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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, March 20, 1862.

Original Poetry.

[For the Reporter.]

Col. GEARY, with some of his officers and a detachment of the First Michigan Cavalry, rode to Ball's Bluff and buried the white bones of the brave Un on so days who fell upon that field in October last. Impressive remarks preceded this humane act, and a monument of red granite was hidden from human sight. Spread the bones of the Nameless stern white on the plain.
From the deep glare of day, where the conflict has past,
While the red tide of battle has past once again,
And the eagle of war speeds the receding host.
Nameless, are nameless, each white corse shall slumber;
And the glebe shall be green when the spring tide is high;
Alone, all alone! the death song shall number,
Its wail for the Nameless—alone there to die!
Alas! shall we plead for their fame and their story,
Deeds writ in light, God's record to find?
Hark! how the loud clang of war and the glory
Of victory sounds on the wings of the wind!
Dig the turf from the fallow—chant and a prayer—
Bury them deep 'neath the blood-drunk sod—
Turn, for a while, now the trumpet's hoarse blast
Sends to arms!—leave the dead—alone and with God!
March 13, 1862. H.

Political.

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

SPEECH OF HON. GEO. LANDON.

IN THE STATE SENATE, MARCH 9, 1862.

Mr. LANDON. The celebrated Dr. Barrow once delivered a discourse, and some one of his auditors complimenting the discourse after war, said to Robert Hall, "did you not think that the doctor exhausted his subject?" "Yes," was the reply, "I think he did, and his audience also." Now, Mr. Speaker, I trust that in the few remarks I intend to make upon this subject I shall not do the latter, and I have no expectation of doing the former. I cannot exhaust the subject—I hope not to exhaust the audience. But, sir, I propose for a few moments to speak frankly, to speak fully; as the old Greek said, I propose to put a window before my heart and let any man who desires see what is in that heart in reference to certain subjects. I should be happy if my ideas were pleasing to those around me. I shall not forget the utterance of those sentiments whether they please or displease. That is frank. I have always been treated by the members of the Senate with even more courtesy than I have asked, and I shall try to reciprocate it and do it now; and one of the evidences of courtesy in a legislative body is for each man to be frank in his utterances. I proceed, then, sir, to the remarks I intend to make. I shall not ask anybody to pay attention to me; I shall address you, sir, and between us we shall canvas this subject for a little time.

If we do not get a hearing upon this matter, we are not to be alarmed, nor to be disconcerted. Do you not know, sir, it is a fact that in this world of ours, up to this day, truth has had to fight its way? Are you not aware that Fulton, when he discovered the hidden power of steam and had managed to construct machinery by which he thought to employ his power and make it serviceable to the world's use, do you not remember that he went to Washington and asked the American Congress for the use of their hall that he might demonstrate and illustrate his theory, and they refused him? Now, after the truth of his theory has been fully demonstrated and appropriated to innumerable mechanical and beneficial purposes, those very men that refused the hall and sneered at him as a fanatic, will be among the first to do reverence to his memory and write eulogiums upon his name. So, sir, there are subjects to day that may gain only a dull and listless hearing in the public ear; but if the subjects be true let their advocates quail not but proclaim the truth, defend the truth and wait for the future to endorse it and reward its advocates. Mr. Speaker, the resolution before us is a small one; it confines us to ten miles square of territory. I propose to widen the circle, somewhat, of my remarks, but I promise you in the end to bring up within the ten miles.

The careful student of history has learned this lesson, that every nation and every government sooner or later has its crisis, its ordeal, and I may say its test hour. It is called upon to pass through its political straits where its strength is proved or its weakness developed, where its dignity is illustrated, or its folly exhibited, where begin its rise and progress or decline and fall. England had her ordeal when the head of Charles I. was brought to the block, and Cromwell, a common ploughman, riding with the people and with right, took his crown and his throne. France had her ordeal, Germany has had hers; and we now, as a Government, are having ours. These ordeals must come. They do no harm, they are rather beneficial; provided the people of the day are adequate to the emergency thereof; provided their principles, their wisdom and their heroism are commensurate with the greatness of the occasion. This struggle of ours will do our country no harm if we are but true to ourselves, true to our history, true to the teachings of philanthropy and patriotism. Why, sir, when the storm comes sweeping down upon the sea swelling the sails of the vessel, no matter how widely the winds may roar or loudly the tempest may howl, provided the ship is well built and well manned, her timbers steeled and banded together, her keel undergirded with great ribs of iron, her captain in his place, the crew true men, the compass all right; then, sir, the tempest only develops the strength of the vessel and hurries it on in its journey making it more like a thing of life as it leaps from wave to wave. So it is with these insurrections, revolutions and rebellions that spring up in human governments. If they are met in the right way, the result is the in-

