

of philanthropy,—then why not weigh that cause with the scale of its own value and not with a foreign one? Have I not difficulties enough to contend with that I am desired to increase them yet with my own hands? Father Mathew goes on preaching temperance, and he may be opposed or supported on his own ground; but whoever imagined opposition to him because at the same time he takes not into his hands to preach fortitude or charity? And indeed to oppose or to abandon the cause I plead, only because I mix not with the agitation of an interior question, is a greater injustice yet, because to discuss the question of foreign policy I have a right. My nation is an object of that policy; we are interested in it; but to mix with interior party movements I have no right, not being a citizen of the United States.

The third difficulty which I meet, so far as I am told, is the opposition of the commercial interest. I have the agreeable duty to say that this opposition, or rather indifference, is only partial. I have met several testimonials of the most generous sympathy from gentlemen of commerce. But if, upon the whole, it should be really true that there is more coolness, or even opposition, in that quarter than in others, then I may say that there is an entire misapprehension of the true commercial interests in it. I could say that it would be strange to see commerce, and chiefly the commerce of a republic, indifferent to the spread of liberal institutions. That would be a sad experience, teeming with incalculable misfortunes, reserved to the nineteenth century. Until now history has recorded that "commerce has been the most powerful locomotive of principles and the most fruitful ally of civilization, intelligence, and of liberty." It was merchants whose names are shining with immortal lustre from the most glorious pages of the golden books of Venice, Genoa, etc. Com-

merce, republican commerce, raised single cities to the position of mighty powers on earth and maintained them in that proud position for centuries; and surely it was neither indifference nor opposition to republican principles by which they have thus ennobled the history of commerce and of humanity. I know full well that since the treasures of commerce took their way into the coffers of despotism, in the shape of eternal loans, and capital began to speculate upon the oppression of nations, a great change has occurred in that respect.

But, thanks to God, the commerce of America is not engaged in that direction, hated by millions, cursed by humanity! Her commerce is still what it was in former times, the beneficent instrumentality of making mankind partake of all the fruits and comforts of the earth and of human industry. Here it is no paper speculation upon the changes of despotism; and, therefore, if the commercial interests of republican America are considered with that foresighted sagacity without which there is no future and no security in them, I feel entirely sure that no particular interest can be more ambitious to see absolutism checked and freedom and democratic institutions developed in Europe than the commerce of republican America. It is no question of more or less profit; it is a question of life and death to it. Commerce is the heel of Achilles, the vulnerable point of America. Thither will, thither must be aimed the first blow of victorious absolutism; the instinct of self-preservation would lead absolutism to strike that blow if its hatred and indignation would not lead to it. Air is not more indispensable to life than freedom and constitutional government in Europe to the commerce of America.

Though many things which I have seen have upon calm

reflection induced me to raise an humble word of warning against materialism, still I believe there was more patriotic solicitude than reality in the fact that Washington and John Adams, at the head of the war department, complained of a predominating materialism (they styled it avarice), which threatened the ruin of America. I believe that complaint would even to-day not be more founded than it was in the infant age of your republic; still, if there be any motive for that complaint of your purest and best patriots,—if the commerce of America would know, indeed, no better guiding star than only the momentary profit of a cargo just floating over the Atlantic,—I would be even then at a loss how else to account for the indifference of the commerce of America in the cause of European liberty than by assuming that it is believed the present degraded condition of Europe may endure, if only the popular agitations are deprived of material means to disturb that which is satirically called tranquillity.

But such a supposition would, indeed, be the most obnoxious, the most dangerous fallacy. As the old philosopher, being questioned how he could prove the existence of God, answered, "by opening the eyes;" just so, nothing is necessary but to open the eyes in order that men of the most ordinary common sense become aware of it, that the present condition of Europe is too unnatural, too contrary to the vital interests of the countless millions to endure even for a short time. A crisis is inevitable; no individual influence can check it; no indifference or opposition can prevent it. Even men like myself, concentrating the expectations and confidence of oppressed millions in themselves, have only just enough power, if provided with the requisite means, to keep the current in a sound direction, so that in its inevitable eruption it may not become dangerous to social order, which is

indispensable to the security of person and property, without which especially no commerce has any future at all. And that being the unsophisticated condition of the world, and a crisis being inevitable, I indeed cannot imagine how those who desire nothing but peace and tranquillity can withhold their helping hands, that the inevitable crisis should not only be kept in a sound direction, but also carried down to a happy issue, capable to prevent the world from boiling continually like a volcano, and insuring a lasting peace and a lasting tranquillity, never possible so long as the great majority of nations are oppressed, but sure so soon as the nations are content,—and content they can only be when they are free.

