The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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Poet's Corner.

THERE COMES A TIME.

There comes a time, or soon or late,
When every word unkindly spoken,
Returns with all the force of fate,
To bear reproof from spirits broken,
Who slumber in their tranquil rest,
Which waking cares no more molest.

Oh! were the wealth of worlds our own,
We freely would the treasures yield,
If eyes that here their last have shone,
If lips, in endless silence sealed,
One look of love o'er us might cast,
Might breathe forgiveness to the past.

When anger arms the thoughtless tongue,
To wound the feelings of a friend,
Oh! think ere yet his heart be wrung,
In what remorse thy wrath may end;
Withhold to-day the words of hate,
To-morrow it may be too late!

SONNET TO AN ANKLE.

This morning, wearied with the cares of State,
We strolled down Pennsylvania's avenue;
Revolving mighty thoughts within our pate,
(Mourning the price of beef, 'twixt me and you,)
When of a sudden, right before our view,
A lady gently raised her hoop, and there
I saw an ankle past all visions fair.
'Twas such a pedestal as Hebe owns,
At Savery's, whose charms, or pumpkin pie,
Have won the poet Morford's serious eye;
Sure such a gem cannot be made of bones,
But from some more than heavenly ivory!
Now oft from sleep in frenzied mood I start,
That ankle's put its foot into my heart.

Original Article.

For the Independent Republican.

SLAVERY'S ANTAGONISMS.

"Nature in all her subtle forces."

These words occur in Mr. Sumner's last great and memorable argument in the United States Senate, for which he has so signally suffered the vengeance of the fell spirit of Slavery. The substance of the connection in which they are found, is, that "all the elementary forces of Nature, whether of matter or mind, militate against the system of human bondage." And every word of the sententious passage, it must be confessed, is replete with voluminous meaning. There is a volume of force and meaning, a subtlety of operation, and a certainty of effect impossible to be fully estimated, existing in the outward form and expression of Nature, in her most internal and subtle economy, in the springs of human action, and the spontaneities of the human heart: reason, will, impulse, sentiment, sensibility, operating directly and by every possible mode of indirection, assaulting, besieging, sapping, corroding, corrupting, incessantly working decay; and irresistibly tending to absolute and irretrievable dissolution. As in the corporeal system disease invades any member or at any point, all the energies of the vital economy are aroused to counteract and repel the destroyer, so, in the system of Nature, slavery is a condition so violent and unnatural that it arrays against it all the forces of the moral and material world. The inspiration of Nature—the spirit of the hills, the valleys, the woods, the waters, the birds, the flowers, the groves, the fountains, the fields, is a spirit of freedom—Nature in the enchantment of vernal bloom, aestival glories, and autumnal grace and bounty, sere and chastened—the conditioned, the visible, and the related ideal, the dream of imagination. It matters not how gentle, how benignant, is the influence, if it addresses itself strongly to the sentimental, the emotional nature, if it stirs the burning instincts of the soul; for, although

"The flocks, the herds, the birds, the streams, the breezes,
Attune the heart to melody and love,"

they awaken inward questionings, of justice, destiny, futurity, retribution. And it is the dictate and the influence of Nature, as it is the precept of revelation, "first pure, then peaceable." Whatever is artistic, æsthetic—whatever is softly, gently beauteous—whatever is beneficent and inspiring, is essentially, necessarily anti-Slavery.

So, too, Nature in her wilder aspects and grander operations.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

"Music in its roar"—Yes, this grand music of the elements finds ever an answering chord in the human breast, and especially with the untutored child of Nature, or the child of sorrow: he loves the wild music which she "discourses"—the music of the driving tempest, the music of the roaring waterfall, the rolling thunder, and the rattling storm. He dwells in the midst of it, and it fills his bosom with wild and stormy impulses, unutterably adverse to the tame, craven spirit of slavery, and which forever make themselves felt in the positive constitutions of society.

Whatever of civil freedom was originally incorporated into the institutions of modern Europe, was born of the rocks and mountains, the waterfalls, the fountains and forests, the storms and tempests, of old Scythia.—These and such as these were the influences that formed the character of the men who laid her institutions and fashioned her polity—the independent warriors who followed the standards of Alaric, Attila, Clovis, Theodoric, and others. The history of Switzerland, too, is a striking illustration of the same principle. Free and independent Switzerland, which never yet bowed her neck under the yoke of the oppressor! Through the ages, the wild grandeur of her mountain situation has beat with living effect the generous flame in the bosoms of her hardy peasantry. And thus it is everywhere, and at all times, in a greater or less degree. The society of Nature is ever the inspirer of the spirit of freedom. Nat Turner—didn't he draw his inspiration from all around him? didn't he read the lessons of sedition in the fields, the brooks, the groves, the fountains, the woods? didn't the zephyrs whisper to him, and didn't the storm proclaim?