creased strength, glory, power and honor of the government. Mr. Speaker, in reading over the pages of history, every man will learn this fact, that all the governmental contests that have arisen since the creation of the world, have arisen between the few on the one side claiming arrogant powers, and the many on the other side against whom these arrogant powers were claimed. I appeal to the pages of history, sir, in vindication of that position. The revolutions of this world have sprung from that principle—arrogant assumptions on the part of the few on the one hand, against the everlasting rights of the many on the other. It was so in England, it was so in Rome, it is so among the Celestials in China; it is so in 1862 in North America. The contest is between the few on the one hand who arrogate to themselves unwarranted claims and powers against the everlasting rights of the masses. The conflict of ours was inevitable. The people need not open their eyes, or stand against and wonder that we are involved in the present difficulty as we are. Why, when the sun hides himself behind the clouds of winter, and the breath of heaven is chilled with the frost, and the very bosom of the earth is frozen in an icy sheet, do you not wonder that flowers do not leap up from the bosom of the earth—But when the air is balmy, when the sun draws near, and the earth is warm, we may expect their coming, and their non-appearance would be a miracle. Every season has its antecedent, and causes ever will and must produce their results. The circumstances of this country for the past fifty years, have led legitimately to the present outbreak. There is a law in nature and law in philosophy, a law in heaven and a law on earth, that contraries cannot peacefully co-exist. Fire and water, lucifer matches and gunpowder, cannot be thrown together and jumbled and jostled about without hissings and explosions. Physical health and circumference, marionettes atmosphere cannot long be joined tenants of the body. Either the atmosphere must be purified or health must fail and death close the scene. The present Secretary of State never uttered a truer sentiment—and I know not but he was unconsciously inspired at the time—than when he affirmed in reference to the two great antagonistic systems existing in this country, that between them there was an "irrepressible conflict." I do not know that he intended to utter so great a truth; but he never will utter a greater one. And the man who stands at the helm to day and guides the ship of state, never uttered a profounder truth than when he averred that where the half of a country was slave on the one side, and the other half was free, the country could not prosper perpetually under that régime; either the slave part must overrun the free part, or the free part absorb the slave part. I say he uttered a truth to which I subscribe. Why, sir, if one side of a man is paralyzed, his muscles contracted, the circulation of the blood impeded, and the other side is seemingly healthy, either the paralyzed part will, by degrees, send its creeping paralysis over the well part, destroying it, or the well part will send the current of vitality through the diseased portion, restoring it. I say, sir, in a country where one portion is free and the other slave, there is a struggle as to which must virtually predominate. These are general principles, for I am dealing in principles. In all general emergencies the part of wisdom, of patriotism, of heroism, of manhood—the part of true patriotism is to meet the emergencies frankly, plainly, unflinchingly. Now, sir, there is a great emergency in this country. I care not to what party a man may belong, if he has anything of patriotism, of wisdom or manhood about him, it becomes him to look the emergency fully and squarely in the face and meet it according to the needs of the day. Let him be once a partisan, but seven times a patriot. Now listen to me for one moment. Slavery in this country is the whole cause of our existing troubles. I know it has been said that our difficulties have arisen from the extremists of the north or abolitionists. I know it has been said also that our troubles have been caused by the overwhelming and overweening desire of certain men in the south for power, goaded on by an insatiable and vaulting ambition. Strip it of all disguises, sir, and call things by their right names and "give the devil his due;" and it is summed up just in the phraseology I have given you, that slavery is the cause of your trouble. Why was that company of men standing in front of the Executive Chamber this morning; and why was the Governor giving them an encouraging and patriotic address? Because there has been slavery in the country. Why have you six hundred thousand men gathered from the hills and valleys, armed from head to foot, encamped and teated on the battle field? Because there has been slavery in the country. Why are there so many of your brothers, and your friends, and your sons, lying to-day upon the hill side cold as the icicle, or in the valley withered like grass? Because there is slavery in the country. Why have we a war debt to-day of seven hundred and fifty millions, with the gloomy prospect of its duplication? Why racks the Government? Why goes there up from land and sea this wailing cry of blood! blood! blood!!! Because, sir, slavery has gone to seed and shelled its bitter fruits upon our heads.