Indeed, if reasonable logic has not yet forsaken the world, it is the men of peace, it is the men of commerce, to the support of whom I have a right to look. Others may support my cause out of generosity,—these must support me out of considerate interest; others may oppose me out of egotism,—American commerce, in opposing me, would commit suicide.

Gentlemen, of such narrow nature are the considerations which oppose my cause. Of equally narrow, inconsistent scope are all the rest, with the enumeration of which I will not abuse your kind indulgence. Compare with them the broad basis of lofty principles upon which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts took its stand in bestowing the important benefit of its support to my cause; and you cannot forbear to feel proudly that the spirit of old Massachusetts is still alive, entitled to claim that right in the councils of the united Republic which it had in the glorious days when, amidst dangers, wavering resolutions, and partial despondency, Massachusetts took boldly the lead to freedom and independence.

Those men of immortal memory, who within these very

walls lighted with the heavenly spark of their inspiration the torch of freedom in America, avowed for their object the welfare of mankind; and when you raised the monument of Bunker Hill it was the genius of freedom thrilling through the heart of Massachusetts which made one of your distinguished orators say that the days of your ancient glory will continue to rain influence on the destinies of mankind to the end of time. It is upon this inspiration I rely, in the name of my down-trodden country,—to-day the martyr of mankind, to-morrow the battlefield of its destiny.

Time draws nigh when either the influence of Americans must be felt throughout the world, or the position abandoned to which you rose with gigantic vitality out of the blood of your martyrs.

I have seen the genius of those glorious days spreading its fiery wings of inspiration over the people of Massachusetts. I feel the spirit of olden times moving through Faneuil Hall. Let me cut short my stammering words; let me leave your hearts alone with the inspiration of history; let me bear with me the heart-strengthening conviction that I have seen Boston still a radiating sun, as it was of yore, but risen so high on mankind's sky as to spread its warming rays of elevated patriotism far over the waves. American patriotism of to-day is philanthropy for the world.

Gentlemen, I trust in God, I trust in the destinies of humanity, and intrust the hopes of oppressed Europe to the consistent energy of Massachusetts.

SPEECH AT PLYMOUTH

GENTLEMEN,—It is said that a poor little bird, having a grain of seed in his bill, was wafted by the current of the gale over the waves to a new part of globe, a barren desert yet, lately risen from the hidden depth where the mysterious work of creation is still going on. The grain of seed fell from the bill of the bird, and out of that grain a new creation was born. An ocean of haulm, the children of that solitary grain, undulates over the blooming prairie, bowing in adoration before Nature's God; and millions of flowers send the sacrifice of their fragrance up to the Almighty's throne.

If I had to stand on the spot where that grain of seed fell from the beak of the bird, with the blooming prairie spreading before my eyes, boundless like eternity, I could not feel more awe than here, on this hallowed spot, the most striking evidence of the most wonderful operation of Divine Providence.

Every object which meets my eye, the very echo of my steps, is fraught with the most wonderful tale which ever found its way to the heart of men.

You all,—you are wont to stand on this spot; you are wont to walk on this hallowed ground; the ocean's breeze which your ears catch, to you it is not fraught with woful sighs from a bleeding home; and still I see the lustre of religious awe in your eyes, and I hear your hearts throb with uncommon emotion of pious sentiments. What, then, must I feel on this spot? What must I hear in the voice of the breeze, where the spirits of departed pilgrims melt their whispers with the sighs of my oppressed fatherland?

I am not here, gentlemen, to retell the Pilgrim Fathers' tale: I have to learn about it from your particulars, which historians neglect, but the people's heart by pious tradition likes to conserve. Neither am I here to tell how happy you are,—that, you feel. Pointed by that sentiment which instinctively rises in the heart of happy, good men at the view of foreign misfortune, you invited me to this sacred spot, desiring to pour in my sad heart the consoling inspiration flowing from this place and to strengthen me in the trust to God. I thank you for it; it does good to my heart. The very air which I here respire, though to me sad, because fresh with the sorrows of Europe and with the woes of my native land, that very air is a balm to the bleeding wounds of my soul; it relieves like as the tears relieve the oppressed heart.

But this spot is a book of history. A book not written by man, but by the Almighty himself,—a leaf out of the records of destiny, sent to earth and illumined by the light of heavenly intellect, that men and nations, reading in that book of life the bountiful intentions of the Almighty God, may learn the duties they are expected to fulfil, and cannot neglect to fulfil without offending those intentions with which the Almighty ruler of human destinies has worked the wonders of which Plymouth Rock is the cradle-place.