But there is another mode in which these causes, in connection with others, have a far more important operation. It is in the influence, the universal and all-pervading influence, of literature, the literature of all ages, and philosophy, an incalculable force, which, like the stone cut out of the mountain without hands, is to fill the whole earth as the waters cover the deep. And this immense power is on the side of freedom, and against slavery, wholly, and entirely, and necessarily, without division, subtraction, abatement, or deduction. The Muses refuse all fellowship with the demon of slavery. They have had a feud with him of old; he is an abomination to them; they never sung the praises of the black god, and they never will; while they have ever been enamored of the goddess of liberty: the Muses, the nymphs, the oreads, the Naiads, the Nereids, and the whole celestial sisterhood. The true poet, the poet born, he of creative genius, idealist, novelist, artist, whatever he be called, is one of the forces of the globe. But his strength consists in this, in the necessity that he be true to his inspiration—to the "holy soul of his Divine art," that is, to Nature, and of course he must be one of the forces of freedom. If he traitorizes here, if he could attempt, he is shorn of the "lock of his strength." Like the wounded Condor, he but beats the earth with disabled and broken pinions, without power to ascend the heavens. The inspiration of slavery is the inspiration of malediction—all that there is in it, or about it, of, to, into, or out of, it. Only think of a poem, a great literary effort, undertaken to sing the beauties and celebrate the praises of slavery! Nor is the Genius of Philosophy less hostile—Philosophy, the investigation of things with reference to their exact essences and their true relations. It has for its object to explore the ultimate principles of things; and, of course, in the nature of things, it must be the foe of slavery. When the veteran sage sits down in the tranquillity of retreat, without passion or prejudice, to speculate upon the eternal obligations of justice, the rights of nature and of man, and the philosophy of the social state—sociology—his results can never enure to the benefit of slavery.

One of the Arabian Caliphs, the Mahometan tyrants of the East, was smitten with a curiosity to become acquainted with Grecian and Roman Philosophy, and to introduce the study of it in his dominions. But says the historian, "The influence of Truth and Reason is of an unambiguous character. The philosophers of Athens and Rome enjoyed the blessings and asserted the rights of civil and religious freedom. Their moral and political writings might have gradually unlocked the fetters of Eastern despotism, diffused a liberal spirit of inquiry and toleration, and encouraged the Arabian sages to suspect that their caliph was a tyrant and their prophet an impostor. The instinct of superstition was alarmed by the introduction of even the abstract sciences"—and of course equally the instinct of despotism.

Whatever the past bequeaths to the future, whatever lives on from age to age, whether of poetic invention, philosophic speculation, or historic fact, goes to swell the tide that is setting toward universal freedom. The testimony of history, the ten thousand living, thrilling memories of former times, of whatever character—"No country was ever visited by the influences of liberty, that did not flourish like the spring"—and certainly none by the influences of slavery, that did not fade and wither like the autumn. "Wherever she has spoken, her eloquence has been triumphant and sublime; wherever she has acted, her deeds have been heroic." And her actings and doings have ever been the favorite and fruitful theme of the Muse of history. What was it that made Greece and Rome so gloriously and immeasurably superior to the other nations of antiquity; and what has made their story as familiar, wherever the knowledge of letters has existed, as nursery tales? It was because they enjoyed in a superior degree, though it were but partially, the benefits of freedom. And, in modern times, what is it that has made England, within her narrow insular limits, the seat of empire and the hive of commerce—the Arbiter of nations, and the Mistress of the waves?—"At the commencement of the eighteenth century," says Macaulay, "every free constitution in Europe, save one, had gone down; that of England had weathered the danger and was riding in full security." Here is the secret of her wealth, her dominion, and her renown. It is the freedom of her Constitution, imperfect as it is, vindicated again and again against the efforts of tyrants and usurpers, by the spirit and intelligence of her people, until it is now, undoubtedly, as Macaulay observes, "riding in full security." For every uprising, at least, every successful uprising, of the human mind against the attempts of oppression, always results in increased security—the rights of rulers and people are defined—the theory and practice of government is investigated, and comes to be better understood—new safeguards are provided and permanent influences established. Such, to the English, with respect to their results and influences, in an especial manner were the revolutions of 1648 and 1688; and, with us, the Revolution of '76; and, with respect to the contest now waging among us between freedom and slavery, scarcely less important—more fundamental in its principles—the abiding results will equally enure to the benefit and establishment of freedom and human rights, by the examples of nobleness and baseness, the splendid arguments and thrilling appeals, and the general stirring up of the public mind.

