alarm of the land. That ostrich-policy, which, amidst thickening sounds of combat and signs of dissolution, hides the head in sandy generalities, and, quietly ignoring the facts, babbles of peace and union, is neither manly nor useful. Far nobler is it, and better, to open the eyes, summon intellect, heart, and conscience to their work, and submit your conclusions with direct candor to the wholesome agitation of criticism and argument.

One thing, then, is as sure as the footsteps of destiny, namely, that the battle between Slavery and Freedom in America is irreconcilable. One of the parties must triumph, and one must yield. Which it shall be, and how soon—there all the question lies. Now, while different observers of our national horoscope trace the dim star-runes to different issues—it is thus that,

earnestly gazing there and listening, I read the scroll of fate and interpret the voice of duty.

There are four conceivable modes of action, one of which must be followed, and we may take our choice. First: If the Slave States would, as every truth in sound policy, as all calm and devout wisdom, requires, seek, in union with the Free States, by any feasible means, to deliver themselves and the country from the wretched misfortune of negro bondage, we might honorably co-operate with them, and bear a generous portion of the pecuniary burden and of the tutoring responsibility. Would to heaven that might be! But plainly it cannot be at present. Judicial delusion and exasperated obstinacy, prevent it. It can come only, if at all, when accumulated defeat, perplexity, pecuniary ruin and social peril leave the infatuated, baffled oppressors no other door of relief.

Secondly: If the Slave States, confessing the institution to be an unhappy accident, a pernicious mistake, and its removal a desirable consummation, would let it be limited to its present domain, with no effort to fortify or to spread it, honestly allowing it to gradually ameliorate and diminish before the light of a higher polity, and under the influence of natural causes, the purer instincts of men, the laws of political economy, and the requirements of righteousness,—we might justifiably consent, standing on the provisions of the Constitution, to compromise so far as to wait patiently the time of its legitimate surcease. But how clear it is that in their frenzy they will do no such thing! Under a perturbed judgment, they are, for the first time, asserting the divine right and benignity of slaveholding, identifying their total welfare with its continu-

ance, and devoting their entire energies to its diffusion. Day and night they are plotting for new fields, reckless of the means, and devising new entrenchments. Within the year, with incredible impudence and piratical *animus*, they have clamored on the floor of Congress for the legalized reopening of the African slave-trade—the most unrelieved system of robbery, murder, and oppression ever revealed in history. Affirming the sectionalism of Freedom, and the nationality of Slavery, they insist on our complicity with them, commanding us to serve as dogs to hunt and return their panting fugitives. Can we endure this, and sit tamely down, and do nothing to stay the advance of the all-grasping despotism? No, by heaven, no! It is hard enough to leave the evil alone where it is, until what time its unnourished being might end. But when its supporters demand more of us than that, they ask too much. We cannot let it tramp over its sectional bounds with obscene hoof to befoul the fountain heads of new States, and roil the silver spring where our national eagle drinks.

Thirdly: If the Slave States be suffered to retain the preponderant shaping power which their single-aiming persistency has given them in the government, and to carry their policy through, concentrating the life-passion and stake of the country in Slavery, why then America will inevitably be plunged into the lowest pit of infamy, and thence into bottomless ruin. Demoralization, poverty, hostility and contempt from abroad, war, and at last, black destruction, will be unavoidable consequents. On the other hand, if we, while refusing to submit and go with them, permit them in their selfish revulsion to withdraw from the Union and

set up a separate confederacy, a great Slave Empire covering the southern half of the continent, the terrible crisis will not thereby be averted. The conflicting ideas, interests, sentiments, of North and South will then be vastly aggravated, and present restraints no longer be felt. Dislikes will be fomented, jealousies rankle, quarrels occur, and fraternal slaughter unquestionably close the day.

