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THE
CHILD AND THE MAN:

OR,
ANNIVERSARY SUGGESTIONS,

BY
DR. R. T. HALLOCK.

An Oration

DELIVERED IN NEW YORK, ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1856

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEECHES,

BY S. B. BRITTAN, WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH, AND OTHERS.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; when I became a man, I put away childish things.—Paul.

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P R E F A C E .

THE Oration and proceedings herein presented to the public, contrast strongly with those usual to Fourth-of-July celebrations. Gunpowder and bad rum, with any amount of fulsome commendation of departed heroes and buried virtues, are the usual concomitants of such occasions. To the candid and thinking man, who opens his eyes to the gigantic wrongs that are perpetrated in the name of the Constitution and of Liberty, the spectacle is one calculated to awaken painful emotions and gloomy apprehensions. To see a nation engage in an annual glorification of her illustrious dead, while in the history of all the intervening months her appointed rulers enter upon and execute a systematized conspiracy against human liberty, and all the most sacred principles of the Revolution, is a gross inconsistency and a painful exhibition of human passion. To glorify the illustrious dead in empty words, while we repudiate and trample into the dust the very liberties they bled to establish, is not a work in which the philanthropist or the true patriot is willing to engage. How much better would it be, could we in our life, as a people, illustrate our

attachment for the principles of liberty, instead of professing it with pompous words, while we repudiate it as a living fact.

We congratulate ourselves upon being able to present to the American people the masterly Oration which mainly occupies these pages. It needs no commendation at our hands. It meets manfully the living issues of to-day, while as an intellectual effort it will rank among the very first productions of our time.

THE PUBLISHERS.

THE
CHILD AND THE MAN.

ON Friday, July 4th, 1856, pursuant to call, an intelligent audience convened at the Brooks Assembly Rooms, in the city of New York, to commemorate the Eightieth Anniversary of American Independence.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE, Esq., proprietor of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, by request of the Committee of Arrangements, read the call for the meeting, and the Declaration of Independence: after which Dr. R. T. HALLOCK delivered the following

Oration:

WE are to speak of an epoch in human history. Man changes, and is both the cause and the subject of change or revolution, even as the globe he dwells upon has its periods of change, and its seasons of peace and of war. The earth has a revolutionary history, even as man has. Rich in material for thought, those grim old battle-fields where the elements met in deadly conflict, and left them thickly covered with the ripening constituents of human life, to the glorious end that human life might be. For this result was the strife, and the establishment of the new empire of manhood over a new world was the victory.

Mark well how nature warred for man before man was—how she trampled upon all apparent law and order for his sake—how institution warred with institution and state with state, as in the human world to-day. The empire of water above, and the kingdom of fire below—is not the earth scarred all over with their conflicts—their alternate victories and defeats? There was a “north” then, and a “south,” and things which did not know that nor any other point of the compass, except the one which looked directly to themselves, just as with us to-day. There was slavery then, and freedom fought it as now, and conquered it too, as it will now. Much that belongs to freedom and to us was in bondage then. In those days

your Hudson River was a *Lake*, held "in durance vile;" and if his memory be not impaired by age, might tell how impossible freedom looked to him in his childhood. A chain of deductions, stronger far than any which modern demagogues have forged from the rusty scraps of a dishonored constitution, bound him down, and his "underground railroad" was all in perspective. For how many ages did his pent-up energies beat in vain against his rock-ribbed prison, and his bosom heave and swell like a chained giant panting to be free! But revolution came, and with it *liberty*. Its waters glide in freedom now, through the "patriarchal institution" of Rock conservatism, and it has converted the granite gateway of its ancient prison into an enduring monument of its everlasting freedom!

Your natural forces are all "Abolitionists," and work for liberty and "*Free Soil*." The elements would seem to be all "*Black Republicans*." In those days, as now, no sooner had the respectable "*Castle Garden*" committee of that epoch got things fixed to its mind, and all the "Doughfaces" comfortable, and the "Hard Shell" dunderpates asleep, than the battle began. Every thing, however respectable, was turned upside down. They never stopped to "*compromise*" with constitutions, but broke them outright, and "*dissolved the Union*" with a celerity that would astonish Garrison himself, if *that* were possible. Your fire and your water force, your heat and your cold force, with a corps of imponderable "*invincibles*" by way of pioneers, what *levelers* are they! and their blows are all dealt for freedom. They never move a muscle but the world is better, freer, happier. Let old Conservatism build as strongly as he may, they will *rebuild*. He may lock up the rivers, they will set them free; pile up the mountains, they will break them in pieces and scatter their treasures as if inspired with the prophecy that they would be needed.

Nature wages eternal and universal war with Conservatism. The moment an epoch gets "*easy in its mind*," and begins to take a "*south-side*" view of things, preparatory to a comfortable nap of a million of years or so, she calls a "*council of war*." Inflammatory speeches are made; time-honored institutions are denounced; sacred things are profaned; established usages held in contempt. Finally, she suggests that General Earthquake take the command in chief, and the result is—*Revolution*.

Revolution, then, must be held as decidedly respectable, if it can be considered respectable to be natural. Man is born of revolutionary parents, and his ancestry dates far beyond "76." What

wonder the instinct of change, of revolution, should be a deathless attribute of man, seeing he was born of it, and imbibed it from the breast of his mother, and was by her consecrated and sworn, like the Carthaginian of old, to eternal enmity with inertia.

The true man is ever the changing man. The power to grow implies the capacity to change, to revolutionize all within him and without him.

There is a stupid old god, worshiped by all the comfortable in every age, and in our own times in particular, whose requirements are of easy comprehension, and whose *one* commandment is, "*Let things alone!*" A most select and respectable class of worshipers these comfortables, and their "yoke is easy," and "their burthen light." "Never *do* any thing, and let what *is* done *alone*," is the simple test of honorable fellowship. Whatever political rule they are born under, or institution they are received into, must be "*let alone*," that they may be comfortable. "Touch not the Lord's anointed," is their motto, meaning themselves always; and they set up the idol of this sublime theology on a globe whose every *acre* is a revolutionary battle-field and burial-ground, where Nature's grand army of Radicals had entombed in fossil, beyond the galvanic power of Gabriel's trump, the organic remains of a world that was, as if Nature, having abolished mastodons and monsters without mercy, would let *such* a thing live!

Nature, probably because she finds it difficult or inconvenient to change her "*natural heart*," has never been "a member in good standing" with that Church, but on the contrary has invariably denied their creed and denounced their worship. She will *not* let things alone herself, nor permit her children to do so. She has an object to accomplish—a manhood to produce, a family of children to grow into free and noble-hearted men. Above all things, she loves her children, and *works* for them daily, and will have *them* work too.

Popular religions, as well as other institutions, are necessarily defective, not to say false, and become obsolete even before they can become popular, because they are the mere clothes which man makes for present use or convenience, and which he is constantly outgrowing and wearing out. They never can become a fixity; at best, they can express correctly but a passing *moment* in the eternal progress of a living man. The new wine must have its new bottles; the new man, his new clothes. Only the dwarfed

man can wear the cast-off garments of a former childhood, with any degree of comfort.

Change, therefore, is a necessity of man's nature, and a law of his being; and Revolution as a *means* of change becomes a sacred instrument in his hands. When he ceases to exercise that power over himself, he becomes a slave, and loses one of the attributes of manhood. While he is worshiping at the altar of a church and state which require him to *let things alone*, the three are on the high road to destruction. Nature, with her array of revolutionary forces, is stronger than they, and she will *not* let things alone—especially *such* things. Do but consider! A well-grown man, to all outward seeming, insists on appearing in the streets of the 19th century in the habiliments of his childhood, and that *we* also, to be respectable, must wear the same garments. Is he to be let alone—*can* he be let alone with safety even to himself? If you fail to transform him into a *gentlemen*, he will assuredly degenerate into a savage.

The childhood trappings of kingcraft and priestcraft, already worn to tatters—are we to be pleased with them forever? Why, the great thing for which all *Boobydom* burns powder and gets drunk to-day, was the founding a state *without* a king, and a church *without* a priest.