Let us pause and look the foul system in the face. There are in the Southern States about three hundred and fifty thousand slave owners. There may be a few more now, but this is a fair estimate. They hold about four millions of human beings as goods and chattel. They claim the right to hold, mortgage, buy, sell and speculate upon them. They seek the increase of their captives as an increase of wealth. They breed them as a marketable commodity for the shambles. When their legitimate increase is too limited to satisfy insatiate avarice, forswearing decency and taking counsel only of the basest passions, these pampered tyrants pour their own blood into African veins, that they may thereby put dollars into their coffers and wine upon their dinner tables. They claim the right to scourge, brand, break and crush their victims into an unequalled submission to all the whims and caprices

of unbridled power. They claim the right to extend their peculiar institution wherever they please. I was in Alexandria last April, when the distant moan of this present storm was first stealing upon the public ear. I was in the very house where the martyr Ellsworth was killed, and in conversation with a southern dilapidated "gentleman," he made this remark to me: Said he, "these troubles can very quickly be quieted." I inquired, "how, sir?" I will give you his language: "why," said he, "the north must just mind their own business and leave the d—d nigger question alone. If we wish to work niggers, that is all our business. If the north wish to take their horses into the territories, we shall not object; if we wish to take our niggers there, they should not object. If they leave that question alone to us the difficulty will speedily be quieted."

They claimed the right to carry their slaves wherever they pleased, from sunrise to sundown. Not only that, sir, they claim that Christendom, outside of them, should endorse their claim. They demand that I should interpret the Bible so that the Bible should square with their pretensions and assumptions. They demanded that even tract societies and missionary organizations should be subordinate and your very school books should be expurgated, so as to favor their practices. They forbade discussion, they commanded silence. As the foolhardy autoerct threw shackles into the Hellsport to chain its waves and its roars, so these yet greater fools have sought to cast manacles into the world's great sea of mind, hoping to curb its pulsations and stay its inquiries. They claimed the right to control the government and to monopolize its posts of honor and profit, and too generally they have succeeded. They claimed to select the President, and when or before selected to put him under bond and oath to do their bidding and obey their behests. They require that every free man in the free states, whenever they should command, must turn bloodhound and hunt down their fugitives. The foul deed has been done in sight of this very capital! In a word, they claimed that science and religion, governments and laws, men, angels and God Himself should be subordinate and tributary to slavery. To this state of facts the eyes of the world have been gradually opening till 1860, when, in the name of the American people, an injunction was placed upon the slaveocracy by the election of a Republican President.

Now, sir, what followed? The intellectual perceptions of the wise, the moral convictions of the good being against them, the sceptre of power being wrested from their grasp; and fearing they might not consummate their plans while upholding the country, they resolved to establish their pro-slavery claims, by destroying that country. Blind as Samson, and thrice as foolish, they ran madly at the pillars of the Government, resolved that if they are not allowed to monopolize its administration, they will upheave its foundations, though they bury themselves beneath its falling ruins. Dead to all the nobler impulses of manhood, and only alive to the acquisition and exercise of tyrannical power, there is the language of Milton's Monarch Fiend:

"To reign is worth ambition though in Hell,
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