Fourthly: There remains, therefore, but one course for the Free States to follow, and in that course interest and duty blend their parallel lines to form a plain path: We must rally in our might at the ballot-box, and assume that controlling power in the national government which properly belongs to us. On the basis of the Constitution, in the spirit of the Fathers, we must organize a party animated by the American ideas of democratic liberty and progress, to take the legitimate supervision of our public policy, and to mould our legislation in such a way as to secure the strict confinement of Slavery to its present possessions, and so to provide for its final abolition. Such a party can be formed in a magnanimous spirit of justice and kindness to all, equally generous to the slaveholder, considerate to humanity, and loyal to God. Its first victory will carry the Declaration of Independence into the sky of the Supreme Court, where each one of its "glittering generalities" will be a bright particular star to guide the oppressed out of their bondage. The Free States are simply called on to unite in one grand party of righteous sentiment, take lawful possession of the executive power, and direct the future conduct of the country. This power is our right by the democratic rule of majorities, and we have been bullied out

of it too long ; for the free voters outnumber the slaveholders, ten to one. To wield it is also our duty, because our civilization is higher, our temper purer, than theirs : and the superior ought to govern the inferior. *We* contend by argument, example, and persuasion ; *they*, by knife, pistol, and mob. When we are lifting our marble martyr to his niche on Bunker Hill, the odious slaveholder who forced the Fugitive Slave Bill down our throats, is introduced, with complimentary *flunkeyism*,* in the very shadow of the awful place, and we listen to his haughty-toned commonplaces with respectful patience : *they* will not permit a harmless private abolitionist, known to be such, to enter one of their villages, except at the imminent risk of outrage and death ; and notoriously there is hardly a slaveholding community in the country where a free word in public on this subject will not raise a mob to hang the speaker on the nearest tree ! Furthermore, the Free States are obligated to rouse and conjoin their forces to snatch the national executive from the slaveholding oligarchy, because otherwise the doom of the Republic is sealed : for lasting peace and safety are wholly impossible, except in the triumph of right and liberty. Then they will be secured ; for we can, if we will, easily wield the prerogatives of a ruling majority, and execute the behests of just principles with a high right arm. And it is the only way to save the country. If we unitedly

* This phrase was enunciated with emphasis, and was greeted with sharp hisses and overwhelming applause, long-continued and thrice-repeated. When the commotion had subsided, the speaker said : " Those hisses convey both the spirit and the *argument* of the Slave-Power and its lovers."

resolve upon it, the South will be as impotent to resist right and wise measures, as we shall be able to enforce them, as helpless to destroy, as we shall be competent to preserve, the Union, and to punish every attempt to thwart its great ends. Our duty, accordingly, in relation to Slavery, is, by consolidated voting to shut it within its jail-limits, and cut off its nutriment. Then it will die, and we shall stand justified. If we do not this, we shall deserve to become a byword and a hissing forever.

America is at once the oldest and the youngest of nations. Inheriting the experience of the past, the ages of foregone countries are to be added to hers to date her true longevity. Just started on her career, the first throbbing glow of promise and ambition in her veins, with fuller knowledge, with new elements of success, and under more auspicious conditions than any ever enjoyed before, humanity and the world watch, with unprecedented intensity of interest, the incidents of her course and the goal of her destination. Shall her children fail her now? O let them see to it that she is represented before the nations in a manner worthy of her peerless endowment and her providential mission. Let not America appear, in genius and posture, a booted and spurred Fillibuster, in tawdry uniform and bristling with weapons; not a propagandist slave-driver, with slouched garb and furious mien, a whip in one hand, a bowie-knife in the other, the hated renegade of the world; but a virgin Goddess, newly descended on the summits, olive and sheaf in her grasp, love and futurity in her eye, celestial wisdom on her brow, and the hemisphere at her feet.

If all warning omens be neglected, and our really good and able men stand back, refraining from their proper place and part in public affairs, and demagogues and mobs be suffered to rule, and fanatics feed their bale-fires, and the war-spirit be nourished, and a foreign clergy carry out their plans, and it be attempted to enlarge and eternize the organic injustice and excitement of Slavery—then, just so surely as human nature remains what it always has been, fatal alienations will spring up, public sentiment will be demoralized, and passion will be embittered, till some earthquake of party madness yawns for our fabricated strength, or some volcanic insurrection overwhelms the scene in a deluge of fire and blood. There are lessons for us of this sort in the shuddering annals of the past, which I need not draw; and portents of dreadful note for us in the dilating controversies and corruption of the present, which I will not describe; because there are also fair prospects for us in the promising possibilities of the future, to which I eagerly turn, to close in a tone of cheer more befitting this festive day.