The system of *slavery* which man adopted when a mere boy, though dignified by the title of “Patriarchal institution”—is no rust to corrode its chains? Is *that* to be let alone, when the *institution* of patriarchs themselves is abolished of God and man? Will Paul's letter to Philemon, read, as it usually is, upside down, so paralyze the life within, and so prevent the chafing of angry elements without, as to preserve its innate deformity and meanness in perpetual youth, when even *mummies* rot? The thing is not possible.

Fulfill every threat which despotism has made—call the roll of your slaves in the capital of every State in the Union—make a slave-pen of your seat of Government, and a plantation of every Revolutionary battle-field; enlist in its service all the priests of your religions, and all the statesmen of your parties; and yet it can not stand—*Nature* having bidden it to *go*. It has had a more than twenty-one-years lease of your American Senate, and your American Church. Incense has been burned freely in honor of it. The best timber the market affords has been freely bought up to

brace and sustain it. Churchmen and statesmen have been alike sacrificed at its altar, and have done servile duty for its sake. The Bible and the sword have been enlisted in its behalf; and yet, with all its bloated rotundity of figure and flourish of whip, *it never was so imbecile, it never looked and felt so mean, as it does to-day beneath this July sun!*

You can not keep vitality in a carcass which Nature has pronounced fit only to *rot*; nor can it be expected that living men will long carry it about on their shoulders with honorable mention.

It has been intimated that this *strange* institution to stand by the side of Liberty, came from the childhood of the race. Its root is the natural guardianship of strength over weakness, but its branches, through the perverted culture of children, bear the fruit of oppression; and it may be said in passing, that its evil is, that it prevents the possibility of manhood to the utmost of its influence.

When we look carefully, as we should, at this matter of childhood (and it has its type in the nursery, by which we may know it), we shall see it covers the whole field of evil, and this fruitful section of it in particular. Children are cruel from ignorance. They have no regard for the frogs, only for the pleasure of pelting them. You see them trample upon the life of a defenseless kitten because they can not realize that it has the power to feel. But the child outgrows that as manhood advances and its mind expands. Injustice and cruelty are not the natural attributes of a grown humanity; a *whip* is not the symbol of true manhood.

The religious institutions which man made for himself when a child, must, like the clothes of that interesting period, and the amusements of children, all be laid aside by the man. The individual who can find room enough for his limbs in the garments that fitted him forty years ago, has not grown any in all that time. And this is precisely the state of the popular church. It wears the same clothes, and amuses itself with the same routine as at the beginning. But Nature will not have it so; she bids man *grow*; and, by consequence, to remove all obstacles out of the way of his growth. Nature throws open her great storehouse of facts and principles, Heaven lets down to him a ladder of inspiration by which he may have access to the very fountain of Divine love and wisdom, to the end that he may become a man. What then is to be the end of a church which insists on remaining a child? Nature has but one alternative for all her forms of life—*grow or rot.*

Another characteristic of infancy which we see clearly exemplified in our religious and political institutions is, its desire to rule. But Nature *will not have it rule*. The end of such rule is *ruin*; which she can not afford. Your king and your priest, when they are *men*, and do the *work* of men, she will own them, and bless their work; for she honors manhood everywhere. She indorsed Mohammed, though in nursery phrase an "impostor;" but for that sanctified ass, who, at Constantinople, to-day, does but mumble and gesticulate the inevitable *crudities* of the man, she has no word of commendation, and can by no means bless. When Pope Gregory sent his monks into Britain, she went with them. But for that other quadruped that browses upon the thistles which grow above the ruins of a fallen manhood, and the monuments of a mighty empire, whose bray is heard from the Vatican, and always the loudest when there is nothing to be said; who, when the people ask for *absolution* from oppression and misrule, does, by way of answer, call in all the kindred ears from the common to hear, and help him indorse the moral character of a young Jewess by the name of Mary, who died some two thousand years before he was born, and whose morality in the mean time was never seriously called in question—for *such* a "representative of *St. Peter*" she has a rather ominous look in these days—some such look as might be expressed by our own faces did we in the hour of need see the form of a friend before us, and on testing his identity find him *straw*! Nature will indorse a true man, whether right or wrong in theory. But to call an edifice of bricks and mortar, with a congregation in it, whose sole business is to laud and praise the lives and deeds of other men, a *Church*, is mere child's play, and bears less resemblance to the *reality* than a hobby-horse does to the living animal he bestrides in after years.

Nature, having it in her mind to rear *men*, obviously can not adopt childhood as a final conclusion. Therefore, when a man sets up the determination that matters of church or state shall remain precisely as they are, he does virtually resolve not to grow any more; and we know the alternative. Even Sinai failed to produce institutions which were to last forever; the *good* that was must give place to the *better* which was forthcoming. The Jewish people taking it into their wise heads not to *grow* any more (thinking their old clothes good enough), mounted guard over them, with a fervent zeal that was *not* effectual. When they took that resolve,

w that notwithstanding the heaven-descended glory of their antecedents, they also took the alternative, and went to pieces as a nation, just like less favored people.

Now, childhood, which, be it remembered, never seems to itself to be such—childhood in the high places of church and state—childhood that does not mean to *grow* any more, is ever the opposing obstacle to natural change or growth, and the immediate cause of revolution. If the chicken will not break the shell for itself, it must be broken for it, or we can have no poultry. This fact has colored the whole stream of human history with blood, and made revolution inevitable.

The particular revolution which is the theme of popular eulogy to-day, is one of a natural series. To laud its deeds of daring and of self-sacrifice is not our present purpose. We will consider all that as done. We have no ink to shed into that popular sea of enthusiasm, mingled with rum, whose surges rise higher and become more boisterous to-day, in proportion to the decline of reason and the sun. It is in the light of an important member of a grand revolutionary family that we should see it if we would understand its true significance. The young *Liberty*, born in 1776, had a *sister* older than himself, who nursed him, and a mother who bore him, or he could never have seen a birthday; nor his modern friends have gotten drunk in honor of it. Like the mother of Moses, who hid her mystic babe in the bulrushes of the Nile, she prepared a couch for the young Liberty by the sea-side of a wilderness. She spread its "cradle" in the shadow of "Plymouth Rock," and waited "all the days of her appointed time" for the birth of the new child.

And the mother of that babe is yet fruitful. Into the lap of all the ages she places a child to nurse and makes them responsible for their bringing up. That the one for which we are held responsible grew while men had it in charge, is certain. That it is a "spoiled child" now, is equally certain; for it has long been left to the guidance of *babes* and *boobies*. No man can enter the nursery now to give it wholesome counsel, but on peril of his life. They have let him live in unholy intimacy with slavery so long, that now he insists on marrying her, with a privilege of bestowing upon her, by way of *pin money*, all the land and all the people he can lay his hands on.

Herein we see the old difficulty, the old cause, and the new ne-

cessity for another revolutionary birth. The child of "76" will never be saved except he be "*born again*," and have in future the society and counsel of men. The children have spoiled him. The nursery is in rebellion against the parlor and the kitchen, and asserts its right to rule the whole house, by virtue of its muscular power to use a *whip*! Such rule leads inevitably to revolution, and therefore it concerns us to study well the true indices of childhood, that we may know it wherever it appears.

In the British Parliament, when the chastisement of what *they* called "American rebellion," and *we* call the "rights of man," was under consideration, the men in that body said: "My Lords, you can not conquer America!" The children said: "We can." And straightway, they did not.

Now, the childhood and the manhood we are considering pertain to mentality, and not to muscle; to state, and not to time. The manhood we speak of is not to be guaged by inches, but is that whose "gray hairs" are flowing "wisdoms," and whose "age" is a useful life. Childhood is its opposite. But, as we have seen, this spiritual youth and age have their types in the external. Thus, the first manifestation of physical childhood is that of entire selfishness. The infant demands all things, without thought of return or compensation. The same is true of spiritual childhood, and is one of its unerring indications. Manhood is its opposite.