Fifty years hence, the manly and glowing eloquence of Sumner, and Seward, and others, will be declaimed from the "rostrum" in ten thousand school rooms, throughout the length and breadth of the land, as are now the orators of the Revolutionary times, shaping the character of the youth who are to shape the destinies of the Republic and of the world. And the well-read volumes of sermons of those noble Divines, Beecher, Cheever, Storrs, Parker, Chapin, whose lips have been touched with a coal from off the altar of freedom, will stand upon the book-shelves of thousands of families, from Maine to California, and from Delaware to Oregon, firing the hearts of coming generations: not the least read among them will be the sermons in which they have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of Scripture upon the subject of Human Rights, and to thunder its denunciations against oppression. These influences will be immortal, while in a few brief years all this Union-saving twaddle—the sophistries mismamed argument, and the base and reckless appeals to prejudice and passion—now the whole stock in trade of the bogus Democratic leaders—will be silent as the grave, known and read only of a few literary men—historians, who will construct the authentic picture of the spirit and manners of the time by applying themselves to original sources of information. And then, too, shall the work of retribution begin. The very men, the actors themselves in this drama, who are seeking to throttle the spirit of American freedom and to subvert the genius of our institutions, shall be compelled to co-work for its advancement in a manner of which they now, perhaps, little dream. Notable examples of baseness and infamy, by the disgust and hatred which they inspire, are among the most efficient auxiliaries in the cause of truth and progress. We could almost as ill afford to spare the memory of Arnold from our history as that of Washington. They both evidently operate strongly in the same direction, tho' each in a different manner. And thus, too, when the acts and the character of Stephen A. Douglas have been squared under the line and plummet of the impartial historian—when the Nemesis of history knocks at the door of his tomb and commands him to come forth to judgment—thus he, too, his history and example, shall be among the influences which work together for the interests of universal freedom. Born and reared under New England influences, is it any slight treason of which he has been guilty? The future will determine. I read that—

"On the twenty-third day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four—an epoch long to be remembered—a bill was introduced into the Senate for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, a time-honored and sacred guaranty, resting in the solemn obligations of plighted faith, by which a vast territory was forever secured to freedom and free labor. The bill was introduced and strenuously supported by Stephen A. Douglas, an unprincipled and reckless politician, upon a pretence, a mere cheat, commonly called, in the parlance of the times, 'Squatter Sovereignty'—the ostensible reason—but really, doubtless, from very different motives. Though born and bred in the free States, and representing a free State constituency, Douglas had become an extensive Slave-owner, and the real motives undoubtedly were a spirit of affiliation with the slaveholding interest, and the unchastened ambition of attaining the Chief Magistracy. For, strange as it may seem to us of the present day, at that time slavery controlled the Republic—the Federal Government and all its offices and honors. It had long been the settled policy of the South to preserve the numerical balance of the free and the slave States. By the recent sudden and unexpected admission of California as a free State, this balance had been lost. A new State was soon to be formed out of territory included under the guaranty; and the design was—inspired undoubtedly by the fear of losing the control of the Government—the design evidently was to prevent the accession of the incoming State to the already preponderating scale of freedom, and to restore the lost balance by securing it to the side of slavery, as a counterpoise to the newly admitted State of California. The bill was introduced without any movement or voice calling for it in the country, and—there is reason to believe—against the almost unanimous feeling of the free States; and, by the complicity of a corrupt executive and executive influence unsparingly used with a numerous and despicable school of politicians of those times, popularly called doughfaces, from their unlimited subserviency to the slaveholding interest, carried with indecent haste through both houses of Congress, in the face of probable consequences at which every benevolent and patriotic mind must have revolted. There can be no doubt, at this distance of time, that the whole transaction, on the part of its originators and its leading advocates, was a most wicked and criminal conspiracy against freedom and free labor."

Such is the verdict which time will infallibly render, and history will record, upon the character and conduct of these men; and the lesson will be one of great practical utility.

