

He commenced by saying the earnest and faithful agitator in the domain of morals, trusting for success in the omnipotence of ideas, is necessarily a believer in disinterested benevolence, or the ultimate supremacy of the slaveholder's moral nature over his selfish love of gain. He had no such faith. Such discussions and aspirations, however, are not at all improper or illegitimate, but rightfully constitute a most efficient weapon in the hands of every noble and generous nature.

But, floating as we are on the broad and illimitable ocean of the world's activities, controlled by a thousand adverse passions, multitudinous interests, the lights and shadows peculiar to our different natures and circumstances, it becomes necessary to employ some more potent instrument than mere sentiment, however just, to overthrow slavery. It is an institution anchored in the cold, calculating selfishness of commerce, the ease and luxury of a pampered class, the love of power, and the pride of race. Wendell Phillips, after twenty-five years of earnest, self-sacrificing labor, gathering into the web of his magnificent rhetoric the culture and literature of the ages, gives up all hope of a solution of this question by moral means. "Only once (says he) in the broad sweep of the world's history, was a nation lifted so high that she could stretch her imperial hand across the Atlantic, and lift by one peaceful word a million of slaves into liberty."

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member, to attend a meeting to commemorate the death of that martyr-saint and hero, John Brown. In his reply he declared to us that if the West India Islands had touched England, the history of that struggle would have been the reverse of what it now is, and that even the memorable decision of Lord Mansfield in the Somerset case would not have come down to our time in Cowper's matchless verse—

"Slaves cannot breath in England.  
If their lungs inhale our air that moment they are free.  
They touch our country and their shackles fall."

It is a sad lesson, but nevertheless true, that men are seldom taught good manners by appealing to their higher natures. Since the fall of Adam to the present time, the selfish instinct has controlled the race. To reach the American slaveholder and his class, though brutalised and lost to all sense of honor, you must appeal to his lower, instead of his higher nature, for his whole life is controlled by fear, by selfishness, and all the baser elements that are to be found in the lowest stratum of individual life. It is too flattering a picture to say that the South lives in the thirteenth and fourteenth century. He recognized a scientific truth in the fine poetic thought of the celebrated Pascal—that all men, in every country on the globe and throughout the entire course of all the ages, may be regarded as a single grand man, always living and incessantly learning. The South to-day, in civilization, is only one remove from the Guinea coast of Africa, or, as a French philosopher in his general law of evolu-

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tion would have it, fetish worship and cannibal war. African polygamy and its love of conquest and the institution of slavery—South Carolina; Monotheistic Catholicism and its tendency to defensive war, the transformation of slavery into serfage, the rise of free labor and the gradual inauguration of a positive philosophy—Russia; then comes the Protestant reformation with its immense expansion of intense energy and the development of liberty in all possible directions—England and Massachusetts.

It is a hard battle for a degraded and hated class, overshadowed by oppression's gloomy night, to win their way into the sunlight of an equal recognized manhood. It cost five hundred years' struggle in Rome before the proud and haughty patrician would meet his brother plebeian as an equal citizen. The defeat of the Saxon at the battle of Hastings, cost him five centuries of serfdom. The Saxon had immense advantages over us in this country, for, from his sameness of color, he could see through the hard-fought fields of the future the possibility of success. His color did not serve as ours does in this country, to perpetuate the memory of his former condition. In this struggle, our color is a badge of disgrace; not that it is by any means a bad color, but because it revives the memory of disgraceful accusations. Turn a man out of the State Prison, with his prison habilaments on—his coat of many colors—and it would be impossible for him to get employment anywhere in a responsible position. He would be universally distrusted and denied everywhere in this country the amenities of social, and even civilized life; not

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because there is anything intrinsically bad in the garment itself, but because it serves to remind you that he has been in the penitentiary. It is not the coat, but the State Prison, that you dislike; for let the same person travel into some foreign country where other modes of punishment exist for the commission of crime, and where penitentiaries are unknown, and his curious dress would be regarded by the ignorant multitude as a beautiful curiosity, a badge of nobility. In England, where the slavery of the negro has never existed, he is feted and his company sought after by the gifted and the great, and the blacker the better. It was not the mulatto, Frederick Douglass, but the pure negro, Samuel Ringold Ward, that charmed all England with the splendor of his bearing, and led the flower of the British nobility captive at the chariot wheels of his triumphant march.

He believed that the first element of success was a nationality, for we have not reached, in the grand march of history, that higher plane of universal brotherhood, but still remain

“Where lands intersected by a narrow frith  
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed.  
Make enemies of nations, who had else  
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.”

Such are the peculiarities of our civilization, that it is not enough that one, two, or three of the hated class give evidence of ability; if this were so, the colored man could rest his labor; for he might throw the gauntlet at the feet of the proudest race in the world and welcome the contest, whether in wealth, moral worth, extensive and varied culture, the sagacity of the statesman, or the matchless

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gifts of the oratory—in all this the negro has proved himself a man. He is to be measured by the aggregate capacity of the whole race. Our duty is to make a black face as respectable as a white one, and not in the amalgamation of the races; for, if this be the only escape for the negro, from a lower to a higher condition, then, like the mental inebriate who seeks his antidote in the repose of death, we would be seeking for our rights, and finding them only when the race becomes extinct.

He laid down three propositions as the basis of an argument in favor of the free colored people of the United States emigrating to Hayti, and after giving a lengthy account of the struggles and triumphs of that people, he closed with an eloquent tribute to the Haytian race, declaring their Republic stood to-day in the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea, the brightest jewel in Afric's crown.

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