These two states once walked side by side in the streets of the old Jerusalem, in the persons of Jesus, "the Christ," and Judas, "the traitor." We have no difficulty in distinguishing the man here, though their external stature may have been the same to an inch. George Washington and Benedict Arnold, though with characteristics less sharply defined, are instances to the same point. History holds these examples in her lap with thousands of others for the inspection of wisdom. They are the milestones along her dusty pathway and bloody morasses by which we may mark our progress, and measure our growth. Supreme selfishness being the zero of mentality, we have a thermometer that can not lie by which to measure ourselves and others. The maximum and minimum of manhood are before us; by as much as an individual, a church, or a state are selfish in their ends and aims, by so much are they short of manhood. To attain it, they must leave not only their worn-out clothes, but all their selfishness, behind.

Nature permits not any thing to live for itself, except during the

period of its infancy. The full-grown sheep gives man a new coat every year. The manhood state of a tree is marked by the profusion of its ripened fruit, which it shares alike with bird, and beast, and man. She points with her every finger to generosity as the true exponent of manhood, and through it to God, "who giveth all things."

Allied to this supreme love of self is the desire for arbitrary rule over others. The only state over which, by permission of Nature, rule is admissible (and by authority of Scripture the rod is only for the child), aspires to wield it for its own selfish gratification as against all opposition—to transfer that which belongs appropriately to its own back to its puny right hand as a symbol of power. To-day, perchance, he roars for it with his own mouth, and, to-morrow, with the cannon's mouth; but it is a child's voice in either case, and expressive of a child's love. The voice of manhood, whether from lungs or cannon, is ever against arbitrary power—never for it by any possibility. Search well the record of human experience, and on all its pages this fact will be found—childhood for power, manhood against it.

To go no farther back in history than our own national birth-day, we see what a mere child was George the Third. The newspapers of our times speak of his determination to subdue the American Colonies as his pet weakness. His brother kings of that era were also mostly fools, some of them actually idiotic. Not only was this king a simpleton, but in all the House of Lords there was not a man, that is, a man who could be heard. Childhood ruled the nation—grasping, petted, rapacious, irresponsible childhood, that never grew an inch, and never came to its senses until the rod was wrenched from its hand and applied to its back, as was right and proper. Some of the best English thinkers declare the nation to-day to be all but strangled with "red tape," like a great booby entangled with its own "garters."

Government, as sanctioned by Nature, is because of childhood, and presupposes it. There can be no government as of man over man among men. The man "is a law unto himself." Natural government, then, is that of man over child. Manhood is a state, of which every individual is a Peer. The government of childhood is, therefore, pre-eminently unnatural, and must lead to disaster. That church and state wherein it rules are doomed. They stand opposed to Nature. She indicates her own officials—only

the candidate who prepares to rule can rule ; all others are pretenders.

In the church and the state (for they must be considered together) it needs a somewhat practiced eye and careful look to detect the child, particularly in the Church, where it is the most mischievous. They seem so serious, and are so sincere at their play, that for a moment one might mistake it for work. Then, the tailor craft, and the way they wear their linen, is apt to deceive. But a boy is not a man though he wear his shirt on the outside of his coat instead of the inside, and call himself a bishop.

Topple down rudely the cob-house of a child, and you see at once by his sobs and tears of what grave import to him is all that which you esteem so lightly. But you are not deceived at all by this as to the real value of the work, or the mental development of the workman. Be not, then, though the play be changed.

You may see an exact counterpart of the nursery in the Church. For cob-house building, we have creed-making. The little people erect a paper fortress to keep the devil (who answers to the hob-goblin of the nursery) out, and themselves in. They most solemnly declare never to live in any other house but that forever. By-and-by it is blown down, and the whole nursery is in mourning.

Again. You shall see them taking little crumbs of bread and sips of wine, with faces quite as earnest, and far more serious, than those other children, with their diminutive tea-set and table, when, by ma's permission, on some high holiday, they receive their little friends in state. Then you may see them in the great public play-house, which they will persist in calling a church, with gilded books in their hands, all bright and shining like a Christmas toy, intent upon the morning "lesson" which has been carefully prepared for them, with the sage consideration that they are not yet out of the nursery, and never will be ; while another boy stands on a raised platform to conduct the "exercises." And thus they play at religion. It has been gravely proposed of late years to greatly improve these "exercises" by what is called *intoning the service*, that is to say, by pronouncing the worn-out jargon with a holy snuffle. But let us respect their seriousness, while we do not allow ourselves to be deceived by it. It will do for them, perhaps, but not for well-grown men.

But for them to insist, as they always have, on men's receiving this child's play for gospel is incendiary in the extreme, and sure

to light a fire that will do mischief. Where is the safety when children get to playing with fire? In their mad pranks they have, as we know very well, burned from off the earth some of the noblest men that ever appeared on it; and, like their prototypes of the nursery, crying over the self-demolition of their broken toys, have piously gathered up, and do now worship, not the divine spirit which was manifest in these men, but their "ashes." How all childhood delights in dirt!

Among the drollest toys that Yankee ingenuity has constructed for babies to play at religion with, was the "New England Primer." But Jonathan was a boy himself then, and worked after a pattern. He looks askance upon it now, somewhat, with a grin and a blush intermingled, as he asks himself whether the same "jack-knife" could whittle out such strange contrasts as his cotton-mills and that?

But Jonathan was an honest boy in those days, and willing to grow, and that saved him. If he can manage now to truck off, even at the pecuniary loss of "Deacon Giles' Distillery," the shams of this day for the sincerity of that, he will be safe yet, and not otherwise.

His woodcuts, setting forth how,

" In Adam's fall,
We sinned all,"

though but lame specimens of art, had an air of honesty about them which put his "wood nutmeg" to the blush, though vastly more "artistic." His attempt to blend theological dogmas with alphabetical doggerel, by way of mixing hell-fire with molasses, is ludicrous enough in all conscience, but far less humiliating and mischievous than his subsequent dilution of it with "apple-jack." He has far greater cause to blush for his "New England Rum" than for his "New England Primer"—for his "speculations in cotton" than for his speculations in theology.

It is noteworthy that, in this childhood of other days, there were types of the true man, and they were all revolutionists—Martin Luther, George Fox. Mistake him not, this latter, in his suite of leather. He was a man, and stood high above the dynasty of childhood that encompassed him on every hand. A true democrat was he, declaring loudly above the din and turmoil of the nursery, that God did not dwell in bibles, nor in creeds, nor yet in curiously-carved cathedrals, but in the immortal spirit of man, who, in his

own person, must be taught of the spirit, by the spirit, or he could never reach the stature of a man at all. That Christianity was a life, and not a creed ; that the light for man's guidance was within his soul, and not in a book, and never can be.

Could that man have been understood by the Church, all its natural and necessary changes, as well as those of the state, could have been effected without revolution. A man who sees by the light of heaven reflected in his own soul, can not go essentially out of the way ; but a man with a chart of the way in his pocket, may fall into a ditch in sheer absence of the necessary light to examine it. But, few were the ears that could hear that man, and the eyes that could see him ; and of such as did, the most soon grew dull and dim ; and so the misrule went on, and revolution repeated itself, and will, until man governs the child, instead of the child the man.

What is to come, or what can come, from that theology which knows nothing of the soul of man and its needs, save what it misreads in books, but disaster—disaster to church and state ? And yet with this danger imminent, among the controlling forces of all our vaunted institutions, sacred or profane, there is not heard the voice of a man ! True, there are men in the land—there is manhood in your American Senate ; but where ? Why, prostrate on its floor, while childhood stands over it with a bloody whip !

Brooks, though greatly less than a man, is not a devil ; he is a child. There was not enough of reason in him to comprehend that he was dealing slavery and himself the far heavier blow. The ancients expressed this imbecility by saying, "Whom the gods meant to destroy, they first made mad."