If there had been no slavery in this country there would have been no war. Day it—who can? The interest upon the national debt must be paid annually; and in raising enough to pay that interest on the debt of the General Government, the pro rata part of Pennsylvania will be sixteen millions of dollars per annum. Hear it, ye hardy men, from the centre to the lake shore! Sixteen millions of dollars are to be wrung from your earnings as a tribute necessarily levied upon you in maintaining the Government and upholding the country against the assault of pro-slavery assassins. But for slavery in the country you would have saved the nation that expenditure. Mr. Speaker, that was an unfortunate occurrence in the year 1820, when a Dutch vessel landed its cargo of twenty slaves upon the shores of Virginia. The institution was planted there; the dragon's teeth were sown there; and now we are reaping a harvest of bayonets. The institution was weak then; it was like a lion's whelp—a child could fondle it and a child could lead it—but that whelp has grown, and grown! and grown! until it has become a monster; and to-day it is that monster that crouches upon the banks of the Potomac, beguiling your capital and challenges your very nationality. Gentlemen, must not try to shift the cause of our difficulties, nor to cover it up; it is slavery from beginning to end, from the foundation to the capstone.

I think I have dwelt upon that point long enough. This is now a contest, Mr. Speaker, of nationalities. About ten months ago, when we were assembled in this place, there was a screw loose in the Southern States, something was wrong; there came up, stealing upon our ears, certain passing and troublesome sounds; and we called it an insurrection, a little rebellion. I remember we thought it was necessary to take some cognizance of the matter and make some preparation for the defence of the country, and we introduced a resolution here to appropriate five hundred thousand dollars for the defence of the State. I remember with what reluctance some men voted for it; and I remember too with what earnestness some men voted against it; and I remember also that before the flowers of June had fully developed themselves, the same gentlemen who voted against the appropriation of five hundred thousand dollars, were reassembled here and eagerly voted the appropriation of three and a half million dollars. And I say, by way of application of that fact, gentlemen here to day who will vote against this measure for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, before three years—nay, sir, before one year has passed—will gladly sustain measures as much in advance of this as three and a half million dollars were in advance of half a million. The world moves, and men are compelled to move with it, or be crushed by it. This is a contest for nationality—Kingdoms against kingdoms, force grappling with force

—arms on armor clashing, brag horrible discord. Our hosts are numbered by the half million. That little cloud that rose in the heavens, no larger than a man's hand, has expanded and unfolded until it covers the whole political horizon, and pours its crashing thunders over the whole country. It is a question of nationalities that is to be decided. We must not underrate the strength of the enemy who is against us; we must not consider that the difficulty is near a terminus either, sir. The enemy is strong in numbers, having almost as many men in the field as we have, with others ready to come. They are strong in that peculiar element of strength—will—reolution—determination. They adopt the language of the archangel, fallen Belzebub, when he was floundering in the sea of burning marl, who, according to Milton, (and I do not know but that there is a blood relationship between our enemies and that rebellious spirit)—when he found himself hurled from the heights of heaven and his vengeful cohorts were repulsed and dismayed, addressed his burning hosts— "what though the field be lost, all is not lost while there remains the firm resolve and unconquerable will." So, sir, when the enemy have retired from a place at which they have been defeated, they say to the people of the country around about, "burn your houses, destroy your property, leave a wasted country for our invaders to live upon." You recollect, sir, that address which Howell Cobb and other rebels issued to the people of Georgia— "Do you remember how much of vengeance was in it?" It reminded a man of Moscow when the Russians determined to destroy that beautiful city, to burn it down in order to defeat Napoleon, that "thunderbolt of war." And it is this determination to rival, if they can, all that is told in history; it is their determination to conquer or perish; either to be victors or corpses, that makes them strike, though they are defeated. Furthermore, this very institution we are discussing to day has always been their strength—their political strength—their ecclesiastical strength—and now it is their martial strength. The young gentlemen go to the battle field to win epaulettes and the slaves dig the trenches and furnish supplies. You leave the institution of slavery untouched, and it is an element of strength to the enemy; and so long as you leave it undisturbed it is a pregnant source of power against you. The moment you disturb it, however, it becomes an element of weakness and danger to the foe.