I feel like Moses when he stood on Mount Nebo, in the mountains of Abarim, looking over the billows. I see afar the Canaan of mankind's liberty. I would the people of your great republic would look to Plymouth Rock as to a new Sinai, where the Almighty legislator revealed what he expects your nation to do and not do unto her neighbors, by revealing to her free America's destiny.

Who would have thought, gentlemen, that the modest vessel

which two hundred and thirty-two years ago landed the handful of Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock was fraught with the palladium of liberty, and with the elements of a power destined to regenerate the world?

Oppression drove them from their ancient European home to the wilderness of an unknown world; the "Mayflower" developed into a wonderful tree of liberty. Where the wilderness stood, there now a mighty Christian nation stands, unequalled in general intelligence and in general prosperity, a glorious evidence of mankind's capacity to self-government; and ye, happy sons of those Pilgrim Fathers, it became your glorious destiny to send back an enchanted twig from your tree of freedom to the Old World, thus requiting the oppression which drove away your forefathers from it. Is the time come for it? Yes, it is. That which is a benefit to the world is a condition of your own security.

While the tree of freedom which the Pilgrims planted grew so high that one twig of it may revive a world, in Europe, by a strange contradiction, another tree has grown in the same time,—the tree of evil and of despotism. It is Russia. Both have grown so large that there is no place more for them both on earth. One must be lopped, that the other may still spread.

And while the tree of good here and the tree of evil there have thus grown, my nation, a handful of braves, a foreign race from far Asia, transplanted to Europe a thousand years ago,—not kindred to you, not kindred to any European race, but guarding in its bosom, through all vicissitudes of time, a spark from that fire which led your Pilgrim Fathers to America's shores,—my nation stood in the very neighborhood of the tree of evil, a modest shrub, bearing up through centuries against the blasting winds encroaching upon the fields

of Christianity and of Christian civilization. Beaten continually by these blasting winds, it could not grow; but it stood firmly in its place and checked their course. It was the emblem of resistance.

The wind has shifted. Russian despotism threatens the Christian world, and it is again the shrub of my nation which has to check the gale. O, dear shrub of my dear native land! thy leaves are yellow and thy branches are torn; but the roots still hold firm, and the stock of the people is sound, and the soil which nursed that shrub for a thousand years is still full of life. Undaunted courage, unfaltering resolution, undespending confidence, nurses the roots.

Now, what is it I claim from you, people of America—ye powerful swarm from the beehive Europe, ye sons of the Pilgrims,—those Christian Deucalions, who peopled this New World, and founded a nation in seeking but the asylum of a new home?

What is it I claim from you, people of America? Is it that you should send over yonder Atlantic a fleet of new Mayflowers, manned with thousands of Miles Standishes? Claim I the sword of that brave chieftain, as the people of Weymouth, the Wessagusens of old, claimed it once from the Pilgrim Fathers, that, as he once did for them, you may do for my people, brandishing its brave "Damascus blade" against the Indians of despotism, more dangerous to mankind's liberty—that common property of which you have the fairest share—than in those olden times the Indians of Cape Cod have been dangerous to the handful of Pilgrims, reduced by sickness to half their number, that they may multiply into millions? Is it that which I claim, in the name of mankind's great family, of which you are a mighty, full-grown son? No, I claim not this.

Do I claim from you to send over your sons to Hungary's border mountains, to make a living fence by their breasts, catching up the blasting wind of Russia, that it may not fall upon the poor, leaf-torn shrub of Hungary? No, I claim not this.

Or do I claim from you to beat back the bloody hand of the Austrian, that he may not waste the tempest-torn shrub, and not drain the life-sweat of its nursing soil? No, I do not claim that.

What is it, then, I claim from America? That same violence which shattered Hungary's bush has loosened, has bent, has nearly broken the pole called law of nations; without which no right is safe and no nation sure—none, were it even ten times so mighty as yours. I claim from America that it should fasten and make firm that pole called "law of nations," that we may, with the nerve-strings of our own stout hearts, bind to it our nation's shattered shrub.

That is what I claim. And I ask you, in the name of the Almighty, is it too pretentious, is it too much arrogance to claim so much?

"In the law of nations every nation is just so much interested as every citizen in the laws of his country." That is a wise word; it is the word of Mr. Webster, who, I am sure of it, in the high position he holds, intrusted with your country's foreign policy, would readily make good his own word if only his sovereign, the nation, be decided to back it, and says to him "Go on."

Well, that maintenance of the law of nations would be, indeed, an immense benefit to my country—an immense benefit to all oppressed nations; because there is scarcely one among them all (Russia, perhaps, excepted) which very easily could not get rid of its own domestic oppressor, if only the infernal