

What does the American Union mean? Nothing more than this, that the twenty-six states of America are joined together in govern[ment] and civil rights. The union is but a parchment document, and as there is no hill so lofty that it may not be surmounted, no space of ocean so boundless that it may not be traversed, there is nothing more possible than that the union might be dissolved. But is it probable? Suppose that the union were dissolved to-morrow, by what power or agency, let me ask, would it be possible for the holders to retain their slaves greater in number than themselves? [Loud cries of 'hear, hear.'] To whom should the slave-holders look for sympathy, co-operation, and support, in their endeavors to keep these wretches in bondage? Will they look to the free states? Certainly not, for the very deed of dissolution precludes the possibility of that. Will they look to Mexico? No; for the Mexicans regard them with an eye for the rankest jealousy. Will they look to Canada? The thought is absurd. Will they look to the West Indies? What! ask men who are themselves but just liberated to aid in forging chains for other wretches! Who will believe it? Spain is the only land to which they can turn their eyes; but Spain has her own foes to trouble her, and the demon of slavery lurks within her own confines. Where, then, will they look for sympathy, and whither will they fly for aid? (Hear.) The moment when the American union is dissolved, that instant the power of the slave-holder is prostrated in the dust. Hopeless, helpless, friendless, they become an isolated class of beings, having nothing to depend on but their own strength, and that is weakness indeed. Then will rouse the crushed worm, turning on its torturer, and, in the fierce indignation of outraged men, the slaves will demand the right of measuring arms with their masters. [Immense cheering.]

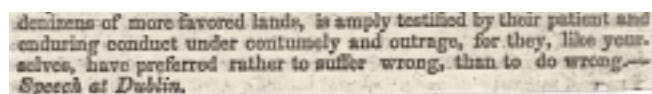
I do not think I shall myself live to see that day, but that such would be the effect of a dissolution of the American union I feel confidently assured, (hear.) Where is the man, who, if asked to become a slave, would not hurl back the offer indignantly in the teeth of the oppressor? Nay, where is the woman—where the child? The slaves of the United States are men, women, and children; and that they are as worthy this appellation, nay, worthier, perhaps, than the

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Speech at Dublin.



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