The question is one of nationality, not a question as to the mere extent of the war. The question is this, and the contest is based upon it: In this country and on this continent, which shall triumph—freedom or slavery? Strip it of all disguises, it comes to that naked question: which shall triumph on the battle field, control the pulpit and guide the country freedom or slavery? That is what we are fighting about. Now, sir, I say frankly that whatever lies in the way of saving our country, spoiling our government, suppressing entirely and forever the rebellion; whatever stands in the way should be swept aside. When a fire breaks out in the city, when the breath of the burning element threatens destruction to every inflammable material within its range, and there is no other way to head it off, the custom is to go in advance of the fire and blow up the buildings, no matter how rich, costly and antiquated they may be. As slavery kindled this fire of rebellion and now adds fuel to its fury, let it be blown out of existence that the conflagration may be stayed and our capital saved. I affirm with all candor and coolness that sooner than see this government overthrown by these rebels, and this country with all its wide spread interests made subject to slave domination, I would, had I the power, uncap the magazines of perdition and sprinkle every square rod of rebel soil with hell fire and brimstone. I would not hesitate at all to do thus to save the country. Sir, it shall be saved; there is no doubt about it. And whatever man or whatever institution, whatever interest, whatever association or whatever plans stand in the way of the complete and perpetual salvation of the country and government, I would sweep all away as the whirlwind sweeps the gossamer. Am I to go hiding around the pillars of your capital, whining about slaveholders' constitutional rights, when those very pillars are trembling to their fall, under the ruthless attacks of these men? Constitutional rights of slaveholding traitors—traitors who are stabbing to the heart that very document which has hitherto shielded them in its mighty embrace!—Sir, they have no constitutional rights save the right to die for their crimes.

This question of slavery meets us at every turn. It can neither be dodged nor evaded. No Senator upon this floor, belong to what party he may, can evade it. It meets the President and his cabinet, the Secretary of War and his counselors; it meets us here and it meets Congress in the halls of national legislation; it meets us in our diplomatic relations with foreign powers; it meets us at home and on the stern and bloody battle field; and I avow with emphasis, we must meet it. But how? Necessarily in one of three ways. We can submit to it, be ruled and ruined by it. But for this mode of meeting it, no sane man is prepared. The proposition carries its retribution with it, for it is but a covert mode of recommending suicide. In the second place, we can continue as we have been doing, fight the rebellion with one hand and hold up slavery with the other, until both parties are exhausted, then settle our difficulties by allowing or by compelling the seceded States to fall back into the Union with slavery, slave representation and all its concomitants as aforesaid. I have feared there were too many men in higher places who desire this mode of meeting it. But this would be a false and fallacious cure for our existing ills. Let no one delude himself and others by pointing to this as the path way from the wilderness to the promised land. It never should, it never can, it never will be done. My reasons for so affirming are two, the general government cannot meet it in this way, and the people never would allow it if they could. Let me explain. Slavery is the creature of State laws. The general government is bound to protect each State in the

maintenance of its local laws and local institutions, so long as these do not conflict with the Constitution of the United States, and so long as the State herself bows to the supremacy of that instrument. But when an individual State ignores the Constitution, and swears allegiance to an alien and hostile Government, its local laws fall to the earth, and all the institutions created by them go down with them. The result is, there is not to day a single slave in all the seceded State. There are millions of colored people, but no slaves. To whom do they owe allegiance? To the rebel confederate government? If you say yes, you acknowledge that a legitimate and authoritative government. Do they owe allegiance to their masters?—Traitors whom you are trying to kill are incapable of receiving allegiance. Being outlaws, they are entitled to nothing by law. If you say they owe allegiance to the United States Government, as they certainly do, then I ask, being relieved from all allegiance to the power that made them slaves, and owing allegiance only to the general government, which never made a slave, by what authority, by what constitutional rule can that government reduce these millions of free men and loyal subjects to slavery? Congress never can do it—never will dare allow it to be done. On the contrary, the general authorities must proclaim to them, "free we find you, free we leave you." The people of the free States will never consent to the restoration of slavery to its former status. Political hacks, office seeking demagogues might allow it, but the people never.