There is, I believe, a better fate in store for us and our children, than that prophecied by the lugubrious croakers of the time. The day brightens above Kansas. Conscientious citizens are arousing to their duties. The moderates—the golden party of reason, justice and liberty—will overbalance the fevered extremists of both sections, and rally a majority around the genuine mission of our country, inspired with love and resolve to defend from every enemy, within and without, the forlorn cause of free self-government, the precious

legacy inherited from all the ages gone and now jeopardized here in this pass of the world. It is in the power of that party, within the present generation, to shape for this continent the stupendous issues of the future; and they are trying to do it. Be their numbers reinforced, their zeal augmented. Go, all faithful men, to their side, and labor with heart and hand to conform your country's laws and policy to the ideal standard of domestic righteousness and universal fraternity. Looking about your broad home-borders, say to Slavery, Intemperance, Ignorance, and the various shapes of sensualism and sin: "Avaunt! fell fiends, horrible forms of crime and woe, brooding threats, begone from our coasts!" Then, gazing across the sea, exclaim with open mien and frank voice:

" Though dwelling in a far off isle,
 We bear no hate to other lands,
 But think that all the earth might smile
 If they and we but joined our hands."

Let that spirit be cultivated and that work be pursued by the mass of the American people, and year after year the results will be seen in the diminution of the evils which now so sadly qualify our honor, our safety and our influence, and in the purification from all its stains of that banner of stripes and stars, whose solemn and splendid folds, streaming from the central mountains, shall yet be reflected at once in the girdling waters of the North, and the East, and the South, and the West; when this entire continent, untrod by the foot of a Slave, unprofaned by the throne of a Tyrant, unshadowed by the mitre of a Priest, shall be one

simply exercised his right and discharged his duty as a citizen, a Christian and a man—and he would do it again.

He would not yield to any man in his love for the Union, and his estimation of its importance to our welfare and the good of the world. It was *therefore* that he desired to see it delivered from the evils which threatened to destroy it. There might be honest differences of opinion; he had honestly uttered his. For the very reason that we were citizens not only of Massachusetts, but also of the whole united country, we were mortified with the shames, elated with the prides, responsible for the wrongs, bound up in the weal and woe, of all parts of it. The Free States—partly with justice, and partly with injustice,—bear the odium attached in the public opinion of the world to the Slave States. Our State freedom and National Union was a unique thing in human history, and was not fairly appreciated abroad. We had a component independence, yet an organic unity; we were many in the unshackled motions of self-rule and self-enjoyment, but one in the confederate league of the Constitution, and the serried posture of defence.

Each stands distinct in peace—let war dismay,
The multitude of States in union blend;
So varying tints in tranquil sunshine play,
But form one Iris if the storm descend,
And fused in light against the clouds that lower,
Forbid the deluge, while they own the shower.

Mr. Alger said he had often wished to see one addition upon our country's banner—the solemn and immaculate face of WASHINGTON painted there, encircled by the constellation of the Union, lending its majestic morality and invincible might to the national ensign. For with that serene and victorious countenance engraved on its folds, could it ever be lifted above an unjust cause? Streaming at the head of a rightful one, could it ever go down or be turned back? Sooner should sun and moon fly from their socketed orbits.

Mr. Alger closed by thanking his fellow-citizens for the honor they had done him and offered the following sentiment:—

The American Flag, with its emblematic blue, red and white! Unfurled in the name of God, emblazoned with the face of Washington, and upborne in the spirit of Right, it shall be, to friends, mild as its azure; to foes, terrible as its lightning; to citizens, eternal as its stars.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN, JULY 6.