But of all the causes that counterwork the institution of slavery, the most pervading and potential is its tendency to debase the moral sense of the community in which it exists, to blunt, and distort, and pervert all perceptions of the beautiful, the noble, and the true. Slavery was characterized by John Wesley as the "sum of all villainies;" and, in one word, this is doubtless the most just and perfect description of it that could be given.—There is not a moral precept, not one, of which it is not in direct derogation. But its predominant character is that of violence and robbery. It feeds upon crushed humanity, and riots in the spoils of human happiness and blasted human hopes. It is a constant school of depravity, or, as Jefferson has it, of the "basest"—and I add emphatically, of the most violent—"passions of human nature." It constantly tends to imbrute men, to prepare them for deeds of darkness, cruelty, and blood. The fillibustering, duelling, "nigger-burnings, nigger-hangings, nigger-mutilatings," and abolitionist-lynchings, so common at the South, are its legitimate fruits. And so are the disorders and atrocities in Kansas. We didn't need laboriously compiled volumes of evidence, by investigating committees, to understand whence they proceeded. To reflecting men the source and the cause are sufficiently palpable a priori. They don't come of the emigrant-Aid societies; or at any rate only as the increased afflictions of the bondmen of Egypt came by the hand of Moses and Aaron; and no honest and intelligent man will pretend that they do.

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

At the era of the Revolution, slavery was simply endured, and painfully, too, it is apparent, by Washington, Jefferson, Henry, and all the Southern Fathers, in its then milder form, and with the prospect of a speedy extinction. It was felt to be grossly inconsistent with the principles upon which the Revolution proceeded and the Republic was founded, and was universally expected soon to come to an end; but a deplorable change has taken place; that crying abomination, the interstate slave trade, has sprung up; and such has been the downward tendency that at the North it is regarded with far less aversion, and at the South is now openly, and generally, and zealously defended, both on utilitarian and moral and religious grounds, as a system of the highest practical utility, in which "one class directs, and the other labors," and as of indefeasible Divine right. Nay, it justifies every enormity. To plant slavery in Central America, year after year, a miserable miscreant makes atrocious war upon the peaceful and unoffending inhabitants of the country, upon helpless women and children; and at length, baffled and defeated, returning home from wholesale murder, robbery, and devastation, from a land which he has made "red with blood and black with desolation," is received with escorts and processions, public dinners and addresses—ovations—every demonstration of applause and admiration. More than this, an honorable Senator—a man of unoffending and amiable manners—confessedly one of the foremost statesmen and ripest scholars of the age—at his post in the Senate chamber, and for words spoken in debate—is stricken down with murderous blows by a brutal and cowardly ruffian, and—the amazement of the civilized world—throughout the length and breadth of of the entire South, the deed is received with hideous applause.

Who is it that tramples upon Kansas?—Can you divine? Who enacted the bogus code, and who sustains it? And can you expect the body of the people to rise above their laws and their law-makers? When the legislators themselves are mere ruffians, what must the constituency be? Something nameless. But such is the feeling of blind devotion with which our Southern brethren have come to regard this "sum of all villanies." It is with them the institution of institutions—the end of all perfection in the social organization. They devote themselves to the black harlot, ugly to ghastliness as she is, grim and haggard, and call her a goddess, radiant with celestial beauty. And can a community in which such monstrous perversities exist, flourish? Can it hold together? Has the Author of Nature fixed eternal distinctions between right and wrong? Has he made physical conditions, material prosperity, in any degree to depend on the moral status of the community? And can a system which thus confounds all moral distinctions, nay, which transmutes vice in its most odious forms into virtue, truth into falsehood, purity into corruption, and vice versa,—can it stand? And, besides, it is said, "they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." Violence begets violence. Southern cities already begin to require detachments of the Regular Army stationed near them, "to protect them from a portion of their own population."—Are not the States upon the Gulf as liable to be "Africanized," by and by, as Cuba is, or as St. Domingo was? "Africanized!" It is a word of their own coining, and what does it mean? It evidently means nothing less than this, that they are already greatly fearful that a conflagration may spread from the neighbor-island to their own habitations.