It is a bitter pill to swallow—the deeds of this year, mingled with the memories of this day. There will be a turning from it with disgust and loathing ; for, from the blood of the cross to this hour, no drop of deeper significance was ever pressed from human veins ; and history will shriek, and go into hysterics, and point at it with a finger of fire, and wonder (being mostly learned in the outside of things) why it is that the first blood in all American revolutions comes from New England veins, and smells so strongly of the Puritans.

But it is to be presumed *we* will not go into hysteria ; our concern is with the boy rather than the man ; the man can take care of himself. Sumner never wrought so bravely for manhood as when he lay prostrate before the unreasoning anger of a child !

The truth which man has from God, can not be stricken down. When that form fell, the truth that animated it was more potent than before. That fall shook the land like an earthquake! It "rent the vail of the temple," where the divine spirit of Liberty was supposed to utter her inspirations, and demonstrated to all eyes and ears in the nation, that, what it had mistaken for such was mere nursery babble and imbecility.

This plantation specimen of humanity, Brooks, is well worth considering. Understanding him thoroughly, we master the whole problem which distracts the world to-day. The conclusion we come to as to what *he* is, determines exactly what *we* are. Our efficiency or inefficiency as patriots or reformers is seen in the light which shows *him* to us.

Examining his antecedents, we find directly back of him a profession of democracy, and a practice of absolute despotism. Despotism, religious as well as social, in the Church as well as on the plantation. There is no sect that is not despotic, either by direct disciplinary statute, or by practice and doctrine. Take the Methodist Episcopal Church, for example. Now, until men can gather "grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles," they will find it difficult to gather political liberty from the thistle of theological despotism.

The men who were the most thoroughly efficient and directly instrumental in the establishment of American liberty were infidels—not to God nor to man, but to Church dogmatism. Paine, Jefferson, Franklin, had declared their independence of church creed before they published that other declaration of independence from George the Third. Without the one we never should have had the other.

A plant is simply an unfolded germ; you can not sow despotism and reap liberty; hence the Church will have to digest as it best can, the mortification of thanking God for that liberty which she has the privilege of enjoying, solely through infidelity to herself.

Then, again, the democracy of Jefferson being but a pocket edition, for mere state purposes, of the broader liberty proclaimed by that other democrat, Jesus, is subject to the same law, which is, that only he who does the work, or lives the life of a doctrine, can by any possibility understand it. What, then, can the Brooks type of mankind know of law or of gospel—of liberty or of religion? Pray, what is Brooks, then?

The most childish, and therefore the most mischievous partian-ship extant, is that of "*Saints and Sinners.*" 'The American Senate is not so divided, but into boys and babies, three or four men, perhaps, and an old woman. But the men can not be heard, and the *old lady* is afraid to speak, so, that verdant youth, *Young America*, has it all his own way. So young, in fact, is he, that while he burns his powder to-day in honor of Liberty, he has not the sense to blush for the mad violence with which he struck her down, and if he could, would banish her from the face of the earth forever ! Very appropriately does he get drunk and make a noise in honor of Liberty ; his mode of celebrating her birthday being the exact measure of his estimation of her value.

Now, if we compare carefully the church and state powers, we shall find that they play directly into each other's hands, and agree together like a voice and its echo. The one is governed by what is *not* in the Bible, and the other by what is *not* in the Constitution ; each professing the while a profound reverence for both. In the name of democracy and the constitution, the one contends for the right of perpetual slavery for the serf, while the other, in the name of God and the Bible, declares for the everlasting damnation of the sinner. The one makes a slaveholder of Liberty, the other of God ! In the state, "leaving undone all that he ought to do," he calls *Legislation*. In the church he plumes himself on his piety by virtue of telling God every Sunday morning how well he has succeeded in *not* doing it. 'This he dignifies by the title of "worship." When a monstrous wrong is to be done, the one quotes the "Constitution," and the other the "Word of God." 'The one finds no warrant in *his* sacred document for the promotion of liberty ; the other finds nothing in *his* against the extension and perpetuation of despotism. When interest demands it, there is no *wrong* that can not be proved clearly *right* by the Constitution, and no right that is not as certainly wrong by the Bible. In this way they strengthen each other, and perpetuate the reign of misrule.

Such children do institutions make of men ; in them we see a reversal of the established order of nature, and a sure presage of their downfall. No institution can traverse a law of nature and live. From small to great, from infancy to manhood, not from great to small, and from little to less, is her method, which these church and state institutions are doing all they can to reverse.

Under their superincumbent weight the man grows weak as they grow strong. A chicken running about with a shell upon its back can not grow—it must throw it off or die.

The great Quaker idea of personal communion with the spiritual and the divine, as embodied in George Fox, clothed the man with its own divine power. But the Quaker *inspiration* was of God, and the Quaker *institution* is of man; and now, where is the Quaker? Look for him and you find a hat—that is all! The institution having adhered to him like the shell to the back of the chicken, the Quaker is gone, and nothing but the shell remains to be seen.

The decay of manhood is ever in the ratio of the growth of the institution he exalts above himself. Are we not obliged to break up the crust of the earth when we would have the seed-germs sprout? It would be difficult for God himself to inspire a Quaker now; he stands protected by his hat. Once, it was easy enough; when he wore it as a mere convenience, the light shone through it; but as soon as he exalted it into an institution, it could resist the focal rays of the whole heaven. I have paid this compliment to the Quakers, because I was born one myself, and have taken them as an exponent of sectarian institutions, because no sect has stood so high or fallen so low.

The little life there is in what is called the Church is *ganglionic*—it lives because it can not wholly die.

Now the Church is to a nation what the heart is to a man—the seat of its indwelling life. Disease there affects the body politic, as certainly as that of the heart does the body corporate. Volition is from affection. The Church represents the love of a nation, and the State its wisdom. But the popular church is a child altogether. The creed has crushed and cramped its limbs, so that when it would take a step in the right direction, it finds much difficulty. Great *boobies* occupy the places once filled by great *men*. They are the defenders of state rapacity and public injustice, where their fathers denounced it. For a state, cursed with the approbation and blessing of such a church, there is nothing left but to—go, and not stand too long, either, “on the *order* of its going.” The freedom of the one is like the religion of the other—*all on paper*. Under their mutual guardianship you may talk if you will of the liberty of the slaveholder, and of the inspiration of an apostle, but never of your own. To speak of liberty as a human prerogative,

is "fanaticism." To speak of inspiration as a personal experience, is "infidelity."

Thus the Church having dwindled into an institution of mere forms, the State, which stands related to it as the outside of a man does to his inside, shrunk into a mere party of *slave-drivers*. The soul that was once in it departed, and we have the body to bury, that it may not taint the air.

It is only the Church, like the heart which you do not see, that has life in it. The true Church is as invisible as the true God. The Church that is alive can be inspired. An institution can not be inspired. A wooden church is on a par with a wooden god, and reverence for either is idolatry.

What said that great abolisher of dead churches and of shams in general?—"Man can not live by bread alone." Bread is perishable—it can only sustain a perishable body; but man has an imperishable life within him, and must have free access to "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" to sustain that life. And this "every word" (not merely the words spoken to Peter or to Paul; that is not enough; nor are they the "every word" that God has to say, by any means), this "word of God," is received now, as of old, through a living inspiration; and this inspiration, therefore, is the "rock" on which the Church rests. The true Church, then, is *in* man, but not *of* him; and the worship thereof is a *life of uses*. Its prayers are deeds, and its offering is the ascending incense of its ripened virtues.

In the quaint old times they distributed what they called, "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Gospel;" as a complement to which "crumbs," we must add in these days a *curry-comb*, to scratch the shells off their backs. The "crumbs," too, have become somewhat stale, and have been chewed for them so long, that the children have well-nigh lost the use of their own gums. The "milk of the *word*" has been so diluted with the water of *creed*, that it has soured on their stomachs, and turned to gas, with a disagreeable result.

To feed these children, to take the rod out of their hands and apply it to their backs if need be, is the thing to be done. While the reason is in abeyance, authority must fill its place.