[From the Report in the Transcript.]

Votes of Thanks were passed to Rev. J. M. Manning, chaplain, John Quincy Adams, reader of the Declaration of Independence, the marshals, choir, C. F. Barnard and the escort, for their services upon the Fourth of July.

Alde:man BONNEY moved a reconsideration of the vote, in order to move an amendment, to include the orator, Rev. Wm. R. Alger. He thought it no more than proper that such a course should be pursued. Not that he sympathized with all the sentiments which he chose to utter, but because it would be manifestly improper to make him an exception to the rule that has been universal from the beginning, and to do it upon grounds which were just as applicable to gentlemen who have preceded him, whose ad-

dresses were as much against the feelings of the members of the government, and against the proprieties of the occasion, as this. To make him a mark, for no other reason than because he did not square with our individual views, would be, not only injudicious, but unjust—and putting ourselves in the same position as he put himself in taking so extraordinary a course.

He hoped, therefore, that the motion to reconsider would prevail, when he should move to include an order tendering thanks to the Rev. Mr. Alger, with the usual request to have it printed. He was willing that his vote should go upon the record, and stand by the side of the oration. Mr. Alger might take the credit of his oration and he would take the credit of his vote.

Alderman FROST said: I never will embrace an opportunity to abuse a man behind his back, or to say any thing unkind. I do not thank any man for improving an opportunity, either in the pulpit or elsewhere, to abuse me and my brethren, where I have no opportunity to reply. I see in the papers a printed copy (said to be) of the oration which was delivered on Saturday. There is not one of these printed ones which is a correct copy of the oration as it was delivered. Some of the most objectionable part of it, has been, for some reason or other, omitted. Now my view of the whole matter is, that that gentleman is not entitled to the thanks of the city government, nor entitled to any compliment from us, for embracing an opportunity like that of the anniversary of our national birthday, to throw into the faces of the people of Boston, or a city government of Boston, made up of all parties acting for the public good, meeting on common ground to celebrate a national birthday,—I care not who embraces such an opportunity, or such an occasion to set forth his own peculiar political views, where there is no opportunity of a reply. And therefore, I cannot, under any circumstances, vote any compliment to any man who delivers such a discourse. I have nothing to say about Mr. Alger,—nothing unkind to say behind his back, were he present I should say a great many hard things. If we let him alone, and let the subject pass, we shall have done our duty.

Alderman WIGHTMAN said he was not willing to endorse the oration of Mr. Alger, by vote of thanks or otherwise. He would not seem to endorse any thing which is insulting to those whom we are taught to respect. There was no necessity of travelling out of the legitimate path of patriotism to vilify men who stand high in the community, like Robert C. Winthrop and Edward Everett, names which would live long after Mr. Alger's is dead and forgotten. The oration was also insulting to the body by which he was invited to make it. He was invited to deliver an address carrying out the views of the Declaration of Independence. Was the subject so threadbare that he need take up a hackneyed abolition sentiment and speak an hour upon that?—making an oration filled with Garrisonian platitudes. He would never sanction the printing of that document in any way.

The yeas and nays were then taken on the question of reconsideration, with the following result:—

Yea—Alderman Bonney.

Nays—Aldermen Brewster, Dingley, Hatch, Frost, James, Nute, Pierce, Rich and Wightman.

Absent—Aldermen Carter and Sumner.

So the reconsideration was refused. The Board then adjourned.

APPENDIX.

After the services in Tremont Temple, a procession was formed and marched to Faneuil Hall, where the city authorities and invited guests partook of a dinner.

Several sentiments had been offered and responded to. The third regular toast was then read.

[From the Report in the Bee.]

Our Country—Holding in her hands the banquet of Liberty, and inviting *all*, of whatever nation or degree, to partake of it.

This was followed by vociferous applause, the band playing "Hail Columbia."

Col. ISAAC HULL WRIGHT was called upon to respond, and was greeted with applause.

COL. WRIGHT'S SPEECH.