I advert to one other consideration, and but one, for I only seek to present a few thoughts out of an inexhaustible subject. It is the aversion, the universal aversion, with which slavery is regarded by every body out of the community in which it exists, and its immediate influence. It is a condition so violent and unnatural, that, to every unsophisticated mind, to every one not besotted by its influence and immediately and selfishly interested in its existence, it can only provoke disgust and hatred. And here I wish to make a remark upon that great humbug cry, "Dissolution of the Union," by which so many silly people have been frightened, and out of which so much political capital has been made. Suppose the Union were dissolved—it is indeed an event of very slight intrinsic probability, hardly of moral possibility—but suppose that it were actually dissolved. Suppose that, to-day, the area of freedom and slavery were divided off from each other, and two separate independent confederacies were formed, what would be the consequence?—"No country has ever been visited by the influences of Liberty, that has not flourished like the Spring;" and of course our Northern Confederacy, under these influences, might reasonably be expected to continue to prosper and flourish, in time to come, as we have done in time past, only more gloriously, for we should be rid of the incubus of slavery.—And it has been, confessedly, and is, and seems likely to be increasingly, a great weight upon the nation. It is not merely the clay of Nebuchadnezzar's image, for that was simply the negation of strength. It is a mighty sore, corrupting the health and vigor of the whole body—a decaying, dying member, in which loathsome moral diseases rankle and fester, and send their deadly virus to circulate through all the vessels of the body politic.—It may well be questioned whether a liberty-loving, labor-honoring, God-fearing Republic of twenty millions of freemen, is not more desirable and more effective, nationally, for all the purposes of defense and of offense, than a doom-smitten dominion of thirty millions of aristocrats, crackers, sand-hillers, and slaves. And, besides, in the event of a dissolution, we should have the prospect of an invaluable acquisition to our population and resources, upon the North. The proposition has already been made in the British Parliament, and received with some degree of favor, to abandon their North American possessions to their destiny; and, at any rate, they must soon become free and independent States: in which event, they would at once undoubtedly coalesce with us of the North if we were entirely separated from the responsibility, the reproach, and the support of slavery. But this can never be while the present Union lasts and Slavery exists. The British Americans—such is their settled anti-slavery sentiment—will never, and they say they will never, consent to make their provinces a hunting ground for slave-catchers. And, besides, it has already become the settled policy of the South to keep them out of the Union, for the reason that their accession would at once and forever establish an overwhelming preponderance against her. The existing mismamed reciprocity treaty recently negotiated under pro-slavery auspices, was evidently framed with a direct view to prevent any annexation feeling springing up in the provinces. But this impediment of slavery removed, and Canada would come to us as naturally as the mountain rill comes to the ocean; and, instead of a few hundreds of thousands dissolute slave drivers, and a few millions of slaves and "poor white trash," we should have some millions of honest, industrious, and intelligent freemen, with stout hearts and strong arms; and our glorious Union, instead of being, as now, the reproach of liberty's cause, would really be "the home of the free, and the land of the brave"—a watchword of progress, a beacon to light the nations to freedom, happiness, and virtue. Such might reasonably be expected to be the results, to the free States, of a dissolution. But what would become of the Southern Confederacy, the slaveholding Republic? The permanency, stability, and force of every government must always depend upon the degree in which, theoretically and practically, it recognizes the doctrine of the perfect democratic equality of men—of ALL men. If you say that, under your system, all the men born within certain degrees of longitude and beyond certain parallels of latitude, shall be disfranchised, you have alienated a class of men who would otherwise be good citizens. If you say that all the men of thick lips, swarthy complexion, and curly hair, shall be deprived of their civil and natural rights, you have alienated another class of men, and they will be ready, at the first opportunity, to resort to the standard of the foreign or domestic enemies of the State.—Again, if you say all the men over six feet high shall be disfranchised, you have estranged still another class; and, finally, if you say all the men under five feet nine inches, you have embittered a fourth class, and you have just three inches left as the basis of your political system, and this is broader than the basis of Southern society to-day, and still narrowing, while all beside is antagonistic, insidious, and hostile.

And, could a government impugned by so many external and internal forces, stand, upon such a basis? *The Richmond Enquirer* asks, "Could the South maintain herself?" They could not maintain themselves a quarter of a century, probably not half that time. As soon as the first excitement and novelty of dissolution and reconstruction were over, they would be falling to pieces and coming back to us, State by State, as Texas came to us from distracted Mexico; except that they would not, I trust, be fillibustered away.—They would come voluntarily, but they wo'd come understanding this one thing, that they come not because we couldn't do without them, but because they couldn't do without us. They would come purged of the evil which now makes them, or soon will make them, a dead weight upon the nation. Dissolution would undoubtedly be the surest and speediest means of exterminating slavery, and of ultimately uniting the whole North American Continent in one great and glorious confederacy of free States. The Union is the support of Slavery. Without it slavery could not subsist, and Southern statesmen know it. There will be no dissolution, except as a dissolution, perhaps, of society from its rotted bands, in some of the Southern States; or, at any rate, such a measure will never proceed from the South. Southern politicians will doubtless do all they can by threats, by violence and intimidation, and perhaps proceed to some extremities, but never the length of dissolving this Union, never, never, never, unless given up to "strong delusion." It would be the wildest infatuation in them. The threat, as has been most justly observed, is like the threat of the town's poor to separate from the town; and if there were really any serious danger, it would meet with its most strenuous opposition from this very same quarter, where, for mere political effect, all this blustering and bullying originates. The slave States once cut off from the countenance and support of the Union, standing separate and alone, the public sentiment of the world would soon write "Ichabod" upon them and their new confederacy. It would be a speckled bird in the flock, and they would begin to find themselves embarrassed with new difficulties, from without as well as within: their way would be hedged up around them. The Diplomacy of the nations would gather them in a net, and put a period to their fillibustering operations at once. Their impunity in the past has doubtless been greatly due to the weight of the free and potent North in the scale of Nations. But, once out of the Union, if they were to undertake to pull down old Spain's "burning house," or get up another foray upon Mexico, a voice would perhaps come to them, "Hands off, gentlemen," of very different volume and emphasis from the whimpering of Mexico, or Spain—"hands off; if you covet the house and garden of our sister of the peninsula, and you can obtain it by legitimate purchase, (who would pay the two hundred millions?) we shan't interfere; but we think it right to see fair play in this matter: you mustn't seek any unjustifiable pretences of quarrel, for the purpose of plundering her as you did Mexico"—and doubtless the fillibusters would be stricken with a great sense of justice and humanity straightway.