A modern artist has beautifully illustrated this on canvas. In Coles' "Voyage of Life," the first of the series represents an infant in a boat, with his guardian angel at the helm. The authori-

ty—the guiding power is vested in him. You are convinced on the first reflection, that to have placed it in the hands of the child, would have been an artistic blunder. That pulpy mass of feeble humanity—what power of guidance has it? The artist had to place an angel there, because he saw that *Nature* had done so. Blessed inspiration! how it immortalizes even the names of men! In the next picture, reason has commenced her reign; the youth has his own hand upon the guiding power. The angel stands upon the shore and waves him on—not with a rod, but with a blessing. The young immortal is free from *authority* forever.

Not so, while yet a child. At this point, good men often stumble. The Church having divided the world into “saints” and “sinners,” with the scientific precision with which politicians divide the nation into “hard-shells” and “soft-shells,” the stupid blunder sticks to them like a curse; and in the darkness which it engenders, they call folly “sin,” and ignorance “crime.” They take all bipeds above four feet high to be men, and to know better, because they do, and to be amenable to reason or moral suasion, because they are.

But Nature does not belong to the Church, and therefore does not recognize her profound distinction of parties. She has boys and girls, and men and women—man, in all stages of growth, but never a saint nor a sinner.

Jesus looked down from his cross upon children—not upon sinners, as we have been so long taught to believe—upon children, who “know not what they do;” and seeing their utter helplessness and want of ability to comprehend the simplest spiritual truth or fact, he paused in the midst of his dying agony to ask his Father’s blessing for them!

Could the Church but exchange its stupid idolatry for that man, for a grain of wisdom with which to comprehend him, she might, with enlarged propriety, call him “Saviour!”

There was nothing left for those children but the authority of the Roman whip, by which all rule was scourged out of them. We may have to do the same thing with ours.

Now, that childhood stands at the helm of our “voyage of life” political, instead of an angel, take this extract from a political paper of the dominant party as one more proof. I quote from the *Richmond Enquirer* of June 9th:

It is idle to talk of union, or peace, or truce with Sumner or Sumner’s friends.

Catiline was purity itself compared with the Massachusetts senator, and his friends are no better than he. They are all (we mean the leading and conspicuous ones) avowed and active traitors. The sending the Congressional Committee to Kansas was done with the treasonable purpose of aiding the rebellion in that Territory. The black republicans in Congress are at open war with government, and, like their allies, the Garrisonian abolitionists, equally at war with religion, female virtue, private property, and distinctions of race. They all deserve the halter, and it is vain and idle to indulge the expectation that there can be union or peace with such men. Sumner and Sumner's friends must be punished and silenced. Government, which can not suppress such crimes as theirs, has failed of its purpose. Either such wretches must be hung or put in the penitentiary, or the South should at once prepare to quit the Union. We would not jeopard the religion and morality of the South to save a Union that had failed for every useful purpose. Let us tell the North at once, if you can not suppress the treasonable action, and silence the foul, licentious, and infidel propagandism of such men as Stephen Pearl Andrews, Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Garrison, Sumner, and their negro and female associates, let us part in peace. We would like to see modesty, female virtue, common morality, and religion independent of government. The experiment at the South, to leave these matters to the regulation of public opinion, works admirably. We are the most moral, religious, contented, and law-abiding people on earth, and are daily becoming more so.

Here we have childhood troubled with flatulency. Their petulance is as sincere as any condemnation of it can be. We have sent them many costly toys at great sacrifice of our own self-respect to keep them quiet; but when was childhood ever satisfied? We have sent them little wooden imitations of senators, and cabinet ministers, and members of Congress, and gingerbread presidents, from which they invariably lick the molasses, and then throw away, or soil so badly, that no one but a *know-nothing* will touch them; and now they are not going to play with the other children any more, not even with their poor relations the "Doughfaces," unless they will behave better, but are determined to stay at home in future, and nurse their "chastity" and "religion." They might do a worse thing.

Denunciation, moral lectures, or argument is of no avail whatever with these little gentlemen; they are beyond the reach of all but the rod, and that at present they have in their own hands. It must be taken from them, or the day we celebrate is disgraced forever!

The type of the revolution of "'76" was resistance to a three-penny tax on a pound of tea; that of the present is resistance to a *whip* in the hands of a *child*! It must be taken from him at

whatever cost. *Talk it out, pray it out, vote it out, or knock it out*; only remember this, *out it must come*, by the one method or the other, or by all combined, for there can be no peace and no progress until it is done.

These babies belong in the A B C class, not to the *governing* class—to the halls of *elementary instruction*, and not to those of legislation. They are proficient at making mischief, not in making laws. Their rule is an insult to nature—an insult to the memory of those brave men who gave their blood for *freedom*, not for slavery—an insult to all manhood, of whatever time.

Nature has signed the death-warrant of all such rule, and man must execute it without delay, or the office of high-sheriff will be taken from him. In the court of Nature, God delivers the opinions; hence, whatever is right by Nature can not be wrong by theology. She is older than any church, and more perfect than any creed. To co-operate with her is to be “one with God.” It is to inaugurate the supremacy of manhood—it is to transform religion into Christianity, and democracy into liberty. Paper constitutions, which mean nothing, and a paper gospel, which indorses every thing, will be “rolled together as a scroll” in the “fervent heat” of this revolutionary fire, and in their places will be “a new heaven and a new earth,” with *children* in it who can grow—with a *church* in it that can be inspired—with a *state* in it which will be free!

The new day has already dawned. Though the Church be without inspiration, the world was never so full of it. The rays of the spiritual sun are rapidly commingling with those of the physical, the one to illuminate and warm the soul, the other to develop the body. As the darkness rolls away, and the eye of prophecy grows clearer, in the place of these wooden creeds, iron despotisms, and India-rubber gospels, may be seen a land with liberty in every hamlet, and its love in every heart—a theology which gets its facts from Nature and its truth from God—a church whose walls are the living crystals of a divine humanity, and whose worship is the intelligent silence of inexpressible joy. Even now,

“Lo! the clouds roll away! they break, they fly!
And, like the glorious light of summer, cast
O'er the wide landscape, from the embracing sky,
On all the peaceful world the smile of Heaven shall lie.”

Dr. GOULD said he would present something on the subject of slavery, which purported to come from the spirit-world. In doing so, he referred to the aggressions of the slave power. We have had an oligarchy in this country, which has ruled us for over forty years; and the principle which that oligarchy has adopted, has been to steal whenever they got a chance. They have, ever since the establishment of this government, been robbing men and women, as good as ourselves, of the sacred rights which God has bestowed upon all; and not only so, but they have been robbing the poor Indians of our country. Dr. G. closed his remarks by reading some lines, purporting to have been dictated by spirits, upon the aggressions of slavery.

S. B. BRITTAN'S SPEECH.

S. B. BRITTAN, Editor of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, was repeatedly called for by the audience; he had been confined for a week in consequence of severe indisposition, and manifested considerable reluctance in taking the stand. Mr. Brittan spoke as follows:

While Dr. Hallock was delivering his very interesting discourse, I was forcibly reminded that the popular idea of Liberty is extremely superficial. It is supposed that we are free as individuals and as a people, because we are permitted to do certain things which many people in other parts of the world are not permitted to do. But true liberty is something more than this, and consists in the liberation and normal exercise of all the faculties which constitute a perfect Manhood. The mere right to vote once or twice a year, or to worship in our own way, when, as has been illustrated, we have no rational conception of the nature of true worship, does not by any means constitute true human freedom. It appears to me that the freedom commonly possessed and enjoyed throughout the world, is *the freedom of the passions*, and that surely is not *human freedom* in any enlightened or proper sense of the words. The freedom of the passions, when not modified and restrained by the proper exercise of the rational faculties, leads to general disorder, and sometimes to universal anarchy. We have had numerous illustrations of this doubtful and dangerous freedom in all ages. In fact, the freedom most esteemed and most prevalent among men has been little more than this. We have not had intellectual freedom in any enlarged and comprehensive sense. To be truly free, *we must be free in mind and in spirit*. It is in vain to talk of freedom for Man so long as the noblest faculties of his mental and moral con-

stitution are sleeping in chains of darkness, and totally incapable of their natural exercise.