He was glad that the bright star of Columbia was still visible. He believed and rejoiced that we still have a country, though at one time to-day, while listening to the orator of the day, he thought, from the dark picture drawn, we were to have no country. But the sentiments on this occasion, and the hearty manner in which they had been greeted, assured him that "Hail Columbia" was still a tune dear to their hearts. He believed that the declaration of principles read to-day was as appropriate now as when made by our ancestors. One of the chief grievances in that declaration was restrictions upon naturalization. Col. Wright did not believe in placing new restrictions upon foreigners coming to our shores. He thought five years a full period of probation, and long enough to make good and acceptable citizens of all. If we had any fears for the errors of bigotry and religious corruption from abroad, the remedy and safeguard was to be found in our common schools. With this weapon we could combat the errors of bigotry. There had been much talk, said Col. Wright, about natives having to go through a probation of twenty-one years. He denied this. For instance, is the child of a year's growth under probation when it is sucking and puking in its mother's arms? Is the boy who has fired off crackers to-day, experiencing probation?

He said a boy does not begin to arrive at manhood until he is eighteen years of age, then he has only three years probation before he comes into the full enjoyment of all political privileges. The foreigner was equally as well prepared and as justly entitled to those privileges after five years

probation. What, he would ask, did we want—do we want foreigners to return to their second infancy here, in this land of freedom?

Passing from his anti-American sentiment, he proceeded to lecture the people upon slavery. He reviewed the position taken by the orator of the day, and enlarged upon the subject at some length. His allusions to Mr. Alger were received with hisses and cheers, as were also many of his pro-slavery doctrines. In conclusion, Col. Wright gave as a sentiment the chorus of one of the Odes sung at the Tremont Temple:—

“The Union, one and all and all as one,
Clustered States, your high course run!
Hold your safe-guard still in sight—
Union, Order, God and Right.”

Fourth regular toast.

The Orator of the Day.—With the eloquence of a Tully, and the Patriotism of a Cato, he unites the philanthropy of a Howard, and the purity of a Christian.

This was received with prolonged cheering, followed by a voluntary from the band. On rising, Rev. Mr. Alger was welcomed by enthusiastic applause, which lasted some minutes.

REV. MR. ALGER'S SPEECH.

He said he hardly knew how to respond to the sentiment which had been greeted with such generous and emphatic applause. Gratefully acknowledging the compliment, he would be happy if he could think it deserved. Eloquence, which had been attributed to him, was one of the rarest gifts conferred by Heaven and labor on man. The men, flippantly called eloquent, were as thick in our public assemblies as dew drops on the grass; those *really* so were as solitary as the sun in the sky. For what was eloquence? It was first to feel an inspiration above the level of vulgar life, and then to impart it to others.

“Wit charms the Fancy, Wisdom, guides the Sense;
To make men nobler—that is Eloquence.”

But there was one particular in which, with due qualification of degree, he might admit the justice of the sentiment. When Roman liberty was imperilled in the house of its friends and the mob of its foes, Tully fearlessly spoke in defence of it. So he had done to-day; and he demanded for it, no censure, but plaudits.

In reference to misrepresentations of his address and the personalities indulged in by several of the preceding speakers, he said, playfully, that he thought it hardly fair that so many men of prowess and weight should together pounce on one poor little fellow, and he a man of peace, and tear him all to pieces. To be sure they had not called him by name, but the allusions were quite perspicuous. He thought he knew what was meant. As when a schoolmaster flung an inkstand at a pupil's head, saying “do you understand me now,” the boy replied, “I've got an *inkling* of what you mean.” In speaking on the subject of the country's dangers, how could he avoid dealing with the problem of slavery? This was undoubtedly the chiefest curse and peril of the land, the terrible controversies it provokes alone seriously threatening our national life and progress.

He had not advocated disunion, as one speaker, in a roundabout way, had seemed to imply. He had merely pointed out what he believed was the only possible way to *save* the Union forever. In doing this he had

There is an apparent discrepancy at this point.

The pages are either missing or the pagination is incorrect.

The filming is recorded as the book is found in the collections.