The present war is nurturing in the public mind a deep and avenging hatred against this institution. The mother at home lies awake at the dead of night, tearfully thinking of her first born, of him who once lay upon her bosom, enwrapped in the gushing sympathies of maternal love, but now far away upon the battle field, baring his manly heart to the cold steel and the showers of lead. In the agonies of solicitude she inquires, Why is this? Why is he absent? The silent response steals in upon her convictions, "because of slavery." At the depot at Elmira, there is a daily average arrival of eight coffins, and similar arrivals at every point all over the land. Each rough box brings not only the clay of a dead warrior, but the spirit of a living lesson. Whatever their former feelings, your soldiers speedily become haters of slavery, excepting the very few who have not patriotism enough to preserve them from putrefaction, nor good sense enough to pull the trigger of a musket.

The pulpit is awake. After a slumber of years it now arouses itself in majesty. The pulpit, the herald of the Son of God, the fulcrum of moral power, the citadel of light and truth, after wearing for years upon its month a padlock, they key of which was in the hand of slavery, now opens its lips and speaks in thunder tones for justice and judgment. Throwing aside all shackles, as Samson burst from his giant limbs the green withes, the throne of the Prophets now remembers "those that in bonds are bound with them." Men are not ashamed now to preach in favor of freedom and against despotism—neither ashamed nor afraid to do it. Ave, sir, the people demand it, and the voice of the people is Almighty.—They have become wearied and disgusted with the stale and false trash about a pro-slavery Christianity—pro-slavery Bible, and a pro-slavery God. They spurn and nauseate these nostrums of clerical doctors whose divinity is sick.

The press has come to its sensibilities.—Armed with a thousand tongues and ten thousand teeth, it sets its types in lightning and speaks its liberty-loving thunders through the land. The public conscience that has laid for ages like the Dead Sea, respecting the subject of slavery—cold, slimy and inactive—full of hideous monsters in the shape of corrupt theories and mighty lies—is now stirred to its depths by the breathings of a new life, and swells appealingly to Heaven, in behalf of humanity, in behalf of the country—against rebellion and against slavery.

With all these tremendous agencies marshalled against him, agencies strong now, becoming stronger every hour, is any man so foolhardy as to fancy it within the range of possibilities to hold up much longer upon its trembling limbs an institution waging war upon the country and upon every sure and noble principle in the universe. It cannot be done. Let no one lay the flattering unction to his soul. The handwriting is upon the wall. The decree has gone forth. The day of doom cometh. Congress has and always had supreme authority over this and every other subject in the District of Columbia. The Constitution guarantees to them this control. Let them dispose of this institution in the District at once, then let them pass out, take cognizance of it elsewhere and sweep it from the land. We shall thus give men the rights which our patriot fathers declared belonged to them by birth. This is the way the question can and must and will be met. Do you not know, Mr. Speaker, that revolutions never recede, that the world progresses, that the world in its progress is like some machines we see in the country that are moved with great levers swinging forward and backward. There might be an apparent backward movement; but it is only to take a new hitch for a mighty onward push.

There is a moral side to this question. I do not propose to give a political tirade or deliver a sermon; but it becomes legislators to look at the moral side of everything. We must not ignore the morality of any question. I might enlarge upon this point but will not; but I say that progress is the great law of humanity, the seed of to-day is the flower of to-morrow; the acorn of this age is the giant oak of the next; the child of this year is the man twenty years from this. It is the great law that the Almighty has strapped around the physical, moral and intellectual creation. The law of progress adheres to white men and to colored men. Now, to carry on this development of the mind, of the soul and of the manhood, institutions are inaugurated. If it would not provoke a smile, and perhaps it will not, I would say that one of these institutions is marriage; though there are some gentleman on