It would be curious, too, to observe the revolution of public sentiment which would take place here at the North. For fifty years, either covertly or openly, slavery has ruled the Republic, honoring whom it would honor, and whom it would, it has dishonored. Our public men, if they were ambitious of office and distinction, have been compelled to win their way by pandering to the South. No man can hope to rise to any eminent position in the Government, or even attain any small situation of profit, who is not sound on all slavery questions, according to Southern views of them; who is not entirely devoted to the interests of the institution, whatever may betide. If any public man exhibit the least independence here, he is a marked man; and of course all our doughface politicians make it a primary object to conciliate this interest which thus dispenses the offices and honors of the Republic. They exhibit an unlimited suppleness. They are always careful to take up the last cry echoed South, whatever it may be. If the Oligarchy say "compromise measures and finality," then the doughfaces all cry, "compromise measures and finality." If the Southern Dictators change the tune and pitch it to the key of "Squatter Sovereignty," then the doughfaces all throw up their hats, clap their hands, and shout, "Squatter Sovereignty." And so on, as often as the changes are rung southward. But slavery out of the Union, and no longer able to make and unmake Presidents, cabinet and foreign Ministers, Judges, collectors, Postmasters, and the whole army of officials for the whole country, the scene would change directly. All this pro-slavery twaddle would cease, from the moment the Union were dissolved. There being no longer any one interested to whitewash the sepulchre and excuse enormities—to keep up the claptrap—slavery would soon come to be regarded at the North with the just feeling of abhorrence which it naturally inspires, with which it is now regarded in England, in Canada and other countries. The public sentiment would re-ascend in a contrarywise direction, and traverse, in a few years, the whole space passed over in this long downward tendency of nearly three quarters of a century. The doughfaces, especially, would get new light right away. They would see at once that the Constitution is decidedly and clearly an anti-slavery document; that it gives Congress unlimited power over the subject in the territories and all its incidents; and that by all means it should be exercised without delay.

"What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And what was made quite plain before,
Grow dark again? Two hundred more."

They would undoubtedly pass to the extreme Gerrit Smith-Spooner ground, that the adoption of the Federal Constitution was the abolition of slavery even in the States.

The truth is, slavery has grown, under our system, because it has grown covertly, by false issues and pretences. It has advanced, because it has advanced stealthily and insidiously. It is in itself such an enormity, and especially under a Republican government, so grossly, glaringly inconsistent, that it could never have made progress or even subsisted in any other way; and it was a strange infatuation in its champions to precipitate this contest by the repeal of the Compromise. It is only another evidence of the debasing and blinding effect which slavery exerts upon generous natures. They can't understand the feeling with which slavery is naturally regarded by communities which have never been exposed to its demoralization. They don't know that they are "poor, and miserable, and wretched, and blind, and naked," and therefore rashly and unwittingly expose their hideous nakedness. They may, indeed, abuse temporarily the public mind of the North; but the time will come, and certainly cannot be far distant, when it will at least be as fashionable and popular to tell the truth as it is now to disguise it. Locally and temporarily, indeed, local and temporary causes may continue to produce their effect. But the leaven already works powerfully in other countries. During the civil war in Kansas, last season, foreign travelers were upon that blood-stained soil, and the story of the outrages and atrocities there committed, was faithfully and truthfully told by the European press, more highly colored even than the "Black Republican lies." In particular, it is well known that an eminent English gentleman and scholar corresponded from that region to the *London Times*, that great regulator of the public sentiment of England, and, indeed, to a considerable extent, of continental Europe. The whole dark tale of American Slavery is being told on the other side the water, by the press and by the correspondence of the mighty army of emigrants within our borders, and in Canada and other countries, by the troops of fugitives from the house of bondage. The tale is being told, and it will bear fruit. The influence will react upon us powerfully from abroad. I trust it will not be many ages before the principles of international law, an enlightened and liberal publicism, will secure to every man upon the face of the earth not duly convicted of crime, at least his *personal* liberty.