MEETING OF THE COMMON COUNCIL. JULY 9TH.

[From the Report in the Journal.]

The Thanks of the City Council.—Among the papers which came from the Board of Aldermen for concurrent action, were the resolves tendering the thanks of the City Council to the chaplain, reader of the Declaration of Independence, the chief marshal of the day and his assistants, Capt. Rogers, of the Boston Light Infantry, his officers and men, Rev. Mr. Barnard, &c., all of which passed in concurrence without a dissenting voice, excepting the resolve relating to the chaplain and reader, when

Mr. HARRIS, of Ward 5, moved to amend by inserting "Rev. W. R. Alger, the orator of the day."

Mr. DRESSER, of Ward 4, suggested that the amendment would be more appropriately met through an independent order, but the mover of the amendment took no notice of the suggestion.

On motion of Mr J. B. RICHARDSON, of Ward 11, the yeas and nays were ordered on the amendment.

At this stage of proceedings, Mr. HARRIS, of Ward 5, stated that he should have been happy to accept the suggestion of the gentleman from Ward 4, but he was decidedly in favor of passing a vote of thanks to the orator, for the reason that that gentleman had been invited by the committee of the Common Council to deliver an oration, without any dictation or suggestion as to his subject, and in complying with that invitation, the orator acted as an individual, and took upon himself the responsibility of selecting his own subject; and it was for the public to judge respecting its merits. If for no other reason, as a matter of courtesy a vote of thanks should be passed to him. Custom, for years, ever since the city was established, has made it a rule to return a vote of thanks to the individual delivering the oration on the anniversary of American Independence, and whatever the sentiments contained in the oration, the whole responsibility rests on the orator who uttered them. He would not at this time, said the gentleman, express his own private views or convictions of the right or wrong about the matter; but he would say that when he came where he then stood, he came with the understanding that there was to be no party feeling, and he believed the vote of thanks was due to the orator, inasmuch as he had performed a duty which he had been called upon by the City Council to perform.

Mr. POND, of Ward 2, regretted that the gentleman from Ward 5 had not fallen in with the suggestion of the gentleman from Ward 4, and expressed the opinion that no one would for a moment doubt the propriety of passing the resolve as it comes from the upper branch, for the reason, that if the resolve was passed with the amendment proposed, there was not the least probability that in its amended form, it would meet with any favor in the Board of Aldermen.

Mr. POND, of Ward 5, stated that so far as his experience went, there had always been a separate resolve in favor of the orator, and that the matter now was taking an extraordinary course. One word occurs, said he, in the resolve, relating to the chaplain and reader, which, if the amendment to incorporate the orator's name in that resolve should be adopted, would seem to be entirely erroneous, and that word was, "appropriate." So far as the purpose of the amendment was concerned, it was peculiarly unfortunate that that word should have been inserted in the resolve, for no one could endorse it.

The question on the amendment proposed by Mr. Harris, of Ward 5, was then taken, and the amendment was rejected by the following vote:—

Yeas—Messrs. Bailey, Bryant, Harris—3.

Nays—Messrs. Barry, Bradford, Cobb, Dalton, Damrell, Dresser, Emerson, Faxon, Ford, French, Gibson, Hale, Josselyn, Krueger, Mason, McGilvray, Morrison, Mullin, Nichols, Palmer, Parkman, B. Pond, J. A. Pond, W. F. Richardson, J. B. Richardson, Roberts, Stetson, J. M. Stevens, Talbot, Thayer, Thompson, Tyler, Waldron, Warner, Washburn, Wedger, Whiton—37.

Absent—Messrs. Bayley, Beal, Johnson, Merrill, Shaw, Smith, Tuxbury—7.

MUSICAL.—The whole subject relative to music on the Common, was, on motion of Mr. J. B. Richardson, referred to the City Solicitor, for the purpose of obtaining his opinion as to the authority of the City Council, to appropriate money as contemplated in the amendment offered in the upper branch.

Sundry papers from the School Committee were referred to the appropriate Committees.