this floor who know nothing of its benefits from experience. The marriage relation is an institution of the Almighty, about the only relic left of Paradise. Senators may take up a map of the world; they may look over that map carefully, and wherever they find a country where that institution is ignored and its altars crushed to the earth, I will show them an ignorant, corrupted and degraded people.—Show me where that one institution is honored, as the Almighty meant it should be, and its altars stand pure and immaculate, and I will show you a wise, intelligent, progressive and happy people. Another agency of progress is this: the sabbath, the rights and enjoyments, the privileges and the associations of the human relation. I think it was Burke who made this eloquent remark dilating upon the privileges of the poor in England. He said that the poor men in England might live in a log hut so open that the storms and winds of heaven might pour in upon him unbidden, but, said he, "the King cannot come in without permission." Well, sir, that poor man when he sat down in that humble hut of his, with his loved ones about him was permitted to enjoy everything that is crowded into that sweet word "home." Sir, you may go down to-day and among your hardy troops that beautiful song, "home, sweet home," and those brave hearts will quiver, and eyes united to tears will weep. Here is this relation—father, mother, brother, sister, gathered together in the home circle. That association under the great God, was designed to be the school of virtue, of manhood, of joy and of hope. Further, intellectual culture is connected with human greatness and progress. It is the development of the mind that develops every thing else, and I will add another element; and that is Free Labor. A man who labors should have the fruits of his toil. If he sows the fields he should reap the harvest. If the sweat-drops falling from his brow are changed into dollars, the dollars should be his. Free labor awakens ambition and stimulates industry. Free labor exhumes the minerals, wages war against the primal forests, opening up the bosom of the earth to the baptism of heaven's sunshine and dew. This it is that builds your ships and spreads their sails on every sea—that bridges the rivers, tunnels the mountains, stretches your telegraphs, awakens the hum of machinery and robes the globe in wealth and beauty. It is this that moves the world. It is necessary to man's progress and the greatness of a country. Rob the people of the privilege of free labor and you damn the country hopelessly. Give them the free swing of their intellectual powers and capacities, tell them to enjoy the fruits of their toil and you will start that nation of people upon a march of development of greatness and grandeur. Here is this institution of slavery, for which ever Senators in free States have apologized but of such apologies they will ere long become heartily ashamed—this institution at one fell blow strikes down all the progressive agencies and evangelizers of human nature. It annihilates the marriage relation and compels its millions of victims to live in shameful, degraded, prostituted concubinage. It breaks up the family circle, grinds the tender ties of natural relationship beneath its iron heel, frolics upon the agonies of broken hearts, and scoffs at the ruins made by its own barbarism. It prohibits intellectual culture, and outlaws moral development, for Jefferson uttered a great truth when he affirmed, "to make an obedient slave, you must first make an ignorant, degraded man." Its whole superstructure is based upon the annihilation of all voluntary, cheerful, ambitious exertion. Him that works is classified as a serf, maddid, beast of burden. It substitutes fear for hope, ignorance for wisdom, vice for virtue, retrogression for progress, squalid poverty for happy thrift, and stimulates human muscles to their daily tasks by the lash and the branding iron.

Furthermore, sir, we live in an age of christianity; we are in a land of churches, of bibles, of private and public missionary organizations; we are in a land where this Constitution is read; "we the people of the United States in order to form a more perfect Union, to establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain this Constitution." We are in the land of the Declaration of Independence. The fact of the existence of such an instrument as that is almost glory enough for any land, if it only be followed out. God Almighty by his spirit had swept the heart strings of Jefferson and forth leaped from his lips those immortal words, "all men are created free and equal, and endowed with certain inalienable rights; and among them—let it be heard and let demagogues cower and quail—among them life, liberty and the pursuits of happiness. Immortal spirit of Jefferson, we thank thee for those words; and may the time speedily come when their followers will be willing to carry them out! Now, sir, in a land of bibles, of churches, of christianity, of such a declaration as that, with the memory of such men among us, I ask shall we hesitate to say to those who have been held captive in the District of Columbia, go, enjoy life liberty and the pursuit of happiness?

There is something said in the resolution about pay to owners of slaves in such terms as may be deemed just and equitable. Very well; I say Congress will settle the terms, only do the thing. I say the District of Columbia is the place to begin to attack this institution; because Congress has and ever had the entire control of it there. This will serve as an entering wedge; it is not to stop there—that is certain. Let Congress do this, the President sign the bill, and it indicates a policy. That is what the people want, what is demanded, what the exigencies of the day have called for. Let this bill be passed and I say let it be passed at once; for be it remembered

—There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyages of this life
Are bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And, we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our venture.

[See fourth page.]