Thus we may observe, from a few suggestions, how all the forces of nature are at war with the very idea of human bondage—the changing seasons, summer and winter, day and night, light and darkness, sun, moon, and stars. The stars in their courses fought against Sisera, so do they against slavery.—Every night the north star shines, it guides some wildered fugitive to the land of *British freedom*, and adds another to the millions of freemen's hearts that throb with intensest hatred of the system; while every ray of light that darts, seems to illuminate its horrors, every blooming flower, every sparkling dew drop, every falling raindrop, every ascending vapor, fields, landscapes, trees, groves, forests, birds, beasts, rills, rivers, cascades, lakes, oceans, rocks, hills, valleys, glens, caverns, mountains, winds, clouds, hail, snow, thunder, lightning, storms, tempests, Nature, the orderly system of things which we behold around us and above us, Cosmos, in all its grandeur and sublimity, in all its wildness and *seeming* disorder, and in all its more apparent beauty, and harmony, and light, and life.

"All the elementary forces of Nature, exultations and agonies, and man's immortal mind." "*Exultations.*" Ancient Rome exulted in her freedom, and went forth to break the fetters of the nations. The ancient Grecians exulted in their freedom, and "when the whole Eastern world, as if loosened from its foundations, came pouring like a mighty deluge upon the little states of Greece, her sons were united at Marathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont." Freemen everywhere exult, and their jubilant shouts ring ominously through the dark "house of bondage." "Exultations and *agonies.*" The agonies of Lucretia and Virginia twice drove out the tyrants of Rome, and their pure, glowing blood baptized her soil unto freedom forevermore; for the darkness of the present shall ere long be with light from the ancient glory stricken through; and her inspiration lives in the past, the present, and the future. The agonies of the Martyrs and Confessors have been the seed of truth and virtue and freedom in all ages; and the agonies of countless victims that expire untimely under the unjust and cruel rigors of the system and by its lawless violences, in this age of railroads, steam presses and electricism, cry out with multitudinous voice against it. "Exultations, and agonies, and man's immortal mind." "*Man's immortal mind.*" "The sacred rights of mankind are not to be rummaged for among old parchments or musty records. They are written, as with a sunbeam in the *whole volume of human nature*, and can never be erased or obscured by mortal power."

Slavery is out of harmony with nature, notwithstanding all the disgustful claptrap about degrees of latitude, "laws of climate," and "isothermal lines"—out of harmony with universal Nature, discordant, and jarring with all her economy, and hence constantly liable to be baffled and defeated in its most laboriously and cunningly concocted schemes.—True, by artfully availing itself of the balance of interests and the basest passions of unprincipled politicians, it has seemed to flourish under our system, for a time; but the more you extend it the more you increase its fragibility, and the more you pack it the more is its utter rottenness apparent. You may multiply safeguards, checks, and balances; you may build enclosures and pile fortifications upon fortifications; it is only weakness more weak. The laborious fabric is liable to topple down at any moment, for the forces which war upon it pervade all things, as the subtle essences of physical Nature permeate the terraqueous globe. A sense of weakness and insecurity seems darkly to possess its champions themselves. There is apparently upon their minds a constant restlessness and apprehension, and hence their impatience of contradiction and their irascibility, so unbecoming the dignified placidity of statesmen and philosophers. They lose all temper upon the slightest provocations; the ghost of abolitionism throws them into paroxysms of hydrophobian rage. Is this the character and the conduct of men conscious to themselves of the rectitude of their opinions and the justice and stability of their position? Out of harmony—simple natural facts, like the gold of California, and general principles, universal laws, and their operations, a few of which have been hinted at, might be enumerated to fill ponderous volumes. The consequences of giant wrongs overtake their perpetrators and abettors, and return upon them in ten thousand ways and forms, which no human prudence could foresee or prevent. I said not too much, that there is a volume of force, a subtlety of operation, and a certainty of effect, impossible to be estimated. Slavery is doomed to extinction. Peacefully or forcefully, it must die. Voluntarily, by gradual emancipation, if its supporters will see the danger that impends—if, wisely and timely, they will heed the voice of warning; or by dire and sanguinary catastrophe, if they will not. The alternative as yet remains, as yet the bow of peace and promise rests upon the gathering storm-cloud. But the basis is continually narrowing on the one side, and the strength is constantly increasing upon the other, and when the subject race, races rather—imbruted by ages of oppression—shall have risen to take long-delayed vengeance upon their oppressors, the reckoning will be inconceivably more fearful than the "reign of terror," the retribution visited upon the ancient aristocracy of France, as the account to be settled will be immeasurably more black and damning. I peer darkly, painfully into the bosom of the future: there is a frightful and lurid glare of conflagration, ravishing, blood, carnage, and devastation, dim indeed in its outline, but unmistakable in substantial fact.