Mr. DRESSER, of Ward 4, offered an order tendering the thanks of the City Council to the Rev. W. R. Alger, for the oration delivered by him before the municipal authorities on the occasion of the recent celebration of the Declaration of American Independence, and that a copy be requested of him for publication.

On motion of Mr. STEVENS, of Ward 3, the yeas and nays were ordered on giving the order a second reading.

Mr. DRESSER said he thought the office of orator was a peculiarly independent one, and that the orator selected, whoever he might be, had the liberty to express such sentiments as he pleased. For himself, he did not purpose to express, at this time, his own sentiments, and this Board was not here for the purpose of expressing its sentiments, but to tender a vote of thanks, as had always been customary, whether the sentiments uttered by the orator met their own views or otherwise. He believed such a vote should be passed as one of the actual courtesies of the occasion—upon an actual state of facts, and as a mark of regard for the reputation of the man, who has discharged his duty faithfully and honestly, and as a matter of courtesy, if for no other reason, it belonged to him. It was not by any means to be understood that, because the Council passed a vote of thanks, that they or any one of the members acceded to, or adopted the views expressed by him. If there be error in that oration, he said, let it go forth to the world, and let truth combat with error; if there be error, let the error rest where it belongs. Another consideration was, whether the Council advocate or tolerate the right of free speech. The action of the Council on this question would let future orators know and understand that they must embody such sentiments in their addresses as may suit each member.

Mr. WASHBURN, of Ward 8, moved to lay the whole subject on the table. Rejected.

The same gentleman moved that the further consideration of the subject be specially assigned for Thursday evening next. Rejected.

The question was then taken on giving the order a second reading, and rejected by the following vote:—

Yeas—Messrs. Bailey, Bryant, Dalton, Dresser, Faxon, French, Hale, Harris, McGilvray, Merrill, Parkman, J. A. Pond, W. F. Richardson, J. B. Richardson, Stetson, Talbot, Whiton—17.

Nays—Messrs. Barry, Bradford, Cobb, Damrell, Emerson, Ford, Gibson, Josselyn, Kreuger, Mason, Morrison, Mullin, Nichols, Palmer, B. Pond, Roberts, J. M. Stevens, O. Stevens, Thompson, Tyler, Waldron, Warner, Washburn, Wedger—24.

Absent—Messrs. Bayley, Beal, Johnson, Shaw, Smith, Thayer, Tuxbury—7.

Mr. HALE, of Ward 7, offered the following order:—

Ordered, That in the opinion of this Council, the orations delivered in accordance with the usage of this city, on the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, should contain no sentiment upon any political question likely to be offensive to any member of the Board of Aldermen or Common Council, and whatever in other respects may be the merits of such orations, the thanks of the City Council ought not to be given to any orator expressing sentiments distasteful or offensive to any member, and that this Board will never favor the publication, for the use of the citizens of Boston, of any oration denouncing political doctrines favored by any considerable portion of its members, or speaking discourteously or severely of the supporters of any institution approved by them or their political associates.

The reading of the above resolution excited considerable merriment for the moment among the members, but they soon resumed their accustomed silence and dignity upon Mr. Hale's rising and stating that he did not offer the resolution for the purpose of exciting a laugh, and the resolution which he had offered did not express the sentiments which he entertained. He never should approve or adopt its sentiments, nor make them a disclaimer, and it might not be deemed strictly in accordance with parliamentary rule to offer an order and then vote directly against it; but he desired to see the feeling of the members, and for that purpose he moved the yeas and nays.

Mr. KRUEGER, of Ward 1, moved to amend the resolve by adding "that whenever we pass a vote of thanks, we don't mean any thing."

Previous to taking the question upon giving the order a second reading, a motion made by Mr. ROBERTS to adjourn, prevailed.

[From the Daily Bee of July 14.]