Freedom, in a sense which is truly honorable to man, is a rare and glorious inheritance. But no faculty is free unless it have permission to act. When, therefore, a man is in a state where all the highest faculties of his mind are chained in ignorance, he can not be said to be free. He is not a free *man* who has only liberty to exercise a single faculty of his nature ; he is not a free man who has *one faculty* that he can not use. In order to make him *free*, you must unshackle all the powers of his manhood, and make him stand erect in the full possession and legitimate exercise of every faculty of his being. And where do we find such an illustration of freedom ? There may be here and there individual examples of men who have a large measure of freedom, in a rational and human sense, but *no nation* presents such an example. We have yet to see a FREE PEOPLE. To be FREE, a man must be a slave to no master appetite, to no despotic propensity. He must be above all his appetites, and Reason must subordinate the passions. What is true of the individual is likewise true of nations, and I repeat, we have no example of a nation of freemen in any high intellectual, moral, or religious sense.

We come still further short of any thing like Spiritual Freedom. It is time for us to realize that there is no *human* slavery but that which belongs to the soul ; there is, indeed, no other. Make a man free spiritually, and you can not long enslave him physically. In order to have a just and full conception of freedom, we must understand what is implied by spiritual freedom. When a man is spiritually free, he realizes how utterly powerless are all the chains, and bolts, and dungeon walls which despots have forged and reared from first to last. There is no bondage for such a man. To him the prison walls are nothing. What are the chains that only restrain the limbs when once a man is convinced that his true manhood is spiritual ? The body is but the form in which himself resides ; and I venture to say that there is no bondage for the man who is once made to realize that he is a SPIRIT.

Suppose you attempt to shackle the mind of a man who is in reality intellectually free. If you please, pass resolutions that he shall only be allowed to exercise his faculties in a particular direction, and subject to certain restraints ; all this would not arrest the man who can traverse the distant spheres ; who will

look out into the vast empire where God resides ; and who will follow the foot-prints of Angels, whithersoever they lead the way. He is a *free man* without regard to constitutions. *His life is a declaration of independence*, and he will be free in spite of all the edicts and engines of oppression. He departs and returns at pleasure. He is here—there—yonder—he is among the stars ! What is true of him as a spirit is true of him also as a man, for precisely in this does his essential manhood consist. Thus as we come to entertain the highest or spiritual idea of freedom, we triumph over all exterior bondage, and trample chains and thrones, and all the implements and insignia of external despotism beneath our feet. I think a man may be in this condition. I feel that he may be measurably indifferent to the shackles which have no power to bind the spirit. In this condition he is best prepared to rise above all outward wrongs, and to assert and maintain his civil and political freedom.

At the present time we need a higher conception of individual rights and responsibilities. Without this we are liable to lose what little freedom is embodied in the government under which we live. There can be no safety for our republican institutions when the popular idea of Liberty is confounded with lawless strife and unprincipled usurpation. Our strength does not consist in the mere exercise of external powers and the development of our physical resources. It is not in the army and navy. It is a false idea of the nature and sources of the national strength which conceives it to consist in these things. We imagine that if we have plenty of implements, strong fortifications, and a full treasury, we have all the means and instrumentalities of power—we are, therefore, strong. This is a mistake. Our strength is not in these ; and the whole history of the world proves that the strength of nations does not consist in such things. The Ancient Republics were strongest in their infancy. When their material resources were more fully developed, and the power of moral cohesion ceased to be commensurate with their physical growth and outward splendor, they became feeble, and at last they fell. We should learn from the history and experience of other nations and other times what may be the possible result of our own experiment. Be assured we are only free when we are enlightened, and we are strong only when we live truly. It will be found at last with nations, as well as with individuals, that in the degree that we live righteously we live

safely ; that for the nation, as truly as for the man, honesty is the best policy ; indeed, that it is the only policy that will preserve our institutions from certain destruction.

We have come to this, that the men whose business it is to administer the government employ their time in efforts to overthrow our republican institutions, and in sapping the foundations of public morality. The boasted liberty which the people celebrate to-day is worth comparatively little, if I rightly estimate it. It is difficult now to get an unbiased opinion of the American people on any great national question. Politicians sell themselves and offer their principles to the highest bidder in every street ; their services can be had on any occasion and for any cause. If any one has as many as " thirty pieces of silver " to bestow, there is also some political Judas ready to receive them. What degree of respect can the people really have for the claims of truth and morality when these things are permitted to exist and to go unwhipped of justice ? Who shall arouse us from this lethargy to a lively sense of the danger to which we are exposed ? What power shall break the fearful spell and make us understand that a knowledge of the truth and the practice of the virtues alone insure freedom ? When shall we realize that without these all that bears the name of republican liberty will be to us, and to the world, unsubstantial and ephemeral as the creations of a distempered dream ? The Ancient Republics furnished young Liberty with a sepulcher where it only sought a place to be born. If liberty is to perish here, our fall will be the more terrible to contemplate, and the more disastrous to human interests, in that we shall fall from the pinnacle of temporal prosperity, in which we have transcended all the nations of the earth.

There is no security for any nation or people unless its internal cohesive power is commensurate with the aggregation of outward elements. We go on adding state after state to our Republic, but it is generally conceded that the Union is growing weaker every day. The power that holds these States together at this moment is far less secure than it was twenty-five years ago. What will be the result if this state of things continues does not require the gift of prophecy to determine. If we add to our domain state after state, and do not, at the same time, increase the internal moral power which holds the elements together, what, I repeat, will be the result ? Simply this, *the elements which compose this vast body will fall asunder from their own weight.* In this respect they will

but follow the irresistible law of Nature. Oh! if the fathers of the Republic be permitted to look down on us, and to witness the apathy that everywhere prevails in relation to the state of affairs, how must they be shocked at the coldness and indifference of the people to questions of the most vital and lasting concern, and which involve in their solution the destiny of a great Empire!

At this point Mr. Brittan's speech was suddenly interrupted, doubtless by the weakness consequent on his late indisposition. He had commenced an apostrophe to the spirit of WASHINGTON, but had given utterance to a few words only, when it was observed that an unusual pallor overspread his features, his voice faltered, and he fell backward into the arms of a friend, who had noticed his illness and rose to prevent his fall. Mr. B. soon recovered, and was able to leave the hall unassisted. REPORTER.

W. H. BURLEIGH'S SPEECH.

Mr. BURLEIGH being called for, came forward, and said:

I have listened with intense interest—an interest which I seldom feel in listening to public discourses—to the oration of Dr. Hallock this morning. I knew our speaker to be a man of ability. I knew that he was a free soul; but the production which he has given us to-day was altogether beyond my estimate of his powers, and I feel like giving an emphatic response to the sentiment, that it is the best Fourth-of-July oration ever delivered—without humbug or gas, but imbued, from beginning to end, with a spirit of true and comprehensive freedom.

