

history so much loves to delineate and extoll, but to the down-trodden — to the ignorant from servitude — to the enfeebled in spirit from long years of oppression. Why, then, shall those liberated in this country be bereft of the rights of domicile and employ? Because they are black, forsooth!

That answer will scarcely stand scrutiny by the God who made us all. It would moreover justify slavery as fully as extradition. Deportation, if forcible, is in principle but a change of masters, and in practice will never solve the problem of the negro question as growing out of this war. If voluntary, it needs not to be discussed in advance of emancipation. The lot of the freed race will be to labor — in the future as in the past — but to labor for the wage and not for the lash. That there must be colonization as a resultant of the complete triumph of the national arms, and the complete restoration of the national authority, no one can reasonably doubt.

But it will be a colonization of loyal men into and not out of the rebel States. The great forces of immigration, fostered and directed, will work out the new destiny that awaits the seceded States — the assimilation that must precede a perfect union. What it has done for the Lake shore, for the Pacific coast, for the Centre and the West, that will it do for the South also, when no blight of slavery lingers there to repel its coming or divert its industrial armies. And if in the development caused by its vast agencies, those natural affinities, so much insisted on by many, shall lead the African race toward the tropics, to plant there a new Carthage, it will be one of these dispensations of Providence that will meet with support and co-operation, not hindrance and antagonism from the friends of freedom on this continent.

The half-way house where halt the timid, the doubtful, the

reactionary in this conflict, hangs out a sign: "The Union as it was." Within its inclosure will be found jostling side by side the good man who is afraid to think, the politician who has a record to preserve, the spy who needs a cloak to conceal him, and behind all these the fluctuating camp followers of the army of freedom. Not that there are no wise and brave men who phrase their speech by the attachments of the past; but that such have another and purer significance in their language than the received meaning on "the Union as it was." All who look at events which have come upon us see that "the Union as it was" contained the seeds of death — elements of aggression against liberty and reaction through civil war. Its very life-scenes, as time progressed, were ever and anon startled by the bodeful note of coming catastrophe, to be lulled again into false security by pæan songs to its excellence — like some old Greek tragedy with its inexorable fate and its recurring chorus. And tragic enough it would seem has been its outcome to dissipate any illusion.

Is it believed that the same causes would not produce the same results to the very ending of time? Is it wished to repeat the miserable years of truckling and subserviency on the part of the natural guardians of free institutions to the exaction, arrogance and dominion of the slave power through fear of breaking the thin ice of a hollow tranquillity? Is it longed to undergo new experiences of Sumner assaults, Kansas outrages, Pierce administrations, Buchanan profligacies, knaveries and treasons, with spirited interludes of negro-catching at the North, and abolition hanging at the South? Is it desired to recall the time when the man of Massachusetts dared not name his residence to the people of Carolina; when free speech was a half-forgotten legend in

the slave States, when the breeding of human beings to sell into distant bondage was the occupation of many of the élite of the borderland; and when demoralization, that came from sacrificing so much self-respect to mere dread of any crisis or mere hope of political advancement, had dwarfed our statesmen, corrupted our journalism, and made office-holding disreputable as a vocation?

For one, I take witness here before you all, that I want no such Union, and do not want it, because it contained that which made those things not only possible, but probable. I trust that I value as much as another the purities of a Union, the excellencies of a constitution, the veracities and accomplishments of a former generation, but who would be the blind worshipper of form rather than substance — of a name, rather than a reality — of a bond that did not bind, and a federation that has resulted only in disjunction? There are those I know who regard “the Union as it was” as a sentiment significant of material prosperity — unrelated to rights or wrongs, and as such they worship it, just as they would a State bank corporation with large dividends, or any named machine that would enable them to buy cotton, sell goods, or trade negroes. But such should be content to pass their ignoble lives on the accumulation of other days, and not dare to dictate to others a return to such debasing thralldom.

Of one thing they may be sure — that the great Democracy of this nation will insist that the Union of the future shall be predicated upon a principle uniting the social, moral, and political life of a progressive people — and purged of the poison of the past. When asked, therefore, as the charlatans of the hour often do ask, would you not wish the “Union as it was” restored, even if slavery were to remain intact and protected — say, emphatically, No! say No! for

such an admission would be a self-contradiction — a yielding of all the longings of the spirit to an empty husk whose only possible outcome we see to-day in the shape of civil war.

It is, perhaps, the fate of all revolutions involving social changes, to be officered at the outset by the inherited reputations, great and small, of the foregoing time, and so far as this fate has fallen on our nation it is less to be wondered at than deplored. But soon there comes the time for change, when the Fairfaxes, the Dumouriers, the Arnolds, must give place to soldiers of the faith. And hopeful to say, it has ever happened that conjointly with the public assumption of the principle of the Revolution, mediocrity, routine, half-heartedness have passed from command, and victory has replaced disaster. So much is historic. We may take comfort then; for the uses of adversity are ours.

Pro-slavery generals at the head of our armies are the result of pro-slavery influence in our national councils, and the hesitancy of the government to proclaim officially any distinct policy of freedom has kept them there. By no possibility, however, can such, even if the chance victors of to-day, remain possessed of the future.