ACCOUNT OF THE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

So much uproar in Ephesus has been occasioned by Mr. Alger's oration, that it may be interesting and profitable to note the manner in which our brethren in South Carolina celebrate the glorious Fourth, and to observe the extreme care which they exercise in avoiding, on that day, any allusions to the exciting subject of slavery, and how strictly they guard against any "incendiary" or partisan expressions! We have before us, in the *Charleston Mercury*, several reports of these gatherings in South Carolina, and as they are all of the same character, we select from two of them, the celebration at Charleston and one at St. Matthew's Parish. Orations were delivered at both, which the *Mercury* says were of a very high order, and the orators took occasion to declare for secession and a Southern Republic, unless the administration should see to it that slavery is established in Kansas. They also berated Senator Sumner in good set terms, and hoped that the representatives of South Carolina would thrash every "northern fanatic" in Congress. These sentiments, we are told, were greeted with warm applause. But the sentiments given are the most refreshing and instructive, and we quote a few out of the many, hoping that the patriotic and moderate spirit, the friendly comity exhibited in them,

will teach Mr. Alger and all such violators of "good taste" to take warning, and feel themselves properly admonished!

The only Union that we want is the union of the South to dissolve her connection with the North.

A Southern Confederacy—The time has come when the South must look to herself. May she break loose all ties with Yankeeedom, and form herself a Slaveholding Confederacy.

Equality and the Union, or Disunion and the Sword.

God speed the hour when South Carolina will be the first to shake off the shackles of Federal tyranny, and serve as a model to her sister States of the South.

The sons of South Carolina always hold themselves in readiness to maintain and defend the peculiar institutions of the South, under all circumstances and at all hazards.

We don't know how these sentiments may strike our friends of the *Courier* and the *Post*, but the Charleston people thought them extremely good. We should really like to have the opinion of the *Courier* upon the amount of love for the Union manifested in these sentiments.

Here follows another choice set of very inoffensive and expressive sentiments, and there were many more of the same sort. Will such agitators and severely personal speakers as Mr. Alger take notice:—

Gen. Bonham, successor of Brooks—Able to lash with tongue and hand, may he keep in mind the achievements of his predecessor, and when argument has failed, wipe out every stain attempted to be thrown upon the people or institutions of the South by the magic aid of a coach.

To the Orator of the Day—Though young and in bloom, we hope that a few years will bring him to a state of maturity, that he may be able to cano Sumner, standing, sitting, or lying.

Hon. L. M. Keitt—Held in the highest estimation by his constituents, may he have a bright and glorious page in the history of South Carolina.

Hon. L. M. Bonham, Member of Congress from Edgefield—May he supply himself with a cane, named after his predecessor, of sufficient strength and size to beat, whenever his country's rights demand it, all the Abolitionists from the government seat at Washington.

Preston S. Brooks—The sagacious and patriotic statesman; the chivalrous and gallant officer; history will record the deeds he has done; his name is identified with the glory of his country.

Col. L. M. Keitt—Our Roman Scipio: may he never cease his march till Northern aggression is forced to acknowledge the truth of his eloquence.

If the reading of those does not reassure the Boston Aldermen and Councilmen, we don't know what will! Here follows a pleasant and friendly expression or two:—

Not to men with Southern principles we meet as friends, but the Abolitionists with a good word on the inside of a pipe and two outside of a case, with a lighted lamp stuck to it.

The hemp rope of Keitt ought to be applied in a domestic way, to hang Free State agitators in the Territory.

Here are two or three of a highly jocose character, and we commend them to those who like to laugh:—

South Carolina—The Banner State in supporting and promoting the principles of human rights.

The Fourth of July—A day sacred to Liberty, talked of elsewhere, but enjoyed here alone.

A pod of red pepper in every man's eye
Who will not celebrate the Fourth of July.

The President of the United States—We hope he will not prove recreant to the various constitutional duties assigned him by a majority of his fellow-citizens.

Ex-President Pierce—The model President and staunch patriot. "Serus in calum redeat."

That last, freely translated, reads, "May he be a great while in getting to heaven!" We commend the perusal of the above South Carolina Fourth of July sentiments to those Boston gentlemen who are so exquisitely sensitive about the expressions that are proper on such occasions.