As a basis for my few remarks, let me take as a text the last word of my last sentence—*Freedom*. We, as a people, are given to a mere formal utterance of liberty. We are full of the word, full of the sound, with far too little of the spirit. Freedom, rightly understood, is simply obedience to law. No one present will think that by the term law I mean the enactments which may be spread out upon parchments by regularly constituted legislators, by political conclaves, or by a mob of border ruffians. There must be something more than a simple enactment by a conclave of men legally, or illegally, brought together, to constitute law in the true signification of the term. Law always involves the sentiment of exact justice, and just so far as it fails in this, it fails to be law. If men come together and pass enactments that I shall worship God according to certain forms which, to them, may be significant, but which to me are perfectly spiritless, their enactments fail in all the essential attributes of law, so far as I am concerned. The idea

our fathers had of law—and they were men far in advance of their age, perhaps I might say of the present age—was, that it should not interfere with man's religious expressions and manifestations; that it should not go between man and his God; and any enactment of man which attempts to do this is tyrannical, and, as such, is to be either forcibly, or, as the case may be, quietly resisted. No free spirit, at all events, will submit to such interference between himself and his Maker. Freedom is obedience to law. The man who is bound by the fetters of disease is not a free man. It is probable, nay certain, that his freedom has been forfeited by some violation of physical law. This violation may have been committed ignorantly or recklessly, but, in either case, the penalty of that violation must be visited upon him. Spiritual freedom consists in obedience to the laws of our spiritual being, and whatever tends to cramp our spiritual volition must interfere with our spiritual freedom, and consequently tend to spiritual despotism, and the enslavement of the whole man. In reference to political freedom, the same definition will prevail. It is conditioned upon obedience to law—the law of right. Your liberty—mine—that of all men—depends on obedience to this law. I apprehend that the whole history of the world will demonstrate this truism. The moment men or peoples admit that one man may be enslaved, that moment they jeopardize their own liberty. If we fail as a people in maintaining the liberty which we possess, and in transmitting it to nations yet unborn, it will be because in the very beginning of our existence as a nation we compromised with slavery. Why, it would be just as rational for Christ to compromise with Belial as for liberty-loving people, whose lives have been consecrated to this great idea of freedom, to compromise with slavery.

We are told that our fathers did the best thing they could under the circumstances. I am not here to judge whether our fathers did the best thing they could for themselves, or whether their manhood was equal to the position in which they were placed, or not; but I unhesitatingly say they did the very worst thing they could for their country, and for future generations, when they consented that the pure white robes of liberty, which had been cleansed in the blood of the martyrs of freedom, should be dragged in the impure mire of slavery. It was a fearful, if not a fatal mistake, which they made, and from that one mistake has originated all the strifes, all the commotions, and all the perils which beset our freedom at

the present day. What fellowship has light with darkness? What concord has Christ with Belial? What harmony can exist between freedom and slavery? Between the two, God himself has planted an everlasting antagonism, and if a wo is pronounced against him who shall sever what God has joined together, no less a wo is uttered against him who seeks to join together what God has everlastingly separated.

We are not only false to ourselves as a people when we seek to compromise with slavery, but we are false to the great interests which, in the providence of God, were committed to our hands—the interests of freedom. There was a time when the American people occupied an eminently proud and glorious position. It was in that hour when, breaking with one strong hand the fetters that bound them, and with the other casting the gauntlet at the feet of the Ocean Queen, they stood up in the dignity of manhood, asserting its rights as the vindicators of the freedom of the world. Then, inscribing upon their banner as it flung out its folds upon the mountain-top—Freedom for all—The rights of all men before God—Freedom and equality, they vindicated on the battle-fields of the Revolution, that great comprehensive principle, not for themselves alone—for that would have been pure selfishness—but for the world: “We hold this truth to be self-evident that man’s right to liberty is inalienable”—*man’s* right, not *our* right, not the right of the white man, not the right of the Caucasian, not the right of the African, not the right of the Mongolian, but MAN’S right to liberty is inalienable. Their platform of freedom was as broad as our humanity, and that utterance went riding on the wind, as thunder goes, with power in it to crumble the despotisms of the earth, and to make pallor gather upon the cheek of the despot, as it did on the cheek of Belshazzar, when he saw the handwriting of his doom blazing upon his palace wall. Had our fathers been true to this great truth—had our practice harmonized with our precept in this respect, we should have been invincible in the cause of freedom throughout the world, and to-day there would have been no despot upon his throne lording it over humanity, to-day there would have been no slave, no serf, and no man crouching at the footstool of power begging for bread. By this time all wrong and outrage would have been swept away, and man would have been as free as God’s air which he breathes—as free as the waves which roll in obedience to law—free in the truest and most comprehensive

sense of the term ; and despotism would have been utterly abolished on the face of the earth.

There was a time when despots *felt* that their doom was close at hand. Seeing how successfully we had come out of our struggle, looking at the progress of liberal ideas throughout the world, they, too, felt that they had been weighed in the balance and found wanting ; but when they saw that our practice belied our precept, that instead of employing the rest which the cessation of the strife with the mother country had given us for the purpose of carrying out the great idea that sanctified that strife, we were compromising with slavery, extending its limits and strengthening its stakes, their cry was changed. Instead of the pallor that blanched their cheek, came the flush of demoniac exultation, as they exclaimed " Ha ! ha ! hast thou become like unto us ! How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning ! "

Under the influence of this false example of ours—this example which has been infidel to the great idea of liberty—the work of despotism has gone on, crushing humanity beneath its iron heel, restricting the rights of the poor, grinding their faces, and crowding them into the mire of subjection and despotism. We have been false to ourselves. We have been false to the great idea which redeemed the Revolution from the stigma of rebellion—which sanctified its battle-fields, and made the forays of its heroes something more than the incursions of pirates and murderers. We have been false to the principles of freedom throughout the world ; and now if we would celebrate this day aright, around which cluster many hallowed recollections, and which no one can contemplate without feelings of melancholy interest, let us begin the work where our fathers abandoned it—let us carry out the great principles to which they consecrated their lives. Let us plant ourselves on the broad platform of freedom for all. In addition to the sentiment of the poet—that " the day that sees man a slave takes half his worth away"—let us add that the day that sees our consent to the enslavement of man, sees us jeopardize our individual liberty.

Is it not true that there is less freedom for us as individuals—for you and me—for our representatives in Congress—for our senators—our Sumners and Wilsons, and Swards, and for that noble band in the Lower House, who stand up manfully for the cause of freedom—is there not less freedom for us all than there would be if slavery did not exist in our land ? And in view of the fact that

three millions in this country are ground under the heel of absolute despotism, and that we are ruled by an oligarchy consisting of less than half a million, is there not something like mockery in the idea of celebrating our independence—celebrating a thing which is not? And yet I am in favor of the due observance of this day, because I honor not merely the achievements which it commemorates, but the principles which led to them. I would honor our fathers just as much as if they had failed. If they had been denounced as rebels and received the doom of rebels, I would honor them as truly as I honor them now; because it is not the courage which led them to peril their lives upon the battle-field, which I honor—their opponents exhibited courage as rare, perhaps, as theirs, so far as its outward manifestations are concerned—but it is for their inward principle, their self-consecration to right, their divine love of liberty, the toils they cheerfully entered upon, the sufferings they cheerfully endured, and the privations they bore for the sake of liberty—for these rare virtues let them be held in everlasting remembrance. And let us remember for ourselves that we honor these virtues best when we reproduce them in our own lives.

Only he who is in favor of universal liberty has any right to celebrate the Fourth of July; while those who are seeking to establish and extend slavery with its blight and mildew, in the land, are hypocrites in the most significant sense of the term; for they pretend to celebrate the Fourth of July, while multitudes of them have declared the Declaration of Independence to be a mere rhetorical flourish, and trampled it under their feet. Only he who in the love of freedom would extend the boon to all—only he who would make the principle of human liberty as wide as our wide humanity—only he who would execrate human slavery, and consecrate the powers which God has given him for its utter extinction, wherever it exists—has any right to honor the memory of those fathers who periled life and all that makes life valuable, in defense of this great principle—the inalienable right of humanity to liberty—the universality as well as the inalienability of human liberty.

Dr. GRAY said: I do not fully sympathize with the last speaker, or with many other earnest advocates of freedom, when they regret that liberty was not born whole and entire in 1776. Dr. Hallock expressed a sound maxim of history when he said that the church in the human soul holds the relation to the state that the heart does to the lungs, and thence to the whole human sys-

tom. If you make the state entirely free before you reform the Church, you will produce a system of priestly tyranny in place of common law rights. I would prefer to have even feudal tyranny—I would prefer to have the rule of the iron scepter of despotic lands—rather than freedom as to the state, with a triumphant despotism as to the church. First let the church be reformed, and the state will take care of itself; and, it is my opinion, that Spiritualism is effecting this as fast as it is possible for it safely to be done. I am so much of a conservative as to believe that political liberty is generally born as fast as it is possible for the race to use it aright.