The men who are endeavoring to subject this continent to the dominion of slavery by violence and deceit, by the grossest perversions of history, of the Constitution, and of established principles of law, in Congress, in the Courts, and before the people, will fail. But they cannot escape the infamy of the attempt. And what will be the depth of that infamy? Arnold was born and reared under British allegiance. The new government which claimed his allegiance was of yesterday—sprung from a revolution. It was uncertain whether the independence of the Colonies could be maintained, and, if maintained, whether society could be re-constructed. The future was dark and doubtful; and, in these circumstances, when we consider the inveteracy of the prejudices of education, at least some little extenuation may be found. But what palliation for these men? They have known but one allegiance. They have witnessed the full splendor of freedom's morning. They see the glory that waits on the future, and, deliberately, with all their strength, they endeavor to draw the pall of slavery over all the scene. American slavery, an oppression, a curse upon every race, class, and interest of society, "one hour of which," said Jefferson, "one hour of which is more intolerable than whole ages of that which our Fathers rose in rebellion to repel. I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just, and that his justice will not always slumber." Freethinking Jefferson, and this, too, be it remembered, long before the interstate slave trade existed, before filibustering had become fashionable, or it was even contemplated that slavery was to overspread the virgin territories of the Republic and become the ruling policy of the government. "*Oh Tempora! Oh Mores!*" and what occasion had the Roman Orator to exclaim, in comparison with us? But for this most lamentably degenerated and debauched state of public sentiment, this moral torpor, this debasing, contagious, benumbing influence of slavery, these men would to-day be branded and despised as the blackest of traitors. If we could but bring public sentiment upon this subject half up to the standard of the Revolutionary era, this furious competition of slavery against freedom for the possession of the territories, with all its black and blasting reproach, would not be tolerated for another six months; and these doughface politicians would be endured in any department of the government only till it could be purged of their presence. The brooding influence of slavery, like a cloud, rests over and darkens the American mind. Oh, for some moral Scipio to rally the broken forces of our moral power, and wage exterminating war on these defilers of their country's fame; these maggots that breed in the stench and the putrefaction of slavery.

Do you say that "all this is simply the raving of a fanatic?" And was Jefferson then a "fanatic?" was Washington a "fanatic?" Adams, and Henry, and Hancock?

"Great Scipio's ghost complains that we are slow,
And Pompey's shade walks unavenged among us!"

Has it come to this? is it "fanatical" to love freedom, and hate slavery? Go, trace the footsteps—the blood-stained trail of the Continental Army of "fanatics" over the frozen earth. Compute the cost of the Revolution. Go stand upon Tower Hill: recount the "fanatical" scenes there enacted. List, by the side of the "fanatic," John Hampden, as he rides feebly out of the battle, supporting himself upon his horse's mane, bleeding, fainting, dying, forgetful of himself, "fanatically" ejaculating, with his expiring breath, "Save my country! save my country!" Weigh the sorrows of the "fanatics" of Hungary and Italy. Ask thyself whether, if we had proved true to the hopes and promises of our early "fanatic" morning, whether freedom's Millenium might not ere this have dawned over Europe, and then say, are not these the words of truth and soberness, or, rather, is it possible to exaggerate in word or conception?

The doughfaces may blather for a while; but time will convict these men of a deliberate and deadly design upon American freedom, and history will blast them forever. In the descending shades that will gather upon their memory as time recedes, they will finally stand forth matchless in the glory of infamy, the habitation of their fame, a land of darkness, as darkness itself, where the *light* is darkness."

"THE GREAT UNITED STATES."—The largest valley in the world is the valley of the Mississippi, which contains 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most prolific regions of the globe. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, 450 miles in length. The greatest natural bridge in the world is that over Cedar Creek, Virginia, which extends across a chasm 80 feet wide and 250 feet deep, at the bottom of which a creek flows.

☞ The following editoritorial notice is decidedly clever and cool: "The editor has gone up the river for a few days. All good articles, facetious remarks, puns and typographical errors may be attributed to his absence. In order to give variety and vigor to the paper, he will frequently leave it for a week or so. It is to be hoped that the readers of this journal will learn to appreciate his endeavors."