I do not underrate the prestige of military success — but military prestige is as naught before the march of revolution; and it is only when revolutions are accomplished, that the reputations of great captains become great dangers. Pro-slavery generals, therefore, are only dangerous now from the disasters that accompany their administration. Their appreciation of the present being at fault, their methods, their reliances, their results will be inconsequent, and without force. Witness the miserable months of projected conciliations, of harmless captures, of violated oath taking, of border State imbecilities, of Order No. Threes, of paroling guer-

rillas, of halting advances and wasted opportunities. Could these things have been possible to commanders comprehending either the magnitude, the characteristics, or the consequences of the war that slavery has inaugurated, and that must end in slavery extinction or the abandonment of our development as a free people? Or can it be possible that the same series of incompetencies and sham energies shall be prolonged indefinitely? No! It needs not that I should insist how surely all such must give way before the force of a public sentiment which, when once on the march, speedily refuses to trust any with responsibility who are not born of the age.

It was just such a common thought of the Long Parliament that gave a "new model" to their army and a "self-denying ordinance" to themselves, extirpating insincerity from the former and imposing stoicism and self-sacrifice on each other. It was a similar growth of public opinion in France that set the guillotine at work to keep account of lost battles with unsympathizing generals. The pregnant question then, of this crisis, is, how long, my countrymen, shall we wait for the "new model" and the "self-denying ordinance" and the swift punishment in this day of calamitous command and disgraceful surrenders.

No one has ever read of a more touching spectacle in the life of nations, than that now presented by this people. Beyond any parallel it has made sacrifice of those things dear to its affection — I might almost say traditionally sacred from violation. All its rights of person and of property have been placed uncomplainingly at the disposal of the government, asking only in return a speedy, vigorous, uncompromising conduct of the war upon a true principle to an honorable ending. The habeas corpus has been suspended, not only in the revolted territory, but likewise in many of the loyal

States. A passport system, limiting and embarrassing both travel and traffic, has been enforced with rigor. The censorship of the press not only controls the transmission of news, but curtails even the expression of opinion within restrictions heretofore unimaginable.

Arbitrary imprisonment by premiers of the cabinet, banishments summarily notified, exactions levied at discretion, fines assessed by military commissions, trials postponed indefinitely — in short, all the panoply of the most rigid European absolutism has been imported into our midst. It is not to complain that these things are recited; for, so far as necessary, they will be, as they have been, cheerfully borne with; but to show how tragic is the attitude of this nation and yet how brave.

The President of the United States, to-day, holds a civil and military power more untrammelled than ever did Cromwell; and, in addition thereto, has enrolled by the volunteer agencies of the people themselves, a million of armed men, obedient to his command. Nay, did I say the President was absolute as Cromwell? In truth I might add that of his officials intrusted with administering military instead of civil law — every deputy provost marshal seems to be feeling his face to see if he too has not the warts of the Great Protector.

If this were the occasion for stale flatteries of the constitution and the Union, it might well be asked just here, where in that much lauded parchment and league is the warrant for these things specifically? But I carp not at such technicalities. Give him rather more power if necessary — give him any trust and every appliance, only let it be not without avail.

And yet with all this sacrifice, with all this effort, with quick response to every demand for men and money, what

do we see? A beleaguered capital, only saved by abandoning a year of conquest and long lines of occupation; the confidence of the whole nation shaken to its very foundations by accumulated disasters and halting policies; and the grave inquiry, mooted in no whispered voice by men who have never known fear in any peril, can this country survive its rulers? I do not say the doubt is justified; but I do say that it exists in many minds that have been prone heretofore to confidence. We have seen fifty thousand soldiers, the élite of the nation, sacrificed, and six hundred millions of treasure, the coin wealth of the people, expended. We have reached the stage of assignats and conscriptions, and are now summoning the militia of the loyal States to repel invasion. And can any one cognizant of our actual condition, and not misled by false bulletins, or varnished glories, stand forth and say with truth and honor, we are any nearer a solution in this hour of the great crisis in which we are involved than we were a year ago? I challenge a response. Or will any delude you long with the belief that a great victory will accomplish the ending? I do not believe it.

In the presence, therefore, of such thick coming danger, and having borne itself so continently and so well, has not this nation now the right to demand of President and of cabinet, and generals, that there shall be an end of policies that have only multiplied disasters and disrupted armies, and a substitution of civil policies that shall recognize liberty as the corner-stone of our Republic, and write "Freedom" on the flag.

In conclusion let me say, that the time has passed when such a demand could be denounced, even by the most servile follower of administrations, as a fanaticism, for the chief of the Republic has himself recognized his right to do so, if the

occasion shall require, in virtue of being charged with the preservation of the government. He has furthermore become so far impressed with the urgency that manifests itself, that he has ordered immediate execution to be given to the act of the last Congress, prescribing a measure of confiscation and emancipation.

This day, too, is the anniversary of its enforcement, as it is the anniversary of the adoption of the original constitution of the United States. Let us, then, in parting, take hope from the cheering coincidence. The act of Congress, it is true, is but an initial measure, embarrassed by many clauses, and may be much limited by hostile interpretation. Still it can be made an avatar of liberty to thousands who shall invoke its protection, and the instrument of condign punishment to those who have sought the destruction of all free government. And more than all else, its rigid enforcement and true interpretation will give earnest to the nation of that which must speedily ensue — direct and immediate emancipation by the military arm, as a measure of safety, a measure of justice, and a measure of peace.