Mr. POOLE said, that our pride is touched by the fact that we have slavery in our country, yet he did not think it was always touched in the right place. He believed that there is slavery in the North as well as in the South. The laboring men of this city, who are compelled to work from twelve to eighteen hours per day, can do little more than gain a subsistence, and find no time for reading or intellectual culture. They are as much in slavery as the negroes of South Carolina or Georgia. The poor stage-driver, who is compelled to sit upon his box all the day and half the night, uttering not a word, and doing only what he is told to do, is not a freeman. He has no opportunities for the cultivation of his intellectual faculties, and is as much a slave as the negro of the South.

P. E. FARNSWORTH spoke as follows: What I have to say on this occasion will relate more particularly to the church than to the state. In my estimation, the greatest danger to both lies, not in aggressions from without, but in the decay of the vital principle within. In the same ratio that the state extends her borders and becomes avaricious of territory, and the machinery of government becomes complicated, is the danger increased, that venality will creep in, and the spirit of liberty die out in the hearts of the citizens. In proportion, also, as the Church acquires the elements of external wealth and grandeur, and becomes ambitious of making a display in her architecture or ceremonials, is the danger increased that the true genius of Christianity will depart from her, and the fire of love and devotion die out upon her altars.

Dr. Hallock's characteristic hits at an external church, formal worship, and a punctilious, yet imbecile priesthood, awakened in my mind some echoes from the realm of poesy—thoughts that have been with me before, but what the occasion was that first suggested them, or whence they came, I can not now tell. While the last

gentleman was speaking, I made an effort to recall them so that I might repeat them to you and preserve the rhythmic form in which they originally came. The result of the effort you shall now have :

Is that the House of God, where human art
 Displays itself in pictures on the walls ?
 Whose chancel, dome, and altar—every part,
 For human praise and admiration calls ?
 Dwells God in temples such as *that* below,
 And is it *there* he doth his glory show ?

That fane was reared by human toil and skill ;
 Its decorations speak of human pride,
 That seeks with outward show the mind to fill,
 And thus its own deformity to hide.
 On that gilt altar, beautiful, but cold,
 No other sacrifice appears but gold.

Is that God's minister to mortals sent,
 Who comes to them with studied words, to tell
 That they are doomed to endless punishment,
 The tortures, and the agonies of hell ?
 Is such the gospel Jesus came to bring,
 That man is born to endless suffering ?

How little of the simple, native grace,
 In which God's "Revelations" all abound,
 Appears within that consecrated place,
 Or in the studied manuscript is found !
 The burdened soul that seeks relief in prayer,
 Repeats in vain the forms of worship there.

You ask of Pope and pampered priest in vain,
 Who rule the Church with more than regal sway,
 To prophecy upon the millions slain,
 Or clear the skeptic's honest doubts away.
 Blind guides, that lead the blind, must with them fall,
 And one dark ditch at last receive them all !

But listen to the notes of sacred (?) song,
 That from behind a crimson curtain rise !
 Now peals the solemn organ loud and long,
 And now the voice in plaintive cadence dies.
 The measured tones which through that temple ring,
 Proclaim the praise of—those that play and sing !

Behold, upon that turret, lifted high,
 The cross of Jesus, glittering in the sun,
 To tell the world that once there came to die
 For man, a poor, despised, and lowly one!
 Contrast his life of poverty and woe,
 With all the pomp that fills the house below!

'Tis not by building fanes that reach to heaven,
 That man is saved, and God is glorified;
 Nor can the sins of any be forgiven,
 'Till they have overcome their selfish pride,—
 For what but pride would rear the cross in air,
 Which, on their shoulders men disdain to bear?

“God dwelleth not in temples made with hands,”
 Nor takes delight in studied forms of prayer,
 But where the human heart with love expands,
 His spirit finds a ready temple there,
 And men should praise and worship God above,
 By lives on earth of holiness and love!

IRA B. DAVIS said: It seems to me we need not travel so far to point out slavery or criminals. We have been told of the border ruffians and the crimes committed in the Senate chamber. I would ask, friends, what right they have to expect any thing different in the senate chamber or in Kansas, while in this very city the same rule is adopted, and the same kind of ruffians violate the ballot-box, and beat away from the polls the people who should make the Presidents and the Senate. A set of hireling bullies govern the state, and have for many years; and are honest, well-meaning men, who are not disposed to battle physically, permitted to take part in our primary elections? No! nor have they for an age past in this very city. Why, then, talk so much about border ruffians, while no voice is raised and no steps are taken to remedy the evil here? It has always been a fault on the part of men of warm sympathies that they never have power to act. They are ready to mount the rostrum and talk of freedom; but call upon them to put their shoulder to the wheel practically, and there is no life in them.

The Sumner outrage is nothing more than a repetition of the crimes perpetrated all over the North at the primary, which are the most important, elections; and Brooks is nothing more than a specimen of the men that send your Sumners to Congress. The people have neglected their political rights, and then have complained of

the evils that are visited upon them. If you would have honest men to represent you in Congress, or in the halls of legislation, you must club together, as the rogues and ruffians who control your primary elections, and prevent you from exercising your political rights, now do, and select proper men, and present them before the people for their support. If you neglect to do this, rogues will continue to club together, and act in harmony, and carry off the prize; and so long as this state of things continues, will the country be represented by knaves. I have been associated with politicians ever since I was old enough to participate in elections, and I have seen men beaten away from the polls, and I have been knocked down myself, when striving to exercise my rights as a citizen at the ballot-box. Now, if we really wish to be practical, let us go to work at home, and devise some remedy by which we can send the right kind of men to our legislative halls.

I do not believe that men by nature are knaves or despots. I think it is only through ignorance that they oppress their fellow-men; and if one glorious example could be set—if one community could be governed upon principles of equality—the world would be conquered—the great problem would be solved. I sympathize with every species of reform, but I do wish to see something done at home, for the working masses are slaves at the North. The elements of God are monopolized, the earth is in the hands of the few, and the working-class is reduced to slavery—compelled to work when the monopolist permits, and live as the monopolist dictates. The earth, and the air above it, are held by the few, and there can be no freedom, North or South, until each shall be protected in the use of as much of the elements as is necessary for his existence and development. When that is done, all slavery will vanish.

A. C. HILLS said: There is a species of sophistry extant which is thrown in the way of every great effort to rescue our government from the overshadowing despotism which is crushing out her vitality, which deserves consideration.

At the present time, we have in our country a base conspiracy against human liberty. We are compelled to contemplate a spectacle no less revolting than that of an armed band of marauders attempting, by mob violence, to thrust slavery upon the free soil of Kansas. We have seen the sacred right of free speech stricken down in the person of one of our noblest and most accomplished Senators. We have beheld the classic Sumner lie bleeding in the

Senate chamber beneath the bludgeon of a cowardly assassin. And all this is in accordance with a deep, concerted conspiracy to crush into submission those who dare to love liberty. And yet, if we point out to the people a practical remedy for these gigantic wrongs, we are met with the objection, forsooth, that there is slavery in the North—that labor is not requited as it should be here—that the rights of men are stricken down in the streets of New York; and therefore we should do nothing to stop the aggressions of a national power, which threatens the very existence of the Republic! The argument, divested of all unmeaning words, is simply this: Labor in New York does not receive the respect and the reward to which it is entitled, and therefore we have no right to resist the encroachments of slavery and vindicate free speech. For the life of me I can see no sense or philosophy in the position. Whatever may be true of the condition of the free laborers of this city, does not invalidate the fact, that a gigantic system of outrage and robbery is carried on by the chosen rulers of this government, and can in no possible manner atone for our participation in these crimes, or our neglect to establish Liberty as a national principle.

The more rational idea seems to be, that in the exercise of our duties as citizens of a republic, we are to resist the encroachments of national despotism, even though in our own midst there may be wrongs which need correction. It is our duty, wherever our rights as a people are violated or stricken down, to resist the usurpation.